

1519-1521 Douglas Street.

BENNINGSON BROTHERS

1519-1521 Douglas Street.

New Goods, New Prices. Our Great Unloading Sale still in progress. Our Carpets and Upholstery Departments will be open in about two weeks. Wait for us! Watch for our announcement! We will show an elegant line, and prices will be guaranteed. Come in next week and take a look through every department.

Special Prices all Through Our Store. Note a Few of the Prices Below:

FRENCH Woven Corsets 75c

75 DOZEN Ladies' Hose 18c

LOOK! LOOK! Persian Shawls, \$1.68

LADIES' FINE Dress Flannels, 65c

1 CASE WHITE Crochet Quilts 58c

LADIES' Prime Kid Gloves 65c

50 PIECES Dress Gingham 7c

LADIES' Lisle Thread Vests, 39c

LADIES' Lisle Thread Hose 35c

ALL SILK Gros Grain Ribbons 15c

PIN HEAD Check Suitings, 25c

1 CASE WHITE Marseilles Quilts, \$1.25

TURKEY RED Table Damask, 22c

ANOTHER NEW Lot of Satines, 12 1/2c

100 DOZEN Ladies' Hose 8 1/2c

500 PIECES Cotton Laces, 5c

FANCY Picot Edge Ribbons, 19c

34-INCH FANCY Plaid Suitings, 12 1/2c

FINE FIGURED CURTAIN DRAPERIES 15c

GENTS' NIGHT SHIRTS, 39c

FULL STANDARD PRINTS, 4c

You Will Find All Goods as Advertised BENNINGSON BROTHERS, 1519-1521 Douglas Sts.

ROCKEFELLER'S PRETTY WIFE

How She Attired Her Magnate Husband for a Trying Ordeal.

THE WINTER'S DISSIPATION.

A Study for a Caricaturist—A Piece of Social News—The Art of Dining—Wealthy Women of Society.

NEW YORK, March 2.—Correspondence of the BEE: It is unlikely that a wife ever makes a more careful toilet than the one she wears at her husband's funeral. That is to say, her poignant grief does not make her forget that she is going to be an object of scrutiny, and her feminine instinct impels her to dress carefully. Moreover, she will usually see to it that her live husband is suitably costumed for occasions of interest. John D. Rockefeller, the great and growing millionaire of the Standard Oil company, is seldom seen or talked about socially. He has been telling a committee of New York law-makers, as you have heard, what he knows about trusts, and so has brought himself into unusual public notice. The first day on which he testified, a mutual friend tells me, he was found at his office in the Standard building, where he was earning his \$100 a day as president of the trust, and counting up many more hundreds that come tumbling into his coffers from his multitudinous investments. He left his desk and went at once to the investigation. He had on a plain brown cutaway suit and a derby hat. He is a man of medium stature and slightly built. His hair is dark brown, with here and there a suspicion of grayness. He wears no other beard than a light, immature mustache. He looks at one gravely from his blue eyes, and all his mannerisms are marked by reserve, and he seems to have no regard whatever for his clothes. His testimony was not completed on the first day of his appearance and when he told his wife that he was to be called on the day following, she insisted that he put on better clothes. The coat which he obediently donned was a dark blue diagonal, in the Prince Albert style, and the trousers were of somber gray with black stripes, with the creases of newness still in them. His modest derby had given way to a tall silk hat. It was such an outfit as he would wear to church, or to an afternoon reception, and the law making investigators, no doubt felt duly honored by the sight of it. The Metropolitan opera house had had such a dressing up ought to make it feel like a man with new clothes after his old suit had been discarded on account of small pox. I went into that big and fashionable home of grand opera yesterday and found the corridors, which I had so often swept by the dainty skirts of Fifth avenue women, being cleared with plain every day dresses of immense quantities of cigar stubs, cigarette ends, broken bits of violins and other debris of the Cercle de Harmonie masquerade ball. In

