



Digby Bell, the comedian, who scored such a pronounced success in Augustus Thomas' beautiful comedy drama, "The Hoosier Doctor," last season, will open the regular season of the Grand Opera House, Chicago, with the same play, and a largely augmented company comprising some of the best known artists in the theatrical profession, among whom are the Misses Laura Joyce-Bell, Mabel Strickland, Emma Butler, Viola Miles, Margaret Owen, Jeanette Wilber, Ethel Strickland, Clara Patte, Little Ethel Vance and the Messrs. Arthur Hoops, Frank Monroe, Herman Hirschberg, Gage Clark, Frank Rushton, Edward Riddle, Harry Upshur, Charles Gilman, Frank Knight and others.

"The success of "Secret Service" in London will, doubtless, open the way for other American plays. Louis Netherlands has purchased the London rights of Edwin Milton Royle's "Friends," and Charles Frohman's London agent has secured Mr. Royle's latest success, "Captain Impudence."

Maud Adams has at last risen to the dignity of being called a star, an honor which would be of more significance if Miss Adams had not already enjoyed stellar prominence for several years. Although Mrs. Adams holds an undeniably secure position as a popular favorite, the honors of their joint productions have been pretty evenly shared.

When the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain gave their one hundred and fifty-ninth anniversary dinner Sir Henry Irving was requested to preside. His speech upon the occasion is printed in "The American Art Journal." It is in a light vein, and though it has, perhaps, no particular value in itself, it shows one side of the dramatist's character as a successful after-dinner speaker. In part, he said: "When I began to consider the responsibility of presiding over this gathering I had certain visitings of compunction. You have heard much about the union of arts, and every liberal mind must admit that the combination of music, poetry, painting, sculpture and acting—I am not putting them in order of merit—will often give the highest pleasure to a refined intelligence. Yes; but standing here as a representative of an art which does not occupy the minds of this distinguished company, I cannot help wondering, apprehensively, what musicians think some times of the place allotted to music in the drama. The technical term for that position is, I believe, 'incidental.' You look through your programme in the theater, and if you are a very conscientious student, you may notice, in small type, among a number of odds and ends, the announcement that the 'incidental music' has been composed by—well, probably by somebody who is worthier to occupy this chair than I am. This is not all. It may be that the orchestra is invisible; you can not see the stimulating gestures of the conductor, because he is ruthlessly imprisoned in the bowels of the earth; at any rate, the incidental strains rise reproachfully from beneath the stage, too often unheeded, I fear, during the entr'actes, in the melodious hum of the conversation. Frankly, I find these memories embarrassing. It is no consolation to reflect that I have often died to slow music—for it is with his dying, and not with the music, that the actor wishes the spectators chiefly to concern themselves. I once received a letter, evidently written by a musician, who complained of this association of a stage death with a compassionate chorus of violins. 'Either,' he declared, 'either the acting should be good enough without the music, or the music is good enough without the acting.' I declined to discuss such a painful dilemma. For the orchestra, I assure you, there is a very cordial esteem in the theater, even when they are laboring underground, like the perturbed spirit of Hamlet's father. And many plays at the Lyceum have been enhanced by the power of music, which I have acknowledged during my management by securing the co-operation of many of our most gifted composers."

German newspapers are still brimful of interesting things about the late Johannes Brahms, in which humor is mingled with pathos. It is somewhat surprising to hear that Brahms was a great epicure; he was fond of his oysters and Chablis, although even wine seldom made him communicative. The "Neue Wiener Tagblatt" relates that when the symptoms of his malady first became so serious as to make it necessary to get medical advice, the physician told him promptly that he must at once begin a strict diet. "But how can I?" exclaimed Brahms. "I am invited to dine with Strauss, and we are going to have chicken with paprika!" "You must not eat that!" said the doctor. "Very well; then you must imagine that I did not come to consult you till to-morrow," replied Brahms, and he went to Strauss and ate paprika-chicken. The dieting was a great cross to him, and when the physicians found that nothing could arrest the progress of his disease, they allowed him to eat what he pleased. Unlike most great composers, Brahms was not a passionate admirer of women. Indeed, his friend, Dr. Widmann, in the Berlin "Nation," declares that the substance of his opinions on women might be summed up in the words "Frailty, thy name is woman." He never was married, and Widmann thinks that the reason of that is that he was not appreciated in his younger years. He relates the following incident: "It was in the summer of 1887, during a walk along the shores of Lake Thun, that Brahms began to talk to me about the reason why he never married. It was not the fear of being unable to support a wife and children with his art that made him refrain. 'But,' he said, 'at a time when I felt most inclined to marry, my pieces were hissed in the concert halls, or, at any rate, received with icy indifference. Now, I was able to bear that, for I knew exactly what they were worth, and that a change would come. And if, after such failures, I went to my bachelor-room, I was not unhappy. But to meet a wife at such a moment, to see her questioning eyes meet mine anxiously, and to be obliged

to say to her, 'Another failure'—that I could not have endured. For, however much a wife might love me and believe in me, the complete certainty of my final victory, as I felt it, could not be shared by her. And if she should have attempted to console me—puh! I cannot bear the thought; what a hell that would have been for me!"

