

LOYD GEORGE, SAYS T. P. O'CONNOR, IS A GOOD TRAVELING COMPANION

The Chancellor Knows How to Rest as Well as How to Do Hard Work—Absorbing Story of Their Motor Trip Through France on Holiday

(BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.)

London, March 29.—I want to give you readers an intimate little sketch of Lloyd George as a traveling companion. It was not the best time of the year for a seaman through France, for the good spring weather had not yet come, and in spite of treacherous winds and that lovely season of the year, there was always the danger of one of those impetuous and capricious reversals of cold, which is one of Nature's tricks at this time of the year. But the prospect of getting away from the customary environment of opening one's mind to new impressions and of more easily forgetting the anxious cares of several hard months, made the choice of France inevitable for a short parliamentary vacation. If the weather in the northern part proved unkind, there was always the alternative of rushing further south and to the sunshine which is nearly always to be found on the Riviera.

Any man is to be congratulated who had such delightful traveling companions as those with whom I was to pass a couple of weeks; any man, I say, irrespective of disposition or political opinions. A more ideal host and friend than Sir Charles Henry could not be found in the world; considerate, quiet, almost confidingly unselfish; never ready for even a moment or under any circumstances to permit his friends to have anything but the choice of the more agreeable. If it were a question of bedrooms in a country hotel, he would insist on taking the smallest and most uncomfortable; in the motor he would sit outside with the chauffeur on the coldest day rather than occupy the back seat. I never met so thoroughly kind-hearted a man.

For part of the time we had the company of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the youngest, the most high spirited and the best natured man in the world. And finally we had the chancellor of the exchequer. I hope my readers, whatever their politics, realize that this extraordinary and fascinating personality exists in private life the very reverse of the feelings which apparently he inspires in his life as a public man. There is no more popular figure, personally, even in the House of Commons, where he is often roused to high and in private life he has the faculty, without seeming to exercise it, or even conscious of it, of fascinating all men and all women who come into his society.

He is at his best as traveling companion, and travel puts a severe test on character and on association. He is gay every moment of the time, becomes a mere ghoul in his incessant love of fun, is cordial, unselfish and simple, and rather delights in incidents which are unexpected, even when they involve discomfort. It will be seen that I was a lucky man.

The arrangement was that three of us—Sir Charles Henry, Lloyd George and myself—parting at Paris from Sir Rufus Isaacs, should go down by train to Bordeaux, and then motor through the lovely land of Provence, making our way to Nice. But we counted without the bad spell weather which began just after we started, and the first modification we had to make in our plans was to stop at Angoulême and begin our motor trip there.

At Angoulême station we were unexpectedly met by a gentleman of the town, who had received a communication from the principal of his firm in Paris, M. Lazaro Weiller, and who was there to give us a greeting and to act as our guide.

There was a type quite different from what one expects to find in France. He had a long white beard, wore a soft hat, had a certain severity mingled with the indescribable gaiety of a Frenchman. This appearance, and might have passed as a younger brother of Dr. John Clifford and soon we learned from him that he was a Huguenot, which, as everybody knows is not surprising in that part of France that once was ruled by Henry IV—that dashing and cynical monarch who thought Paris was worth a mass.

Went to Sleep in Auto

We started the next morning on the motor. It was very cold; and we kept the car open; we all wanted to get as much fresh air as we could, after the many months of conserving atmosphere of the House of Commons. For myself, I do not regard a motor trip as the best beginning of a vacation to tired men; rest is what fatigue requires and should get; but it is the manner in which Lloyd George delights always to begin his holiday. I soon discovered the reason. We had not been more than an hour on the road when the chancellor was in a profound sleep, and I may say without much exaggeration that he sleeps half all the hours he spends in a motor car.

chauffeur made a brave and desperate attempt to struggle through, but the snow kept getting heavier, until for sometime it seemed as if our car was certain to be overturned and we ourselves thrown into the snow, if not under the car, and we had to give in. We found that we were close to a small French town; we resolved to take the train from there to Montpellier, and the next day to resume our motor in case the weather should improve. And thus it was that we began to enter on a series of somewhat disagreeable adventures. After a small and not very good meal at one of those awful buvettes, poisonous with stale smoke and stale drink, we got into the train looking forward to a decent hotel and a beautiful and interesting city in Montpellier—the home of one of the most celebrated universities in France. We found the journey rather long and dreary; the snow had made the train late everywhere, and the pace had to be retarded.

