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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1887

# WANTED—A FEW HUSBANDS.

## NELLIE ELY'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE AT A NOTED MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

**Some of the Men Were Bashful, Some Were Bold, Some Poor and Some Rich, But All Were "the Favorites of Their Circle"—Queer Letters—Thousands That Cost $100—Quick Proposals—Meeting One's Fate.**

THE New York woman can hardly have a single desire that cannot be gratified through some bureau or agency of this town. Through them she can get a house, have it furnished, secure new wardrobe, a good form, a clear complexion, the latest shade of hair and a loan to start the wheels of the concern in good running order. If she desires a husband, and a family warranted to have a marked resemblance, they can be had through the same channels at a nominal price. This hobnob-getting interested me. I did not want to marry but I was as curious as a little boy with a dynamite cartridge. I wanted to investigate. But how? A woman always hesitates about telling that she wants to marry. She would not confess to the lack of opportunity under any circumstances. I saved the address of a Matrimonial Bureau which does business now in East Thirty-third street, and late one evening I called. I was ushered into a parlor and was soon talking to a man and woman who professed to introduce congenial spirits. He was a small, nervous man, with light brown hair and blue eyes. His wife was a black-eyed, black-haired, pleasant-looking little woman, with persuasive conversational abilities that her husband fully recognized. I told them I had heard of the agency and was anxious to partake of the bliss of making fires and sewing on buttons. I wanted to try through them to give some lonely man a chance to find his ideal. Knowing absolutely nothing of the running of the concern, I made inquiries very carefully.

"You find plenty of people anxious to marry, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. We have between five and seven thousand names on our books of matrimonial candidates."

"Not all in New York?"

"The majority live here, although our list covers the greater part of the United States. Who are the people? Well, we have one minister, several doctors and medical students, and all classes of business men down to the laborer. We have not the same variety among the women. They are mostly those who need a home or who are many days past a desirable marrying age. I should think that you would have plenty of proposals and would not need our assistance," he concluded, flatteringly.

"One tires of meeting friends always in the way indorsed by society," I answered, "and it seems possible that, by stepping aside from the ordinary way, I might meet some congenial one that I could never have known otherwise."

He rubbed his hands, smiled and showed me the mammoth album containing photographs of gentlemen. (I was not permitted to see the women.) Such a collection! The Rogues' Gallery is hardly more varied or interesting. By the side of a clerical-looking man, with quiet, hypocritical face, came an ancient Santa Claus, who looked as if, after all his years, he ought to know better. It was all very interesting, and I was longing to take the album away as a souvenir. It may be that these photographs were not all of would-be Benedicts, for I noticed over the mantel a large card announcing that orders would be taken there for photographs.

The woman wanted me to fill out a descriptive blank. I was at that moment in a very tight place. I dared not give my own address lest they find out that I belonged to a newspaper, and I had no other. I said I was living with an aunt and that she was so conventional that if she ever heard of me doing such a thing she would do all sorts of harm to me. But I wanted a copy of the descriptive blank and had to invent something to get permission to take the blank home. Through a great many imaginary stories I got one and filled it out the next day. Here it was I filled it up:

THE CATALOGUE OF VIRTUES.

Lady's Description Blank No. 17,244.

Registered in Book ——, page ——.

When you have filled out this description blank plainly write your full address on a separate piece of paper, pin both together and return to us.

Your name will be given in confidence and no person whatever can obtain it from us. All others will know and address you in our care by a number only.

For $10 we are entitled to our services until you become engaged (or for 6 three months) in assisting you to make acquaintances from the descriptive blanks and from the advertisements that may appear, also to the forwarding of postpaid letters and the insertion of a forty-word advertisement during the time for which you engage our services.

