

Secretary of Interior and Mrs. Lane Guests at Dinner Given by Senator and Mrs. Thomas; Magruder-Lesher Nuptials Charming Affair

Other News of Society at the Capital

The Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane were the guests in whose honor Senator and Mrs. Thomas entertained at dinner last evening, at their residence in S street.

Miss Sara Raybaud, daughter of the Military Attaché of the Argentine Embassy and Mrs. Raybaud, and her fiancé, Mr. Abel Esquivel, whose marriage will be solemnized on Saturday, were the guests of honor at a dinner given last evening at the Chevy Chase Club, when Mr. Raoul Barthe, Mr. Eduardo Racedo, Mr. Carlos Acuna, Mr. Morris Volz, and Mr. Arthur Bradley Campbell, all members of the wedding party, were hosts.

St. Stephen's Episcopal Church was the scene of a charming wedding last evening when Miss Margaret Magruder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Barron Magruder, became the bride of Mr. William Anderson Lesher. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock by the Rev. George F. Dudley in the presence of a large company of friends and relatives.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white satin made with a court train hanging from the shoulders. The bodice was trimmed with chiffon garnished with pearls. Her tulle veil, which was worn over the face, was caught with a wreath of orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas and lilies of the valley.

Miss Elizabeth Magruder was maid of honor for her sister and Miss Lois Harrington and Miss Ruth Beavers were bridesmaids. Miss Magruder wore a gown of pink satin and charmingly lace with a leghorn hat trimmed with pink lilies and blue flowers. The bridesmaids' gowns were of pink flowered taffeta with which they wore leghorn hats trimmed with pink tulle and tiny pink bouquets. All the attendants carried bouquets of pink sweet peas.

A reception followed at the home of the bride in Quebec street where the decorations were of pink peonies, palms and ferns. Mrs. Magruder, mother of the bride, received the guests wearing a handsome gown of black net over cloth and silver. Her hair was styled in a high chignon. The young couple left later in the evening for a wedding trip, the bride wearing a blue tailored suit and a large black hat with ostrich edging. Upon their return they will reside at 319 Mount Pleasant street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton G. Clapham entertained at a dinner of thirty covers last evening at the Chevy Chase Club in compliment to Mr. Francisco Arias, of Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Reeside gave a dinner party last evening at the Chevy Chase Club, entertaining in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burnand, whose marriage took place in New York May 9.

Miss Helen Blodgett was hostess at a dinner of twenty covers at the Chevy Chase Club in compliment to her house guests, who were schoolmates at Cleveland, Miss Virginia Bush, of Cleveland, and Miss Pauline Gates, of New Jersey. Mrs. Blodgett's sister, Mrs. Charles Gray Matthews, chaperoned the party.

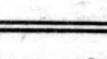
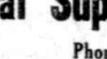
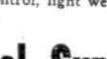
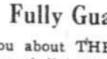
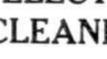
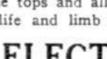
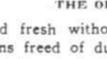
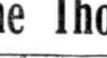
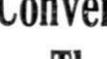
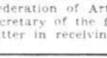
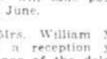
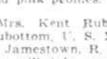
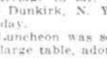
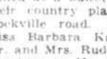
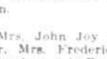
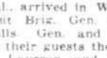
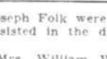
Mr. J. Willard Ragsdale entertained at luncheon yesterday at Calmet place, spring flowers forming the decorations on the luncheon table and in the drawing rooms.

The guests were Mrs. Rufus Day, Mr. J. H. Eagle, Mrs. Samuel J. Graham, Mrs. Gene Johnson, Mrs. E. Marvin Underwood, Mrs. John Temple Graves, Mrs. Horace Macfarland, Mrs. Malcolm McConchie, Mrs. Francis S. Nash, Mrs. James H. Glennon and Mrs. Daniel W. Wurtsbaugh.

Mrs. T. T. Ashberry was hostess at a bridge party yesterday afternoon in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Burt Eddy Taylor. Mrs. Hampson Gary and Mr. Victor Kauffmann presided at the table. Mrs. Houston Thompson and Mrs.

LINEN COLLAR ON BROWN TAFFETA.

