

JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY

Wounded Heroes Are White House Guests at Party

DEAR SUSAN: Mrs. Wilson has given her first party since her return from France. As was expected, it was a garden party—such a party as the lovely White House gardens have never seen in all their century, or more, of existence. She gave it last Friday, and her guests—eight hundred or so—were soldiers all—yes, more, they were wounded soldiers all—the "boys" from Walter Reed, and the Naval Hospital. Wasn't it kindly and gracious—in fact, wasn't it "dear" of her?

It was the most wonderful party ever, that blew up all of a sudden. The idea came one day, and the party the next. And never, I fancy, has a White House party been so keenly enjoyed, never will one be so long remembered. Nobody was invited but the men from the hospitals, and no one else was admitted except the attendants who came to look after those who needed their attention. Never have I known a party so full of pathos, and of inspiration, and of keenest enjoyment withal.

The boys came scarcely believing their good fortune—their who were able to walk entering timidly, deprecatingly, a bit uncertain and ill at ease, not sure they'd enjoy it, but by no means willing to forego the experience. Those whose condition required transportation came in army trucks, in Red Cross ambulances, in limousines and the ever ready motor corps doing duty as usual. Some, alas, came in wheeled chairs.

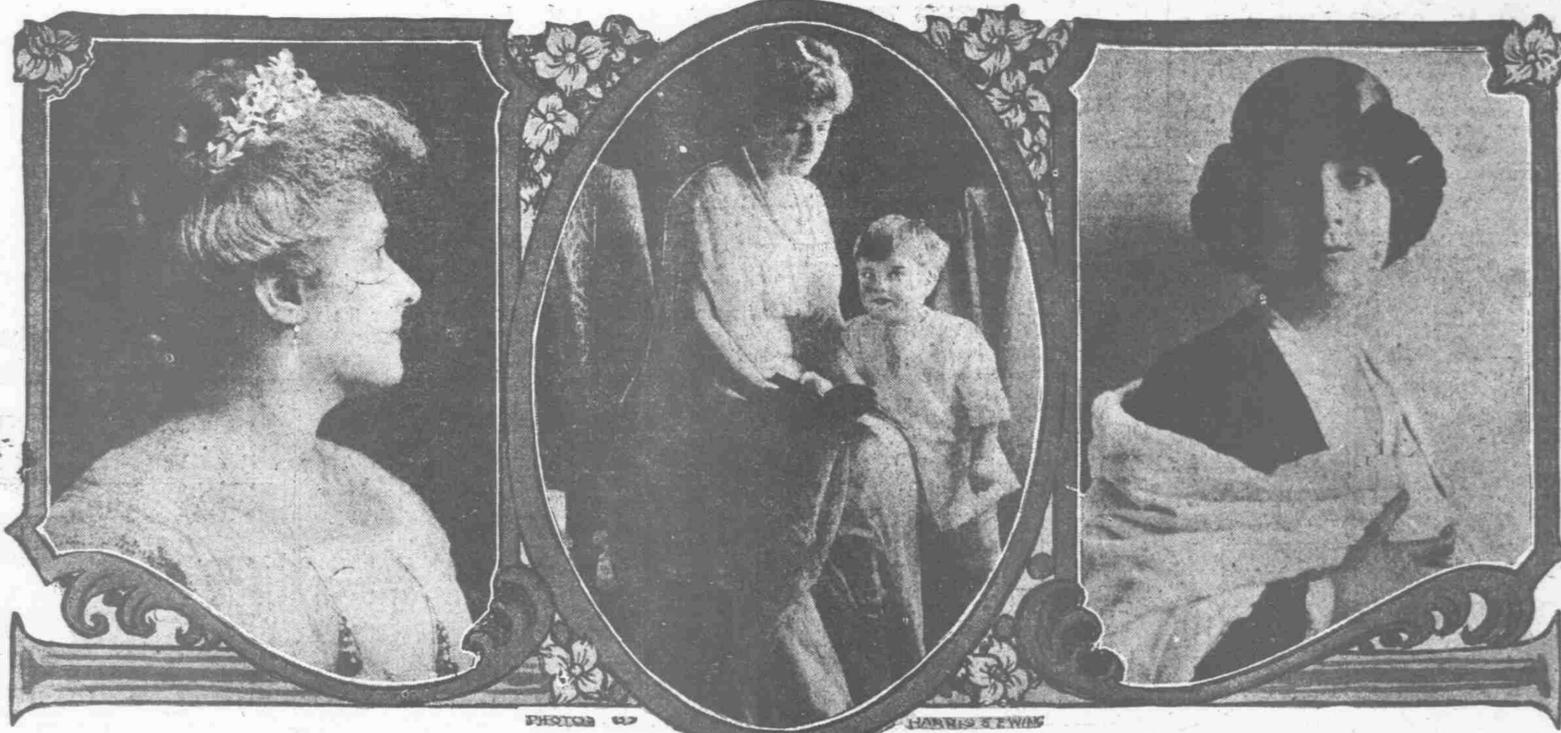
A Most Informal and Unique Party.

