ART IN WINDOW-DRESSING.

How the Famous Displays in Show Windows Are Designed.

Talks with Men at the Head of the Profession.

Much friendly rivalry has been engendered among the window-dressers by the competition for THE EVENING WORLD gold medals. The Committee of Award will make its tour of inspection Dec. 18, 19 and 20, but the displays in the windows of the leading dry-goods, clothing and gents' furnishing goods stores already show new beauty and elegance.

At the establishment of J. Lichtenstein & Sons, Grand street, the fourteen plate-glass windows, with more than one hundred and fifty feet frontage, are ablaze with the holiday show.

Perhaps the most striking of the displays, because of its novelty, is that of handkerchiefs. It is a small window, comparatively,

SAMUEL JAMES BESTHOFF.

but the trimmer, Sam J. Besthoff, is an artist. The goods are deftly arranged into the form of plants and flowers. There is the century plant, umbrella palm, fuchsia, cactus, grapevine and fruit.

Lichtenstein has three gentlemen constantly engaged in window adornment. They are S. J. Besthoff, Harry Hibscher

H. HIBSCHER.

and Berth Whitestone. Mr. Besthoff has had fourteen years' and the others seven years' experience each. The force includes, also, a machinist, three carpenters and two pretty girls.

There is a work-room in the depths of the sub-cellar, where the carpenters build all sorts of devices—mechanical, automatic and otherwise. There are forms, frames, pedestals, racks, lattices, arbors, wire work, wheels, balls, cones, cubes, hexagons and what not; and here the "bottom idea" of the window artist begins to take form.

The machinist rigs all sorts of pulleys, cogs, belts, wheels and the like to connect with the engines that raise the elevators, run the cash railway system and propel the dynamos.

In the windows are all sorts of figures. One window by Whitestone has a revolving

BERTH WHITESTONE.

water-wheel, each paddle loaded with dolls. The spokes are dolls and there are dolls everywhere.

One window has dress goods, another cloaks and suits, another laces and evening wear, another upholstery and bric-à-brac and Whitestone and Hibscher have just completed a display of gents' furnishing goods tempting to the masculine view.

Patrick H. McMahon, a tall, handsome young man, was hard at work on the ar-

P. H. M'MAHON.

rangement of a handkerchief window at Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's when an EVENING WORLD reporter called.

"I shall use over one thousand dozen fine handkerchiefs," said Mr. McMahon. "They are worth an average of $5 a dozen, so you see the window will contain about $5,000 worth of goods."

The handerchiefs were arranged in gothic arches, giving the walls and ceiling of the window the effect of great height.

Mr. McMahon has been a window-trimmer for eighteen years, and was formerly with R. H. White & Co., of Boston. He began when twelve years old. He says:

"Window-dressing is an art. It requires of him who follows it, first, a love of the work; then good taste, much study and lots of hard work."

Mr. McMahon's forte is in producing artistic effects with merchandise alone, unaided by lay figures or mechanical devices. His "Brooklyn Bridge," composed of spool and knitting silks, and his "Capitol at Washington," built out of linens and towelings, and his "Grand Staircase," composed entirely of handkerchiefs, were famous last Winter. Thousands of dollars' worth of spool and knitting silks were used in the "Brooklyn Bridge," and it was a marvel of patient work and artistic skill.

"I get an idea in my brain," says Mr. McMahon, "and then I work it out. I stand over my carpenter, directing him in each step of the work as we go along. I hope to win THE EVENING WORLD gold medal for the dry-goods trade. I should be proud of it."

Albert Davis, Manager of the London and Liverpool Clothing House, Bowery and

ALBERT DAVIS.

Hester street, does his own window-dressing. His windows have forty feet frontage and are fifteen feet deep. Mr. Davis says of his experience in window-dressing:

"I was born in 1851, and at the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to the firm of H. B. Hyam & Co., of Manchester, England, and there studied the art of window-dressing with ready-made clothing. I have dressed some of the largest windows in London, Manchester, Birmingham and New York.

"I was the first to dress a window in this city with the Albert bust, which is made of papier mache and of my own design. The busts are now used in almost every clothing house of any repute in the United States. They are of great assistance to the artist, but few know how to use them to the best advantage.

"Three years ago I introduced silks and satins of rich colorings to drape between the garments, and that plan also has been copied to such an extent that the great majority of windows now dressed more nearly resemble a vulgar, taudry show than a clothing window. In fact, the blending of colors in some stores is disgusting to a refined taste. In my competition for THE EVENING WORLD medal I shall comply strictly to the rules, discarding fixtures and draperies of every description."

