

Echoes of Easter, Current Gayeties, Fill Social Scene

St. James' Church Centennial a Highlight; Symphony to Enter- tain with Concert on Kettles.

By COUSIN EVE.

EASTER was our usual profound deception in weather. Bleak, cold, with a drop of rain, it was an abomination of desolation as to fashion, but church services were lovelier than ever. St. James' church at Huron street and Wabash avenue was celebrating its first hundred years. For the important event a new cover designed for the church programs by Edward Grigware, a Chicago artist of distinction, showed in a sequence of small vignettes St. James' history from Dr. Isaac Hallam in 1834 to Duncan Hodge Browne, who became rector in 1924.

Against a background of vivid blue, the center of which is a white episcopal cross, these landmarks are pictured in black and white, the whole effect being of a gorgeous stained glass window. With each tiny picture are the names and dates of the rectors among them, Robert H. Clarkson, 1849; Arthur Brooks, 1872; Frederick Courtney, 1879; William H. Vibbert, 1883; James S. Stone, 1895, and Hugh M. Thompson during the difficult time of the Chicago fire. Twelve in all.

Ushers Are Leading Citizens.

At the late service Sunday admission was by car through the side entrance, where an imposing body of Chicago's younger leading citizens served as ushers. These vestrymen—arrayed in so-called morning dress—were Robert G. Peck, Alan Dixon Eames MacVeagh, Walter Miller, Henry Hooper, Frank B. Mulford, William K. Otis, Edward L. Ryerson Jr., George A. Berg, and Anderson Valentine.

Decorations were charming. The old church, remodeled with Florentine blue ceiling and walls faintly rose, had floral boxes of yellow tulips and jonquils the length of its visitors' gallery and organ loft. Here Leo Sowerby, noted composer-organist, was letting out joyous peals and crashing cataclysms of all sorts of harmonic sounds.

The high altar, massed with calla lilies and, above those, waving Easter lilies, blazed with candle light. Along the chancel rail was an effect of spring gardens: multicolored hyacinths, tulips, cineraria, growing. A procession, surpliced choir in snowy tunics, men and girls, small angel faced boys, carrying lighted candles, the high voices of the women proclaiming insistently "Christ is risen today."

Sat in Lincoln's Pew.

I was sitting in an historic pew. Back of me were Henry Hooper and his blooming wife with their children in the pew of Isaac Arnold, Henry Hooper's grandfather. It was in the Arnold pew that Abra-

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ham Lincoln used to say his prayer on his frequent Sundays in Chicago.

History says that one Sunday the lady sitting in front of Mr. Lincoln wore a cape ornamented with a silk tassel which hung over the back of the pew. Absent-mindedly Lincoln played with this tassel. But let Cecilia De Wolf Erskine tell about it writing to Joseph T. Ryerson:

"Just after Lincoln's nomination for President in 1860 he came to St. James' for morning service and sat in the Arnold pew. Lincoln was very attentive to Dr. Clarkson's service, but during the sermon became lost in thought and leaned forward to 'play' with a large tassel that hung on the hood of the cloak of a lady in front of him. My childish fear was that she might turn indignantly. But she never knew how honored that tassel had been."

The lady, by the way, still owns the pew, and I sat in it with Helen Walker Szukalska and Scott Linn, all of us ignorant of this pocket drama of seventy years ago.

Soft Darkness Prevailed During Sermon.

The Rev. Philander Chase was first bishop of the diocese and Dr. Browne in informal remarks preceding the sermon said that his most prized inheritance was a walking stick of Bishop Chase's which had been willed him by Bishop Anderson.

During the sermon at St. James' a soft darkness reigns, the only light a diffused radiance over the white robed figure of the rector, as impressive as it is appropriate. The most becoming flowers in that church were the red orchids worn by Mrs. Patrick A. Valentine with white gardenias, which covered the lapel of her fur coat. A blonde with delicate features, Mrs. Valentine's loveliness is proverbial. With her were Anderson Valentine and his tall brunette wife. Mr. and Mrs. Valentine were, dramatically enough, going straight from the Easter service to the fast train which bore them off on the first stages of their journey to London. There they will spend the next year. Anderson Valentine married his cousin, Katherine Valentine, whose mother, Mrs. Alastair Valentine, lives in London. There are two Valentine babes who go as well.

