SCIENCE'S LATEST TRIUMPH

PROF. DEWAR'S LIQUEFACTION OF HYDROGEN.

Plans of the Andree Search Expedition—Cardinal Wolsey as Seen by a Welsh Contemporary—"No Popery" at Cambridge—Catholics Not Allowed to Have a College There.

LONDON, May 18.—The latest triumph of science—the liquefaction of hydrogen—has been briefly announced in THE SUN'S cable despatches. There is already a controversy as to where the credit belongs for first bringing into control this last and most fugitive of the elements. The Polish scientist Olszewski forestalled the discovery a year or two ago by determining accurately the critical temperature and boiling point of hydrogen, but he did not succeed in reducing the gas to liquid form in a really practical way, so that it could be examined and its properties tested. This has now been done for the first time by Prof. Dewar, and most interesting are the discoveries which are certain to develop from experiments made at the inconceivably low temperature of minus 205° centigrade. This is within twenty or thirty degrees of absolute zero, and is a point or condition in which matter undergoes astonishing changes in all its characteristics.

Prof. Dewar explained his latest researches at a meeting of the Royal Society this week, and his disclosures were received with extraordinary interest. Two or three years ago Prof. Dewar showed that a jet of hydrogen could be used to cool bodies below the temperature that could be reached by the use of liquid air; but all attempts to collect the liquid in vacuum vessels failed. The type of apparatus used in these experiments worked well, and it was therefore resolved to construct a much larger liquid-air plant, and to combine with it circuits and arrangements for the liquefaction of hydrogen. On Tuesday a start was made with hydrogen cooled to —205° centigrade, and under a pressure of 180 atmospheres, escaping continuously from the nozzle of a coil of pipe at the rate of about ten or fifteen cubic feet per minute, in a vacuum vessel, double silvered, and of special construction, all surrounded with a space kept below —200° centigrade. Liquid hydrogen began to drop from this vacuum vessel into another, doubly isolated by being surrounded with a third vacuum vessel. In about five minutes twenty cubic centimetres of liquid hydrogen were collected, when the hydrogen jet froze up from the solidification of air in the pipes. The yield of liquid was bout 1 per cent. of the gas. Five gallons were produced in an hour. Hydrogen in the liquid condition is clear and colorless, showing no absorption spectrum, the meniscus being as well defined as in the case of liquid air.

The liquid must, in Prof. Dewar's opinion, have a high refractive index and dispersion, and the density must be in excess of the theoretical density—0.18 to 0.12—which we deduce respectively from the atomic volume of organic compounds and the limited density found by Amagat for hydrogen gas under infinite compression. Prof. Dewar's old experiments on the density of hydrogen in palladium gave a value of 0.62 for the combined body. Not having arrangements at hand to determine the boiling point, he made two experiments to prove the excessively low temperature of the boiling fluid. In the first place, if a long piece of glass tubing, sealed at one end and open to the air at the other, is cooled by immersing the closed end in liquid hydrogen, the tube immediately fills with solid air where it is cooled. The second experiment was made with a tube containing helium—a rare gas which has hitherto resisted all attempts to effect its liquefaction. Two years ago, arguing by analogy of the molecular weights of fluorine and oxygen, Prof. Dewar suggested that the volatility of hydrogen and helium would probably be found close together. A specimen of helium which had been extracted from Bath gas was sealed in a bulb with a narrow tube attached, and was placed in liquid hydrogen, when a distinct liquid was seen to condense. From this result it would appear that there cannot be any great differences in the boiling points of helium and hydrogen. All known gases have now been condensed into liquids which can be manipulated at their boiling points under atmospheric pressure in suitably arranged vacuum vessels. With hydrogen as a cooling agent we shall get within 20° or 30° of the zero of absolute temperature. No one can predict the properties of matter under zero of temperature. Faraday liquefied chlorine in the year 1823. Sixty years later Wroblewski and Olszewski produced liquid air, and now, after fifteen years' interval, the remaining gases, hydrogen and helium, appear as static liquids.

Another attempt to plant a European foot where European foot has never before been set has failed. In February last Mr. Silva White started from Cairo with the object of visiting Jarabub, the stronghold of the powerful Puritan Mohammedan Senoussi sect. Jarabub is on the confines of Egypt and Tripoli, about 130 miles from the Mediterranean coast and 110 miles northwest of Siwah.

The route from Cairo lies past the Natron Lakes, Moghara, Garah and Siwah, both Jarabub and Siwah being situated in that great depression which, starting from the Gulf of Sidra, approaches Cairo.

Knowing the risks of his enterprise White started without telling any of his party the object of his journey. The party, consisting of himself and seven native attendants, with six camels, took nineteen days to cover the 450 miles between Siwah and Cairo. Arrived at Siwah, he was cordially received by the Egyptian Mamour or Governor and the chief headman. But the Siwans, of whom the great majority belong to the Senoussi sect, are intrusted with the task of preventing all Europeans from proceeding westward toward Tripoli.

