

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN DEAR:—It got right close to our home the other evening, this affair of trying to live comfortably in a world at war with itself.

We dined en famille with the de Browns that evening, and when the two families got together, fully mobilized, a pretty complete touch is established with the rest of the community.

Everybody at table was preternaturally contemplative. There wasn't much periffage at the outset. Presently Tom touched the spot that everybody seemed to have been avoiding.

"Mabel," he inquired across the table, with an effort to be mischievous that was a pitiful failure, "did you know that Fred was going to camp at Fort Myer Wednesday?"

Mabel would have blushed and looked exceedingly pretty under ordinary circumstances. But she didn't run according to form.

"Yes, he's coming up to—to—he's coming up this evening," she really got it out pretty bravely, if maybe a bit stumbingly.

No One at Table Was in Mood to Tease.

For which she was entitled to be teased roundly; only nobody was in the mood to do it.

"I guess the District soldiers will get to the trouble pretty early in the game," piped in Uncle Dan. "You know, this campaign in Mexico isn't going to be any midsummer picnic."

It was mean, but I couldn't help looking up, between my eyebrows and my soup spoon at Mabel; and her expression reminded me of what an awful old Grandpa Malaprop Uncle Dan always is.

I guess, later in the evening, there were some very confidential exchanges between Mabel and Fred, under the cump of lilac bushes, but nobody cared to say anything about it.

Neil Fulham Lacked Her Usual Good Spirit.

Getting back to the dinner table, Neil Fulham, who had invited herself by phone and motorcar in at the last minute, wasn't so edifying as usual.

She looked preoccupied, and wanted everybody else to talk about the war without contributing anything on her own account.

"The Maryland brigade goes into camp at Laurel," noted Billy. "I guess Neil, maybe'll get her machine charged up to capacity and be going up that way before many days."

Neil was defiant. "Yes, I will," she declared. "And you all know why. If Ned can come over from Baltimore to see me Sunday, when there isn't a war, I guess I can go to Laurel to see him when he's training a bunch of rookies to carry muskets; and I'm going, too—if he'll let me."

There was a bit of anti-climax in the note of uncertainty at the end, but I happen to know that he's going to let her—she wrote and asked me if I guessed it would be proper for him to beg her to come.

And did you know that Captain Biggs left his business with his partner and gone to camp with his company?

Biggs' Father and Son Are in Uniform.

This from Uncle Dan. "Yes, and the Biggs boy, Buck—he's going in his father's company; took the examination this morning, and was accepted," said Mrs. de Brown. "It's going to leave Mrs. Biggs and Margaret without any men around, but they're both as cheerful as you could imagine."

There was an hour of that sort of thing; talk about the people that the war was taking away from just our little circle of friends, and about how people would get along without their husbands and fathers and sweethearts; and somehow this old sentimental talk that the orators use when they tell of '82 and sundry families and heretofore meant something more to me than it ever had before.

It's well enough to read about what war means in France and Germany and country life in England, and the ranches in western Canada, Susan; but when it gets so close to home that we see our own up and the people we know going away in uniform, maybe not to come back—well, Susan, I don't find myself caring much for it.

Mobilization of Militia Hurries a Lot of Weddings.

Of course there are going to be a lot of weddings all at once; the soldier boys are insisting on settling that much before they go, and the girls are willing to accommodate 'em. Every day has brought the story of a few of these romantic hurry-up matings; and I noticed that mother went over and put her arms around father's neck and clung to him as they walked out on the porch. There was a spot on his shirt-front that I couldn't overlook later, for I guessed a tear had caused it; and afterward mother told us again how she and father were married the evening before he went marching away to the war in 1863, when he was only as old as our high school boys; and he came back at the head of his company, and, dear, Susan, I just can't write any more about it.

Miss Baker-Carr Tells Interesting Story of London.

It was very interesting, though, to talk to Mrs. Baker-Carr at dinner the other evening at the Army and Navy Club about conditions in London, where she makes her home. She was the guest of Col. and Mrs. Clement Flagler for several weeks, having come to this country for a rest from her active duties in connection with the Machine Gun Corps Comfort Fund in London. She left Washington Thursday for New York, where she will remain about a fortnight before sailing for England.

Her husband is a major in the British Army and is commanding of the machine gun corps school before we went. Mrs. Baker-Carr's particular interest in that branch of the service, her work though voluntary, is very strenuous, but she says it is the sort of work every one is doing in England.