It was the most informal and the most unusual party ever gathered under those historic trees on the south lawn. Probably 50 per cent of them had crutches or canes, many were fitted with "peg sticks." They were scarred and maimed, but cheerful, vital, and expectant and dubious, when the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" brought them to their feet—or crutches—all scrambling up somehow, to salute their Commander-in-Chief and the First Lady as they came out of the house to greet their guests.

With them were Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Lansing, and Mrs. Lane, the only women of the Cabinet circle in town, and Mrs. Rolfe Bolling and Miss Benham. Mrs. Wilson looked lovely—simply lovely in a gown of white chiffon, gracefully draped and trimmed with lace and tiny bows—knots of pale pink, and French blue ribbon, and a big black satin hat, faced with black velvet, and for its only trimming, knots of pale pink and French blue ribbon.

One of the Most Heroic and Pathetic of Lines.

She and the President took their stand under the great trees skirting the west drive, with only Mrs. Marshall beside, looking very young, and very handsome. And the pathetic and heroic line formed. I've seen a great many White House lines—but, Susan, I never saw one like that—never will again! Irving H. Hoover, head usher at the White House, who accompanied the President and Mrs. Wilson to France, both trips—who got their marriage license for them, and for each of the other White House bridal couples of this Administration.



MME. FEDERICO PEZET, Wife of the former Peruvian Minister here, who may return as Peruvian Ambassador. MME. DOMICIO DA GAMA, Wife of the Ambassador from Brazil, who has been away since last fall, but may come back this winter. MME. PAULO DE GODOY, Who left Washington a bride a year ago, and will return shortly a widow.

Fancies, Fads, And Foibles of Capital Society

rather centered for the moment on the diplomatic corps—and especially, perhaps, on the fact that there are to be four new ambassadors—possibly five—and (in case diplomatic relations are resumed with some of our late enemies), "then some," to assist in opening the season.

Naturally the greatest interest attaches to the British ambassador, Viscount Grey, who will probably be here within a month, and will share with the President and Mrs. Wilson the responsibility of entertaining the Prince of Wales when he comes.

The papers have been filled with stories about Viscount Grey during the past week, and by this time everybody knows the main facts about him. He went as soon as he decided to accept the post of British ambassador, and the Foreign office announced the appointment, up to his estate Faldoen, in Northumberland, to clear up his personal affairs and make ready to sail at the earliest possible date. At first it was announced that he would sail on the Adriatic on September 1. But he finds he will be unable to make that steamer, and now sets September 16 as the probable date of his sailing. Anyhow he should be here before the first of October.

British Legation Is Almost "Stagnant" Affairs.

His selection for the post of Ambassador to the United States leaves the British embassy almost a stagnant party. Neither he nor Donald Lindsay, the counselor, and chargé, nor the military nor naval attachés, nor any of their staff seem to have any women in their families. Henry Gatty Chilton's wife, thus becomes the ranking lady of the British embassy. She, by the way, is an American girl, inasmuch as her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. O'Brien, the former at one time United States ambassador to Japan usually spend the winter here.