Four years ago a Frenchman, disguised as an Arab with an Arab caravan, eluding their vigilance, got within a few hours' journey of Jarabub when he was met by a strong party of horsemen and he and all his company were killed. The Frenchman had his eyes put out and his throat cut. The Mamour informed Mr. White that it would be his duty to prevent him by force from going any further, and the Senoussi sheikhs, though cordially friendly, said they would not prevent the Siwans from attacking him if he persisted in his intention. In these circumstances, and as all his own men with one exception refused to proceed, Mr. White decided to return to Cairo. He was, however, allowed during his week's stay at Siwah to go about freely over the whole of the curious fortress town and to explore parts never before seen, he was told, by a European.

Thus he visited the narrow streets leading through tunnels under the houses, the tombs hewn out of the sandstone rock, and took twelve dozen photographs. During a single morning's digging five mummies and a portion of a very valuable painted mummy wrap were excavated, and he picked up a copper coin of Ptolemy I. Soter, 311-305 B. C., of which only one other and less authentic specimen is known to exist. In one tomb were wall paintings and Egyptian hieroglyphs of the pre-Ptolemaic period, which Mr. White copied, and his copies are the first ever brought from the oasis. They have since been deciphered by Prof. Sayce and Mr. Daressy of the Ghizeh Museum, and show the tomb to be that of Papa, a royal scribe and divine priest of the twentieth dynasty, 1200 B. C. All these interesting objects, which were apparently unknown to previous visitors, can but excite great interest among Egyptologists, and Mr. White's exploration of Siwah, the renowned oasis of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, opens up the road for future workers in what was hitherto deemed a field closed to Europeans on account of the jealousy of the Senoussi sect.

One of the members of the Andrée search expedition has sent from St. Petersburg some account of their plans. Writing on April 30, he says: "Through the kindness of the various authorities we have in the comparatively short space of one week got the equipment of our expedition through the Custom House, obtained an open letter from the Government to the authorities in Siberia, and received a free pass signed by the Emperor for ourselves and our luggage on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and we are ready to start on our long journey." Their first stopping-place will be Tomsk. From there they will go to Irkutsk, using the railway as far as it is opened. "From Irkutsk," he says, "we shall proceed behind horses to Verkholensk or some other place on the Upper Lena, where we shall embark for Yakutsk, probably on a small steamer to Kirensk or Vitimsk, and afterward on other craft. To the mouth of the Lena we shall not come before the middle of July, when we shall try to reach Kotjelnoi (one of the New Siberian Islands) in a whaleboat, in order to see if there are any traces of the Andrée expedition at the depots provided on that island for Nansen.

"The Minister of the Interior has given an order to all authorities in eastern and northern Siberia to aid us in every way to spread the knowledge among the northern native tribes of the various apparatus and stores belonging to the Andrée expedition, and promising rewards for the discovery of any such object, or traces which will lead to actual information as to the fate of Andrée and his followers. Circumstances and events arising upon our way will, of course, decide our movements."

Dr. Nansen, when in St. Petersburg, advised them to go down the Yenisei, and from the mouth of that river proceed to the Western Taimyr Peninsula, which Andrée and his companions may have reached, and where there is plenty of game, on which he thought they could easily subsist. The islands and the coast of the peninsula are not visited by native tribes, whereas the regions east of the Taimyr Peninsula are visited by natives who could render the Andrée expedition assistance in case of need.

On the other hand, Gen. Semenoff, Vice-President of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, advises them to follow the plan adopted by the Swedish Geographical Society, namely, to go down the River Lena, and from its lower regions make researches in different directions, and gather information through natives and Russian hunters. With regard to Nansen's suggestion, Gen. Semenoff said:

"As for going down the Yenisei and to the Western Taimyr Peninsula, you would need a vessel of your own, and your expedition must, in such a case, have other equipment than that which you now have got. Besides, you would not have much prospect of finding any traces of Andrée, because when he conferred with me in London about those matters he said that if his balloon should be carried into the northeastern polar regions he would try to reach the New Siberian Islands, where we have laid up depots. I therefore consider it wise of you to try and reach those islands, because Andrée and his followers might have gone there in such a state that it would be hard for them from there to reach any inhabited place. Furthermore, you could, if you consider it necessary, from Lena reach the Taimyr Peninsula, and by the aid of natives make searches in those vast and inhospitable regions."

Admitting that it would be very desirable to make investigations in the regions indicated by such an authority as Nansen, the members of the expedition have concluded that it is impossible for them to follow his advice. They will therefore, carry out their original plan and make the best they can of it.

