

THE STAGE SCENERY.

Only Skilled Artists Are Able to Produce What Modern Audiences Will Tolerate.

REALISM IN EVERY DETAIL.

How the Master of Scenic Mysteries Goes About to Reproduce the Deck of an Old Galleon.

BEAUTIFUL MODELS IN MINIATURE.

The Kings Palace in Wang Was Reproduced from a Photograph Taken in Siam.

"CONSTRUCTION OF THE DISPATCH."

New York, Nov. 28.—A great little studio, far above the scenery in a corner of the "fly floor." Broad and deep shelves with scenic models, like so many chicken coops or dog kennels, one row above the other to the ceiling. Stacks of portfolios filled with prints of ancient architecture from our own colonial period back to the days of the Pharaohs, and plaster models—bits of armor, practically arranged figures, cars and other bric-a-brac. Lovely landscape studies in water colors on the walls.

"THE KING'S PALACE IN WANG."

This is the home of the scenic artist at the Broadway Theater. To reach it you enter by the stage entrance, on Seventh avenue, climb two long, steep flights of narrow, slippery iron steps that lead to a landing, pass a door, and through a narrow passage, Jacob's ladder, through a mass of darkness into the sky. Once upon the fly-floor you pass along the ledge and peer over the boards on the cordage on the broad stage, some 20 feet below, whence arises the music and the chatter of an afternoon rehearsal and out into the empty gloom of the vast auditorium. The scenic artist himself, Mr. Edward H. Young, in full working costume greets you first on the landing, and then stretches across that awful chasm along the rear wall, and conducts you to his artistic den.

Formerly Only Required Strength.

There was a time not so far back but that every adult theater-goer of to-day can readily remember, when theatrical scene painting was mainly the work of a lot of stage hands—anybody from callboy to manager, who could handle a brush. Then came the expert, who superintended and directed the work, could cover three 40-foot square canvases in a single day. When the old days were over, with its gorgeous caverns and fairy castles, and its scenes of battle, it was only a question of slapping on paint, pasting up tin foil rocks, and putting in broken mirror waterfalls, and everybody took a hand in it. In fact, the scenic lights were turned on this remarkable work of the expert, the effect was simply dazzling, though in detail it resembled nothing so much as the painting of a picture. The scenic artist then came along with a free hand, and was a crude impressionist, who painted on colors for the day and the hour. The scenic artist of to-day is as widely different from the painter of the past as his work from his predecessor's is in the modern stage production, in its entirety, from the productions of long ago. In fact, scenic artists have been trained far in advance of any other theatrical feature.

Public Taste for the Realistic.

This is largely due to the public taste for the realistic and to the combination system that requires sets for the run of a season or for a single act. The model is a miniature stage, with the same details of the details of scene and properties in harmony with the action of the play. The artist who three or four forty-foot canvases a day now often spends three weeks upon a single piece. There must be no mistakes in the set. Every detail must be correct, and in harmony with the realistic scene properties and fit the action of the drama.

That means that he must be both landscape painter and scene painter.

Scenes Taken From a Correct View of the "Old War's" Deck. Not a deck, but the deck on which the action of the play rests. So the artist takes his camera and sets it up on a tripod, and takes 40 or 50 pictures that single deck, from different views being for the purpose of securing the most effective presentation. The artist goes himself, for a personal view of the scene, and takes a photograph of the scene. There are finer ships than around him than the old Kearsarge, and the artist is laid out and the deck of the Kearsarge is reproduced. Here the artist must be able to present to the audience, in a miniature stage with the scene in detail, just as it really appeared to an audience. Very gun, every rope, every bit of brass and wood is reproduced. Here the artist must be able to present to the audience, in a miniature stage with the scene in detail, just as it really appeared to an audience.

The Mechanical Requirements.

Another important consideration must be given. The scene must be so constructed as to be rapidly changed. This often depends upon the use of the scene in the production. There must be no unnecessary pieces where the actors in the play are unable to stand in dangerous contact. An actor in naval uniform by the side of a woman in a dress would provoke the derision of the ridiculous. The photographs and scene uniforms officers, petty officers and attendants and their relative size in perspective.

CONTROLLING THE CABBY.

