CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER.

Ye Pepys of Nieuw Yorke Writeth Hys Entaininge Memoirs.

IT has been a terrible week, and the men to-day are so exhausted that they are taking their ease at their clubs.

I am sure I have lost ten pounds.

I cannot begin to keep up with the procession of Teas and At Homes. I just do like the other men, and mail my cards to these, and let them go by the board.

The opera is getting to be something of a bore, and one sees how the evidences of decay in the number of poor relations who fill the boxes in place of the great swells.

As for social distinctions and family differences, I am utterly at sea, and I know I am saying to people the wrong thing all the time.

Mrs. Oliver Belmont's long coat of tan-colored cloth. This coat is tight fitting and absolutely plain, with no trimming of any kind. And sable hat, with velvet bow.

The opposing factions of the Vanderbilts met at the cotillion of these very exclusive millionaires on Thursday night and went through the different figures of the dance together as if nothing had happened.

After that, and the younger people's and Knickerbockers' affair at Delmonico's, on the other side of the way, and the great Vanderbilt crush on Friday night, where every one was duly impressed with the wealth of the leading family of New York, the social week has wound up with a whirl.

The cotillion of these young matrons was very dignified and very subdued. This is the fashion this year, especially since the little gossip which has been floating around.

It is all prunes and prisms, papa, potatoes and poultry.

Elisha Dyer walked through five figures of a cotillion with a languid and rather becoming dignity, as befits a father, or, I should say, stepfather, who has a daughter out in society, in the very charming person of Miss Swan.

Miss Swan has come out in Baltimore, but will not come out here this year, as in the case of Miss Stuyvesant Fish, the older people find New York just a little naughty, and intend to give it time to reform.

So Miss Swan has gone to Baltimore, where cake walks, and oyster roasts, and kissing under the mistletoe and other innocent pastimes abound.

The favors of this young matron's cotillion were very handsome, and the silver figure, where each tride was of genuine metal, and the china figure, where you got the most delightful Dutch bedroom candlesticks, and the silver and leather figure, where you got calendars, were all that the blase heart of a millionaire or millionairess could desire.

Of course, the Vanderbilts made a great display, and following the custom of the family, they, on Friday night, had everything from their own preserves. There were no alien florists or caterers in their baronial halls or kitchens.

The idea of serving supper in a picture gallery, with Messoniers and Detaillies fighting on the wall, and delicate Greuzes staring down at you from one corner, and portraits of Venderbilts from another, was a bit disconcerting and creepy.

But it was a splendid ball for all that. The entire upper, or second story, was thrown into one apartment, and the ballroom, with its red and gold, the corridor with its red and gold, the little salon with its gold and rose, and the great salon with its gold and gray, were all magnificent in their way. There was gold about everything, and with the diamonds of the women you felt as if you were in a veritable Golconda.

It was an absolute crush, and people wandered here and there, upstairs and downstairs, but not in my lady's chamber, as the upper part of the house was guarded from the guests.

As I looked at the beautiful Le Brun portrait of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, which hangs in the little salon, near where Mrs. Vanderbilt was receiving her guests, gorgeous in diamonds and brocade, and then had a peep from the heavy curtains into the street beneath, where a curious mob was hanging on trying to get a glimpse of the fine company as it filed into the house, I wondered if history might not sometimes repeat itself. I thought of that big hall downstairs, running right through the house, and visions of the old Tuileries and of the fearful scenes of a century ago came over me, and—and—well—I went back to the picture gallery and had another glass of fizz.

Here I met Harry Lehr, who is going into business for himself, and is allied in some way with Albert Stevens.

I went into the ballroom again and saw Worthington Whitehouse lead the cotillion in a perfectly proper manner, and was dazzled with the combined contents of the Vanderbilt jewel cases.

The favors were works of art, and I am glad to say that they were made here and not in Paris.

There were American beauties and American Beauty roses everywhere. Miss Fair, as the new aspirante for the honor of the Vanderbilt name, received most marked attention from the entire Vanderbilt family.

Of the ball which opens the week there is little to say. Mrs. Astor has been saving herself for this effort. Until Thursday she did not appear at any of the entertainments of the week, nor did she even go to the opera.

On Thursday, however, she received at the cotillon. She was looking better, and was gorgeous as usual in her brocade mauve gown, embroidered with silver, and decked out with all her diamonds.

