CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

How a Prince Was Kept from Contamination by Contact with Plebeians.

Sort of Education an Emperor's Sons Receive —Amelie Rives-Chanler at Newport— Vanderbilts Arranging to Go Abroad.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Just about the time the compositors are putting these words into type Prince Henri d'Orleans will be getting seasick off our coast. He is the real Prince that we have been coddling for several weeks here and at Newport. That is to say, he was born a Prince, and we are still delighted to call him so, although the French Republic has officially taken all the titles away from its aristocracy. Henri has spent most of this week in town. He is a harmless, amiable young fellow, and is looked after by Pierre de Boissy, his tutor, who seems to be training him for a kingly career that isn't open for anybody in republican France anymore.

"What do you and the Prince think of America, now that you have seen some of it?" I asked of De Boissy in French that was just good enough for him to comprehend with an effort.

"Oh, we have gained only a partial impression of your great country," was the reply in French so pure, and so unlike the boarding-school language with which I was familiar, that I had to listen sharply to it. "We have mingled only with your aristocracy. That was intentional. It was not desired that the Prince should go beyond that in his intercourse with Americans."

That reads like a joke, doesn't it? but it was spoken in sober earnest. The Orleans princes are brought up in as nearly a monarchical way as possible, and the family has no notion of mixing with plebeians, no matter how deplorably democratic the government of France may be. You will like to know, then, who were the Americans deemed by de Boissy fit to associate with Prince Henri. Well, they were New Yorkers, spending the summer at Newport. He was gracious enough to visit the families of William Waldorf Astor, August Belmont and Isaac Bell. His particular acquaintance was "Waldy" Astor, who was the American minister to Italy during Chester A. Arthur's presidency, and who met the princeling in Rome.

"You are a member of Congress?" said Prince Henri to young Astor, as they sat smoking in the cafe of the Casino at Newport.

"Well, no;" was the reply, with a quizzical smile. "I was once a candidate, but was defeated."

"Then membership in your Congress is not hereditary?"

"Hardly."

It seemed to the listeners that the Prince was a little shocked by the fact that Astor had been born to nothing else than millions of dollars. Nevertheless, they remained intimate during the brief visit to Newport, and the only social approach to Orleans was through Astor, without whose introductory offices no overtures were regarded. Even the Belmonts, with their peculiar relationship to the Rothschilds did not seem to be estimated as authority quite so high as that of the Astors. However, DeBoissy brought letters commending him and his charge to the Belmonts, written by Baron Rothschild, and to Mrs. Bell from her brother, James Gordon Bennett.

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The Princess Henrietta, of Schleswig-Holstein, aunt to the Emperor of Germany, has this week gone to Lenox from Newport. She is as free and democratic in manner as Prince Henri was exclusive and aristocratic. In a former letter I described her as a visitor at a perfectly respectable, although miscellaneous music garden in this city, where she took lager beer copiously into her mouth while her ears were drinking in the melody. The Vanderbilts had her at Newport, and so were even with the Astors so far as hospitality to a royal guest was concerned. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt had been recently thrown from her carriage, and so badly cut in the face that she had not yet shown herself publicly; but she gave a breakfast to the Princess, and had among her thirty guests such distinguished persons as George Bancroft, Ward McAllister, the present Professor Agassiz, Amelie Rives-Chanler, Sir Arthur Herbert, Woodbury Kane and Richard Peters. I don't wish to underrate the consequentiality of the three young gentlemen last named, for I have waltzed with them all within the week, and they are real nice fellows. But the general public, while recognizing the other names as belonging to interesting individuals, may not know until I here tell it that Kane and Peters are New York swells, while Sir Arthur is an Englishman of just the sort that our New York chappies imitate. This trio went to a fancy costume ball at the Newport residence of the Van Alens, and drank over-much of champagne. On getting out their exuberance was upsetting to themselves and the ash barrels, handcarts and every other moveable thing that they came across, until they met two policemen, who secluded them from harm for the rest of the night. Next morning they were fined $5 apiece for the offense known to Rhode Island law as "reveling." But that is merely episodic. I was writing about the Princess Henrietta. Her husband is a German physician with plenty of good brain, but no blood worth mentioning. I kept a scrutinizing eye on him while he amusedly watched a group of children at play on the beach. At length we had a little dialogue about the youngsters, whom he admired very much, and then I led him to talk a little bit about his four nephews, the sons of the new German Emperor. "They are fine little fellows," he said. "Their ages, you know, are only six years, five, four and two. The eldest is, of course, the Crown Prince of Germany. It is a pity, I think, that they are not permitted to enjoy the freedom of play which these youngsters here are indulging in. They are being brought up in a thoroughly military manner. The last time I saw them they were at Oberhof, in Thuringia, a summer residence some little distance from Berlin. Their play is not like the diversions of most children. Where they have their playground a redoubt has been erected with cannon and all the imitations of a bivouac. The little fellows were dressed in uniform, booted and spurred, with swords at their sides. And in those costumes they played all day long. They beat drums, marched as though on parade, drilled with swords and guns, and all their pastime was a semblance of warfare. The youngest, too small to join in all the sport, toddled around with a helmet on his head. And this is in harmony with the Emperor's ideas."

