FASHION'S FANE FAREWELL!

For Twenty-Five Years in an American Amusement Temple.

FOOTLIGHTS FADED FOREVER.

Favorite Faces—Patti's First Visit—Grisi and Mario—Vestvali—Piccolomini—Kellogg's Debut—Notable Balls.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The scene of so many lyric triumphs, the home of fashion twenty-five years ago, the resort of the cultivated taste and artistic excellence of New York is to be closed; converted into a beer garden, perhaps, or a German threatre; given over to purposes of which its projectors and owners never dreamed. Within those walls I heard the farewell of Grisi and Mario to America, in Lucrezia Borgia. There the sumptuous queen of tragic opera waved the arms which it was said were the same that the Venus of Milo had lost, and with a grace and passion and dignity that have never been equalled since, hurled the imprecations and accusations of the Druid, or implored for the life of Gennaro, with a superb majesty and pathos that made the infatuation of Ferrara credible. There the greatest tenor of our time warbled out the dying strains of Edgardo, or the love notes of the Spirto Gentil to enraptured audiences. The final scene of the Favorita, when Grisi crouched and crawled at the foot of the cross and then arose in the rapture of love, as Mario dragged her to him, and both sang the inspiring notes of the finale—equalled in dramatic power and passionate expression anything seen or heard on the modern stage. This was the culmination of Italian opera. The rendering of such artists was as indispensable to the masters of song as the instrumentation of to-day is to the embodiment of Wagner's idea; but singers like these produced effects of exquisite expression and melodic delight not surpassed by the greatest triumphs of instrument or orchestra in the German harmony. Not only

GRISI AND MARIO

have left their memories in Irving place. There the "Huguenots" and the "Trovatore" were first produced in America. There Vestvali, the Pole, first sang the notes of Azucena to a New York audience, and with her fine presence and magnetic bearing for a while fascinated young New York. There the delightful trio Brignoli, Amodio and La Grange so long reigned supreme; a tenor full of sweetness, if not of fire; a baritone rich, full and sonorous; a soprano cultivated, refined, expressive, elegant, and able to interpret the music of Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi or Mozart. La Grange and Formes in the third act of the "Huguenots" gave a rendering that has hardly been surpassed of that exquisite scene; and in Robert le Diable, in the great trio, without accompaniment, where the struggle that comes to every man, between temptation and principle, is portrayed with a grandeur and power fully equal to the expression of the same idea in the Tanhauser, an effect was produced that the greatest musicians and composers might envy. At this opera house

KELLOGG MADE HER DEBUT

in Rigoletto, while Colonel Stebbins, her friend and patron, looked down from his box and shared with his family and the audience the pleasure of that artistic success which he had done so much to render possible. I remember going behind the scenes to congratulate the new prima donna on her voice and her boots, which both were fine. Here also, of a Thanksgiving night, Patti first sang in opera, twenty-six years ago, to a scant audience, who little dreamed they were present at the entrance into the musical world of one of its greatest prodigies and queens. Nor not the most hopeful friend or enlightened critic anticipated the brilliant career that awaited the timid little maiden, scarce sventeen, who came out as Lucia di Lammermoor.

PICCOLOMINI REIGNED HERE

for a season; not the greatest of singers, but surely one of the most delicious of actresses. In comic roles she can never have been surpassed. The exquisite coquetry with Rodolfo in spite of her love for Elvino, in the "Sonnambula;" the malicious archness of Rosina, all through the "Barber;" the half unconscious naughtiness of the Batti-Batti, and of the minuet in "Don Giovanni"—were brimful of womanly wiles and artistic genius. Ah me! the long procession of beautiful women and delightful singers and actresses; the queens and peasants, the nuns and ladies, the mad Lindas and Lucias singing out their woes so that you wished they would never get well; the stately Semiramides, the rattling, drumming vivandieres; the abbesses that rose from their tombs in ballet dresses to enchain the son of Robert; the saucy Susannas who flirted with Figaro; the gipsies, the Traviatas, the Safos, even the fair Romeos—where are all the enchantresses now? Their graces and smiles all past, their songs all silenced; the curtain fallen forever on their charms and arts.

