

IF SHAKESPEARE LIVED TODAY

By CLAYTON HAMILTON
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If Shakespeare lived today! What a theme for the exercise of one's imagination; what an endless source of speculation and conjecture! To transfer, even in fancy, the mighty figure of a mighty epoch to an age no less great is to me a fascinating and thrilling adventure.

If Shakespeare lived today! Decidedly it would be an adventure—a tremendous one—to whisk the immortal Bard from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, from the old Globe Theatre in London to Forty-second Street and Broadway in New York; from the picturesque bedizenments of hose, ruff and doublet to the equally picturesque habiliments of the modern playwright and actor.

And to Shakespeare, too, I have little doubt, such an experience would be an adventure to stir his vaulting spirit to its depths. Product that he was of an heroic era, when men were pushing out, expanding, exploring far afield in the twin realms of earth and thought, with what satisfaction would he live in this teeming world of ours; with what delight take issue in the multifarious interests and occupations of our modern life!

I can imagine him sitting at the Players, with Christopher Morley, Oliver Herford, Jack Barrymore, and a merry company of wits and writers about him, telling stories, discussing the movements of the day, debating the merits of the latest novel, or analyzing the intricacies of the latest psychological play. I can see him issue from the Algonquin—Shakespeare in a sack suit!—and stroll down Broadway, nodding, here, bowing there, stopping to chat with the celebrities of the day, known by and knowing all. And I can see him, in full evening dress, behind the footlights responding to the cries of "Author! Author!" on the first night of his new play.

A World of Marvels

Even more clearly I can imagine the deep interest, pleasure and surprise with which he would look upon the material accomplishments of this modern age. The radio, the telephone, the motion pictures—these, of course, would fill him with the most profound amazement, such as any Elizabethan might feel. The aeroplane, the skyscraper and the automobile would challenge his credulity; the electric light, the subway and the ocean liner would shake his faith in the evidence of his own senses.

But I like to think that the supreme measure of his gratified amazement would be evoked by the intellectual accomplishments of the great mass of the people. It must be remembered that in

Shakespeare's day the gentle arts of reading and writing were confined to a very small minority. Considerable progress had been made from the dark times when such matters were exclusively in the hands of the monks and scribes, but the possession of one or both of these graces was still a mark of unusual education and scholarly attainment. Not a few of the upper classes were able to read, but writing was comparatively rare. The professional letter-writer still flourished, his services being indispensable to the uneducated masses.

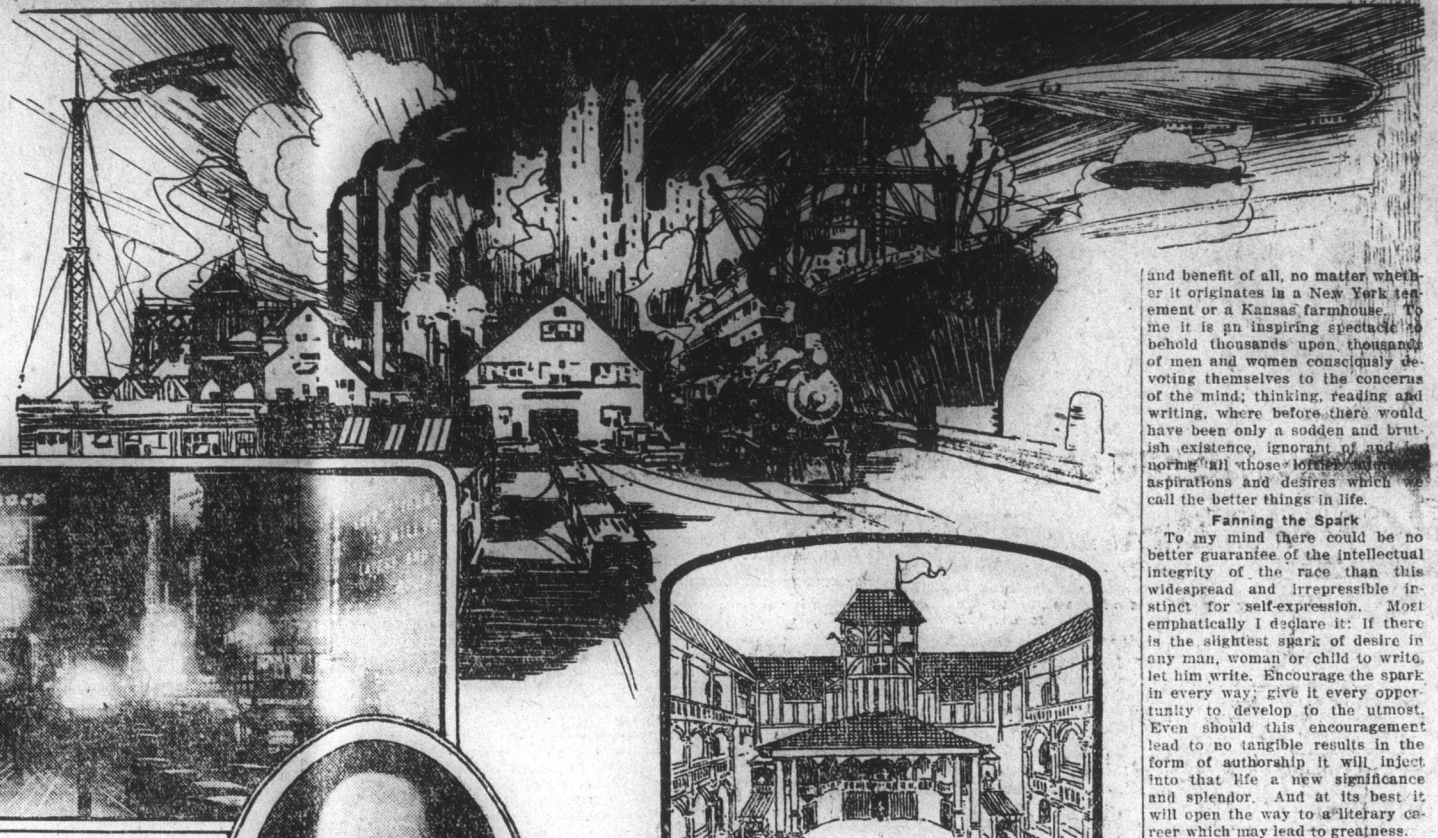
What, then, would our Will think of a state of society in which both reading and writing are so commonplace that only the most ignorant are without them, in which any child of ten could read or write more easily than he? For such, undoubtedly, would be the case. When Shakespeare wrote, the cursive script had not yet come into use. Each letter was written separately from its fellows, formed individually and apart, like the type on this page. And so meager was the skill of all but the most expert penman that the average chirography of the period is crabbed and uncouth, somewhat like one's signature would be if written with the left hand.