previous years this fixture of New York WINTER DISSIPATION AND RIVALRY has been held in the Madison square garden, which belongs to the railroad company controlled by the Vanderbilts. On several of these annual occasions the late William H. Vanderbilt looked in on the orgies and seemed to be amused by them. At all events he never declined to take the \$1,000 rent money paid for the single night's occupation of the premises and enough previous time for preparation. But when the present generation of Vanderbilts got the estate and Cornelius Vanderbilt became the business head of the house, he ordered the doors shut against all masquerades, although he does not object to walking matches and other athletic shows. The acutely swindlers of the Metropolitan opera house, however, have this year resorted to that establishment to all the ball people who wanted it and could pay the price. What I saw there yesterday was a sequence of the great French masquerade. Not only had the orchestra seats and the stage been floored over for the dancers and the supper rooms given up to hilarious traffic in wine and viands, but the hundred private boxes, sacred to ownership by the nobles of our best society, became for the night to the worst gangs that ever had the money to spend in costly drunkenness and indecency. Each of these boxes has a little ante-room behind, and some of these are delicately fitted up with draperies and furniture. These apartments were taken out for the occasion as far as possible, and what remained was covered with muslin to save it from the grime and splash of an amateur bar-room. These tiny parlors of the rich and pretentious, became for the time being the dens of extravagant vice, descriptions of which in a general way, have reached you in print. A study for a caricaturist or a novelist was the behavior of men and women under masked conditions at the Cercle de Harmonie masquerade. Your typical man, be he upper ten or one of the million, has one way of behaving; your typical woman of any grade you choose has another and perfectly distinct way. I am not referring to the dress of the entire costume, and the man that infinitely repeated incident where a person with a mask on approaches one who is undisguised and slaps him, or her, familiarly on the back, or calls him, or her, by a pet nickname, and then waits for recognition. When a man is approached thus by a masker, he invariably smiles in a superior way, as much as to say: "HAVE YOUR FUN, OLD BOY (or old girl). I know you—you can't fool me," and all the time the masker is fooling him completely. After a time, when the situation grows irritating, the masker discloses his or her identity, and the man in the case laughs feebly as if he enjoyed it all—which he doesn't by several long shots. "But in the case of a woman under similar circumstances, the case is radically and sensibly different. The woman approached in familiar, good natured way. She looks coldly at the mask wearer, frowns a bit, stares at the gleaming eyes, and then takes a moderate, supercilious, comprehensive survey of the entire costume, and the plain works to a charm; for the masker never endures the thought that the friend is mentally saying, "what a fright!" and immediately discloses his or her personality. Then the woman, high, or

low, good, bad, or jolly, smiles languidly and says: "Oh, so its you! I didn't know you!" That is the way they did at the French ball, and I will wager that they never vary it at any similar occasion elsewhere. A PIECE OF SOCIAL NEWS is that Mrs. Hicks-Lord, famous here as the comparatively youthful and very handsome widow of an aged millionaire, and celebrated for great entertainments in her Washington summer mansion, has rented a house in Washington and is going to show the people of the capital how well she can give receptions, balls and dinners. There will at least be something of novelty in her Washington hospitality, because it will have no festive object. She has no relatives in federal office, or who are after positions, she is not the lobbyist for any legislative hobby, and she will simply try to distinguish herself by expensive and resplendent assemblages, so look out for a social coronation in Washington. De Quincy is acknowledged by bonvivants to have been the authority, in days gone by, upon the art of dining, and even our own Sam Ward, of blessed memory, was wont to uncover at mention of his name. De Quincy once said: "In proportion as our dinner has advanced toward evening, have we and have that advanced in circumstances of elegance and taste, of intellectual value." What a precious secret is involved in this sentence! Does anyone suppose for a moment that either of New York's after-dinner stars—Depew, Ingersoll, Dougherty, or the rest—if called upon to set a barren table in a room at 4 in the afternoon, just after having dined in his office, would do so decently? If he attempted it he'd make a fool of himself; but he wouldn't be fool enough to attempt it. He must dine before his tongue will trip lightly to the music of his mind. Some say the laws of hygiene and the mystery of a healthy digestion will be better understood than they are now, and then a man will be regarded as a heathen for dining before sundown. For instance, the connection between mind and stomach is wonderful close, of course. You can't digest a hearty dinner properly unless the brain is enjoying comparative relaxation—and this it can't get in business hours. It is for this reason that many of the best writers on matters gastronomic take pains to discourage long dinner speeches at public banquets, or speeches which deal with politics or philosophy or any subject calling for close thought. To be sure, clever geniuses will often, under these circumstances, tackle an abstruse topic, and for half an hour hurl learned sentences at their suffering companions; but it is due to ignorance and the wear and tear on themselves is enormous. The wise man—taking Chaucer's M. Depew, for instance—is he, who, possessing talents of which he is complete master, remains the philosopher or the man of affairs during the day, and on a light stomach; and at night, leaving care at his desk or in his office, fills his stomach to repletion; gives digestion a chance, and then yields in for wit and merriment. It is the same man and the same brain, but with a different picture they present. Deep thought and ponderous sentences do not mix well with a good dinner, and the man of genius who appreciates this is bound to live longer than his friend who doesn't, especially if they are both inveterate diners out. It is to the knowledge of this fact that

