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MAX MEYER & BRO., Omaha.

J. H. FRENCH, Auctioneer.

FIT FOR THE QUEEN OF SONG

Patti's Season in the Magnificent Chicago Auditorium.

A TRIUMPH OF ARCHITECTURE.

The Wonderful Achievement of a Wonderful City—The Diva as Juliet—Howard's Reminiscences—Big Prices in London.

Adelina Patti. Henry C. Watson in the *Inter-Ocean*. Have you seen her? La Divina Adelina!

If you have not heard the ringing of her most delicious singing As her melody o'erpowering Falls in notes of silver shimmering, Scolding every heart's emotion, Turning laughter to devotion; Soothing sorrow from its sadness— Chanting mirth to earnest gladness, Wearing new as well as slender, Delicate—yet deep and tender; Every heart on once subduing, Its soft, melodious crooning— If you have not heard her sing, Hear her—not a moment longer.

I have seen her! La Divina Adelina!

I have heard her rich voice ringing Like the lark "at heaven's gate singing," Now in rapid flight ascending, Such a shower of diamonds flinging— That amazed—with lips austered Scarcely breathing—wrought in wonder, Not listening, anxious, fonder, Least one note should "escape my hearing; I have seen her dark cheek flushing, Like the sun on ripe peach blushing. As the life blood springs to motion, At some passage of devotion.

Or some love, I thought, slender, thrilling, With its pulses her bosom filling, I have seen her large eyes' flashes, Scorching many hearts to ashes— And have felt the potent power Of the little singer's flower.

Genius, beauty, youth are given, But to few beneath high heaven! Therefore we do bow before her, Listening, breathless—see adoring! As her bird-like voice is ringing, I have seen "it's an angel singing!" Hear her—not a moment longer.

I have seen her! La Divina Adelina!

The opera and the Auditorium. These two things have been uppermost in the Chicago mind during the past week. That is to say they have been the principal subjects of thought and talk after the working hours, for no form of amusement is sufficiently ductive to distract the attention of the citizens of this restless, pushing, crushing metropolis while the race for the anti-glycolal is on.

The grand justification over the opening of the new Auditorium having passed off Monday night in a "blaze of glory," the opera season proper was opened on the next night with the presentation of Gounod's grand opera "Roméo and Juliet," built very closely on the dramatic story developed in Shakespeare's tragedy of that name. It is a work not often heard here in Italian, though made quite familiar of late years by a large class of opera-goers by presentation in English by the Abbott company and possibly some others. It was given in Italian some years ago by one of the numerous Strakosch companies that have drifted this way, probably, but not since then in that tongue; and Tuesday night was the first time that Miss Patti has ever been heard here in the part of the heroine. As remarked when recently given here by the Abbott company, although it contains

quite a number of brilliant and striking single numbers, it has never been accounted a really successful work. It has been overshadowed by "Faust," the work of the same composer, of which much of its music reminds the listener. Being, however, the opening of the season, with the great diva in the cast, it crowded the great Auditorium to the doors, nearly as much as did the opening before, though without the throng of flitters in the street which made the entrance to the place on Monday evening a work of much time and vast discomfort.

It is not an interesting opera at the best. The poetry of the immortal drama is absent, of course, and the romantic story has to be somewhat condensed. It may fairly be said, however, that the music of the heroine's part has never before been heard sung here or its possibilities fully appreciated. Miss Patti was in better voice than the evening before and the work to be done more in the line of her best capacity. The sensuous, rhythmic measures of the favorite waltz in the first act were sung with a delicacy of shading and a crisp lightness and firmness of touch that recalled the best work she has ever done. All the shades and tints of the music were brought out in their due proportions, and even the softest, lone notes that peculiarly fervent and with an artistic finish that held the most hardened connoisseur of the sentimental in close attention and won the first call before the curtain of the evening. It was all through such an opera Juliet as opera goes are not likely to see and hear again in a lifetime.

PATTI'S CHILDHOOD.

Howard remembers her as a Romping Girl in Bleeker Street.

