

## British Gossip

**M**R. HENRY CHAPLIN, who has carried Wimbledon against Mr. Bertrand Russell, is a most interesting figure, both in politics and sport. He was once known as the Squire of Blankney and has always been a staunch Protectionist. Long ago he was



Mr. Henry Chaplin,

Who was recently returned to Parliament by a majority of nearly 7,000, in support of Tariff Reform.—(Halftones, Limited).

engaged to be married to Lady Florence Paget, one of the prettiest women of the day, who, however, eloped with the Marquis of Hastings. A year or two later, fate gave Mr. Chaplin his revenge; his horse, Hermit, won the Derby at enormous odds and Lord Hastings was ruined. He died about four years later. Mr. Chaplin married Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, sister of the present Duke of Sutherland. For nearly forty years Mr. Chaplin sat in the House of Commons, the redoubtable fighter for "the wheat-growers of England." Last year at the General Election, he was defeated by Mr. Lupton a strong Liberal, in the Sleaford Division. He is fervent in the expression of his Protectionist views and is naturally a friend of Mr. Chamberlain. It is said that he has frequently refused a peerage. His opponent, Hon. Bertrand Russell, represented himself as the champion of the suffragettes and those valiant ladies supported him with an enthusiasm which proved fatal. One of the absurd incidents of the campaign was the dispersal of a suffragette audience by the simple device of freeing a number of rats on the stage. The feminine agitators fled in mad haste, leaving the rodents victorious. The election was watched with much interest, and the return of such a fine old English "Squire" is a happy consummation.

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The colonial Premiers are no longer subjects of public interest and, now that the Conference is over, Londoners are beginning to realise that they somewhat overdid the Botha boom. It is all very well to shake hands after the fight; but to fall on the neck of the erstwhile foe and become hysterical over his charms is repulsive to the saner type of Englishman. The Australian guest who expressed some surprise at the over-Boerish sentiments of some worthy Britons will probably have Canadian sympathisers. The visit of Prince Fushimi added to the attractions of a gay month and the action of the Lord Chamberlain in forbidding the production of "The Mikado" is still being discussed with some warmth. It is said that there were mysterious reasons for such withdrawal and that the high dignitary who forbade the banns of "Yum-Yum" is a much-maligned gentleman. Assuredly the path of censor is not strewn with primroses or yet with chrysanthemums. The next visitors to attract attention are from the land of the hidalgo. A polo team of Spanish aristocrats has arrived in England on a holiday tour of several weeks. Several matches have been arranged and are anticipated with some curiosity in sporting circles, for Spanish skill in the game is an unknown quantity.

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Whatever Spain may accomplish in polo, it is certain that Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothorn have won general favour in the London dramatic world. The Shakespearean performances are considered their most effective work and their acting in Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" has been received almost with enthusiasm. What induced such artists to put a trumpery affair like "When Knighthood Was in Flower" on the boards is yet to be revealed. Even Miss Marlowe's captivating impersonation of wilful Mary Tudor cannot raise the production from the level of trashy melodrama. The London critics are at one with the American ad-

mirer, Mr. De Foe, who declares that Miss Marlowe's great charm is her limpid, wonderfully modulated and expressive voice. Miss Marlowe has won a London triumph and it may be of interest to recall the fact that she was born in Coldbeck, Cumberland, England. She was only five years of age when her parents went to Kansas; so she is American in education and dramatic training.

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Whether Ireland has her "rights" or not, she is receiving more than her share of attention. The Exhibition, opened so auspiciously by Lord Aberdeen, is attracting many visitors to Erin's Isle and is said to contain many artistic treasures. Then there has been a rumour of Lord Aberdeen's resignation of his position as Lord-Lieutenant in order to devote himself to more commercial interests. But this has lately been declared a bit of idle conjecture, arising from the distressful state of one department of the administration. Then there was Mr. Birrell's Bill, which seemed to arouse general protest, the fiercest opposition coming from Mr. Redmond and his merry men, who evidently consider no bread better than half a loaf. "Devolution" has afforded no solution of Irish problems and the genial Mr. Birrell will doubtless fall back upon the consolations of literature and philosophy in this hour of political disappointment. He may write an appendix to "Obiter Dicta" or "Res Judicatae," thereby adding to the pleasures of existence, for the Birrell essays meet Dr. Samuel Johnson's requirement of a good book—that it shall make life more bearable. In the meantime, Ireland seems to be enjoying golf and kindred dissipations. So she will never miss the diversions of "devolution."

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Mr. Conrad Dressler is a Franco-German by descent but English by birth. He wished to be a sculptor but the members of his family, according to story-book usage, as a critic playfully remarks, opposed his plans, since they probably desired that the youthful Conrad should be self-supporting. He tried to be a book-keeper in a London office, but the marble appeal was too strong for his practical resolves and he became a pupil of Lanteri. Since his declaration of artistic independence, he has had a highly successful career, such men as Ruskin, Swinburne, William Morris and Lord Roberts having sat to him. He executed two of the panels which decorate St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and at Oxford is represented by his statue of Dean Liddell. He takes a keen interest in pottery and is the founder of the Della Robbia potteries. Mr. Dressler has lately executed a bust of the Queen of Spain which the Council of the Royal Academy rejected. The members who decried this work are painters and therefore not competent to judge of the plastic art, say some indignant critics. But it seems that the adjective "Royal" is no idle epithet. King Edward has taken matters into his own hands and by his command, the bust of the Queen of Spain is now being exhibited at the Academy and the Council is feeling sad. For several reasons, this disputed work by Mr. Dressler is attracting the public gaze.

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A View on the River at Henley during the Carnival.

(Halftones, Limited).

The Regatta at Henley is by far the most fashionable event of its kind, and all the social world take the opportunity of spending a pleasant week on the river. Phyllis Court, the lawn of which overlooks the race course, has developed into one of the most select clubs in England, and any number of notable people may be seen under the trees taking tea or watching the races during Henley week. As a spectacle, no other country in the world can show anything like the scenes at Henley.