But although Brahms remained a bachelor to the end of his life, he did not lack care. During the last eleven years of his life he boarded in the house of the journalist Dr. Truxa, whose widow took good care of his comfort. She was present at the death scene. When she came into his room at 9:30 a. m. on the last day, weeping bitterly, he opened his eyes and wept, too, for several minutes. Then he opened his mouth to say something but fell back on the pillow the same moment and took one short breath—his last.

Between the dates of the accession to the throne and the coronation of her majesty, the Queen, the young Princess Victoria went to Covent Garden Theater to see Macready play Claude Melnotte and Helen Faucit Pauline Deschappelles in "The Lady of Lyons." That play has lasted unvarnished for sixty years on the English stage. It is said to be tawdry and theatrical. It may be. It was the very first play I ever saw acted at Drury Lane, in 1849, by James Anderson as Claude and Miss Vandenhoff as Pauline. But it has lasted as a stage classic, and is ever welcome now, when well acted, because it contains interest, because it plays upon the chords of human nature, the best and the worst of all of us. When has the "School for Scandal" ceased to attract? Never, because, in addition to its brilliancy and its wit, the comedy is full of human interest. "London Assurance," has held the stage for nearly sixty years. Why? Because humor is allied to human interest. When in the old days, or in later times, the Irving and Ellen Terry days, did the "Vicar of Wakefield" ever fail to charm? Never, because it is human to the core. Why were the Robertson plays so attractive, slight and charade-like as they were? Because they were human.

A new opera, "The Strike of the Blacksmith," by Leon and Beer, was recently produced at Nuremberg with much success. The music is written in the Wagnerian style, with now and then an inkling of Mascagni melodies, but the orchestral score is well arranged and the production was thoroughly enjoyed.

James H. Dunne, manager of the Women's Philharmonic Orchestra of Boston, claims for his organization the distinction of being the "original women's orchestra of Boston," a title which has been assumed by other bodies of players. The orchestra consists of twenty women players under the leadership of Mrs. Marietta Sherman-Raymond, and even the drums, horns and basses are played by women, which is quite unusual.

One of the best results of the Schubert centenary festivities, a few months ago, is that led to the first performance of his Mass in E flat. It was given under Richter's direction, and was unanimously declared to be one of Schubert's best works. It was printed some years ago by Biedermann at the advice of Brahms, and will now doubtless start on its tour around the world.

In reviewing the third volumes of Hans von Bulow's collected writings, the London "Musical Times" says: "It was after Bulow's visit to the United States that a change came over his style of diction and that he won the sobriquet, with which Liszt invested him, of a 'humorous journalist.' This change of style he adopted willfully, for in the first of a long series of letters addressed to the editor of the Leipzig "Sitzung" he writes: 'You see, dear sir, that I have not been to America in vain, and that I have studied the sensational style of the Yankee press,' etc."

Fanny Davenport will give her new play a magnificent production at the Boston Theater, where her season opens October 18th. A small fortune will be spent on the scenery and costumes. The company will be remarkably strong, and even the minor parts will be played by actors of prominence.

John Drew has had longer seasons in New York than any other star of recent years. The season before last he played there for seven months, dividing his time between three theaters. Last season he was there for five months, but at only one theater—the Empire—and with only one play, "Rosemary."

A movement has been inaugurated by the Theatrical Mechanics' Association of San Francisco in conjunction with the Alliance of Stage Painters and the Alliance of Stage Employes for the purpose of suitably caring for the grave of the distinguished scenic artist, the late Forrest Seabury, which, at present, is without anything to mark the spot.

The big theatrical syndicate in which Al. Hayman, Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger and Nixon & Zimmerman are the controlling spirits, have formed a popular-price circuit which will reach from Boston to San Francisco, with the Columbia Theater at the San Francisco end. The prices to prevail will be from 15 cents to \$1.

Eddie Foy will be a member of the immense cast to appear in the production of "In Gay New York" to be brought out at the Baldwin, San Francisco. The popular comedian will appear in the role of Edgardo Booth.

