

London Newsy Notes

LONDON, Eng., (By Can. Press)—Two questions are intriguing social London at the moment: (1) What the Prince of Wales really meant when he said to Prince Henry just before he left England: "Don't get married till I am back to act as best man"; (2) The real truth about King George's health. His physicians have told him that he must in future spend as much time at his country estate as possible, but the royal pair have an enormous social programme to occupy them from the opening of the Royal Academy on May 4th until the last day of July, when the Court goes down to Cowes Regatta.

Yes, the "dems" have got plenty to put down in their diaries this year, if they keep such things. These are some of the social engagements they will have to remember:—

May 19th. Chelsea Flower Show. Not really a flower show at all, but a good excuse to show the first summer hats and frocks. The Queen goes. Tickets for the banquet at the Savoy in the evening are worth more than 1000 dollar bills.

May 21st and 22nd. The first two Buckingham Palace Courts.

May 27th. Derby Day. The biggest crush of fashions in the world on Epsom Downs, equalled only by that of the London Ballrooms on Derby Night.

June 16th. Ascot Race Meeting. Another chance for a frock display, and a very good one too, for nobody watches the racing.

Two more Courts at the end of June, Henley Regatta, the American Polo Teams at Hurlingham, Goodwood Race Meeting and Cowes Regatta, and four months of dining, dancing and late nights ought to give social London something to go on with.

The unappetizing debutante last year was one who smoked at Ascot in front of the Royal Enclosure and was publicly asked by officials to desist. To save the feelings of any other young hearts a notice saying, "Ladies are requested not to smoke here" has been painted up outside the Royal Box.

No hostess, either British or American, has succeeded in getting herself so talked about as Mrs. Harry Brown, of Pittsburg, Pa., is chateleine of Spencer House, St. James', for the next few months. A story is going round just now that she has been offered the use of three sets of gold dinner services by three famous but impetuous families,—at colossal fees, of course. But Mrs. Brown knows how things really should be done in London and knows that gold plate services are only a long suit of visiting Maharajahs, and are used only on very rare occasions at Buckingham Palace banquets.

"NO. 10" IS TOTTERRING.

This week they discovered that No. 10 Downing Street, the Premier's residence, was in immediate danger of collapsing,—and Mrs. Premier Baldwin's weekly receptions, which have recently been more crowded than usual, will have to be very much restricted to relieve the strain on the staircase. St. Paul's, Waterloo Bridge, Houses of Parliament, now No. 10—said to be tottering.

This week the Battle of Devonshire House came to an end and the last of the old mansion was carried away in a dust-cart.

It is wonderful what the removal of London's mansions does for London. From any window of the Berkeley you can now get a view of fields and trees (or St. James' Park as they call it) as if you were in mid-country.

PHOSPHORESCENT FANS.

Just because Miss Laura Borden, of San Francisco, