JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN DEAR: Jean Eliot was a very disappointed person when you decided not to come to Washington. I didn't think you'd have the heart to be so long home and not drop in on us, if only for a fleeting visit. However, you are eminently sensible to go to the beach now—how lovely it must be these days—and postpone your visit here until October, when the weather is sure to be good. Also you must try to be in town for Mary Edna's wedding. It promises to be such fun, and I know she'd hate to be married without your able assistance.

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Three cheers for the little city of Austin, Texas! Did you know that three of the ladies of the Cabinet hail from there? Mrs. Burleson, Mrs. Houston and Mrs. Gregory, wife of the new Attorney General, not only come from the same State, but are natives of the same town and were girlhood friends. Mrs. Burleson was Miss Adele Steiner, Mrs. Houston Miss Helen Beall, and Mrs. Gregory was Miss Julia Nalle. They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but in this case it has broken all known laws by striking three times in the capital of the Lone Star State.

Society folk are naturally interested in Mrs. Gregory, and are looking forward to her return to the Capital to take up her new position. She is now at Blue Ridge Summit, I believe, and the Attorney General is at the Chevy Chase Club.

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Hildreth Gatewood did not come home with the rest of the crowd from Bay View Camp, but stopped off for a visit with Dorothy and Earl North at West Point, to help Dorothy get settled in her new house. Dr. and Mrs. Gatewood are back in town after an extended stay with Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson Page, at their lovely place in West Virginia, and Hallie, who spent the summer at Monterey, Pa., has joined them. Her marriage is to take place in October, and the call of the trousseau was too urgent for to withstand it much longer.

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The Heyls are home earlier than usual on the plea of preparation for an October wedding. Helen's mariage to Monte Fox. The family came yesterday, but Julia and Helen preceded them by some time, Julia stopping with Maitland Marshall Knapp, while Helen visited her aunt.

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Ruth Bliss is in town for a little while. She expected to leave yesterday to visit the Captain and Mrs. Wilby at Wheeling, but the Wilby baby is sick, and she has postponed her departure.

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Caroline Norton's marriage to George Gilbert Judd took place this week at Mt. Vernon Place Church, and very pretty it was, too. Caroline has always attended Epworth Church and been actively interested in its welfare, so people rather wondered why she was not married there, until it leaked out that her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Morton, had been married at Mt. Vernon Place Church years ago, and she felt she would like to have her wedding take place on the same spot. Another little bit of sentiment crept in, too, for she wore stockings that were over a hundred years old, and had been worn by every bride in the family in all those years. The bride looked lovely, as did the attendants, in gowns of blue satin and chiffon; but just about the sweetest person of all was Mrs. Morton in gray charmeuse, with a corsage bouquet of orchids.

Mr. Judd's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Judd, of New York, came down for the wedding, and seemed very happy over it.

The presents were numerous and attractive but one of the most interesting things Caroline received was a bit of cloth cut from the sleeve of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's wounded arm, sent her by her aunt, Mrs. Dix, widow of Major Dix. She treasures it, as she is an ardent Daughter of the Confederacy, and was president of the Dixie Chapter here.

Mr. Judd has been in Washington for several years doing some special work for the Government, but has recently accepted a position with a Boston bank, and they will make their home there. He is a Harvard graduate, and, during their honeymoon, they will be the guests of the members of his fraternity at their camp in the White mountains.

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Mrs. Champ Clark has a garden, did you know it? In the garden is one tomato vine and on that vine is one tomato. It seems she visited a friend who has a lovely garden, became much enamored of it and decided to go home and do likewise. It was late in the season, flower growers were discouraging and her enthusiasm waned, but not before she planted her tomato. It is directly in front of the house, and evidently expects to be trained against the wall "all same like" peaches on an English estate, is flourishing like the proverbial bay tree, and has a lovely tomato just beginning to turn pink.

I saw Mrs. Clark and the Speaker at Caroline Morton's wedding. She was in white chiffon trimmed with black velvet, wore a black hat with feathers and pink roses and looked particularly well. The Speaker was all in white, too.

