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HOUSE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

Impressions Made by a Visit to the Capital of Austria.

INNSBRUCK IN MID-SUMMER DAYS.

The Place Where the Reichstag Holds Its Meetings—Colonel Fred Grant's Unassuming Hospitality to American Citizens.

VIENNA, Aug. 15.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Nothing so well clears up the hazy ideas of the average American in regard to distances between important European points as a journey over the territory itself. I must acknowledge that to me it was quite a surprise to learn that the fastest express requires twenty-six hours to go from Paris to Vienna, while a more leisurely trip must have a correspondingly lengthened duration. It was not only for convenience in traveling but also in order to see the interesting country that we interrupted the journey by stopping at a number of interesting places.

After eight hours' continuous ride Paris was left far behind, the verdured fields of eastern France had given way to the mountainous heights of Switzerland, and a halting place at Basle was reached. Basle is the northern gateway to the Alps. It has retained to a certain extent its appearance of antiquity and has within its borders several objects of interest to travelers. But I shall remember it not so much for these as for the picturesque scene given by the rising moon, tracing the outlines of its round orb in the waters of the Rhine, which at the same time reflected the illumination of lines of smaller lights from the bridges stretching across the river. The road to Lucerne leads through a most charming and attractive mountain region, and the scenery around Lucerne itself has made that place one of the most celebrated summer resorts in Europe. Thus far this season, however, the cool weather has kept away many who had intended to journey there. Few travelers go as far as Lucerne without continuing up the far-famed Rigi, from which the view is said to be peerless in Europe. A sunrise seen from its summit is a prize which annually induces multitudes to spend at least one night at the top. But in this lottery conducted by nature, the prizes, especially in mid-summer, are few and the blanks many. Unfortunately we were among the great majority who regularly draw blanks and were enveloped in rain and snow the entire time which we spent on the mountains. Yet the disappointment was somewhat lessened by glimpses of exquisite scenery, caught now and then as we rode up and down the wonderful cogged railway, a marvel of modern engineering. A steamboat ride on Lake Zug and a short trip by rail brought us to Zurich, perhaps most interesting on account of its historic association with the work of the reformer Zwingli.

From Zurich we continued through the great Arlberg tunnel and across the Austrian frontier. At Buchs the customs officials went very politely through the formality of inspecting our luggage which had already passed under the eyes of six different sets of similar officers. In none of these custom houses was any serious inconvenience suffered, not even in crossing a strip of the dreaded Alsace. The inspectors are for the most part, merely formal; the British search after cigars and tobacco was the most thorough, and coming as it did, at 2 o'clock in the morning, at the same time the most disagreeable. After

safely passing six, only two more custom house spectres remain to harass the anticipations of future travel. Except for the customs inspection, the Austrian boundary is like other state lines. The scenery changes only gradually; snow capped mountains are more numerous in the Tyrol than in northern Switzerland but the character of the buildings alters little by little. For a short distance, wooden fences make their appearance, the first seen since crossing the Atlantic.

Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, is a quaint old city, its streets lined for miles with buildings of solid masonry, covering the sidewalks with their open Gothic arches. We have all probably seen pictures of the Tyrolese in their bright colored national costume—perhaps seen some of those making concert tours in the United States; but all expectation of finding the people similarly clad in the place where they are at home must be cast aside. Outside of a feather in the hat, the Tyrolese have adapted themselves to the clothes of ordinary mortals, and the sight of one dressed in national costume is now almost as rare as that of an Indian in war paint in our western states. The aisles of the old Innsbruck cathedral are lined with heroic bronze statues of various storied personages, and I noticed close to the famed King Arthur standing close to the more authentic Rudolph of Hapsburg. In the transept is the sarcophagus of Emperor Maximilian I, with beautifully carved bas-reliefs on every side. Maximilian was one of the few great Hapsburgs whose body was not interred in the imperial vault here in Vienna. The mountains rise like lofty walls in crescent shape about Innsbruck, the open side allowing space for the railroad to enter and depart.

