

# The Sunday Herald.

And Weekly National Intelligencer.

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## CALLING ON THE CABINET.

ALL ABOUT CABINET RECEPTIONS IN WASHINGTON.

Thousands of Callers and Bushels of Cards—Old Men and Old Women as Society People—Noted Statesmen as Beaux—a Look at Gen. Van Vleet and Horatio King—a Cabinet Day at Mrs. Wanamaker's—Her Dining-room and Her Famous Bethany Punch.

Lent begins next Wednesday, and Washington society for the next forty days will, metaphorically speaking, put on sackcloth, eat fish on Fridays, and squat in the ashes of repentance. The season has been a gay one, and the dinners, teas, and receptions have been numerous and extravagant. The Cabinet receptions gave a chance to the tourists and the bridal couples to see the noted women of Washington, and the Cabinet ladies tell me their callers were numbered by thousands. These Cabinet receptions are peculiarly an American institution. All the wives of President Harrison's counselors are supposed to be at home every Wednesday during the social season and the doors are thrown open to all. I suppose it would be a small estimate to say that Mrs. Wanamaker has shaken hands with twenty thousand people at her Wednesday receptions this season, and you could hardly crowd the cards she has received into a two-bushel basket. Let us join the crowd of tourists and make a call upon her. The streets are dry, the day is pleasant, and we walk, going past the White House, by the Corcoran Gallery, past the Metropolitan Club, where Count Arco Valley, with his monocle tightly pinched by the flesh around his left eye, looks at us, and on up to Farragut Square, on the south side of which is now rising the cream-colored brick mansion on the ruins of the fire which caused the death of Mrs. Secretary Tracy.

### THE WANAMAKER RECEPTION.

At the corner of Farragut Square we turn to the right, along I street, and stop before a big square three-story mansion of red brick, with a sort of a Grecian portico over its front door. The street is filled with carriages, and coachmen and footmen in livery with bugs on their hats sneer at us as they sit stiff and straight on the carriages of the nabobs. A wide awning extends from the front door to the edge of the roadway, and there is a carpet laid across the sidewalk and up the steps in order that Dame Fashion may not soil her feet in coming in. A portly butler stands at the head of this, and the door has apparently opened by magic, swinging noiselessly back on its big brass hinges as we walk up the steps. He takes our cards on what looks like a collection plate and motions us to the right. We keep on our wraps and go in as our names are announced in loud tones. A handsome lady in evening dress stands near the door. It is Mrs. Wanamaker. She is a straight, well formed, and fine looking, and the smile with which she shakes our hands is as well as beauty. Her name was stirred over, as we passed by her, and my friend asks in a whisper who she may be. "Why that," was my reply, "is Miss Minnie Wanamaker. She is the daughter of the Postmaster General, and she is one of the brightest girls in Washington. The diplomats are crazy over her and she is one of the best catches in America. Wanamaker is worth at least eight million dollars and he has only four children."

### SOME OF THE CALLERS.

These words are whispered and we move back under a beautiful painting, and I give a running comment on some of the visitors as they enter: "That gray-haired lady in black, with the bright eyes and fresh face, is Mrs. Gen. Logan. She is well-to-do now, and she is just beginning to go into society after her husband's death. She drives one of the finest turn-out in Washington, and there is no more popular woman in the country. The pretty, dark-faced little girl behind her is Mrs. Maj. Tucker, and that tall, fine-looking man is her husband, the Major. You see, men call here as well as women, and the old call as well as the young. That tall, thin, old man who is now shaking hands with Mrs. Wanamaker is Horatio King. He was Postmaster General over forty years ago, and when Buchanan was President and Jeff Davis was a society beau he had the place that Wanamaker has now. He is seventy-five years old, but he is as bright as a dollar, and he especially likes young girls, and I will give you an introduction if you want it." My friend replied that she did not care to be introduced just then, and I went on:

"That tall lady with the rosy cheeks and brown hair is Mrs. Senator Sherman. She is fine looking, isn't she? She has been in society here longer than Horatio King, and she came here with John when he was elected to Congress, away back in 1854."

"Before you were born?"

"Yes, I know; but she likes to go calling as well now as she did then, and this Washington society is a thing that grows on you. What a lot that woman has seen! She knew Harriet Lane. She was a noted lady when Lincoln was President, and for four years she had the same place that Mrs. Wanamaker has now, when John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury. She has been one of the leaders of the Senatorial circle for years and years, and she presides over the Senator's big mansion on K street. That girl with her is her daughter Mary. She will probably be as big an heiress as Minnie Wanamaker, and she is one of the best liked girls among the daughters of the Senators."

