

aided exertions. A full discussion of this question is invited by the newspapers. If both sides are heard from there will surely be much dissent from the projected amendment of the section reducing the number of councilmen.

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 29.

Dear Courier and People: I hear that a man named Thompson wants to go to the senate from Nebraska, and the thought of the possible success of his aspiration brings scalding tears to my eyes.

There was a time when only honest men represented their districts in the government of these United States. There was a time when men were chosen to serve the people only after they had proven their integrity. In those joyful days it was demanded that a man should first show righteousness in life as a private citizen before he could seek for honors in public office. Now I read that this man Thompson has been promised the highest honor the representatives of the people can give, and I feel that if there is any truth in the report the people of Lincoln have been disgraced.

What, I wonder, can be the good of Lincoln's vaunted morality if the people are to gratify blindly the cupidity of the greatest charlatan in the state. Of what account is the watchword of decency, that has been for years the safe-guard of the city, if this man Thompson's avaricious nature is to be pampered?

Who was the only man except the pawnbrokers and the chattel mortgage sharks who prospered in the years of Lincoln's adversity?

Who was the man who saved Mayor Graham from nominal impeachment?

Who was the man, who, holding the city water company in his clutches, caused men to be employed with a view to making the service unsatisfactory that he might be gainer thereby?

This man Thompson has been running a bluff on Lincoln until Lincoln is almost irrevocably in the toils. You saw the city press attack the water commissioner and the mayor last spring. Don't you know that the man behind the scenes who pulled the string that wiggled the legs of the water commissioner and the mayor was this man Thompson? And don't you know that the city press was actually afraid to pitch into him?

Don't you think it about time for Lincoln to call his bluff?

L. H. ROBBINS.

TEMPTED.

He came low browed and
sullen from his place
No mark of high resolve upon his face;
He flung his yellow gold upon the floor
And cried, with menace in his blatant roar,
"Give me the honor—
I would rule the state!"
And dumb in fear the tempted senate sat.

If gold were God, then
such a thing were right,
But mark you—gold will
sometimes curse and blight;
If this strong senate prostitute itself
For this man's sweaty, evil smelling pelf,
Its cursed infamy will swelling rise,
A monument of ruin to the skies.

Beware! be warned before it is too late!
Nor sell the priceless honor of the state,
Nor like a fell assassin in the night
Strike death to that which
gave you power and might!
Rise up and spurn this bribe
red hot from hell!
Be men—not slaves that
greed can buy or sell
—William Reed Dunroy.

Maud—You write to each other every day! Why, what can you find to write about?

Marie—Oh, I just answer the things he says in his letters.

Maud—But what can he find to write about?

Marie—He just answers the things I say in mine.

LADY MODISH AT THE HORSE SHOW.

I don't know when I have enjoyed an afternoon at the Horse Show as much as I did that of yesterday. All the people one knows was there, and all the people one does not know stayed away; at least, a great majority of them.

Of course, society, even with its fringe cannot fill a big place like the Garden, so the absence of the rank and file left plenty of room for one to move about in comfortably, and without becoming part of a seething mob of people that one is not keen about touching elbows with.

The Horse Show was originally made, so to speak, by the Few—the Select Few. It was afterwards unmade from a social standpoint, by the Many—the Mutable Many. It took place on Monday as though the Select Few had come to the conclusion it was time for them to assume control again.

Of course, this is only the first twenty four hours point of view, and by the end of the week the Mutable Many may be out in force, and the Clothes Walk will have as many freaks as ever, crawling round and round. In the mean time we had one day to ourselves, and it was charming.

How cross the Mutable Many will be when they discover what they missed, for there is nothing they love so much as the Select Few.

I have rarely seen so many of the smart set at a public place at one time before, and as a rule, they were exceedingly well turned out. The flashy, dashy atmosphere of other years was so little in evidence that one could easily ignore its existence.

Some one asked me whom I thought the smartest looking woman there, and I answered promptly: "Mrs. Prescott Lawrence." It is impossible for Kate Lawrence to look anything but patrician and her gowns are always perfect. I love them because they look like her, and seem really to belong to her; that worn-by-the-courtesy-of-my-dressmaker look that stamps the women who wear model gowns is conspicuous by its absence in the case of Kate Lawrence.

Mrs. Ollie Belmont—as an example of antithesis—wore a pretty colored cloth gown on Monday, and I counted a dozen or more like it during the afternoon and evening, and every woman's face wore an appealing, questioning, doubtful expression, that said plainly: "Do you think my gown is just like Mrs. Belmont's, and Mrs. —'s, and Mrs. —'s?"

The more I observe clothes and the women that wear them, the more I am convinced that what a woman wears is the surest key to the puzzle of a woman's nature.

Imagine Mrs. Lawrence at the Show, of an afternoon, in an almost white cloth gown, elaborately embroidered, and a white tulle hat with a big chou of pink velvet on her head!

Yet Mrs. Fred Benedict was so attired, and it quite suited her; indeed, she looked unusually well, and incidentally, her nature was faithfully reflected.

Mrs. Lawrence wore a snuff color—it might have been whipcord—made very plainly and severely with an irreproachable cut.

Her hat was a turban of pheasant's breasts, worn well over the face.

Mrs. Warren Whitney, Mrs. Louis Rutherford and Evelyn Burden came in together. Mrs. Warren wore a little, dinky cape of velvet and silk about her shoulders and looked anything but smart. She used to be such good style, too.

Evelyn Burden grows more like her mother every year, only she will never be so good looking. She had on a purplish blue cloth gown that I did not care

for especially. If Evelyn only knew how black gowns reduced the size of her nose she would never affect any other color.