we owe the delightful ten-minute sallies by famous men at big dinners. Mr. Depew may deliver a learned oration at the laying of a corner stone in the afternoon and a brilliant speech after dinner, and win unstinted applause by each; but should he forget himself for a day and attempt to reverse this order, it is safe to say that his friends would stand aghast and marvel at the mediocrity of the double performance. The latest "fad" among WEALTHY WOMEN OF SOCIETY is a curious one, and I see evidence of it among the shopping promenaders. It is nothing less than the collection of unmounted diamonds. The extent to which this craze has already been carried is amazing—and the dealers in gems are all smiles in consequence. The statement would seem almost incredible, were it not for the notorious fact that a majority of women have long been accustomed to leave very valuable diamonds at home and wear in public places imitations of small cost. Doubtless this led the new scheme—for it one owns fine gems, why not display them in some manner? It is said that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, when she sailed away in the Alva on a yachting tour of the globe, left behind her one of the best collections of small unmounted diamonds in the city; but it will be excused ere she returns. In afternoon calls and 5 o'clock teas a new and fascinating topic is thus afforded and notes compared. The diamonds are generally arranged in little nests of cotton which are made in elaborate boxes of inlaid woods, and placed where the hostess may keep an eye upon them—or a servant is constantly on guard. A lady owning such a collection, made an extremely frank avowal the other day, said: "Why, every woman who can afford it indulges the hobby. The diamonds are frequently bought on a guarantee that the jeweler will take them back on a certain per centage of the cost; and anyway I think they are better than stocks and bonds as an investment, because their value doesn't fluctuate to any great extent." It is even said that ladies do a little quiet trading in the precious stones, when each is convinced that she is getting the better of the other. To get an idea of how many young girls go in for painting one should visit the Metropolitan Museum of art. On two days in a week a large number of them can be found in the picture galleries making copies of famous paintings there. It may seem strange that few of them, so far as the writer has been able to observe, look at all like artists. Many of them are pretty, and some are really very pretty, but they are in no way different in appearance from the curious neighbors who gaze at them with astonishment. Yet they are nearly all professional painters, and as such might be expected to have distinguishing traits to mark them apart from the non-professionals of their sex. It is therefore fair to presume that the rule of the museum, if laid upon none but competent artists to make copies of the paintings, and the girls must first obtain the recommendation of a trustee, or a well known artist, before they can get the permission, is therefore fair to presume that those seen at work rank high. I found them in every gallery, and two of them were even at work before the pastels in the corridors. Some were using water colors, and some easel palette and paint case along. They were the centers of interest to the crowd. Around each fair artist was a group of men and women, who evinced their interest in