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The Niagara, with the Leiter family board, is expected to dock today, after their wonderful trip round the world, and there is one supremely happy person in Washington. I saw Mrs. Willard the other day, and she was positively radiant at the idea of having her good home again—more. She told me the cutest story about Tommy, the youngest Leiter boy. It seems his idea of yachts and boats was entirely gleaned from an occasional ride alongside the canal, so when he was first introduced to the Niagara, he looked it over carefully and said: "Nice boat, but where are the mules?"

The place on the Potomac has been made ready for their arrival, and they will go immediately home, after which their plans are indefinite. Methinks, however, the old Leiter mansion, in Dupont Circle, will be the scene of a good deal of hospitality this winter, such as it has not seen for years. The late Mrs. Leiter was a notable hostess, but naturally of late years her interest in things social slackened. This winter Mrs. Leiter plans to give a large ball for her debutante sister, Miss Willard, and, doubtless it will be followed by a series of parties. It is a wonderful house for entertaining, Mrs. Leiter is a charming hostess, and lots of fun they all have, I know.

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Letters from people in the war zone continue to be thrilling, and are passed eagerly from hand to hand. A very interesting letter I saw from Miss Meta Grandy, who visited here with her sister just before sailing. They are, or were, comfortably established at Geneva, and had experienced no real trouble, but spoke of many harrowing things that had befallen other Americans. She wrote that they had no butter for days at their hotel, as it all came in from France, also that there was a lack of fresh vegetables. I wonder if all the milk in Switzerland goes into Swiss cheese?

All Americans in Geneva got together and selected a sort of relief committee, to keep in touch with the situation as closely as possible, to look after those short of funds, and generally prevent suffering, and it seems they had their hands full, and did a great work. At the time of writing Miss Grandy and her sister, Miss Ada Grandy, were hoping to get passage home ere long, so at the time of reading they may be en route or even in this country. They are Iowa folk, and will probably make their way West shortly after landing.

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Marion Parker has been in town for a few days, but has flitted off once more, this time to Jamestown, R. I., for Clochette Magruder's wedding. Everybody calls her Clochette, though she was christened Isabel. Marion says she is the last of her group of friends still enjoying single blessedness, but after knowing that popular young woman for some time I have a pretty good idea whose fault it is. Marion expects to remain in Jamestown indefinitely; indeed, Washington has seen very little of her this summer. You recall she spent several months early in the season with Mrs. Perry Lippitt in Porto Rico, going from there to Blue Ridge Summit to stay with Mrs. Morrell Chamberlain in her cottage there. Priscilla Nicholson, for she is still that to us all, and Marion are old school friends. There is a little Washington crowd that play round together a great deal. Mrs. Charlie Wheeler, Mrs. Willie Du Bose, Mrs. Billy Reynolds and the rest, and they have all made Blue Ridge their headquarters this summer and had the best sort of time.

Speaking of Mrs. Perry Lippitt—you'll probably remember her as Helen Wilson—I must tell you that she is to have a Washington home as well as the place in Porto Rico. They have bought the Greble house, on the corner of Hopkins place and O street, and are having it remodeled. Meanwhile Helen, who, like all of us, loves to spend money on pretty things, is having a beautiful time furnishing the house, and hopes to have it complete and ready for occupancy when Mr. Lippitt gets home this month.

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No, Susan, no one knows exactly what Miss Wilson will do. She has definitely given up her literary and musical work, I believe, and will stay at the White House to make a home for her father and act as chatelaine, but whether she will be official hostess or not remains to be seen, and of course any entertaining that is done this winter will be of a strictly official nature, if, indeed, the President does not break another precedent and cancel even the state levees.

Miss Harriet Lane, niece of President Buchanan, is the only unmarried woman who has been First Lady of the Land for any very extended period. She was mistress of the White House for the entire four years of his administration, and hostess for the nation filling her position with such incomparable grace that she ranks among the great ladies of the mansion, and made her regime one of special brilliancy.