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Amelie Rives-Chanler has been an exhibit at Newport. We must devote a paragraph to her, notwithstanding it may incite a further sale of her naughty novel. "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." All Newport was open-eyed at her. The people remembered her more or less distinctly as a season's visitor four years ago, when she was the very ideal of a soulful-eyed, wistful, beautiful creature, "wondering what on earth this world can be." As she appeared this week in Newport, she suggested that she had found out all about it. She was as handsome as ever in form and feature, but the appealing, innocent air was missing. Her manner was confident, her talk was emphatic, and I cannot better describe her general demeanor than to say that it was exactly like that of most actresses in the drawing-room. Of course she knew that she was on view—that everybody was intently regarding her—and it may have been that a feeling of constraint itself produced a false appearance of bold self-possession. That is the way many women are affected under such circumstances. It was at a ball given by Mrs. Kernochan that Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler was most thoroughly exhibited. A hunting quadrille was one of the episodes. The men in it wore the red coats and yellow breeches of the fox-chase, while the ladies had their hair powdered and their faces decorated with bits of black court-plaster, in the old pompadour style. That passed off spiritedly, and the next episode was a minuet copied from the comic opera of "Erminie." I am afraid that my readers will not be impressed by the names of the gentlemen—Stanley Mortimer, Tom Howard, Center Hitchcock, Woodbury Kane and E. L. Winthrop, jr.—unless I add that they have for several years been at the very front of McAllister's four hundred. Each is famous as a leader of germans, and neither would think of engaging in any other pursuit in life than that of elegant diversion. The ladies were the Misses Hargous, Beeckman, Hecksher, Winthrop and, most importantly, Amelie Rives-Chanler. She wore a soft, white gown, and her hair was brushed off her forehead and at the nape of her neck, as in the familiarly published portrait. This "Erminie" minuet consists of a succession of stately strides, low bows and elaborate posings. As performed by these exponents of "our best society" (Amelie married into it, you know, because the Chanlers are related to the Astors, and are very swell themselves) it was about as elaborate by careful prearrangement as the stage representation, and the entire ball assemblage crowded around it to see it done. If it had been really a stage performance, and I were to give you a theatrical slang term to express it, I should have to say that Amelie "hogged" it all. But that is not an elegant expression, although its meaning simply is one actor or actress in the scene commands all the attention of the spectators. That was true of the audacious young novelist. She was graceful in her poses and movements, and one couldn't help recalling descriptive passages from her wicked story and applying them to her own sinuous and somewhat alluring appearance in the minuet.

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New York doesn't seem to be any longer quite good enough for some of the New Yorkers. The set of people who wound up their season with a final ball this week will mostly go thence to Lenox, in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, where they will kill time until well into October. Not until about the 1st of November will they deign to return to the metropolis, and even then we shall not have the Vanderbilts for the winter. Both Cornelius Vanderbilt and William K. Vanderbilt have planned to pass the season in London. The boarded-up doorways and windows of their mansions in Fifth avenue will not be reopened. They will leave the management of their railroads to Chauncey M. Depew, and their extensive charities to various trusted agents. The certificates of their ownership, well along towards $200,000,000, are packed away in the vaults of the Lincoln Deposit Company, in Forty-second street under the general care of ex-Postmaster-general Thomas L. James, who is president of the Lincoln Bank, in the same premises. But the combination of the locks is known only to Cornelius and William K. themselves. They will simply cut off coupons enough to cover their expenses while abroad, and deposit them with the London banking house of the Rothschilds, to be drawn from as occasion requires. Cornelius Vanderbilt has leased the London residence of the Duke of Southerland, and William K. Vanderbilt has taken the Lansdowne mansion. These buildings are spacious and fine. They will be gorgeously furnished anew by the two Vanderbilt families, all the present contents being removed to make place for entirely new furniture and embelishments. Nor will anything be taken over from the New York homes of the tenants. Everything will be bought abroad, and London society is going to be dazzled by the displays of wealth. Not that there will be anything shoddyish about it. The present Vanderbilts, although their father did not inherit the old Commodore's millions until they were grown to manhood, were brought up to luxury, and do not show any of the common indications of sudden enrichment. Therefore, we need not feel afraid that London will get a bad impression of New York manners through the Vanderbilts' winter festivities.