Seven and a half years of experience has made William A. Fenton, of O'Neill's establishment, one of the best window-dressers in America. His is a thoroughly business head and the face is hardly suggestive of the artist, though he is conceded to be one of the best. Mr. Fenton disdains automata also and mechanical devices of all descriptions.

The O'Neill establishment, occupying a whole block, gives Mr. Fenton business for any hour in concocting novel and beautiful designs for his nine broad, high windows. His pet window just now is that at the corner of Twenty-first street and Sixth avenue. It contains a royal display of onyx tables, Italian marble statuary, vases, piano and cabinet lamps, bronzes, clocks, albums and dressing cases. The arrangement is artistic, and nearly five hundred pieces compose it, yet it was completed in eight hours by Mr. Fenton's own hands, two assistants passing the goods to him as he called for them.

The other windows display respectively toilet articles, cushions, bottles, handkerchief cases and the like in delicately harmonized tints; a bower of handkerchiefs, gentlemen's scarfs, mufflers and ties; furs in mink, beaver, monkey, bear, seal Astrachan, leopard and tiger; jewelry, opera-glasses and small silverware; children's suits and cloaks; flowers, plumes and millinery; furniture in mahogany, cherry, walnut, oak, gilt and upholstered, and ladies' suits and cloaks.

Mr. Fenton says: "Millinery makes the best and most satisfactory display. Mr. O'Neill tells me he would like a display of this or that line of goods. I think by day and at night I do my work. Our curtains are never down in the daytime. I think the window-dresser becomes an artist through hard work and study, though, of course, a natural gift in that direction is a blessing to him. I suppose we sometimes have $50,000 worth of goods in our windows, though, of course, it varies. I shall do my best to merit THE EVENING WORLD'S gold medal—not for its intrinsic value so much as because I would like my house to win."

At the new home of Ehrich Bros., Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, a pleasant man of thirty-one years met the EVENING WORLD reporter. He was Mr. Maloney, and he has done twelve years' service as a window-dresser in Europe and America. He began with Penn Bros., the great dry-goods men of Dublin, when but a boy.

"It is a natural gift," said Mr. Maloney. "Window dressing is an art, and the window-dresser must have a natural bent in that direction. I have tried to improve the gift as I received it at birth by years of patient study and work. It is my constant study to discover new, original and unique ideas, without resorting to mechanical devices of any sort.

"I introduced low window dressing to New New York, and I have received that most sincere of flattery—imitation. Dressing a window from floor to ceiling necessitates the use of thousands of dollars' worth of goods without adding to the artistic effect. Many of the goods are so high as to be practically unseen from the sidewalk. While the floor-to-ceiling style is overwhelming to the senses, gives one the impression of magnitude and solidity, it is not pleasing to the artistic eye.

"You see, I produce pretty effects with window dressing designs that do not go much further up than a level with the heads of pedestrians. There is no end of ideas. One thing suggests another. In colors, harmony must prevail. Well kept, large and well lighted windows are a necessity to trade nowadays."

Mr. Maloney's window displays are certainly dreams of loveliness. One display was made up of Italian marble statuary and fans and ostrich plumes, real point lace, hand-painted and other styles, all set against a background of rich garnet velvet. The effect was beautiful.

Another window displayed handkerchiefs arranged on a background of electric blue velvet tablets. Another display was of art goods in silks, satins, velvets and plushes in soft and harmonious colors, while in another window were gents' furnishing goods arranged with the skill of a true artist.

The artistic decorator of the windows of Vogel Brothers, Eighth avenue and Forty-second street, is John Walker. Mr. Walker is a former subject of Queen Victoria. He has dressed windows in all the principal

JOHN WALKER.

English cities, having spent sixteen years in that pursuit in London, where he was connected with the great clothing-houses of Syas & Co. and J. J. Beers. His work in New York is known and admired by all patrons and passers-by at Vogels'.

Mr. Walker does not depend on mechanical appliances. When he receives orders to display a certain line of goods he forms in his mind a plan for the show, and then elaborates it. He does not even duplicate a display, no two windows of the store being alike. Mr. Walker thinks the art of dressing windows artistically is a natural gift, though it can be cultivated and expanded by practice and study. That Mr. Walker's gift has been so improved in his twenty-seven years' experience is evidenced by the artistic results of his deft hands and correct and critical eye.

Mr. Walker's home is in Brooklyn. He is forty-two years of age.

Frank Applebaum, at Piser & Haris's store, No. 132 Bowery, concocts pretty displays out of coats and suits, using bright satins for effective backgrounds.