According to her, no one loses any more or frivols, there are no balls of



MISS DOROTHY QUINTARD, Daughter of Mrs. Edward Quintard. Her Engagement to Ensign Walter Whitfield Webb, U. S. N., was announced Thursday.

big parties, though the theaters are running as in the past. Theaters are considered a necessity, especially for the wounded soldiers who are home on furlough. There is no particular excitement anywhere, the city is quiet though the shops are all as busy as ever.

All of which, and more, I found very interesting, but perhaps you won't because you cannot watch her pretty face and attractive mannerisms as I could, when I heard it.

Sterling Larrabee Is Recuperating From Wound.

In London just now, is Sterling Larrabee, son of Mrs. Charles Larrabee, whom you will recall, enlisted in the British army at the very beginning of the present conflict. He was with the troops which were almost wiped out at Gallipoli where he was seriously wounded in the hip. He was sent to London to recuperate. Sterling has won quite an enviable record for himself as an officer, and in recognition of his splendid services has been made first lieutenant in a crack artillery regiment which is preparing to go to France in the immediate future.

Judging that mobilization of the national guard, the epidemic of engagements and weddings and other such excitements that are holding the interest of the public just now, had not lessened your interest in the Hughes family, I'll tell you some more that I have learned about them since our last communication.

Society Is Watching For May-Morgan Nuptials.

Don't be surprised if another engagement is announced almost any day now, followed closely by a wedding, according to the prevailing fashion in such things. In the case I have in mind though, it will not be news to anyone for Gerald May's attentions to Eleanor Morgan have been more than noticeable for several years. You know how way back in the early part of last summer, we used to meet the attractive pair, always unconscious of anyone else's existence, way out in the many by roads in Montgomery county in Gerald's unmistakable yellow car.

The plans for Marguerite Barbour's marriage to George Mayer Wednesday next are about complete. It will be a quiet wedding at her home in Rhode Island Avenue, and will be witnessed by about 100 of Marguerite's and her fiancé's closest friends and relatives. Father Buckley, of St.

Matthew's Church will perform the ceremony, and her brother, Fred Parbour will give her away.

There Will Be Few Attendants at Ceremony.

Her only attendants will be Jane Sangs and her little niece, Josephine Broom, who will be flower girl. No, I forgot they are not the only ones, for George is going to bring with him from Philadelphia, a dozen of his most intimate men friends who will act as ribbon bearers.

I suppose Marguerite will wear on that occasion the gorgeous diamond horse shoe which George gave her for a wedding present. I know that she will wear her mother's gift. It is made of fourteen enormous beautiful white diamonds, set in platinum, arranged so it can be worn as a tiara or as a bracelet. She will use it as a bandeau on her tuile veil. It was Mrs. Barbour's necklace.

The bridegroom-to-be is a dandy fellow, and a gentleman of leisure. He belongs to an old aristocratic Philadelphia family, and you know what that means, for Philadelphia is the snobbiest city in the country.

George just attends to the management of the family property and family affairs, but, judging from the size of the family—he has over 300 cousins—he must be kept rather busy. Of course, Marguerite and George will make Philadelphia their home, but they plan to spend the greater part of the summer with Mrs. Barbour in Atlantic City, as they can make frequent visits to Philadelphia from there.

Mary Belle Robinson Receives First Wedding Present.

And her wedding presents, they are wonderful! That reminds me to tell you that John Paul Jones, or, rather, his fiancé, pretty little Mary Belle Robinson, of Evanston, Ill., has received her first wedding present, though they do not expect to

be married before October. An old friend of John's family, Mrs. George B. Williams, has sent them a lovely old silver mug which the Mikado gave General Williams, her late husband, when he was in Japan.

You surely remember General and Mrs. Williams, and the charming entertainments which they used to give at their home in G Street. Mrs. Williams spends most of the winters now in Washington, but is in California, her old home, the greater part of each year.

Washington and Baltimore Both Pleased by Order.

Washington, as well as Baltimore, is pleased that Col. William V. Jucoski is to relieve Col. John Biddle when he takes command at West Point, for having the Judsons in Baltimore is almost as nice as having them here. It is certainly much nearer than Chicago. That city views their departure from its midst with regret, for both Col. and Mrs. Judson were extremely popular there.

