

MI-CAKEME-VER, WASHINGTON RESUMES SEAMOUS WORK

THE camouflage ball on Wednesday night, which had all Washington pledged to especially the supper!

Really it was the funniest supper ever served at a big ball. They had it in the red room of the Willard from 11 o'clock on, as little "on" and a little supper, for that matter, as possible.

For from the moment that the hungry dancers began to storm down to the supper room boys with megaphones began crying raucously, "This way out!" with marked emphasis on the last word.

Supper consisted of ice cream and cake—was cake and very little of it, and coffee. There's a Hooverian supper menu for you! And by way of a distinct novelty it was served as a sort of basket picnic.

There were very few seats of any sort in the big room, and those few moved back against the wall.

No chance there for any pleasant little discussions over the supper table. So, very soon after the few chairs were occupied little groups began to settle comfortably—or uncomfortably—on the floor. Down they went! Some middle aged persons of both sexes who had not in years taken so lowly a seat.

Women in the daintiest of ball gowns, alongside of others in the most grotesque of costumes; soldiers in the newest of uniforms, some of them booted and spurred trying to fold their long legs into short lengths and keep clear of entanglements with perishable draperies.

In the group nearest to me were Gladys Hingray in a stunning Chinese costume, and Ruth Wilson, blondly handsome as usual, in a get-up Oriental in line and the green of old Ireland in color, and a mixed bunch of uniforms. Over yonder was Louise Delano, a fetching little French boy in a sort of artist's belted smock, and Lillian Hingray, her counterpoint in feminine art student attire, with Mrs. Harold Walker, in an entirely conventional evening gown, and another bunch of mixed uniforms. Squatted on the floor that way with the men of one's own party serving one had the feeling that some one should have spread a main in case the floor should damp, and one hoped to avoid ants and caterpillars and things.

However, supper, is after all a mere detail. Let's get up to the ballroom. Really they have kept their promise. One wouldn't know the familiar old Willard ballroom. One entered under a rather picturesque bridge, which in ordinary times the balcony across the north end of the room, and found oneself in the main street of a little Belgian village. Tables were ranged along the sidewalk and from the windows and balconies of the cottages, which were the boxes, the guests looked out at the scenery of a village en fête.

Passing through to the smaller ballroom at the other end one found oneself in a sort of midway, hung around with wonderful draperies, which some thought Egyptian, some called Neapolitan, and others passed up as mere camouflage. And they were effective.

There were perhaps a dozen funny little booths—a jazz gallery; "Diamond Mabel," which proved to be an exhibition of dyed fabrics for sale; "Neighborhood House," the ball was a benefit for Neighborhood House, one of the most deserving of Washington's settlement houses—is famous; there was a naval camouflage booth, with a good looking Jackie outside acting as capper and inviting everybody to "walk right in and see Edison's invisible ship. We'll show it to you—for a consideration!" There was a very popular "Swat the Kaiser and Win a Poster" booth, with effigies of Huns taking the place of the familiar negro faces at which one throws balls. Everybody wanted to swat the Kaiser.

There was a gypsy Lewis, fortune telling booth, in which the Hamilton Lewis was enthroned as the gypsy queen. She makes a perfectly stunning one, with her dark eyes and hair, and the costume is terribly becoming to her. Which she probably knows. Most of the time one could not get anywhere near the door of her tent, and I suspect it was one of the best money makers there. Late in the evening I did get a glimpse of her studying absently "Tommy" Logan's palm, while he seemed entirely satisfied with the situation.

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As they stepped from the elevator they were met by lines of khaki clad soldiers presenting arms and escorted to their box through a sort of aisle of camoufleurs—members of Company B, Fortieth Engineers, which is now stationed at American University Camp, on the outskirts of Washington.

The Presidential party entered to a fanfare of trumpets, and as they reached their box the band struck into "The Star Spangled Banner," with, of course, everybody at attention. Then they subsided into their chairs and settled down to watch the fun at leisure.

There was curiously little visiting of the Presidential box. It is the first time I can remember seeing a White House party at a ball when they seemed to be there to see rather than to be seen. It must have been something of a relief—or was it I wonder?

After a little, lured by the sounds of merriment in the Midway, they slipped quietly from their box and made their way thither, almost unnoticed, and looking and elbowed quite recklessly by the dancers. They patronized everything and stopped there long enough to greet a good Wilsonian Senator's wife warmly. Mrs. Wilson slipped leonards and the President saw the invisible ship, and—yes, it will delight the world to know—he swatted the Kaiser! Then the party slipped out by way of the south end elevator.

They did not stay long, but it is something that they came at all. If, in memory serves, the first time that President Wilson has attended anything so frivolous as a fancy dress ball. Probably his doing it last night was due to the fact that it was staged by a unit of his army. "Staged" is the right word, for it happens that the camouflage company that arranged the ball was recruited almost entirely from the big producing movie studios of California and is made up of men who are experts at making something look like something quite different.

Oh, before she gets quite out of sight, Mrs. Wilson wore the lovely gray taffeta and tulle gown with silver embroideries and wide heavy silver lace bandings that has only been seen once before this season, at the Southern relief ball. She wore with it the same diamond tiara, which is distinctly more sumptuous than anything else in the jewelry line that I

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Benefit for Interned Prisoners Follows Camouflage Ball, at Which the President and Mrs. Wilson Were Guests —Lenten Entertaining at the National Capital.

brought most of their dinner guests down to the dance with them. With that ball of its mind Washington is turning with equal zeal to the next benefit, which is of quite a different sort and for quite different beneficiaries. It is to be a sale for the benefit of interned prisoners, British, French and Belgian, in Switzerland, and Mme. Hans Sulzer, wife of the Swiss Minister, will preside over it at the Swiss Legation. Art objects, leather goods, wood carvings, handicraft largely of the prisoners of war, will be sold there on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

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Both of them are often confused with Mrs. Harold McCormick, wife of another cousin, who was Edith Rockefeller, daughter of J. D. Rockefeller. I have seen pictures of Mrs. Stanley labelled as "the oil king's daughter."

Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, wife of the very junior senior Senator from New York, who as a daughter of the late John Hay was a prominent Administration girl of the McKinley regime, like Ruth Hanna, bids fair also to become a prominent political hostess. (Both families seem to have come out of Cleveland, by the way.) She and her husband are occupying the John Hay house, at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets, and when he is in town her brother, Clarence Hay, lives there. In fact, it is family headquarters. The Payne Whitneys stopped there early in the week for a day or two on their way up from Thomasville, Ga., to their New York home. Mrs. Whitney, you remember, was Helen Hay, another Washington girl of that period.

Another interesting recent visitor has been Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, wife of the United States Minister to Sweden, who came down intending to stay not over a day, and did stay nearly a week. She came on a night train for a luncheon that Mrs. E. Logan was giving for her, and she stayed on for several other luncheons and dinners. Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, a Chicagoan like herself, as by the same token, Mrs. "Tommy" Logan is, gave her one of them, and she lunched one day with a former secretary of the Swedish Legation, who happened to be here on leave. But no, indeed! She couldn't possibly stay over Sunday. She simply must get back to New York. Why, she was to sail in a few days. So she couldn't accept invitations that were being showered on her.

But Washington seemed to get her, as it does everybody. She stayed first over Sunday to pay her respects to the President on Monday. He received her about 6 o'clock Monday afternoon. Mrs. Wilson was not present then, but she invited Mrs. Morris to have tea with her, with Mrs. Wilson in the course of Mrs. Morris stayed over for that, and finally it was Wednesday before she actually got away. Having tea with Mrs. Wilson is about the only hospitality the White House is offering this winter, you know, and only small little functions, to which cards are greatly to be desired. A couple of weeks ago they turned one of them into a christening party, at which their year-old son was the guest of honor, named as his father was, for his great-grandfather, Joseph Medill, founder of the Chicago Tribune, and ceremony took place in the afternoon with only a small family party in attendance. Mrs. Stanley McCormick (their husbands are cousins, I believe, and this Mrs. McCormick was a Miss Katherine Dexter and she lives in New York) was the baby's godmother, and the godmothers were Frederick Bartlett and Robert Appleton.