### WOMEN WHO OWN MILLIONS.

"We seem to have struck the rich people today. That plainly dressed lady there who is just coming into the drawing-room is Mrs. Stanford. She don't look like the wife of the richest man in the country, but you ought to see her at a big dinner or at a White House reception. She wears jewels at such times that are worth a for-



ture, and I have seen her when she had a necklace said to be worth a hundred thousand dollars shining out below that characteristic chin. She is a woman of great common sense, and she believes in dressing rightly at the proper places. No one makes afternoon calls except in street dresses, and you see that all the costumes today are simple in the extreme. That white-haired man behind her is another Washington character. Note his jolly Bacchus-like face, his white hair, his rotund form, and his courtly airs. That is the greatest old bean in Washington, and his name is Gen. Van Vleet. He and Gen. Sherman are great chums and they used to make their calls together. That fine-looking lady behind him is Mrs. Senator McMillan, who is another rich woman with beautiful daughters, and there is Mrs. Senator Wolcott, who is also rich and pretty. She is a newcomer in Washington, but seems to be growing very popular."

### MR. WANAMAKER'S ART GALLERY.

"But let us go on to the dining-room," said my friend. And with that we walked on through elegantly furnished apartments into a long room so big that you could turn a two-horse wagon load of hay in it without touching the walls. This room was lighted from the top, and its walls were decorated with some of the finest pictures in the country. The paper on the walls was of satin good enough to make a dress, and it was of such a tint as to throw out the pictures. The Postmaster General has perhaps a hundred thousand dollars or so invested in the canvas which is hung on these walls, and it is the same throughout the other rooms of the house. The dining-room is also hung with satin, and as we came in here I saw Gen. Van Vleet taking a glass of Bethany punch. As the cool, lemonade-like liquid flowed down his throat I noticed a spasm of surprise crawling from his chin on up toward his nose and on until it mantled his fair brow and reached the roots of his frosted silver hair. The General, like most of the Army officers, likes punch, but he does not approve of the article when not made of the best old Jamaica rum or some other spirituous liquor. Mrs. Postmaster General Wanamaker is a temperance woman. She does not permit wine to be served at her Cabinet dinners, and she has inaugurated this Bethany punch, which is a combination of lemons and oranges flavored in some peculiar way that makes it actually appetizing. It has become quite popular in Washington, and you find it everywhere now, even though the Simpure intoxication article is served from a different bowl at the same time. As we munched over indigestible salted almonds and took a cup of tea from a piece of china that was worth its weight in gold, I asked my friend to take note of a man standing on the other side of the room. It was a tall, well-formed, fine-looking man of perhaps thirty-five. "I see him," said she in a whisper, "and who is he?" "That," replied I, "is the Ward McAllister of Washington. He used to be even more of an authority on social matters when Mrs. Cleveland was here than he is now. He is considered the handsomest man in Washington, and his name is Dr. Ruth. He has been the best man at fifty weddings, and he

is one of the old standbys of the Navy. He is a bachelor, however, notwithstanding."

### MRS. SECRETARY NOBLE'S RECEPTIONS.

Leaving the Wanamaker mansion and crossing Farragut Square we next went past the residence of Senator Stanford, and in a few minutes stood before the big house of the Secretary of the Interior. It is a red brick facing Franklin Square, and it has the same awning and carpet leading out to the street. There was the same swell butler at the door, and Mrs. Noble looked not unlike Mrs. Wanamaker at the right of the hall as we entered. She greeted us just as cordially, and my friend said she made exactly the same remarks about the weather in the same tones as those we heard at Mrs. Wanamaker's. The crowd was almost as great as that at the Postmaster General's, and my friend seemed surprised at the number of public men she saw and asked me who were the chief beaux among the statesmen.

### OUR STATESMEN AS BEAUX.

"Fully one-half the Senators and Representatives," said I, "like to be considered as society men. That tall man with the big head, the beefy shoulders, and the face like a great Chinese doll is Speaker Reed. This is the first time I have seen him out this season, but he usually goes to the receptions, and he looks like another man when you see him in a dress coat. The Vice President makes the regular round of calls and all the naval officers are fond of society. The diplomats all call and they are among the most popular of the society beaux. The Chinese Minister and the Korean Minister always brings his wife with him. I met him last night, and noting that there was some change in his clothes, I asked him what it meant. He replied he was in mourning. "Oh," said I, "I suppose you are in mourning for your little child who died the other day?" "Oh, no," said he. "I am sorry for my child, but I do not mourn for her. I mourn for our Queen Dowager, the greatest woman in Corea, who died a few months ago."

From Secretary Noble's we went to Mrs. Secretary Proctor's and thence called upon Mrs. Rusk and Mrs. Attorney General Miller. It was, however, the same thing of handshaking and chatting about little things, and my friend at the end agreed with me that it was awfully nice, but that it must get awfully tiresome.