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The women of New York have lost an idol by the death of Lester Wallack. There has been a great deal of talk, spoken and printed, about the recent Adonises of the stage. Bellew, Dixey, Kelsey and other professional beauties have strutted Broadway, full of manifest vanity, and about as soulful as tailors' images. But at no time was Wallack superseded in the esteem of feminine Gotham as the handsomest man they had ever seen. For a period of fully forty years he enjoyed this distinction, and nobody can recall that he ever, by the slightest word or look, betrayed the self-satisfaction which he couldn't have helped feeling. Always dignified, courtly and affable, he never seemed to be on exhibition, and he could walk through an admiring multitude in Broadway with the easy demeanor of a man sauntering unobserved along a country road. Right up to his final disappearance from public places, as late as last spring, when he was sixty-eight years old, the youngest girls were as rapt in adulation of him as were those who had become mothers and grandmothers since his advent into New York life. And after his death it was a vast multitude, seven-eighths feminine, which filed past his open coffin as it stood in the churchyard after the funeral services, to get a last look at his wondrously preserved good looks. They may call Wallack a spendthrift, a man careless of some of the conventionalities, but in his public bearing he was a model.

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A big, handsome, voluptious-looking stage figure is that of Blanche Marsden, daughter of the play-wright, Fred Marsden, who committed suicide on account of her misbehaviour. She has made his deadly grief reasonable by her conduct in becoming a vocalist at Koster & Bial's concert hall. That is a repulsively wicked place, notwithstanding the fact that quite fashionable people, for the sake of exploit, sometimes occupy its gallery boxes and peep from behind the screening curtains to see novel sights in the main assemblage quite as much as on the stage. Blanche has a babyishly pretty face, and her voice is fresh and young; but her costumes are of the most disclosing patterns known to burlesque, and she accompanies her songs with winks, grimaces and kicks. One of her ditties has for a refrain, "Only a kiss—nothing more," and it goes to the extreme in suggestiveness, although its words are not in themselves at all shocking. At every repetition of the "kiss," and that is very often, a man in the orchestra operates what I suppose should be called a mechanical kisser. At all events, it is a device that makes a sound in close imitation of a human kiss, but as loud as a hundred kisses would be if fired off simultaneously. That is meant to lead the audience in kisses responsive, so far as sounds go, to those delivered by Blanche in her chorus. Thus the girl comes as near to kissing an entire Koster & Bial audience as circumstances will permit. For the sake of poor, brokenhearted Fred Marsden, it is to be hoped that he cannot see, from wherever he is, what goes on in Koster & Bial's hall.

CLARA BELLE.

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATERS.

Varied Attractions in Popular Comedy, with a Spice of Irish Melodrama.

For those whose sole purpose in going to the theaters is to laugh, no more welcome announcement could be made than that Gus Williams will play at English's this week. Williams is one of those natural comedians, whose humor is irresistible and methods inimitable. Years ago he was first known as the writer and singer of catching popular songs. When he started out as a star there were those who doubted his success, but he did succeed, almost beyond all expectation. He has rapidly grown in popular favor, until he is to-day one of the most successful comedians before the public. He has a thoroughly natural German dialect, he still sings well and recites original selections cleverly, and his methods and "business" are original and unique. In "Kepler's Fortunes," with which he will open his engagement here, he has a comedy of considerable dramatic pretensions and one that affords him excellent opportunities to be vastly amusing. He sings and dances and carols through it in a way that is very entertaining. It will be given until Friday, with a special matinee on Thursday, and during the rest of the week he will present, for the first time in this city, his new play, "The 'Squire of Leedsville," which he expects to play altogether next season. He regards it as in many respects the best play he has yet had. Mr. Williams's company includes a number of capable people whose names are well known. Among them are Frank Girard, T. W. Rabcock, C. E. Girard, Frank D. Melville, Harry E. Wells, Miss Florence Vincent, Miss May Hosmer, Miss Lillian Elma, Miss Kittie Conkrite, and others. Whether one can "laugh and grow fat" or not, is a somewhat doubtful proposition, but certainly he who sees Mr. Williams in one of his characters is sure to laugh, and laugh much. There is already a good advance sale of seats for his engagement.