We remarked that we stopped at the place a considerable time, but took no further notice and the chancellor took the opportunity of having another sleep. At last at ten o'clock, amid darkness and snow we arrived at the end of our journey. "C'est Montpellier," said Sir Charles Henry as he got out of the carriage. An almost laughing answer came to our ears: "Why Montpellier is far away!" We ought to have changed at the station. Paulhan was its name, where we had made the long stop, but nobody told us this when we started, and no porter made any announcement at Paulhan, at least we did not hear any, and there we were in a small French town at ten o'clock on this dark and dreary night and no other train within sight and the motor car far away in the town where we had left it. There was nothing for it but to go to the local hotel and make the best of it.

The chancellor was the only one of us who viewed this difficult situation with perfect equanimity. Indeed he hailed it with joy. "I love incidents on a journey," he calmly and gleefully remarked, while his two philosophic companions as they trudged over the dark and rugged streets fell into sombre anticipations.

And his realities were worse than the worst anticipations. The party of Sir Charles Henry and myself fell when we had to spend the night and when we entered we were confronted with the vilest and most abundant collection of stale food I have ever encountered since I paid a visit to St. Bernard's Hospital on the Swiss mountains. We knew that we were in for a bad night. Between two wings of the two parts into which the hotel was divided there was a space open to the sky and on this snow was collected in big heaps. The cold was paralyzing; the entertainment squalid, the dining room appalling.

Sir Henry and myself soon made up our minds what we were going to do. First we asked what was the first train that would take us out of this undesirable spot. We learned that it left between five and six in the morning and that if we were to catch it we must be called at a quarter to five and breakfast at five and start soon after. So we resolved that we would stop up all night and pass the time as best we could. We ordered a large bed in the room, kept it blazing all through the long hours. First we thought of a game of bridge as a resource; we asked for a double dummy at auction bridge with thirty-two cards. I need say no more except that a few rubbers at that attempt were found to be more than sufficient and we had to fall back on silent and sombre reveries in our arm-chairs.

Then it was that we realized more than ever the true greatness of the man with whom we were traveling. He went into another room wrapped his motor coat around him, then covered himself with a rug, stretched himself on the bed and slept soundly until he was roused at quarter to five and then, coming into the room where he found the forlorn figures of his two sleepless friends, greeted them with the malicious news that he had had an excellent night's rest.

What you do with such a man? I sometimes see in the newspapers that Lloyd George is in his political fortunes sometimes up and sometimes that he is down. Down! You might as well talk of an electric spark being down. This everlasting and unconquerable boy has his moods of tremendous exhaustion from overwork, and his spirits follow his health as is natural, but a few hours in a motor car, a few days amid new scenes, his power of sleep, are sufficient to bring him back to the abounding and inexhaustible spirits which is one of beautiful Nature's greatest gifts to him. As I looked at his twinkling eyes, his smile, and his agile frame, I somehow or other had a sort of curious second sight, and imagined that I was looking not at him, but at Megun, that wonderful little daughter who is such a living image of him.

Which brings me to the next episode in our adventurous career. We entered the train just before six o'clock, by this time a pelting rain had added to the charms of the weather, and gradually converted the thick snow everywhere into slush, and it continued frightfully cold. We were glad when after some two or three dreary hours of slow travel, with many stoppages, we found ourselves at the junction for Montpellier at which we should have got out the night before, but the junction, though welcome, was dreariness and discomfort to the last degree. The rain was falling—falling on the slushy snow, the cold was piercing, the train it need scarcely be said, was an hour or so late, so we took refuge in the refreshment room and hot coffee and then a curious incident occurred.

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To clear 30 cents each. An accumulation of odds and ends from our handbag department. The prices in many cases are less than half. These will be sold out in a few days, so don't delay.

Anderson's Gingham

Sale 15 cents yard. This season's attractive patterns and pretty colorings. Guaranteed fast dye and no shrinking. Width 28 inches. Worth 20c. yard.

Linen Towelling

17 inch Crash, sale 8 1-2 cents yard. 17 inch extra heavy Crash, sale 10 cents yard. 17 inch Glass Towelling, sale 8 1-2 cents yard. 23 inch Glass Towelling, sale 11 cents yard.

Scotch Gingham

Sale 10 cents yard. Pretty Wash Gingham, suitable for children's dresses, etc., offered at a price that will make buying an economy.

Sample Lace Curtains

Boiled, one pair of a pattern, at less than half the former price. New Dress Goods on Sale. Only 55 cents yard. In this special lot are Whipcords, Venetians, Serges, Poplins and Panamas, in all the best shades.

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After stock-taking we find that we have about ten dozen pairs of Corsets consisting of odd lines, that must be sold at once. Colors drab and white. But not all sizes.

