

JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY.

Pres. Wilson's Illness Delays Visit of King

DEAR SUSAN: The best laid plans of mice and men gang all a-gley. Thus says Bobby Burns, and never has the truth of his famous line been better exemplified than right here and now.



Fancies, Fads, And Foibles of Capital Society

those that come from Australia, and beautiful in their shifting, glowing lights. It seems the man who has them isn't telling where the mines are—simply "somewhere out West."

Miss Frances Trenholm Capers, Daughter of Mrs. John G. Capers, who is to be an October Bride.

Princess Margaret Boncompagni, Formerly Miss Margaret Preston Draper, who is coming back to Washington, her old home for the winter.

Mrs. Hampson Gary, Wife of the American Diplomatic agent and consul general at Cairo, who is here for the autumn months.

Miss Betty Grove, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton B. Grove, who is to be presented to society this season.

Mr. John G. Capers is today announcing the engagement of his daughter, Frances Trenholm Capers, to Frederick N. Towers and the announcement is coupled with the news that the wedding will take place on Saturday afternoon, October 18, at 8 o'clock. It will, of course, be a home wedding and a very simple one, as Miss Capers lost her father only a few weeks ago.

Every cloud has its silver lining, and there were some signs of relief heard through the chorus of regrets that the Belgian visit would have to be postponed. So many people felt that they were not quite ready for the delay. Everywhere in the residence district houses were being opened, windows polished, curtains hung, cobwebs swept away and touches of paint applied where they will do the most good.

The picture of King Albert, unaccompanied save by Rear Admiral Long, strolling about the streets of New York, a city he learned to know and love twenty years ago, and of Queen Elizabeth "window shopping" and taking in a cabaret entertainment, with the her lady in waiting, and the Belgian Ambassador and Baroness de Cartier as her companions, is one to appeal strongly to the American point of view.

It did seem rather top-hat that no one knew that the luncheon which followed the official ceremonies of welcome on Thursday was an unconscious celebration of two anniversaries: that of the Belgian sovereigns and the twenty-fourth anniversary of the marriage of the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall.

William Howard Taft, Thomas F. Ryan, Edward D. White, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Henry Lane Wilson, Owen Wister, Thomas A. Edison, William Dean Howells, Theodore Marburg, Lawrence Townsend and Henry Waterston.

tion of their anniversary—just a nice little intimate dinner with some of the closest of their friends and their guests. They got back here Thursday night, but not in time to play host at their own little private party after functioning as the nation's hosts in New York.

One of the parties that I should have liked to have been at—and was not, because I wasn't asked—was Mrs. Lane's opal party: though she laughs at me when I asked her to tell me about it, and assured me that it didn't start out to be an opal party at all. That feature was merely incidental to her having had some people down at the Interior Department for lunch with her husband.

Mr. Towers, who was born in New Hampshire, has been identified with Washington for many years, and he and his bride will make their home here. Miss Capers—she's Charlotte Capers, sister, you know, is a whimsical little thing, very young and altogether charming. It does seem a pity that her wedding should be so early.

Moreover, clothes ordered—and promised—for the earlier date will surely be finished and home from the millinery by October 24. One wants to put one's best foot forward when the festivities are being entertained, the question of what sort of a shoe it is on it is really of considerable importance, and not everybody is able to "shop early," even when it comes to purchasing a trousseau for such an important occasion.

There was rather a preponderance of the masculine element at this party, the guests including those officially designated to welcome the royal visitors, Prince Leopold, of course, and members of King Albert's suite. Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Lansing, Baroness de Cartier, and Mrs. Brand Whitlock were listed among the ladies present, and I believe Mrs. Breckinridge Long and Baroness Chislaine de Charamant-Chigny, the Queen's lady in waiting, were also present.

The Queen is a little bit of a woman—scarcely taller than plump little Mme. Pessoa, wife of the President of Brazil. Mrs. Marshall described her looks frail, but gives every evidence of the indomitable spirit which she displayed all through the time of Belgium's agony. She expressed a tremendous interest in the projected tour of the United States, and seemed to be not at all afraid of being tired out.

Her clothes? Yes, of course, every woman is interested in her clothes, but I haven't been able to glean much of a description of them beyond the fact that they were white, a white serge suit, with a small white feather toque; and all the pictures of her majesty show her wearing a heavy wrap—for it was raining—and with both head and hat enveloped in a heavy white veil. They also show the camera, which she carries continually, "takin' pictures right up to the Statue of Liberty," as one of the sailors on the George Washington put it.

Matinee performances will be held at the Belasco Theater each afternoon at 4 o'clock. Seats will be sold at regular prices and a most unusual vaudeville program will be given. There will be no intermission at all. A Hickson style show will be given between the acts. Hickson is offering this season a new model—a type of evening cloak—for which he has used as his inspiration the old ceremonial court cloaks of Serbia.

Similar to this was Mrs. Baker's dropping in on a meeting at the Munition Building under the auspices of the Camp Community Service, to organize a great national chorus of 2,000 voices, which might take part in public celebrations. She looked in, quite unexpectedly, took part in the discussion, making it perfectly evident that she was greatly interested in the project.

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Wouldn't you have loved to be Mrs. Marshall, "understanding" for Mrs. Wilson while the Vice President, as the President's personal representative, welcomed the royal visitors in behalf of the people of the United States? And Mrs. Wilson, being a woman and an essentially human person, must have hated to delegate that duty.

The newspapers were inclined to disagree as to the facts about this luncheon, some stating that it was given by the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, and others that it was arranged by the State Department in behalf of the Secretary of State and

King Albert is handsomer than his pictures, a very Viking of a man and looking the taller beside his diminutive wife. And everybody comments as well on the genuine friendliness of his attitude and describes the Queen as "gracious, sweet, almost shy in manner." Prince Leopold, the Duke of Brabant, is a handsome lad nearing

Another Washingtonian who has been "figuring in the news" in connection with King Albert is Capt. Edward McCauley, U. S. N., who commanded the George Washington and to whom the King conveyed his thanks and those of the Queen for their pleasant voyage. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCauley—the McCauleys are one of Washington's fine old families—and he married former Senator Oliver's daughter. Until recently Capt. McCauley was stationed in Washington, and something over a year ago they bought a splendid big house in Massachusetts Avon.

On account of their unexpected trip to New York—to get back a bit—the Marshalls called off entirely the little dinner they had planned in celebration of their anniversary—just a nice little intimate dinner with some of the closest of their friends and their guests.

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Belgian Monarchs Bring Costly Gifts for Presidential Family. The King and Queen of the Belgians are said to have brought many beautiful and costly gifts with them, among them a complete table service of Brussels porcelain, designed for the President and Mrs. Wilson—what will Congress in general and Congressmen Rodenburg in particular have to say to this?—which is to be presented while they are guests at the White House.

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