Jack leaves, as you know, this week to join his wife at St. Moritz, and then to take a little cruise in the Nourmahal in southern waters.

The Astor dances are all alike. Mrs. Astor receives the guests in her drawing-room and alone. You pass from there into the other rooms, and eat your supper at Jack Astor's. You dance in the picture gallery.

I only hope that the house will be sufficiently warm, as I cannot forget the fearful cold I caught last Winter at the meeting of the Monday Club, at young Mrs. Astor's, and it was not so very warm at the reception given to Mrs. Haig.

The affair this time is a little smaller in compass, and many of the younger people are going to Sherry's, where there is the junior cotillon, and some are going to both, and others again are going to the opera as well.

One of the new hostesses of the Winter is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and she will give her first reception on Tuesday. It will be a very large affair, and she will use the Wilson and Astor lists, and will follow the example of the Gerrys and of Mrs. Astor, and have the older people, and many of those whose bank accounts are not up in the millions, but yet who are gentle folk.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is looked upon by many as a future leader. She cannot be an absolute leader, as society is too large. But she can easily take her place as one of the grandes dames, and she has the support of Mrs. Astor, who looks to her as her successor.

The Goelet house is admirable for entertaining, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is very clever, and has that lovely voice and charm of manner for which the Wilson girls are noted.

There will be a lack of Vanderbilts at this reception, but there will be everybody else.

I suppose that the lines now will be more rigidly drawn than ever. I hear a lot of nonsense about "the upper middle class" and "the middle class," and I was seriously told that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., made a mistake by having a reception, as nowadays such great ladies as Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others have repudiated this old fashion, and hold only drawing-rooms, where they receive subjects. I think I know where the social success will lie.

Other events of the week past were the monster musicale given by Mrs. George Crocker, who has two very sweet looking daughters, debutantes; Willie K. Vanderbilt's jamboree, of which much has already been said; the De Forest-Callender musicale, with an hour of Eames, beautiful as ever, but cold as ice, and lots of fizz in the supper room; and the Delafield ball, where you met a Jay or a De Peyster or a Livingston at every turn, and felt as if you were in the days of the old patroons.

And there were many pretty girls at the Delafields', and it showed that there is much life in old New York yet, and that the Knickerbockers are going to die hard.

I do not know whether to believe that there is any truth in the rumored engagement of Mr. Harry Bull and Miss Atherton Blight. Miss Blight

Miss Lena Morton's walking costume of dark red embroidered in black, with feather boa and hat of red velvet.

is a very pretty girl, and when she walks along the avenue in that straight sealskin coat and that long waist and superb figure you do not wonder at any man's going to Cuba, storming the block house, or even laying down his life for one smile.

Miss Blight is the great friend of Mrs. John Jacob Astor. She always goes with some one who she was seen walking down the avenue with Mrs. Willie Travers, who is very blond and of quite a different figure.

Cornelius Vanderbilt not only celebrated the coming of age of his son Alfred by the ball on is a contrast to her own style of beauty. Recently Friday, but he has put him up for membership at the Metropolitan Club, and Mr. Oliver Iselin has seconded him.

It is needless to say that Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt will be elected, and that the millionaires' club will be the best place for a young man of his position.

The Metropolitan is more or less a Vanderbilt and Pierpont Morgan institution. It is the treasure box for those who have over a certain limit in income.

Until recently it was a very dreary institution. But now it has developed a new life. Sherry, down the street, started "diners de luxe" and opera suppers. The guests were asked to come in evening dress, and the diners de luxe on Sunday were to be great social functions. Mrs. Ogden Mills never dines in a public place. So to get her was impossible. But it was stated that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish would grace the first evening.

On that memorable Sunday there were a few representatives of society scattered here and there, and Willie Vanderbilt and the Standford Whites and Mrs. Burke Roche appeared. But no Mrs. Fish.

It was only for one Sunday that this social color was given to the Sherry dinners. The Metropolitan Club saw its chance, and has instituted Sunday dress dinners. Here there is no chance of the vulgar crowd breathing the same air as millionaires, and the result is a great success. The dinners are crowded, and the club has an air of unwonted animation.

The junior cotillon will take place to-morrow evening at Sherry's. It was postponed for the Delafield ball, as both dates clashed. The members of the cotillon are from the same set, and everyone of them can "point with pride," as the old resolutions say, to their names inscribed in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book. This will be the only large affair of the week.