Few young actresses have made such rapid advancement in so short a time as Julia Arthur, whose right name is Ida Lewis. She was born in Hamilton, Ont. Ten years ago she was a minor member of Lewis Morrison's stock company at the old California Theater, San Francisco.

Nothing succeeds like success. Since the remarkable success a year or so ago of Kienzl's "Evangelmann," in Vienna, this opera has been produced in one

hundred different cities. London will be the one hundred and first city to hear it.

Funds are being raised for statues to Donizetti at Bergamo, Wagner in Munich, Mazort at Prague, and Mascagni at Ancona.

Since leaving America, Mme. Calve has been resting in Paris and taking a preliminary survey of Massenet's "Sapho," which is to be her next operatic novelty.

WHY WE SHIVER.

Dr. Spitzka's Explanation of the Phenomenon.

A communication was received at the office of the New York "Times" the other day, asking the reason why persons are affected with shivering by cold, and what animal mechanism produces the unpleasant phenomenon. Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, the neurologist, consented to give his explanation of the matter, which is as follows: "A chill is due to the sudden contraction of the blood vessels of the skin, and when it is of a very high degree, the muscular fibers of the skin themselves contract, causing that prominence of the papillae which is familiarly known as goose flesh, or, in Germany and France, goose skin.

The nerves which control these muscles are themselves under the control of nerve centers in the brain axis—that is, near the base of the brain, and this accounts for the fact that the appearance of a chill can be produced both by external causes, like a sudden lowering of the temperature, and internal causes, acting directly on the brain, such as emotions, known as nervous chills; medicine, circulating in the blood of the brain, like antipyrin, and clove, peisons, such as malaria and other fevers.

"In limited diseases of the crura and upper part of the pons varoli, exquisite chills have been observed by me, so familiar to the typical chills occurring in 'catching cold,' or initial to an attack of intermittent fever, and in some cases so closely followed by an apparent fever, that a mistake in diagnosis had been made more than once. It is in and near the same region that the sweat center is located, and it overlaps the so-called 'convulsive' center. The theory of a chill, occurring at the outbreak of a disease, is this: That in the nerve centers an irritation causes a contraction of the blood vessels of the skin, and since the blood is the heat carrier, an insufficient volume of heat is sent to the skin. Hence, the subjective feeling of cold, and the real coldness of the skin to the touch of the bystander. At the same time, the deeper heat of the body may be far above the normal. Usually this spasm of the blood vessels is followed by a relaxation, and a large amount of blood is sent to the skin, and if larger than normal, the skin becomes hotter than normal.

"Now what is the cause of a chill? I do not agree with those that think every phenomenon of animal life marks a definite purpose, but I do believe that a chill is like sneezing, a reflex act, and notifying the nerve centers of the need of more blood to be sent to the skin. It is an exaggeration of the same process by which unconsciously to ourselves our surface temperature is regulated by the thermal center in the brain, in response to the requirements of our environment. This center allows a large amount of blood to flow to the skin when the external temperature is cold.

"The enormous range of temperature difference which this ceaselessly active center controls can be inferred from the fact that the same individual has been able to endure the extreme Arctic temperatures when the air is dry, with comparative comfort, and that of tropical regions. But the range must not be too sudden. The law of relative governs this mechanism. Nansen endured a temperature of minus 59 degrees centigrade, about 76 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, in furs, without great discomfort; but when, returning from the trip, they reached the temperature of zero, centigrade, or one or two degrees below it, his party were compelled to throw off all their clothing. They had become so accommodated to the warmer temperature.

"Now if, instead of this gradual change of temperature (no matter how extreme, so long as it is gradual), a great fall occurs in so short a period of time as to be practically sudden, the outposts of the heat regulating center, situated in the brain, are surprised, and the center, in what may be called the shock of self-defense, is overstimulated. A sudden contraction of the blood vessels results and all the appearances of the chill which are familiar. If it reaches a very high degree, the muscles under the control of the will, or 'voluntary' muscles, are affected, and then we have the chattering of the teeth and the shivering of the body.

"When the elastic fibers which surround the blood vessels are over contracted, for a time, as in the case I have mentioned, reaction occurs, somewhat on the plan of the rubber band which has been overstretched and which, being let go, overshoots the mark. So we get the opposite extreme or a distention of the blood vessels beyond the normal, and this is readily remedial if it occurs promptly enough. Otherwise we have congestion of the internal organs and the ordinary results of a cold."

Views.