Above—Times Square, New York, the Rialto of the greatest theatrical district in the history of the stage. Right—William Shakespeare, after the Chandos portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

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A Notable Achievement
That, it seems to me, is one of the most remarkable achievements of that remarkable Elizabethan age. Without typewriters, without good pens or ink, without even a passably efficient system of writing, those merry and courageous souls wrote like angels, superbly and abundantly, in obedience to one of



International Newsreel. Above—Times Square, New York, the Rialto of the greatest theatrical district in the history of the stage. Right—William Shakespeare, after the Chandos portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, London.



the greatest outbursts of creative energy the world has ever known. If Shakespeare lived today! It is not difficult to conceive the uses which he would make of the mechanical aids to writing which we enjoy. He would reveal in them. And he would reveal even more in the richness and fullness of the existence which is ours in the seething plenitude of millions upon millions of lives acting and reacting upon one another in an intimacy of contact unknown in his day. To his soaring imagination the epic dramas of world development, the fabulous advances of science, the incredibly varied aspects of social organization would direct an irresistible appeal. He would lay his hand upon them and make them his. And I like to believe, further, that

emotions which possess their consciousness, to record in worthy form the ideas, the inspirations, which are theirs.

The Modern Renaissance

This is a phenomenon which has arisen directly from the utter commonness of the ability to read and write. Just as the discovery of new worlds and interests, together with the earlier impulses of the Renaissance, stimulated the minds of the Elizabethans to a quite extraordinary activity, so today the tremendous increase in common knowledge and the closer communion of ideas and intelligences through the printed page has brought about a state of intellectual vigor which permeates every level of society.

the mere ability to read and write will serve as the hallmark of gentility. Today the emphasis has passed, and rightly so, to a cultivation of the manner, in which these rudimentary arts are employed. No longer is it a question: Can you read? Can you write? One asks instead: What sort of books do you read? How well do you write? The gauge of a man's culture and education lies in the measure of his ability to express himself in speech and writing, clearly, gracefully and with force.

Accustomed as I am to the civilization in which I live, I experience a sense of exaltation, of profound spiritual satisfaction in the reflection that now, in ever increasing proportion, the constructive thought of the world is to be saved, communicated, for the enlightenment

and benefit of all, no matter whether it originates in a New York tenement or a Kansas farmhouse. To me it is an inspiring spectacle to behold thousands upon thousands of men and women consciously devoting themselves to the concerns of the mind; thinking, reading and writing, where before there would have been only a sodden and brutish existence, ignorant of and unmoving "all those lower aspirations and desires which we call the better things in life."