I hear that the Gerrys will be quite limited in numbers, as they are following a double fashion this year, a small dance, and the coming out of their boy, for whom it is given.

It seems very funny that a boy should have to "come out" like a young miss. But it is the fashion, and the Vanderbilts have set it. It is copied from the coming of age festivities in honor of the heirs of large English estates.

I do not know where they could whoop up the tenantry in this country, and I do not think that Chauncey could persuade the employes of the Vanderbilt railroads to stand bobbing and curtseying and sending off fireworks in honor of Alfred Vanderbilt.

Perhaps the Society for the Prevention, etc., might give a little send-off to Bob Gerry, who, I hear, is somewhat disconsolate since the departure of Miss Julia Grant for the East.

There seems to be an ill-tide in the love affairs of the Gerrys, and I hear no more of the reported engagement of Miss Mabel and young Harrison, and I fear that the heart of Mamma Harrison is very much dejected thereat, as it was one of her pet schemes.

The pooling of issues, so to speak, among the multi-millionaires will result in a course of dinner dances, the first of which will be given by Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting on Friday. Then will come the Sloanes, and the Mills, and the Starr Millers, and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, and Mrs. Bronson, who has the good fortune to be a sister of Mrs. Van Rensselaer and a multi-millionairess besides, and Mrs. Twombly and Mrs. Whitney Warren.

There will be the same people at all these dances, the same handsome favors and gewgaws and the same supper. Now and then during this period the multi-millionaires will break out in a cake walk. They have caught hold of that idea as the embodiment of fun, and they will stick to it for some years.

One of these affairs is so much like the other that there is no difference whatever, and you could describe them blindfolded.

Last year those not included resented the pool, just as this year they object to being called "middle class." But that will wear away, as the recent gossip has shown that all is not plain sailing, even within this sanctum sanctorum.

I am a little curious about the taking up of Mrs. Henry Sloane. I know that Mrs. Ogden Mills is a warm friend. But under the circumstances I do not think that it would be in the best of taste for Mrs. Sloane to appear in society just now. I would not be in the least surprised to see her booked on one of the out-going ships, to sail within a fortnight.

I see that Mrs. Harold Baring is being received with open arms abroad, and that she has captivated all hearts by her beauty and chic. Well, the American girl is in the ascendant just now, and, like the Stars and Stripes, she will always maintain her lofty position.

My relatives will not be downed by all this Vanderbilt splendor.

Here, on January 16, the Jays will give another good old-fashioned dance. Miss Edith Van Courtlandt Jay is a pretty girl, with so much blue blood and such a long line of ancestry that it takes quite a stout family tree to hold all the bending branches covered with names.

Like at the Delafields', and at the Boardman's smaller dance, one literally will meet all the streets in New York. There will be the Beekmans, the Bleeckers, the Rutherfurds, the Stuyvesants, the Van Courtlandts, the Jays, the Schermerhorns, the Morrises, the Livingstons, not to speak of the De Peysters and all the rest of the historic names, including the Schuylers, Courtlandts, Van Rensselaers, and Gouverneur Morrises, and the Sellerses, and the Clarkson and the Delafields.

The Robert Goelets have come somewhat out of their shell this year, and they are giving little dinners.

By the way, how deliciously this term sounds: "little dinners?"

Their young son had a coming out, but the big dance will not take place until next Winter.

In February the Goelets take to the sea in their yacht for a long trip. Mr. Goelet's health is greatly improved.

I hear that the son of Ogden Goelet is quite an American, and he repudiates all his sister's English notions. I am glad to hear this.

Young Bradley Martin has unfortunately fallen by the wayside, and is devoting himself to literature and society in London, and young Marshall Roberts, Mrs. Vivian's son, is just too English for anything.

PHILADELPHIA.

AS I had to go to the Vanderbilt ball, I could not get over to the Philadelphia Assembly on Friday night, which was a veritable disappointment to me.

The Philadelphia Assembly is the haven of all New York men. You never know what a ball is, or what a supper can be, and what a good time you can have, until you walk into the old Academy of Music, and see that sight.

There are the debutantes sitting on the steps, the dowagers discreetly nodding about the foyer, and when you go in to supper you can just help yourself to a quart of champagne, and come again if you want to. And there is the wonderful terrapin, and—well, one never forgets the Assembly.

There were ever so many of the younger set who did not go to the Vanderbilts', but who went to Philadelphia, Friday night.

