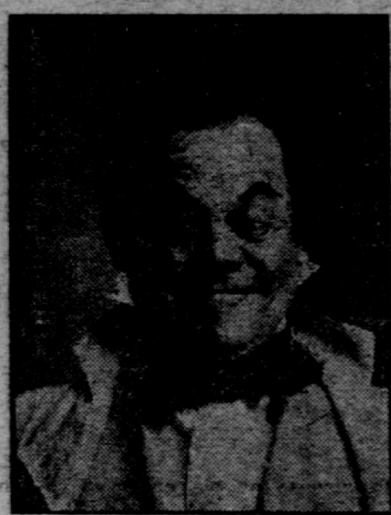
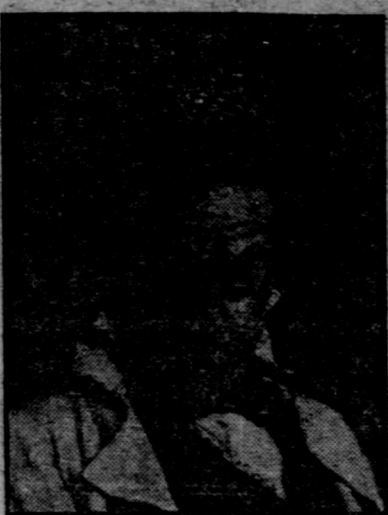


Additional Dramatic News

FRANK DANIELS, A MASTER OF FACIAL EXPRESSION



A Beatific Moment



On the Water Wagon



On the Water Wagon

sonate a gay and debonaire youth of twenty-one or thirty-five, as the case might demand. A veteran, indeed! Why, our leading statesmen, lawyers, scientists and merchants never get their names in the papers until they are around eighty-six, and then they are praised for their youth. No, sir, an actor is not a veteran at forty-seven, or at eighty-seven, because his work is ever new, and there is seldom time for reminiscences. Nat, and I are only boys; the only full-grown, middle-aged men in the profession are J. H. Stoddard, Joe Jefferson, Henry Irving, Denman Thompson and Alexander Salvini."

THE DEAN'S COMPLIMENT

On the fly leaf of a copy of "Life of Ada Rehan" William Winter wrote a little poem to Mrs. Gilbert and sent it to her on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday. It reads:

The sunset beams the backward glow
Life's glimmering plain,
And we, as stars, the roses gleam,
Look to the past, where darkly blend
Shadows of hopes and dreams, dear friend,
Pleasures and pain.

But there's no darkness on the track
Where we have journeyed, looking back
O'er many a year.
By loving fancy led, I deem
I still can see the roses gleam,
And, sweet by many a murr'ring stream,
The violets peer.

So be it till the light shall fall;
And as we wander down the vale
By fond affection holding fast,
Only to think of pleasures past
With grateful hearts, and so, at last,
Find peace and rest.

THEATRICAL NOTES

It is announced from New York that Mrs. Leslie Carter will not appear in any play this winter, but will appear until next autumn. She has played almost steadily for the past twelve years and is in need of a holiday.

Bessie Clayton, the dancer, returns to the footlights this season as a member of the Lew Fields Stock company, New York, after a retirement of a year. In private life Miss Clayton is Mrs. Julian Mitchell, wife of the well known producer.

A few weeks ago in Germany "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was acted out of doors in a theater of rock, hewn out of the summit of a mountain, and only a background of dense forest and a rim of mountains above for scenery.

J. L. C. Clarke has completed the manuscript of his dramatic version of Gen. Lew Wallace's "A Prince of India," which Klaw and Erlanger will produce on an elaborate scale.

George Ade's "The College Widow" has settled down comfortably for an all-season run at the Garden theater, New York city. Since Manager Henry W. Savage's tenancy of the house began, it has been a case of "sell out" at every performance. This proved the subject of comment at the little dinner where the talk had been going on, when Mansfield was asked to account for the president's failure to see him act.

"Oh, he doesn't have to," replied Mansfield; "he's a better actor than I am."