Thaddeus Mulcahy, at Le Boutillier Bros., Fourteenth street and Broadway, says:

"I have small opportunity, our windows being quite narrow, but with our specialty line of French dress goods, high-class novelties and robes, I manage to obtain an attractive effect. A couple of nails and a bit of wood, rightly used, will make a better dummy than wax and dummers. We have but little loss through deterioration in value of displayed goods."

John S. McFartland, at D. Fox & Co.'s, Broadway, combines the duties of window artist and silk salesman.

"I use such colors as the season dictates," says Mr. McFarland. "We lose many thousands of dollars worth of goods by fading under exposure to the sun and by cutting for special displays. I have been a window-dresser for twelve years."

Joseph F. Fitzpatrick arranges the fine window display at Callahan & Morrissey's Fourteenth street store. He builds a new display twice each week, and is lavish in his cutting of goods for display. He estimates a weekly loss of $100 to $300 a from this alone.

A modest man named Dreer arranges the handsome window shows at Adams & Co.'s new store on Sixth avenue, and he says:

"It's a part of our advertising scheme, and an excellent one. There is always an increase in the demand for such goods as are at the time in the windows."

Capital Punishment.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

Teacher (describing experiences of the day to a friend)—In order to punish Johnny Hanson I caused him to sit beside Miss Fresh, the prettiest girl in the school.

Friend—How did it work?

"Judge for yourself. The girl did not seem a whit disconcerted, and smiled so sweetly on Johnny that he lost his head completely."

"Why, that was capital punishment."

SMALL TALK IN THE FOYER.

"Elsie" Matinee for "The Evening World's" Christmas Fund.

Grace Henderson Contemplates Leaving the Stage.

The matinee performance to be given next Friday at the Union Square Theatre for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas-Tree Fund promises to be an exceedingly interesting affair. Amateurs and professionals will appear in a drama entitled "Elsie," written by Mr. Townsend Allen. Among the professionals will be Charles Koehler and Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Smith, of the Booth-Modjeska Company, and Guy Lindsley, of the Robert Mantell Company. Tickets may be purchased at Delmonico's, Brentano's, the Union Square Theatre, the Astor-House and THE EVENING WORLD office or from any of the numerous patronesses of the performance. These ladies are Mrs. Judge Brady, the Marquise Lanza, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Egbert Guernsey, Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Mrs. Frederick S. Goodwin, Mrs. Horace A. Hutchins Mrs. Benjamin Hanfield, Mrs. J. J. Eakins, Miss R. S. Abbe, Mrs. E. Marcy Raymond, Mrs. A. C. Gunter, Mrs. Abner Bartlett, Miss Mattie Sheridan and others. The proprietors of Doris's and Worth's Museums have dedicated the proceeds of a day to THE EVENING WORLD Fund.

* * *

Miss Grace Henderson, of the Lyceum, is still undecided when she will leave the stage. Mr. Frohman wants her to stay until the end of the season. Her husband, Mr. David Henderson, of Chicago, was in the city yesterday. He is engaging his people for his production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera.

* * *

Burlesque Manager (to Terpsichorean applicant)—I should like to engage you but—

Applicant—I feel sure I could give satisfaction. One thing I will be frank about, however. I am very sorry to say that I cannot imitate Letty Lind.

Manager (quickly)—I engage you at once.

* * *

Manager (ecstatically to interviewer)—My star's season was, I assure you, a brilliant success, a triumph from beginning to end. Why, in some towns the delighted citizens would not allow her to depart until she had left behind her some souvenirs by which to remember her visit.

THE SOUVENIRS.

At Snookstown a gold watch for hotel bill; at Jayville, a pair of diamond earrings for a merciless theatre proprietor; at the Fakeview railway station, a trunk as security for a ticket to New York.

* * *

Miss Eleanor Leyshon, of Charles Wyndham's Company, received the part of Mrs. Torrington that she is now playing in "The Headless Man" just three days before the production. Miss Leyshon studied it night and day.

* * *

An outsider, or one not used to the stage, has no idea of the changes of costume that a star artist has to make during a day. Take Henry E. Dixey, in "The Seven Ages," on Saturday, when there is a matinee performance. He has to dress and undress thirty-eight times! Think of that, ye society damsels, with whom the dressing consumes the hours. Dixey makes his account out as follows: In the morning (one); at theatre undress (two); evening clothes for first act, dress and undress (four); baby garments, dress and undress (six); schoolboy (eight); lover costume, (ten); soldier (twelve); Judge (fourteen); old man (sixteen); dress suit (eighteen); street clothes (nineteen). This is repeated at night, with the exception of getting up in the morning, which is atoned for by going to bed at night. Total, thirty-eight times.

