Activities of Women Prominent in the Social Life of the Nation's Capital

Society in Washington

By E. C. DRUM-HUNT.

Quite the nicest thing scheduled for this week, didn't happen. That was Mary Garden's recital for the British-American War Relief Fund, which was to have taken place at Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff's on Tuesday evening; but it didn't. Mary was sick. Yes, indeed, quite genuinely sick,—laryngitis. And in view of weather conditions, and consequent traffic condition, it didn't seem wise to risk taking her very valuable larynx on a train that was likely to be hours overdue, if it did not get stuck in a snowdrift indefinitely. First it was postponed till next Monday, and then when blizzard piled on blizzard, Miss Garden asked for another week's grace, and postponed her concert once more, until February 11.

Of course lots of people were disappointed. Mary Garden was not to have been the bright particular star, it was to have been a joint recital, with Casals, the world famous 'cellist, and Louis Thompson, a young lyric tenor of whom, Washington is both proud and fond, assisting.

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Though the name of Mary Garden is perhaps more familiar to the average person than that of Casals, she is not near so great an artist as he. Also it costs almost three times as much to secure his services as it does those of Mary Garden. He plays upon an interesting old instrument, one that looks rather battered but for which he paid about $30,000. It is some two hundred years old. He has invested about $200,000 in cellos and has quite a remarkable collection, to which he is constantly adding. He is going to cut his season short as he is planning to return to Spain in March to pay another visit to his old mother who lives there. His season would be shorter than usual anyway, because he was late starting as he could not get a ship back from Spain until about six weeks after he first started to sail.

Casals is very bashful and retiring; hates any sort of fuss to be made over him and even dislikes press notices. Last week in New York—and it happens quite frequently—after two of his concerts, a number of women bought their way past the man on guard, to Casal's room behind the stage and tried to tell him how he had moved them, how wonderful he was; one even threw her arms around his neck. The poor man nearly passed through the floor with embarrassment. He isn't a bit good looking either. Finally several of his friends had to literally carry him away from the admiring groups. His red face and agitation would have been amusing, if not so genuine.

Without such famous drawing cards, though, the musciale was sure to be a success for when Mrs. Gaff opens her house for anything its success is at once assured.

There had been any number of smart little dinners—and one or two big ones—planed by hostesses who expected to take their guests to Mrs. Gaff's for their post prandial music. Among them were: Mrs. Edward Rowland, who has Mrs. McMillan Gibson's Rhode Island avenue house for the winter, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, both of whom of course had their dinners anyway.

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One of the interesting little events of the week was the Marine Band's debut as a symphony orchestra in the assembly, hall of the Marine Barracks last Monday afternoon. Of course the Marine Band is an institution in Washington, and its Monday afternoon concerts have always included some classical music, but it's attempting anything so ambitious as symphony work is new, and just by way of encouraging them Mrs. Wilson, with her sister, Miss Bertha Bolling and Miss Edith eBnham honored the event with her presence.

Monday—the second "heatless" of the Fuel Administration—when Washington was struggling with what some fiend for figures announced as its fifteenth blizzard (and there have been several since then), was not exactly a tempting day to go 'way out to the barracks, but Mrs. Barnett had made something of a point of it among her friends, and had deftly hinted that she rather expected the First Lady—with the result that quite a nice little audience and rather a distinguished one turned out to hear Mr. Santelmann lead his band into the to-them unexplored realm of symphony rendition. It was rewarded by a spirited performance of Mozart's famous "Jupiter" symphony given with expression and feeling and excellent ensemble work.

Mrs. Wilson looked charming in a long blue braided coat with seal collar and deep cuffs and a small seal hat. The coat covered her so completely that except as it hung open the dress was not very visible. But it seemed also to be blue, with a waist of blue chiffon beaded over a dul Pompelian red. It looked like the same gown she wore at the Anna Case concert on Friday with a hat of black and red.

