

# FAREWELLS PUNCTUATED BY PREPARATIONS FOR NEWCOMERS

very formal invitations for some weeks; and, moreover, she has been up in New York preparing for her journey. However, she came back to town with Mr. Fletcher especially for the dinner which Secretary and Mrs. Hughes gave for them on Monday evening, making an exception of this, as it was more or less of a family party—the State Department family.

The Belgian Ambassador and Baroness de Cartier were present, representing the country to which Mr. Fletcher is to be accredited—and the Hugh Gibsons—Mr. Gibson being a former attaché of our embassy in Belgium and an old friend of Mr. Fletcher—and the Assistant Secretary of War and Mrs. Wainwright. For the rest, it was all "family," the Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, Director of the Consular Service and Mrs. Wilbur J. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. John Van A. MacMurray, who have but recently returned from a holiday in Bermuda and must have been there when Secretary and Mrs. Hughes were, LeLand Harrison and, of course, Miss Catherine Hughes.

**THE** Fletchers sailed yesterday. For the present, to quote Mr. Fletcher, their Brussels address will be a storage warehouse, since the embassy occupied by Brand Whitlock for the last eight years was sold over to the Ambassador's head.

Some day, I suppose, something will be done about this housing of our foreign envoys in a manner befitting the dignity of the nation, but it's slow work. Congressman Stephen G. Porter, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, is favoring a rather comprehensive plan to induce Congress to finance the building or purchase of suitable embassy and legation buildings abroad and, it is expected, will press the matter soon. He intended to bring up the project last year, but was induced to withhold it until after the Washington conference. There are certain funds already set aside for the purpose, which have thus far escaped the Budget Director, but they are far from adequate to present needs.

**MR. ROBBINS**, who is going to Berlin as counselor, and his handsome wife do not expect to leave Washington until April 19, sailing the following day. But I don't see how they'll ever find time for their packing, as they're having something given for them pretty nearly every day. The Robert Woods Bliss are entertaining for them and the Nicholas Longworths, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Delano and there are a lot of other parties to which they are going, although they may not be given specifically for them.

Mrs. Robbins was at home on Tuesday afternoon and will receive again this coming Tuesday, affording her friends an opportunity to say good-by. Her drawing rooms were crowded all afternoon at her first reception and resounded to a chorus of regret at the approaching departure of this popular hostess and her equally popular husband, Mr. William Castle, Jr., and Mrs. Randal Hagner poured tea. The Robbinses expect to rent their house, that charming old mansion once the Caracassone, which they have so recently made over into one of the show places of historic Georgetown, but they have not yet found a suitable tenant.

The new Ambassador to Germany and Mrs. Alanson B. Houghton, who sailed for Germany yesterday, were likewise continually entertained before their departure, the Chandler Andersons being among those who gave parties for them last week.

**THE** American Minister to Poland and Mrs. Hugh Gibson brought their visit to Washington to a close early last week and started across the continent, planning to make a brief visit to Mrs. Gibson's mother in Los Angeles before the end of their honeymoon. They expect to return East before April 13, on which date they have taken passage from New York. One wonders whether they will cross trails at all with the Hoovers, whose house they have been occupying during their stay in Washington, and who are now in California. Secretary Hoover is due back here on April 6, but Mrs. Hoover expects to remain a week longer, and I shouldn't be surprised if she and the Gibsons crossed the continent together.

There was some guffing of Ambassador Fletcher—"Who's one of those genial guys that a guy can say, you know?"—in that he and Mrs. Fletcher did not sail on a Shipping Board vessel—which applied equally of course to Houghton, only Washington is not so thoroughly on guffing terms with him—and his friends asked him if he objected to taking a wet trip on a dry boat. He assured them earnestly that is was a question of convenience, not of conviviality. It happened that there were no Shipping Board sailings listed at the time that he wished to sail; that's all.

## President Harding's Social Engagements Marked by Variety

**Potentates and Picture Players Quests at White House.**

**THE** President and Mrs. Harding must regard their social relations in somewhat the same light that Former President Wilson looks on vaudeville—If one act doesn't please him, the next one may, and at any rate it's soon over—for there is an infinite variety about their human contacts. They almost never sit down to luncheon or dinner without guests, sometimes one or two, sometimes as many as a dozen; and frequently, as in the last week, they range from potentates to picture players.