A Welsh manuscript of general human interest is a rare literary find, but one has been recently discovered among the papers in the possession of Lord Mostyn of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire. This document is composed of personal reminiscences of a certain Ellis Griffith, a native of Flintshire. Griffith flourished in the sixteenth century and was an eye-witness of many interesting historical incidents in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

Perhaps the most interesting parts of his memoirs are those dealing with the great Cardinal Wolsey. In his account of Wolsey's embassy to France in July, 1527, we get an interesting glimpse of the great man's belief in astrology, of his idea of a display of becoming humility and other points; but here is Griffith's own account of the departure from London on July 3:

"The Cardinal spent some twenty days in preparation, and after receiving the King's warrant to help himself from the treasury at Calais sent out word on the eve of his departure that all should be ready with their horses to ride with him at 10 of the clock on the morrow. He gives orders that his carriage shall pass through the city during the night and next morning. Consequently I was early at Paul's Churchyard * * * watching the carriage being driven at a good pace through the streets, and looking for the Cardinal's own coming, when I heard certain men around me questioning each other if he was going toward Westminster to get a glimpse of the gentlemen waiting for the Cardinal there, and to see him take horse to ride forth on his journey. An oldish gentleman among them answered, 'Ha, sirs, you can dine at your leisure and be there in good time enough to see him mount his horse, because he will not start till the planet Jupiter enters into the house of Venus. This takes place between 2 and 3 of the clock, an hour to which he and his astrologers have been looking forward for three months past, under the belief that whatever a man undertakes and begins at this time will prosper better and better.' Nevertheless, I went from there direct to the palace of the Cardinal, where I remained watchfully seeking an opportunity to speak with certain men of the chamber of the Cardinal, who, as the old gentleman had said, put his foot in the stirrup between 2 and 3 of the clock in the afternoon, and rode out of his court into the street, where a large number of gentlemen were sitting on their horses, and had kept their saddles warm, most of them, for two or three hours past, awaiting his pleasure to set out on the journey. The Cardinal rode through the streets on horseback as a humble prelate, lest the citizens should speak of him as proud."

Griffith seems to have accompanied the expedition, for he describes the progress to Calais. It is amusing to notice how the Cardinal availed himself of the "King's warrant to help himself from the treasury at Calais." On arriving at Calais, the Cardinal "ordered Sir Robert Wingfield, the Deputy of Calais, to bring the keys of the town to him that he might keep them that night. Sir Robert obeyed and sent one of his serving men to bring the chest of keys from his own chamber to that of the Cardinal's in the 'Staple,' to be placed at the head of the bed." Soon after the Cardinal entered his room to go to bed, but found Sir R. Wingfield there. They chatted a while, then the Cardinal asked why the Knight was there. He was politely told that it was to watch the King's keys, which he had sworn to guard. "Besides, my friends in England," said he, "have bound themselves under a heavy forfeit that I shall never neglect the custody of the keys and the town, and I must be excused for spending the night where the keys are kept." After some further talk the Cardinal ordered Sir Robert to take the keys with him to his own palace.

Next we are told how the Cardinal emptied "the Calais exchequer of every minted coin, and, if we may believe the King's serving men, filled three wagons with chests containing barrels of gold." Then follows an account of the Cardinal's progress till he meets the French King, and of the mission of learned doctors he had sent on to Paris to discuss the question of divorce with scholars there.

Here is an interesting anecdote where mention is made of the dread Star Chamber, but where the Cardinal is presented in a milder and more genial mood than that in which history generally pictures him. After describing the suppression of the rising of the Suffolk weavers, complaining of the burden of taxation and the imprisonment in the Fleet of thirteen of their number, Griffith continues:

"Some time after the Cardinal sent for them to appear before him at Westminster, in the Star Chamber, in which I, Ellis Griffith, was then and there present. I heard the Cardinal reprove them greatly for the rising and tumult they had caused among the people, the subjects of the King, who in his clemency forgave their revolt and pardoned their lives. But they must keep watch over themselves in future, and be obedient to the King and his Council, lest punishment overtake them. Finally, the Cardinal commanded them to settle with the keeper of the prison for their meat, drink, and garnish money, whereupon the weaver, on his bended knees, stated their case fully, and spake after this manner: 'Merciful lord, we beseech you, for the glory of God, to hear me unfold the poverty of our lives, inasmuch as we have not, God is my witness, or here or in our country, fourteen shillings in money. And when we return to our homes we shall have no means of providing meat, drink, and clothing for ourselves, our wives, and kin, save and except by what we shall obtain by the labor of our hands, if perchance those who were wont to employ us aforetime receive us again; but that which I am greatly in fear of is that they will not, and for this reason we beseech your Grace to look mercifully on our poverty.' And after a 'long process,' the Cardinal said that the King would pay for their board and lodgment in prison, and the keeper thereof was ordered to give fourscore pieces and ten of silver to every one of them, and to set them free to go back to their country."

There have been stirring scenes again in the ancient University of Cambridge. Scarcely had the echo of "No women" died away when the venerable walls have rung with the old-time cry of "No Popery." It is only about a quarter of a century ago that university tests were abolished and non-conformists and Romanists allowed to have full privileges of university membership. Since then Roman Catholicism has made considerable strides in Cambridge, and a wealthy Romanist has built a magnificent and cathedral-like church in the town.