But times have radically changed since then, official etiquette has become more rigid, or at least we on this side are deferring more to the gloss of etiquette current across the water. And some of the best informed authorities on things official and social contend that in event of the death or absence of the President's wife, her place in the receiving line at any official entertainment belongs to the wife of the Vice President, after her to the wife of the Secretary of State, and so on through the list of the ladies of the Cabinet, according to the accepted book of precedence. Certain it is that during the illness of Mrs. Taft, Helen Taft never attempted to take her mother's place, but instead Mrs. Sherman or Mrs. Knox stood at the head of the receiving line, and last winter after Mrs. Wilson's accident, Miss Wilson invited Mrs. Marshall to stand beside her father at the last of the official receptions, while she herself occupied her usual place in the line. Now, there is an unwritten law that the President entertain the Diplomatic Corps at an evening levee and a banquet; but should he comply with this law, it is doubtful if even here, though Miss Wilson would stand with her father to receive his guests, she would be regarded as the First Lady of the Land, when the guests were seated at the board. Rather the wife of the dean of the Diplomatic Corps would rank the unmarried daughter of the President.

Some years ago, when precedence came near being the rock on which Washington society split, the State Department, with the courteous, scholarly, and widely experienced John Hay at the helm, decreed that no unmarried woman could rank a married one, and that no woman, other than his wife, could claim the rank and prerogatives of an official merely because she presided over his home.

So great is the sympathy for Miss Wilson in her loss that there is small chance of feuds over trivialities or matters of precedent being revived, but to break established rules would make for confusion. So it seems more than probable that during the official functions at least Mrs. Marshall will lead the receiving line, while at any personal or semi-informal events Miss Wilson will be hostess.

Mrs. Marshall confesses that she really knows little of precedent and precedence under the circumstances, and is by no means sure what part, if any, she will be called upon to play in the White House program for the coming winter.

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I see that the American Minister to Sweden and Mrs. Nelson have arrived safely in Stockholm, and are settled at the legation there. He'll be received with enthusiasm, I know, for there are so many Swedes in the United States that those left in the old country have a strong feeling of affection and kinship toward Americans, and express that feeling very generously. The American legation at Stockholm is in an apartment house—as a matter of fact, most of the legations are—Stockholm being a city of apartment dwellers, in the Strandwagen, the most interesting street in the Swedish capital. It stretches along the water front, a tremendously wide street, with a row of fine trees down the center, handsome apartments and shops on one side, and on the other the harbor, a thing of beauty and made charm, island dotted, blue as the sky, and crowded with shipping of a quaint and interesting character. The continentals have a way that to Americans smacks of the impossible of transacting no end of lucrative and and important maritime business in their shipping districts without detracting one whit from the beauty and shining cleanness of the scene or spoiling its charm as a residence section.

Life in these Swedish apartments is a curious mixture of luxury and discomfort. The rooms in some of them are magnificent, of a size entirely unknown in our flats, and finished charmingly, but the elevators are of the personally conducted type and attendants are an unknown quantity. I recall several curious examples that came to my notice during our stay there several summers ago. We dined one evening at one of the legations. The rooms were delightful, huge, and beautifully arranged, the dinner excellent, and served by innumerable flunkeys. Indeed, we were hardly allowed to breathe for ourselves, but the minute we left the apartment door attentions ceased. We had to run the elevator down ourselves and stand on the street corner to whistle for our own cab.

Another time an attractive New York bachelor, who had rented a wonderful apartment for the time devoted to the Olympic games, gave a charming dance in compliment to some of the American girls in town. We arrived late, having dined elsewhere first. The flat was on the top floor, and from there we could hear sounds of revelry and see figures flitting by the windows and leaning over the balconies. Below all was dark, the doors locked tight, and a mad ringing of the concierge's bell brought no answer. Finally, almost in despair, we were leaning to try to telephone our host, when from the depths of the lower regions appeared the slouchy figure of an old crone, somewhat sketchily attired, and scolding frantically. She did at last consent to let us in, and, well, the party was worth struggling for.

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Elizabeth Minnetree, now Mrs. Harry Lowman, and her husband are back in Washington to stay, after spending nearly two years in Atlanta, Ga. They are visiting Mrs. Minnetree for the present, and meanwhile are busy apartment hunting, but hope to be settled by October 1.