She is a discriminating lover of music, as well as a kindly and gracious First Lady, and Lieut. Santelmann was justly gratified when she sent him a personal message of appreciation of the good work of his band, as was Elizabeth Howry at Mrs. Wilson's word of congratulation's on her singing of "The Spirit of Liberty," Mrs. Lawrence Townsend's stirring march song dedicated to the Marine Band. It had its second hearing, its first so far as Mrs. Wilson was concerned at Monday's concert at the barracks.

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Add to all the "lesses" superinduced by the war (wheat—meat—sweet—heatless), the fact that this has been a ball-less week, except for the debutantes' masked ball Friday. And Lent only a fortnight away! However, there are two for next week—would have been three had not the "camouflage ball" for the benefit of Neighborhood House (they're all "benefits," of course), been postponed for a month—from February 6 to March 6—when it will serve as a sort of mi-careme event. At both of these—the Southern, always one of the largest of the winter, which will start the week's activities tomorrow night; and one for the Episcopal Home for Children to wind them up on Saturday—the President and Mrs. Wilson expect to be present, Mrs. Wilson heading the list of patronesses for both.

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The Southern Relief is always one of the big balls of the winter, preceded by innumerable dinners, with which, fortunately, neither food nor fuel embargoes are likely to interfere. For the fact that Monday is heatless does not hit either hotels or private houses—and it has recently been added as a second "wheatless," hasn't it? Do you suppose those poor Southerners will have to serve their beloved co'n pone at all those bang-up formal dinners, or will they just say: "Fen everything, our dinners were announced before your old wheatless Monday!" and suggest that Mr. Hoover look the other way just for once.

Saturday night's ball for the Episcopal Home will probably draw its patronage largely from what Washington knows as the "resident" set, as distinguished from the official. Its floor committee is made up almost entirely of the brides and buds of this and recent seasons—the Noyes contingent, the Blairs, Mrs. Robert Taft, who was Martha Bowers; Virginia Mackay-Smith; Kathleen Bester, one of the most popular of the season's buds and the first to announce her engagement; Maxwell Church; Louise Thoron, another of this year's buds; Carolyn Nash, who is studying nursing in a Philadelphia hospital to fit herself for war work and only gets home for an occasion week-end; the two LeSure girls, former Speaker Cannon's two attractive granddaughters, and Louise Delano, who, though by right of her father's position on the Federal Trade Commission really belongs with the official set, but who has always preferred to flock with the rather exclusive residential crowd that has a marked penchant for diplomats.

Little Mrs. Newbold Noyes, who is at the head of the committee, was, as Alexandra Ewing, one of the early belles of the administration. And the present commodious building occupied by the Home was put up by Mrs. Ewing as a memorial to her mother, the late Mrs. William F. Corcoran. It is, like the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, whose ball Mrs. Wilson "patronessed" early in the season, one of the Episcopal Church philanthropies in which she was interested long before she became Mrs. Wilson.

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It was, by the way, something of a surprise to Washington to learn that the First Lady had given up her pew at St. Margaret's, and that hereafter, when she and the President attend an Episcopal Church at all, it would be St. John's, where they would occupy what has been known since the church was built, over a century ago, during the Monroe administration, as "the President's pew." Mrs. Wilson had been a member of St. Thomas's Church for many years, until a little while before her marriage to the President, when she took a pew at St. Margaret's. It was the rector of that church who performed the marriage service, when she married the President, and since then she has frequently attended service there, the President going with her when she did not go with him to the Central Presbyterian Church—so called probably because it is a couple of miles from the center of the city, beyond the top of the Sixteenth street hill.

Probably she has attended the Presbyterian Church with him twice for once that he has attended the Episcopal Church with her; but then, he is an elder in his church, and she is a dutiful wife. At St. Margaret's their pew was never marked otherwise than by a modest card plate which read "Hon. Woodrow Wilson," which has been missing from it this season. Immediately behind it was the pew occupied by Mrs. Wilson's mother, sister and brother, Mrs. Bolling, Miss Bertha Bolling, and John Randolph Bolling.