Musicians Scour Town for Crockery and Kegs.

Tomorrow night at Orchestra hall that important concert, strictly by invitation, given by the musicians of Chicago's Symphony Orchestral association. Called "The Orchestra at Play," it will give the guest subscribers, including only those who have contributed to the deficit fund, a chance to hear symphonic music done on nearly everything but musical instruments. For weeks Dr. Frederick Stock's merry men have combed the city with tuning forks, tuning in on all kinds of kitchen ware, crockery sets, kegs, kettles, and metal implements to find the desired sound vibration. Often they have been taken for escaped lunatics. Now that the rehearsals are over and the program set there is much excitement over the frolic. Charles Hamill, president of the Orchestral association, remembers another such jamboree at Kinsley's, which was a huge success and the talk of the town thirty years ago.

The most distinguished large party of last week was the Casino dinner in honor of Kenmore, the historic place in Virginia saved for the nation by patriotic women of the whole country. Many were the hostesses at the head of long tables of guests. Among them were Mrs. Joseph M. Patterson, Mrs. R. T. Crane, Mrs. Arthur Meeker, Mrs. Walter Temple, Mrs. Ralph Shaw, Mrs. Jacob Baur, Mrs. John F. Bass, Mrs. David Cooke Jr., Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman. Fashionable and pretty was the audience seated following dinner to hear Mrs. Meeker's lecture with pictures, "House Hunting in Africa." First there were slides of the brick loveliness of Kenmore and its beautifully modeled outbuildings.

South Africans Prefer Dutch Colonial Houses.

Then views from South Africa of distinctive houses at Cape Town done in the Dutch Colonial manner. These pictures prepared the eye and also created an appetite for the *bonne bouche* of the evening, which was a film of the delightful Arthur Meeker house in Santa Barbara done after these same South African ideals by their son-in-law, Ambrose Cramer. Absolutely original were these low gabled houses, each with its own definite personality.

Landscape gardening was done for the Meekers by Robert de Forest Jr. of New York. It includes a wide pool which reflects the strange beauty of this story book house, also the blue mountains *en face*.

Standing on a dais in black tulle evening frock with many colored flowers at the low cut neck, Mrs. Meeker lectured in her most natural and engaging manner. Afterwards, ladies usually critical proclaimed this an evening of elegance and distinction. And it really was a good party with no snore rending the air as has happened lately at evening lectures, where a darkened room leads to catnaps and wheezings.

Brewsters Life Savers During Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brewster's Lake View avenue house has been a life saver in the way of social distraction in the last Lenten days. Following the large evening reception for Laurence Binyon of London was a supper at small tables for Clifton Utley's Tuesday current events class,

which includes Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Johnston, Col. George T. and Mrs. Langhorne, Mrs. Joseph Patterson, Mrs. R. T. Crane Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Welling, and Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Wendell, who brought with them their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Blake of Boston. Mrs. Blake, a striking, brilliant Englishwoman, was greatly admired.

On Sunday night Mr. and Mrs. Brewster had another supper for fifty people and a program of music by a pianist brought to light by Karl Krueger. These men accompanied the Brewsters to the festa Saturday night, which marked the opening of an Italian restaurant in East Erie street,

This town is beginning to tilt over backwards in getting up the simple menu par excellence. Everywhere one goes is talk of lamb stew and beef stew, the latter of which I had at the Casino lately in absolute perfection. All of which is a mere preface to Mrs. Stotesbury's luncheon at Palm Beach arranged for British royalties, Earl and Countess of Athlone. News of this and of the accomplished hostess, now well again and handsome, has reached Chicago. Mrs. Stotesbury, utterly fed up with squab and chicken breasts, decided to give the royalties what she likes best in the whole world. And that was corned beef hash. It was a good bet, for the Athlones plied

the hash and the party was a success.

Mrs. Alfred Granger's elegant, high nosed profile and silhouette are seen once more among us. Back from Washington, she was wearing at one of the several charming entertainments at the Walter Brewsters' last week, a dashing costume d'interieur with large polka dots. Mrs. Granger paints a vivid picture of a White House luncheon where, seated at the right hand of the President of the United States, she came under the spell of charm for which Mr. Roosevelt is famous. She found his personality irresistible. Mrs. Roosevelt was vivacious and merry, and the younger members of the family lively as crickets.