

# MARSHAL JOFFRE HONORED AT THE WHITE HOUSE

### For First Time Foreigner Has Place in Procession at Big State Event.

Special Dispatch by The New York Herald.

WASHINGTON, April 22. EASTER week in Washington is generally fairly strenuous. And this year, in addition to the usual activities of the season, there was a big "state function"—the army and navy reception, postponed from February 23 because of the Roma disaster at that time; and there has been a big White House dinner in honor of Joseph Joffre, Marshal of France—"Papa" Joffre, beloved of the French people—and a good deal of formal and official entertaining for this most informal French hero, here "on his own," quite unofficially, with Mrs. Joffre and step-daughter, Mile. Germaine Loez.

Really the traditional Easter procession has almost been crowded off the map—or out of the church aisle, one should say. There has been a bumper crop of brides, but none of them were of great interest outside of Washington; and for a fact Washington has been too busy to pay much attention to them, outside of their own families and intimates. Brides seem to be losing their grip on public interest.

Well, to begin at the White House. Mrs. Harding certainly is a wonder. She is not well. But no one would ever guess it, and she works harder at her job than any former mistress of the White House. At the special party she gave Tuesday afternoon for the Ohio Daughters, here for the Daughters of American Revolution congress, she said to one who made some deprecating remark about no longer being one of the Hardings' constituents, "Why? Have you moved out of the country? Short of that you are more than ever one of our constituents. For our constituency takes in the whole United States nowadays." And she meant it. The Hardings seem to feel that way about it.

#### Army and Navy Reception.

Probably the biggest single ordeal of the week was the army and navy reception. It was quite the biggest of the White House parties this season. No wonder there had come repeated announcements from those who had it in hand that there could be no more cards issued to it—announcements that were finally almost imporing in tone. Never has the lovely old mansion looked lovelier than it did that night, with great masses of flowering branches banded over mantels, and stands of them in tall vases—lilacs, purple and white, the very breath of spring, and carrying memory back to some gray old homestead; dog-

wood straight from the spring woods, flowering almond with its delicate pink and white tuftness, brilliant scarlet Japanese quince and wonderful standard-blossoms, with their delicately rose flushed fragrance. I don't recall any such big indoor party so late in the season when all these spring entrainments were available. It was an enchanting setting for a brilliant and interesting function.

The interest began from the moment that the trumpeters' fanfare announced that the President and Mrs. Harding were coming down, and preceded by the group of aids in dress uniform—and did you happen to know that the President's aids are the only men in the army who wear dress uniform now; all the others, from Pershing down, are still wearing the "olive drab" of the old field uniform, which superseded the blue when Uncle Sam went into the world war?—they appeared on the stairway.

It is always an interesting little procession that comes down that stairway on these occasions—the President and the First Lady, followed by the members of their official family, the men on whom the ultimate responsibility for running the country must rest, and their wives. Generally the interest is focused largely on the two figures that lead it. Wednesday night the tall of the procession was almost as interesting as the head. For bringing up the rear of the group that came down from the private quarters up stairs were Joseph Joffre, Marshal of France, and Mme. Joffre.

It was the first time on record, so far as any one knows, that any one, not an American, or indeed any one not of the President's official family, had a place in one of these little White House processions from the President's living quarters to the Blue Room for a big state reception. And not only that, but "Marshal and Mme. Joffre" having brought up the tail of the procession also brought up the tail of the receiving party, along with Secretary and Mrs. Weeks and Secretary and Mrs. Denby. The French flag—the tricolor—was displayed along with the Stars and Stripes and the President's flag, and as soon as the party had taken their places in the Blue Room the Marine Band, making the usual splendid red splash in their accustomed place in the lobby, swung into "The Star Spangled Banner" and brought every man in that soldier assembly to rigid "attention," keeping them there while it also played the "Marsellaise."