Philadelphia has been in a ferment for weeks over the Assembly, and so rigorously have the lines been drawn that one family sailed last week for Europe because they were not invited.

Then there was some idea of closing the ball at midnight. But it must have been the same old ball, and it must have kept up to sunrise. If I can judge from the extremely funny telegram I received after I had arrived home from the Vanderbilts' and been at my rooms for fully an hour.

Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, who was Miss Sally Drexel; Mrs. George McCall, Mrs. de Grasse Fox, Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson and Mrs. Francis Edward Bond were the patronesses, and the managers were Richard L. Ashhurst, Henry Brinton Coxe, Jr., R. H. Bayard Bowie, Owen Wistar, J. Percy Keating, and John Cadwalader, Jr.

Two well-known fashionable women from different New York sets are in Philadelphia just at present. One is Mrs. E. O. Richards, whom I met at Narragansett last Summer, and who my correspondent tells me is being feted and dined, and the other is Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, the author of the famous genealogical charts and the founder of the "Thirty-Eight."

Philadelphia does not warm up to Mrs. Van Rensselaer, because it still feels a resentment against her for her action in the case of Mrs. Humphreys and the Colonial Dames. Mrs. Van Rensselaer blackballed Mrs. Humphreys because she was a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, and to intimate that any one descended from that great man is not worthy to take precedence, even of Queen Victoria, is regarded as rank social heresy in Philadelphia.

We all remember dear old Mrs. Gillespie, the grand-daughter of Benjamin Franklin, and in what reverence she was held in Philadelphia, and how even a Cadwalader quailed before her.

But perhaps things may be different now in that city, in these days of the Drexels and other immigrants from the wild and woolly districts of socially unknown West Philadelphia, and I sincerely hope that Mrs. Van Rensselaer will receive a warm welcome in that abode of Brotherly Love.

The great dance of the week in Philadelphia was the Clement Griscom ball, at which all the debutantes, including the daughter of the host, Miss Pansy Griscom, of golf celebrity, were present.

I hear that among the guests was Miss Maude Adams, who has many warm friends in society in Philadelphia.

The New Yorkers who went over included my jolly stout friend Charlie Van Rensselaer, Miss Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. John Godfrey Moore.

Miss Fell, of course, was there, and there are to be many entertainments yet to come in her honor.

Philadelphia is somewhat perturbed that Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Miss Fell's mother, after promising that the cotillon she gave would be an early one, kept the dancing up until after daybreak.

In none of the obituaries of that extraordinary woman Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, of Philadelphia, who died on Wednesday last, in London, have I found any reference to the remarkable novel which she wrote some twenty years ago, and the appearance of which created no end of a sensation.

It was entitled "On Dangerous Ground," and in it Mrs. M[illegible] sought to prove that only sinners could [illegible] salvation. She argued that people who had never been guilty of any serious offence were incapable of charity toward persons less perfect, and that it was only offenders against moral and civil laws who were really disposed to be charitable.

Without charity, so the New Testament declares, there is no hope of heaven. Consequently, as you cannot attain salvation without charity, and you cannot hope to have charity without being a full-fledged sinner, it is necessary to live up to one's reputation as the latter in order to get to heaven.

The book was cleverly written, and in view of both the theme and the moral it was singularly well named, "On Dangerous Ground."

Mrs. Moore, who was at one time engaged to marry that Prince Looz-Coswarem, of Brussels, who is now doing a term of penal servitude in Belgium for swindling, did not, strictly speaking, belong to the cream of Philadelphia society. Her mansion was on Broad, not on Chestnut, Pine or Walnut, and her surroundings in the Quaker City were more intellectual than ultra select.

WASHINGTON.

ABOUT the happiest woman in Washington, I hear, is the wife of the President. For Mrs. McKinley the New Year opens happily and auspiciously in the matter of health, which with her is, of course, the most important consideration in the world. Since this time last year she has gained fifty pounds in weight, and now walks about as she wishes without even the aid of a cane

This is so great and wonderful an improvement from the state of her physical condition at the time of the Inauguration that it is no wonder that she smiles radiantly and looks forward with delight to the social duties of the current year.

On New Year's Day I took a run down to Washington and attended the White House reception. I saw three thousand people passing through the Blue Room to greet the President and Mrs. McKinley, the latter shaking hands with more than half that number before the President, mindful of her newly acquired strength, gave the order that no more hands were to be shaken that day.