* * *

Nat Goodwin is very soon to produce "The Nominee," which has been adapted for him by Messrs. Richardson and Gardiy, and is said to be full of "opportunities." Mr. Goodwin has been delayed in the production of this piece by the death of his baby and by his own indisposition. But it will surely be done during the present season.

* * *

George D. Melville, the clever clown of the "Kalanka" company, was on Broadway yesterday. Mr. Melville is a very solemn-looking individual on the street. He looks as though he might be contemplating a starring tour in "Hamlet."

* * *

Little Miss Georgie Dennin, the favorite of "Erminie," has been ill for a week. Her part has been sung by Miss Emma Lawrence, who has given satisfaction.

* * *

Photographer (to theatrical customer)—But, madam, that low-necked dress would look absurd with this pastoral background. People would laugh. Who ever heard of a decollete costume in the fields?

Lady (indignantly)—You forget I am one of Mr. Hoyt's farce-comedy actresses.

Photographer (setting to work)—Oh! I beg your pardon. Your dress will, in that case, do very nicely. To the deuce with relevancy!

* * *

After the success of "Aunt Jack," in London, a concert hall singer attempted to reproduce in her entertainment, "If you want to know the time ask a policeman," the song that the fair defendant in the play sings to the jury. The courts, however, granted an injunction restraining her from so doing.

OF COURSE SHE WAS SURE.

Authority on Which James Russell Lowell Was Disputed by a Lady.

A Boston girl who knows all the famous literary men and women there told a Lewiston *Journal* man an amusing little experience of two high lights, James Russell Lowell and Horace Scudder. These two gentlemen were in a crowded horse-car on their way to Cambridge one day. Two very queer dames sat opposite to them, and they were talking in a loud tone. One was saying that in the well-known picture of Longfellow's children the arm of one of the children was "cut off."

"But that ain't true," exploded her companion.

"Yes, indeed, it is true," returned the other.

"La!" murmured her friend in an awed tone.

At this point Mr. Lowell thought it time to interfere, and he in his courteous manner explained to the woman who had made the false statement, that she had been misinformed, &c., &c.

She looked at our elegent ex-Minister in a most withering manner, and said with scorn and loftiness indescribable:

"'S no such thing. I had it from the bard!"

There was no more to be said after this, so Mr. Lowell beat a silent retreat, but he tells the joke with keen relish.

A Train Holder.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

Waiter—Hear the news from down below?

Chinaman—No. What?

"A lady down there near Santa Cruz, unaided and alone, held up an entire train."

"Heavens! What nerve! Who was she?"

"A San Francisco belle. She wanted to cross the dusty road and held it up to keep it clear."

Wouldn't Roast.

[From the Arkansaw Traveller.]

A shivering man was seen trying to climb down into the crater of Mount Vesuvius. A guide started forward with a cry of alarm.

"What's the matter with you?" the man asked.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed the excited guide, "you will be roasted."

"That's all right, podner. Don't you worry about my being roasted. I'm from St. Louis."

TID-BITS OF MERRIMENT.

HAP-HAZARD SELECTIONS FROM THE FUNNY MEN'S BEST EFFORTS.

Progressive and Profitable.

[From Puck.]

Publisher's Agent (on his semi-annual hunt after plunder)—Can't I get your order for some of the new geographies we are getting out, Squire?

School Trustee—Wa-al, I dunno; we havn't been usin' those last ones but a few months.

Publisher's Agent—But these contain the correct name of the new government of Brazil! Do you want to be behind the times?

Where Man Has No Rival.

[From Judge.]

"Talk about the capability of woman! Why, she is already a dangerous rival of man in many pursuits."

"Yes; but there is one in which she will never eclipse him."

"What is that?"

"Trying to say 'truly rural' at 2 o'clock in the morning."

The Moon and He.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"But, my dear," argued Mr. Rednose, "even the moon gets full sometimes."

"True," retorted Mrs. R., "but when the moon gets full it has the decency to stay out all night and not come roistering home in that condition, the way you do."

An Unlucky Block.

[From Texas Siftings.]

E.—Don't let us turn down this street.

F.—Why not?

E.—Because it's unlucky for me to pass the next block. There are precisely thirteen people to whom I owe money living on it.

A Cathedral from Two Points of View.

[From Time.]

