

THE DINNER that MADE ALL BALTIMORE GASP



Oscar G. Murray, President of the B. & O. Railroad, who was "Dr. Bull."



Mrs. Ral Parr, the Bath Tub Heroine.

A "Medical" Event in High Society With Several Sensational "Courses"

IT WAS the gayest Sunday night dinner ever given in Baltimore, according to accounts. Baltimore isn't slow, but is somewhat dignified in the matter of enjoyments; it doesn't expect, "in its midst," the joyous revels that tend to perpetuate the fame of the Newport Four Hundred.

So when there were, at first, whispered rumors, then more details, and finally a general and frank discussion—on the part of those not present at the function—of the now celebrated "medical" dinner at the ultra-fashionable Elkridge Hunt Club's exclusive suburban home, it is putting it mildly to state that all Baltimore sat up and gasped.

It was not intended, by any means, that the spicy details of the "medical" dinner should ever become public property. How they leaked out is even now a mystery to the majority of "among those present." Because of the unexpected sensation created, the densest silence prevails in interested quarters. But, like the contents of Pandora's box, many entertaining items of information escaped, and these "set the town by the ears" in a way that has not been known in a long while.

Where lives the man that hath not tried How mirth can into folly glide.—Scott.

IN THE first place, Mr. and Mrs. O. Howard Harvey issued invitations for a Sunday evening dinner at the Elkridge Kennels. Mrs. Harvey is the eldest daughter of former Mayor Ferdinand C. Latrobe, who was seven times chief executive of the fair city on the Patapsco.

One of the most vivacious and charming of the younger matrons of Baltimore, Mrs. Harvey always finds her invitations eagerly accepted. Upon this occasion there was quite a gathering of the socially select. Assisting the hostess were her sister, Miss Virginia Latrobe, and Mrs. Henry Clevs, Jr., of Baltimore, New York and Paris.

It is said that the interesting features of the evening were due largely to the inspiration and genius of Mrs. Clevs.

This jolly young matron has been spending the winter in Baltimore, and it is whispered that at other fashionable entertainments she introduced Parisian

novelties that were new to her native town, to say the least.

Before her first marriage to Frederick—usually called "Freddie"—Gebhard, of New York, Mrs. Clevs, then widely known as "the beautiful Louise Morris," was a prominent figure in Baltimore society. A widely-heralded escapade attributed to her was wading one evening through a fountain in fashionable Mount Vernon Place, attended by the frolic-loving and irrepressible Harry Lehr, who has since transcended to the loftier and more enduring fame—in its way—amidst the charmed circles of New York and Newport.

Whatever the source of the inspiration, that "medical" dinner at the Elkridge Kennels was undoubtedly a novel affair. And its success was enhanced by the enthusiasm with which the guests entered into the plans outlined for them.

The "medical" idea, it is stated, was carried out with due regard to details. "Physicians," "nurses" and "patients" were represented by the highly amused guests. Naturally, too, a vast deal of fun can be had from "clinics" held under joyous circumstances.

That some of the features of the occasion proved a surprise, and were not down on the advance program, so far as a number of the guests were aware, seemed to be the consensus of opinion afterward.

As the affair was a "medical" dinner, the stars, of course, were the big "doctors." Two physicians of national-in fact, international—reputation were impersonated. One of these was "Dr. Bull," of patent

medicine fame, and the other was "Dr. Osler." Oscar G. Murray, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was "Dr. Bull," a corpulent and benignant gentleman with side whiskers and spectacles, who commented sagely upon the prevalence of human ills and was not slow to recommend his "syrup" and other remedies.

General N. Winslow Williams, secretary of state of Maryland, clubman, writer and society favorite, was made up as "Dr. Osler."

Near his "office" was posted a placard announcing that consultations with "Dr. Osler" would cost at the rate of \$500 a minute—that is, consultations for those under 40 years of age.

It was gently and politely indicated that the cases of patients over the age of 40 were regarded as hopeless, and that the consolation offered in the next world was about all that was left to them.

In order that consultations with the learned men of medicine be impressive as possible, a side table was filled with medicine bottles, surgical instruments and other things regarded as indispensable in the operation of a hospital.