All along to Salzburg, the train passes through deep mountain valleys or darts in and out of tunnels wherever its passage seems blocked. In the minds of the Salzburgers, the fact that Mozart was born and lived in their city seems to be its main attraction. They have a Mozart museum, a large sign designates the composer's birthplace, every shop has some of his wares displayed as memorials of the great musician. But there are also other interesting features, the chief of which is the old archiepiscopal palace-fortress, known as Hohen Salzburg. It is situated on one of the encircling mountains and is reached by a steep ascent formerly well guarded by frequent gates and watch-towers. The old dungeon and instruments of torture are still shown, as well as the archbishops' apartment, which even now would be by most people considered palatial. Twenty thousand dollars are said to have been offered for a single majolica stove richly relieved with numerous modeled figures. All along to Salzburg, the great mountains gradually disappear. The hills, too, divide down but again become more prominent as we near the city. The suburbs seem to be less numerous than is usual about a large population center. It is over a week since the last outlines of Paris faded from view. Vienna, its rival in beauty and gaiety, appears on the horizon. At first glimpse the latter bears comparison exceedingly well, but closer inspection shows that it is neither laid out on the same grand scale nor built in the same substantial manner as the French metropolis. Vienna is characteristic of itself and need not aspire to rivalry with Paris.

Vienna is pre-eminently a city of stucco and artificial stone. Its newer buildings have been erected in solid blocks, ordinarily four or five stories in height. The walls are of brick; the front covered with stucco forms an imitation of stone which is liable to decay an expert. The stucco makes so good an appearance and withstands the weather so well that buildings of real stone are seldom constructed. This veneering is by no means confined to an artificial representation of sandstone, for granite and polished marble have also to a great extent been supplanted by stucco executed imitations. Many magnificent blocks are being erected all over the city, but the most substantial and handsome building in all Vienna is now

being completed by the Equitable Life Insurance company of New York. All the public buildings are on a grand and elaborate scale, and most of them are located in close proximity to one another separated only by public squares. This massing of monumental structures on one great thoroughfare is decidedly impressive, as well as convenient. Buildings for municipal use, also those for imperial purpose, are here closely together. At one side stands the new imperial Burg theater, the finest of the kind in the world. The separate entrances for the emperor and for the other members of the imperial family respectively, are most gorgeously decorated with gilded stucco and polished walls and columns, fine draperies, beautiful paintings and tasteful statuary. The public foyer is on almost the same grand scale, while frescoes by noted artists portray the historical development of the drama. The architect and interior decorator, who are highly respected people. The whole interior is of iron, though on the surface its appearance is that of various polished marbles.

Opposite the theater, just at some little distance from it, is the Rathaus or city hall. In contrast to the surrounding buildings of classic architecture, it has been designed in Gothic style and is surmounted in the center by a lofty spire. It is a huge structure, at least four hundred feet square, and with several large open courts in the rear. Besides the handsome chamber of the municipal council, which, by the way, is fitted with a gallery to accommodate the general public who are regularly kept off the main floor, there is a moderately large public hall utilized for meetings of various associations of working men and citizens. For the municipal festivities a magnificent banquet hall has been provided which, together with several smaller dining rooms, affords space for the entertainment of 3,000 guests at a time, while even more can comfortably participate in the dancing.