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I was in Union Station the other evening to meet some friends, and ran into Mallory Church, just returning from Prout's Neck, Me. She looked as smart as could be, and had on the dearest little hat, all of feathers, but not in the least like the ubiquitous feather toque we have seen so run into the ground here. This was black and white, with some sort of a stick-up ornamental feather, it was set on at an entirely new angle, and the whole effect was distractingly attractive.

She told me that Mrs. Church and Maxwell were marooned in Italy, but had hopes of sailing for home before long.

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Invitations are out for the marriage of Susie Moore Donohoe and George B. Robey, at Fairfax, on Tuesday, September 15. She is a sister of that attractive Mary Donohoe who married Shield McCandlish several years ago, the daughter of Stephen Rozel Donohoe, editor of the Fairfax Herald, and a niece of Judge Walton Moore, of Moore, Barbour, Keith & McCandlish, one of the prominent law firms in Virginia outside of Richmond. The girls have spent much time with their uncle; indeed, they have been almost like daughters to him. The wedding is to take place at Zion Episcopal Church, in Fairfax, and will be followed by a reception.

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Washington relatives and friends of Margaret Cox Benet are anxious about her, for she is still in Paris, and the rumors about bombs being dropped on the city are certainly disturbing. Her husband, Laurence Benet, is a member of the Hotchiss company, gun manufacturers, and has made quite a name for himself by his part in inventing the Benet-Mercier automatic gun, which is, I understand, being used very generally. He naturally does not want to leave Paris unless forced to do so—it is no trifling matter to pick up and fly from all your business interests—and Mrs. Benet refuses to leave him. Of course, mails are extremely irregular and uncertain; letters which do get through are apt to be dated some time back, but several from Mrs. Benet have been received lately and are full of interest.

She is very enthusiastic over the work that is being done by the women of Paris. An American hospital, containing 200 beds, has been established, the wounded are being brought in daily, and she goes each day to take lessons in first aid to the injured. She writes that she makes the trip at daybreak, but those who know Margaret of old judge that her day doesn't break very early in the morning. She is a member of numerous relief committees, and has raised about $1,000 through her own efforts for this work. Practically no business is being transacted; all shops and dressmaking establishments are idle. Meat, butter, and sugar have become unknown quantities. But the hardest blow to the Benets is that their butler and chauffeur have gone to the war. The next thing that they expect is the necessity of parting with their automobile, for most of the machines have already been taken over by the government. I can't imagine the stately Mrs. Benet walking even in war time, but it is surprising what we can do if we have to; isn't it, Susan?

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Mrs. Alexander Legare, who, by the way, is a cousin of Mrs. Benet for she was May Cox before her marriage, and Mr. Legare have managed to reach this country in safety. They arrived in Boston on August 29 on the Franconia from Liverpool. May declares that in England you would scarcely know that there was a war, which she attributes to the fact that the army there is composed mostly of regulars, while the French government called out so many reserves and volunteers almost immediately. That caused hotel proprietors, clerks, servants, chauffeurs and the many who add to the comforts of the masses to go to the front. But the thing which tickled me the most was that Mrs. Legare put one over on Mrs. Billy Hitt, for she got every trunk home safe and sound. Wasn't that clever of her, for almost every one else had to leave theirs over there, and she says that they will never be seen again. She superintended it herself, stood over a man while he extricated her trunks and saw that they were placed on her automobile. Mr. and Mrs. Legare are now at Kent Place, Suffield, Conn., where they will remain until the spirit moves them to go elsewhere. I suspect between you, me, and the gatepost, Susan dear, that White Sulphur will see them before long.

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Did you know that Mrs. William Wheatley was still in Europe? Of course Mr. Wheatley is there too, which goes without saying. They are at Vichy, which is about 200 miles south by east of Paris. They were obliged to move out of their comfortable quarters into smaller ones because their hotel was turned into a hospital, where Mrs. Wheatley is working hard preparing provisions and supplies for the army and the wounded. Of course you remember her! She was Stella Baker, you will recall, and was Mrs. Armstrong before becoming Mrs. Wheatley. She is a great friend of Mrs. I. T. Mann, who, by the way, has given up her annual trip to Europe because of the war. I believe, The Washington society woman who seems to have been really upset by the conditions on the other continent is Viscountess Henri de Sibour. She was in Paris at the outbreak of hostilities, while her three children were somewhere on the German border. I hear that she experienced great difficulty in reaching them, but finally succeeded, and now they are all safe in London. The more I hear of the experiences of other people the more glad I am, Susan, that you are home safe and sound.

