

JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY

Society Turns Its Interest To Political Arena

EVERYBODY'S talking politics—or playing politics—or both. In Washington at this stage of the game it's mostly taken out in talk. It's downright curious how we can be so much out of things during a campaign. But every once in a while something happens like Governor Cox's visit to the President to bring out the fact that this is still the Capital of the Nation.

Of course, the spotlight centered on the White House while the Democratic nominee for President and Vice President were closeted with President Wilson. And wouldn't it have been interesting to "listen in" while Governor Cox—to help "make the world safe for the Democratic party," as the old dandy put it—was agreeing to sponsor the league of nations? It might have been illuminating to attend the luncheon which followed the conference.

This was heralded in some of the papers as a "stag party," but Mrs. Wilson was in the accordance with the custom which she established shortly after her marriage of "sitting in" whenever the President gives a luncheon or a dinner—and of what notable assemblages has she been a member since the war first began bringing the world to Washington! This time, as frequently before, she was the only lady in the company. The guests? Why, Governor Cox, Mr. Roosevelt, Senator Carter Glass, Mr. Tumulty, Secretary to the President, and Rear Admiral Grayson. Not many, to be sure, but probably the largest party which has been entertained at the White House since the President's illness.

EXCITEMENT AGREED WITH PRESIDENT.

The excitement of an important political conference seemed to agree with Mr. Wilson, for no sooner had the conferees departed than he was off for a long motor ride into the country, with Mrs. Wilson and her brother John Randolph Bolling, as his companions. He has been driving pretty nearly every day during the last week and it would not be surprising if any day now the White House household would pack its week-end bags and board the Mayflower for a brief cruise down the Potomac—a form of holiday which has always agreed with the President, and in which he has previously taken great pleasure when detained in town in hot weather.

For the rest the President seems to be doing nothing in particular—but exerting influence from the south portico of the White House, which it is perfectly understood will prevent his party from doing anything in particular without his approval. Mrs. Wilson is aiding and abetting, and watching to see that he does not try his strength too far—with Tumulty and Admiral Grayson seconding her efforts enthusiastically and intelligently.

When Admiral Grayson went up to Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., last week, picked out a charming cottage and leased it forthwith, there was a little flutter of interest and Dame Rumor began spread it around that the "Summer White House" had at last been selected. The admiral, however, soon exploded that theory by announcing that he had taken the cottage for his own family. He would take them to the mountains shortly—Mrs. Grayson and her two adorable boys, Gordon and Cary T. Grayson, Jr.—and would establish them there for the rest of the summer. And he did, motoring up with them on a Thursday and coming back almost immediately. He will visit them at Blue Ridge as often as his duties permit, but probably will not be away for very long at a time.

Mrs. Wilson's mother and sister, Mrs. William H. Bolling and Miss Bertha Bolling, also left town last week, going to Atlantic City, where Mr. and Mrs. Julian Bolling were already staying. The Julian Bollings are at the Marlborough-Blenheim, but I haven't heard where the rest of the family are staying.

Apparently Miss Margaret Wilson is to linger on in New York through the summer—or, more correctly, she is making her headquarters in New York. She is putting in a good deal of time with Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo at Huntington, L. I.—you know they have the place which William Faversham built some years ago—and I understand she will visit the Sayres—Mr. and Mrs.



MRS. WARREN DELANO ROBBINS
And her children, Warren Delano Robbins, Jr., Irene Helen Robbins, and Edward H. Robbins. They are going to Manchester, Mass., early in August, after having spent the early summer in Washington. Mr. Robbins, who is in the American diplomatic service and is now on duty at the State Department, is a son of Mrs. Price Collier.

Francis Bowes Sayre—at 'Sonsnet' later in the summer.

FINDS SOME HUMOR IN 1920 CAMPAIGN.