Although this has been a particularly active and lively week, considered from the lyric, dramatic, social and political points of view, I in no sense traverse fact when I say that the arrival of Patti was the chief and most significant event of them all. writes Howard from New York to the Chicago News. I first saw Patti in 1857, thirty years or more ago, when as a little girl, with her long black hair hanging in braids down her back, clad in homely fashion, she gave concerts, accompanied by her brother Carlo, who played upon the violin. Poor Carlo long since joined the unknown. At the time I speak of, Patti was about as good a type of the conventional gray as one can well imagine. Her blue-black hair grew well upon her forehead; her eyes, lustrous, fairly danced with fun. She was as full of animal life as an egg of meat. She loved to romp, to dance, and, above all things, to sing.

I next saw her in Montreal, at a grand ball given by the city in honor of the prince of Wales. She was then the leading feature of a concert troupe, which ultimately fell back into its original condition of an opera company. She had given, with enormous success, the lighter operas in the Academy of Music in New York. There were then apparently no limits to her ultimate career. She leaped on the very first occasion, not only into the role of a noble heroine, but into the very saddle, dashing with marvelous and lightning-like speed far beyond criticism, defying enemies, and indorsing by that best of tests success, the predictions of her family and managers. In Montreal she was a romper. Her immediate controller at that time was our old friend Strakosch. The family of Strakosch always had a kind of mortgage on the Patti girls. Maurice Strakosch married Amelia, and the Strakosch brothers directed the movements of the three sisters—Amelia, the eldest and handsomest; Carlotta,

who, but, for her lameness, would have been the triumph of the family, and Adelina. During the progress of the ball Patti, who was weary of repeating, "I love you," to my husband next me, just a day or so before we landed, when all of us were feeling happy and elated over the prospects of arrival, "Mexico" brought to dinner one of those horrid things you Americans call a "jag." Well, after dinner, and as I was about to retire to my room, this man came up to me, without introduction of any kind, placed his arms akimbo, and said impressively: "This is mine, Patti?"

"Yes," I replied. "Are you going to sing in America?" "Yes." "Where do you sing first?" "In the Auditorium in Chicago." "Well," he said, bowing low, "I live in Mexico, but I'll be in Chicago the night you sing first. Yes, madame," he continued, even more impressively than before, "you'll see me there in a box at your feet."

On this point Sig. Nicolini steeped the darling and, in that cross way the darling has, "I am madame's husband. What do you want? Then I escaped. Was it not noble of me? Nicolini, I mean, not 'Mexico.' And then the immortality of the man—'Mexico,' not Nicolini! As though I cared whether he had a box Monday night or not! Oh, it was very droll."

THE AUDITORIUM.

Description of the Great Building and How It Was Built.

The Auditorium is the Parthenon of modern civilization. Like that superb masterpiece of Grecian architecture it typifies the spirit of the age which made its conception and execution possible. The Parthenon was the maturing fruit of centuries devoted to conquest, love, and art; the Auditorium is the richest product of the era of business and commerce. It is a monument to originality, beauty, and proportion, and both will live in history after the last crumbling fragment of their walls shall have been reared into dust.

THE MEXICAN DISAPPEARED.

How the Diva's Husband Disposed of a Hoard.

"I have traveled many miles on the ocean," Madam Patti said to a Chicago Herald reporter, "but I never saw such a passage as that we had on the steamer Toulon. Monday, I was glad to get ashore! It is a six-day ship, and we were eight days out from Liverpool. The sea was rough, and the weather was cold and stormy. I was afraid of taking cold, and so I did not go on deck once during the entire voyage. Always heretofore I have been accustomed to go on deck every day, and I hate to stay in a stuffy little cabin. But this time the captain was good enough to give me his room to me, and though I was sadly afflicted with mal de mer, I managed to get through not so very uncomfortably. Such a droll thing happened to me one day! There was a man among the passengers who wore a great dirty white smock, and who was very fond of wine. The man

who knew him called him 'Mexico,' and he was always in the party that played cards at night in the saloon. I sat next to the captain, and the captain's husband next me, just a day or so before we landed, when all of us were feeling happy and elated over the prospects of arrival, 'Mexico' brought to dinner one of those horrid things you Americans call a 'jag.' Well, after dinner, and as I was about to retire to my room, this man came up to me, without introduction of any kind, placed his arms akimbo, and said impressively: "This is mine, Patti?"