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I've just time, Susan, to tell you about Faith Snyder's wedding to Fletcher Sanford Tilton, which took place at 6 o'clock this afternoon. Such a pretty wedding it was, with just the two families present. The bride, you know, is the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Tayloe Snyder and Mrs. Snyder, and a sister of Phyllis and Edna Snyder, while Mr. Tilton is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Sanford Tilton, of Church street. The engagement was announced some time ago, but no one knew the day had been set until the wedding was over. Mrs. Tilton—I suppose I'll have to call her that now—preferred a quiet wedding, and, besides, her brother, Arthur Snyder, is away in Montana and she did not want to have an elaborate ceremony without him. They were married in the parlor of the Snyder home in Nineteenth street, Dr. Snyder performing the ceremony. The house was charmingly decorated with vases of white asters. The bride entered the room on the arm of the bridegroom, wearing a gown of white charmeuse and shadow lace. Her veil was of lace, the one which her mother wore at her wedding, and she carried white sweet peas. There were no attendants, but Mr. Tilton's small sister Emily held the bride's bouquet. Mrs. Snyder carried a fan which her mother had used at her wedding. After the ceremony there was a buffet supper—I suppose it's going on now—with the table decorated in Bridesroses, and later Mr. and Mrs. Tilton will leave for a wedding trip. The bride's going away gown is of blue serge and black satin, and her hat of black velvet with white plumes. They have taken an apartment at the Chalfonte, and will be at home there after October 1.

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There, mon ami, dinner has been announced and I "have hunger," as the French say, so what other news there is must wait over until my next letter. Take a tramp up the beach for me and don't forget that I am counting the days until we in Washington catch a glimpse of your dear face.

As ever, fondly your friend,

JEAN ELIOT.

PHOTO BY G.V. BUCK

MRS. FLETCHER SANFORD TILTON.

Georgians to Fine Pessimists $25

SAVANNAH, Ga., Sept. 6.—The Barwick Boosters have effectually dealt with the calamity howlers by imposing a fine of $25 on any citizen caught discussing the war and hard times, and Mayor Spense has made it a law. The fines thus collected are to be used in advertising the town.

This measure was adopted when an effort was made to organize a business college and it was met by hard times arguments. Within a few days the college was organized with twenty-five pupils enrolled and fifty promised. The school will open September 15 and pupils having cotton and no money can pledge their cotton at the bank and get 10 cents for it as tuition fees.

Escapes Convict Camp, Robs House; Is Caught

NEWTON, N. J., Sept. 6.—William Schrro, who escaped from convict camp No. 1, situated at the Narrows, about two miles from here, Friday, has been caught by Head Keeper Wickham.

While Schrro was at large he entered the home of Daniel Kent, near the camp, and took some clothing, a pair of shoes, 5-- in cash, and a stickpin. He has been returned to the State prison at Trenton.

ADJOURNMENT DUE ABOUT OCTOBER 1

Lawmakers More Eager Than Ever to Get Away Before Campaign Season Ends.

With members of the House and Senate eager to quit Washington and go home and to prepare for the November elections, the agitation for adjournment is getting more and more strenuous.

In the House the only thing that keeps a quorum here is the recent action canceling leaves of absence and docking those who are absent without leave. The loss of $20.54 a day in pay is a sufficient motive to a majority of the House members to keep the great body of them in Washington. A small number of the House membership are ignoring the monetary side of the situation ad conducting campaigns as usual.

In the Senate there is no system of docking Senators for being absent. Senators are not embarrassed as the House members are. But with legislative business pressing, Senators who have campaigns on their hands are troubled. Most of them dislike to leave the Capital for a long period while the session lasts.

This does not apply to all the Senators, of course. Senator Penrose has been away from Washington nearly the entire session. He is making the fight of his life for re-election in Pennsylvania. If he is re-elected for another six-year period, it will be a triumph for him, and if he is beaten it will mean his enforced retirement from politics. Under the circumstances, he sticks close to Pennsylvania.