The Colonel was in charge of the river and harbor improvements in the Chicago district which includes some big work, just what, I do not know. Now he is to be chief of staff of Baltimore.

Major French Acting As Quartermaster Now.

Major Robert G. French, U. S. A., retired, has found that his health would not stand the strain imposed upon him as quartermaster at Fort Myer under the present conditions, so was obliged, much to his disgust, to come back and let Major French, U. S. A., retired, take his place.

Captain French, I mean Major French, who left for the fort, but Mrs. French will stay in town. She, like many other wives of army and navy officers, has had all of her summer plans turned topsy-turvy, and she will make any more, for no one can tell what the future will develop.

The Mexican situation is making so many changes each day in the movements of the people whom you and I know, Susan, that I can't think to tell you them. I saw him, with his mother and sister, at Hill, at the District national guard camp on Thursday, looking it over. Major Gustave Lukash is in command at the Barracks in Major Wooten's absence and so on.

Perry Belmont Deserts Capital for Newport.

Perry Belmont, whom we like to claim as belonging to us here in Washington, has become a legal resident of Newport. One of the very first things which he did when he and Mrs. Belmont took possession of their summer home, Belmont turned topsy-turvy, and registered himself as a voter in Rhode Island.

One night recently, when the moon was just beginning to set, but Mrs. Belmont, Alice and I slipped off in her car for a spin on Potomac Drive, and guess whom we saw doing the very same thing—and they had really slipped off quite stealthily—President and Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson was driving her distinguished husband in a brand new roadster.

Few people recognized them. It seems that they were out for a spin in the President's big automobile, followed by the usual guard of Secret Service men, and Mrs. Wilson's mother's apartment from which place she coded in the roadster. Mrs. Wilson has been out by herself several times, but I suspect that this was the first time that the President had taken with her in this particular machine.

If This Be Lese Majeste Make the Most of It!

Now, Susan, I'm going to find out whether lese majeste has been officially or otherwise, raised to the rank of a regular crime in this town. Also whether the censorship, which I suppose in wartime will be a dreadful affair for us sorry scribblers, is yet invoked. Here goes:

I learn via grapevine wireless that the justly celebrated "doughnut cabinet" held a picnic in Rock Creek Park yesterday afternoon.

Members of the cabinet and their wives attended; leastwise that was the plan; full details haven't been vouchsafed to me yet.

The doughnut cabinet, or round table, or whatever one may call it, includes about all the real highbrows of the District Government, a sprinkling of national cabinet eminence, and a few plain folks that work at regular jobs. It regulates the public utilities, solar system and, when in good conventional form, about all the other details of comos.

What I want to know is whether this aggregation of ultimate authority managed to have a picnic in Rock Creek Park without a riot. Three District Commissioners, the chief of police, and the Secretary of War ought to manage it, but after an experience of ours a year or two ago, I'm curious for complete details.

We went out there to picnic. The cus-

todians demanded, first, our permit, which we hadn't procured; then they insisted on showing us where we might set our lunch, and impressing us that no other place would do; and, finally, when the tradesman's wagon, laden with ice cream and salads and sandwiches and thermos bottles of hot stuff, tried to break in with our supply train, they were informed that the place was under blockade, and that the embargo ran against everything that could possibly provide sustenance for a famished picnic party. Our affair was very sad.

So, you see why I'm curious. I want to know whether the city fathers are sufficiently familiar with the modus operandi to break into the park and feed on the grass. If they succeed in getting past their guards and regulations, I'm going to make an apology on the ground that nothing is impossible to people who know how.

Also, I'm dying for data as to whether our beautiful superintendent of police, who isn't married and really ought to be, provided himself with a substitute for the wife that he's so remiss about accumulating.

Capt. Dan Moore Off for Long Island.

Capt. Dan Moore left Washington on Friday evening for New York and Long Island where he will spend the weekend with T. R. I believe. I guess the next thing we know he will be en route to the border, but I hope not. By the way, I think that about this time next week, we'll have to address that gentleman as major, for he is about to be promoted.

Since his mother-in-law, Mrs. A. B. Butler, and his three cunning children left for Sugar Hill, Captain Moore has been living at the Army and Navy Club. Thinking that Mr. Butler would follow

his family in a day or two he did not want to be alone in that big house at the corner of New Hampshire Avenue and R Street. But poor Mr. Butler is still in town. He has been expected to leave almost daily, but so far has failed to accomplish it, and now fears that he may have to go West instead of north to attend to some business matters.