Even the music is forgotten that inspired them—another sign of the change that has come over New York. For 'tis not only the stage, and the style of the music, but the people and their manners that are different. The fashion has passed away. Yet who that knew the old life at the academy of music but regrets the delightful house where everybody could see everybody else, where the

LADIES WERE NOT STUCK

like milliner's figures in a shop window, but sat as in a drawing-room, surrounded by their friends; where a man could walk about and find a dozen acquaintances as he passed; where it was possible to get into a box without peering at a half illegible name, or penetrating through an ante-room full of cloaks and overshoes, and then perhaps blundering and floundering into the company of people you do not know. Who does out recall the gay look of the house where you were near enough to recognize a friend across the theatre, where elegant women were accustomed to sit in the parquet and balcony in opera hats and light colored cloaks, a costume often as effective as full dress, but which is no longer known, and which gave the whole audience a brilliant effect as different as possible from the funeral aspect of the floor of the Metropolitan.

In those days, too, the people were far better known; not only known to themselves, but distinguished by reputation and character; people of mark, whom any country might be glad to consider its representatives. Great authors like Bancroft and Irving, great lawyers and judges, composers like Fry and Bristow; men of national fame in politics were as abundant in New York society as in these days they are rare, and all went to the opera. They even

WENT TO THE CHARITY BALL;

for this was one of the events that made the old academy of music notable. People then were more certain of themselves, and not afraid to walk, or even to dance, on the floor of the opera house. They did not find their gentility so delicate that they must shut it up in boxes where no one could approach save through an antechamber. Now the few who consider themselves somebodies, especially if they have recently come to that conclusion, are too much afraid of being jostled by those who are nobodies.

For at no other place does society walk the floor decolettee, and in dress coats, side by side with anybody who pays. In the street, if it walks, society is muffled, has on its hats and high bonnets; at the theatre or Delmonico's, though it shares the amusements of the unfashionable, and sometimes sits on the same benches with them, it is passive; amused, not amusing; at church, if it prays by the side of sinners of another set, it is, of course, in separate pews, just as it listens (or laughs) at the opera in exclusive boxes. But at a ball you must seem to be a part of the crowd; you move among the others; you can't be told from them except by the initiated. Yet even this sacrifice society once made to charity. Now it takes tickets, and if it attends the ball, it only looks on from the grand tier.

It is true a few fall into the march at the opening; that one may do, and not lose caste. And how odd it seems! A quarter of a century ago some of the same people were doing the same thing at the academy of music that they now do at the Metropolitan. I could tell you their names! But there are more

TOUPEES AND BALD HEADS

in the procession to-day; or, perhaps, it is other heads; those that were grey or bald then have disappeared altogether, I fear. The chaperones of those times have gone to their last ball, the social queens have entered a kingdom not of this world. The most frolicsome belles "before the war" are the dowagers of 1887; it is the dancing men that I knew who sit in the boxes and look down; perhaps they have good reason.

When I think of the other changes still; when I see the crowds of people who have not only grown up or grown old, but have come in and jostled aside those who were once so important; when I remember, not only the belles that are passee and the beaux that are bald, but the fortunes that have been spent, the names that have been forgotten though their owners are still alive; when I see some who were once socially powerful, now humble and obscure; people who lorded it over society and refused admission to their parties to some whose courtesis they are now happy to accept; charitable courtesies which they can return only by their presence, which still confers a distinction—I say again. The fashion of this world passseth away. Look at the list of the patrons and patronesses of the charity ball—a long scroll of half-known names by the side of a few of social distinction. Many were not on that list only five years ago; they were not then of consequence enough to be allowed to buy places with a dozen tickets. In five years more they will consider whether they care to be on the list at all; and in a decade they will be sought after; it will be they who confer distinction. In twenty-five years you can become of "old family" in New York. If your father and mother were in society, your aristocracy is incontestable.