her work by remarks on her progress. Each stroke of brush or pencil was calmly considered by the critics who peered over her shoulder. In most instances the girl seemed accustomed to this impertinence, and only a slight elevation of the eyebrows, at times, showed that she was annoyed. But in one corner I found a FRENCH YOUNG WOMAN to whom this experience was evidently new. She was copying a pretty little landscape in oil, and the quick certain strokes of her brush showed that she was no novice. Her work was progressing with remarkable swiftness. Her position in this out-of-the-way spot had thus far given immunity from intrusion, and it was not to last long. She was neatly and tastefully dressed and had as trim a figure, and as finely chiselled features as could be found in all the efforts of the masters that hang upon the walls. I watched her as I saw a clerical looking man and two expensively dressed women approaching. They took up their position behind her, and the long faced man began to point out to his companions what he considered the defects in her work. Pointing a long bony finger over her shoulder he made a series of depreciating remarks. "Really, very poor," he said, "now just notice that that grass is painted. I do not pretend to any remarkable skill with the brush, but you know, I could do better with my eyes closed, I solemnly believed." There was no attempt on the old fellow's part to lower his voice. I could see the blood mount in the cheeks of the fair girl, and the tears start in her eyes. She was completely crushed, and further work was impossible for her. She shot one indignant glance at her tormentors, made a little grimace, and then she packed up her things and went away. Many of the young women go there to paint pictures in order for wealthy persons who have taken a fancy to some of the masterpieces, and knowing that they cannot obtain the originals, are desirous of securing good copies. Others, not well enough known to have secured orders from wealthy customers, hope to attract attention by their work in the galleries, and one of the trustees informed me that this practice has met with remarkable success. Art patrons desirous of assisting struggling artists, make it a point to give employment to such of the girls as show ability. A fair, blue-eyed creature was pointed out to me as one of the most successful. She was copying a Grecian seashore, and seemed amused by the remarks of the crowd at her elbows. Occasionally a mischievous twinkle in her eyes showed a desire to get even with her tormentors. Recently she received \$500 from a wealthy New Yorker, who was attracted by a copy she had made, and which he had first seen while visiting the gallery. In no other way, probably, could these industrious women attract the attention of the public so specially as at this museum, and while, therefore, the presence of ill behaved crowds is annoying, the other advantages are sufficient to overcome his objection. Frequently twenty-five girls are at work in the museum at one time. CLARA BELLE. MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC. Gillette's "She," will be produced in England in the Spring. W. J. Scanlan will make a starring tour of the large cities of Ireland in the spring of 1888. Nate Salisbury says he has had enough

of acting, and will never go on the stage a gain. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett drew \$4,000 at their last performance in New Orleans. It is reported that London women of fashion have adopted a crush hat for wear at the theatre. A Philadelphia writer prophesies that Creston Clark will, within five years, become the ideal Hamlet. Nina Van Zandt, who loved August Spies, is to appear on the stage, and they say, with a very lurid play. Georgia Boyden, of Boston, is a wonderful pianist and composer, who is entirely ignorant of theoretical music. Kate Claxton declares that her new play, "The World Against Her," is the biggest hit she has had since "The Two Orphans." "Fron Fro" Hennequin of Michigan university, has written a play called "The World's Wages," and Minnie Maddern will star in it. The Buffalo Bill Wild West show will sail from Liverpool for New York city April 1, and will begin a season on Staten Island June 15. Dion Boucicault's new play, "Cushla-moore," is in constant rehearsal by the Boucicault company. The title signifies, in English, "Throb of My Heart." It has been said that Mrs. Brown Potter will appear as Cleopatra in a grand production of Anthony and Cleopatra at Wallace's New York, next season. The National opera company has arranged to give a season in Havana, beginning on April 2. A brief engagement may be played in New York during March. Miss Sallie Ober, the only lady operatic manager in the United States, recently invested \$80,000 in real estate. She was the originator of the Boston Ideals. Frederick Warde has begun a tour of the large cities of Texas, during which he will be seen in Houston, Galveston, Austin, San Antonio, Waco, Fort Worth and Dallas. Chassaigne, who produced "Falke," has successfully produced a new Hungarian opera "Nidje," which has been secured by Rudolph Aronson for the New York Casino. Mr. Gilbert has resolved not to allow either the libretto or the plot to the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera to be printed until after its first performance at the New York Casino. Miss Sadie Martinot has sailed for Vienna, but will return to New York in April. She has signed a contract to appear at the New York Casino in "The Oolah," which will be done in May. Clara Louise Kellogg is to go on the road again next season. She will have an opera company of sixty-five people and will engage in the management of her young husband Carl Strakosch. Ture Kierally is making preparations for next summer. He proposes to produce in Cincinnati a big outdoor spectacle in which many of the features of "The Fall of Babylon" will be introduced. "More stars have graduated from the "Evangelical" than from any other piece in American stage history. Among them are: Nat C. Godwin, W. H. Crane, George S. Knight, Henry E. Dixey and Richard Golden. A little Italian girl, aged ten years, named E. Dionne has made her appearance as a violinist in Naples with extraordinary success. Her brother, only a few years older, posed as a pianist and composer. An unusually sensitive European actress lately received a bouquet of roses accompanied with a very costly piece of jewelry. She replied, thanking for the roses and begging leave to return the "bouquet" (the jewels), which she accordingly sent back. Emma Abbott, formerly a Brooklyn choir girl, has accumulated in ten years on the stage a fortune of \$300,000. Critics contended her pretensions as an opera singer, and musicians laughed at her, but she made a winning smile of all. In Japan theatrical audiences are said to show their appreciation of the actors by throwing pieces of their clothing, hats, cash, sashes, etc., on the stage. At the close of the play they retreat these articles at fixed prices, the proceeds going to the fortunate actor. Clara Morris says she makes use of real