An external architectural effect of the parliament house, surpasses any similar structure which I have thus far seen in Europe. It is rectangular and classic in style. In the center is a large portico with a classical statuary is supported by a double row of fluted Corinthian columns while smaller pedestals are found on the projecting extensions at each corner. A frieze encircles the top of the main structure and is set off at the angles by high bronze chariots and by other figures. The entrance leads to a large reception hall with marble walls and rows of polished columns of similar material in the design of the interior of an old Greek temple. The windows to the right and left of the entrance are nearly alike in arrangement. The lower house occupies one side, the upper the other. The two legislative chambers differ only in their seats, according to the custom of the other about 200. The room is semi-circular in form, the circumference lined with massive marble columns in front of which the members' seats radiate in tiers down toward the platform of the president. In the lower house, its two vice-presidents are assigned seats to the right and left of the presiding officer. The imperial ministers are ex-officio members of both branches of the legislature and have seats directly in front of the president and facing the members' seats. They are provided with desks ample for convenient writing. The hall is lighted through a beautiful archway in the center of the main structure. There are two galleries for the public, one above the other, supported by the columns running around the circular side of the chamber. Tickets of admission are required, but no distinction is made between men and women visitors. The newspaper reporters have a particular part of the gallery reserved for them and meet on a high level above the floor. There are no cloak rooms, merely hat and umbrella racks in the corridors.

But the committee rooms are something superbly beautiful frescoed and filled with elegant furniture. Since the emperor occupies the reichstag in his own palace, he has no private rooms in the parliament house, but the imperial ministers are given their own grand apartments.

But Vienna has been described time and time again. It has undoubtedly the fastest public vehicles of any city in the world, but what is more important to American travelers, it has in Colonel Fred Grant, one of the most painstaking and accommodating ministers of all those who represent the United States abroad. Colonel Grant with his full beard wears a striking resemblance to the pictures of his father, the great commander, just after the war. In a manner he is affable, reserved, yet plain spoken and well informed on all leading topics that concern people on both sides of the Atlantic. He and his family, whose hospitality, I had the

honor to enjoy one evening last week, live in republican simplicity. Their rooms are decorated with pictures, flags, trophies, and memorabilia in a style rarely found among our army officers. Mrs. Grant is a charming conversationalist; she shows an intense interest in American affairs, particularly the fourth annual exposition at Chicago and the political outlook of the republican party for 1892. Although they boast of no great wealth, they rank by their name and official station, take rank with the highest at the Austrian court. They are well satisfied with their position, especially Miss Grant, a young widow in her teens, in a letter to the daughter of Minister Lincoln, at the time of the appointment of her father, gave as the reason for her contentment the fact that in Vienna alone of all European capitals is the water fit to drink, an article which, on account of strictly temperate habits, is to her an absolute necessity. Her only brother, Ulysses Simpson Grant a bright young man of 11, who wears a military uniform on occasions and hopes to enter West Point in the course of time, is equally well satisfied with "his" appointment to the court of Austria.

As in France the historical associations of the Bourbon monarchy linger about Louis XIV, so in Austria the glory of the empire is connected with the reigns of Marie Theresa and her son Joseph II. It was a letter to the imperial palace at Schonbrunn was erected, following the example set by the French sovereign at Versailles. The Austrian palace has one advantage in that it is still the residence of the emperor at certain periods of each year and is necessarily kept in excellent repair. The size of the rooms and the magnificence of the decorations impress the visitor most forcibly. The banquet hall almost equals in grandeur the crystal hall at Versailles in which King William of Prussia in 1871 was crowned emperor. Historically the palace is important by reason of its use by the first Napoleon during his Austrian campaign. In the same building, and near his sarcophagus was placed in after years, the body of that other unfortunate emperor, Maximilian, Mexican emperor of Mexico, who lost his life in a vain endeavor to satisfy the ambition of Napoleon III. The fine picture galleries of Versailles are not repeated at Schonbrunn, but the latter is surrounded by a series of gardens that leave little in that line to be still desired. Also interesting are the two golden eagles, French eagles standing high above the main part of the entrance and now only retained on account of a binding-clause to that effect in the treaty of peace concluded three-quarters of a century ago between Napoleon I and Francis, the last of the "Holy Roman Emperors."

Victor Rosewater.