Considerable humor—much of it unconscious—is undoubtedly going to be injected into the Presidential campaign, and that's something to be thankful for in this day of horrors and tragedies. The Rev. Mr. Sunday, announcing that the third party candidate, Parley P. Christensen, would be dubbed the "good-bye candidate" because his initials are "P. C."—and well, perhaps, there ARE other reasons—ticked my funny bone. And to my mind there was real humor in the prohibition ticket first suggested—Bryan and Billy Sunday—particularly in view of the fact that the Rev. Mr. Sunday has come out strongly in favor of Senator Harding, who must be anathema to Mr. Bryan.

I also loved the suggestion of a certain lady politician, put forth at the Democratic convention was beginning, that Mr. Wilson be nominated for President and a big strong man picked for second place so that the Vice President could do the honor, the idea being to make Mr. Wilson a sort of "President Americus," as it were—to quote a beautiful phrase coined by a certain college alumnus, a wee bit happier than he had any right to be in prohibition days, when he had occasion to mention the ex-president of the university. But to my mind the prize example of unconscious humor—or was it entirely unconscious?—so far contributed to the gaiety of nations was Senator Penrose's plaint that Governor Cox had been nominated by the bosses! I'm going to have that statement framed.

MRS. WALSH TO ENTUSE DEMOCRATIC WOMEN HERE.

So far as political activities are concerned—and we do get tremendous active every little while even if we haven't a vote—the most interesting recent development is the appointment of Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh to the post of Democratic national committeewoman for the District. In this capacity she will have full charge of "the feminine half of the campaign"—whatever that may mean—in Washington. Early in August she'll be back from California, where she has been "playing around" since the convention with Vice President and Mrs. Marshall as her constant companions, and is prepared to launch a whirlwind campaign. She is to be assisted by a live committee of seventy-five women and members of the central committee claim that it will be the most aggressive organization of women workers the District has ever seen. Certainly there's good material among the Democratic women in Washington. Just when it seemed that we were

in for a very dull week, Captain Teraoka of the Japanese cruiser, Kasuga, reached town, with twenty of his officers, and there was a little burst of entertaining in their honor. To be sure, this visit was of immediate personal interest only to the members of the Japanese colony in Washington and certain high ranking American naval officers—the only persons who actually had opportunity to meet the visitors from overseas. But it was of interest to all of us to read about the great cruiser's voyage half round the world to take part in the centennial celebration in Maine and to bring messages of good will to the American Government.

After the festivities in Maine were over, the Kasuga lay at anchor in New York harbor for a week, and it was then the Japanese ambassador, Mr. Shidehara, went up to New York to inspect her. Then she went to Annapolis, where she now lies, and early this week, after her officers have made a pilgrimage to Hog Island to inspect the work now going on there, she will set sail for Norfolk, New Orleans, Havana and then for San Francisco via the Panama Canal.

Captain Teraoka and his staff reached Washington on Thursday afternoon, and after a bit of slight-seeing, were entertained at dinner that night by the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Shidehara. It was an informal sort of dinner, at which men predominated, but the ladies condescended with the embassy staff among the guests, and these picturesque little persons added no little to the charm of the function. Next day Captain Teraoka called upon the Acting Secretary of War and other functionaries, and when they journeyed down to Annapolis later in the day to return the call they were entertained at luncheon aboard the Kasuga. On this occasion the Japanese ambassador was among the guests, with several members of the embassy staff. And, of course, there were a number of naval officers on duty here as well as some of the Naval Academy officials.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON PROVES HE'S THRIFTY.

Sir Thomas Lipton's promised visit to the British embassy is a matter of rather more general interest, for everybody knows the genial Irish sportsman. In fact, Sir Thomas has many good friends in Washington, as he has all over the country—and quite a few were favored with the eagerly desired cards to see at least one of the international cup races from the deck of his yacht.

Do you happen to have had one of those cards? Or seen one? They are about the size of an ordinary correspondence card, gilt edged, I noticed, which they wouldn't have had had they been made on this side of the water. The heavy cream white envelope in which they are inclosed bears no yachting pennant, but across the flap in plain raised gold type the words "Shamrock IV." The card has the blue and red pennant of the Ulster Yacht Club and the Shamrock's own little green and gold one, crossed in one corner, and carries the usual formal engraved, "Sir Thomas J. Lipton requests the pleasure of the company of," with blanks left to fill in the names and the occasion.