1. What is your age? Eighteen.
2. What is your weight? Varies; 120 pounds in small skin escapade.
3. What is your height? Five feet five inches, including Brazilian heels.
4. What is your complexion? Brunette.
5. What is your nationality? American.
6. What is your occupation? Killing time.
7. What is your religion? Very liberal.
8. What is your amount of real and personal property? (In ——.)
9. What is your yearly income? $2,000.
10. What amount do you expect to inherit? $200,000 on the death of my grand-parents.
11. Have you good health? Perfect.
12. Were you ever married? Left a widow two months after my marriage.
13. If so, how many children have you? None.
14. At what age and sex of children? ——
15. What are your views and habits in regard to the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks? Liberal, if not used to excess.
16. Are you accomplished in vocal or instrumental music? Yes, in both.
17. In what State or Territory do you reside? New York, at present; cosmopolitan.
18. Will you answer in some way all courteous letters we may forward to you from our patrons whom we believe to be honest? Will, pleasure.
19. Between what ages must your correspondents be? Twenty-three and eighty years.
20. Do you object to one who has been married? No.
21. Do you object if your correspondent has one child? No.
22. Do you object if your correspondent has more than one child? No.
23. State what religion you prefer. Have no preference.
24. State what nationality you prefer. Have no preference.

Your photograph is a very valuable addition to the description, and will be held by us subject to such instructions as you send with it, and promptly returned when our patrons almost always prefer those of whom a photograph is sent. If you give good references it enables us to introduce persons promptly and often to a better class of our patrons over our own signature, or in a manner to give them an intimation of your tastes with us.

Any further description you may desire to give of yourself or correspondent must be written concisely and plainly, without your name or address, upon one side only of a sheet of paper containing no other matter. Names of references should be written on still another sheet of paper.

THE PRICE OF A HUSBAND.

After I had filled out the blank and paid my $5 fee I was requested to sign a check for the amount I would pay on the day I married. Then came the hitch. They wanted my address so as to insure them the money and I could not give it. I pleaded my aunt's displeasure, my disinheritance by my grandparents and at last said I would rather not come than have to give it. They had the $5, so they suggested that I try the agency for ten days, and if, at the end of that time, I did not have enough confidence in them to give my address, we would arrange some other way. I was glad to get off so easily, so I signed the check with my assumed name. Here is the check:

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1887.

When I marry, or promise to marry a man whose acquaintance I have formed through the influence of, or to whom I have been in any manner introduced by ....., either through the columns of ....., or otherwise, I promise to pay ....., or order on demand, for value received, in above services rendered, the full sum of $100.

Signed, MRS. JEAN HASTING THOMPSON.

"How do you get so many people?" I asked, for almost every time I went there I found the three-story house filled and the several clerks always kept busy.

"We advertise for many different things, and when we get the replies we send them our matrimonial paper. Then we have parties who send us names and addresses."

AN ANSWER TO PERSONALS.

About the same time a young friend who has more recklessness than discretion answered a "personal," and received the following reply from the agent I was patronizing:

The advertisement which you answered by addressing Burnette, Box 20 *Journal*, uptown, we inserted for one of our patrons with whom we are personally acquainted. As you gave no intelligent description of yourself, it is impossible for us to tell whether our client would be suited with your description or not.

If you will call we will give you a full description of him. If you cannot do this and will fill out and return to us inclosed description blank we can then give you more definite information, and if agreeable a personal introduction at our rooms. Respectfully,

H. B. WELLMAN (BARNARD).

This letter, if presented within two weeks from date, will entitle you to an introduction to the gentleman described. If you accept this invitation appoint your own time in the evening or Sunday.

I hired bought a box at a downtown office where I could receive my letters. Shortly afterwards I got a little yellow envelope and in it was this strange missive:

A. No. 1,986.

MISS GYPSY HASTINGS: You are invited to be present at our rooms promptly at 8 o'clock P. M., Friday, Nov. 25, 1887. Hoping at that time to make you acquainted with an agreeable gentleman, we remain, respectfully,

H. B. WELLMAN.

NOTE.—If you desire to be introduced by any other name than the one written above, plainly write it here.....

Detach the portion above marked A to the one who has admitted you, and you will be notified when the person arrives who is to meet you.

Should the interview occur later than one hour after the time appointed, an additional charge will be made.