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Why the change? Perhaps merely because St. John's is handier; or, perhaps, because of a very human feeling that she'd like, since she is the First Lady, to occupy what has been the First Lady's pew in that historic church for more than 100 years. There was no particular reason for the change from St. Thomas' to St. Margaret's. Mrs. Galt had gone to St. Thomas' because the Galts all went there. Her first husband had been one of the vestrymen, and she had been identified with it from the time that she first came to Washington as a bride. She continued there from force of habit, apparently, for years, though her own family were all members of St. Margaret's. Finally, she decided to join her own people and changed to St. Margaret's—both churches being about equally handy to her former home in Nineteenth street.

Without any one realizing that Mrs. Wilson had forsaken St. Margaret's, it did occasion some little comment the week when the President and Mrs. Wilson showed up at the morning services at St. John's. For so far as any one knew it was the first time that the President had entered that historic old church for purposes of worship. Of course, he'd been there to one or two weddings, though he is not so given to attending weddings as either of his immediate predecessors. And everyone remembered that just about a year ago—along about the middle of January of last year—there was considerable excitement in the old church because the President, who had been announced as the headliner at the first session of a week's celebration of the church's centenary, had declined to appear.

You see programs had been sent out, along with very imposing cards, inviting a very select clientele to the first ceremonies at which the President of the United States, the Bishop of Washington, Senator Cabot Lodge and others of equal distinction would speak. About twenty-four hours before the event it developed that the President was not to speak; he was not even to be present. There was evidently some misunderstanding; he had not said he would. The reason given was "press of business"—but as about the time he should have been speaking he was strolling around Corcoran Art Gallery looking at the pictures of an exhibition, it seemed not entirely improbable that there was something in the reason whispered that he had backed out when he found that he was expected to speak from the same platform as Senator Lodge, who had said harsh things about him during the campaign. However, he and the Massachusetts Senator have since then shaken hands and declared a truce.

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Washington is, of course, tremendously interested in the imminent arrival of Lord and Lady Reading, the new British Ambassador and his wife, who are expected to appear in our midst any day.

According to reports, their only son, Viscount Erleigh, who will be attached to the embassy staff, will accompany them. Young Lord Erleigh has until just recently been known simply as the Honorable Gerald Rufus Isaacs, but when just before Christmas Lord Reading himself was advanced from the dignity of viscount to that of an earl he received, in addition to his original viscounty the additional one of Erleigh—Erleigh being the name of the Berkshire townlet where his country place is situated. Lord Erleigh is still on the sunny side of 30, and saw active service at the front during the beginning of the war with the Court Territorials, in which he enlisted on the outbreak of hostilities, and in which he now holds the rank of captain. He married some four years ago Miss Eva Mond, eldest daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, known as "the nickel king," and said to own a controlling interest in the companies which control practically all the nickel mines in existence. Aside from his commercial interests, Sir Alfred Mond has distinguished himself in various positions in the service of the state.

As for Lady Reading, there seems to be a mistaken impression that she is an American. It is hard to see why, for one could scarcely believe that an American could acquire, even after years of residence, so complete an overlay of Britishness. If she were an American, she could justly claim to be a "quadruple-plate" Britisher. But she isnt. Though there has appeared in print various references to Lord Reading's American wife, or to young Lord Erleigh as being half American in that his mother was a New Yorker, it has been assured that Lady Reading was, like her husband, English born, and of Jewish stock. She was the daughter of a London merchant named Cohen. Anyhow, every one who has met her during her recent visit over here will agree that she is a charming and attractive woman, and a most "understanding" sort of person. It is one of the queer things about the diplomatic circle here, that while there are always a very large number of its members who have American wives and the chatelaines of fully one-half the embassies and about as many of the legations are nearly always American girls, the wife of the British Ambassador, representing the nation with which we really are most closely affiliated by every tie of blood and language, rarely is an American. The only one in many years was Lady Herbert, and her husband did not live long enough to get really established here. His wife was a Miss Wilson, of New York, a sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