What wonderful people some of us would be if we were as anxious to find the good that the pure-minded ever may find. And were to the vulgar a little bit blind. To what wonderful heights might most of us rise. If the pure were as plain as the bad to our eyes! The beautiful speech that the artist has drawn. Becomes but a jest to the vulgar mob; All the graceful lines and the color are gone. 'Tis only a naked, suggestive dabb; The art disappears and the poetry dies. When the picture confronts the dull boor's eyes! The lines that the poet, inspired, dreams of. When read by the vulgar, assume a new sense. They are ugly suggestions, unthought of before. Brought out at the pure and esthetic's expense. The art disappears, the poetry dies. And only the smut meets the dull boor's eyes!

What wonderful people most of us would be if we were as ready to find the good that the pure-minded ever may find. And were to the lewd just a little bit blind. But even the robin that wakens the skies is worldly or worse in the dull boor's eyes! —S. E. Kiser.

For Pastures New.

Young Cupid is a vagrant elf Who loves a journey well, And hence he hugs himself at sound of wedding bell.

For, when he hears that pleasing sound, He knows he'll soon be ploung Upon some unfamiliar round By mutual consent.

Potatoes in Greenland never grow larger than a marble.

NEW-FANGLED PLUMBING.

LATEST ADVANCES IN HOUSE-HOLD ENGINEERING.

Exposed Pipes the Rule—Forms of Hot Water Supply, Bowls and Bathtubs.

With the exception of architectural ironwork there have been few greater advances in any department of building and construction in the last ten years than in sanitary plumbing. Every twelvemonth since the middle of the eighties has seen some notable improvement and invention, until to-day the science has become completely revolutionized. What is more, there are no indications of any pause in the devising of new appliances and new systems. Fortunately for the world, Europe, America and the people of this country—America altogether surpasses Europe in her plumbing methods, easily leading the world—many of the ablest men of brains and capital here are at the work. What has already been accomplished in the short space of ten years, or perhaps a trifle over, has not only beautified houses and large buildings in a surprising way, but reduced to a minimum the chances of communicating disease through pipes and fixtures.

In the plumbing of the old style, when the laying of pipes through a building was merely a trade, not the science it has since become, the traps and wastes were always likely to be the resting place of disease germs, while in the cupboards, with which every particle of plumbing that was not hidden by floors and walls was surrounded, bacteria were certain to lurk. Now pipes and other appliances are exposed to light and air, not screened from sight by boards and planks. They are so arranged that not only can they be seen, but easily cleaned and polished each day, and readily taken apart in case of leak or stoppage.

So far has this modern tendency of exposing the plumbing gone that the plan, quite popular three or four years ago, of running up the pipes from floor to ceiling in a recess or "chase" and setting boards over it in the form of a panel to match the woodwork of the room, has been discarded, and in the finest mansions built these last two years every vestige of the plumbing shows in shining nickel, gilded or bronzed pipes.

While "exposed plumbing" is one of the features of the new science, it is by no means all that is new. The entire system of general house drainage has, in fact, been turned literally inside out by the recent innovations. The main line of pipe supports itself, independent of the beams, walls and ceilings of the house, and thus cannot be affected by any settling of the floors or the various displacements to which every building is liable. In the time of the old methods pipes were frequently bent in this way, and the entire plumbing of a dwelling disturbed. This new construction is as little concerned with the rest of the building as, to use a well-known example, the walls of a modern office building are with its steel frame. Other improvements in general drainage are the perfection of the vent system and the substitution of wrought iron for the old cast iron pipes.

These new pipes of wrought iron are screw threaded and form a solid, continuous piece of tubing, doing away with the ancient cock joints. The vulnerable part of the plumbing of a house fifteen years ago was where its pipes joined, the junctures being made

by oakum and lead. There was always the danger of leaks and displacements. The new method is, to say the least, far safer.

So much for general drainage. An interesting phase of the new plumbing is its water supply. The old-time lead pipes have been to a great extent superseded by pipes of wrought iron, galvanized or porcelain lined, and where exposed finished either in brass or the more valuable metals, such as nickel, silver or gold. In the best work the street pressure system is not considered sufficient, and a tank on the upper floor is added.

Hot water supply has been considered carefully, with the result that the old idea of a single boiler has been discarded, and now houses are fitted out with the twin boiler or the double boiler system. The former is in use in modern houses of the type of the Vanderbilt, Huntington and Yerkes mansions of this city and the West. In the best designed apparatus of this class there is a separate pipe running from the boiler to each hot water faucet, each pipe fitted out with a stopcock near its beginning, that in case of any trouble that pipes may be shut off and hot water continue to be supplied to the rest of the house. The double boiler is placed by the side of the kitchen range in the usual manner, but is a boiler within a boiler, the outer cylinder supplying the two lower floors, the inner those above, or vice versa. The twin boiler is simply two boilers standing side by side.