B. No. 1,986.

It is optional with our patrons to accept or decline these invitations; but if accepted and an unforeseen emergency should prevent your coming, you will notify us at once by telegraph or messenger. The failure to notify us in this manner subjects you to a fine of 50 cents, which must be paid before you can receive another introduction.

.....1887.

MR. H. B. WELLMAN: I will on the terms above stated accept your invitation to be present at your reception rooms at 8 o'clock P. M., on Friday, Nov. 25, 1887.

GYPSY HASTINGS.

THE TALKING CANDIDATE.

It was raining that evening when I started out to meet my prospective husband. Husband-hunting did not appear a very congenial pursuit, as I waded through the mud to a Broadway car that stopped half a block above where I signalled it. Once at the house the agent took me into a small room and lectured me on the virtues of the man.

"He is not a dude, but he is a good man and would make a first-class husband. He is President of two mining companies and is very rich and aristocratic, so you'll have to be nice. Come now."

With eager expectancy I followed on tip-toe, and French-heels, to meet the paragon of perfection. I stopped at the door, took a long breath and put to death an amused chuckle, as the agent rapped gently with his knuckles. There was no response, so he rapped again with more force and I followed. He mumbled something meant for an introduction, and a great, long figure arose from the sofa at the end of the room. The door closed and I was left alone with him.

He was easily six feet two, loosely built. His clothes, while comfortable, would never make him a rival of the great Berry Wall. He had brown hair, some whiskers and mustache. His movements, except of the tongue, were slow and heavy. He was fully forty-five years old.

"I did not hear your name," I said, after a long pause.

"I was introduced as Mr. Hoage, but my name is Calvin A. Poage. I am President of two mining companies. My office is 61 Broadway, and I live at the Hotel Barrett."

AN INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Poage then handed me two certificates in proof of what he had said. They read that they were to "certify that H. C. Gilbert had bought ..... shares in the ..... Mining Company," and were signed H. C. Gilbert, Secretary, and C. A. Poage, President. "I was born in Virginia," he continued, "and my father was a horse-trader. When I was one year old he removed to Missouri. He was a very smart man, and master of thirty different musical instruments. I am master of very nearly as many. I was a prodigy when a child. People use to come from miles around just to see me. When I was eight years old I could speak and write Latin, and when I was ten I wrote Greek. At eighteen I graduated from Princeton. Yes, I was always wonderfully smart," with a self-satisfied air. "I have gotten all the glory I want in this life, and now I am working for money. I am an eloquent orator, and was owner and editor of a paper called the *Occident*, in San Francisco, for years. I am well known as a writer, and people urge me to sell them letters."

"How lovely to be a writer," I breathed rapturously, and I kicked the table to remind me that a story depended on my self-control. "What do you write for, these horrid daily papers or the dear, delightful magazines?"

"I write for the *Century* and a number of others. I'm very famous as a writer, as well as a lecturer, and if I wanted to devote myself to literature I could make lots of money," with pride.

"Oh, really! How lovely!" I exclaimed, with an accent of wonderment, and not wholly assumed.

"How silly I am! I always thought writers got very little money."

"Oh, no," pompously; "there is John Howard, Jr.—he is now senior—he got $25,000 a year from one paper."

It was again necessary for me to exercise my self-control. The assumed knowledge of one he did not know even by his correct name was too much.

"Henry George and I are bosom friends. When he was unknown, out in California, his paper and mine got up the great land scheme. I helped him organize the Anti-Poverty Society, and my name is No. 18 on it. I am a born in society and that's why I left it for this. The young ladies all make such a favorite of me that it bores me."

HIS FAMOUS FRIENDS.

"Do you know Talmage?" Well, he and I are like brothers. When he came to San Francisco his first visit was a complete failure. I took him up and my paper made his success. I am the distinguished literary man he speaks of in his lecture as going with him through Chinatown. I went over to his church one Sunday after I came East. I did not intend to trouble him when the sermon was over, but as I started out he called to me: 'Come here, California,' and began climbing over the pews and everything to me."