An Electric Button and Bell That Will Please Those Who Take Carriages. A useful communicator for vehicles consists of a small electric bell and a push-button in front of the driver, or behind the roof of a hansom cab, and button boards, which are fixed inside each cab for the use of the occupants. The apparatus has been devised to enable the occupants of a vehicle to communicate their wishes to the driver, and is certain and simple. It is used by a button marked "stop" which is touched at once appears before the driver, a small bell ringing at the same time to call his attention. The order or wish is transmitted by the button marked "clear." A bell and a dry battery are placed under the driver's seat. The accumulators used last about 15 hours.

Mohammed Ben Ali

Writes the Janitor's Story. The Story of the Janitor's Stomach Bitters slays the dragon of disease. It roots out malarial complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuritis and constipation, reminding you of the benefits of the medicine, and it has got so established system. This medicine of varied uses, for all ailments, One company, only, has the right to sell it. Demand the genuine Hoesler's.

OUR BOYS' FAVORITE GAMES.

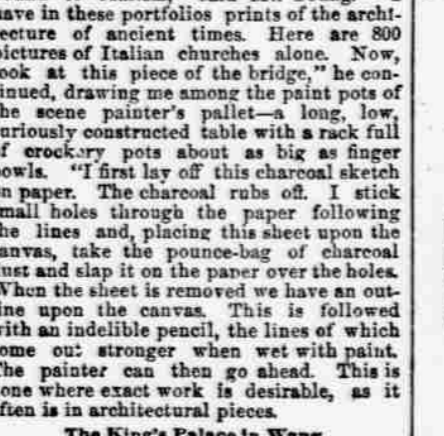
A FLOAT ON THE ICE.

Story of One of the Most Remarkable Escapes in Eskimo History—A Hunter's Long Watch on a Ship of Crystal—A Fight With a Polar Bear—The Rescue.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

HERE had been pinched times at Pikenbik, a little island in the far North. Not any real starvation, but oftentimes rations so low that to catch any game whatever, even a little seal, sent a thrill of joy among the poor natives, while to escape a walrus would have been enough to make the Eskimos, in the wildest festivities, only the Eskimo method of showing delight was simply to grin; they grinned a little when the seal was got, and would have nearly grinned their heads off had they gotten the walrus.

On one of these stormy nights one middle-aged hunter, with his two small boys on either side of him, was walking the ice dike for walrus. In front of them was a small submerged reef. Shoo Roke, for such was the Eskimo hunter's name, thought he saw an object near the reef that might be a walrus, but when he crept nearer he



Scene in Webster's Home.

other of his pleasures was to surprise the ladies of his family with bonnets of his own selection; Daniel Webster had good taste both in ribbons and bonnets.

When William Henry Harrison was elected President and came on to Washington a great public dinner was given and all the distinguished Whigs in the city took part. You have read that Harrison's was a great dinner; but what was it like?

His Dogs Saved Him.

found it was only a large quantity of seaweed. As he was turning to go back toward the shore, with a grunt in Eskimo for "anger," the strongest expression they know when disappointed, he heard a terrible noise behind him like the roaring of thunder, and which the poor fellow knew at once to be the giving away of the ice on which he stood.

Afloat on a Piece of Ice.

With what rapidity he could master he ran to one end, but there saw a very wide channel of water, and to his chagrin saw that he had gone to the other end he might have saved himself, for the ice had swung around that corner as on a pivot, but by the time he reached the end of the long floe it was too late and he dared not attempt the jump, for none of the Eskimo know how to swim, and it would have been certain death had he fallen into the water. He called as loud as he could to his two boys, but the noise of the howling wind and the grinding ice was so great that not a sound could be heard. All that he could do was to wait until his ship should reach the edge of solid ice, and then make his way home as best he could.

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WHERE MCKINLEY'S FATHER TOILED.

An Historic Old Building That Was Part Together Without Nails. Among the points of interest in Steubenville, Ohio, is Phillip's foundry, now owned by the James Means Company, formerly owned by the late John McKinley. This foundry the father of our President, was employed in 1827. On a recent campaign visit to Steubenville, the Major referred to this fact, and said that his father had requested him to look up the place and see if any trace of it could be found.

THE TRADE IN ESSELS.