The two Mrs. McCormicks are always being mixed. They are all sorts of chums, and both of them are ardent suffragettes, though Medill McCormick says he spent time and money convincing his wife to vote for women, and are prominent in the councils of the National Suffrage Association.

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of soldiers and kept them supplied with knitted garments; we have given nearly \$6,000,000 to war relief work and to the Liberty Loans; we have knitted garments for men on eighty-eight American vessels; we have helped restore some of the devastated villages of France.

"In addition, the organization has completed the restoration of the first of the villages in the devastated area which it is to restore, the village of Tilly in the Somme district. Five hundred acres of land have been reclaimed and sixty villagers placed on it."

On top of that it is rather disconcerting to have Miss Anne Morgan, who has been down here as the house guest of the Nicholsons Longworths, say "Don't bother about rebuilding villages. What they need is food. Feed them; the rebuilding can wait." For there's no denying that Miss Morgan speaks with authority, and that is about what she said to a rather select company of women gathered in the drawing room of Mrs. Joseph Leiter's Dupont Circle house.

One doesn't see a great deal of Mrs. Longworth these days, and when one does see her one notices that she has changed almost past recognition. She is a thoroughly capable, businesslike looking person. The sleepy, heavy lidded eyes, the wide open, the suggestion of a subtly about the mouth, are one else, and as her father's daughter would be of necessity, she is deep in war work, and eagerly questioning what is the most useful, practical, helpful thing she can do.

Another young patron who, like Mrs. Vrooman, saw up in Washington and has all sorts of old family friendships and official connections and is in a quiet way establishing a sort of salon is Mrs. Medill McCormick, wife of the Representative at Large from Illinois—who, by the way, has announced his candidacy for the Senate in the fall. Her husband, James Hamilton Lewis, whose present term expires next year—and daughter of the late Mark Hanna, who was Senator from Ohio at the time of his death, and accounted McKinley's closest friend, if not indeed his maker politically.

Baby McCormick christened. The McCormicks, who have Col. Stephen H. L. Slocum's New Hampshire avenue house this season, have been having a series of Sunday evening suppers, which have achieved reputation as delightful little functions, to which cards are greatly to be desired. A couple of weeks ago they turned one of them into a christening party, at which their year-old son was the guest of honor, named as his father was, for his great-grandfather, Joseph Medill, founder of the Chicago Tribune, and ceremony took place in the afternoon with only a small family party in attendance. Mrs. Stanley McCormick (their husbands are cousins, I believe, and this Mrs. McCormick was a Miss Katherine Dexter and she lives in New York) was the baby's godmother, and the godmothers were Frederick Bartlett and Robert Appleton.

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Musical Notes and Gossip

Continued from Third Page.

by American composers. Giuseppe Bambaschek will be at the piano.

Leopold Godowsky, who since the middle of January has been on a tour on the Pacific coast and in western Canada, will return to New York in time for his pianoforte recital at Aeolian Hall on Thursday evening, March 21, which is to be given for the benefit of The Star Spangled Banner Fund. The pianist will give an all Chopin programme.

Prof. Leopold Auer, the celebrated teacher of "master violinists" will give a violin recital in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, March 23. He will play a programme exclusively of old masterpieces. Mrs. Wanda Buguzska Stein will be the pianist.

The young people's branch of the Educational Alliance, located at Ninety-third street, will give a chamber music concert this evening with a programme containing selections from Mozart, Bach, Beethoven and Tchaikowsky.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, the former Ambassador of the United States to the Netherlands, has accepted the position of honorary chairman of the National Singing Society, L. Camilleri conductor. The society meets for rehearsal every Thursday evening in the auditorium of the High School of Commerce, at 133 West Sixty-third street, where about 1,000 people can be accommodated. These meetings have already proved that they are a source of valuable recreation and education to the men and women who take advantage of the opportunities they offer in musical education.

Eddy Brown, assisted by L. T. Gruenberg at the piano, will give his last recital of the present season in Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 17. Features of the programme will be the Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata" and the Bruch G minor violin concerto. There will also be compositions of Cramer, Aron, Kreisler, Cui and Basini.