#### Mrs. Harding's Gown.

Mrs. Harding's gown was one that any woman would have looked at twice, and it was smilingly commented on as "Harding" blue—a strong, rather bright blue, it was of chiffon velvet, cleverly draped and caught up under a girdle of blue tulle that matched the velvet perfectly, and hid her silken hose and her satin slippers with their buckles of brilliant—a sort of a rounded train of the tulle, edged with a wide buckle of brilliant. Mrs. Harding's colors, when they are meant to match, do match quite wonderfully. The same thing was noticeable the day before at her tea for the Ohio Daughters, here for the annual Daughters of the American Revolution congress, when she wore a delicate periwinkle blue and matched her colors perfectly. But to return to her costume at the reception—there was a sort of rounded train of the blue tulle that hung from the shoulders, and was finished with a band of the velvet like a broad hem that gave the lower edge weight and held it in place. She wore long white gloves that met the light drapery of the tulle sleeves and carried a huge black unquiet ostrich fan.

Gen. Pershing headed the long line of guests, carrying himself gallantly, and constantly surrounded by friends and admirers, but looking far from well and making more of an effort than usually appears in his acceptance of Honoring. He has been fighting a heavy cold that was almost influenza, and while he assured inquirers that he was "very much better," he didn't seem quite fit. He went up into Jersey to get rid of the "olive drab" of the old field uniform, which superseded the blue when Uncle Sam went into the world war?—they appeared on the stairway.

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lars" through into the corridor where once more one can see all there is to be seen, and have access to another cologne of vantage near the Blue Room door—just two jumps ahead of the mob. Meanwhile the guests of the evening—the rank and file of them—army and navy officers and their wives are forming in a long double line, which heats up the door and doubles back and forth across the great room like a huge serpent, its tail somewhere downstairs in the lower corridor near the cloakroom. The very high ranking officers and certain special guests, diplomats, &c., who must not be kept waiting unduly, pass in to the right of the main entrance and take their wraps off in a private anteroom that is at the front end of the state dining room. Down at the other end of the corridor—the other side of the Blue Room—another line is drawn across, and a couple of hundred rather specially privileged are there awaiting the Administration party from upstairs.

Looking across the roped off empty corridor space, between the stairway and the remount station at Front Royal—he went on and spent Monday night as Mrs. George Barnett's guest at Wakefield, her country home down in Virginia. No one trying to tell you who all was at the reception—the line seemed endless. Major Fred Grant was there—as almost as interesting as the head. For bringing up the rear of the group that came down from the private quarters up stairs were Joseph Joffre, Marshal of France, and Mme. Joffre.

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#### Lillian Russell at Reception.

Facing us against that other rope is, oh, Lillian Russell and her husband. She's found a chair and is sitting down. Do you see her there, all in white, and looking at this distance not a day over thirty-five? She's a marvel—and isn't she good looking? And George Christian, the President's secretary, getting better and more theatrical looking every day; and his wife, a nice woman and a sympathetic one who people like. And Doctor-General-Sawyer, not sufficiently self-conscious to be ill at ease in his uniform, but not at all in it, nor ever likely to be. It's too inconsequential a detail to worry him, but it is rather glaring at this particular party, where the military men who have grown up in the service are in the majority. Mrs. Sawyer is in that group too. See her, with dark hair and a white gown with silver and a little ermine scarf over her shoulders? But there go the aids up to escort their Chief and his lady down! And watch the scarlet trumpeters—and their long, shiny trumpets—don't you love them? And all the immaculate white cotton gloves of those rigid marines, snapped up to salute! And the Marine Band breaking into the President's March—which has only tradition in its favor. Here they come—smiling, conscious and justly proud of themselves.

It never struck me before what a big lot of men the President has in his Cabinet—physically big, I mean. Weeks and Denby and Hughes are big; Daugherty and Wallace are big; Mellon is not, and Hoover and Davis are both stockily built. Work—a good sized man—is here for the first time functioning as Post-

master-General—certainly he'd make two of Will Hays. And here is Joffre—rapt, smiling. Of course they call him "Papa." He looks like Santa Claus, except that he hasn't the beard. Welcome, M. Le Marechale!