Then there were charming nurses, among them Mrs. Harvey, the hostess of the evening; her sister, Miss Virginia Latrobe, and Mrs. Alexander Brown. They wore dainty white caps and "sweet" little aprons. With the devotion to duty of the true nurse, they lent valuable aid in "assisting" the "doctors" in doing what was deemed best for the comfort and relief of the "patients."



Mrs. Henry Clevs, Jr., Inventor of the Clinic Novelty.



N. Winslow Williams, Secretary of State of Maryland, the "Dr. Osler" of the Dinner.



H. W. Williams, One of the Leaders of the Social Set.

Mrs. Ral Parr, whose fresh beauty, willow form and vivacious manner have made her socially famous in several cities, was selected as the star patient. Her malady was diagnosed as typhoid fever. Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Parr was attired for the "clinic" in a bathing suit, and the knowledge that icy baths are now given for typhoid fever, suggested that as the proper "disease" to fasten upon her. At any rate, coupled with the announcement of the

diagnosis, it is said, came the "doctors" order that the fair patient be given a cold bath.

Necessity for having a bathtub on hand for such requirements had been overlooked, it seems, so there was some delay in securing one. Finally one was found, brought into the room and placed upon a table.

This was carrying realism a little too far, the "patient" concluded, and she made objection to the cold bath treatment. But gale was supreme, and the orders of the "doctors" were carried out.

Despite her protests, the handsome young matron was placed in the tub, according to accounts. It was then concluded by her sympathizing friends that the efficacy of the bath could be enhanced by streams from numerous syphon bottles, and so for a time there was a veritable deluge of aerated water pouring over the struggling figure in the bathing suit.

Of course, accidents will happen, even in the midst of an evening of mirth, so this feature of the gay proceedings was terminated by the breaking down of the table that held the improvised bathtub.

Mrs. Clevs, finding her novel ideas of entertainment proving such a decided success, was not averse to adding to the general merriment by taking her place as a "patient."

The role selected for her, or by her, was that of a person addicted to drugs and the morphine habit—those cases recognized by the medical profession as quite difficult to treat.

When her arm was bared it was found that the surface was covered with excellent imitations of the little marks left by the needle of the morphine user. With these and other joyous proceedings the evening of gay revel passed all too quickly. At one time, it is reported, the appearance of three Teddy bears upon the scene was hailed with shrieks of laughter.

Considerable reticence marks all reference to this feature, and it has not been fully explained just what part the bears played in the "clinic," other than being given a bath and hurried off to the seclusion of the bear nursery for an undisturbed sleep.

Men of the party, too, posed as "patients," and added their share to the general merriment. Among them were Henry W. Williams, Alexander Brown, O. Howard Harvey, Ral Parr and Spalding L. Jenkins. High lights in the constellation of Baltimore society.

The clubhouse of the Elkridge Hunt Club is an ideal place for a merry gathering. Located in the suburbs with beautiful surroundings, it is an exceedingly popular rendezvous of the younger element of society.

During the summer it is the scene of an almost constant round of brilliant functions. Upon the spacious lawn Baltimore's annual Horse Show is held. All the guests at the "medical" dinner are known as belonging to the inner circles of Baltimore society.

LEAN TO NOVEL PARTIES

Mrs. Ral Parr was formerly Miss Laura Jenkins, a member of one of the city's wealthiest and most fashionable families. She and Mr. Parr have a beautiful country home in that suburban abode of wealth and fashion, the Green Spring Valley, where they entertain extensively and give brilliant as well as novel functions.

In the future their entertainments will be given, probably, with military trimmings, as Mr. Parr was appointed recently a colonel on the staff of Governor Crothers of Maryland.

Oscar G. Murray, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is one of the most popular men in Baltimore social circles. Although a bachelor, he maintains a splendid home on Mount Vernon Place, where he entertains his friends right royally.

It is said that Mr. Murray regards 13 as his lucky number. He was born on the 13th of the month, some of his most notable successes, and promotion, date from the 13th, and in some way that number, like an influencing thread, runs through the story of his career.

It is related that some years ago, when he found that his staff of servants numbered twelve he promptly had another to reach the magic number of his good luck.

Secretary of State N. Winslow Williams was appointed to that position by Governor Crothers last winter. He is a lawyer, and has some reputation as a writer, one of the most striking of his stories telling of a night passed in a cage with a lion at the "Zoo" that was then wintering in Baltimore.

Mrs. Clevs is a daughter of the late John B. Morris, of Baltimore, and was married to Frederick Gebhard March 14, 1894.

