

CAMOUFLAGE DANCE IS WASHINGTON'S COMING EVENT

Former Movie Men, Now Army Engineers, Are Preparing Novel Effects for Mid-Lent Ball

WASHINGTON, March 2.—If any one in Washington fondly imagined that Lent was going to bring the usual lull in this first year of the war, he was wrong. When social doings are nearly all another way of saying war work, he didn't know the country at large, and certainly he didn't know his Washington. The usual trips South seem to be rather unusual this season; the absence of teachers, the absence of shorter than usual.

"Rest" said one woman. "Is there such a thing anywhere? Ash Wednesday? Did it mean anything at all? We stopped some of us, long enough to go to vesper, but that was about all."

And that comes pretty near to being the truth. Everybody seems to be rushing madly around trying to keep up with engagements, mostly, to be sure, gatherings with war work of some sort as their excuse. But honestly sometimes the excuse seems a trifle far fetched.

Just now Washington is looking forward with the greatest interest and curiosity to the camouflage ball to be given at the Willard next Wednesday as a Mid-Lent event. It is going to be a "load of fun" and "a good time," you know, that we're all quite crazy about it. Of course, it's a benefit, we wouldn't dream of going in for it otherwise.

It is to be a joint benefit for Neighborhood House and for the Twentieth Engineers, stationed out at University Park, to which the Camouflage company which is engineering the ball belongs. The men of the company are recruited almost entirely from moving picture concerns in California, and they are adept at making something look like something quite different.

And the ball was put off a month, having been originally scheduled for February 6, just to give them time to do themselves justice, and arrange effects that should completely befuddle everybody. Naturally we're all looking forward with eagerness to seeing them do it.

Personal Camouflage Desired.

It is promised that the familiar Willard ballroom will be so completely camouflaged that none of us will know where we're at all. Fancy costumes are not obligatory, but the committee is doing all it can to encourage personal camouflage, even to designing all manner of odd and attractive costumes which will be made to order. The idea seems to be not to come as some one else, but as something else; not as a character in literature or history, or in the costume of some foreign land, not as people at all, but as things.

Dancing is to begin early and last until "2 o'clock or so." Supper is to be served, and during the evening there is to be a cabaret show, which promises to be a conspicuous feature of the entertainment with all sort of clever stunts. There are to be illustrated programs, the winners got up and full of snappy illustrations—for sale of course.

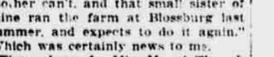
An invitation—which it is hoped, will be accepted—on parchment beautifully illuminated, has been sent the President and Mrs. Wilson. The boxes are going like the proverbial hot cakes, among those who have taken them, being the Bernard Baruch, the R. T. Crane, Senator Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Logan, Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood, Mrs. John L. Saltston, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Billings Ruddock, Mrs. Paul Moore and Mrs. Charles Hinchey.

Looking ahead to the Easter season there seems to be an avalanche of dances promised, with, of course, the usual avalanche of Eastern brides. There are at least half a dozen dances announced for Easter Monday alone, and apparently anybody trying to do his or her wedding in any way or jobs. You know, I have to take the household responsibility now that

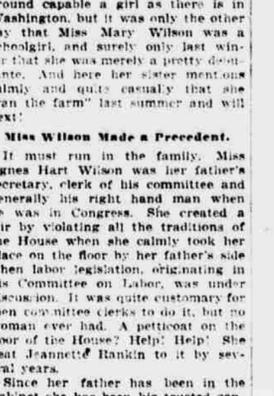
mother can't, and that small sister of mine runs the farm at Blossburg last summer, and expects to do it again. Which was certainly news to me.



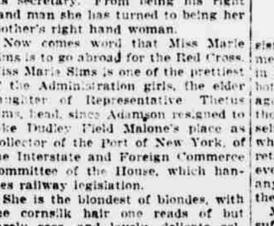
MRS. FRANKLYN KNIGHT LANE
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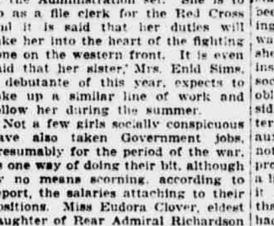
MISS JANE GREGORY
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MISS AGNES HART WILSON
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MISS EUDORA CLOVER
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MISS ELINOR RICHARDSON
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Miss Elinor Richardson, daughter of Rear Admiral Newton E. Mason; Miss Emily Kutz, daughter of Col. Charles W. Kutz; Miss Frances Hoar, daughter of the late Rockwell Hoar and granddaughter of the late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts; are others who have joined Uncle Sam's clerical forces in the last few months. And just the other day when Mrs. Bernard M. Baruch had a rather belated debut reception for her daughter, Miss Belle Baruch, it developed that the reason that Washington had not made Miss Baruch's acquaintance earlier—she was presented in New York in December—was that she was taking a winter vacation at the Hotel Marlborough in Philadelphia (Miss Joseph, in New York, was also there).