Pompano (on the grand tour)—We have nothing like this in America, Blotterwick. I love these deep-arched doorways; they suggest quiet, contentment and—er—repose, you know.

Blotterwick—Yes, I like them first rate. Capital places in which to light a cigar.

The Race Is Sometimes to the Strong.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"That rival of yours seems to be in a fair way to cut you out. He's a pretty athletic fellow. Are you not afraid of him?"

"I? Oh, no; but her father is, so he has a better show than I have."

A Lusus Naturæ.

[From Judge.]

"And who mought that be?" asked the new cook, who was being shown through the rooms by the chambermaid while the family were at dinner, as they stopped before a portrait of the owner's father, taken when he was between twenty-five and thirty.

"Why, that's master's father."

"Lawh's-a-massy! Well, I never did 'ear of a father bein' younger than his son."

Showing John Bull Around.

[From the Epoch.]

"And what is this?" asked the visitor.

"This is Wall street. It is the most celebrated of all our American watering-places."

"Fawncy!"

They All Do It.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Visitor at Kindergarten School—Children, your teacher has asked me to say a few words to you. How shall I begin?

Pupil on the Back Seat—Just as they all do—"When I was a boy."

He Made No Bones of It.

[From the Epoch.]

Wife—I believe you only married me for my money.

Husband—Everybody else thinks the same thing.

Accounting for the Noise.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Mrs. Cumso (reading)—Under the blue laws of Connecticut a man was "sent to ye gaol for ye space of fifteen dayes, for annoying divine service by coming in with a noise."

Cumso—I didn't know that the men wore such loud trousers so long ago as those days.

A Little Footstep.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Lady Visitor (to little boy whose mother has been ill)—Georgie, is your mother any better?

Georgie—Yes, ma'am; but she can't walk around above a whisper.

An Historical Parallel.

[From Time.]

Van Riper—Say, Featherwate, you remind me of a celebrated man.

Featherwate (pleased)—No; whom?

"Oliver Cromwell—same wart exactly."

About Time.

[From the Epoch.]

Wiggins—Has Higgins settled down any?

Jiggins—Yes. I think he has by this time; he's been buried about three weeks.

His Vocation Would Be Gone.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"Young man," said the temperance orator, "if there was no liquor in the world you would not be standing 'round on the corners, out of work."

"But you would," came a voice from the gallery.

Accounted For.

[From the Glens Falls Republican.]

"What is it that makes that young Dobbins so 'fresh' of late? He's as cool as a cucumber whenever I meet him now."

"That's easily accounted for. He's inherited some Adirondack property lately, its apt to make a man 'fresh' when he becomes a mountain heir, you know."

Let Us Have a Thousand Arches.

[From Puck.]

"Bosh. What good will the Washington Arch do, anyhow?"

"Perhaps they'll fix it so people can walk across on muddy days, instead of using the street."

A Forgotten Hero.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Jawkins (in the picture gallery)—Who does this represent?

Parrot—That's Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave."

Hawkins—Humph! I'll bet that the first man who ever dared to eat a lobster was a good deal pluckier man than him!

Outward Signs.

[From Judge.]

"I'll wager that man is a liquor-dealer."

"What makes you think so?"

"He has a perfect gin phiz."

Quite Surprising.

[From Puck.]

Mr. Green—No, my dear, I will not tell you what I am going to give you for Christmas. Why, can't you women, be content to wait and be surprised?

Mrs. Green—Oh, tell me now. If you keep your word, I'll be surprised enough.

SWAP! SWAP! SWAP!

A carriage that you don't need for a sleigh that you will need, through an EXCHANGE advertisement in THE EVENING WORLD. Only 50 cents for three lines.

TRACK, FIELD AND RING.

Sayings and Doings of the Promoters of Sport.

Mutrie and Dwyer Argue on the Two Leagues.

Manager Mutrie, of the New York National League Baseball Club, and Lawyer, of the Chicago Brotherhood team, met yesterday, and, of course, the baseball question was argued. Jim tried to convince Dwyer that the Players' League could not fail to lose money, as very few of the National League clubs made any money last season, and he failed to see how a new League like the Brotherhood organization could hope to start out wholly new to business methods and do better than a League which had been years in the business. Both sides of the great problem were ably argued.

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The rejection by the Board of Managers of the A. A. U. of the entry of Pat Cahill, the champion amateur middle-weight boxer, has caused considerable discussion in amateur circles. There is a rumor afloat that Cahill will demand a formal reason for his rejection, but the report is denied by Cahill himself, who says he will let the matter rest as it is and ask for no explanation.