Down in one corner the name of his yacht—the Erin—has been crossed out and the Victoria written above it. It reminded me of the first year that the Marshalls were at the Willard, and were thrifflily using up cards left

over from their dances at the Shoreham the previous season—filling in the names and dates and changing the hotel in just that way. However, nobody turned down their invitation on that score—any more than they did Sir Thomas'. And I fancy few of those went begging! In fact, there was quite a general feeling that he rather hoped he'd lift the cup—he's been such a splendid old sport about it, and it would make it much more interesting. But, of course, we want to bring it back next year. So, however the races went there was evidently to be no hard feeling.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES UNLUCKY SPECTATOR.

The way in which the races have been struck out has naturally made the exact date of Sir Thomas's visit uncertain, but probably he'll come down early this week. And then there'll undoubtedly be some sort of a gathering of the clans in his honor. Any entertaining at the British embassy will be more or less informal, I presume, for the ambassador is living on garçon while Lady Geddes is abroad, and, besides, "everybody's away." In spite of this constantly reiterated fact, there ARE enough people left in town to make quite a representative gathering.

THE WEEK'S GRIST OF WEDDINGS.

Of the several weddings of the week, the marriage of Miss Virginia Eckels and Robert James Malone created perhaps the greatest amount of interest because it came as a surprise—and also because Miss Eckels has made a host of warm friends since she first took her place in society in Washington two years ago. No, she did not make a formal debut, but her mother, Mrs. George Morris Eckels, who had been making her home in Chicago, came back here to live just about the time her daughter was graduated from Miss Madeira's school. Several of the latter's chums were numbered among the buds of the following season and, being pretty as a pink and very winsome and charming, she was soon swept up into the round of gayeries for the debutantes.

Mr. Malone, who was in the Coast Artillery during the war—with the rank of captain—was stationed in Washington for some time, and it was then that he met his bride and fell captive to her charms. Miss Eckels and Mr. Malone had taken only their closest friends into their confidence, so the wedding on Thursday caused a decided flutter of surprise. It was very simple, a home wedding at Mrs. Eckels' residence in

Hampshire to stay with his family, the Victor Kauffmanns, at their camp until autumn. You remember they spent the first part of their long and blissful honeymoon in California. They were for a long time guests at Mr. and Mrs. Doheny's beautiful place, they made a round of visits and altogether had a wonderful experience. There were even rumors that they might elect to make their home in California, but one hears now that their allegiance has remained with Washington and that they'll be back here in the autumn to set up house keeping. I hope so, indeed, not only because it would be a pity for Washington to lose such a charming pair of young people, but because we need them as hostages for the frequent return of Mr. and Mrs. Lane.

MRS. BROOKE LEE

And her boys, Brooke Lee, Jr., and Blair Lee, 3d. Their father had the rank of major in the army during the war and served overseas with great distinction. The lads are grandsons of Former Senator Blair Lee, of Maryland; are descendants of Francis P. Blair, of Andrew Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet" fame, and belong to the illustrious Lee family of Virginia. Mrs. Lee was Miss Elizabeth Wilson, of Prince Georges County, Md.

Both Miss Alice Kirkpatrick and Mary Elizabeth Nolan had church weddings—but there the resemblance ceased. Miss Kirkpatrick and John Wilmot Mann, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mann of Washington, were married yesterday afternoon in her father's church—St. John's, Chevy Chase, Md.—and the picturesque little edifice was filled to the doors with members of the congregation and friends of both families. And afterward there was an informal reception at the rectory, Miss Nolan, who is the daughter of John H. Nolan, and Edward H. Johansen, an contractor, had only a small family party to see them married. The wedding took place on Wednesday morning in St. Matthew's Church and was followed by an informal breakfast at Mr. and Mrs. Nolan's apartment in the Burlington. Mr. Johansen had his brother as best man and Mrs. John E. Ballinger, of Newcastle, Pa., was his sister's only attendant. She wore a pink frock and hat and carried an armful of pink roses. The bride looked stunning in a becoming dark blue satin costume and a big blue picture hat trimmed with opresses—"dark blue with light blue running gear," to quote Mr. Johansen's description when someone asked him what Miss Nolan was going to wear. Yes, of course, he's an "automobile man."