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To get back to America—Washington gave a frosty welcome last week to Mrs. Benedict Crowell, wife of the Assistant Secretary of War. On Wednesday she arrived with her two children—a son and a daughter, in the midst of a blizzard which was piling its agony on top of Monday's seven inches of snow, and considered herself lucky to have gotten here with almost no delay. She also admitted that she was glad that Mr. Crowell was still holding on to his apartment in Stonleigh Court, and that she had time to thaw out a bit, and could give it time to thaw out a bit, before taking possession of the Gist Blair country home out at Silver Springs. It is a perfectly lovely place, occupied last summer by the Peter Goelet Corrys, but one can imagine that to a weary traveler through miles and miles of blizzards the warm luxury of Stonleigh Court would look mighty attractive, though Mrs. Crowell, when her husband, joyous at having his family around him once more, smilingly refused to commit himself as to just when they were going out in the country, insisted that they really were going soon—in a few days, anyway, as she was anixous to get settled.

Mrs. Crowell is in mourning, so will not figure prominently in society.

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Speaking of the Crowells, one is reminded of a little story that has come out of Cleveland just recently, which two well-known official families are enjoying together. It involves Bobby Garfield, son of James R., and nephew of Dr. Harry Garfield, Fuel Administrator, and William Edwards Otis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Otis, a nephew of Gen. Clarence Edwards, now in France, and of Mrs. Edwards, who is living here in Washington with her daughter, Bessie, generally accounted one of the season's debutantes, though she has not had any formal "coming out."

Both boys were supposed to be at the Taft School—of which Horace Taft, younger brother of former President Taft, is head master—at Watertown, Conn. They were well-fed, well-housed, and altogether comfortable. Naturally this went against the grain of two red-blooded lads, who had heard a lot of contumely heaped upon the slackers who sat back and watched the allies do the fighting. So what could their families expect but that they'd see their duty and do it—offer their services to Uncle Sam. But they were, of course, a bit too young, and they knocked all the traditions of both families into cocked hats by enlisting in the navy, and as plain every-day sailor boys!

Commissions are all very well, of course, but why fuss around with Latin grammars, and geometry, and history of nations that were dead and buried ages ago, with a real job to be done. And what if Billie Otis's maternal grandfather was Colonel William Edwards, from whom he got his name, and what if his uncle was a major general now at the front in France? And what if Bobby Garfield's grandfather was a general in the war between the States, and afterwards the President of a united nation, and what if he did have three elder brothers in the army now, and his father had been crazy to join the Roosevelt contingent, if it "got to go"—which it didn't. They saw no necessity for families being so one-ideaed anyhow, and environment counts for almost as much as heredity—and they had been for some time at school in New England where every lad dreams of running away to sea. So it was the navy for theirs! And their two families are at once tremendously proud of the little beggars, and justly wrathy at them. But just what can they do when their younger sons insist on calling their patriotic bluff—which after all is not bluff, but is intended of course to be applied with discretion.

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Another of the season's debutantes, Miss Agnes Messick, is announcing her engagement before the season is more than well started. Kathleen Lester was the first. The lucky man whom Miss Messick has selected from all her suitors—and there were many—is Lieut. Robert E. Pollock of the Aviation Corps. The wedding will take place very soon. Mrs. Charles C. Marbury, Miss Messick's mother, will not send out any invitations for the wedding, which will probably take place in Austin, Aexas, where Lieut. Pollock is stationed. There is a large family connection. The Marburys are not in their own home in Sixteenth street this winter, having leased it to the Government. Dr. Marbury is serving with the Medical Corps in France, all of which are some of the reasons for having the wedding as quiet as possible.

Miss Messick made her debut last winter in New Orleans, which was Mrs. Marbury's old home, making her bow to society from the home of Mrs. Marbury's sister. She had a glorious winter there, and, having come out here this season, was having a wonderful time here when Lieut. Pollock persuaded her to take him. Her brother, Andrew S. Messick is a lieutenant in the Artillery Corps and is a student of the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Dr. William B. Marbury, Dr. Marbury's nephew, who always made his home with them, is a captain with the Medical Corps of the British army, having gone over before this country entered the war. Mrs. Marbury and Miss Messick have an apartment at the Balfour.