The Governor of Pennsylvania and Mrs. Sprout had luncheon at the White House with the President and Mrs. Harding one day, having come on to take part in the ceremonies connected with starting work on the Meade Memorial. And Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Moore, of Pittsburgh, were White House guests another day. Mrs. Moore (better known to fame as Lillian Russell) being in Washington to report to Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor, on emigration conditions abroad which she has been investigating at the special request of the President. And on top of this the Hardings were hosts to that wizard of the film world, David Wark Griffith, and "the Miss Gishes," as the theater attaches insist upon calling them.

It is recorded that Miss Lillian Gish retained her poise, while her sister, Miss Dorothy Gish, was so nervous that she couldn't eat; and that Mr. Griffith, at the President's request, assumed the Chief Executive's chair for the nonce and got away with the role very creditably. The Gish girls are Ohioans, I believe, and the President and Mrs. Harding have an especial interest in anyone who had forethought enough to be born in the Buckeye State.

**MRS. HARDING** told an inquiring soul the other day that while there was, of course, a lot of fun and interest in being First Lady of the Land, there was a lot of work about being Mistress of the White House, if you happened to have been brought up with any sense of housewifely responsibility.

Mrs. Harding is emphatically the sort who runs her own house, plans her own meals and knows pretty well about the details of her own menage. I'm told that before they were in the White House it was a matter of course that there should be one or two, or even three or four "extra" at luncheons and dinner, practically every day in the week. But a woman who is in a way to know told me not long ago that the Hardings had not sat down to any meals but breakfast without guests, since they had been in the White House. Now you know people used to do that, but housekeeping is not so lavish and hospitality is not so impromptu in these days of the high cost of living as in the olden days. And it takes a pretty good housekeeper with a family of two to be always prepared for ten. It would be hard enough on a housekeeper in private life, but when it comes to one whose every move is in the limelight and whose every shortcoming is magnified, it does seem a wonder that she should never come short.

**TWO** of the unofficial little dinner parties, with old friends as hosts, in which the President and Mrs. Harding delight, were included in the varied list of last week's activities. They dined last Sunday evening with the Secretary of War and Mrs. Weeks, after devoting the afternoon to driving in the country and glimpsing how trees and bushes were greening under the warm spring sun. And on Friday evening they were guests of Senator Frederick Hale, one of the Presidents "buddies" when he was in the Senate, and his mother, Mrs. Eugene Hale. Both parties were small—just a few old friends of the honor guests—and neither was much heralded to the waiting world, which likes to know where the President dines and with whom. President Harding, himself, a Rotarian, attended the gala performance at Keith's on Monday night, when the whole house was turned over to the Rotary clubs in convention here. He took Mrs. Harding with him, and they gathered in Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Fletcher, who came on from the dinner given in their honor by the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes. The Fletchers were leaving town next day preparatory to sailing for Belgium, and this was the President and Mrs. Harding's one opportunity to bid them good-speed, although Mr. Fletcher made his official farewell call next morning.

**MME. EVERWIJN**, wife of the new Minister, Dr. J. C. A. Everwijn, has recently arrived in the United States from their home in Holland. She is planning to return to Holland early in June to pack her household goods for their long journey to the United States, where they will be installed in the newly-built legation on Fifteenth street. Dr. Everwijn will accompany her back to The Hague, returning with her again in the early fall.



## Writer Unwittingly Appropriates Names of "Real Live" People

**THE** long arm of coincidence has Mrs. Henry W. Keyes in its clutches again. You may remember my telling some time ago of how, when she published her novel "The Career of David Noble," a real David Noble, fourth of a line of David Nobles, wrote to her about the book. And now, if you please, she has a letter from Dr. Lloyd Carroll, of Aurora, Mo., commenting upon "Lafayette Square," a story which she had published in the March "Delineator"—and the hero of that story is "Senator Lloyd Carroll!" Fortunately this unconscious appropriation of names by this clever writer has rather pleased the rightful owners. Indeed, Dr. Carroll has gone so far as to give full permission to Mrs. Keyes to use his name any time she pleases. New England being full of Nobles and David a popular New England name, Mrs. Keyes feels that it was not strange that she should find a real David Noble, but it does seem odd that she should have the same experience a second time, and with a name so uncommon as Lloyd Carroll.