There were some memorable features to that New Year reception which I noticed, but which somehow failed to get into the papers. There were four army officers, spoken of at the reception as the "Big Four," to whom the President gave an urgent invitation to stand among other specially honored guests at the back of the line in the East Room. These were General Nelson A. Miles and General Corbin, who led the army, and Generals Lawton and Shafter, who immediately followed them.

When it came to the navy, and "Fighting Bob Evans" came in sight, the President was noticeably cordial in his greeting and urged upon him to join the "Big Four" back of the line. But instead, "Fighting Bob" went down the line of the receiving party with meteoric speed, and so on through the East Room, and made the most hurried exit of the day from the White House, evidently terrified at the idea of any possible lionizing.

So Jimmie Blaine is to be allowed another chance, and in spite of all that has passed is likely to be retained as an officer of the United States Army. For I notice that the order of October 25, 1898, "honorably discharging from the service of the United States Captain James G. Blaine, Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. V., to take effect December 31, 1898," has been amended "to take effect January 31, 1899."

And in this case reprieve is merely the prelude to pardon.

The latter Jimmie will owe chiefly to his mother, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Sr., who has been for weeks past in Washington importuning President McKinley in view of the services rendered by her husband to his party and to his country to make a departure from the ordinary course in such matters and to retain her son in the army of the United States.

Jimmie himself has meanwhile managed to get the ear of Secretary Alger, and with such effect that the Secretary, when speaking of the matter to one of my friends, remarked: "The boy should have another chance." A couple of days later the order above quoted appeared.

Jimmie certainly went the best way about it in dealing with Alger. For I hear he made a clean breast of the whole affair, and the fact that he made no attempt at denial of the charges preferred against his record was a card in his favor. He simply set forth some facts from his standpoint, and was honestly and thoroughly penitent, being moved to bitterest tears of remorse.

This softened the heart of the Secretary, and hence the festive Jimmie is likely to continue to remain one of the bright particular stars and ornaments of Uncle Sam's victorious army.

Mrs. McKinley, by the way, has about decided to take Saturdays for the present season as the day upon which she will hold her private receptions. Admission to these functions is always by appointment previously arranged. But the receptions never fail to be large ones, and are composed for the greater part of the resident and official society of Washington.

At the present time Mrs. McKinley has staying as her guests at the White House her two nieces, Miss Mabel McKinley, daughter of Abner McKinley and Miss Mary Barber, and Miss Mary McWilliams, of Chicago. These three young ladies took part in the first state dinner of the season, on Wednesday last.

Cabinet calling, as a universal practice, has apparently had its day. On Wednesday, when the first Cabinet receptions of the season were held, there was not a corporal's guard of callers gathered at any one time in the Cabinet houses.

Time was when the crushes were so great that people waited in line on the street outside the various houses with what patience they could muster for a chance to get indoors.

Whether it has been the abandonment of the so-called "tea table" and liquid refreshment features of these receptions or the repeated statements by the local press that the Cabinet ladies did not desire "the whole earth" to call upon them, it is impossible to ascertain. Certain it is that the hint has been taken and "the whole earth" is staying away with a vengeance.

BALTIMORE.

WHAT I hear from Baltimore corroborates my statement of what Harry Lehr told me on Wednesday night in the entr'acte at the Knickerbocker Theatre, where he was with Mrs. Fish. This is what my Baltimore friend writes:

"Society has been all agog this week over the announcement that Harry Lehr, the pet of maid and matron in the gay world, had gone into trade.

"Harry Lehr's eccentricities are many. But he has never been looked upon as a slave to labor. He has pursued the even tenor of his way without being prominently identified with any particular line of laborious action, reserving at all times such industry as he possessed for the edification of his friends and admirers who helped to shine with him at the several social functions he attended almost daily.

"But to-day when inquiry was made as to his whereabouts information was vouchsafed that he had gone to New York 'on business,' and later it was learned that he had become the agent for one of the big wine houses of the great metropolis.

"This action on 'dear Harry's' part is taken to mean that in the event of his marriage to Miss Van Alen, of New York, he wishes to appear as a man of affairs—not entirely social.

"It is not believed that his sudden and unexpected desire for work will diminish in the slightest degree his great popularity among society folk both in this city and in the home town of his prospective bride."

There have been several other events in Baltimore which have put that town in a fever of excitement, and which have almost obliterated the memory of the kissing under the mistletoe incident of last week.