The minutes dragged into hours and yet he talked. I quit listening to him at last and began to think of other things. When my thoughts returned to earth he was still talking. I was weary and faint from the siege, so I suggested, with quivering lips and a trembling voice, that it was time for me to go home.

"Can't I see you again?" he asked.

"Not so long as oatmeal is cheap and Rough on Suicides only 15 cents a box," I began to mentally swear. Then aloud, "Well, I couldn't see you here again, and Anna is so queer." That queer aunt! "What church does your aunt attend?"

"Methodist," I replied, carelessly.

"Well, you tell me her minister and I will get him to introduce me. I know she will be glad to meet you. Everbody is ....."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, realizing that I was in deep water. I must do something to save myself. "You dont know my aunt's minister. He believes in mission work, and prayers, and sewing and asking blessings over chicken dinners. Indeed he's dreadful," and I gave a little shudder at my narrow escape and the eloquent picture.

He then said that he often met women on the cars, in art galleries, at church fairs and in music stores. Ridiculous! all knowledge of how to flirt, and added that even if I did my aunt would never recognize such a man. He left me on the corner without lifting his hat, and so ended my first introduction to a would-be husband. I got on a car, rode several blocks, got off, and made a complete circuit in this way, so that if any one were following me I should know it.

HARD TO SUIT.

On the plea of wanting to make a selection, I got the description book one day and read of its applicants. Most of them were decidedly original in spelling and grammar. Most of those belonging to New York were commonplace and monotonous, while those from the West possessed at least an amusing sparkle. One man wrote opposite to the questions as to having children or if he required to be a widow myself, "Yes" and "Kaw." Another, "Now. Very few objected to a widow or to one child, but almost every one objected to more than one child. Several said that if the child was a boy they would not object. One man wrote that he wanted a wife who had money enough to start a drug store. Another wrote: "I am an athlete, a dead shot, am handsome and have a magnificent figure. The girl must be my equal in this." Evidently one man had a bitter taste in religious matters, for he wrote: "My wife must have a neat, trim figure and lots of vim. She must not expect to turn the house into a Y. M. C. A. hall or a 'Clergyman's Rest.'"

HE WAS ALL FOR LOVE.

The next candidate was a slim little man with black hair and mustache. He looked like an undertaker in costume. He wore a double-breasted black coat, highly polished shoes, a silk hat, light overcoat and carried a large-headed cane. The agent first told me that he did not know much about this man and that I would have to watch out for myself. I told him I felt quite capable of doing that. Mr. Holmes, Miss Hastings, and I was left with him. He sat at the opposite side of the room and appeared quite bashful and nervous.

"Do you think you would always love your husband, Miss Hastings?" he asked bashfully.

I had some doubts on the subject, but I answered confidently in the affirmative. He smiled a bashful smile and gave his chair a hitch.

"Would you marry for love, Miss Hastings, regardless of what the man was?" he queried plaintively.

Again I replied heartily in the affirmative, and he smiled and gave his chair another hitch.

"Do you admire dark men, Miss Hastings?" I looked at his brunette complexion, and, with a soul-stirring sidelong glance, I breathed the affirmative. Again he smiled and gave his chair a hitch.

GOOD AT QUESTIONS.

He was quite an adept at asking questions, and at each favorable reply his chair was slightly moved until I began to see that it was gradually making its way across the room to where I sat. To break the monotony I asked him of those he had met before me.

"I have not much taken with them," he said. "The last one I saw was about forty-five years old, and she was dreadful. She talked all the time about dudes, and I felt offended." I laughed quite loud. He thought I wondered if he thought himself a dude. He told me then how much I pleased him, and asked me to meet him again. He got the matrimonial paper and showed me this advertisement of himself:

1886. A gentleman of thirty, with $60,000, a fine position, a good character, good health, temperate habits, wishes the acquaintance of ladies under twenty-eight, highly educated and of unblemished character and social rank. Money no object.

Chairs enough had come to him, so we exchanged addresses. His was B. W. Holmes, P. O. Box 3,441, city. Before the hour was over his chair, quite strangely, had crossed the room by itself and was close to mine. This made me think of home, so I said "aunt" did not allow me out late and I must go.