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Patti has arrived. The question of the surplus is settled. She will take it home to Wales.

Samuel Bradshaw, the oldest American actor, died recently at St. Johnland, L. I., aged ninety-six. A new burlesque is called "My Sister's Hair." It is a take-off, of course, and will be "done up" in the papers. It is reported that J. K. Emmet will back De Wolf Hopper's proposed comic opera, "The White Horse," which is a certain liveryman for the role she had fixed.

When a darling girl says, "It is so sudden, George, give me time to think," she means that she has been expecting it for a year and hasn't thought of it since. Miss Nottaken, since his recent marriage, has seemed to lose his ambition. He spends but a few hours a day in his studio and does a great deal of aimless sketching and dabbling. Miss Nottaken—I have concluded not to accept Charles's proposition. Miss Nottaken—Why not! His worldly prospects are good. Miss Nottaken—Yes, but those are all he has. Jane Detheridge of Kingston, Jamaica, has refused thirty offers of marriage. Jane has \$1,000,000 and is an orphan. She does not think she can afford a husband who cares only for her money. Miss Leonard Younger—What a lovely creature! I am so in love with her. What would you propose? Mr. Winters (twining an arm around her waist)—Marriage, Leonard, your marriage. The latest version of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" comes from California. In this case the young man did not seem to realize the girl's attractions until he got across the continent. The thought of her left him in a hard way in California and with the prospect of wealth before him, he betrouth himself of a young lady who used to be a schoolmate of his in Mass. He wrote to her

to supply one of the greatest needs of the city, and to make the provision on a scale commensurate with the present and future requirements. It was soon realized that the initial idea, although a bold and promising one, was far beyond the actual wants, not to speak of the aspirations of Chicago. The prospect grew. It was decided to build not only a grand hall, fitted for the holding of national conventions and of the largest possible mass meetings, but to combine in the one building also a magnificent hotel and an office block rivaling any in existence. The plans were not changed; they simply grew. For a year or more ways or means were discussed and the elaboration of plans for the noble structure of the nineteenth century went slowly but irresistibly on.

Finally the ground was selected and acquired. The site occupies magnificent frontage on Congress street, Michigan avenue, and Wabash avenue. There were three residences, a hotel and a skating rink on the ground, and these all had to be demolished. It was not until January, 1887, that the work of excavation was begun. This was of itself a stupendous undertaking. The excavations for the foundations were carried to a uniform depth of twelve feet below the sidewalk, and the trenches were dug out to a depth of from seventeen to twenty-five feet. The foundations were carried to a uniform depth of twelve feet below the sidewalk, and the trenches were dug out to a depth of from seventeen to twenty-five feet. The foundations were carried to a uniform depth of twelve feet below the sidewalk, and the trenches were dug out to a depth of from seventeen to twenty-five feet.

The building was begun June 1, 1887. For the foundations of the main building two transverse layers of twelve-inch timber were first laid. Above these came a five-foot layer of concrete, and in this three layers of railroad bars and it became imbedded. The enormous tower required special treatment. Its foundations were made doubly secure by laying them on the same plan as that used in the main building, but using double thickness of timber and concrete and five layers of railroad iron. The tower's foundations were carried to a uniform depth of twelve feet below the sidewalk, and the trenches were dug out to a depth of from seventeen to twenty-five feet.

The tower was a study, not for a day, but for a lifetime. Within the massive granite walls is contained all that science, invention, art and wealth have bequeathed to the living generation. From the coping of the tower to the vast dungeons beneath the foundations, every inch of the building has left its imprint. It shows the throbbing engines whose giant powers are utilized in a hundred ways; in the myriad clusters of footlights that glow like stars; in the electric atmosphere beautiful as daylight; in the marvelous machinery which operates the huge stage; in the setting of the granite hills from which were quarried the blocks of stone now piled into the stately monument. Not more enduring are the vast monoliths of Rome; the massive temples of Sicily or the huge structures of Stonehenge. Its utility cannot be questioned. Every part of the building is dedicated to some useful purpose. As for beauty, the Auditorium is beautiful in a way that will become a live industry from the stores which nestle between its great foundations to the water-man who handles of feet on the tower, gases on the sky and sends out the warning of a coming storm. Music, hospitality, trade and business divide the floors between them.