In the first place the oyster roast given by Miss Robinson, of the Brass Band, to her cousin Miss Eleanor Robinson, was one of the most strait-laced affairs you can imagine. Miss Robinson told me when she was in New York, last week, that the brewery dance had been much exaggerated, and that the cake walk there was only a very decorous affair.

I should have imagined from what I heard of the roast that it was beyond cavil in its strait-laced atmosphere. Even young Keyser—who is, I believe, now called "Hobson" Keyser, on account of the mistletoe incident—was most demure.

The event of the season in Baltimore, however, is the New Year Bachelors' cotillon, and that was a very merry affair. I am going to run over to the City of Monuments' hospitality and terrapin next week, as I hear that there are more beautiful debutantes there to the square inch than in any other place in the Union.

At the Bachelors' german there were Miss Mary North, Miss Mary Whyte, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Symington, Miss Robinson, Mr. Roland Harvey, Mr. Carroll Baldwin, Mr. A. W. Robinson, all from New York, and Miss Ellen Poe, who lived in New York until last year, and is a niece of Mrs. John Robinson.

Baltimore is also stirred up about the series of dances which have been given at the houses of different mothers for their young debutante daughters. It seems, as many of the debutantes' mothers and fathers were not very wealthy, and had other daughters to come out, that a compact was entered into to have simple suppers and early hours. Salads, ices and punch were deemed sufficient for the bill of fare.

When the dance was given at Mrs. John Gill's, who is very wealthy and one of the leaders, and who is famous for lavish entertaining, the guests expected a little more. But Mrs. Gill was a woman of excellent discretion and taste, and did just what her other friends had done who were not so wealthy. There were punch, salads and ices, and that was all.

There was much grumbling on the part of young men, who longed for the fleshpots of terrapin and champagne, and some one attacking Mrs. Gill in a New York publication called her the leader of the "middle classes."

And then there was an uproar, and the town is now divided into Gillites and anti-Gillites.

Miss Mary Gill, by the way, I remember at the Horse Show, and a very pretty girl she was, and during the week she was in New York the Waldorf-Astoria was crowded with her admirers.

Another friend from Baltimore writes me that Mrs. Horwitz is absolutely inconsolable for the loss of her daughter, the beautiful Adele, who married Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, and who has gone to live with her husband's family. Also that Mrs. McShane, who was Miss Agnes Robinson; Miss Shearer, Mrs. Reuling, Mrs. Ross Whistler—who is a relative on her husband's side of the man who knew "the gentle art of making enemies"—and Mrs. Nathan Gorter, have been giving for some local charity, "Die Puppenfee," and that the ballets and dances have been executed by debutantes and by young women in

Mrs. Burke-Roche's tan-colored cloth coat worn over aplain skirt of deeper shade, fith fine embroidtred edge.

society, to the great edification of mammas and admirers.

All this has taken place at the Academy of Music.

AIKEN.

I AM glad to get this letter from Aiken. The season has just begun there, and the Meadowbrook people are much in evidence. I was amused to see that several of the fashionables who have been figuring in the lists of guests at the various entertainments last week were not in New York at all, but were quietly in Aiken.

I also see that my correspondent has not read of the Duncan Elliot separation, and that he thinks Mrs. Elliot is waiting for her "caro sposo" there.

However, I will not destroy the enjoyment of the letter, but you must read for yourself:

"My Dear Friend Cholly:

"The season in Aiken has not fairly begun. But at the rate people are now coming in it will soon be in full sway. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., are always among the first arrivals, and with Miss Eustis they have been here since the first week in December. They have just got into Mon Repos, which has been much enlarged during the past Summer, and is now a modern Winter cottage, in place of the quaint old style Southern home it used to be. It has probably gained in comfort what it has lost in picturesqueness.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith, of Ballston Spa, are the Hitchcocks' guests until the arrival of the other brothers, George and Rowland, when they will occupy their last year's purchase, the Walpole house. The Smith boys have been annual visitors in Aiken for several years, and life cannot be dull where they are.

"The Hon. Levi P. Morton, Mrs. Morton and their four daughters arrived on Thursday, and are occupying the Allison cottage. Mr. Morton expresses himself as delighted with Aiken. Mrs. and Miss Bowers, of New York, are installed in the North cottage, on Park avenue. Miss Bowers is an expert golfer, and can be found at the links on most any day. Miss Livingston, of New York, is her guest. Mrs. Duncan Elliot, of New York, arrived this week, and has taken Miss Eustis's Prickly Pear cottage for the season. Duncan Elliot himself will hardly be here this year, as it is understood he has gone to Cuba to engage in business. Clinch Smith is here looking after his new cottage near the golf grounds. He expects to occupy it about the 20th of this month. W. R. Travers, of New York, is occupying his pretty country house, and has a guest, H. G. McVickar, staying with him.