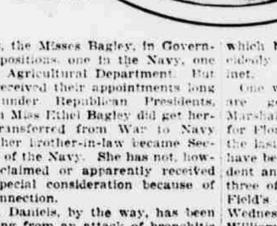
MRS. ROBERT LANSING
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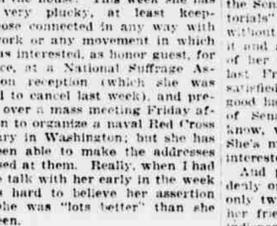
MISS MARY WILSON
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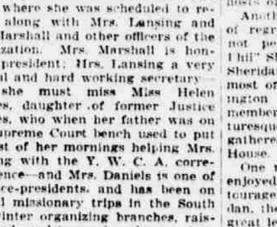
MISS EUDORA CLOVER
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MISS ELINOR RICHARDSON
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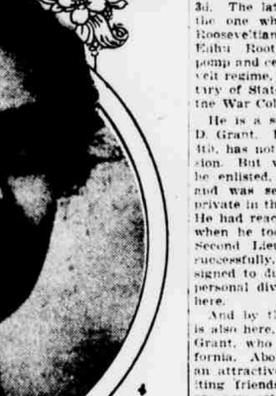
There are also two of Mrs. Daniels's sisters, the Misses Bagley, in Government positions, one in the Navy, one in the Agricultural Department. But both received their appointments long ago, under Republican Presidents. Mrs. Bagley, since Adams resigned to take Dudley Field Malone's place as collector of the Port of New York, of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House, which handles railway legislation.



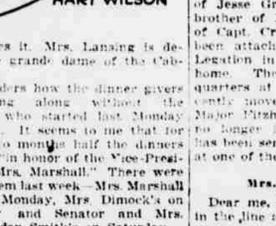
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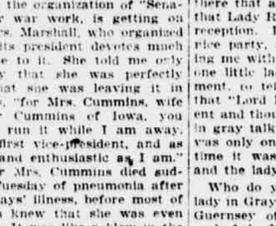
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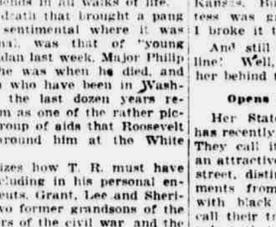
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Young Women of Social Prominence in Public Office—Dress Bargains at Mrs. Lansing's Shop.

naturally some of the women of the Diplomatic Corps, both because they are interested in any pet philanthropy of Mrs. Lansing and because this particular philanthropy is an appealing one. The entire net proceeds of the sale go to the Belgian war orphans and the civilians in France—the suffering women and children.

And then, of course, for customers there is the thrilling possibility of being waited on by the wife of the Secretary of State. For Mrs. Lansing and her niece, Miss Dulles, are taking an active personal interest in the Bandbox, and usually manage to look in for a while every day—sometimes for a long while—though Mrs. Albert Ruddock is most frequently in charge.

Really there are wonderful bargains to be had there—dreams of gowns and hats that unmistakable are—but there is the difficulty that one would hesitate to wear them in Washington, the chances of their being recognized are so great. One wouldn't like to come into a room for instance, in one of Mrs. Peter Gerry's dinner gowns, or perhaps an afternoon dress that Mrs. Frederic Harris had been wearing, or one of Mrs. Carl Vrooman's smart little coat suits, not certain who in the room originally owned it—or perhaps quite too miserably certain. It couldn't be done without self-consciousness, I'm afraid.

It is had enough to find that some treacherous mate has duplicated one's supposedly exclusive gown, but to know that one is wearing a wonder frock and that probably half Washington has already admired it on the person of some personage—that would be intolerable. There have been some frocks, the most recent notable one being at the first appearance of the present Mrs. Wilson at a big White House function.

It was at what was known as the Pan-American reception which started the White House programme for 1916. It was to take the place of the usual diplomatic reception, which was impossible with Europe all messed up with a war and half the diplomats consequently not speaking to the other half. There was a Pan-American scientific congress being held here, and Mrs. Wilson decided that a reception in honor of its delegates would be a good way of inaugurating her regime at the White House.

Wear Tragedies.

She was making her first stop to Washington society as mistress of the White House and she wore a stunning gown in white and silver, a Calot and a hat of the same color. Presently, however, I think it was Mrs. Pitney, anyhow the wife of one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, came sailing down the line in its exact counterpart. Mrs. Pitney's black, Mrs. Wilson's white, but for the rest alike from the silver brocade to the flowing sleeves of tulle and mammoth flower-lingering a touch of color at breast and knee.

Two Notable Weddings.

Wednesday too saw two rather notable weddings, that of pretty Miss Laura Graves, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John Temple Graves, and Lieut. and Mrs. W. P. Cronin, wife of the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, and Mrs. Elise Deigle Harlow of New York.