Twenty-five years ago the charity ball was an event. There were no "assemblies," no "patriarchs" or "matriarchs" then nobody dreamed of dancing at Delmonico's; there were no other opportunity for so fine a floor or so large an assemblage, and nearly everybody went, because it was the only chance in the year of seeing so many of the fashionable world together at once. Of course there was no more beauty then than now; there was no smarter gowns; and, of course, what one sees in one's youth has a glamor that lasts across a generation; there is always a halo when you look back. But for all this I insist there was a distiction about New York fashion that has not entirely remained. There were more men of importance to be seen. Now the really

IMPORTANT MEN OF NEW YORK

are not in society. "Society" is composed, not of people whom society wants, but of people who want to be in society. There is infinitelp more wealth and display, and infinitely less that attracts cultivated and refined men and women. These are thrust aside by the throng, or frightened by the impossibility of keeping up with the show, or disgusted with the success of vulgar ostentations; or they find so little to interest their tastes or reward their exertions that they keep aloof, and society is not good company; it is a pageant at which those who dance and dress and dine sumptuously congregate for their own purposes.

There are, indeed, as many charming people scattered about New York as elsewhere, or ever; but the elements are rarely crystalized. You find one interesting or distinguished man at this house, one fascinating or clever woman at another; scarce any hostess has the art to bring a room full of them together. Yet anybody who knows New York can think of half a dozen women with fortune and acknowledged position, with wit and culture of their own, who might have made their houses centers of as brilliant a society as exists anywhere in the world, but they have been too timid; they call it exclusive, but timid is the word. They dared not ask those they would have liked, for fear they themselves might be the subject of talk. But they have not known their own power. Mankind still, as in Pope's day, is "born to be controlled." There are crowds of

BRIGHT AND CULTIVATED WOMEN

in New York society to-day, old habitues and new comers; of the Knickerbocker families, and interlopers equal to any; but the bright men are rare; they won't go to teas or to balls, and they don't care for a dinner every night, no matter how sumptuous, unless the company is as choice as the cuisine, and the talk is as good as the wine. The result is that there is no one circle in New York where every body of decided importance is sure to be found. A man of unimpeachable surroundings and acknowledged social distinction may be utterly unknown to another of precisely the same stamp. This situation could not and does not exist anywhere else in the world.

But a society that does not include the most distinguished people of the neighborhood is not "society" in the sense in which the word is used elsewhere. Those who give dinners and balls, even if well descended, and used to the etiquette of fashionable life (which all of them are not), cannot and do not constitute society. They may call it so and chronicle its doings, but it will not be the good company of the place until it attracts—not admits, but attracts, people of importance other than fashionable.

ADAM BADEAU.

VACANT LOTS
In all Parts of the City, at the LOWEST PRICES,
1513 Farnam St.

THE
MOTTER REAL ESTATE AGENCY

CALL ON US
For Business and Residence Property.
1513 Farnam St.

Have moved their office to 1513 Farnam St., to the office formerly occupied by Paulsen & Co.

TIPTON PLACE.

This beautiful addition is in the northwest part of the city; is high and dry, overlooking all of Omaha and Council Bluffs: is built up all around it; has good Schools, Churches and Stores within 2 blocks of it, and is the most desirable Property in the city. Is cheap and is sold on such terms that any one can buy.

This is a snap. There are only a few lots left and they are all the very best. Come and see them. It costs nothing.

IRENE PLACE.

This is the best property in the market for the money. The Northwestern depot will be located either on this property or very close to it. Don't let this slip. Lots only $275 to $350 each; $50 cash, balance $10 per month.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS for BARGAINS

Remember the Change of Location, 1513 Farnam St.

Three lots near Saunders St., ½ mile south of Plainview, only $1,200 cash; easy terms. This beats any body's snap.
MOTTER,
1513 Farnam Street.

THE
Motter Real Estate Agency.

Three lots in Reservoir add, cheap; only $200 cash on each lot, balance easy.
One east front lot on Park ave. at a bargain. *MOTTER,*
1513 Farnam St.

REGISTER FIENDS.

Men Who Are Always Looking at Hotel Registers.

"What did that man wagt to find in this register?" asked a BEE reporter of Clerk Davenport of the Millard, yesterday.

"If you can tell me I'd like to hear you," said the gentleman with the snowy shirt-front.

