

Town Topics' London Correspondence.

It is strange that we English should have been such a long time finding out the beauties of Marienbad. You Americans did this long ago, but we seem to have waited until the sunshine of royalty opened our sleepy eyes. But now we have been vainly trying to secure rooms—that is to say, the unready ones among us who left our arrangements till the last minute. The Prince has the rooms at Klinger's hotel, which were vacated just in time for him by the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. His fellow-occupants of the hotel are the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lady Clarke and Sir Henry and Lady Campbell Bannerman. The Duchess of Fife is a recent arrival. I hear that the Prince has caused much amazement among the foreigners by his disregard of weather. Every morning, at 7:45, he sallies forth for a walk of an hour and a half, during which he pauses now and then to sip his allotted dose of "Kreuzbrunnen" out of a glass tube. As on one or two recent mornings it has simply rained cats and dogs, his conduct has been regarded as heroic. During his constitutional he chats with various friends, but smart Lady Brougham is his favorite. She wears the bright colors for which she is renowned, and which suit her so well; and, indeed, she looks so young that it is quite difficult to remember that she has a married daughter and son. The Prince will get some fine stag hunting at Prince Metternich's.

A girl friend reads me word from Dublin that "the Prince and Princess"—as the Irish ladies will call the Duke and Duchess of York—are really enjoying their visit, if their beaming faces are any index to their feelings. The Duchess has been very successful as regards her costumes. Of course it is "the thing" for the vicereine to wear green or St. Patrick's blue, adorned with Irish lace, on all prominent occasions, and naturally a royal lady would be expected to follow suit, but "Princess May" has done more; she has even contrived to be original, whereas the result of patriotic dressing is usually most monotonous. When she arrived she had a "duck" of a pale green silk frock, with a bodice of ivory lawn—the new white grass lawn—embroidered with gold; on the occasion of the investiture of her husband with the Order of St. Patrick, a most picturesque ceremony, by the way, she was in white satin and priceless Irish lace, while at the Dublin horse show she wore plain green muslin trimmed with Irish lace of a yellow tone, and caught up on the bodice with emerald and diamond shamrock brooches. Her little bonnets and toques are always perfect; that worn with the last dress was trimmed with soft pink roses and green chiffon, the sigrette being formed of wee rose leaves mounted in a spray. She always makes her milliners concoct sigrettes of this kind, or else she wears wings of wired lace to give height, for she refuses absolutely to wear rigettes of plumage. She and her mother are strong supporters of the Anti-Plumage League. The Irish ladies have observed with surprise that the Duchess always wears earrings. True, they are always quite small, diamonds or pearls for choice, but she has never discarded them. In this she follows the example of the Queen.

There has been a great deal of fun and jollity going on in the Viceregal Court during the visit. Its personnel is very young, you see, also very "go-ahead." The two married daughters, Lady Lurgan and Lady Sophie Scott, are two of the smartest of our youthful matrons, and their husbands are both

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THE THEATRE

There was a car load or more of mirth, melody, marching, mimicry and mandolin, masquerading as American beauties at the Funke Friday evening. Corinne presented "An American Beauty." She was however, not the only pebble on the Leach. There were other roses, both foreign and domestic, among the principals as well as among the chorus.

As a rule "comic opera" by American composers lacks only two little features to make it world-famous—comical situations and operatic melody. This may seem a trifling matter, but it needs attention all the same. Singularly enough "An American Beauty" is well stuffed with melodious airs and somewhat ambitious choruses. They are by Gus Kerker. Gus is a German American with a musical brain and is not compelled to fall back on grand larceny to supply his score. Good care is taken to have every number in march or waltz tempo, a feature which rather adds than detracts from the general exhilarating effect.

Within certain limitations Corinne is a very satisfactory party. She never had a voice of alarming volume or conquering quality. But it serves the purposes of extravaganza and musical spectacle and is not entirely out of place in comic opera. Her voluptuous costumes never fail to elicit the unqualified approval of both sexes. Just think of seventy-five thousand dollars worth of diamonds, sworn to before a notary public, not counting those on her mandolin and others concealed from public gaze.

Out of slim natural endowments Corinne has developed a good total of vivacity, graceful action and commendable dancing. It is idle to speak of the number of years that Corinne has been on the stage or to hint mysteriously at her supposed advanced age. She is a young lady who, while not great or pretending to be so, has never spoiled any play she has appeared in. When I say "young," I mean it, although it is no crime to have cut your wisdom teeth and to know a thing or two.

As in former years the whole production was notable for precision and praiseworthy attention to details of all sizes and kinds. Frank David is as unabridged a fun-maker as ever. He and his partners steered the fortunes of their circus through all troubles, from opulence to rags and ham sandwiches. The woes of the "fat boy" in song was one of the best features presented. That and the vivacity of Bertie Crawford as Rose Budd "while she danced," etc.

TOBY REX.

[This criticism of Corinne is taken from the News, whose dramatic criticisms are always to be relied upon as long as Dr. Tyndale writes them. The dramatic critic of THE COURIER was out of town.—Ed.]

The talk of three of the greatest cities of the country—New York, Chicago and Boston—the famous Veriscope pictures of the Corbett Fitzsimmons contest, will shortly be seen in this city, as they will be exhibited at the Funke opera house Monday and Tuesday night and Tuesday matinee, September 20th and 21st. The sporting event of the present century, beyond all question of doubt, was the meeting of James J. Corbett, "Pompadour Jim," and Robert Fitzsimmons, "Lanky Bot," in the arena at Carson City on the 17th day of March last. It was an event of national interest; the newspapers of the country sent their highest priced men to the ringside to report the event, and then devoted pages to it. Special artists were engaged in order that the general public might form some idea of what happened at the ringside. Mounted on three long stilts—as it were, was a mammoth machine under the direction of Mr. Enoch Rector, and by its size was miles and miles of prepared photographic film. The artist could only catch at best a fleeting

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