You wouldn't believe how many essels are made in this country. We estimate it at over 250,000. One New York firm alone placed an order recently for 12,000 essels of a certain special type, and it has got so established system. This medicine of varied uses, for all ailments, One company, only, has the right to sell it. Demand the genuine Hoesler's.

OUR BOYS' FAVORITE GAMES.

CONJURER'S TRICKS.

There is a Science in the Game Careless Spectators Do Not See—Stratagem and Signals of Recent Development—How to Break Through the Rush Line.

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EVERY one of my friends, who has insisted to me that they could not see anything wonderful about the game of football, that it looked to them like a big squabble in which everybody was pushing and wrestling in one tangled mass. That, in part, may describe the game as it was played a few years ago and as it is now played by the boys on the vacant lots, in some of the smaller colleges, but it does not take a very observant eye nowadays to see that there is combination and concentration shown at different points in the game. That is the new development.

FOOTBALL TEAM WORK.

I suppose that a large percentage of the spectators at every football game knows scarcely anything about the points of the game; would be surprised to learn that every play from a scrimmage is made at a given signal which indicates the direction in which the runner is to move, and in which he is to run or the way he is to go is prepared for him by the men in the line; that the runner is still further assisted by a play to the line, each one of whom helps by a definite action which is different from that of the others.



Scene in Webster's Home.

Two of these, 1 and 8, are outside the end men, and extend from them to the boundary lines. These two spaces are constantly changing according to the play. One line is down for a scrimmage. If the scrimmage is midway between the side lines they are equal, but as it approaches one or the other side the space next that side becomes while the other increases. Thus opportunities are constantly given for making what is termed an "end play," and generally speaking the chances are best on the side where the play is being made.

Drilled Like a Regiment.

To perform certain movements at a given signal with quickness and exactness, which is done by the runner, who is then combined in such a way that the desired result, namely, the advance of the runner with the ball is brought about. Referring to the play, we notice that there are eight spaces through which a run can be made:

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An end play is the most interesting of all the plays to the spectators because of the open running and dodging which always attend it. The runner is free to run through the brilliant tackle which is likely to follow on this play, but to the careless observer what sometimes seems like a long chase may be a matter of a few seconds.

Tommy's eyes were big as saucers!

A WIFE AND MOTHER SPEAKS.

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A FITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

Four long days of fated, seeing no game he could reach, when to his delight he saw a walrus and, arming himself with his spear, he crept up to slay it, but only displayed his courage to the walrus, who escaped, and again he went to bed supperless still hoping to save his dogs by killing game. He hardly closed his eyes when he was awakened by a noise of barking and snarling at something. Grasping his spear he rushed out and found the dogs had brought to bay a fair sized Polar bear. The bear had scented the camp, and was investigating as he walked up the dogs.

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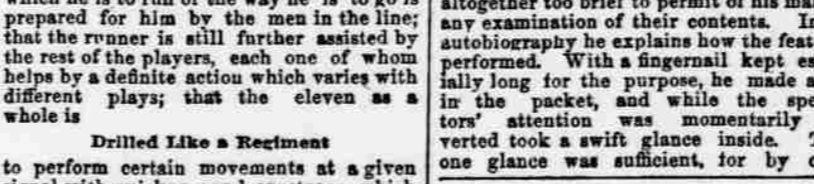
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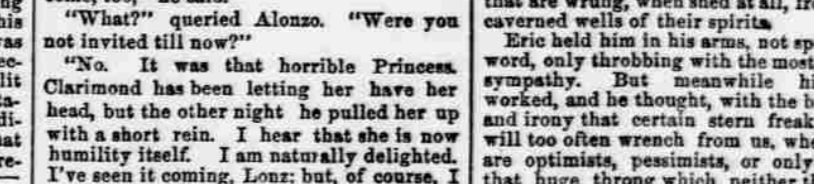
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ALONZO repeated his laugh. "What a queer way you kind of word from you, Eric, who usually pride yourself on the most just!"

CHICAGO'S SOUVENIR SPOON.

A Unique Little Affair Typical of the Windy City's Chief Industry.

Of all the souvenir spoons we have seen there is none other that pleases us so much as does the Chicago souvenir spoon. This delicate and graceful instrument was designed by Miss Bridget McMurtrie, a graduate of our School of Design.

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