Fanning the Spark

To my mind there could be no better guarantee of the intellectual integrity of the race than this widespread and irrepresible instinct for self-expression. Most emphatically I declare it: If there is the slightest spark of desire in any man, woman or child to write, let him write. Encourage the spark in every way; give it every opportunity to develop to the utmost. Even should this encouragement lead to no tangible results in the form of authorship it will inject into that life a new significance and splendor. And at its best it will open the way to a literary career which may lead to greatness.

Shakespeare, born and raised in a country hamlet buried in the green heart of England, gave no evidence of literary ability until he was close upon thirty years of age. Who can say that another as great as he is not at this moment toiling in a Dakota wheat field? Who can tell what mute, inglorious Miltons are sweating in lumber camps, teaching in schools, measuring out coffee, or collecting carfers, while brilliant, corsuscating fancies go flashing through their heads?

If Shakespeare lived today! Perhaps he does; perhaps the heritage of that most facile, most universal of minds has descended all unknown upon some humble denizen of our great world, destined to loom, a mighty star, against the firmament of the future. Somewhere, etched against the yellow glow of a kerosene lamp, or silhouetted against the clearer radiance of an electric light, in the starry silence of the lonely prairie or the ceaseless roar of a great city, the Shakespeare of tomorrow may be sitting, rapt and oblivious in the concentration of his creative effort, fired with the dawning consciousness of a god-like power.

MUST BE LAID BARE.
Shenandoah News.
Of that which did or did not happen in the Albemarle convict camp report to the Daily News yesterday said:
"A notable thing about the investigation was absolute variance in nearly every detail between the witnesses of the state and those for the defendant, leaving practically everything dependent upon the credibility of the witness for both sides."
In other words, one set of witnesses stated that such and such events took place, the other set of witnesses that the same events did not take place. This issue now goes further. The bill returned against the superintendent of the convicts, N. C. Crawford, means, of course, that the witnesses will be heard in Superior Court, under oath, and will be cross-examined in the effort to find where the truth is. It is possible, and probable, that the further examination of the testimony together with the searching inquiry to which it must now be subjected, will result in the discrediting of one group of witnesses. Obviously a vast amount of untruth is settled somewhere in this situation. It must be rooted out. Here is a situation which the state of North Carolina cannot afford not to lay bare to the final detail. The truth must be found if there is any method which the court's processes can reveal it. If the stories of the prisoners are correct, "the law" to use Judge McElroy's own words, "the law could not give a severe enough penalty." That is a judicial statement, made by Judge McElroy to the grand jury. It is assumed, therefore, that he was speaking conservatively and with the utmost regard to the probabilities of the testimony he heard. Beyond that, in his official position, he could not go. It is strong enough. If the testimony given in wholesale quantities against the superintendent is really a gigantic conspiracy, that ought to be known. But if the testimony is the stark truth, if Crawford is responsible for the cruelties described before the judge, then it will be a monstrous crime if that fact is not known and if the law does not take its course. Until a nearer approach of the truth is made, the matter will rest. But it will never rest until the whole business is cleared of every vestige of false testimony and the actual conditions are revealed. From the point of public welfare the state has got to find out the facts, and if the facts are as the prisoners charge the law must take charge.

Old Pawnshop Chestnut.
The Pathfinder.
Question: A man wanted a ticket to Dayton and had only a two-dollar bill. It required three dollars to get the ticket. He took the two-dollar bill to a pawnshop and pawned it for \$1.50. On his way back to the depot he met a friend to whom he sold the pawn ticket for \$1.50. That gave him three dollars for his ticket to Dayton. Now who's out the dollars?
Answer: The man who bought the pawn ticket would be out a dollar. The problem is based on a fallacy of misunderstanding as to the function of a pawnshop. In order to redeem the original two-dollar bill the pawnshop would have to give the pawnbroker not only the pawn ticket out also \$1.50—the sum which the broker advanced on the bill.

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Mrs. C. G., in Progressive Farmer.
Beginning housekeeping in the spring of 1921, just after the bottom had fallen out of the cotton market, we did not feel as if we could spend one cent more than we absolutely had to in getting our house ready to live in. But for the past three years I had been a home demonstration agent telling farm wives it was their own fault if they did not have water in their kitchens and a bath, so it was up to me to prove what I said was true.

Instead of a pitcher pump (the kind most every one in this section uses) we put a force pump on the back porch in the corner directly opposite the pump and up high enough above the work table not to be in the way, we put a shelf for a 15 gallon vinegar barrel.

The sink, costing \$8, was then placed at the proper working height with a 1 1/2-inch waste pipe (an old pump pipe) which carries the water under the floor where it connects with another pipe carrying it away from the house. Now we bored a hole in the vinegar barrel and one through the wall, and put in one foot of pipe with a spigot over the sink. We connected a piece of hose to the pump and in four minutes had a two-days' supply of water in the barrel, besides having an outlet for all waste water except what is rich enough for pig slop. All this cost only \$10.

