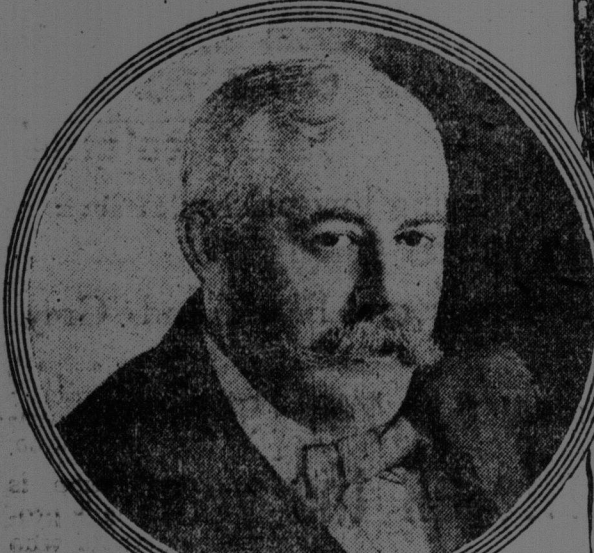


ST. JOHN.

# THE DINNER that MADE ALL BALTIMORE GASP



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

## 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 it is somewhat dignified in the matter of enjoyment; 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 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 gaped.

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 with can into his life—good.

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

One of the most vivacious and charming of the younger matrons of Baltimore, Mrs. Harvey always has her invitations eagerly accepted. Upon this occasion there was quite a gathering of the socially select. Assisting the hostess were her sister, Miss Virginia LaRoe, and Mrs. Henry Clegg, 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. Clegg.

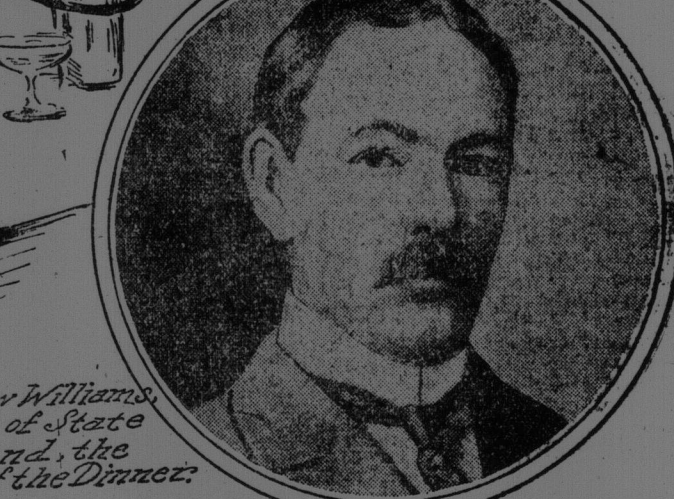
This jolly young matron has been spending the winter in Baltimore, and it is whispered that at other fashionable entertainments she introduced far from



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



Mrs. Ral Parr, the Bath Tub Heroine.



N. Winslow Williams, Secretary of the Board of Health, who was Dr. Oiler.

novelties that were new to her native town, to say the least. Before her first marriage to Frederick—usually called "Freddie"—Clegg, of New York, Mrs. Clegg, then widely known as "the beautiful Louise Morris," was a prominent figure in Baltimore society. A widely heralded escapade attributed to her was a winter evening through a fountain in fashionable Mount Vernon Place, attended by the frolic-loving and irrepressible Harry John, who has since resided to the left and more enduring fame in his way among the charmed circles of New York and Newport.

Whatever the source of the inspiration, that "medical" dinner at the Elkridge Hunt Club 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 "clinical" held under joyous circumstances. That some of the features of the occasion proved a surprise, and were not down on the advance program, so that a number of the guests were aware, no matter to 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—repute were invited. One of these was "Dr. Bull," of patent

medicine fame, and the other was "Dr. Oiler" and Oscar G. Murray, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was "Dr. Bull," a corpulent and benevolent gentleman with side whiskers and spectacles, who commented sagely upon the procedure of human life and was not slow to recommend his "symp" 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 LaRoe, and Mrs. Alexander Brown. They were daintily white caps and "nurses" 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."

General N. Winslow Williams, secretary of state of Maryland, chairman of the board of health, and a well-known figure in the city, was "Dr. Oiler." He was seated at the head of the table, and it was his duty to preside over the proceedings. He was a well-known figure in the city, and his presence added to the interest of the dinner.