Mrs. Arthur Kemp is another girl who will never be as chic as her mother; but then there is only one Mrs. Fred Neilson, and "Baby Belle" has plenty of charm of her own, so she can afford to be surpassed by a generous rival like her mother. On Monday, Mrs. Kemp wore a white cloth Eton jacket brocaded closely all over in black; a plain black cloth skirt; a round black hat encircled with black ostrich feathers about her throat. Mrs. Willie Jay and one or two others wore similar feather boas, but I cannot think them smart.

One of the best gowned women at the show, in my opinion, was Mrs. George Gould. She wore a cloth gown of blue—bluest blue, you know—made very simply. It had a little guimpe of white lace, was buttoned over on one side with crystal buttons, plain tight sleeves, plain tight skirt with a long row of buttons down the back. Her hat was very becoming; it was a toque of bluest velvet spotted closely with white silk dots; two stiff feathers of the same color were fastened towards the front with a brass ornament.

Mrs. Gould has grown very slight, and is as good looking as she was years ago when she made a reputation for beauty. The whole Gould family occupied seats. So did the Prescott Lawrences and any quantity of the nicest people. Indeed one saw as many if not more, people that one knew in the seats than in the boxes.

Mrs. Henry Sloane and Miss Blight were together in a box. Mrs. Sloane had on a claret colored velvet gown and a velvet toque. It seems to me that Mrs. Sloane invariably wears a velvet gown and velvet toque. Mrs. Blight is evidently out of mourning for her mother, who died a year ago. Both she and her sister, Mrs. William Page Thompson, were gowned in black velvet and looked very smart—only I never look at them that I do not wonder how they live with those tiny waists. And their best friends swear they do not lace.

Miss Fair looked very well. Her gown was black cloth with a short jacket, and her hat was a bright red turban.

The short coat was universally worn by the best dressed women, and it looks as though my prediction about the long or three-quarters coat would be fulfilled, except perhaps a limited few.

Mrs. Duncan Elliott was at the show both afternoon and evening. I did not care for the gown she wore in the evening—it was a black and white striped affair, very fussy and dowdy—but the brown gown of cloth with white embroidered revers that she wore in the afternoon suits her particularly well, and I thought I had never seen her look better. She, too, has grown thin, and her figure has gone back to its girlish slightness.

In the evening I dined with a lot of people and so was late getting to the show. Nobody smart walks about in the evening, so we went directly to our box and I saw comparatively few women that I knew. (Of course men do not count in a fashion letter.) The Clothes Walk was much more crowded than in the evening and the proportion of freaks had increased a trifle, but the Select Few were still in the ascendant.

It is too droll and also a bit pathetic to see the dressmakers and milliners one deals with standing about, gaping at the women and making mental notes. I really think they take the Horse Show more seriously than anybody else, and it amounts to so little when all is said and done.

Mrs. Harry Whitney was very elaborately gowned in blue velvet covered with embroidery.

Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Herman

Oelrichs were wearing chinchilla toques with bunches of violets and gardenias on the side, made exactly alike. Miss Shaw, who is engaged to young George Myers, wore a similar one, and I saw half a dozen women hatted in the same manner. As for sable hats, they were on every side.

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes had one of the few good spangled gowns that I saw, and with it she wore an all black hat. Mrs. Stokes affects black and it suits her admirably, but I cannot admire the angle at which she wears her hat tipped over her nose.

One of the smartest looking women that passed the box was Mrs. Grenville Kane.

She certainly improves with age. I have never seen her look better. Her gown was very good—black and white—and with her fresh skin and glorious hair, it is hard to realize there is a debutante, Miss Kane, on this Winter's social horizon.

Mrs. Cooper Hewitt wore a black cloth gown studded with steel—last season's model, but very good looking. Over it she wore a long putty colored coat—a loose baggy affair, that is very practical and very smart for evening wear. These coats have scored among the successes of the season. One woman told me she thought they were night-gowny in cut, and they are; but they are still smart.

Mrs. Lee Taiter wore a black spangled gown, too, but it was not as smart as Mrs. Stokes's. Spangles today must be beyond reproach in their execution or they are utterly impossible.

I noticed a lot of women with transparent sleeves and the rest of their gowns lined throughout. This is a fatal mistake and nothing gives worse lines. If one elects to wear one's sleeves a *jour* there must be a *jour* effect about the neck. This is absolutely important. The more of a guimpe effect one gets and makes a *jour* with the sleeves the better.

Mrs. Walter Maud, who looked charming otherwise, ruined her black toilette by this radical mistake. Apropos of spangled gowns, it will probably be news to many women that their vogue is of American creation, and they are another instance of Paris copying from New York.

A word about the younger set. Their bad gowning was quite unpardonable, and made one wonder whatever their parents or guardians were thinking about. Miss Sedley, who deserves her reputation for being a belle and a beauty, wore in the evening a gown spangled with silver and covered with an elaborate design of black lace. She walked about a good deal, and the bad taste of the gown rather than her good looks made her over conspicuous for a young girl.

Miss Adele Fitzgerald's gown was black net with a serpentine design done in silver spangles that would have been a little too much for Barnum's circus unless it was designed with the object of being seen in all three rings. In this case it would have fulfilled its destiny. And then there were—oh! a lot of others; but there is a printing press waiting for these words of wisdom, so I'll spare them, though neither they nor their relation deserve it. A gaudily dressed woman is a blot on the vision. A gaudily dressed girl is—beyond words.—Town Topics.

Attendant—Shall I put a ticket "Do Not Touch" on this picture?

Gallery Superintendent—What picture is it?

Attendant—Portrait of a millionaire.

Jollydog—Our American heiresses appear to have the same trouble as our candidates for office.

Pollywog—What's that?

Jollydog—They find it very hard to get a square count.