The Wild West. Munssey's Weekly: Easterner.—"Is it possible that that man called you a liar and you stepped up and shook hands with him?" Kansas—"You seen it, podner?" "Well, that beats my ideas of the west all to thunder! I expected to see revolution drawn!" "Podner, you don't know that 'ar man. He is the biggest liar, roughest toughest and meanest kuss on earth. Ef he'd called me brother I'd have riddled his hide in a second. But when he used the gentlest word he's ever learned to speak, I precluded the friendly spirit he showed, and I won't again. You kick just because his language wasn't exactly polished as you 'n me 'ud use. I'm a man of some discrimination, I am."

A SOUVENIR SPOON. Bar Harbor, Me. They had flirted a couple of weeks or so. The youth and the maiden shy. But the time had arrived for him to go. And he came to say good-bye. And he said: "Ere we part you will give me a kiss; Refuse not, I pray, the boon. For should I like to remember this, As a sort of souvenir spoon." Delicious and Healthful. Soterian Ginger Ale—Excelsior Springs Co.'s.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

The fancy for yellow is carried out in many ways, both for seaside and mountain wear.

If women tried half as hard to reform men's dress as men do to reform feminine apparel, what a masculine world there would be to-day.

The skirt will be a little longer, decidedly more scanty and as much closer as the ingenuity of dressmakers can smooth it. A silk pointed volants falls half-way to the waist. A similar volant is placed on the bottom of the pointed waist.

In silk hose the Egyptian or Cleopatra reds and the blue-tints are shown in two or three additional shapes. Spanish yellows also remain in favor, while silver grays, suedes and leather-bronze tones have fair currency.

With the exception of the first two, these colors are made to match various prevailing shades in shippers. The same range of color effects is shown with polka dot patterns, a class of designs that is always in vogue, with grounds of Cleopatra red or bluelet will be shown spots of Nile green, paradise yellow, white, and light blue. Truly, at the stocking counter these are great days.

SOME NOTED MEN. Kate Field writes from Long Beach that if she were asked on the spot to name "the greatest intellect" of this country she should think immediately of Edison.

The poet John G. Whittier is staying at Carlisle, Garden, Newburyport. He is in better health than at any time in the past six months, and is constantly improving.

Ex-Senator Moody of South Dakota, a Minneapolis newspaper says, has accepted the attorneyship of the Harney Peak Copper Mining company, recently tendered him, at a salary of \$3,000 per annum.

Super added greatly to and has celebrated his silver wedding. If ever there was a funeral at which the sincere friends and admirers of the deceased could feel attempted to dance it would be Supper's.

Congressman-elect Leslie Russell, who has been nominated for justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania is well known among the amateur athletes of New York because of his fondness for athletic sports.

James R. Garfield, son of the late President Garfield, is a candidate for state senator in Ohio. He is said to have a great deal of ability, and a fair chance of being one of the few instances in which political eminence goes from father to son.

Colonel George B. McClellan grows more like his distinguished father in appearance and manner every day. He is one of the best liked young men of New York in spite of his modest and retiring ways, which limit the circle of his acquaintances.

Ex-Senator Ingalls sailed for Rotterdam Saturday last week. The pirates of the Oceanic add greatly to the picturesque quality of his vocabulary by taking lessons from the tall Kansas. What a figure he would make in a faculty teaching mathematics how to shoot explosives!

"Gath" says that a splendid Methodist bishop was ruined in Senator Gorman. The senator in his white tie and gray suit, with his hand on his forehead, and a look of intense grief, was seen in the streets of New York very much like a church dignitary on an outing. He has a very cordial manner that attracts hosts of friends to him.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Gladstone "read the lessons" in the church at Hawarden last Sunday. The Grand Old Man's own life is a lesson that it will profit any aspiring young man to read. A man past eighty with his eye undimmed and force unabated and the greatest brain in England was certainly lived his life aright.

It is queer how they write. Andrew Lang is declared to write best in a rose garden; Tolstai sits on his bed and puts the inkstand on his ruffled pillow; Dumas writes his uses an ebony desk, while Mary Anderson-Navarro's is a mother of pearl; James Wattison Riley is at his best when the room is bleak and uncomfortable.