Mrs. Langtry is said to be much wrought up over the forthcoming appearance in London of Marie Tempest in "The Freedom of Suzanne," a play which Miss Tempest's husband has prepared for her use. Mrs. Langtry claims that the piece is identical with the Jersey Lily was seen during her last engagement in Chicago. Miss Tempest denies the similarity of the two plays and invites Mrs. Langtry to be seated in the audience.

A letter was received at the New York theater recently, where Henry W. Savage is producing Wagner's "Parsifal" in English, addressed to "Richard Wagner, Esq." Among other things, the letter requested the privilege of "Mr. Wagner" of interpolating a musical number in "Parsifal." It so happens that a cello player of the orchestra, who bears the same name as the immortal composer, opened the letter, and finding that it was not for him, wrote on the back, "Opened by mistake, R. Wagner."

Fritzi Scheff is the idol of Boston just now. The papers have been saying many nice things about her and she has been saying many nice things about Boston. In an interview the other day she astonished the reporter by telling him how much she liked Boston's winding streets. He expressed his surprise, saying he had never before heard anybody say anything good of the streets.

"Why, yes," said Fritzi, "I think they're just lovely. I go out for a walk and just follow one street, and pretty

horse bowled over two boys, Alfred Brown, fourteen years old, and Charles Crawford, fifteen, both of whom live at No. 420 Ross street. The boys escaped serious injury.

Falls Into Manhole

Continuing along Marcy avenue to Division avenue, the horse fell into an open gas manhole, where James Meahan, forty years old, of No. 413 South

Boys Stone Horse

The animal belonged to Henry Newman, a horse dealer of No. 309 Rutledge street. Jacob Solomon, twenty-five years old, was showing the horse, hitched to a light runabout, when some small boys peeped the high spirited animal with pebbles.

The horse shied violently, throwing Solomon on to his head in the middle of the street, where he lay motionless. An ambulance surgeon found him suffering from concussion of the brain. The horse, crazed with fright, went like the wind down Keap street, smashing full tilt into a trolley car at Marcy avenue, throwing its thirty odd passengers into a spasm of fright.

The horse was badly injured, but galloped along Marcy avenue at the same wild clip.

At the Rodney street crossing the

Fifth street, an employee of the public works department, was making repairs. Only the horse's forelegs got into the hole. In its frantic struggles to free itself it kicked Meahan on the head, inflicting a bad scalp wound.

Before the horse could be captured it scrambled out and galloped down Division avenue to Roebeling street, with blood streaming from a dozen bad cuts. At Roebeling street it smashed the windows of a Tompkins avenue car.

The force of the collision threw the horse to the pavement, stunned. As the animal was fearfully crippled a policeman ended its life.

HERE is a story somewhere of an eminent comedian who was about to be translated to other worlds. On his death bed he said to his weeping friends: "Just think of it. Here I've tried all my life to get out of comedy. Here I've wanted for many years to be a tragedian. I've done my best to get away from funny parts, but it's no use. Now I am dying of measles in Kankakee, Ill. I don't think it's fair to carry the funny business too far. I should like, oh, so much, to have died of brain fever in Boston—measles!—and you don't have to walk back."

George Edwards' original company from the Lyric theater, London, will present a new romantic light opera in three acts called "The Duchess of Dantzic" at Daly's theater, New York, following "The Cingalese." The opera, a musical version of "Mme. Sans Gene," is staged by an arrangement with Sardou. The book is by Henry Hamilton and the music by Ivan Caryll. The cast, which is a noteworthy one, will include Courtice Pounds, who has not been seen in this country for several years; Holbrook Blinn, Miss Adrienne Augarde and Miss Elvira Green. Mr. Blinn and Miss Green have made hits in London as Napoleon and as the duchess.

Bernard Shaw is preparing to have a Chicago dramatist's latest play "How He Lied to Her Husband" not long ago, in giving directions as to the manner in which it should be printed, he wrote: "Tell them to follow the typography without misgiving, putting the stage directions in square brackets (parentheses are incorrect), and putting the final stop outside the bracket—thus, so as to avoid white space as much as possible. Also to omit apostrophes in dots, won't, etc. If the printer demurs, ask him why a Bible always looks better than any other book. It is because there are no apostrophes in it—a grace which has been mistaken for the charm of divine inspiration."

The reference to politics in George Ade's "The County Chairman" are particularly timely. Here are some of them:

"You didn't tell me," remarks young Wheeler, "that I was a candidate."