In a few days I received quite a thrilling letter from him. It has not yet been answered.

HER THIRD CANDIDATE.

My next candidate was quite devoid of sentiment. When I arrived at the house the clerk told me all the reception rooms were full and so she put me into a little side closet, where there was one table, a chair and an oil lamp. I peeped through the door and saw a young woman, apparently a servant, taken into another room. This was the only time I ever saw any one, although the house was always filled. At last the agent called me and I was brought face to face with a tall, fair-complexioned, sharp-featured man. He was not badly dressed and his manners were short and decided.

"I haven't the least idea of marrying," he said almost instantly, as if he feared I would fall into his arms. "I only come here for the fun of the thing. What do you come for?"

Instantly I thought maybe he was one of the detectives set to find out my purpose, so I determined to talk him. Nothing could induce me to speak ill of the place.

"Of course, people cannot meet for good purposes here. Any one can have friends enough without coming here for more."

I talked softly of fate guiding our footsteps and leading us to our alter ego, and made my eyes look a sentiment my heart was far from feeling.

"Well, my name is J. E. Cassett. I live at No. 152 Lexington avenue and have an insurance agency at No. 155 Broadway.—I was born in Cincinnati, O. My people are the first in the place and they just run the town. When I came here I did not know any one, so I thought I would try this place. I think it is a money-making scheme."

"Have you met many here?"

"No, I did the most of it through corresponding, but the letters all slopped over with one idea, and that was marriage. Every one was crazy to marry. I was not, so I quit it."

"Did you meet any of your correspondents?"

"Yes, I met one. She lived in Philadelphia, in a nice three-story brown front. I sent my card up to her, and when she came down she said I must let her folks think that I met her at Asbury Park last summer. She wanted to be married by a minister. I think the most of the people who come here are matured and long past the day of sentiment. It is the matter of money or a home with them."

HE USED TO BE ONE OF THE BOYS.

My next candidate for matrimony was a little fellow with black mustache and eyes and head of gray hair, of which he was quite proud. This time I was in a little hall room with a sofa, a chair, a stand and a badly smelling oil lamp. The little fellow put his light cape overcoat across the chair and sat down on the sofa. He talked a great deal about himself. He said he was quite a noted singer and socially was in the best circles. He longed to find a wife.

"Lately I think of nothing but marriage," he said. "I used to be one of the boys, but now I want to settle down. I want a wife who will be satisfied to love me and me alone."

"As if your wife would ever wish to love another!" I sighed.

"I did not like any of the ladies I met here before," he continued, severely, "but I thought I'd meet you again. My assumed name is Carl W. Vincent, and I receive all my letters care of Ditson & Co., 867 Broadway. If you would only let me know what evening I could meet you I would be so happy."

I told Carl he had better meet more women at the agency before he decided on one. I encouraged him in his laudable search for a wife, but I refused my personal aid. One similarity in all the candidates' stories interested me. With one exception they belonged to the best of families, moved in the highest society and were the favorites of their circles.

HE WANTED A HOUSEKEEPER.

One of the funniest candidates was a man who evidently thought to get a housekeeper for nothing by marrying her. His first questions were: Can you cook and sweep well; have you a good temper; can you make beds nicely; are you a good washer and ironer; will you make the fires and carry the coal, and do your work in perfect? Answered in the affirmative, he said: "If you can give me proof of all this I will marry you."

One of the most sensible men I met there was a young Englishman. Barring his lisp, he was nice. "I am a wine merchant, have my home and who is of a cheerful disposition. I do not care if she has money or not. I would not marry a woman for money. I want to see a young lady and she asked me whether I would get up and make the fires. "What's the use of my getting up to make fires?" I replied. So she said she would never marry a man who would not promise to do that. I don't care whether a woman can work or not, but I must have a sensible, amiable, neat, happy wife. I do not know if any amongst my acquaintances that will answer my ideal, so I sought this agent's aid to help me find one."

AN OLD WIDOWER.