Come on, let's look in the blue room before it gets so jammed one can't see who is there for the crowd. And there's Mrs. Grant; isn't she a dear? And strongly reminiscent of her sister, the late Mrs. Potter Palmer. And there's her daughter, Princess Cantacuzene-Speransky. I don't see little Princess Bertha; but she's probably lost in the crowd. Here's Secretary Hughes, circulating around apparently greatly enjoying himself. Mrs. Hughes? There she is talking to Justice Holmes, and both of them laughing, right out loud! Yes, that slender woman in black and gold brocade. No, not the one in gray satin with cut steel trimmings, that's Mme. Jusserand—they don't really look alike, but they somehow do suggest one another. The Jusserands were among the very first to pass down the line.

There's the Ambassador, that little man in diplomatic uniform with the beard. He and Mme. Jusserand are, of course, pleased with the honor paid to their General. They are giving a dinner in his honor themselves tonight, the Ambassador having been in Philadelphia yesterday to address a convention of physicians and surgeons and in New York this morning to preside over an annual meeting of the Alliance Francaise. Thursday they went to Mount Vernon and dined at the White House.

But suppose we break in somewhere and go down the line, then we'll slip into the Blue Room and see some of the celebrities at close range. There's Mrs. Roosevelt in that anteroom, just getting out of her wraps, and the Longworths are with her—Col. Theodore, Jr., is away—don't remember whether it's business or pleasure—but his wife and his sister are two of the most attractive women in any gathering—and there's another—that one in dull gold—Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss.

Mrs. Roosevelt's frock seems to be of emerald green chiffon velvet, or heavy satin, with touches of silver, and though she isn't near enough to see them, I'm sure she'll be wearing some wonderful emeralds, long drop shaped things on

slender platinum chains, almost invisible, that she sometimes wears. At this distance one can't quite make out Mrs. Longworth's gown, but it's probably one of those Oriental or Japanese metallic brocades, a small close figure, almost covering the ground, and giving an indescribable color effect.

That handsome woman with the white hair in purple? That's Mrs. Mayhew Wainwright, wife of the Assistant Secretary of War. Yes, isn't she good looking? And most gracious, friendly, too. She's a bit late, but she's been having a dinner party. Single file here! Just tell the aide your name, and he'll present you to the President and they'll do the rest. Well, here we are in the Green Room. Wasn't Mrs. Harding lovely? And did you notice that arrangement of ostrich feathers outlining the motifs of pearl embroidery near the bottom of Mrs. Weeks's skirt? Rather a new idea, isn't it?

We'll go into the Green Room. That tall couple? The Wallenbergs, the Swedish Minister and his wife—ever so popular—and isn't she most attractive? O-o-ooh, look at Anne Hamilton—what a dream of a frock! Venetian point, isn't it? With those darling little wired out hip panniers. That's Grace Vanderbilt in white and silver, with the silver flowers and leaves going over the shoulders. High waists must be coming in.

#### Miss Hughes and Fiance Guests.

Wonder who that is with Catherine Hughes? Must be her fiance, Chauncey Lockhart Waddell—engagement announced quite recently. He's not a Washingtonian, and I wish he'd turn around and let me get a good look at him. Oh, here come the Joffres, evidently going home. The Coolidges are coming with them. First time I've really seen Mrs. Coolidge this evening. Her gown is pale yellow and quite stunning, embroidered in big yellow beads. But come on, let's go! A word with Mrs. Grouitch in passing—a gracious, friendly woman, always attractive, wearing a rose colored waistless gown to-night, a greeting from her big, distinguished looking husband, who is quoted as saying frankly that his American wife is the real diplomat of the family—and we're on the stairs rummaging for the coat checks.



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