"I don't tell things," replies Hacker. "That's why I've lasted so long in politics."

Mrs. Briscoe, the wife of the village Pook Bah, says to Hacker: "I've got a husband. He thinks he's going to vote for Judge Rigby. Well, Jim Hacker, all I got to say is he votes for your man, else he don't get nothing to eat this winter."

"You know what Sherman said of war?" observes Hacker.

"He said it was hell," Wheeler replies.

"That's because Sherman had never been in politics."

Tim Murphy announces two important revivals for next spring. He is studying Gaby Plummer and Mr. G. lightly, and, at the conclusion of his

regular winter season, he will, about Easter, appear for the first time in "Cricket on the Heath" and "Lend Me Five Shillings." Mr. Murphy's plans embrace two other ambitious productions for next season, when he will appear for the first time as Bob Acres in "The Rivals" and as Garrick in "David Garrick." Mr. Murphy is enjoying his usual prosperous tour, presenting Frederick Paulding's "Two Men and a Cradle." He will retain this in his repertoire.

Rehearsals of the musical production with which the new Fields' theater, on West Forty-second street, New York, will be opened by the Lew Fields' Stock company, are in daily progress, and it is expected that the first performance will be given on or about Nov. 17. The only possibility of a delay is in the building of the new theater, which is being erected on the site of the old one, but Oscar Hammerstein, who is building it, believes that he will have it completed by that date.

The play is written by Glen MacDonough, author of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland," and the music by Victor Herbert, and the production is being staged by Julian Mitchell. The name of the play will not be announced until a few days before the first performance.

and poured into a mold. Beginning with the foundation the mold is raised foot by foot as the concrete is poured in and hardened, until when the roof is reached, the whole wall is a solid mass. Holes are left for the doors and windows during the construction.

This system is cheaper than stone or brick, and at the present price of lumber and shingles than wood, unless the wooden house is flimsily constructed. Its advantage is also in permanency in painting and repairs.

Cheaper Than Subway Concrete

The concrete of which the walls are built is more cheaply mixed than the concrete used for subway work, where there has to be a constant jar and more tensile strength required. The proportions on the subway work were almost half cement to half fine gravel and sand. On house work one part of cement to seven or eight parts of gravel or crushed stone insures a strong wall, it properly made and set, and if a coating of best quality Portland cement is washed over the outside.

Where gravel, small stones and sand are readily accessible and cheaply to be had, as they are in almost all of New York's suburbs, the main expense of a concrete house is for the cement. This can be lessened by using the cheaper grades of Roman cement for the main walls and using the more expensive Portland cement only as a wash.

If plenty of suitable stones have been found in digging the cellar they may be used for the foundation, or the concrete construction may begin from the foundation trench and continue solidly to the roof.

The molds are either wood or metal with a hollow core. The object of the core is to save material without loss of strength, and to provide for air circulation within the wall. Hollow concrete walls are cooler in the summer and warmer in the winter than a solid stone or brick wall.

Wall Tints in the Concrete

Walls made in this manner may be tinted any color, both inside and out, by coloring the Portland cement wash. The color then cannot wear off, as it is part of the wall. Floor beams are set in the concrete as in a brick or stone wall now. Windows, doors and frames are inserted as now.

Several of these concrete houses have been ornamented in a novel way by sculptor friends of the owners. The material is almost as soft as clay when first put up. It can readily be modeled into faces, figures, scroll work or any kind of design. Skillfully done this concrete modeling gives the effect of stone carving at a small fraction of the expense.

EAGLES INSPECT THE NEW FLATIRON

Five Huge Birds Draw Immense Crowd to Forty-second Street Structure

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—A workman on the tower of the new Flatiron building at Forty-second street and Broadway yesterday happened to glance down in the street and saw thirty or forty persons looking up at him, gesticulating and pointing. He was wondering what was extraordinary about himself when, far up above his head, he heard a sharp cry and, looking up, saw a magnificent bald-headed eagle swooping down in a great curve.

Down came the bird like a cannon ball, checked itself for a minute 500 feet above the top of the skyscraper and, turning, gracefully mounted upward.