Denis Kearney, the ex-land lot agitator, whose home in San Francisco was burned last week, has been posing as Marius among the ruins of Carthage every day since. Kearney chiefly laments the loss of letters and newspaper clippings bearing on the labor movement in California, of which he was the leader for several years. His grief was greatest over the burning of a long editorial in the London Times reviewing his ex-

periences. He declared that he was preparing a book of his career, and he privately hinted that the men who were afraid of exposures could make had conspired to destroy his material.

Mr. Walter Winans, the American millionaire whose deer forest in Scotland has so often formed the theme of parliamentary debates and whose revolver shooting is remarkable, has made a wonderful record with his favorite weapon. At a distance of twenty yards, with a disappearing target, he scored forty points out of a possible forty-two.

The new French minister at Washington, M. Jules Patenotre, after having served three years in Sweden in a like capacity, was sent as minister to China, and he obtained the treaty of peace, signed at Tien Tsin June 9, 1885, which put an end to the Tonquin complication. When M. Constant succeeded him in 1887, M. Patenotre was sent to Morocco to represent France.

Colonel Tourletto, who was buried at La Crosse, Wis., a few days ago, was the commander at Atlanta, Ga., to whom Sherman's private secretary, Mr. Balfour, began his public career about thirteen years ago, when at the age of 30, he became Lord Salisbury's private secretary. He is a man of letters, possessed of ample means, fond of society and devoted to art. His London residence is remarkable for its picture gallery.

It is said to be probable that Mr. Arthur James Balfour will succeed Lord Salisbury as leader of the British Tories. Mr. Balfour began his public career about thirteen years ago, when at the age of 30, he became Lord Salisbury's private secretary. He is a man of letters, possessed of ample means, fond of society and devoted to art. His London residence is remarkable for its picture gallery.

Lowell was buried in his family lot at Mount Auburn. Longfellow is buried there and Sumner. The great man, almost without exception, are buried, though a feeling has for some years been growing in favor of entombing at Mount Auburn there are rows of rows of tombs, but nearly all the great sleepers are in another earth, and that nearly all of them have desired, and which seems to most minds more natural and fitting.

PROMINENT WOMEN. Clara—Mr. Bristol, the artist, wants me to stand for him as a model. Maude—What is he studying geometry?

A daughter of General Neal Dow, Mrs. Louie Dow Henton, is so accomplished in the various ways and means of writing into that language for publication.

Governor Eagle of Arkansas, is another politician blessed with a smart wife. She caught him off to road and to write and then made him governor.

Mrs. Richard Proctor, widow of the astronomer, is to be the creator of the observatory at San Diego, which is being built through her efforts as a memorial to her husband.

Miss Duranov, a young Russian woman has started on a pedestrian tour from Kiev to Moscow and from Moscow she intends walking to Paris, following the lines of railway.

By the death of Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield become the only surviving widows of presidents. Mrs. Tyler, the second wife of President Tyler, died in Richmond in July, 1859.

Mrs. George F. Stagg of Louisville, Ky., is the champion sportsman of America. Not content with capturing a 305 pound tarpon and landing him with a rod and line, not long since she captured a 255 pound shark in the same way and compelled him to relinquish forever his predatory pursuits.

The Roumanian woman barrister, Miss, Scrambo Hilsom, who took the degree of doctor of law at Paris last spring for the purpose of opening the profession to women in her own country, has lately been admitted to the bar in Bucharest. In England they have not yet reached the point of allowing a solicitor to article his own daughter.

The German emperor is said to be extremely fond of his big, kind-hearted blonde frau, and is reported as saying: "I could wish no better to the men of my nation than the girls would follow the example of their empress in devoting their lives as she does to the cultivation to the three K's—Keech, Kieche, Die Kinmer and Die Kueche"—the church, the children and the cuisine.

A Mild Stimulant. Excelsior Springs Co.'s Soterian Co.'s.