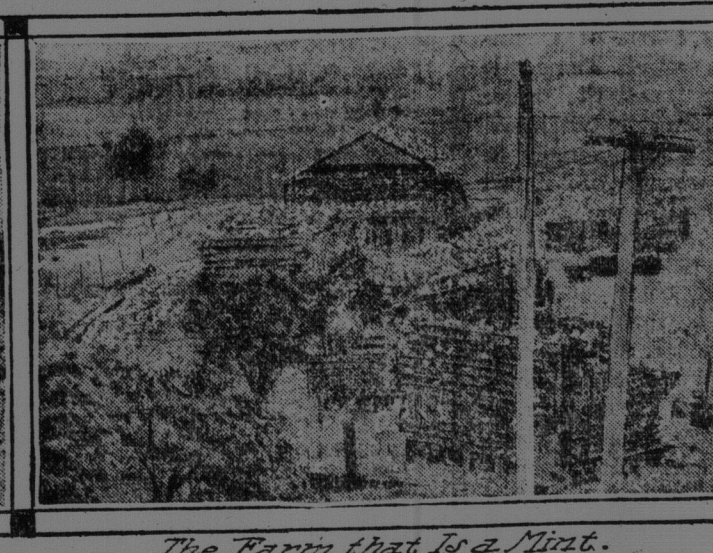
Mrs. Ral Parr, whose fresh beauty, willowy form and vivacious manner have made her socially famous in several cities, was selected as the star patient. Her malady was diagnosed as typhoid fever.

When Mrs. Parr was seated at the star patient, her malady was diagnosed as typhoid fever. She was attended by the "nurses" and "doctors" in a most professional manner. The dinner was a great success, and the guests were all well.

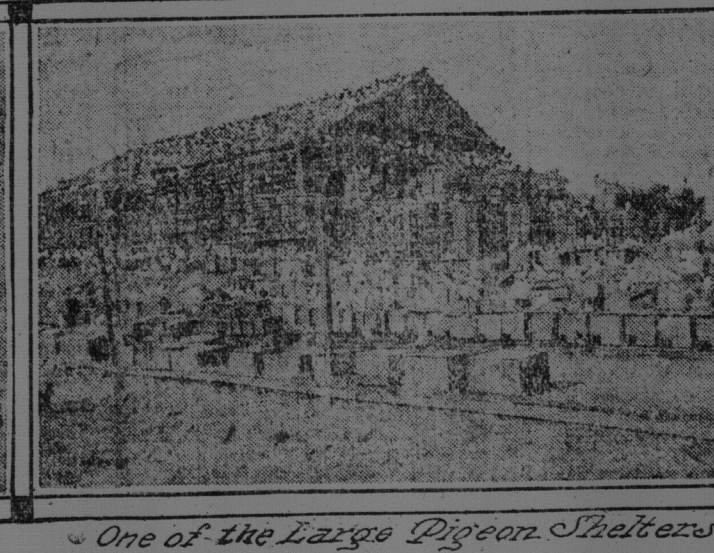
## WEALTH that TAKES WINGS but NEVER LEAVES



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 swooping 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.

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 requires. The main building is 20 by 60 feet and is 20 feet high.

Both interior and exterior of the buildings are covered with wire mesh, and there are a great many more boxes placed around the yard. These on the outside of the buildings are arranged in tiers of ten, and in all there are nearly 100,000 nesting places.

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 livelihood, the 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 an careful census was taken, an authority asserted that in southern California alone 3000 men and women were engaged in raising pigeons 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.

During recent years the demand for squabs has grown steadily, so that the increasing supply has not overstocked the market. Nearly every first-class hotel and restaurant in the land carries the young pigeon as a regular item of the bill of fare, and there has been an increasing demand for private dinners, suppers and luncheons.

Some of the lowest grades of squabs will not average more than six and a half or six and three-quarter 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 \$2.50 a dozen. In fact, \$3 has been received during recent years by growers of the bird.

It has been asserted that a pair of pigeons, given proper attention, will yield a revenue of \$1 a year from the sale of their young. Although the birds are at the height of their productivity when about 3 years old, the parent pigeons have little time for social enjoyment. The pair alternate in sitting on the eggs; while one is incubating the nest the other is skimming for a good square meal or taking some needed exercise.

After eighteen days of this the shell breaks, and the funny-looking puff ball of a squab bursts its brief earthly career. From his appearance, he is principally month and stomach.

When the squab attains the age of a month it should be in prime condition for market. If it is desired for stock purposes, however, it is allowed to fatten for itself after that age, and reaches maturity in about eighteen months.

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

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 "patients" concluded, and she made objection to the cold bath treatment. But gaiety 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 the amusing figure in the bathing suit.

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

Mrs. Clegg, finding her novel idea of entertainment most proving such a decided success, was not averse to adding to the general merriment by taking her to a "bath" as a "patient."

The role selected for her, or by her, was that of a person addicted to drugs and the morphia habit—one of 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 "pills" left by the needle of the morphia 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 of the dinner. Mrs. Clegg explained just what part the bears played in the "clinic" other than being "pills" and how they were used as "patients" and added their share to the general merriment. Among the guests were Henry W. Williams, Alexander Brown, O. Howard Harvey, Ral Parr and Spalding L. Jenkins—all 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 continual round of brilliant functions. Upon the club lawn Baltimore's annual Horse Show is held. At the grounds 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, presumably, in 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 it as his lucky number. He was born on the 13th of the month, some of his most brilliant successes and promotions date from the 13th, and in some way that number, like an influencing thread, runs through the story of his career.