Among the other candidates was a Mr. Williams, who was a dry goods store in Harlem. He has been a widower for thirteen years and has a daughter fifteen years old. He was rather timid.

"You are so good-natured and happy," he said, looking admiringly at me, while I laughed at some of his remarks. "I wouldn't be afraid of you. It would not take me long to ask you to marry me. I suppose you think I am old enough to be your grandfather?"

"No, oh no," I replied with a smile. I did not want to discourage him.

"You have such a way about you. I would not be timid if I knew you long."

I laughed at the doubtful compliment and he flushed with pleasure.

"I have a nice home and a greenhouse, and to-day I bought a $200 hot soda fountain. Do you like soda? Wouldn't you like to be a druggist or a druggist's wife?"

I thought he was getting along too rapidly for his own good, so I changed the conversation.

"Do you think of some of the women you have met here?" I said.

"With one exception they were perfectly horrible."

"How horrible?"

"Every way; dress, appearance, manners and so anxious to marry. I never saw one a second time."

"You must be hard to please," I suggested with a little pout.

"Oh, no. Really now, don't think that. If I had only met some one like you"——

But I told him my aunt would miss me and left him, and that ended my experience in a matrimonial agency. I am still in search of a husband and Mr. Wellman has my $5.

NELLIE ELY.

## BOSTON VS. BRITAIN.

Fair play's a jewel, John—
Jewels, though, are rare!
In that twenty-four-foot ring
Keep your eye on everything,
They may lay a snare.
Don't allow but five or six
Chairs to be moved in a fix
Ask Bill Cody, John,
Just to bring a few;
Have Buck Taylor call.
With a friend or two.
Who knows but Brother Blaine
Extra votes may obtain,
Should he second you?
Jay Gould should be there,
He is small, but "game;"
But "Our Mary" can't—
Really, it's a shame,
Albert Edward will, of course,
View this giants' *tour de force*,
Though mamma may blame.
Where you'll send him, John,
Is best known to you;
Don't quite end him, John,
That will never do.
With your famed cyclonic blows
Gently fan him to repose,
For a day or two!
When that news so sweet,
Flashes over the wires,
Then shall Beacon street
Glow with beacon fires.
Then all Boston shall be seen
Glutted with the maddening bean,
Twanging golden lyres!

EDWARD E. KIDDER.

## MRS. CLEVELAND'S COMPLEXION.

**How the Patent-Medicine Advertisers Persecute the President's Wife—How Her Photographs Were Stolen, and the Criticisms in Regard to Their Use—The Decollete Dress Question—What Noted Ladies Say on the Subject—Opinions of Mesdames Whitney, Ingalls and Others.**

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—The National Woman's Temperance Convention, which met at Nashville the other day, adopted resolutions protesting against the immoral exhibition of the faces and forms of women as trade-marks and advertisements. It also sent out an appeal earnestly recommending young women to refrain from wearing the décolleté style of dress as immodest, and fraught with dangerous and immoral influences. A telegram was sent to Mrs. President Cleveland regarding the resolutions, and a copy of these resolutions will probably be forwarded to her.

This action calls attention to a very annoying persecution of Mrs. Cleveland by the patent-medicine men, pill-peddlers, soap-makers and other unscrupulous advertisers of the country, who send out circulars apparently sanctioned by her, and which are brought to her notice every courtesy with which the wife of the President should be treated. Many people over the country suppose that these circulars are sent out with Mrs. Cleveland's sanction, but indeed she is powerless to prevent it. Copies of these advertisements are received daily at the White House, with indignant letters from the senders protesting against them. Preachers write to her complaining of the object to them, and some Christian communities are quite excited over the matter. A copy of one of the most atrocious of these circulars was received by Col. Lamont the afternoon. It charges Mrs. Cleveland with a constant suffering from "pills," said large enough "dose from beginning to end, and is only a sample of its kind. Such things are exceedingly annoying to Mrs. Cleveland, and it is unnecessary to say that she has nothing to do with advertisements of any kind. She feels the responsibility of her position as the President's wife, but she believes at the same time she should be allowed some of the rights of private womanhood."