"He looked at every name on the last three pages," said the scribe, by way of explanation.

"Yes, and so do a hundred others every day. They come to the counter as if they desired to register. I hand them a pen, and sometimes they do not know enough to dec hne it. They pore over the pages, as if they were looking for some friend or business man, and if I should ask them, whom they wanted, five-sixths would be unable to tell me. This class of people is most numerous when we are most hurried. They stand in the way of guests, assume an importance which ill becomes them, reach for a tooth pick, turn around and eventually slink away after they have caused us a loss of time, and patience and given great annovance to our bona-fide patrons."

Can consumption be cured? Yes. One man only, discovered the laws of gravitation. One man only, discovered the virtue of vaccination. And one man after years of study and reflection, has discovered the cure for consumption. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" *is its specific.* Send two letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on consumption. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"VIVA VERDI! VIVA VERDI!"

Triumphant Reception of the New Opera "Othello" in Milan.

MAJESTIC AND MASTERLY MUSIC

Superb Scenery—Perfect Costumes and Chorus—A Great Orchestra—Indifferent Cast—Unprecedented Honors.

MILAN, Feb. 6.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The grand opera house of La Scala has never before contained an audience that could compare with the one that assembled last night in honor of Verdi's new opera, "Othello." From pit to dome the immense auditorium was filled with eager faces, sparkling eyes and brilliant toilettes. The new electric lights shed an indescribable softness over parquet and gallery, and the scene recalled some fantastic tale of the kings' courts in the Arabian Nights. The Italian court in itself afforded a dazzling mass of colors, and Queen Margherita's ladies of honor and the high-bred Milanese women were covered with jewels. Fully an hour before the curtain arose every seat in the house was occupied, and the light murmur of expectant voices coming from three thousand throats, perfectly audible yet discreetly indistinct, reminded you of an enchanted forest on a moonlight night; where every leaf and flower stirs to the rhythm of some wandering breeze; where the million confused sounds of redundant nature, freight air and zephyr with an endless breath of imitative harmony. No one was too exalted or too proud at this greatest of all solemnities, to jostle the contadina on the doorstep, or the fruit-vendor humming a Verdinian measure under the portico of La Scala; all were frantic to be seated before the curtain went up. Pride of rank, birth or position gave way before the universal homage which Italy still sows in perennial laurel at the feet of her great composer.

BOITO'S LIBRETTO.

Franco Faccio's appearance in the conductor's chair, which he has filled so long and so well, was a signal for thunders of applause. The orchestra at once struck up a few glorious chords representing a tempest, which was followed by an instantaneous rise of the curtain. Boito begins his libretto with the second act of Shakespeare's "Othello." The scenes are laid in a maritime city of Cyprus, and afterwards in Venice. I must first speak of the Italian's poet's work, to which Verdi has written such sublime measures. Arrigo Boito is gifted in arts, music and verse. He has laid a hand upon the immortal bard's work, which placed by another man than he, might have been heavy with sacrilegious weight. Boito has transposed, added to, and—do not start—in some ways adorned the play of "Othello." He has done what no one else has yet done: he has made a study from our classic which, while not absolutely Shakespearean, puts the English poet in a still newer light. The enormous difficulty of making an operatic libretto from a play, is in itself an almost insurmountable obstacle. What to retain, what to reject, what will lend itself to the confines of a musical space, what cannot be compressed within the limits of musical expression, are considerations weighty enough in themselves to paralyze the most facile pen or imagination.

THE FIRST ACT.

Boito began to think of his "Othello" fifteen years ago. Six years ago he sat down and in as many months wrote and completed his libretto. It flows with the limidity which tranquillises waters ruffled by the wildest storm, and reflects the light which we see on the wave lately freed from the blackness of the hurricane. The opening scene on the island of Cyprus presents Iago, Roderigo and Cassio. A chorus sings a hymn of victory, rejoicing that Othello and his ships have been saved from Turk and tempest; a brindisi by Iago represents the Moor's wish that the city rejoice. "Every man takes on a merry mood; some begin to dance, some to make bonfires, and each man goes to what sport and revels his addition leads him." Cassio and Montana take these instructions literally, and the duel follows. Montana wounded, Othello arrives. Cassio delivers up his sword, and the people disperse. Desdemona appears, and a tender love duet finishes the first act.

It will be seen that Boito, in cutting the first act of Shakespeare's play, by suppressing Desdemona's appearance before the senate and transposing the duel scene, brings her on at the moment when calm must follow the storm. Instead of two almost nondescript apparitions, we have one, which, by its present arrangement, is the climax of the act, and, philosophically considered, the veritable situation for such a climax. As a piece of dramatic writing, I have never seen its equal in intensity. One situation follows another with such headlong rush that I can only think of the arrows shot from a bow.

GRAND SINGING.

In the second act, we have Iago's solo and great scene, with a short speaking duet for Cassio and Iago. Desdemona is seen at the back of the stage receiving gifts from women and children who are singing a chorus that forms a most original accompaniment to a duet with Iago and Othello, both of whom stand well to the front. The chorus finished, Desdemona comes forward to solicit Cassio's return to the Moor's favor; a quartette follows, and the act ends with a grand duet between Othello and Iago.

Act third is where we have most of Boito's changes from the original text. He has written a trio for Cassio, Othello and Iago, called the handkerchief trio, so admirable in form and poetry that it fits the English bard's play as a glove fits the hand; then follows a duet between Desdemona and her lord; and one, more terrible for Iago and Othello, then comes the finale of the third act, which, in spite of its force, cannot help shocking the Anglo-Saxon worshiper at Shakespeare's shrine. We know that Othello was a Moor and a brute, but we cannot imagine that he would have done what Boito makes him do. The senators arrive and announce new honors for Othello and also his required departure for Venice. Othello worked up to the supremest heights of jealousy in the preceding duet with Iago, breaks forth into a paroxysm of passion unknown even to Shakespeare's hero. Desdemona comes forward and begs to be allowed to accompany her lord; she again almost imprudently pleads Cassio's cause, when before court, senate and populace, Othello flings her to the ground, screaming

"TO EARTH AND WEEP,"

and dealing her such a blow that the united people rush forward with one commingled cry of shame and horror. While the chorus rages, the Moor, with bowed head, sits aside, but the quartette ended he starts up, and sends off the court, senate, and populace; seemingly alone, in a terrible fury, he attempts a cry for vengeance, when his force forsakes him, and he staggers and falls insensible to the floor. At that instant, Iago who had loitered behind a column of the peristyle, rushes forth, plants his heel on the Moor's breast and, with accents of piteous scorn, sings in contrast to the senate's call for Othello and the people's acclamations to the Lion of Venice. "Look upon him, here! Here is your Lion of Venice!" The curtain falls.

This scene, as I have said, is Boito's chief innovation, and it seems to me an unnecessary one. The original scene is itself terrible enough to give the world an idea of Othello's character. This added expression of brutality strikes the first really discordant note of exaggeration in an otherwise extraordinary libretto

The fourth act is fairly traditional. The Moor kills his wife, but spares Iago, for the traitor flees with a scornful, "Never! Ah! Ah!" on his perjured lips, while the Moor ends an existence that has never known peace.

Verdi's music, throughout the whole of the first act, is of a majesty, nobility, power and inspiration which he has never before surpassed, perhaps never before equaled. The orchestration for the tempest chorus, the chorus itself, the brindisi and the duet parlanti or vocal speaking, form one succession of sublime pages, rich, not alone in genius and style, but fraught with that superior excellence of technique which the mechanic's hand, after years of practice alone, knows how practically to set forth. Verdi knows what the public wants; he knows how to touch

THE PUBLIC HEART;

he knows every musical variety of light, shade, and effect to the nicety of a hair, and to the nicety of a hair weighs them. Perhaps in "Othello" he has shown less respect for the feeling of the public than ever before. Divine bars of melody are cut by so-called philosophical breaks; surprise follows delight, and incredulity succeeds desire. Verdi has not sacrificed Verdi as he has so often done. Verdi remains Verdi; an Italian and a composer who, in spite of innovation, temptation, and revolution in modern music, has written a work intensely Italian, and an opera which only an Italian could write. I began by speaking of the first act, but the same power and inspiration is visible throughout the whole opera.

As for a technical description of the music, why need I tell you that an irresistible torrent of chromatic scales and groups of three and four describe the tempest; that Iago sings a brindisi in D minor, or Othello an air in A flat; that Desdemona's tears and laments flow in E natural, with harp accompaniment, or that Othello's rage and crime, again in A flat, are preceded by a passage for the contre-basse unique in the philosophy of musical composition? When I say that from the beginning to the end Verdi has written four acts of grand and extraordinary music, you will know that a vocabulary more or less of set phrases can no more enhance the value of any opinion, than it could deplet your appreciation of Verdi's masterpiece. No word picture can adequately describe the ingenious work; no words can portray the enthusiasm it excited, nor the ovations it won for its composer.

A BLEATING TENOR

Tamagno, the tenor, looked and acted Othello, but he did not sing; he bleated. Desdemona has never been a favorite of mine in history, and the present exponent of the role suggested to me all my thousand unavenged wrongs laid at the door of Brabantio's daughter. Mme. Pantaleoni is an excellent person, but as Desdemona she ought to have been smothered—the night before, at the dress rehearsal. Her voice is naturally fine and dramatic, but she has no more knowledge of the pure art of singing than I have of the real science of astronomy. She has a vile emission of voice in the medium open notes; the upper notes are clear, but rarely in tune. The lovely music assigned to Othello's wife must have splendid resisting powers not to have fallen flat in her hands, or throat. In appearance, Mme. Pantaleoni is likewise unfortunate; she is short, slightly cross-eyed, and of a physical plainness, which dwarfed the already insignificant Desdemona. She acted very well in the first and third acts, but not so well in the last. Of the other singers let me say that Pelsovitch, as Emilio, was deservedly hooted; Y. Fornari, as Roderigo, was not important enough to help or hinder the work; and M. Paroli as Cassio was a really fair second tenor; he, at least, knew how to sing, but nature evidently never intended him to sing at La Scala.

The ovations to Verdi and Boito reached the climax of enthusiasm. Verdi was presented with a silver album filled with the autographs and cards of every citizen in Milan. He was called out twenty times, and at the last recalls hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the audience rose in a body. The emotion was something indescribable, and many wept. Verdi's carriage was dragged by citizens to the hotel. He was toasted and serenaded; and at five in the morning crowds were still singing and shrieking Viva Verdi! Viva Verdi! Who shall say that this cry will not re-echo all over the world? At seventy-four this second conquer may well exclaim Veni, vidi, vici!

BLANCHE ROOSEVELT.

SUNDAY NIGHTS IN OMAHA.

Scenes in The Various Dance Halls of the City.

THE PEOPLE WHO GO THERE.

A Motley Throng and How it is Composed—Liquid Refreshments—The Toughs who go There to Fight—Scenes.

The Sunday Dances.

A nocturnal visit to the numerous Sunday dance halls in this city would disclose the fact that however well the Sabbath day may be observed in Omaha, the Sabbath night is not as rigorously regarded as strict Puritan ideas would require.

There are three or four of these dance halls in this city, all of which throw their doors open to the public on Sunday night. One of the most largely patronized is a hall in the southern part of the city, several blocks below the Thirteenth street bridge. Promptly at eight o'clock the music strikes up in this resort. The crowds of men and women, boys and girls begin to flock in. In a very few moments the initial waltz is commenced by the orchestra, which is composed of a violin or two, a cornet, clarionet and bass viol. The feet begin to fly, and it is not long before the floor is full of a jostling, joiting, but merry throng of dancers. A polka or a schottische succeeds the waltz, then a square dance and so on. The ripple, lacomus, varsovienne, waltz-quadrille, make up a programme which keeps the crowds busy until after midnight.