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Louise Bayne's engagement to Lieut. John Francis Proctor, of the Royal Flying Corps of the British army, formerly of Calgary, Canada, was announced last week also. Lieut. Proctor is one of the three officers who have been convalescing at the lovely Virginia home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carter. He, with two other heros, after having been seriously wounded, have been getting strong and well there under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, for several months now. They came down from Canada some time in November. Lieut. Proctor has regained his health, but lost his heart, it would seem. A number of the fair members of the Ambulance Corps which Mrs. Borden Harriman organized, have been helping look after these three Canadians, and it is suspected that was the beginning of the acquaintance of Miss Bayne and Lieut. Proctor. The Baynes are an old Washington family, and are identified with the resident set in society. Their home in Connecticut avenue, where they lived for many years, has been turned into a business house, as have most of the fine old residences in that section of Connecticut avenue. Before they moved to that house, they occupied for a long time, a lovely old home in Second street southeast, opposite the Congressional Library.

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We may lose the Joseph W. Folks, and they will truly be a real loss for Washington society. Mr. Folk has sent in his resignation as chief counsel of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to take effect before February 15. He plans to return to St. Louis to become general counsel of the Chamber of Commerce there. Mr. Folk has been with the commission for four years. Before that he was governor of Missouri and for a short time was Solicitor General of the State Department.

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There was an interesting little party the first of the week at Mrs. John B. Henderson's castle on the hill. She entertained a number of little girls and boys for her daughter, Beatrice Henderson. Miss Beatrice belongs to a fashionable dancing class, which Mrs. Henderson arranged, the pupils being all children of her friends. They receive instruction under Miss Hawke. At this party these pupils gave an exhibition of their dancing. A special feature of the afternoon were several solo dances by Miss Enid Sims, who is Miss Hawke's star pupil and an exquisite dancer. There were also several French recitations by some of the young folks and of course lots of good things to eat.

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The officers at Quantico say they are going to give another dance very soon, as their first one was such a complete success. The men thought it a successful party because the twenty-two girls who went down were all very attractive. The girls had a beautiful time because there were men galore. There were two men to each girl at the supper and many, many more at the dance which followed. When the party was first planned the girls decided to go down by motor, but at the last moment they thought it wiser to use the train. They rode there in a negro coach and returned in a baggage car, and felt thankful to get any means of transportation, at that. They got there about 4 o'clock and left at about half after 10 o'clock. While there was daylight, they all inspected the camp, visited the trenches, the barracks, everything; then went to the officers' club which they all pronounced to be charming. There were huge logs burning in the large fireplaces and small stoves hidden in niches in the walls.

Supper was served at small tables seating four each. The table decorations were the green ends of celery arranged in most original fashion. After supper the tables were removed and the dancing begun. The music was excellent, the floor good, men galore—what more could a girl want!

Coffee and sandwiches were served before the party reluctantly started homewards.

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The last of the series of wool dances was given a week ago yesterday, at the Washington Barracks but it is thought another series will soon be announced. How different are those dances from the old barracks' hops, always among the most attractive dances of each season. Not that the "wool dances" are not attractive, but are so different. One could not help but look unconsciously for those officers whom one had become accustomed to see there for several years. All of them—both of the First and the Sixth Engineers, have been in France for some months now. One of that group of engineers, Capt. Myron Bertman, who was adjutant of the post, and did so much towards making those hops a success, has passed away; died shortly after he reached France. Of all of those dark blue dress uniforms—with their gold braid which was so destructive of the girls' evening gowns—which were a feature of those parties—not one was to be seen. All of the men of course, were in olive drab and most of them were strangers to Washington. Of the seventy odd officers on duty at the barracks, only five are of the regular army.

Lieut. Col. Joseph Earle who has been on duty at the barracks off and on for quite a few years now, held a reception in one corner of the room. Every one flocked around him. Mrs. Earle was not there at the last party, as she was sick. Col. Earle was stationed at the barracks when Col.—now Gen. Kuhn was commandant at that post, the position he held when he was sent to Europe as an observer with the German army in the early days of the world war.

