

NAVY LEAGUE DINNER BIG EVENT OF THE WEEK IN WASHINGTON

Celebration Shares Interest With Garden Clubs Convention and Informal Parties to Bring Season's Debutantes Together—Social Activity in Diplomatic Circles.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 28. The place is now owned by the Louis Hortles, who are blessed with the means and the taste necessary to keep it in the pink of Colonial perfection. Of course George Mason probably never kept it that way, for the old Virginia landowners were an easygoing set. They tried to make their estates pay reasonably, and they paid rather more attention to the crops than to the flower gardens, though these were not neglected.

Both the picturesque gardens and the quaint old mansion were thrown open for the inspection of the Garden Club members, and the seasons gave them warm personal greetings. Mrs. Hertie had Lady Geddes, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Wallace, representing official Washington, assisting her, as well as Mrs. Samuel Sloan of New York, the president of the Garden Club of America. The members of the club brought box lunches with them, but in a long grass enclosed pergola, approached by an avenue, lay a daintily appointed table was laid, from which coffee, piping hot, doughnuts and other delicacies were served. Small tables were provided for the comfort of the guests, and for the use of the club members, their luncheons in true picnic style, out of doors, benches were set out on the terraces overlooking the river.

The pergola is really a sort of outdoor dining room. It grows to the top of the hill upon which Gunston Hall stands and looks away across the grayly painted autumn woods to the blue Potomac. The garden has a sheltered, sunny place, where, as the flowers still bloom, edge by edge with the chrysanthemums and cosmos, to which these crisp autumn days are supposed to be so well adapted. The terrace is reached by a double brick stairway, mellowed brick, probably brought over from England in Colonial days. In the center of the garden stands a quaint old lead fountain, the blue of the summer sky reflected in the deep blue of its carved stone bowl. And in the box bordered beds fragrant heliotrope is lifting purple clusters to the sun, and mandarin, petunias, wall flowers, yellow late roses, as well as quantities of cosmos and chrysanthemums—all against a background of tall green things and low bushes starred with scarlet berries.

The ladies spent most of their time strolling about the garden—small blame to them! But if any of them missed the heyday of the winter season from the point of view of the younger set, they were not disappointed. Quite a few of the buds will defer their formal debut parties until then—counting themselves with playing around with these already out. Among those to be presented at that time will be Alice Milburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Milburn, who has picked December 23 as her debut date. Virginia Seiden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seiden, will make her formal bow at a dance at Raucher's on December 21. Miss Dorothy Warren, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bates Warren, will take the plunge the next day—or night—and Miss Anne Katherine Walker, daughter of Mrs. Joseph L. Walker, on December 23. One of the interesting and certainly one of the good looking debutantes of the year is Miss Katherine Radcliffe of Cardiff, Wales, who, I am told, will be presented by Admiral and Mrs. John K. Robinson, with whom she is spending the winter.

Others who are coming out—some perhaps not very formally—are Lillian Merritt Thompson, who will not have a formal debut but whose mother, Mrs. Douglas Thompson, will give a number of teas and dances for her. Then there are two Jones girls—of different families—Miss Elizabeth Taylor Jones, daughter of Mrs. James K. Jones, and Miss Cecil Jones, daughter of Col. and Mrs. E. Lester Jones. The latter, I believe, is not to have a big formal debut, but will have a number of teas and dances given for her. And there is Elizabeth Walter, whose mother, Mrs. Frank Walter, has as yet announced no date for the debut tea she means to give her daughter; and Elizabeth Turner, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Huntington Walker, will give a tea dance for her on December 5 at the Washington Club.

Then two whose debuts will be of rather more than usual importance, if family counts for anything, are Carolyn Thom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran Thom, and Ellen Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lee. Senator and Mrs. N. E. Dial have one of the few Senatorial buds—in fact, the only one that I recall—in the person of their younger daughter, Miss Emily Dial. And about the most important of all—Beatrice Pitney—is still holding all her parties in abeyance because her father, Mr. Justice Pitney of the Supreme Court, has been ill in his home in New Jersey for the last month, and there will be no thought of the debut until he is quite well.

As for the gobs—the third of my divisions of special interest for the week—they are of interest because the President named October 27—last Friday—and the birthday of the late Col. Roosevelt—as navy day, and so the

Red Cross Head in Washington District



Mrs. John A. Dougherty.

one, and not limited to the Embassy "family" for her the day following her arrival.