### WILL CABINET CALLING LAST?

Will Cabinet calling last? Yes, I suppose so. Mrs. Secretary Blaine is the only Cabinet woman who has, so far as I know, ever objected to it. She will receive none but her friends on most Cabinet days, and callers are told that the wife of the Secretary of State is not at home. Why should we have Cabinet calls? Why should our Cabinet officers' wives have to dress up and put themselves on dress parade to be looked at by people about whom they don't care a cent every Wednesday afternoon? The expense of the receptions is something. I know of some Cabinet officers who spend three and four times their salaries, and can't afford

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### Woman's National Press Association.

The meeting of the Woman's National Press Association at Willard's Hotel Friday evening was an unusually interesting one. When the president, Mrs. M. D. Lincoln, called the meeting to order there were fully two hundred guests present, and many more came, but were unable to get seats. The association elected Mrs. M. S. Lockwood as delegate to the National Council, and it now has two delegates, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Lockwood, and Mrs. W. N. Ralston and Mrs. Edward Roby alternates. Mrs. Claudia B. Money was elected vice president for the State of Mississippi. Mrs. Lincoln introduced Miss Emma C. Siskles, who gave a recital of her experience at the Pine Ridge Agency, and also of her former thrilling adventures at the agency in 1884. She is a lady of fine address. Miss Siskles was followed by Maj. Swords, who, through his interpreter, Capt. Pettit, told his story of sixteen years' service on the police force, and his efforts at all times to evade conflict and foster peace. He was frequently cheered.

Mr. W. C. Johnson, a well-educated Tuscarora from Niagara County, N. Y., made a stirring plea for his race. He is a fine speaker and has traveled extensively.

Mrs. Clara B. Colby was the next speaker, and her recital of Gen. Colby's rescue of the little Indian waif was listened to with deep interest. The General has adopted the child, whose pretty Indian name interpreted is Lost Bird.

Judge Moulton next spoke and was frequently cheered. Mrs. Edward Roby and Mr. J. L. McCreery had much of interest to say, and the large audience seemed unwilling to leave after the meeting adjourned.

Miss Siskles will soon leave for Philadelphia, and while there will be the guest of Mrs. Fay, a sister of Postmaster General Wanamaker.

### Courtship in the Year 2,000.

Bellamy in Ladies' Home Journal. While the unmarried woman of the year 2,000, whether young or old, will enjoy the dignity and independence of the bachelor of to-day, the insolent prosperity at present enjoyed by the latter will have passed into salutory, if sad, eclipse. No longer profiting by the effect of the pressure of economic necessity upon woman, to make him indispensable, but dependent exclusively upon his intrinsic attractions, instead of being able to assume the fastidious airs of a sultan surrounded by languishing beauties, he will be fortunate if he can secure by his merits the smiles of one. In the year 2,000 no man, whether lover or husband, may hope to win the favor of maid or wife save by desert. While the poet, justly apprehending the ideal proprieties, has always persisted in representing man at the feet of woman, woman has been, in fact, the dependent and pensioner of man. Nationalism will justify the poet and satisfy the eternal fitness of things for bringing him to his narrow-bones in earnest. But, indeed, we may be sure that in the year 2,000 he will need no compulsion to assume that attitude.

## FOR THE MOST POPULAR.

THE "HERALD'S" PRIZE PONIES ARE NOW TO BE SEEN ON THE STREETS.

They Are Pure White, Well Matched, Sound, and Fleet—Only Three More Sundays Remain Before the Close of the Contest.

During the past week the proprietors of THE HERALD succeeded in securing a handsome pair of ponies to go with the natty surry which will be given to the boy or girl who is voted most popular by the people of Washington.

The ponies are as pretty and useful a pair as ever trod the asphalt of this town, and with the surry and silver-mounted harness they constitute a prize which any rightly-constituted boy or girl will be sure to desire. The ponies are both pure white, of good size, well matched, compactly built, of good disposition, and guaranteed sound in every particular. They are young, free goers, and possess plenty of endurance. They can now be seen on the street every day, and attract general attention by their striking and handsome appearance.

The voting the past week has been heavy and some of the leading candidates have polled a very large number. Miss Hough still maintains her position at the head of the list.

Only three more Sundays remain before the close of THE HERALD'S contest. It will end on Saturday, the 23rd of February. It will thus be seen that the friends of the different contestants for the handsome prizes offered by THE HERALD and leading business men have no time to lose in getting in their votes.