Mrs. Kuhn was at the party the other evening, and with Gen. and Mrs. Abbott, was busy all evening greeting friends. They are a jolly, comfortable looking pair, Gen. and Mrs. Abbott, and seem to be very popular. Mrs. Abbott strikes one as a nice motherly person who would take all the cares and worries of the whole post to heart. That is what they always said of Mrs. Hoyle, wife of Maj. Gen. Eli D. Hoyle. Mrs. Hoyle always mothered the entire garrison, no matter where they were. If any young "goat" lieutenant and his wife were to land on the post and not be able to get quarters right away Mrs. Hoyle always made room for them immediately in her house and made them so comfortable they always hated to leave.

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It was at these barracks hops that William McAdoo did much of his courting of his charming wife who was then Eleanor Wilson. They both danced beautifully and always did much of it. He was usually accompanied, too, by his daughter, Nona McAdoo, now Mme. de Mohrenschildt. Mrs. McAdoo was so popular, though, that Mr. McAdoo had to keep on the jump to get anywhere near the number of dances he wanted, but he used to just walk up boldly and break in on the dances—almost every dance in fact. He never would have gotten any if he hadn't. If one partner danced half way round the room with Mrs. McAdoo—she wasn't Mrs. McAdoo then—he considered himself lucky.

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Edith Gracie Adams considers herself the luckiest bride in Washington because not only has her husband received a commission after having been drafted, but he is stationed in Washington. They are occupying Mrs. Adams' mother's house, while Mrs. Gracie is making a series of visits.

An amusing story is told of their wedding and the fact that Mr. Adams in his excitement forgot to make reservations on the train which they had expected to leave town on after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Adams went to the station and waited many hours trying to get out of Washington. Finally giving it up for the evening they tried to get in one of the hotels in the city, but couldn't get accommodations anywhere. So at last they had to go back to Mrs. Gracie's house and wake that poor lady up in the wee hours of the morning to let them in. She was some surprised person, when she opened the door, to see them standing there.

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Claude E. Quivey, the prominent miniature painter, has just completed such a charming miniature of Mrs. Anita Baldwin, who is well known here in Washington and throughout the East and is almost of international reputation as one of the founders of the "Red Star."

The American Red Star is an animal relief association organized in June, 1916, at the solicitation of the War Department for the purpose of furnishing ambulances, medical supplies, veterinarians and general horse hospital service in France, and to accomplish by volunteer aid, as has been done by both the British and the French nations, the conservation of the war horses by proper treatment and their return to the front for renewed service. To accomplish this there has to be an initial fund of $50,000 to place the Red Star with the army in France. By means of their volunteer forces and aid the British and French governments have established horse hospitals along the Western front at intervals of eight miles, effecting a saying of 80 per cent of the injured aminals, representing a money value of over $30,000,000. America must do likewise through the avenue of the American Red Star Animal Relief.

America, with an army of 2,000,000 men, will require 750,000 horses at the beginning of her activities along the front of war, and the total need will exceed 1,000,000 horses per year.

Now that America has taken the field, the Red Star must help win the fight with a fully equipped horse hospital service. In the relief work of the future the Red Cross and the Red Star will march side by side relieving suffering and saving lives.

It is the function of the Red Star to conserve and save army animals, not only abroad, but in our great concentration camps, by improved hospital service, supervised by trained veterinary inspectors, thus reducing mortality and teaching intelligent care on the part of the soldiers. Over a million and a half of America's horses have been purchased by the allies. We must conserve what we have left.

The average losses of animals are 67,000 per month. To replace these losses by purchase, rather than by cure, would be as big a problem as the war itself. To replace an average month's losses of horses on the Western front alone would require five large ships for a full month carrying nothing but horses, horse supplies and assistants. The country cannot spare the ships with which to do this, and America could not supply the horses even though the ships were available.

Horses are as necessary for success as are the soldiers. Persons who do

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

MRS. FRED BRITTEN,
Wife of Representative Britten.

MRS. ANITA M. BALDWIN,
From the miniature by Claude E. Quincy.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ROGERS,
Wife of Representative Rogers.

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