Roman Catholics now want to have a college all to themselves. To be more accurate I should say "a public hostel," for the days of making new colleges at Oxford or Cambridge are over. Keble, one of the largest and most popular colleges of Oxford, is not really "a college." It is generally called so and has exactly the same rights and privileges of the older institutions. These were granted when the college was built, about 1870, by "a grace" obtained from the Senate, but for all that Keble is not, technically speaking, "a college."

What Cambridge Roman Catholics want, then, is "a grace" from the Senate allowing them to have an institution which would be called a public hostel, but would, to all intents and purposes, be one of the colleges which compose the University of Cambridge, and still would be an entirely Roman Catholic establishment.

The Senate sat last Thursday. For days before that members had been vigorously canvassed by both sides and the pros and cons warmly discussed in the press. When the proceedings opened at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon the Senate house was thronged. Six or seven hundred members were there, many having come up from the country to vote upon the momentous question. Women were present in full force; but the undergraduate supplied the liveliest element, as he did a year ago when the women sought their "grace." The galleries allotted to young Cambridge were crowded. From one was suspended a splendid rubbing from a brass monument with the words "No Popery" inserted at the foot. This, however, was presently confiscated by one of the attendants. But no attendant could stop the loud and continuous cries of "No Popery" to the accompaniment of which the voting took place. And when the "No Popery" party came out with a majority of 245 the cheering was loud and long. For the present, at all events, it is plain the young Roman Catholic of England must be satisfied to go through his university course as a member of one of the existing colleges whereto every one, Jew, Turk, infidel and the rest, may resort.

The London Central Railway Company gave the proprietor of the Nightingale Hotel in St. John's Wood notice that they wanted his property for their new line. The proprietor cannot refuse obedience to powers granted by Parliament, but he can claim fair compensation for the loss of his lease. This he assessed at $45,000. The company had a different opinion, so the matter came before the London Sheriff and a jury, and the public was enlightened as to the profits of the retailer of wines and spirits.

Counsel for the proprietor, in his opening statement, gave the following as the average profits on articles sold at the Nightingale: Port wine, 200 per cent.; brandy, 200 per cent.; whiskey, 100 per cent.; gin, 50 per cent.; rum, 50 per cent., and beer, 33 per cent. Being a glass trade in beer the profit was close upon 100 per cent.

The landlord then described his business as "a most lucrative one." The sale of champagne, he said, was considerable. In fact, more champagne was drunk than anything else in the "fashionable quarter of North Bank." The majority of the customers he described as "young ladies;" they will be pleased to hear that the champagne which cost them "seven and eight shillings a bottle was purchased for $6 a dozen." Port wine bought at three shillings per gallon was sold for seven times that amount. Mineral waters, however, were the best line. "Large sodas" were purchased for one shilling a dozen, and retailed in great quantities at fourpence apiece, a modest profit of 300 per cent.

The cigar business was also fairly good. British brands which cost two or three cents apiece could be sold for four or six. Mexican and foreign cigars cost twelve shillings a hundred, and there was no difficulty in selling them at fourpence each.

The jury awarded the ex-landlord of the Nightingale $27,500 compensation. Hotel property in the Northwest of London should go up in value.

H. R. C.

NO TERRORS IN A $10 FINE.

A Whipping and $2 Fine Expected to Put an End to Stone Throwing.

In the Essex Market Court yesterday twenty-three boys were arraigned for throwing stones in the vacant lot at the junction of Hester, Division, and Essex streets. Magistrate Simms declared that he was in a quandary as to what to do with them.

"The Board of Magistrates," he said, "in order to break up this stone-throwing practice, which has become so dangerous to life and property in this neighborhood, decided to fine all these boys $10 apiece in the hope that it would frighten them. It has had the opposite effect. I have found out the reason. The parents don't pay the fines, and the boys spend ten days in an institution where they get baths, new clothes, and better food than at home. I understand that the boys on the east side view an arrest for stone throwing with the same enthusiasm that the average boy contemplates going to the circus."

The Magistrate sentenced the prisoners to a whipping and a fine of $2. The parents of the boys were called before the Magistrate, and most of them were willing to pay the fine, and promised faithfully to apply the strap when the boys reached home. A few minutes afterward there was bedlam in the courtroom as the fathers with firm grasps on the boys' ears or clothes led them whimpering to the street on the way to the expected chastisement.

DRAKE AVENGED BY HIS GOATS.

His Assailant and the Latter's Wife Put to Flight and Besieged in Their House.

Herman Drake, who lives at 169th street and Union avenue, keeps three goats as pets for his children. Yesterday afternoon Jacob Wise, a florist who lives at 169th street and Southern Boulevard, went over to Drake's property, and started to dig up some sod. Drake objected and Wise struck Drake over the head with a spade.