But we couldn't stop here for this only gave water for the kitchen, and none for the bath. There was no bathroom, or dining room, so when the latter was built we put a six by nine foot bathroom to the end of it. Rather an odd place for a bathroom but the only location that could be conveniently reached with water. We got another barrel—a 50-gallon molasses barrel—and placed it on three strong posts outside the bathroom, covering it well with 16 mesh screen wire. When our \$10 galvanized tub, painted white, was in place, we connected it with the barrel with pipe and spigot. On the back side of the force pump is a place for attaching a pipe, so we put one on and ran it to the barrel. In 20 minutes we can fill the barrel and since the sun shines on it most of the day the water is a comfortable bath temperature most of the summer.

With two children I hardly see how I could get along without the bathtub, and with practically no help I know I couldn't do without tub, sink and water in the kitchen. And I've proved that what I preached as a demonstration agent is true, for my husband readily admits that I am entirely responsible for both the kitchen sink and bath. They cost

only \$30, and every farm woman could have them if she wanted them.

Victim of Own Invention.
Detroit News.
It is a notable fact that the man who built the electric chair died in it. His name was Charles Justice and he had two weaknesses. One was a mania for experimenting with electricity and the other was for stealing. For the latter he served three terms in the Columbus prison, and while "doing his third stretch" he designed and built the chair.

This fine piece of work won him a pardon from Governor Harmon. But his liberty was short-lived. Once outside the walls of the prison he began to steal, and in one of his thefts he killed a man to cover it up.

In July of 1911 he was convicted of first degree murder and October 27th that year he was led to the death chair and strapped into the seat which he had designed for others.

New Dollar on Way.
Failure to popularize the hoodoo \$2 bill and notes of larger denominations in view of the rapidly shortening life of the dollar certificate has led the treasury department to decide to mint a new and distinctive dollar coin. Intended to replace the cumbersome silver dollar, the new coin will be a combination of gold and silver, probably a golden center with a rim of silver, the whole coin to be about the size of a quarter.

Officials point out that some such coin is necessary because of the rapid deterioration of the paper dollar. The life of the dollar bill has now been reduced to about six months.

Good Business.
Forbes.
Trust people. Believe in people. Make a hobby of people. You'll be cheated—yes—many times. But in the long run you'll win all that the cynics and pessimists lose.

The new definition of business is Personal Service. If you are pleased to do pleasant things for people, then you are a business man of the new sort.

What pursuit is more comfortable for a man's servants, more delightful to his wife, more attractive to his children, or more gratifying to his friends. I should be surprised for my own part, if any man of liberal feelings has met with any possession more pleasing than a farm, or discovered any pursuit more attractive, or more conducive to the means of life than agriculture.—Socrates.

It is easier to inherit a good name than it is to keep it.

TODAY'S EVENTS
Monday, November 30, 1925.
Festival of St. Andrew the Apostle, patron saint of Scotland.
The great strike in the anthracite coal field ends its third month today.
Gen. Plutarco E. Calles today completes his first year as president of Mexico.
Spokane is to be the meeting place today of the 31st annual convention of the Northwest Mining Association.
France today will pay tribute to the memory of Marshal Saxe, one of the greatest of French soldiers, on the 175th anniversary of his death.
The Rt. Rev. George Allen Beecher, Protestant Episcopal missionary bishop of Western Nebraska, today observes his fifteenth anniversary in the episcopate.
Many speakers of note are to be heard at the second International Boys' Work Conference, which is to open in Chicago today for a session of three days.
Regrettable Bleeking.
Ashville Times.
If there ever was a time when Christianity should be at peace with itself and when it should have the utmost measure of tolerance for divergent views, it is the present moment.
It is a fact universally admitted that the church is losing some of its hold on the people. The simple faith of our fathers does not carry the appeal to the masses that it once did. The great masses of unchurched testify to the fact that organized religion must quicken and strengthen its claims upon the spiritual allegiance of the people.
Consequently, the controversies which are raging among Christians are most unfortunate. They divide the ranks of the churchmen at the very moment when their ranks should be closed. They introduce noisy disputatiousness into a religion whose primary strength is gentleness and tolerance.
Bigotry has won few followers for the Christian religion. It repels more than it attracts. It diverts attention to the non-essentials while it permits the true inwardness of Christianity to be minimized.
Those who are genuinely interested in the greater hold of Christianity upon all the people can not but regret these disputes. They must realize that these discussions are a source of weakness rather than of strength to the religion defined by the Nazarene.
Women represent about 20 per cent of all persons employed in the liberal professions in Germany.

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