Their house is in the hands of artisans just now who are completing the carving on the front, which is of white stone. This carving over the windows was not finished when the house was built about two years ago. It is a beautiful home, 'twas copied from an Italian palace, I am told.

The Butlers are California people who have decided to make Washington their permanent home. They have resided in Washington about six years, having lived about in hotels and apartments until they built.

Cotton Hall, Harmon Home, Beautiful Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Smith have returned from their visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harmon at their lovely summer home, "Cotton Hall," about three miles from Leesburg, and they can talk of nothing else.

They were charmed with both the place and the people. The Harmon are originally from Lynchburg, and entertain with the same charming old Southern hospitality that just comes naturally to folks from Virginia. Mrs. Harmon is such good company. She is one of the best read women that I have ever had the good fortune to meet and she not only remembers what she has read, but can tell about it in a delightful manner.

But it is Cotton Hall which I want to tell you about. It comprises about 1,700 acres of beautifully cultivated land, some wooded areas, and a private fish-

ing ground. The house itself is beyond description. Everything both inside and out is in excellent taste. Even the stables are beautiful. They were built after the style of an English country house, and are almost hidden by vines, which ramble all over it. The most beautiful thing of all, though, in my opinion—also in that of Mr. Carl Smith, and he is an artist and knows of what he speaks—is the pergola, some 200 feet in length and so thickly covered with pink rambler roses that one can remain under it during a heavy rain.

Mr. Smith Paints Portraits of Harmon.

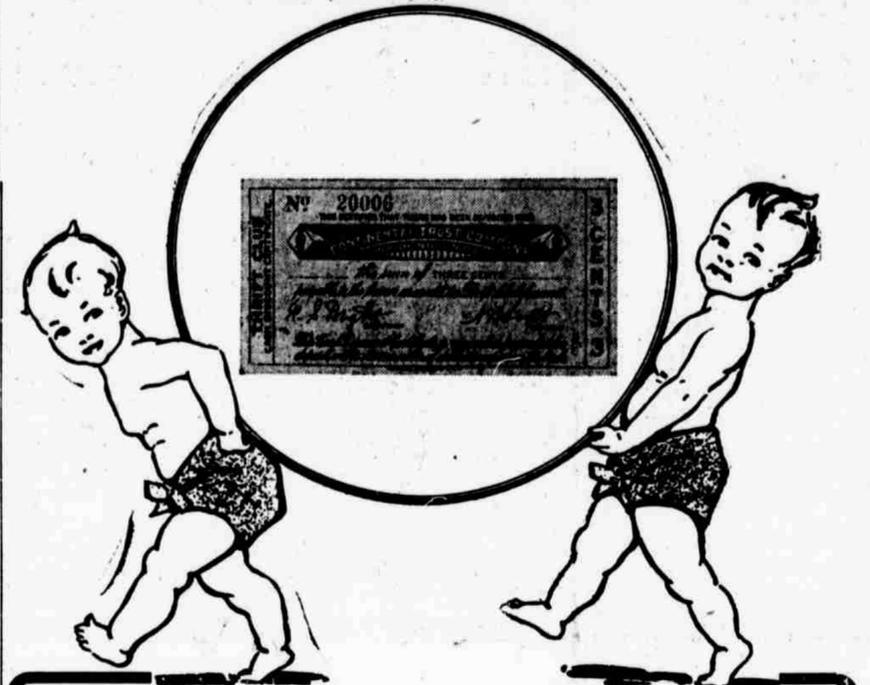
Mr. Carl Smith recently has painted portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon and their daughter Harriet. Though Mr. and Mrs. Harmon always spend the winters in Washington, Harriet has not taken an active part in society here, but we hope that she will go around more next year, for we know that she would make a hit, she is so pretty and attractive.

Just such homes as this are about to be built by both Bob and Jack Wilkins in Montgomery county, Md. They have recently purchased a most desirable tract of land, about 20 acres, just off the Rockville pike near Halpine, on Rock creek overlooking Sam Kalbus' dandy swimming pool.

There are several hills on the farm which will make perfect building sites, for the view from all of them is wonderful. Already architects have been overlooking the situation, and building operations will begin almost any time now, I am told.

Which reminds me that I want to go swimming this afternoon in Mr. Kalbus' pool, so good-by. Good luck to you. Affectionately, JEAN ELIOT.

Sunday.



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