The goats, which had been watching the fight, attacked Wise and his wife. The latter was knocked down and bruised by one of the goats. Wise and his wife ran to their house, pursued by the goats. The goats, being unable to get into the house, remained outside. Wise was afraid to come out until some of the neighbors raised the siege by driving away the goats.

KICKED BY A HORSE.

One Leg and a Rib of Superintendent John McCoy Broken.

John McCoy of 317 West Thirty-seventh street, who is a brother-in-law of State Senator Featherson, was seriously kicked by a horse yesterday at Mamaroneck. His leg and one of his ribs were broken. The horse was in a stable. McCoy was rescued by a stableman with considerable difficulty.

He was brought down on the train to New York and taken to Bellevue Hospital. McCoy is 65 years old. He is engaged in superintending the construction of a trolley road at Mamaroneck.

Wind Blew Out Gas; Sleeper Died.

James Austin Fagan, a clerk, of 232 East 116th street, was asphyxiated by illuminating gas some time Saturday night, and was dead when found by his mother yesterday morning. He left the gas burning and a window open when he went to bed, and it is thought that the wind blew the light out.

POINTS OF THEATRE VIEW.

AN ADVANCE NOTED IN MAKING THE FRENCH KIND OF FARCE.

Two Plays Years Apart, but Together in the Everlasting Theme of Husbands' Escapades—Mr. Shea in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—The Limitations of the Stock System.

The advance in the art of making plays was singularly illustrated last week in the revival of the old "Pink Dominos" at the same time that the new farce of like theme, "The Tarrytown Widow," was being played in Broadway. Almost a quarter of a century lay between the writing of the two, the former by James Alberry, who derived it from the French, and the latter by Charles T. Dazey, with which American it was original. These pieces, like hundreds of others, set forth with comic intent the infidelity of husbands, a subject theatre audiences always have regarded as laughable, and no doubt they always will. There was critical condemnation of the play at the Bijou on the score of its oldness of scheme. The same henpecked man escaped for a time from the same imperious wife, plunged into the same flirtation with the same roguish young woman, and finally got out of his difficulties by the same triumph of vice over virtue. But audiences laughed at "The Tarrytown Widow" quite as though it were not as stale in general plan as it was fresh in particulars. The point to note is that the American work is far more ingenious than the other in farcical complication, more nearly reasonable in motives of ridiculous conduct, and especially more adroit in its action when it comes to the inevitable use of four doors. The various couples concerned in the escapade of "Pink Dominos" are placed in four private supper rooms of a wicked restaurant, and the four doors let them out of and into a public apartment. The management of their exits and entrances is very clumsy. They are moved out and in arbitrarily by the author upon very slight pretexts, and thus to the loss of that illusion of spontaneity which even a farce should possess. It is different and better in "The Tarrytown Widow." The four doors open from the office of a country hotel into bedrooms, which are taken by three bridal couples, and a fourth pair, consisting of the friskiest husband and his severe wife. The situation has been carefully prepared for, and when it comes there is none of the palpable forcing of effect which is a serious fault in "Pink Dominos." It is a most ingenious game of hide and seek and peekaboo. This is why the assertion was made at the start of this article that the advance in the art of making plays was singularly illustrated last week by an old French farce and a new American one.

The resuscitation of the stock company system, which had been dead many years, is not likely to work any radical or sweeping change in the theatrical business. The people who support the drama will continue to buy amusement with a view to getting the most satisfaction that their money will procure. Those who can afford to purchase novelty will prefer successful new plays, such as the stock companies—excepting those of the Frohmans and Daly in this city, and they are not stock companies at all in the technical meaning of the term—are not able to obtain. They must rely upon old material, and are for that reason debarred from meeting the ever urgent demand for something new. Nor can they give performances equal in merit to those which travelling companies, even of inferior talent, are able to give. The reason for this is that the latter are made up of actors chosen for their ability in certain rôles, are carefully rehearsed in them, and are fitted out with suitable costumes and scenery. The casting of actors for parts out of their lines and the haste necessitated by weekly changes of bill render the stock productions necessarily imperfect. Of course, these difficulties are nearly overcome just now at the Herald Square and the Columbus, because the actors at those theatres are of a much better calibre than could be obtained in the regular season at salaries which the managements can afford to pay. All of them travelled during the past winter, and will return to similar employment next autumn. Summer organizations thus composed of excellent actors under half pay are no new thing. They have no bearing upon the discussed revival of the old-fashioned stock system. Nevertheless, there will be numerous local dramatic organizations next season, and no doubt they will be popular, not because of any reversion of public taste from finer entertainments than they can give, but by reason of the fairly good quality of what they sell at low prices. They compete with the minor grade of peripatetic players, and practically obliterate those who have made tours with repertories. They affect to some extent the vaudeville houses. But they do not compete appreciably with those theatres in which our best actors appear in our best new plays.