Then, of course, the entertaining for the retiring Serbian Minister and his popular wife has continued, and will until their departure a fortnight hence. The biggest party for them during the week just past was a dinner which Mrs. Henry Dimock gave on Thursday night. The Grouches, by the way, have given up their house on Wyoming avenue and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schoelkopf, who as I think I told you have taken Mrs. Bromwell's or is it her mother, Mrs. Scott's, house on Q street, for the winter, until their final departure from Washington. Dr. Grouitch is booked to sail on November 11, and Mrs. Grouitch will go to New York to see him off and remain for a visit there, after which she will visit most of the cities where the Serbian Relief, which she has given much of her time and energy to for several years past, is best organized. She, I believe, expects to sail about the first of the year.

The former Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall have also been the excuse for quite a little of the week's entertaining, up to Friday, when they left for Pittsburgh, where Mr. Marshall will be busy on coal investigation work for a few days before going on to their home in Indianapolis. They had expected to get off earlier than they did, and consequently to reach Indianapolis sooner. Mrs. Marshall had planned to have

longer and will join the Ambassador in a few weeks—due to arrive to-day. The former on the Paris, the latter on the Lapland. Also the Swiss Minister and Mrs. Peter, who left about six weeks ago for a short vacation in their own country, are expected to land in New York to-day. The Chilean Ambassador, Dr. Mathieu, went to New York early in the week to welcome Senora de Mathieu, who had stayed behind him on the other side. And the Chinese Minister, Dr. See, went up to meet Mrs. See, who had gone over a few weeks ago to place her elder children in school.

Mrs. John A. Dougherty and Mrs. Walsh, two of her closest friends here, with her for the week end. They were to have arrived in Indianapolis on Friday, but Mr. Marshall was detained here longer than he expected, and Mrs. Marshall will not be at home to receive her friends. The Marshalls expect to be back later in the winter for a longer stay, and their friends are grateful to the President for putting Mr. Marshall on the coal investigation commission.

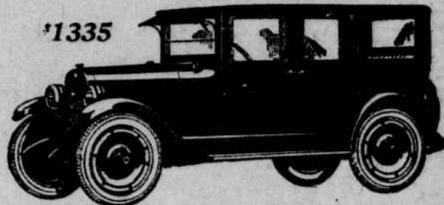
Mrs. John A. Dougherty is at the head of the Washington District of the American Red Cross. And that is a man size job, since the Washington District means a whole lot more than Washington. It includes Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia as well. Mrs. Dougherty and Mrs. Walsh—who generally "hunt in couples"—went to Pittsburgh for a Red Cross "roll call" banquet Oct. 26 on Wednesday and were going on to Indiana also on Red Cross business when Mrs. Marshall had hoped to entertain them in her own home. But that will have to be for another time.

There doesn't seem to be anything else to tell you. The diplomatic corps is filling up, the few stragglers who have remained abroad being nearly all just before going on to their home in Indianapolis. Both the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand and the Belgian Ambassador and Baronesse de Cartier—but, come to think of it, I believe Baronesse de Cartier stays a little

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Lord and Lady Mountbatten everywhere that they have gone seem to have made a genuine personal hit, very much as the Prince of Wales did. They are in America quite unofficially, and seem to be having the time of their lives touring the country under Col. Thompson's wing. Mrs. Thompson has not been of the party. She has not been well, and was not equal to playing hostess on a cross-continent trip. So she and Miss Hilda Sykes, a niece, I believe, who lives with them, went down to White Sulphur Springs to rally their forces for the Mountbattens' visit to Washington, and Mrs. Stephen H. F. Pell has chaperoned—is there such a word?—their party for her father.

Col. and Mrs. Thompson were not in Washington last winter, the house which they had occupied so many seasons that every one supposed they owned it having been sold to the Rumanian Government to serve as a legation. But now they have taken the Thomas Nelson Page house at New Hampshire avenue and R street and will take possession next week.

Col. Thompson will bring his distinguished newly-weds with him and they will put in a few days "doing Washington." Whether the whole Washington in the short intervals between parties or accept only such invitations as they can squeeze into the intervals between their sightseeing is a nice question yet to be determined. So far the hospitalities announced for them include parties in their honor by the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes, by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend and by Mrs. James C. Frazer, Mrs. Frazer has been one of the stanchest pillars of the Navy League—which I believe Col. Thompson founded—and very she has her reward.

But I'm getting rather ahead of my story, which this week has chiefly to do with gardens and girls. Much of the interest of the week has centered in the conference of the Garden Club of America, which rather curiously chose to have its annual meeting in Washington, which has no Garden Club. But there may have been method in their madness, for there are lovely gardens both in and around Washington, some wonderful historic places whose gardens are probably much better kept to-day than they were by their original owners. Colonial and Revolutionary days, and some quite modern, but none the less enchanting. And having the annual meeting here has stirred the garden lovers of the capital, and they are many, to getting their heads together with a view to forming a Washington chapter.