The standing of the various candidates last night was as follows:

1. Edith W. Hough, 245 N. Capitol street.
2. Helen Seufferle, 900 S street northwest.
3. Edward Fisher McKnew, 2424 Fourteenth street northwest.
4. Fannie Rudderforth, 815 First street northeast.
5. George L. Dietz, 238 New Jersey avenue northwest.
6. Madge Gilbert, Takoma Park.
7. Harold Jennings, 612 Fourteenth street northwest.
8. Clarence E. Frey, 3010 F street northwest.
9. Clement T. Keyworth, 1907 H street northwest.
10. Edward E. Darby, 1245 Twenty-ninth street northwest.
11. Lucile Colby, 1327 F street northwest.
12. Flora Manning, 1323 T street northwest.
13. Irene H. Wallach, 129 Indiana avenue northwest.
14. Marie Pushaw, 1314 Vermont avenue.
15. Herbert T. Doyle, 3016 O street northwest.
16. Charles T. Davis, Jr., 1436 Q street northwest.
17. Katharine Wright Saxton, Kenesaw avenue, Mt. Pleasant.
18. Orton Hyde, Room 7, Sun Building.
19. Benjamin Harrison McKee, Executive Mansion.
20. Hathe Morrow, 418 Eighth street southwest.
21. Welhelmina LaHayne, 1117 B street southeast.
22. R. Golden Donaldson, 200 Thirteenth street southwest.
23. Clarence L. Park, 715 S street northwest.
24. Henry Sherwood, 1017 E. Capitol street.
25. Richard Drum White, 1336 I street northwest.
26. Katharine May Brooks, 3304 Fourteenth street northwest.
27. Garnett L. Hobbs, 800 K street northwest.
28. Birdie Halcomb, 67 G street northwest.
29. John C. McCubben, 938 S street northwest.
30. Nannie L. Armbruster, 2617 K street northwest.
31. Roberta S. Gillis, 128 D street northwest.
32. Walter Foster, 942 S street northwest.
33. Charlotte Baldy Gridley, 706 L street northwest.
34. Katie E. Gaskins, 1205 Twenty-eighth street northwest.
35. E. Frank Davis, 1544 Ninth street northwest.
36. William Charles Hammett, 804 Twentieth street northwest.
37. Nellie T. Breuninger, 724 Thirteenth street northwest.
38. Ethel Wyckoff, 903 Massachusetts avenue northwest.
39. Teresa Belle Kondrup, 1001 New Hampshire avenue.
40. Willis M. Baum, 712 B street northwest.
41. John A. Graham, 833 Thirteenth street northwest.
42. Don Allen, 1305 Q street northwest.
43. Nellie Patterson, 1404 Thirty-fifth street northwest.
44. Charles F. Williams, 311 D street northwest.
45. George W. Vierbuchen, 340 Eighth street northwest.
46. Frank Ghiselli, 1736 Pennsylvania avenue northwest.
47. Marquerite Wrenn, 1004 C street southwest.
48. Frank Ray Howe, 1701 I street northwest.
49. Bessie Clarke Baker, 1819 K street northwest.
50. Irene L. Moore, 494 G street southwest.
51. Fannie R. Harkness, 1384 I street northwest.
52. Lizzie Van Vleet, 497 Fourth street northwest.
53. Nellie Chase, 29 E street northwest.
54. Florence M. Davis, 2322 Pennsylvania Avenue.
55. Warren M. York, 569 East Capitol street.
56. Adele M. Garlocke, 1113 M street northwest.
57. Charles F. Sterne, 311 D street northwest.
58. Willie B. Caperton, 1804 G street northwest.
59. E. M. Hall, 3625 Ninth street southeast.
60. Christian Jacobson, 1227 Twentieth street northwest.
61. Ada Dermody, 817 F street northwest.
62. Richard J. Riggles, 445 Q street northwest.
63. Frances T. Powers, 1341 Fourteenth street northwest.
64. Blanche Kepner, 1130 Twelfth street northwest.
65. Lula Eber, 454 D street northwest.
66. James Joseph Winchester, 2013 G street northwest.
67. William H. Dempsey, Jr., 1217 N street northwest.
68. John Naylor Swartzell, 1107 N street northwest.
69. Samuel Shellabarger, Jr., 612 Seventeenth street northwest.
70. Charles E. March, 909 Massachusetts avenue northwest.
71. William Henry Hamilton, 613 South Carolina avenue southeast.
72. George H. League, 734 Thirteenth street northwest.
73. Eddie T. Keller, 432 Tenth street southwest.
74. J. Edward Chapman, Jr., 1844 Fifteenth street northwest.
75. Charles D. Church, 306 Eleventh street southwest.
76. J. Strother Miller, 418 Third street northwest.
77. Elroy Curtis, 1801 Connecticut avenue.

### Special.

The stocks of the TO-KALON Vineyard are known to all who are conversant with California products as of superior qualities, produced from vines imported from the most renowned vineyards of Europe.

TO-KALON WINE COMPANY, 614 Fourteenth street.

No branch offices or agencies.

—Drink Tannhäuser beer. H. Benzler.