**MRS. KEYES**, by the way, was hostess at one of the nicest parties of last week—a birthday party for her two oldest sons, Henry, Jr., and John, whose anniversaries come within a few days of each other and who always celebrate their birthdays together. The sons of the Vice President and Mrs. Coolidge, John and Calvin, Jr., were among the guests; and Mrs. Coolidge helped Mrs. Keyes chaperone the youngsters.

There was a luncheon first for a dozen guests or so and then they all trooped down to the Rialto to see "Orphans of the Storm." In addition to the Coolidge boys, the company included William Stanley, son of Senator Stanley; Julia Harris daughter of Senator Harris; Beatrice Henderson, Mary Keyes and George T. Keyes, Jr., cousins of the hosts, who, with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Keyes, of Boston, had been visiting Senator and Mrs. Keyes for a few days, and Francis Keyes, the boys' younger brother. Francis goes to school here, but the two older Keyes boys were only here for their spring holiday. Henry is at Milton Academy, with Harvard in the offing; and John is at a school in Morristown, N. J.

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## Delightful Foolery Marks April Fool; The Society Circus

**THE** week closed with April Fools' Day. And most appropriately for the week itself was devoted to pranks and frolics that savored somewhat of foolery. There was a society circus at Fort Myer on Friday afternoon and evening—of considerable hilarity and not a little thrill. And last evening the Penguins presented a deliciously amusing play at their club house on G street dedicated to the sacred customs of the day.

But then the Penguins aren't "society"—perish the thought! I don't know whether they or society would most deeply resent such a suggestion. On the other hand, they're rather exclusive. More so than the White House, which perhaps isn't saying much. The circus was a great success. Everyone went. The boxes fairly sparkled with glittering uniforms and beautiful gowns—worn, it must be confessed, under fur wraps, for the riding hall at Fort Myer, where the circus was given, is a bit chilly these early spring days. The event had been billed as a circus extraordinary, with promises of thrills galore. Hints of what might be expected had filled the air for weeks, and everyone went determined to have the time of their lives. And they did. From the opening event to the closing number, the melodramatic banging of a horse thief to the ratters of the riding hall, the party was entirely successful. The proceeds from the party are to go to the post athletic fund to help furnish baseball outfits for the enlisted men and polo equipment for the officers.

**MRS. WALKER** to Give Luncheon for Bride  
**MRS. REGINALD WALKER** will entertain at luncheon at the Chevy Chase Club on Tuesday in compliment to Miss Harriet Bolling Douglas, of Alexandria, whose marriage to Robert Bruce Wallace, Jr., of Philadelphia, will take place shortly.

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## Mme. Everwijn Finds Women in Capital Politically Inclined Surprised at Interest Taken in Senate Debate.

**AN** interested visitor in the diplomatic gallery of the Senate these days is Mme. Everwijn, wife of the new minister of the Netherlands in Washington.

Mme. Everwijn frankly confesses that politics and parliamentary debates are new to her. In her own home at The Hague she was too much occupied with household duties to bother with things political, and only since her arrival in this country has she found time to interest herself in such matters. The newly built legation, at Fifteenth and Euclid streets, is not yet ready for its tenants and Mme. Everwijn, living in an apartment and with time hanging a bit heavily on her hands, has found the Senate gallery an interesting and pleasant place to pass the morning hours.

The galleries themselves have interested her almost as much as the floor. With some surprise she has found them crowded with women from every walk of life. She has observed society women, wives of Government officials, homekeepers, young girls, and dignified matrons hanging breathlessly over the balcony listening to the debate on the floor.

American women, women with household and family cares, are more apt, Mme. Everwijn believes, to interest themselves in politics than the women of her own country. With a slight twinkle in her eyes she says that in Holland only unmarried women find time for such things.

"But," she admits, "the women of the Netherlands have only recently secured the vote. They cast their first ballot in June and after that things may be different."