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Commencing to-morrow evening, for six nights and two matinees, the Grand Opera-house will be occupied by one of the most successful of American plays, William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy." The play will be presented by the exact same cast and with all the scenic and mechanical effects that were seen during its late successful run at the Star Theater, New York city. "Held by the Enemy" is purely an American play, distinctly native, spirited, with touches of tragedy, heroism, humor and pathos. The career of this piece furnishes a peculiar incident in the history of theatricals, as it is one of the very few dramatic productions of late years that has attained such world-wide reputation. It was written by Mr. Gillette, produced by him, backed by his own capital, and its success is due entirely to his own efforts. Besides being played at the present time by three companies in America, it is now running in London, England. There the play has received the stamp of royal recognition by the Prince of Wales, who, after witnessing a performance of it, sent a congratulatory letter to Mr. Gillette upon its remarkable strength, and concluded his remarks by saying it "would cause a demand for American work in England." The cast to present the play here will be:

Major-general H. B. Stamburg, commanding U. S. forces.....Mr. Chas. W. Stokes
Col. Chas. Prescott, 7th Mass. Vol's...Mr. Jas. E. Wilson
Lieut. Gordon Hayne, an officer of the confederate army.....Mr. William Haworth
Brigade-surgeon Fielding.....Mr. H. A. Moray
Assistant Surgeon Hathaway, staff surgeon.....Mr. W. T. Doyle
Thos. Henry Bean, "special for Leslie's".W. B. Preston
Uncle Rufus, one of the faithful.....Jacob Farrell
Lieut.-colonel McPherson.....Mr. Frank Harvey
Captain Woodford.....Mr. W. E. Cody
Adjt.-general Marston.....Mr. T. A. Howe
Captain Benton.....Mr. Harry Rose
Corp. Springer, on the special guard..Mr. Jas. Rickard
Hinton, orderly sergeant.....Mr. James Stanton
Lieut. Massen, Gen. Stamburg's aid.Mr. Walter Crook
Sentry.....Mr. William Francis
Clerk.....Mr. Edward Stoddard
Euphemia McCreery, a maiden lady of the South.....Miss Kate Denin Wilson
Rachel McCreery, } her nieces.... { Miss Esther Lynn
Susan McCreery.. } { Minnie Du Pree

There is an old adage that "you'll never find a coward where the shamrock grows." If this means that the favorite plant of old Ireland and bravery are necessarily coexistent you will probably find thousands of courageous people at the Park Theater this week, for "The Shamrock" is to be seen there all week; not the plant, but a very popular and successful play by that name. It is a comedy drama with the scene laid in America instead of Ireland, and it is described as being an unusually interesting and picturesque play, with enough comedy in it to make it very entertaining. Mr. Edwin Hanford, who plays the leading role, is a character actor of very fine abilities, who, in the profession, is regarded as a "comer." He is a new star to theater goers here, but the newspapers elsewhere speak very highly of his work, especially in this piece, which, according to all accounts, is especially adapted to him. In it he and his company introduce new songs and musical features, including banjo, guitar and mandolin solos. "The Shamrock" will be given a special mounting, with new scenery and effects. It will run all week, afternoon and evening, and is likely to draw large audiences. Both it and Mr. Hanford come very highly recommended.

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The new Eden Musee, where you can see almost everything that is interesting and novel, under the Park Theater, will open to-morrow for the season, with an entirely new line of tableaux, spectacles and representations. Among the special features engaged for this week are Prof. Ashton's funny dog circus, Leonard, the man who lifts a horse by his teeth, the electric lady, Wonderoo, the What-is-it, and others. The Musee is open to visitors day and night, and it costs but 10 cents to see everything there.

Gossip of the Stage.

Hoyt's new play, "A Trip to Chinatown," is a palpable hit.

All the daughters of ex-Manager Charles Gilmore, of this city, have married since they left here.

Thomas Keene is giving elaborate spectacular productions of Shakespearean plays this season, and his business in consequence is very large.