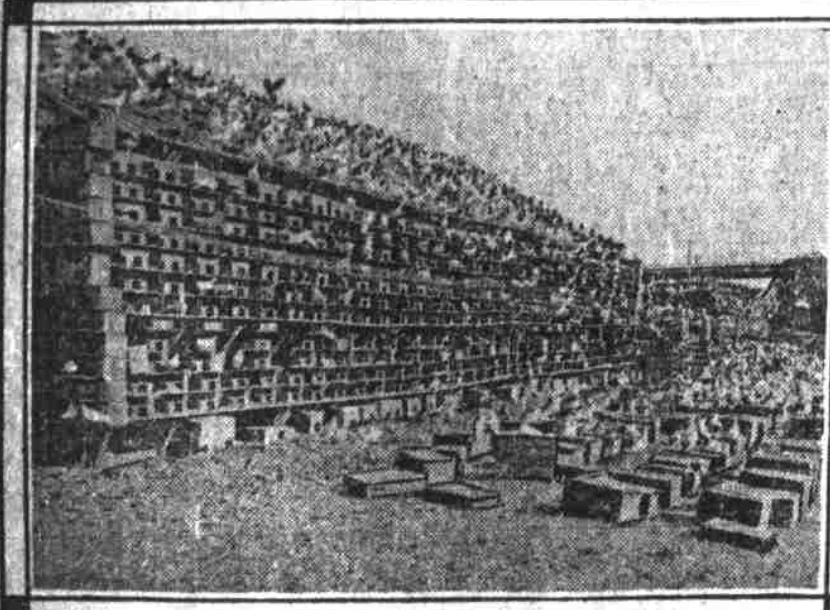
In October, 1891, she was freed from these marital bonds by Judge Jones, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who decided that Mr. Gebhard was guilty of willful desertion.

A month later Mrs. Gebhard became the bride of Henry Clevs, Jr., the quiet wedding taking place in Christ Presbyterian Church.

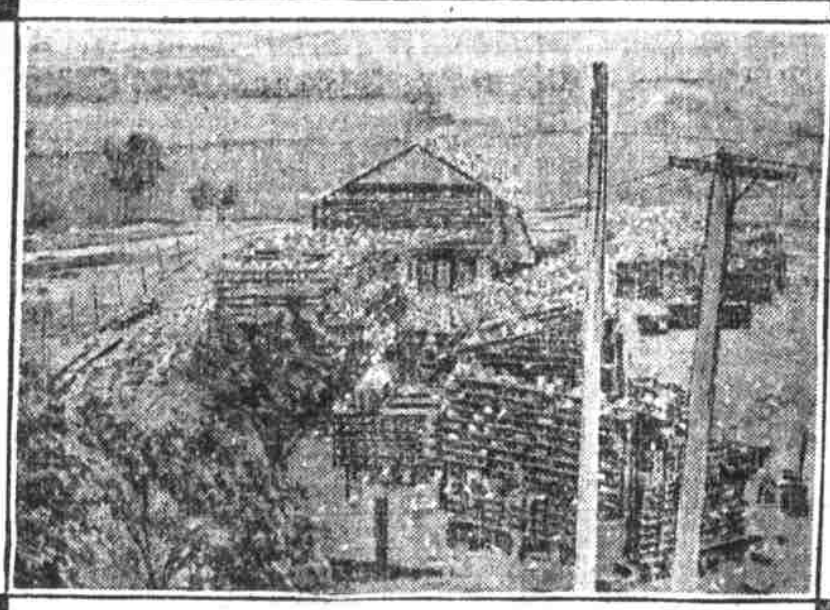
It was said that Henry Clevs, the banker, gave his son a large check, and among the bride's possessions was the house at 8 East Seventy-ninth street, New York, which she had received, together with \$185,000, as alimony from Mr. Gebhard.

A few days ago it was rumored in Baltimore that Mrs. Clevs contemplated seeking a divorce from her second husband, but the report was denied by the young woman's mother.