There is beauty in the great facades and in the sterna, square tower. There is beauty in the immensity of its proportions and beauty in every line of the arches within the Auditorium hall. Its stability, utility and beauty make the perfect building the Auditorium will not suffer by comparison with anything in the world, ancient or modern. The genesis of this great building dates back almost four years. In 1885 a number of Chicago capitalists decided to take measures

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LOOK AT THIS.

Overcoats for Children and Larger Boys

2 Years to 17 Years.

We have deliberately cut the prices on this class of goods to bed rock figures. No dealers in clothing have ever before dared to put the prices on garments that you will find in this department.

WE DESIGN and MANUFACTURE Millions of high-class garments every year and offer you only the newest patterns and latest styles, and at prices that simply defy all attempts at competition.

- Come in, Look Carefully and Be Convinced.**
- \$1.50** Buys a good Cape Overcoat for Boys from 3 years up.
- \$3.50 and \$4** Buys one of our beautiful Kilt Suits.
- \$3, \$4 and \$5** Gives you your choice of a splendid assortment of Knee Pants Suits.
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- \$5.00**
- \$6.00**
- \$7.50**
- \$8.00**
- \$9.00**
- \$10.**

BARGAINS!

Every one of them! You are sure to stay this when you once get to see the magnificent assortment of Overcoats, both short and long, that these prices will cause us to place before you.

THE CHANGE OF A LIFETIME

Is all we have to say in conclusion. The prices we have put on these goods are sure to clean them out rapidly.

Browning, King & Co.,

THE LEADING CLOTHIERS, Southwest Corner 15th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Stiff collarettes, girdles and epaulettes of jet are very stylish. The cuddlesome girl rejoices over the approach of cool weather. White cloths are effectively trimmed with black braid and edged with dark fur. Flounces have appeared upon dressy winter toilets, dinner costumes, and tea-gowns.

A charming adjunct for a chatelet in a tiny mail pouch is oxidized silver for stamps. Mrs. Cleveland has taken up a new fancy in dressing her hair. She now parts it on the left side.

Dresses are to be much trimmed with astrachan this winter, whether in its natural tint of gray or in black.

Mrs. Quay, wife of the senator, is a brunette of medium height. She has a kindly face and winning ways.

Charles had all the girls in Philadelphia turn their heads in his direction. It makes more room on the sidewalk.

It is a foolish girl who sends her small brother into the parlor to entertain her young man while she is getting ready.

Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, a sister of the late General Custer, is gaining quite a reputation in New York as a parlor eloquist.

Kate Field will call her new paper Washington probably be entitled "Black and White." Sometimes the entire underdress is of pure white velvet.

From a celebrated shop in Paris comes a stylish dinner gown of soft lustrous East India brocade still showing clusters of pale pink willow with yellow hearts on a ground of nigronette green.

Feather trimmings are much used as a bordering to the silk Commodes lined with plush, intended as wraps for evening wear. It is thus used for this purpose about six inches wide.

Silvered grasses, thistles, "dusty miller" leaves, and a great deal of fine silver ornamentation are used on net or tulle, these trimmings rivaling the pearl bead and gold passementeries in favor.

Although the colure of the present time requires less artificial hair than when the "feather" was in vogue, still the demand for false tresses will never be wholly past so long as scant locks require supplementing.

The ultra-fine, hairless, wireless, steel-lined gowns now worn by extremists are just as artificial, inartistic, and unbecoming as the insane-looking, exaggerated, wobbling tulle ever was in its most extreme proportions.

Genuine Scotch tweeds, heavy English chevrons, German broadcloth, and similar protective woollens will be worn during the winter. They are heavily impregnated with grease, being more than four inches in width, and the materials are in great use for gowns and bodice robes.