On the other hand, Senator Bristow of Kansas, when he had a hard primary fight on his hands recently, would not leave Washington to campaign. He worked in the Senate, regardless of consequences. He was defeated for renomination by a slight margin. Had he gone out to Kansas and organized and stumped he would have won, it is said.

Senator Cummins of Iowa, who has opposition for re-election, has been in Washington with little interruption through the summer. He will campaign in his State to some extent this month, but if the session continues he will be here much of the time.

Democrats as well as Republicans are embarrassed in their campaigns by remaining here. This does not apply to Southern Democrats, who have finished their primary campaigns. But it does apply to Northern Democrats. For instance, Senator Shively of Indiana has a sharp contest on, and would be better satisfied if free to go to his State and conduct his campaign.

Things are shaping up for adjournment about October 1. Most of the leaders talk that way now. But there are difficulties in the way. One is the war tax bill. Another is the Government ship purchase bill. Unless the ship purchase bill is dropped it will take much time, especially in the Senate. Meantime, it is getting more and more difficult to keep a quorum of Senators here.

Chicago Prosecutor Is Sentenced to Jail Term

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—Maclay Hoyne, State's attorney, who criticised Judge W. F. Cooper in a speech, was fined $500 and sentenced to ten days in jail for contempt of court by Judge Cooper.

Hoyne, it is expected, will combat the sentence in the appellate court.

The court's action comes as an aftermath of the bitter political fight in 1912.

Funerals

Funeral services for Edward C. Munck, a native Washingtonian, and long in mercantile business on Ninth street, will probably be held at his late residence, 4804 Fourteenth street, on Wednesday at 2 o'clock. Mr. Munck was too young to enlist during the civil war, though his recollections were keen of conditions in Washington during that time. Immediately after the war he began his career as a merchant, by filling a subordinate position with a firm on Ninth street. He gradually rose in the business, until he became proprietor, remaining actively interested until fourteen years ago. His wife, two daughters, Mrs. Harry C. Keeler and Mrs. B. L. Brill, and two sons, Herbert R. and Charles B. Munck, survive him.

Katherine, wife of Benjamin F. Larcombe, for many years employed in the Weather Bureau, will be buried in Philadelphia on Tuesday. Mrs. Larcombe was a Miss Deperven, of that city, daughter of John H. Deperven. After her marriage she came to Washington. She was a member of the Martha Chapter of the Eastern Star, and of the North Carolina avenue Methodist Protestant Church, the pastor of which will officiate at the funeral services on Tuesday, at the residence, 218 Seventh street southeast, at 2 o'clock.

The funeral of rank M. Mann, son of Rodney T. and Mary H. Mann, was held yesterday at the Epworth M. E. Church. The Rev. Dr. R. L. Fultz made the funeral address. The pallbearers were George Barkman, Harry Briner, Turner Corder, Frank Wilcox, John Avery, and Robert Lavendar. Mr. Mann received his education in Washington. He is survived by his wife and four brothers and sisters.

OFFICER ACCUSED; ARMY MEN RETICENT

Officials Here Refuse to Discuss Charges of Negligence Against Major Henry.

In the absence of Secretary of War Garrison officials of the War Department today refused to discuss the charges brought by American refugees reaching London, of neglect and discrimination by Major Henry, one of the Government relief officers at Havre, France. An investigation of the charges against Major Henry are expected to be made, however.

Americans brought across the English channel charged that Major Henry, who, they had been told, would look after them when they arrived at Havre, was aboard the liner Touraine with a party of wealthy Americans, and left the refugees in Havre without food or lodging and dependent upon the kindness of English officers who gave up their quarters to the women and children and shared their rations.

H. C. Hoover, chairman of the American committee in London, is quoted in a cabled dispatch from London as saying:

"It is imperative that the true conditions be known in America. There has been insufficient handling of the situation by at least one person who, from all accounts, was supposed to look after the refugees. Persons of affluence seem to have been well treated. I want to say that the praise of the officers of the Tennessee cannot be too high. They showed no favoritism."

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