While a one-time manager of stage magicians is declaring that magic is an unprofitable art, because there are no new developments in it, two performers in our music halls are displaying a degree of deftness that is unusual. Servais Le Roy, at Koster & Bial's, is one, and T. Nelson Downs, at the Olympia, is the other. Downs uses only a wand and coins as his apparatus, and his tricks, though most of them are based on palming, are quite beyond what most other deceivers have accomplished. A coin is seen in his palm, his fingers close upon it, and when they are opened the piece is not only gone, but his other hand does not seem to have accomplished the sleight, and palm and back of the first hand are shown without disclosing the coin's whereabouts. With a hand held at either side of his knee, fingers straightened and palms toward the audience, a coin rests on the two middle fingers of one hand. His words give warning of just what is to happen, and the pause before the sleight is effected is not so short as to be confusing. Then the first hand is empty, and a coin rests in the other, yet no finger has been seen to crook, or to offer further explanation of the coin's coming and going. In the same way a coin held in his outstretched palm disappears. The piece that then clicks four feet away, or that crops up at an unexpected place, is believed by few watchers to be the one seen first, for there is the hand held open at arm's length as before. Yet the trickster will show the back or front of it at second intervals. In the palm held outright in the same way four cards appear one after another. In this the appearance is not instantaneous, but a view had as of the cards' edges is not informatory, and the whole is plainly a one-handed operation.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" came to the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Friday evening, dislodging a war drama temporarily and struggling against the hottest night of the season. Thomas Shea evidently acted in this dramatic version of Stevenson's allegory for the purpose of satisfying his artistic ambitions, as, in violent alternation with timely melodrama, it was not likely to make a deep impression on the public. Mr. Shea's use of the drama ought to be profitable, however, as its effectiveness with the audience was almost continuously evident. This was of course produced chiefly through the sudden changes from one character to another. The most striking instance of the actor's proficiency in what would be called a "lightning change" if he were a variety actor, came at the end of the second act. Then a detective as well as one of *Dr. Jekyll's* friends is searching for the murderer of *Sir Danvers* and comes to the laboratory in the rear of the doctor's office. Presently *Mr. Hyde* comes skulkingly along the street, and after a short scene disappears into the entrance of the office. The door has only time to close long enough for the friend to knock on it, when suddenly it opens and *Dr. Jekyll* appears, bland, benevolent, and smiling. The change from the other personage is complete and material devices aid the illusion. Thus *Hyde* tips about in the dark, but *Jekyll* beams on the spectators in the glow of sunshine. The only light that falls on the other face is green and uncanny.

Mr. Shea's acting as well as the play made an impression on the spectators, warm as they were, due in the main to the weirdness of his *Mr. Hyde* and the general atmosphere of the scenes in which he appeared. He was nearly bent double, shaggy-headed, and ghastly pale. He carried his hands as an orang-outang does, and tipped about on his toes with the agility of a skirt dancer. The play differed very little in most particulars from other versions of the book that have been seen. Indeed, with its direct story, there would be little chance for variation. The attitude of the spectators toward the play was sometimes curious. In its two leading figures they were surely engrossed. There was no doubt of that. But some of the others who were just as positively meant to be serious afforded them unbounded amusement. The housekeeper who had been robbed by *Hyde* followed him revengefully, deploring her loss. The spectators laughed at her as if she were a comic figure. It is time that there was some suggestion of a comedian's manner in the acting of the woman who played this rôle. But that was scarcely enough to justify the amusement she created. Other characters were received in the same spirit. The serious spectators hissed, but the majority would laugh. This may have been in a measure an expression of the reaction from the horrors of *Hyde*, and in that view it was a compliment to Mr. Shea.

One kind of actress has disappeared almost entirely from the stage of this country. She was at one time, however, the most admired of all, and it was her kind that earned the greatest fortunes ever made on our stage. Lotta and Maggie Mitchell left the stage with great wealth, and nobody took their places. Annie Pixley was another soubrette of their school and less notable examples were Patti Rosa, Lizzie Evans, Ullie Akerstrom, and Helen Dauvray in the earlier days of her career. All of these women appeared in plays of a kind that are never seen to-day. In some of the small towns these performances prosper moderately, and only a few weeks ago an actress came to one of the east side theatres in a play similar to those which were popular formerly. But these occasional appearances are not significant in view of the former popularity of this style of acting. Maggie Mitchell and "Fanchon" are historic in the American theatre, and she played many other rôles for years. Lotta, while less closely identified with one rôle, acted in plays that were invariably similar, and made a fortune out of them. Annie Pixley's vogue was connected almost entirely with "M'liss," but that did not diminish her popularity, which had continued for a comparatively long time. Minnie Palmer had a brief period of great favor. No successor has ever come to follow in the footsteps of these fortunate women, and an echo of the last attempt to establish such an actress was heard in court the other day. The money advanced to place her properly before the public was lost entirely. Yet she was a clever woman, who might readily enough have found success in those days in which actresses of her kind were liked. There could be no claim of the complete decline of such talents. There are plenty of women on the stage to-day quite as clever as their predecessors, and just as well qualified to undertake rôles of any kind that those who went before them could act well. Virginia Earle, for instance, could be a successful actress of that kind if the public ever again cared for the kind. But that is not likely to occur. The old plays which exploited these actresses were usually very crude efforts of a kind that would not be tolerated to-day. The disappearance of this type of singing and dancing soubrette indicates an advance in stage art. Just as the characters "with song" have dropped out of the contemporary drama, so have the soubrettes who used to be the leading figures in the old plays, and suddenly in the midst of a serious drama or a comedy drop into singing or dancing. Placed to-day in farce and burlesque, they are more artistically arranged. Possibly if Della Fox had lived thirty years ago she would have been an actress of the type that was best represented by Lotta. She might have been the leading figure in such an impossible affair as "The Little Detective," or in some of the other curious dramas which used to be written for these actresses. But she happens to be in burlesque and comic opera now because audiences no longer care to see the inartistic and crude combinations of different kinds of dramatic writing that went to make up a play in those days. Such pieces as "The Circus Girl" are wholly farcical, and make no pretence to verity or possibility. So singing and dancing in them is not in the slightest degree inappropriate. But their introduction in the old plays, with the corresponding slice of pathos probably soon to follow, was absurd, and, from the present point of view, quite inexcusable.