**MME. EVERWIJN** has only been in the United States three weeks. The minister, Dr. J. C. A. Everwijn, arrived to succeed the former minister, Dr. Cramer, early last fall, but Mme. Everwijn remained in Holland to supervise preparations for the wedding of their daughter—and only child to Baron Taets van Amerongen. The marriage took place early in January, and shortly afterward Dr. Everwijn, who had returned home for the ceremony, and Mme. Everwijn, arrived in Washington.

**MME. EVERWIJN**, is immensely interested in education and expects to discover some interesting things about educational methods employed in this country. At home she was an interested and active member of the board of directors of an industrial school for girls. The pupils were trained for domestic or industrial service, from the ages of eight or nine to their majority. Industrial schools of this country promise to be especially interesting to the lady from the Netherlands who hopes to learn some new things from them to carry home to her own school.

The Minister and Mme. Everwijn expect to return to Holland early in June to close their home at The Hague. Their daughter, Baroness van Amerongen, is at present occupying the residence with her new husband. Upon their return Dr. and Mme. Everwijn will close their city home and prepare their beautiful country place, just out of The Hague, for their absence next winter. They will return to Washington in the fall and hope by that time the new legation building will be ready to receive them.



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**THE MINISTER OF ECUADOR AND MME. RAFAEL ELIZALDE** have a household of charming youngsters. They are Rafael, aged thirteen; Hector, aged nine; Mercedes, aged six; Alicia, aged three; Irene, aged two, and Benjamin, a little over a year. The picture was taken last summer and the little brood has grown a bit since then. This is the seventh of a series of stories The Washington Times is running to introduce the "junior diplomats" to Washington.



## ELIZALDE YOUNGSTERS, SIX IN NUMBER, EXHAUST FAMILY'S SUPPLY OF NAMES

**WHEN** baby Benjamin arrived at the home of the Minister of Ecuador and Mme. Rafael Elizalde a little over a year ago the household had almost exhausted its supply of first names.

There was Rafael, named after his father as all proper eldest sons should be, a great boy of almost twelve, going to school in Washington. There was Hector, the second son, four years younger and an ardent admirer of his big brother, Rafael. Then there was Mercedes, Alicia and little Irene. Five good first names, all used up. It was quite evident that such a perfect baby should have a name suited to his perfection and the family supply was almost exhausted. Finally they decided upon Benjamin as a fittingly dignified title for such an important personage. A bit lengthy, perhaps for such a little man, but easily shortened to Benny, or Benji, or even Ben.

Everyone was glad about Benjamin, except, perhaps, little Irene. She had been the family baby for almost two years herself and it was a bit hard to relinquish the place of honor to a perfect stranger. It made her quite uncomfortable to hear people talk about the "baby" when they didn't mean herself. It seemed hard to have to be a big girl so unexpectedly, but she made the best of it, and now—just let anyone suggest that the household could get along without little Benji, Irene would be the first to declare they

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## Washington Keenly Interested in Crop of Spring Weddings

**General Wood's Son Weds Girl Who Has Soldier's Record.**

**FOR** a time it seemed as if the crop of spring brides was to be a total failure. Then, all at once, came the announcement of several engagements in which Washington has taken the liveliest interest; and on top of that dates have been set for a glist of weddings.

There's Miss Catherine Hughes, of course. Cabinet weddings are always interesting. But people really know very little more about the plans for this one now than they did when the bare announcement of the engagement was made, with a few "vital statistics" as to the man in the case, Chauncey Lockhart Waddell, of New York. Except that the marriage is to take place in June—and here.

Secretary and Mrs. Hughes are greatly pleased with the marriage, and say that Mr. Waddell is just the husband they would have chosen for their daughter. He has been coming down from New York to see Miss Hughes as often as his business would permit, but he slips into town and out again unheralded and only her most intimate friends know of his visits.

**THE** announcement of Miss Isabelle May's engagement to Harry St. Francis Black was followed almost immediately by their marriage. Personally I'm rather glad Miss May has married and come away from Washington. She wears such shifflily pretty clothes—or more properly such lovely clothes—as to rouse sin.

(Continued on Next Page.)

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