Debutantes Active.

Then there has been considerable activity in the rosette garden of girls. The buds of the coming season are preparing for their blooming. Their preliminary parties, the parties there have been giving for only another month or two, and brides, to bring the girls together, so that those who are going to play around together during the winter shall know one another before they are swallowed up in the masquerade, or parties which the buds of last season, or the season before, are giving by way of welcoming their little sisters and encouraging them to "come on in, the water's fine!"

The American Garden Club's meeting has been particularly delightful and it brought a perfectly charming group of women to Washington. It has not been at all a large convention, alongside of some that have been held there during the month, but its personnel has been so gracious and friendly, and its discussion animated without acrimony. It has considered the Powhatan as its headquarters, but the delegates have been pretty well scattered at different downtown hotels, and in many instances at the houses of friends. And by the way, the term "down town hotel" is much less limited in interpretation than it used to be. To be sure the historic old Arlington has ceased to exist, but the others remain; and first the Powhatan was added to the list; then the Lafayette; down town was creeping up to town.

This season the Lee House has opened its very ornamental doors on one of the pleasantest hostleries imaginable with a very attractive Pompano dining room, and a more than attractive Pompano, but no, I don't suppose he's Pompano—chef, who turns out the pleasing foods. And the New Hamilton is rearing its historic white head many stories higher than the old Hamilton ever aspired, and all in the "down town district," within half a dozen blocks of the city hall.

But to get back to the Garden Clubs. They tell you quite seriously, the dear ladies that they purposely avoided having "parties" on their program. But there are parties and parties and it seemed to me that they were having the very nicest sort: even though the committee in charge of the program decided quite rightly that the delegates could attend lunches and dinners and teas anywhere, and at any time, whereas they would not elsewhere have a chance to be in close touch with the Government agencies that deal with horticulture. So here their days, yes and their evenings too were filled with meetings at which gardens and garden lore, and garden pests too, were discussed from every possible slant by Government experts, and from listening to their theories, the delegates were promptly taken out to see them applied in the parks and Government reservations around Washington, which are themselves garden spots. A regular Dothoboy Hall arrangement you see.

Of course, when it came to visiting some of the beautiful and historic gardens in the neighborhood of Washington—Colonial estates now privately owned and beautifully kept up—the social aspect of the occasion rather overshadowed the educational, if not the inspirational, side of it. That was perhaps notably true of their visit to Gunston Hall, the historic old estate below Mount Vernon originally owned by George Mason, author of the famous Virginia "Bill of Rights," and a friend and neighbor of George Washington.

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spotlight was turned on them. The Navy League of the United States, of which Col. Robert M. Thompson is president emeritus, gave its annual dinner then, and Secretary of the Navy Denby and Mrs. Denby were the honor guests. It was all the more noticeable when one remembered that only a few years ago the Secretary of the Navy, Joseph Daniels, had a feud on with Col. Thompson and the Navy League.

It was a happy thought on the President's part to mutually honor the navy and the late "T. R." by naming his birthday as navy day. For the United States navy owes much to Theodore Roosevelt, who fought steadily and long for its proper equipment and knew its history from John Paul Jones to George Dewey, and whose son now sits in his place as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Still the fact remains that the center of interest at the Navy League banquet was Lord and Lady Mountbatten. It was not Lord Mountbatten's first visit here. He was a popular visitor of several seasons ago, but so far as I know, Lady Mountbatten has not previously been in America, who will not have been all through the West with Col. Thompson, his only other guests being a favorite niece, Mrs. Frederick Nielson, and her husband, Col. Nielson, and Mrs. Pell, the host's daughter, who substituted for her mother as hostess during the trip.

There was a flurry of entertaining for the two retiring members of the British Embassy staff, Maurice Peterson, the junior of the two embassy secretaries, and Capt. Sidney Bailey, the retiring naval attaché, and his bride, who was Mildred Bromwell. They are only recently back from Brazil, where Capt. Bailey was sent as the British ambassador to the Brazilian Centennial, and they sail, as does Mr. Peterson, on November 7. Several of the embassy members are coming to the party, the bachelor members usually at luncheon, the married ones at dinner. Most frequently the dinners were largely embassy dinners, with the entire staff from Ambassador and Lady Geddes down, turning out to do honor to the bride, as well as to the two members who were leaving them.

Embassies Entertain.

Also the British Embassy set has been entertaining mildly for Lady Alan Johnston, formerly Antoinette Pinchot, a sister of Gifford Pinchot, who arrived Wednesday evening for a little visit with the Robert Woods Ellises. Her husband, Sir Alan Johnston, is in the Third Diplomatic Service, you know, so it was quite an regal that the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes should have given a luncheon, rather a flossy

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