The advertisement referred to covers the whole of one of the pages of the periodical in which it is printed. It is signed in the bold letters, "Mrs. President's Trip," and below this, in two other bold lines, are the words "Mrs. Cleveland's Remarkable and Beautiful Complexion—How Such Lovely Complexions are Obtained Explained."

Below these are a number of paragraphs about the President and his trip, and, following them, these lines:

"Many have been the remarks during the trip of the invalid lady of the Chief Executive's country. In fact, some of her warm personal friends have even gone so far as to insinuate that some forces other than those supplied by nature were brought into use by the lady of the White House. But of course all this was only conjecture and plan. The secret, though, of Mrs. Cleveland's beautiful complexion was at last given to the wife of a General minister during the late war while the Presidential party was in St. Louis. It was simply the use of a few bottles of a purely vegetable quantities, that had produced this charming result."

The advertisement then goes on to state that, on inquiry, it was found that the only preparation of arsenic that can be safely taken is in a certain form, and that it is obtainable at a druggist's in New York, whose name is signed to the advertisement. The whole pretends to be an extract from a letter to the editor of a newspaper, "in one of the most libellous lies that have ever been published."

But, what can Mrs. Cleveland do?

She cannot enter suit and put herself on the witness stand. She evidently feels that the noticing of such slanders would be beneath her official dignity, and she cannot help it. It is a helpless situation. She cannot reply to such attacks in the newspapers, and she makes it a principle not to submit to interviewing, and to keep herself as high as she can, the dignity of woman and of the privacy which should be her right as a private lady in her home, and the outrage to which she is subjected in this regard is deeply felt at the White House.

Considerable remark has been made as to the number of Mrs. Cleveland's photographs, which have been published in different forms throughout the country, and only those who are permitted to inspect the Presidential mail can appreciate the abuse which she receives. Advertisers send letters to her husband, addressed as intended for her picture, and the substance of such letters is almost beyond conception. One such letter, which was received to-day, but before me. It is a lusciousness exceptional, and it inclosed a most execrable lithograph of Mrs. Cleveland. It reads as follows:

"*Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C.*:

"I intend to use a portrait of yourself during the coming year, and I would like to be the best that I can obtain. If it is a good one will you please turn it to address below? If not, destroy the same and oblige, respectfully, &c.,

"(Signed) ....., Chicago."

It is needless to say that the picture was not returned, and it is probably, in a manner, a rather sharp note will be sent to the writer by Col. Lamont.

Col. Lamont tells me that Mrs. Cleveland has had but few photographs taken since she has been in the White House. The greatest number of the genuine ones in existence were taken before she married President Cleveland, and the Washington photographers who have been given sittings, and who abuse their privileges by taking half a dozen pictures when they were presumably for only one, They should ask Mrs. Cleveland to move her head this way and that, and then get an number more negatives than she intended to give them.

As to the décolleté dress resolution of the convention, a report has been circulated throughout the country that Mrs. President Cleveland intends to establish the fashion of high-necked dresses in Washington this winter. There is nothing in this report, and Mrs. Cleveland, while she will use her own judgment as to her own dresses, has never yet had a thought of attempting to dictate the dresses of others. She wears her dresses just a little out at the neck, and she has a most beautiful neck and arms, and she is right, so far as I can learn, not expressed any decided opinion on the low-necked dress question. I understand that Mrs. Whitney, that this matter should be left to the individual taste of each person.

Mrs. Whitney thinks there is nothing immodest about the exposure of the arms and neck, and she says, very truly, that it has been the custom from immemorial to wear dresses of this kind, and that it is the custom in the circles of every Court in Christendom. She does not think such a costume an unhealthy one, and says she has never experienced any evil results from it.