Mr. and Mrs. Johansen are spending

their honeymoon motoring, with Atlantic City as their headquarters. I believe. They are to live here and have taken a furnished apartment until October, when they will get possession of their own charming apartment in the newly erected building at the corner of Connecticut avenue and Woodley road.

HIBERNATION IN THE CAPITAL.

The lady who perpetrated the Irishism that "Washington does its hibernating in summer" wasn't so very far wrong—this summer. And yet many of the diplomats are here, Cabinet members are in and out—mostly "in"—and official folk seem to be enjoying the absence of the social duties of officialdom. Secretary Colby is back at his desk in the State Department and only occasionally gets up to New York to spend a day or two with his family. Secretary Houston is remaining in town, although he may get up to Woods Hole to see, Mrs. Houston and the children later in the summer. He had one visit with them there late in June.

The Attorney General is back in

Washington—but not Mrs. Attorney General. Mrs. Palmer did not even come here after the convention, but went straight to their home in Stroudsburg, Pa., and will probably stay all summer. Little Miss Mary Dixon Palmer is with her and the Attorney General will slip off home as often as he can. The Burlesons are home—the Postmaster General from California and Mrs. Burleson from Cape May, where her daughter, Mrs. Richard Van Wyck Negley, and her children are now established. The Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Meredith are due today, having stopped off at their home in Des Moines, Ia., for a visit on their way back from California.

Mrs. Daniels has just started off

across the continent prepared to meet Secretary Daniels in Yellowstone Park. He's on his way back from Alaska, where he has been looking the situation over in company with the Secretary of the Interior, Judge John Barton Payne. The Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Alexander, is at his Missouri home with his family and the Wilsons—the Secretary of Labor and his family—are at Blissburg, Pa., to remain until some time in September.

Mrs. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, is spending this week-end in her old home at Pottstown, Pa., and when she comes back will bring with her her aunt, Miss Ida Streep, and Miss Mary E. Davis, so frequently a day goes by but that the young son of Secretary and Mrs. Baker—Jack Baker—betakes himself to the bathing beach for a swim. And his two sisters are fairly regular patrons of the pool. Betty, not so frequently as Peggy, but both of them going down two or three times a week. Jack is working—or studying—a

little of both, I fancy—at radio tele-

graphy at the army school, under General Squire. He seems a little shrimp to be doing that, though Miss Freas told me proudly that Jack is thirteen when I said something of the sort to her. Still thirteen is a bit young to be taking up radio work, and Jack is small and looks rather less than his years. But I understand that he has been interested in it for some time, and has his own little erection and instruments out at Beauvoir, and is really quite clever about it all.

Mr. Baker went up to Philadelphia

in the middle of the week for the big splash at Hog Island. They launched seven ships at once, you know, so it seems as if "big splash" would express it. None of the family went with him. It was Wednesday, and Mrs. Baker was at home informally as usual. Miss Catherine Lowe, who has been with Mrs. Baker for four or five months, has, as I think I told you, returned to Cleveland, and may not get here again, as the Bakers are counting, yes, actually counting, on "getting back to home and mother" early next March. They hope to be able to keep Beauvoir until then, but the terms of their lease are a bit hazy as to the period for which they have the place. If the Russells come back and feel that they have to have it, why, they probably will have to have it. But they have been delayed in getting off, and their tenants are rather hoping that they will be similarly delayed in getting back, so that they may not be disturbed during the little time they will have to stay in Washington. It seems that Mrs. Baker—

(Continued on Page Seventeen.)

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