

Extract from

NEW YORK AMERICAN.
New York, U.S.A.

16 JAN 1929

WELLMAN DANCE ALSO AN EVENT OF NOTE IN MAYFAIR

912

By **CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.**

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

MRS. ADOLF J. PAVENSTEDT will give a large dinner tonight at her town house, No. 10 East Sixty-fourth street, in honor of her sister, the Countess de Faramond de Lafajole, and while both ladies are extremely musical—and hail from Louisville—I can report, without fear of contradiction, that that good old musical opus, "My Old Kentucky Home," will not form a part of the lyric entertainment that will follow the feast.

For both Mrs. Pavenstedt and the Countess de Faramond, born in the Blue Grass State and christened with such horticultural names as Ivy and Lily, have gone far in the polite world since departing from the State that also gave New York society Mrs. Cole Porter and Mrs. "Ollie" Harriman and prefer not to recall the olden days down in the region where the "colonels" drink strong whiskey (despite prohibition) and know everything there is to know about "hosses" and beautiful women.

At tonight's prandial event in the Louis XVI dining salon of Mrs. Pavenstedt's home, Ivy de Faramond will say "farewell" to her New York intimates, for a few days hence she will return to Paris, where she has made her home for a number of years.

A dinner at Lily Pavenstedt's is a most interesting and colorful event. Her dining room, with its walls tinted like old ivory, contains some large and decidedly handsome Dutch paintings and I warn those who will make their première appearance at Lily's tonight that her dining room chairs, for the most part, are antique and will not bear rough treatment.

Fine Old Furniture

the artists at the Pavenstedt musicale take their place in a handsome drawing room filled with uncommonly excellent examples of old needlepoint, paintings and Chinese porcelain. In this room hangs Philip Laszlo's portrait of Mrs. Pavenstedt and, no matter if you happen to think that the Hungarian painter's brush has treated Lily a bit too gently, do not—do not—you who will make your first appearance tonight—fail to rave about the wonderful likeness to your hostess.

For the Laszlo portrait, hanging above the fireplace, is a prized possession of the musical lady, who, before her marriage to the former partner in the Amsinck banking house, was the Baroness Speck von Sternburg, widow of the Baron von Sternburg, who served as the German Ambassador in Washington a quarter of a century ago.

Only last week, Lily and Ivy were down in the District of Columbia, renewing old friendships—and inviting the more notable Washington's "cave-dwellers" to tonight's dinner and musicale.

* * *

Another event of this evening will be the supper-dance which the Allen Gouverneur Wellmans will give in the Florentine Room at the Park Lane.

And a right "snappy" party it promises to be, for "Kit" and Frances long ago realized any assemblage composed entirely of people boasting of a "Social Register" listing is dull, frightfully dull.

With Mrs. Wellman so popular in all sets these days—and nights—the Wellman soirees are garnished with such notables of the other half of the Great Social Divide—Sixth Avenue—as Noel Coward, "Beatie" Lillie, "Gertie" Lawrence, George Gershwin, etc.

Incidentally, one wonders where and how Frances Wellman finds sufficient time in which to attend to the wide variety of interests that claim her attention. In addition to being, with Jules Glaenger, the undisputed leader of our new social-intelligentsia, she keeps up her social contacts with the slightly elegant "lights" she has known since her sub-debutante days, and has blossomed forth as an authoress under her own name, "Frances Alexander Wellman."

A signed article is in the January issue of "Harper's Bazar" and provides excellent reading.