All kinds of people can be seen tripping on the floor of this hall. There is the staid laboring man of Swedish, Danish or German nationality, who is there regularly every Sunday night with the healthy, rosy-cheeked damsel, upon whom, as his best girl, he lavishes his affection. Dancing in the same set with him, perhaps, is a gambler, who has left the faro-table long enough to enjoy the pleasures of the evening, with a female friend. Opposite him you can spy the brawny form of a man who can be seen any day in the week driving a coal wagon. A giddy youth who sells calico in a Farnam street dry goods store completes the male portion of the set. All classes of laboring men, hack drivers, cab drivers, coal heavers, gamblers, bartenders, dry goods clerks, servant girls, waitresses, and women whose reputation will not stand a critical test, jostle together in the heterogeneous throng. By no means are the dancers confined to the lower classes. Quite occasionally you can see gliding through the crowd a young man who belongs to good "sassiety," and with whom the best young ladies of Omaha are proud to share the pleasure of a waltz. He has thrown cares and conventionalities to the winds, and is enjoying a "night out."

Dancing is by no means the only pleasure enjoyed here. On either side of the main platform is a long, narrow platform, on which are placed tables. Around these are seated the thirsty, quaffing beer, wine—or something stronger. White aproned waiters fly hither and thither, and during the intermissions between the dances are kept tremendously busy answering the calls that are made upon them. Though twenty-five cents admission is charged for every man that enters the hall, it is said the larger portion of revenue from these dances comes from the sale of liquor.

About ten or eleven o'clock the crowd grows hilarious, and then a new feature of the evening's fun is developed. The fighting begins. There are usually in the crowd several specimens of the Omaha tough—who would rather fight than eat a square meal. Several glasses of beer and a real or imaginary grievance are sufficient to set his fists to working upon the countenance of his opponent. For a few moments the scene is a chaotic mixture of blood, black eyes, broken noses, sulphurous profanity and flying beer glasses. A dozen men on one side and a dozen on the other are tugging away in an attempt to part the pugilists. The police come to the rescue, work their clubs handily for a few moments, and then the fighters are carried, bruised and bleeding, off to jail. Several officers are kept on hand for such emergencies, and manage to preserve very fair order.

Another dance hall, almost opposite this one, is the Bohemian hall. Here on Sunday nights the people of this nationality, young and old, enjoy themselves; to the music of a fiddle, bass viol and cornet. This hall is not nearly as large as the other one, and its patrons are almost entirely limited to the Bohemians. "Beer on the side," with a light or two now and then, adds to the evening's entertaiment.

There is another hall also in the southern part of the city which is a very popular Sunday night resort, especially for Germans. From eight o'clock until after midnight the pleasures of the dance are enjoyed, to the music of a really good orchestra. These dances are attended for the most part by the Germans, although a dancer of the Swedish or Danish nationality may occasionally be seen gliding through the crowd. Beer and wine dispensed during the intervals between the dance-numbers, serve to keep the throng in a happy mood.

The crowds which attend these different dance halls are made up of substantially the same elements. The women, for the most part are respectable, though several notoriously fast characters are always to be seen in the crowd of dancers or spectators. It must be said that many of the dancers are young girls scarcely in their teens, whose morals, alack! are as loose as their parental restraint. And it is by no means an uncommon sight to find small misses of seven, eight or ten years of age dancing at these places. To what extent these children must be influenced by such contaminating associations, let the moralizing reader determine.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Stray Leaves From a Reporter's Note Book.

"Well, when in the name of all that is celestial, are you going to die?" asked A. D. Jones of John M. Clark, two days ago.

Mr. Jones is seventy-four, and Mr. Clark seventy-nine years of age.

"You are five years older than I am, and yet you don't use a cane. It is you who ought to have this stick of mine, and I ought to be running even more lively than you are. But I ain't."

"Thank you, I don't want your cane until I get to be an old man," laughingly retorted Mr. Clark.

"I have just made my will," said Judge Neville yesterday to W. H. Ijams, clerk of the district court. "I feel I am getting old, and now I would like to get two or three young men to witness it."

"Then let me suggest one of the young men," said Mr. Ijams.

"Certainly," replied the judge.

"Suppose you select John M. Clark?"

The judge laughed heartily, seeing immediately the point of Mr. Ijams' suggestion. Mr. Clark, though within ten days of being seventy-nine years of age, is one of the youngest men of his years in the country.