The death of Lady Grey shortly after her husband became the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, left him the loneliest, most solitary of men. Lady Grey was a truly remarkable woman, possessing charms and social gifts to an unusual degree, and she was a most unusual aptitude for politics and affairs, and was able to be of material assistance to him in his campaigns.

They never had any children, but for years there had been perfect comradeship between them, when suddenly he was summoned to his Northumberland home to find that his wife was dying. She had been driving in their own park, when her horse took fright at something and bolted, throwing her out against some trees with such force that although she lingered for several days she never recovered consciousness.

He rushed up from London on a special train, only to find her in that condition. And when he returned to London, he found that she had never wished any reference to his wife made in his hearing. Always an ascetic, he has since the loss of his wife been a social recluse. Fishing has been about his only pastime, and he has been in the habit of spending his weekends in a little iron cottage which he had built beside a little rushing stream, with no other companionship than that of an elderly man servant, and fishing to his heart's content.

It is one of the curiosities of Washington's social life that comparatively very few American girls marry into the British embassy, while the chateaux of the French and German and Spanish and various Latin American embassies and the legations of the smaller European countries seem more frequently than otherwise to be the homes of girls who have come back after years with their husbands in other countries. Lady Grey's social life is a case in point. (Continued on Page Nine.)

tion in turn—made the introductions. The most severely wounded men were at the end of the line—some who were out of the hospital for the first time in eighteen months, some in wheeled chairs, propelled by nurses. And these last received just a little more attention from their distinguished hosts than those who were able to march bravely down the line, unaided.

With the formal reception over and the men gathered in picturesque groups on the lawn, eating White House ice cream and cake, and partaking of White House punch, for most of them the real fun began—when the President and Mrs. Wilson threaded their way among them, carefully stopping over crutches and avoiding canes, but managed to stop at each little group, and give it a few kindly words of welcome—and when the President himself, seeing that some of his guests were waiting overlong for service, began foraging for them and waiting on them himself. Oh, it was TOO much.

Private Takes Picture of President as "K. P."

They wouldn't really believe it happened that way, except that they have proof. Private Joseph Rychar, of New York, having brought his camera along, when he saw the President crossing the lawn with a couple of plates of ice cream and a platter of

cake, carefully balanced, called out, "One minute, please!" and the President smilingly submitted. At which his photographer raised a laugh by telling his mates that he guessed that was the first time the President of the United States had ever been snapped doing "K. P."—"kitchen police."

And he wouldn't let them stand to salute him. They tried. Each group as he approached would try to scramble to its feet and receive the Commander-in-Chief soldierwise. He would have none of it, but with kindly gesture motioned them to keep their places. For nearly an hour he moved among them, being a "regular guy"—and then he had to go in and take up the business of being President again. But Mrs. Wilson stayed with them a while longer, asking each one about his home, admiring his trinkets, asking about his experiences—being altogether the most perfect hostess and the most gracious lady one would want to meet. She won all their hearts, and quite thawed any reserve, or shyness, that may have held them at first, so that before she, too, withdrew she was surrounded by an appreciative group wherever she moved.

Finally, those who were equal to it were taken into the White House and were shown all through the state apartments by Mr. Hoover and his aids, and many of them when they went away carried flowers from the White House gardens or conserva-

ries as souvenirs of their visit. Wasn't it a wonderful party?

Busy Days For Washington Society.

Washington society—what there is left of it in Washington—is distinctly dispirited these days. It is trying to keep an eye on White Sulphur Springs and an eye on Atlantic City, an eye on Newport and an eye on Narragansett; an eye on Southampton and one on Bar Harbor; one on the White mountains and one on the Thousand Islands, not overlooking the Adirondacks, Old Point Comfort, the Eastern Shore and the Berkshires—and above and beyond all it is keeping both eyes steadfastly fixed on Canada and the Prince of Wales.

A giddy young person trilled gaily as she crossed the porch of one of the country clubs the other day, where a group of old women of both sexes and divers ages, was animatedly discussing tea and other things:

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart's in the Highlands, my heart's in the Highlands—a huntin' the prince."