Lambert Murphy, tenor, who was for some years a member of the Metropolitan Opera, will give his first recital, postponed from March 4, on Monday afternoon, March 18, in Aeolian Hall.

Clara Pasvolosky, contralto, at her recital at Aeolian Hall on the evening of Monday, March 18, will give a programme of Russian songs and arias in the original tongue. In the list is the great contralto aria from Moussorgsky's "Khovanshchina."

Herman Sandberg, Danish violoncellist, will be heard in recital at Aeolian Hall, Tuesday evening, March 19, when he will render a programme of compositions by Valentin, Tchaikowsky, Bloch, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cui, Popper, and some Scandinavian folk songs arranged by himself. Ilya Schkolnik, violinist, and L. T. Gruenberg, pianist, will assist in the programme.

Ernest Bloch is just completing the score of his incidental music for Richard Ordynsky's production of the old English play "Everyman," which will have two performances at the Metropolitan Opera House under the auspices of the Society of the Friends of Music on the afternoons of Easter Monday and the following Thursday, April 1 and 4. The music will be played by the orchestra of the Metropolitan under the composer's baton.

In the list of scores Mr. Bloch seeks to lighten the variety and color of this ever changing picture of medieval life imagined by some nameless poet four centuries ago. Vast and throughout it runs the religious melody, the sense of the imminence of death which was so keenly felt by the medieval man. It is a theme which speaks with peculiar vividness to a man of Mr. Bloch's gifts, and in treating it he has freely utilized his talent for harmonic and instrumental coloring.

On Wednesday, March 20, Eigner's "Dream of Gerontius" will be sung by St. Thomas's Festival Chorus and the church choir. T. Tertius Noble, director, assisted by the choir of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, the New York Symphony Orchestra, Reed Miller, Madame Nevada Van der Meer and Robert Matland. It is hoped that a large sum will thus be realized, which will be divided between the Red Cross, St. Thomas's auxiliary and the war commission.

Frances Felton-Jones, harpsichord player, will give a recital at the Princeton Theatre on the afternoon of March 21, 10:30, when the White House party arrived, there was a motley array in all sorts of costumes, from straight evening dress to the most wildly camouflaged imaginings in the gaudiest possible colors. Of course, the entrance was alive with secret service men, as usual, when the President and Mrs. Wilson arrived, bringing with them only a family party—also as usual—

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News Notes of Society

Continued from Second Page.

ful concert last week at Carnegie Hall, when Mme. Galli-Curci gave a recital, will once more settle down to its regular routine, and on Wednesday Rubin-gstein, and on Thursday, Mrs. Wadsworth, for its war relief work under the chairmanship of Mrs. J. Hudson Storer.

On Saturday afternoon Rubin-gstein will give a reception and dance, which will be given at the Waldorf on April 3. On this occasion the club choral of 150 voices will be heard under the direction of William R. Chapman. The assisting artists will be Miss Olga Gates and Hippolyte Lazaro, the Spanish tenor.

The club's third evening concert of the season will be given at the Waldorf on April 3. On this occasion the club choral of 150 voices will be heard under the direction of William R. Chapman. The assisting artists will be Miss Olga Gates and Hippolyte Lazaro, the Spanish tenor.

For the military and naval meet and ball to be held at the Madison Square Garden for three days beginning Friday, for the benefit of the Women's Oversea Hospitals, the Governor and Mrs. Charles S. Whitman have accepted invitations to be present. Gov. Whitman will review the troops taking part in the performance on Saturday, army all motives were invited. For those who prefer cards there will be games under the direction of Mrs. J. Hudson Storer for the benefit of war relief work. Any evening a club member who is in the uniform of the army or navy will be heartily welcomed.

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Mrs. Carl Vrooman, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, will preside over it at the Swiss Legation. Art objects, leather goods, wood carvings, handicraft largely of the prisoners of war, will be sold there on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

As for Carl Vrooman, he and Mrs. Vrooman simply shut up shop a week or more ago and went down to North Carolina for a stay of a month, he to get over the mumps and she to get generally rested up a bit. There isn't