Another Cabinet lady believes that décolleté dresses will be worn to the extent of fashion, and says that the Queen of England makes them imperative at her receptions. She thinks that they aid in the preservation of health rather than endanger it, and says that exposure between the ladies and they are less liable to take cold. Washington receptions are grow extremely warm when filled with people, and I have seen a dozen heads of perspiration on the necks and shoulders of some of the pretty girls at the White House receptions. I agree with this Cabinet lady that there is no reason why persons with pretty necks should not show them, and she is perhaps right in saying that the danger of taking cold related to the lack of proper wraps in going to and from the receptions. Mrs. Senator Ingalls, though she is perfectly willing to allow each lady to dress as she pleases, is a rabid opponent of the lean-armed and scrawny-necked affect the décolleté style wears. She says there is no rule in Washington society which prescribes low-necked dresses and cites as an instance the fact that Lady Thornton, the wife of the English Minister who preceded Sir Lionel Sackville West, always wore a high-necked dress.

Speaking of the dressing of Lady Thornton reminds me of an inaugural ball during Thornton's Ministry here. Lady Thornton's daughters wore their dresses as extravagantly low as their mother did here extravagantly high. They were affected, however, by their English training, and though they were not afraid to show their arms and shoulders, they would have been horrified at the thought of going about Washington without a duenna. At this ball a chaperone accompanied them, and a noted General, on being told that they were the Misses Thornton and their chaperone, remarked that he could not see why ladies dressed like that needed a chaperone.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ESTABLISHED 50 YEA
19TH ST
WE HAVE NO BRANC
HOLIDA
GOODS
TOYS, GAMES,
VELOCIPEDES, ROCKING HORSE
LEAD AKIN HORSES, DONKE
HORSES AND WAGONS, TRUC
ARKS, QUOITS, ES, WARE
EXPRESS WAGONS
DRUMS, AND NIE
GAMES OF ALL KIN
PARCHESI, ECRETO, ECARTE
AUTHORS, BASEBALL, C
RAP, ETC., ETC.
BACKGAMMON, CHESS, CHECKE
ALLEYS, PEPINS, RAGAPIL
RAILROAD TRAINS, BOATS
FANCY COO
FOR THE HOLI
ALBUMS IN PLUSH, LEAT
COLLAR BOXES, GLOVE AND H
BOXES, WORK-BOXES, JEW
SHAVING GLASSES, SATCH
CELLULOID TOILET S
PLUSH AND LEATHER STATIONE
PERFUMERY
IN CASES OF PLUSH, SATIN, L
INK-STANDS, PAPER KI
DESKS, WRITING TABLETS AN
IN FINE OLIVE WOO
FANCY FURNI
TABLES, CHAIRS, CABINET
PEDESTALS, SMOKERS
DESKS, BOOK-CASES,
SPECIALLY MADE AND DE
THE HOLIDAYS
SPECIAL
LADIES' SKI
GOWNS, CHEMISES, &c., OF
NEATLY TRIMMED, WORTH
INFANTS' WORSTED SAC
HEAVY WHITE WORSTED, C
DEBS, 35c.
DRESS COO
TYCOON REPPS, 12c
WOOL CHECKS AND STRIPES
36-INCH WOOL CHECKS, WORTH
PLUSH SACQ
ENGLISH SEAL PLUSH, 19x22
BEST QUALITY SILK
LINING, $16.
ENGLISH SEAL PLUSH WRAPS,
LINED AND TRIMMED, SPEC
WINTER JACK
BLACK STOCKINET, PERFECT
ENGLISH CHEVIOT, WITH
WITH OVERLAID SEAMS
TAILOR-MADE CLOT
ALL-WOOL, PLAIN OR CHECK MA
Misses' and Children's
HEAVY CLOTH, CHECKED WITH
MAKE NO MISTAKE
WE HAVE NO BRANCH
WE ARE THE
ORIGINAL AND ON
POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE
OWEN JONES'
19th St., cor. 8th
Furniture, Carp
EVERYTH
153 to 165 Cha
CASH OR CRED
COWP
Arnold
Constable &
CHRISTMAS PRE
Robes de Chambre,
Smoking and Lounging Jackets
Silk Mufflers and Handk
Blanket Robes and Cardigans,
Scarfs, Crav
Broadway &
UNION FOLDING
130, 132 AND 134 WEST 16TH