Poor Carl Rankin, one of the brightest minstrel comedians this country has ever produced, is dying in Philadelphia. He has entirely lost his voice.

Mr. Edwin Hanford, who plays at the Park this week, is one of the coming stars. As a character comedian he has no superior among the young actors.

Ramsay Morris's novel, "Crucifix Her," is said to be having the heaviest sale of any new book of the season. The first edition of 20,000 copies has already been exhausted, and the author is being both extolled and condemned. The novel will undoubtedly add immensely to the value of the dramatization which has been made from it.

The reorganized American Opera Company, which has been singing in Philadelphia all summer, is going on the road for the winter season. The manager is Mr. Gustav Hinricks.

Pretty and clever little Minnie Dupree plays "Susan McCurry" in "Held by the Enemy" this season, as she did last. It is one of the best pieces of comedy-acting known to the stage.

Minnie Palmer's season will not be a lengthy one in this country. She will play only about fifteen weeks here, and will not come over until after the election excitement has thoroughly subsided.

Local theatrical patrons who expect to go to the theatre this week should take advantage of the opening performances, either to-morrow or Tuesday night, so as to avoid the State fair crowds that are sure to come later in the week.

Gus Williams has a number of new songs, which he sings in "Kepler's Fortunes," among them "From the Cradle to the Grave," "When We Ran with the Old Machine" and a parody on "Just a Little Sunshine."

"A Legal Wreck," by William Gillette, is out in book form. Over 13,000 copies have been sold, and a second edition of 10,000 is now in press. The story is the same as that of the play, and is exceedingly bright and interesting in treatment.

Kyrle Bellew will be leading man of the company which will support Mrs. Potter, and Harry Edwards, the old favorite of the Wallack Company, will be stage manager and play leading old man. Mrs. Potter will open on Oct. 8, at the Chestnut-street Opera-house, in Tom Taylor's drama "Twixt Axe and Crown."

W. S. Daboll, the popular Ravennes last season of Rudolph Aronson's "Erminie" company, threw down his part at rehearsal one day last week, left the theater and started for Providence, R. I., where he proposes to settle down. For years it has been the height of Daboll's ambition to own a prosperous gents' furnishing store in Providence, and as his family is well off this is probably his chosen time for gratifying his desire.

Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera will be presented in the three cities of London, New York and Chicago with the three following casts: In London the work will be interpreted by Geraldine Ulmar, Jessie Bond, Miss Foster, George Grossmith, Courtice Pounds, F. Billington; in New York by Isabelle Urquhart, Lily Grubb, Fanny Rice, J. H. Ryley, Henry Hallam, George H. Broderick, George Olmi, Charles Plunkett, A. W. Tamms, and in Chicago by Bertha Ricci, Elma Delaro, Sylvia Gerrish, James T. Powers, Fred Solomon, Mark Smith, W. H. Kieger, Ellis Ryse and Henry Henry Leoni.

It Had Got Away.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The President—Daniel, what are you doing out there with that lantern?

"I'm looking, sire."

"Looking for what?"

"Shish; not so loud; I nearly had my hand on it then."

"Your hand on what; are you drunk, Daniel?"

"Nay; not so, sire. I speak the words of truth and soberness when I say I am scratching for the surplus."

The Correct Version.

Life.

Mrs. H.—Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home?

Norah—No, ma'am, she didn't; but she looked very much pleased.

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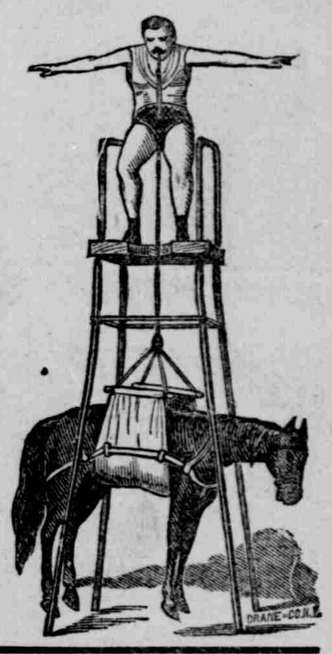

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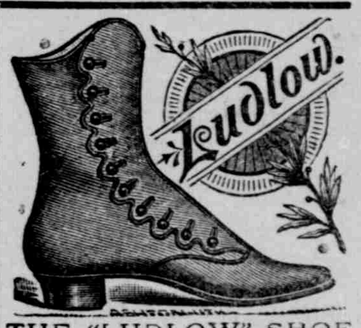

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