tears in portraying the emotional characters of her repertory. It may be presumed that during the excessively long waits between the acts of her plays she is pumping up a supply for the succeeding scenes. Perhaps she passes the time in peeling onions! Who knows? Jane Hading, the great French actress, proposes to come to America, when she gets divorced from her husband, M. Koning, manager of the Paris gymnasium. The union was a marriage de raison, whose affection was wanting on both sides. "The actress is thirty-two years old, and superior to Bernhardt in many roles. M. Henri Molnau, author of "Fron Fro," "La Belle Helene," "La Grande Duchesse," and ever so many more good things, says that the height of his ambition will not be reached until he has written a "Comedie de mœurs Americaines," and for that purpose he proposes visiting the United States in order to draw his characters from life, "as seen with his own eyes," and not from hearsay, etc., as was the case with M. Victorien Sardou, far more English than American. The preparations for the first production in America of Verdi's "Otello" are advancing rapidly. The dimensions of the stage of the academy have been sent to Milan, as not only the costumes, but also the entire machinery are to be imported from Italy. The three brothers of the opera, the remains of which will be imported by Sig. Marconi, Signora Tetrazzini and M. Aurel, respectively. It is stated that the cost of each performance of the opera will amount to about \$5,000. Elie Eliazer has been many years an actor, and has played many difficult parts. She has now in her repertory "L'Amour en Egypte; or the Daughter of the Nile," Miss Eliazer declared that she has never found a more difficult part than this one, which she assumes in this piece. In the fourth act, where she appears as a statue and stands guard at the Nani's Well for twenty minutes, she has to remain motionless in full view of the audience, and she describes the mental and physical strain as enormous. Coquelin, the French comedian, is enrolling his five performances in Cairo were attended by the khedive and the principal members of a court, and he has been received at the palace of the khedive with the highest honors. M. Coquelin has broken the record of the record of the ordinary visitor in Egypt by declining to climb the pyramid. He went out to see the monster pile, however, sent his son Jean at the top, thus making the ascension by proxy. Madril has decided that none of its theaters will be allowed to open their doors next season unless it shall be lighted by electricity. It is all right enough to fix it up so that a man can go to a theater and get out again without breaking his neck, be suffocated, or burned up, but why wouldn't it be a good scheme to have a little legislation concerning what transpires on the stage? A law compelling every troupe to give notice not to corrupt the people or bore them to death would be about the proper thing. Mme. Modjeska is who claims the honor of having discovered Josef Hofmann. It is three years ago she first got to know the wonderful boy. She spoke of him to M. Grossmann, the Steinway of Russia and Poland. "That gentleman was making a very and cynical face when the actress insisted upon his meeting the phenomenon. With a sigh of benevolent compassion, Modjeska, and eventually Hofmann's parents not to produce him in public, she was quite ready to furnish the whereabouts for his musical education. But then, Rubinstein got hold of him and the damage was done.