"Herman Leeds, the well-known golf player, with Mrs. Leeds, has arrived, and is occupying the Willcox cottage. Roland King, of New York, is expected on Friday, and will occupy the Lamar cottage. Sheffield Phelps, of Jersey City, has commenced extensive improvements on his place on Aiken Heights. He is living at the Ford cottage.

"The Mortimer Brookses, of Newport, are expected in ten days, and will occupy Bayonet Grove cottage. Dr. and Mrs. Valentine Mott, of Roslyn, Long Island, have been here for some time, and are in their cottage, opposite the Whitney cottage, while the John Motts, of Bellport, Long Island, are occupying the Fowler House. Mrs. Lee Jones, of New York, has been down here for some time, and is staying at the Blomburg cottage, while Major J. C. Malloy, of the United States Army, and Mrs. Malloy are occupying their residence in Windsor Park.

"Pebble Ledge, so long occupied by the Havemeyers, is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bass, of Peterborough, N. H., and the Misses Bond are their guests. Clarence G. Dinsmore will occupy his new house very shortly. The Clarence Dolans, of Philadelphia, will soon arrive, and have taken the McMaster house, the scene of many entertainments last season, when the Duncan Elliots were their guests. H. H. Hunewell, Jr., of Boston, has Orange Grove for the season, and J. S. Tooker, of New York, is his guest.

"Socially, nothing startling has occurred as yet. Tom Hitchcock has had his hounds out on several early morning runs and one "featherbed" hunt. On Wednesday the annual hunt breakfast given by Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock comes off at Robinson's Pond, the scene of the serious accident to Mrs. W. C. Whitney last year.

"This hunt breakfast is given to the farmers as well as the visitors, and is an occasion of a great deal of pleasure to all.

"Since the burning of the big hotel, the Aiken Club has become the nightly meeting place of the visitors. The club is now in a most flourishing condition, with W. C. Whitney as president, and C. S. Wallace as secretary and treasurer. A number of players use the golf links daily, and some private matches have been played. The officers of the Palmetto Golf Club this year are Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., president; Dr. Valentine Mott, secretary and treasurer. Yours most truly,

"CALHOUN PINKNEY."

BOSTON.

BOSTON is not doing the aesthetic just now so much as society, and one would think from what you hear that it was only a little New York transplanted. Miss Edith Lawrence came out on Wednesday night, and my young friend, Grafton Minot, led the cotillon, not in the least tired from all his work of the previous week, including the impromptu affair at Mrs. Charley Sprague's, who came on from Washington to pass Christmas and gave a little cotillon to her friends.

The Lawrence ball was held in Paul Revere Hall. This is the hall of which Boston has been talking for so long, and which, it seems, was a magnificent affair. Mr. Amory Lawrence, the father of the debutante, is wealthy and blue-blooded, and a relative of our own Prescott Lawrence. The favors for the cotillon were of silver, and necklaces of amber, turquoise and coral beads.

Miss Lawrence was here last Winter for a few days, and I can well agree with Boston that she is a very pretty girl. She is tall, and has dark eyes, and the waviest of brown hair, and like all Boston maidens, intensely cultured.

Mrs. Jack Gardner must be doing something to be in the public eye, even in her deepest grief for her dead husband, so I am told that she is now going to all the funerals possible, and clad in the very darkest widow's weeds; and, says my informant: "They are very becoming."

We are all interested in the wedding of George Howland, who is a jolly chap, and one of the most popular men in New York, although he has deserted us for Boston and Miss Virginia Stackpole. The wedding will take place on Thursday, January 26, at noon, in Trinity Church.

Howland is living at the Somerset Club, and the happy pair will leave after the wedding for Paris, where Howland is studying at the Beaux Arts.

About Aff ye Doeings of ye "Verie Beste People."

Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.'s, doucet costume of dark plum-colored cloth and purple embroidery, purple hat and purple plume.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s seal brown cloth and sable hat, with long coat and large revers, over a superb embroidered costume of brown and black.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's gown of purple cloth and pale mauve velvet and black embroidery, and purple hat of velvet.