Particularly appropriate for afternoon wear is this costume of brown taffeta, both the long coat and skirt fashioned in a decidedly bouffant style. The extremely tailored cut of the suit is relieved by the large revers. The collar of checked linen is a novel feature.



his daughter, Katherine, to Lieut. Walter Lee Ainsworth, U. S. N. The wedding will take place in June.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Southernland, the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. W. H. Southernland, U. S. N., to Mr. J. Butler Wright, a graduate of Princeton and in Washington, May 27, while one of the most interesting of the spring society, will be also one of the simplest of ceremonies, witnessed only by the members of the immediate families. Miss Southernland and Mr. Wright's mother, who is in Switzerland, will be unable to be present. Other members of his family, however, will attend. Mr. Wright, who is a native of New York and a graduate of Princeton, entered the diplomatic service seven years ago, when he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Tegucigalpa, later becoming Charge d'Affaires. Subsequent interesting assignments were in Roumania, Serbia and Bulgaria as Consul General; to Havana as Secretary of Legation; Brussels and The Hague as secretary to the American delegation to the opium conference, and to the American Embassy at Rio Janeiro as secretary. While belonging strictly to the diplomatic service, Mr. Wright is at present on duty at the State Department as acting chief of the division of Latin-American affairs. Miss Southernland has traveled all over the world, has charming accomplishments, and in the delightful position she has occupied in social life has met and known the most interesting and distinguished men and women who have been in recent years a part of the Washington world.

Recent arrivals at the Shoreham are Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Benney, of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. James McLarny, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Vanderlip, of Minneapolis; and Mr. and Mrs. John K. Strubbe, accompanied by Maeter Strubbe, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Pablo Arosemena, one time acting president of Panama, who is spending some time in this country, arrived at Washington yesterday and is stopping at the Willard. Mr. Francisco Arias accompanies him.

Mrs. William Cunningham Story, of New York, and Miss Florence Finch came to Washington yesterday. Mrs. Story is the Willard. Other arrivals there of the day include Mr. and Mrs. Robert Seward, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Foster, of Markham, Va.; Mr. F. S. Chase, of Washington, D. C.; and Miss J. M. Lewis, of New York.

Mr. Freyre y Santander, charge d'affaires of Peru; Mr. Alberto Inpaema Moriera, first secretary of the Brazilian Embassy; and Mr. Eduardo Rio, formerly of the Argentine Embassy, were members of the Diplomatic Corps luncheon in the palm garden at the Willard yesterday.

YOUR WEDDING DAY AND The Famous Men and Women Who Have Shared It.

May 18—Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine.

By MARY MARSHALL. Eleanor of Aquitaine, who was married to King Henry II of England seven hundred and sixty-four years ago today, was none of your long-suffering, mild-mannered consorts who learn to endure what cannot be helped in the way of marital neglect and finally find consolation in charity and religion; for Eleanor of Aquitaine had an experience which is almost unique in the history of the world.

Fifteen years before he had married Louis VII of France. He was but a feeble, inefficient sort of man who eventually became unendurable to the queen. When she decided that life with Louis was intolerable, she discovered, through the help of her confessor, that the marriage was really contrary to the laws of the church because of a distant relationship that existed between them. So a divorce was granted, and suitors came in amazing numbers.

Among them was Henry of England, who was now nineteen, some eleven years the junior of the charming Eleanor. His father, King Richard I, the Lionheart, was so much less than his son that he was persuaded to give his daughter in marriage to the young man. Eleanor was as high spirited as she was charming, and she was apparently, as desirous of being queen of England as Henry was of having her.

It is an interesting fact that Eleanor and Henry were the last monarchs in England who made a practice of wearing their crowns, except as monarchs do now, at the time of coronation. This was at Easter, in 1146. When the mass was over on that day the king and queen laid their crowns upon the altar and vowed to wear them no more—and this for no other reason than because the restless Henry's brow actually fretted under the weight of the metal of the crown.

The married life of Henry and Eleanor was successful because evident from the scanty data of long ago. Yet Eleanor possessed few of the virtues that are usually supposed to be desirable in the independent wife of a statesman. She was energetic, full of initiative, independent and self-assertive. She never forgot that it was through marrying her that Henry got possession of his much prized territory in France. She has even been called "It" a little. But the result was good and as time passed the nature Henry felt as much respect and devotion for his aging wife as the boy king had for the young queen. Eleanor's charms and possessions had ensnared him.

Several children blessed this union, among them King Richard III. And after Henry's death and Richard's accession to the throne, Eleanor's mother was as much a power in politics as she had been when queen.