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The Poughkeepsie Iceboat Club has accepted the challenge of the North Brewsbury Club for a twenty-mile race this Winter over the Hudson River course for the championship of the United States.

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There are many judges of pugilists who think that Austin Gibbons will win in his coming battle with Mike Cushing for the 126-pound championship of America.

* * *

Jack McAuliffe told the writer yesterday that if the California Athletic Club wanted to see him box it will have to make it worth his while to journey West. If the Club offers a large enough purse he will battle Jimmy Carroll, the California light-weight. Otherwise he will attend to bookmaking.

* * *

Of the many offers of big purses made by bona-fide and alleged athletic clubs for a finish match between Sullivan and Jackson, that of $10,000 offered by the California Athletic has the true ring. The California Club is not seeking advertising and its offer of the $10,000 actually represents that amount of cash which would be put up.

* * *

In the Jack Dempsey-Billy McCarthy match, to occur at the California Athletic Club, the betting, which is very heavy, is in favor of the middle-weight champion. Despite his defeat by La Blanche, the New Yorker still possesses the confidence of the Pacific Slope sporting men.

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It is too bad for the success of the Brotherhood that all the brethren are not possessed of the independence and spirit of Ward, Keefe, Ewing and Connor. By offering big and sure money for next season the National League has caused the secession from the Players' League ranks of a score of Brotherhood men. These recreants are not animated by the "spirit of '76." If the Players' League would stand together and not be weakened by constant desertions it is probable it could win success.

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There is a genuine Patti-like rush to secure seats at the Metropolitan Opera-House for Dec. 19, the date of the Amateur Athletic Union championships. With upward of one hundred entries this championship meeting should prove an event to mark an epoch in athletic history.

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A special despatch to the *Police Gazette* says that W. H. Gilmore and R. Duval, of Chicago, have decided to walk from New York City to Brazil. They are experienced in the matter of trotting over the globe's surface, and are acquainted with the territory through which they will have to pass.

UNCLE SAM'S OLDEST EMPLOYEE.

Capt. Bassett, the Veteran Doorkeeper of the Senate, and His Odd Little Peculiarities.

One of the characters and apparent fixtures of the Capitol is Capt. Bassett, the venerable doorkeeper of the Senate, says the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette's* Washington letter. He has assisted some of the most noted members that ever sat in that body to select their seats and has a little blue book of his own that contains information of a peculiarly interesting character, but which the old officer steadily refuses to make public.

In this book are recorded the applications of Senators for the desks of brother members whom they expect to leave the body. The publication of the contents might prove extremely embarrassing for some of the Senators who do not seem to regard highly the prospects of re-election of some of their colleagues.

Capt. Bassett knows by peculiar private marks he has placed upon them the identical desks used by Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton, and other great statesmen.

These desks are still in use, but the Captain keeps their location a profound secret, as he does not want to be overrun with applications for them and worried by visitors who want to see them.

FROM PLANTATION TO CITY.

Wonderful Mushroom Growth of the Town of Sheffield, in Alabama.

Five years ago there was no such place as Sheffield, Ala., says the Atlanta *Constitution*. The place where it now stands was simply an old cotton plantation running back from the great rock bluffs overlooking the broad Tennessee.

It had been the plantation of a rich old aristocrat, who twenty-five years ago owned four or five hundred negroes and nearly that many mules.

There were some twelve thousand acres in the plantation, and five years ago, when a party of Southern men, who saw "millions in it," purchased the land for a consideration of about $25,000, there still remained the old homestead and the negro quarters. That was all.

To-day Sheffield is the prettiest little city in the Southland. There are six or seven thousand people there, and a considerable number of them are living in as handsome modern houses as the South can boast of.

Plays and Players in Brooklyn.

"Hands Across the Sea" is proving a big winner in the hands of Jefferson and Taylor at Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre.

There seems no letting up in the popularity of the old-time "Mazeppa" which Fannie Louise Buckingham is now giving at Jacobs' Lyceum Theatre.

Duncan B. Harrison's manly impersonation of the paymaster, in the drama of that name, at the Lee Avenue Academy, is winning him many friends in the Eastern District. Wilson Barrett will give the choicest selections from his repertoire next week.

Helen Barry, the talented English actress, varied her programme at the Amphion again last evening, when she was seen in "London Assurance." As in all the other plays presented this week, Miss Barry showed the possession of rare talent.

"The Senator" seems to have been elected beyond question as a popular entertainer. Mr. Crane delighted 250 members of the Amaranth Society at the Park Theatre Tuesday evening. Each member was presented with a beautiful souvenir.