Wedding a Surprise.

The wedding at the fine Hammond residence out on Kalamora road overlooking Rock Creek was rather a surprise to Washington, as indeed it was to the parties concerned, so far as having it there went. It was to have taken place at the Church of the Holy Trinity in New York, but owing to illness in the Hammond family the place was changed. The Rev. S. Deane, Townsend, rector of the church, of All Angels, came down to perform the ceremony, which was attended by a number of relatives and friends. There were no attendants. Mr. Hammond and his bride will make their home in New York, but it is assumed that they will at least be occasional visitors in Washington.

The week has seen the organization of a new group of women for war service, the Genevieve Club. Workers, made up largely of congressional women and along the same general lines as the Ladies of the Senate. They are to have quarters in the House Office Building, even as the Senators have in the Senate Office Building. Their organization was planned by Mrs. Clark's informal "at home" Wednesday afternoon.

Atlantic City Ready for Easter Holiday

ATLANTIC CITY, March 2.—After a very busy week in which it entertained 6,000 educators from all parts of the country who were here for the war emergency convention of the National Education Association, department of superintendent of Atlantic City has started to brush itself up for Palm Sunday and Easter. Every hotel along the beachfront and many of the side avenue hotels have been thronged throughout the week with the visitors in attendance at the convention and these in addition to the ordinary visitors made the Boardwalk take on the appearance of a rush week in midsummer.

The weather has been balmy throughout the entire week and heavy wraps have become things of the past. Spring suits have been worn all day.

Perhaps the most interesting social feature of the educators convention was the dinner given to 500 of the leaders by Teachers College of Education University, at the Hotel Traymore on Wednesday night. The affair was held in the submarine grill.

Miss Anna Case, the opera singer, who is a daughter of New Jersey, is resting at the Traymore after a long tour.

At the Y. W. C. A. Reception.

She was not able to attend the annual reception of the Y. W. C. A. last week, where she was scheduled to receive, along with Mrs. Lansing and Mrs. Marshall and other officers of the organization. Mrs. Marshall is honorably mentioned in the program as a very faithful and hard working secretary, who she must miss Miss Helen Hughes, daughter of former Justice Hughes, who when her father was on the Supreme Court bench used to put in most of her mornings helping Mrs. Lansing with the Y. W. C. A. correspondence, and Mrs. Daniels is one of the vice-presidents, and has been on several missionary trips in the South this winter organizing branches, raising funds and increasing the membership of the association.

Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Lansing were both in the line at that reception, both looking their charming best, and both as always, unfailingly friendly and gracious. Mrs. Lansing's mourning attire—for her father, Gen. Foster, who died in November—is very attractive and most becoming. It is, as her wardrobe always has been, smart and entirely conventional in line, secretary who she must miss Miss Helen Hughes, daughter of former Justice Hughes, who when her father was on the Supreme Court bench used to put in most of her mornings helping Mrs. Lansing with the Y. W. C. A. correspondence, and Mrs. Daniels is one of the vice-presidents, and has been on several missionary trips in the South this winter organizing branches, raising funds and increasing the membership of the association.

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Opens the Bandbox Shop.

Her State Department war relief has recently opened a shop, you know. They call it the Bandbox, and it is an attractive little place on Thirteenth street, distinctive in all its appointments from the big bandbox striped with black and flowered that they call their trade mark to the crinkled velvet that serves as a background for a rather lavish display of jewelry in the window.

It is a sort of sublimated rummage sale that they are holding there. One does not like to call anything so attractive an old clo' shop, but that's what it is; and the most fashionable women in Washington are contributing the stock. Both Mrs. Lansing and her mother, Mrs. John W. Foster, have donated some really stunning gowns—a lavender velvet which has been to a state dinner at the White House; another of pale blue velvet, and a black velvet jacket dress. They are both women who wear handsome clothes and they went suddenly into mourning just at the opening of the season.

There are not the only ones, of course. Their associates include many prominent Washingtonians and wealthy women from all over the country—wives of the dollar a year and find yourself men who have come here to work for Uncle Sam—and

Worse Than Duplication.

To walk into a room in all the conscious glory of a Paris frock and to discover another woman in the identical costume, line for line, garniture for garniture, with perhaps the saving grace of a difference in color, is had enough forcing home as it does the duplication of her frock on no less a person than Mrs. Elkins. And one historic occasion two women who were not on speaking terms, dressed precisely alike, without even a difference in color to relieve the strain, met at Mrs. Townsend's.

Who do you suppose it was? The lady in gray was Mrs. George Thatcher Guernsey of Kansas, President-General of the D. A. H.—and I can't think of any one in Washington who looks much less like "Lord Reading's wife" than that rather imposing lady from Kansas. But my hospitable little hostess was greatly disappointed when I broke it to her gently.

And still Mrs. Lansing is on that line? Well, let's get her off and put her behind the counter for a change!