OPERA SINGERS IN QUARANTINE.

Held at Geneva, N. Y., Because They Have Been Exposed to Smallpox.

GENEVA, N. Y., May 22.—The Joshua Simpkins Opera Company, which was placed in quarantine yesterday because of exposure to smallpox, is still held here under guard. A breaking out has appeared on two men, but in the absence of well developed pustules Dr. Bishop, city health physician, was unwilling to call it more than chicken pox. To-day Dr. Bishop called in consultation Dr. N. V. Covert, who is one of the best authorities in this section on smallpox and similar cases. Dr. Covert said that the early symptoms of the lighter forms of smallpox and those of chicken pox cannot be easily distinguished. Time must be given for the disease to develop. Dr. Baxter T. Smelzer, Secretary of the State Board of Health at Albany, has been sent for, and will probably arrive on Monday and at once assume charge.

LEFT TWO WIVES BEHIND HIM.

Private La Douix Wed a Saratoga Girl When He Had a Wife and Child in Plattsburg.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, May 22.—The marriage of Frederick A. La Douix, a regular army man, to Miss Frankie A. Payne, a Saratoga girl, which was solemnized on Thursday, attracted general attention locally, because he had re-enlisted and was to leave at once to join the Eleventh Infantry at Atlanta, Ga. La Douix had been a member of Company B, Twenty-first Infantry, but his three years' service ended just before that command was ordered to Tampa. After his discharge he came here from Plattsburg, where his company had been stationed, and courted Miss Payne, who was indirectly related to him and whom he had known several years.

The story now comes from Plattsburg that La Douix already had a common-law wife and 10-month-old baby at 38 Platt street in that village. It is said that about two years ago La Douix became enamored of Miss Minnie Lashua, and in September, 1896, went with her to Chazy, N. Y., to visit her brother. Her parents say that upon her return she appeared bewildered and informed them that she had married La Douix while away. To satisfy the anxious mother the soldier displayed an alleged marriage certificate purporting that the Rev. A. C. Dill of Chazy had performed the ceremony. Thereafter the girl was introduced by him as Mrs. La Douix. In February, 1897, something aroused Mrs. Lashua's suspicions and she wrote to the Rev. Dr. Dill, who answered that he had never married La Douix and Miss Lashua and knew nothing of them. When the letter was shown him La Douix protested that he had spoken truthfully. Ten months ago a daughter was born, of which the father frequently spoke in pride to his comrades and friends.

La Douix was discharged from the Twenty-first Infantry on April 22. He bade his wife good-by and disappeared. She afterward received several letters from him and some money. She received the last letter from him the day before he married Miss Payne here. His wife believes that she was drugged on the occasion of her trip to Chazy with him, as she has only a dim recollection of what occurred at that time. The day following La Douix's wedding here he left for the South to join his new company. The girl he married here has received several postal cards from him and also a letter from the woman in Plattsburg who claims him as her husband, telling of his relations with her.

Miss Payne, or Mrs. La Douix, was seen at her home, 30 Woodward avenue, last evening. She is apparently unconcerned, and says her husband told of his alleged wife and child at Plattsburg before their marriage. She does not believe he was married to Miss Lashua, and apparently has the utmost faith in him.

RAN OFF WITH OHLE'S ROLL.

Ohle Has Been on the Lookout for the Supposed Joker and Has John White Arrested.

While Louis Ohle, a salesman, of 1111 Lafayette avenue, Williamsburg, was in the Meriden House, Broadway and Kent avenue, a week ago, a well-dressed man introduced himself to Ohle as "Dr. Carroll." Ohle treated him and paid for the drinks from a roll of bills. While Ohle was whispering to the bartender "Dr. Carroll" picked Ohle's pocket and secured the roll, which contained $60. He ran out of the place. Ohle thought he was the victim of a joke, and he awaited "Dr. Carroll's" return for nearly two hours. Then Ohle went to the Bedford avenue police station and complained.