Of the many songs which Roland Reed has sung into popularity, Sydney Rosenfeld's parody, "It Was a Dream," is one of the cleverest. Mr. Reed is singing it this week at the Grand Opera-House in "The Woman Hater."

The popular trainer of the victorious Bridegrooms, Jack McMasters, will be "benefited" at Zimp's Casino on the evening of Dec. 23, when a specially selected bill will be presented.

THRIFT IN SMALL STORES.

Workingmen Leaving Trades Find Profit in Business for Themselves.

One would hardly believe that hundreds of the little stores, restaurants and novelty houses in the city were started by men direct from the factory and the workshop, says the Indianapolis *Journal*. Yet such is the case.

One is almost inclined to doubt the ability of the owners of these small places to make a living from their sales, so much greater does the supply seem to be than the demand. A reporter expressed his surprise recently to a friend at the number of these little stores, when he was asked: "Can't you account for it?"

"No. I see no way except that some people have been over-sanguine as to the demand for certain wares," the reporter replied.

"Well, you are mistaken. A great many of these places were started by men with families, who were once working for a dollar a day. They were discontented with their wages and work, and decided to carry on business for themselves."

"But does it always pay them?"

"As a general rule it does. A small stock of goods cost but little nowadays, and rent is cheap. A man can get a couple of good rooms near the limits of the city, for instance, and in a few weeks he can secure enough trade to bring him in as much as he would make in a factory or a machine shop."

"Are there many laboring men who have made the venture?"

"I know of a great many. I remember one who was getting $1.50 a day, six days out of the week, as a carpenter. He saved a little money, built him a small store, and at the end of the first year cleared $220, besides paying all expenses. I could cite other cases, but they are all alike. You could find any number of them if you should make the effort."

1889.

The United States Official Investigation of Baking Powders

made under authority of Congress by the Chemical Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and just completed, shows the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest quality, pure and wholesome, and

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

in strength, leavening power, and general usefulness. The Royal Baking Powder is thus stamped by highest official American authority

THE LEADING BAKING POWDER OF THE WORLD

AMUSEMENTS.

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM. THE MOST BLOOD-CURDLING ACT EVER PLACED ON EXHIBITION. NATALIE DURONDO, ALLIGATOR CHARMER.

HOURLY PERFORMANCES.

MR. A. M. PALMER'S THEATRES

PALMER'S, 30th st. and B'way. CHARLES WYNDHAM, Eve's 8. Headless Man and at 8. Delicate Ground. Mat. Saturday at 2. Dec. 16—KING RICHARD III.

MADISON SQUARE, W. 24th st. Evenings, 8.30. Sat. Mat. at 2. Enormous success of AUNT JACK.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Corner 41st st. Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. ENGAGEMENT OF GEORGE EDWARDES'S FAUST UP TO DATE. LONDON GAIETY THEATRE CO. An Operatic Burlesque in two acts, by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Music by Meyer Lutz. 100 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE. THE ORIGINAL LONDON COMPANY, under direction of Henry E. Abley and Maurice Grau.

HEBREW EDUCATIONAL FAIR. AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING. Third Ave., 63d and 64th Sts. Open this (FRIDAY) afternoon only from 11 to 4 o'clock. CLOSED THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING. To-morrow (SATURDAY) evening the fair will be open at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

5TH AVENUE THEATRE. LAST WEEK OF DAVISON, BARRETT. To-night, "Hamlet." Sat. Mat. and Ev'g. "Clito." Next week—Marie Wainwright. Sunday Ev'g—Prof. Cromwell, "The World's Fair."

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. ARTHUR WEST—FRANK MORAN. TONY PASTOR'S NEW COMPANY. MATINEE TO-DAY.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. JANAUSCHEK. TO-NIGHT. JANAUSCHEK. MARY STUART. Next Week—WM. A. BRADY'S AFTER DARK.

PROCTOR'S 23D ST. THEATRE. MAT. TO-MORROW & WEDNESDAY SHENANDOAH. Seats for Xmas and New Year's performances ready.

STAR THEATRE. B'WAY AND 13TH ST. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. MR. WILLIAM REDMUND, in HERMINIE. MRS. THOMAS BARRY. Next Week—"THE 12 TEMPTATIONS."

NIBLO'S. 50c. Reserved Seats. Orch. Circle & Bal., 50c. GREAT SUCCESS, KAJANKA. Christmas Pantomime. WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY.