Wash basins and closets, baths and tubs have not only shared in the general advance from a scientific point of view, but have been made highly decorative with rare marbles and costly metals. The modern bathroom has hardly a trace of wood in it. Closets are now built largely of porcelain, and during the last ten years the siphon jet has replaced in all fine work the former wash out system. The greatest ingenuity along these lines, however, has been expended on the water supply and the wastes of bathtubs and basins.

The "bell supply" for tubs is the most improved and successful device of them all. It is so called because it is faucetless, and the water springs from the tub, hot, cold or tempered, as fancy dictates, from behind a piece of burdicate, from behind a piece of nickel plated, nished metal, silver or nickel plated, generally of the shape of the top of a bell. The "bell" is set well down in the tub, and the flow of the water is noiseless, as the circular bit of metal is so on covered. Wash basins are seldom supplied with these, but the more modern ones have nearly all a single orifice just at the edge of the bowl, out of which water of any desired temperature may flow, in the place of overhanging faucets. The handles for turning on the water are often set low on the slab, too, so that they may not be in the way.

The old "standing waste" has long gone out of date, and in its place have come several others. The one most in use to-day is so devised that there is no possible lodgment for disease germs. A handle turned at the back of the basin, by a mechanism of many little rods, pushes up a thin, circular metal plate in the basin's bottom and lets the water flow quickly out. Basins, by the way, are much more elliptical than they were, and not quite so deep, though of greater capacity.

If he pleases, the millionaire may readily spend \$5,000 on a bath room, from \$200 to \$500 of which will go for the tub. The old copper bath tub, tin-lined and burnished, is put in now only in the cheapest class of work. Tubs are made nowadays of solid porcelain, steel clad (that is, of a shell of two sheets of steel, with a sheet of asbestos in

between, and lined with planished copper, solid copper and porcelain lined with iron). A few have even been made of aluminum. The tubs are broader and shallower than they used to be, and are occasionally sunk to the level of the bath room floor. The prevailing styles are Romans, straight at both ends and with its waste pipe in the center, and the French, with a slight slant, and its waste pipe at one end. Kitchen tubs are no longer made of wood, but of soapstone or cement.

It is easy to spend several hundred dollars on a single wash basin. The fittings were never so fine as now. Onyx is largely used, and the choicer marbles as well. The metal work is silver, nickel, aluminum and sometimes gold plating.—New York Tribune.

AIRY PERSIFLAGE.

Indulged in by Distinguished Shades on Stygian Shores.

"I must say," said Napoleon, talking over battles with Priam, "that I never could understand how you Trojans ever got fooled with that Greek horse." "Nonsense!" retorted Priam. "Many an expert horseman has been fooled on a horse, before and since." "I know that," said Napoleon. "But those troops must have made some noise inside." "They did," replied Priam, "but we thought the beast had the heavens."

"It's a good thing for you, Peter," said Ptolemy, "that you were a man with a firm hand, and not given to vacillation."

"Why do you think so, Ptolemy?" asked Peter. "Just think, if you'd been otherwise, how the comic papers would have rejoiced to call you Teeter the Great!"

"Byron," said Homer, "did you really swim across the Hellespont, or did you have a tow?" "Both," said Byron. "In fact, old chap, I had ten toes."

"Cellini," observed Phidias one afternoon at Mrs. Caesar's tea, "when did you first discover that you were a sculptor?" "When I was a child," said Cellini. "When my father was away from home I had to do the carving for the family."

"Hamlet, my bonny Prince," said Garrick, encountering the melancholy Dane on the staircase of the Stygian Academy of Music, "tell me, were you mad or were you not?" "Not until I saw you play me, Davy," replied Hamlet. "I was crazy over it for several days. But I have forgiven you."

"Captain Kidd," said Dr. Johnson, "why do you wear a goatee?" "Because, Dr. Johnson," returned the pirate, "I wasn't able to grow a Kiddie."

"Frankly, now, my friend," asked Boswell of the Man in the Iron Mask, "who were you?" "Promise never to tell if I tell you?" replied the mysterious person. "Upon my honor," said Boswell. "Well," whispered the former occupant of the Bastille, "at first I was—Me, but long-continued captivity made another man of me, and I never found out who he was."—Harper's Bazar.

Fought All the Same.

Veteran—So you fought all through the war, did you? Bloobs—Yes. Veteran—I did not know you were in the war. Bloobs—I wasn't. I was at home with my wife.—Answers.

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