And the discussion, after a self-conscious pause, ended in a shout of laughter. For everybody's doing it!

Even accepting the fact that the Prince of Wales will only be in Washington for four or five days, and that he will accept no private invitations, no hospitalities of any sort except those offered by the President and Mrs. Wilson and that offered by the British ambassador—there are some burning questions that remain to be answered.

One is, "Will they run up the royal standard of Great Britain alongside of the Stars and Stripes over the White House while the prince is the President's guest?"

It is recalled that when the series of high commissions was in Washington during the summer of 1917 the White House was about the only official building which did not carry a succession of the flags of the visiting missions so long as they were in town. The State, War and Navy building and the Treasury had a whole string of flags of the allies, when, as frequently happened, there were several of the missions here at once. And each residence that housed one of those missions displayed the flag of the country represented, while the mission occupied it—the Breckenridge Long's house the British flag (and, by the same token, it was the British commercial flag that was at first run out there, greatly to everybody's amusement except the State Department's); the Henry White house the French flag; the Joseph Leitner's the Italian; the Perry Belmont's the Japanese; and so on.

When Champ Clark "Hit the Ceiling."

In fact the White House and the Capitol were about the only places that did not fly a long succession of foreign flags, and according to a story generally accepted here the Capitol had a narrow escape.

It is told that when the British High Commission, which, like Abou Ben Adhem, "led all the rest," was going up to the Capitol to make a friendly call, and say a few words, as frequently happened, there were several of any other nation—flying over the Capitol of these United States of America. Which may have been a one man up at the State Department called it a "shirley-love" point of view, but it is one that 80 per cent of the population would have indorsed, with absolutely no prejudice against Great Britain or any other nation.

However, the question of raising the Royal British standard alongside of that of your Uncle Sam on the White House, will, be counsel, be entirely up to the President—and I

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ALL MUST GO REGARDLESS OF COST
BIG BARGAINS AWAIT YOU

house in London, or attends the theater or condescends to honor any private entertainment. And from all accounts it was rigorously adhered to when this young man's grandfather, Albert Edward visited Washington, and was a guest at the White House in Buchanan's time—even though he was traveling unofficially and was technically "incog," which his namesake, Edward Albert, will not be.

Lord Lyons Then British Minister.

Lord Lyons was British minister in Washington at the time of that other visit, and the British legation—it was many years before there was a British embassy here—was in the old Admiral Porter house on H street above Seventeenth, next to the present Metropolitan Club building, and about opposite the house which was occupied by Mrs. Borden Harriman while she was here.

This has now been taken by Major-General H. K. Bethell, the new military attaché of the British embassy, and three or four of his staff. The Porter property which is within three or four blocks of the White House was made over to the Duke of Aosta, into a fashionable apartment, and probably rents for double what it did in the heyday of its youth when it housed the British legation in Washington and was the scene of a magnificent banquet to "Baron Renfrew," which was the title that Albert Edward most frequently used when traveling unofficially.

In fact the whole question of just how far the Government of the United States will enter into the formalities of "court" entertaining is a fertile subject of discussion among those who are in the least likely to be invited to any of the State functions given in its honor—and indeed among those who are not. Will a list of those to be invited to meet him be submitted to the young Prince of Wales, for his view—and if it is how, under heaven is he to know "who's who, and why" as Sam Elythe used to say?

Also there be those whose memories run back to the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia during the Roosevelt regime, though, to be sure, he was not a guest of the White House, but stayed at one of the hotels. But there is still a tradition of the embarrassment that arose because there was nobody here sufficiently exalted to introduce the "own brother to the Kaiser," and he had to present himself to his official hosts.

I wonder by the way, what Mrs. Longworth has done with the bracelet—let—I think it was a bracelet—which was sent her by the Kaiser as a souvenir of her having christened his imperial yacht, the Meteor. It was built on this side the mill pond, and its launching was one of the picturesque functions of Prince Henry's visit. Poor old Meteor—she is not exactly on the junk pile now—but she is decidedly on the bargain counter—for sale very cheap!

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