STANDARD THEATRE. DIXEY. Third Month and Continued Success. MR. HENRY E. DIXEY IN THE SEVEN AGES. Every evening at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2.

H. R. JACOBS' 3D AVE. THEATRE. Matinee Monday, Thursday and Saturday. JOHN A. STEVENS, WIFE FOR WIFE. His New Play. Dec. 16—Gowongo Mohawk.

ACADEMY. DENMAN THOMPSON, THE OLD HOMESTEAD. Matinee Saturday. Secure Seats in Advance

NEW PARK THEATRE, B'WAY & 35TH ST. BARRY and FAY IN THEIR LATEST SUCCESS, IRISH ARISTOCRACY. EVERY EVENING. Wednesday & Saturday Matinees.

DOCKSTADER'S. Evenings 8.30. Saturday Matinee, 2.30. TO-NIGHT. NEW YORK'S MINSTREL ENTERTAINERS. All the old favorites (except Lew Dockstader).

WILD & COLLYER'S COMEDY THEATRE. 8th st. & B'way. Ev'gs at 8. Mat. Tues. & Thurs. THE MASHER, a New Local Comedy. John Wild, Dan Collyer, Miss Annie Mack, the original Mrs. Lecksmuller, of Mulligan Guard fame.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23d st. THE CHARITY BALL. THE CHARITY BALL. THE CHARITY BALL. The new play by Belasco & Deamille. Begins at 8.15.

AMUSEMENTS.

FOOTBALL. NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB vs. MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB. M. A. C. GROUNDS, 86th st. and 8th ave., SATURDAY, DEC. 14, AT 3 P. M. Admission 25 Cents.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Near 6th Ave. A change to Positive Popular Prices. GALLERY, 25c. (No reserved seats.) Reserved seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c. Matinees Wed. and Sat. ANNIE PIXLEY, in her latest comedy success, SECOND FLOOR. Next Week, Herrmann's Transatlantiques Vaudevilles.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. MATINEES WED. AND SAT. Second Week of Hoyt's Best Farce-Comedy, A BRASS MONKEY. "A whirlwind of frolicsome fun." New Songs. Howling success of "THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO."

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. Great success of Fred Solomon's New Burlesque YOUNG DON JUAN. SEBASTIAN MILLER, Champion Stonebreaker. ALEXANDER BROS., Musical Eccentrics. MATINEES MONDAY, WEDN'SDAY, SAT'DAY.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery, near Canal. The Famous American Melodrama, SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY. Matinee Saturday at 2. Presented by the original cast. Next Week—Hallen and Hart in LATER ON.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. ERMINIE. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. Admission, 50c. Seats reserved 2 weeks in advance

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. THE EXILES. MONDAY, DEC. 16. EDWIN BOOTH. Dec. 19, MODJESKA. SEATS NOW ON SALE.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Under the management of J. M. HILL. NIGHTLY. "The County Fair." BURGESS. Evenings, 8.15. All Season. Saturday Matinee, 2.

THEATRE COMIQUE. 125th st., near 3d ave. Every Night and Wed. and Sat. Matinee. The great comedy drama, ALMOST A LIFE. Introducing Maude Granger and a Superb Comp'y. Next Week—The Great Drama, A Legal Wrong.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. DEC. 9, ONE WEEK. Wed. and Sat. Mat. MESTAYER-VAUGHN COMPANY IN TOURISTS IN A PULLMAN CAR.

AMBERG THEATRE, IRVING PLACE.—To-night, Possart, first time, Drei Braute auf Einmal; Sat. Mat., at 2 o'clock, Possart, Fabricius; eve., Possart, Die Rauber; Monday, Streitmann, Zigeuner Baron; Tuesday, Donna Juanita.

NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD. THEISS'S NEW MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT, 139 E. 14th st. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION. CLUB SWINGING, FENCING & DANCING. EDEN MUSEE.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. Open Day and Evening. 19TH ST. AND 4TH AVE.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATRE. Two Matinees only—Wednesday and Saturday. Grand Spectacular Production of HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers. Every Evening and usual Matinees. ROLAND REED in THE WOMAN HATER

AMPHION. KNOWLES & MORRIS, Lessees and Managers. HELEN BARRY. THIS EVENING, LONDON ASSURANCE.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE. THIS WEEK, Matinees Wed'sday and Sat'day. Mr. Wm. H. CRANE in his latest Success, THE SENATOR.

H. R. JACOBS' LYCEUM THEATRE. Matinees Tues., Thurs. and Sat. This Week, FANNIE LOUISE BUCKINGHAM, MAZEP