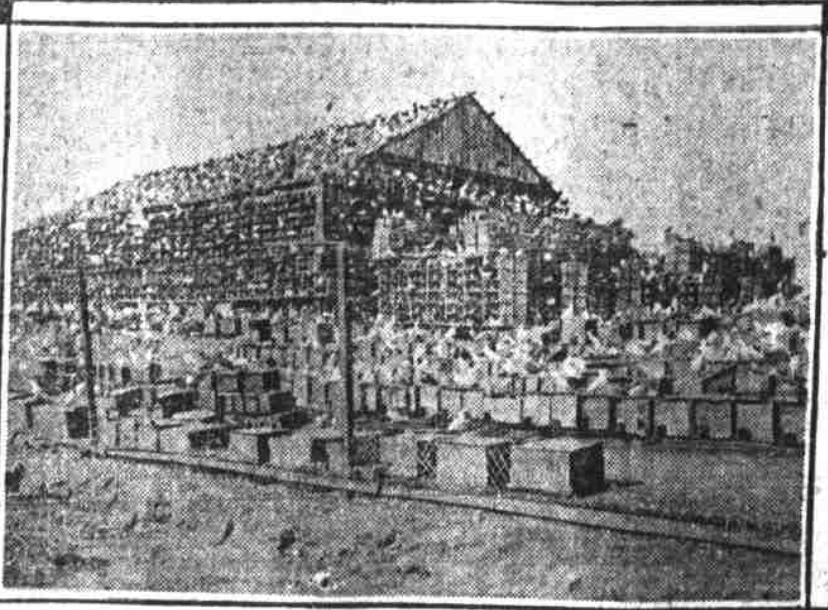
WEALTH that TAKES WINGS but NEVER LEAVES



A Closer View of the Pigeon Quarters.



The Farm that is a Mint.



One of the Large Pigeon Shelters.

IMAGINE from 30,000 to 50,000 pigeons, nearly all as white as snowflakes, circling and sweeping through the air. Then you have some idea of the beautiful scenes to be witnessed at the celebrated Johnson pigeon farm, near Los Angeles, Cal.

This is said to be the largest pigeon farm in the United States, and may be the largest in the world. If there is a larger, its reputation hasn't traveled extensively.

Among pigeon raisers all over the country the Johnson farm is known; it is one of the interesting show places visited by strangers in Los Angeles.

THERE have been as many as 100,000 pigeons in the great Johnson flock. In breeding the birds, Mr. Johnson has culled out carefully all the young with dark or colored plumage, so that nearly all those now on the place are white, or nearly so.

When the great flock indulges in exercise flights about the place, and the air is filled with the beautiful circling white creatures, one can fancy a snow-storm sweeping over the picturesque valley that knows no snow.

Eight acres of sandy, gravelly soil compose the pigeon farm, which is located on the Los Angeles river, in San Fernando valley.

For the use of the pigeons, six large buildings have been erected, new ones being added from time to time as occasion or the growth of the flock required. The main building is 30 by 60 feet and is 20 feet high.

Both interior and exterior of the buildings are covered with nest boxes, and there are a great many more boxes placed around the yard. Those on the outside of the buildings are arranged in tiers of ten. In all, there are nearly 6000 nests in the main building—2000 happy households under one roof.

All the interior nests are arranged along aisles, so that they are readily accessible, both to the birds and to the men who care for the premises. Once a young nest on the place is carefully cleaned and fumigated.

Mr. Johnson markets his squabs when they are about four weeks old, and usually receives from \$2 to \$3 a dozen. Upon an average, he sells 1000 dozen a month, so that his gross income of late years has run over \$30,000 a year.

Cost of feed is the greatest expense in the operation of a pigeon farm. Upon the Johnson place the birds are fed three times a day, and consume about seventy bushels of wheat every day.

Throughout the country a great many persons are

engaged in raising pigeons for market. While a considerable number depend upon the industry for a living, the great majority engage in it as a side issue. It is a business that a great many women have taken up with success.

Several years ago, after as careful a census as could be made, an authority asserted that in southern New Jersey alone 3000 men and women were engaged in raising squabs for market.

As a pigeon, like a crow, will live in almost any climate, the business extends from Maine to Oregon and from Canada to the GULF.

Some of the lowest grades of squabs will not average more than six and a half or six and three-quarters pounds to the dozen. If the meat is dark, these feathered youngsters will probably not bring over \$1.50 a dozen in the market. Higher grades—birds ranging in weight all the way up to eight pounds to the dozen—may sell for as much as \$3.50 a dozen. In fact, \$4 has been received during recent years by growers of fine birds.