Soaring on motionless wings a thousand feet above the tower were four black specks that the workman made out to be other eagles. As they were joined by the first all of them settled down slowly to within a few hundred feet of the building, apparently to in-

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 12.—A novel plan of house building has made its appearance in some of the suburbs. The usual way has been to build a house out of stone, brick or wood, in place, which are mortared or nailed and can be sectionally taken apart. Under the new plan a house is all one piece, and after a few years' exposure the walls are like solid rock. The material used is concrete.

Every one has seen the way in which the workmen on the subway mixed their concrete to make the lining and filling for the tunnel. In the new method of building houses walls, the concrete is mixed in much like manner

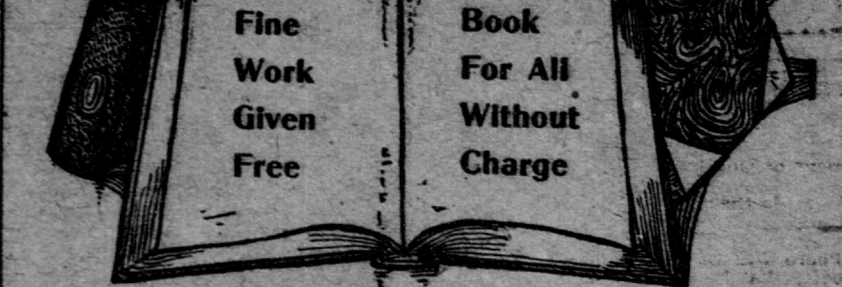
HOUSES ARE BUILT IN ONE SOLID PIECE

Concrete Construction is the Latest Winkle in the Modern Happy Home

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FOR well-known as a leader among the great philanthropists of North America, he traces all its hidden workings—shows the awful dangers to which it leads—points out the way to a safe and lasting cure—the only one—of that terrible scourge of North America—Catarrh. Fine pictures by the best artists illustrate the different phases of the disease in an exceedingly clear and interesting manner.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

spect the tower as a crag where, possibly, nests might sometime be built. The crowd in the street below grew greater till fully 2,000 persons were watching the curious flight of the great birds. The movements of the man on the tower seemed to satisfy them that it was not a good nesting place and they caught the west wind under their great wings and sailed majestically away over the East river and Queens into the fastnesses of Long Island.

Keeper William Snyder, of the Central park "zoo," says that the park keepers have endless trouble with eagles from Long Island that come up to the park in the early morning, making the trip of 50, 75 or 150 miles to this bit of protected ground to swoop down upon the fat grey squirrels and carry them off for breakfast.

The keeper, whose business it is to hunt cats and skunks in the park, has frequent brushes with these great birds, and sometimes brings them down with his rifle from high altitudes.

An eagle will cover 200 miles in less than two hours if he has the wind with him.

Far From It

Young Widow (to partner at ball)—Mr. Crogan, I've made a wager of a pound of chocolate that you are a single man.

Mr. Crogan—You're lost, ma'am. I'm wan av thriplets.—Chicago Tribune.

The icy Outlook

"They have discovered snow on the moon," some one said to Brother Dickey.

Brother Dickey—That's a long way off. You know you'll be telling some of these wicked sinners dat Satan's drivin' a wedge between us and him.—Atlanta Constitution.

Changeable

Mrs. Bason—How long did that cook you had yesterday stay?

Mr. Egbert—Which one?—Yonkers Statesman.

By No Means

Willie—Was it a quiet spot where you kissed Tillie?

Willie—No, it was on the mouth.—Smart Set.

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I DO ALL I AGREE OR YOU PAY NOTHING. Don't be discouraged because others have failed to cure you. REMEMBER, I DO NOT MEASURE MY ABILITY TO CURE BY THE FAILURE OF OTHERS. I have cured thousands of men after all others have failed.

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I do not try to cure my patients of this terrible disease, known as blood poisoning, by giving injurious drugs, but I have had in treating SPECIAL DISEASES OF MEN, has taught me to know from the very start what the nature of the disease is, and the treatment to give that will absolutely cure.

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My treatment restores my lost ambition and power. Builds up the broken down Nervous Cells, puts new force into the Nervous Center, making you a man again, with happiness and power complete.

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