Mr. Horatio H. Gardner, of Charleston, S. C., has announced the engagement of

his daughter, Katherine, to Lieut. Walter Lee Ainsworth, U. S. N. The wedding will take place in June.

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THE STORY THE OLD ARTIST TOLD.

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THREE long flights of rickety, dust-laden steps we climbed until we reached the door where our old friend, the artist, lived. There was a palette on the door, splashed with a few dabs of cracking, dried paint, and on the palette was written, "M. Periole, Artist."

We knocked several times before we heard his voice bidding us to enter, and when we did find our way through the dark shadows of a small hall into an ill-lighted room, there was the poor old man coming to meet us, trembling from age and from the lack of proper food.

"Poor Papa Periole," we said to him as we led him to his faded easy chair. "Why haven't you told us you were ill?"

"Little busy people," he replied, "what hours have you for a doddering old man? No, it is no use—it is stealing a march on me and it won't be very long before I can close up this little studio where I have lived all these years and sleep a long, peaceful sleep which will have no cruel awakening."

After we had stored our groceries away and cleaned up his little home, Papa Periole brought out his portfolio of sketches and showed us many interesting, unframed canvases of the style which had made him a prosperous artist thirty years ago.

They belonged to the old detail school of yesterday—these labored-over sketches of men and women of the seventeenth century. With such care was the paint laid on the canvas that one could almost hear the crinkling of the polished satin of Versailles ladies' gowns, smell the perfume of the heavy laden branches in back of them or count the eyelashes of the little children who played in the foreground.

You can't guess," said Papa Periole, "what I have done for the last six months. I, who have seen my pictures hung in the great Salon."

We shook our heads—we could not guess. "I have designed labels for tins and packages of chewing gum—I have drawn sewing machines until my hands ached from holding the pen—and only yesterday they came to me to tell me that I was no longer of use to them, that the lines were getting shaky and young hands must take the work away from me."

Among Papa Periole's sketches there was one which held us for a long, long time. It was the sweet, oval face of a young girl with haunting dark eyes and a wistful mouth which drooped at the corners.

"Who is she?" I asked, trying to distract his attention from his unhappy reflections.

"I have never spoken of her these fifty years," and he looked at the little drawing so hungrily we knew that far back in his past he had loved her.

First he told us much of the artist's life in Paris as he had known it, and then he spoke of the girl.

She was an art student, who had saved and denied herself from the time she was a little child in hopes of becoming a great artist after the opportunity of studying abroad.

"We students loved her so," the old man told us, "but we were not blind to the fact that though she worked and studied incessantly, hers was no real talent and her drawings were pitifully weak. I had the studio across the hall, and when summer had sped on its way I realized I was never to love her."

"The following winter she had progressed very slowly and one of the yeast cake softened in a little of the moistening."

Brown bread, with whole wheat or Graham flour, can be made according to this same recipe, using part of either of the flours mentioned, using more or less. In proportion to the white flour, as the directions on the package of flour may say. Usually these flours come in package with directions for making bread printed thereon, and it is easy to tell how much to use in any given recipe by comparing the proportions of flour and liquid.

If, for some reason, there is stale bread on hand and no fresh bread, the house-keeper should not be discouraged. For the stale bread can be used.

It can be cut into thin slices and dried to a golden brown in the oven, and served toast, warm and crisp, instead of fresh bread.

It can be steamed in a steamer until it is again soft, then allowed to dry, and it will taste quite like fresh bread.

For breakfast and luncheon it can be made into delicious toast.

And there are always other uses for every bit of bread on hand. It can be converted into crumbs, or made into croutons. French toast for dessert at luncheon can be made from it. And the odds and ends that seem even impossible for crumbs can be scattered for the birds, and so serve a good purpose after all.

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HOUSEWIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

By FRANCES MARSHALL.

The Small Batch of Bread.

Making bread, if you happily possess a bread mixer, is not difficult. It is hardly more troublesome than making a cake. Therefore, there is no more reason for eating stale bread even in a small family, than for eating small cake. For the bread supply can be easily renewed.

Therefore, the manager of a small household who has a big batch of bread made once a week is subjecting her family to a quite unnecessary task of eating stale bread.

Without a bread mixer, of course, the work of kneading bread is troublesome. But a bread mixer is within the possibilities of almost everybody.

This is a good recipe for a small batch of white bread: One tablespoonful each of salt and sugar, one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of lard or other shortening, three cupfuls of milk or water, and half a