He gave a description of the thief, but the police were unable to find him. Early yesterday morning Ohle saw the alleged thief in Broadway, near Wythe avenue, and called a policeman. The man was arrested, and at the station house he described himself as John White, a plumber, 32 years old, of 221 South Fourth street. He denied committing the robbery, but Ohle positively identified him. White was arraigned in the Lee avenue Police Court and remanded for a hearing to-day.

HOBART'S BROTHER IN A RUNAWAY.

He Wasn't Hurt, but His Companion's Arm Was Broken.

MATAWAN, N. J., May 22.—Last evening David R. Hobart, a brother of the Vice-President, and Winfield R. Stryker, both of Marlboro, were driving a spirited horse belonging to Mr. Hobart. In turning a corner a wheel of the carriage collapsed. Stryker was thrown under the heels of the horse and was dragged some distance under the carriage, entangled in the reins. Hobart got only a bad shaking up, but Stryker's left arm was broken and he was severely bruised.

An Art Window Unveiled.

An art window known as "The Good Shepherd" window was unveiled in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn yesterday morning. It was presented by a band of women who are desirous of beautifying the church, and is in memory of the late Horace Bartlett Griffin, for many years one of the trustees of the church. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. David Gregg and the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Found Unconscious in a Boat.

A man about 40 years old was found at 5:15 o'clock yesterday morning lying unconscious in the bottom of a rowboat at the foot of Hudson street, Jersey City. At a late hour last night he had not recovered consciousness. He is suffering from concussion of the brain. How he got into the boat is a mystery, but it is supposed that he fell from the end of the pier.

PATRIOTIC CONEY ISLAND.

SPANIARDS MOWED DOWN IN THE SHOOTING GALLERIES.

Vigorous Efforts to Smash Weyler's Face in the Ball Throwing Booths—The Maine Blown Up Again and Again—There Are Dewey Cocktails, and More Flags Than Ever Before.

The visitor to Coney Island yesterday had no doubts about the patriotism of the place. Everything that referred to the war came in for the crowd's approval. The display of bunting has always been large at Coney Island, but this year more flags are in evidence than ever before. The Cuban flag shares the honors with the American emblem, and together they have been used to decorate everything from the largest concert hall to the smallest soda water stand. The poor Spaniard didn't fare very well. It seemed as though the Island had brought all its ingenuity into play in order to picture the disgrace in which the Don is held. The most conspicuous examples of this were in the shooting galleries and ball throwing booths. The poor cats who for years have been the targets for the balls have been replaced by representations of Spaniards. All of these were as grotesque as the genius of the artist could make them. In one booth on the Bowery a small fortune must have been made yesterday. It was all because of a representation of the blowing up of the Maine. A miniature battleship was depicted and was blown up again and again. Behind the wreck each time would rise a picture of Weyler. The hostility of the crowd was provoked because of the grin with which the figure seemed to gloat over the destruction of the ship. Everybody was invited by the proprietor to "smash him," and a great many tried to. At one time there must have been over 100 people waiting to have a chance to throw the balls at him. It was not very easy to hit the figure, as it was not long in sight. It had a provoking way of disappearing just as one would throw a ball. The failure of the crowd to hit it often inspired them all the more to renewed efforts. Few hit the figure more than once. One rather athletic-looking fellow with a baseball arm and whose judgment seemed rather above the average came along finally and in six throws only missed Weyler once. The crowd immediately made a hero of him.

In another place there were three figures representing Weyler, Blanco, and Alfonso. All were life sized, even to Alfonso. The latter, instead of being pictured as a small boy, was arrayed with a youthful looking mustache, and appeared to be about 21. The crowd who threw baseballs at him didn't seem to mind the mistake in likeness. For some reason Alfonso and Weyler seemed to share most of the crowd's enmity, and Blanco escaped a great many knockdowns.

In most of the shooting galleries the targets were Spaniards. That the victory at Manila was still fresh in the minds of Coney's population was evidenced everywhere. Pictures of Dewey and absurd representations of the fight abounded. In the saloons there was a Dewey cocktail, and customers at the soda water stands were invited to partake of a drink called "The Dewey," which was nothing more than a peculiarly flavored glass of soda. But it took with the crowd, and they consumed large quantities of it. A lot of soldiers of the Fifth Battery and marines from the navy yard went down to Coney Island yesterday, and all were well received. In many places the proprietors refused to accept money for drinks from them.

One soldier demonstrated the way in which we are going to treat the Spaniards by going up to a shooting gallery and firing at a representation of Weyler. His marksmanship was good enough to win the approbation of the crowd, and he was loudly cheered. The crowds of people who went down to look over their summer pleasure ground yesterday appeared to be satisfied with the Island's spring début. "There's only one Coney Island