New Spring Waists

Value \$1.50, sale \$1.15. A splendid range of Tailored Waists, in pique and linene, soft collars and double cuff. Sizes 34 to 40.

Table Linens Were Never Priced so Remarkably Low

45c. Unbleached Damask, sale 35 cents yard. 50c. Unbleached Damask, sale 40 cents yard. 60c. Bleached Damask, sale 45 cents yard.

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If a real money-saving event is of interest to you, read this advertisement. An extra inducement to buy here, we will give to customers making a purchase of one dollar and over, a Large Linen Glass Towel Free. THIS FREE OFFER TODAY AND MONDAY ONLY

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Slightly damaged, 12c. value, sale 8 1-2 cents yard. A rare chance to secure a standard line of Prints at a saving of 50 per cent. The defects in many cases are hardly noticeable. There are 2,700 yards in the lot, all good patterns, suitable for aprons, dresses, etc.

Ladies' Leather Hand Bags

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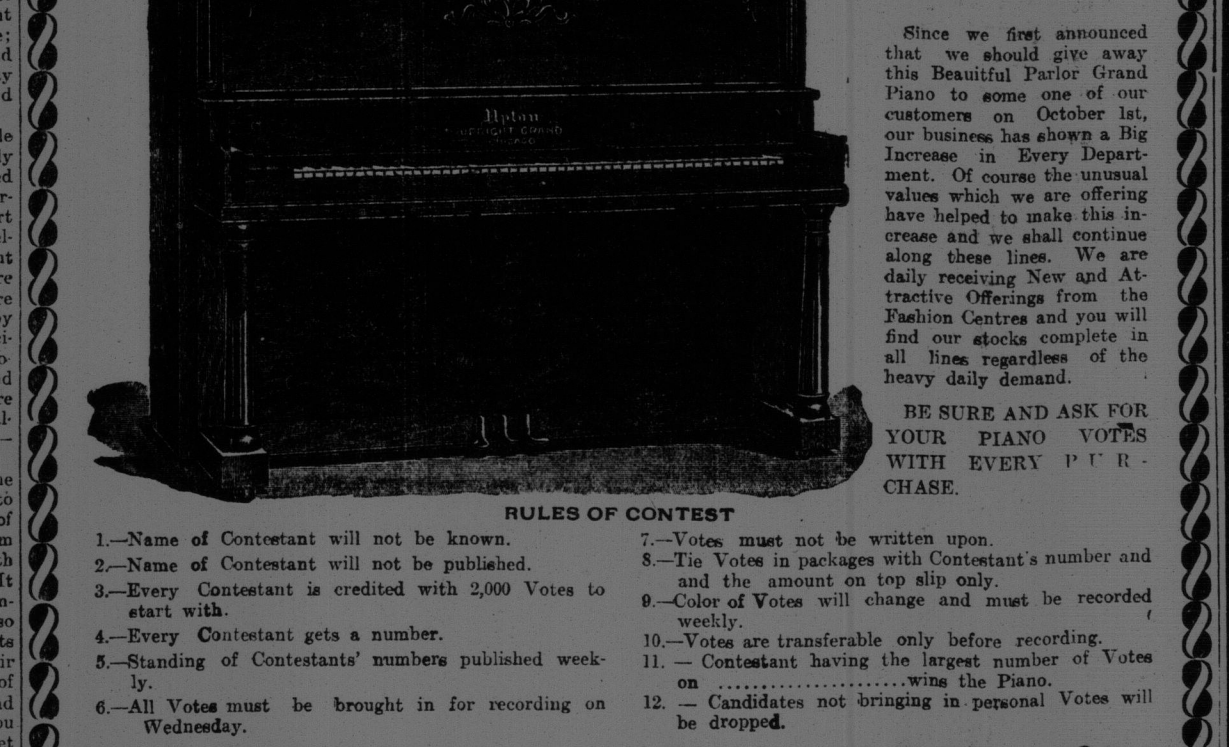
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BE SURE AND ASK FOR YOUR PIANO VOTES WITH EVERY PURCHASE.

RULES OF CONTEST 1.—Name of Contestant will not be known. 2.—Name of Contestant will not be published. 3.—Every Contestant is credited with 2,000 Votes to start with. 4.—Every Contestant gets a number. 5.—Standing of Contestants' numbers published weekly. 6.—All Votes must be brought in for recording on Wednesday. 7.—Vote, must not be written upon. 8.—The Votes in packages with Contestant's number and the amount on top slip only. 9.—Color of Votes will change and must be recorded weekly. 10.—Votes are transferable only before recording. 11.—Contestant having the largest number of Votes wins the Piano. 12.—Candidates not bringing in personal Votes will be dropped.

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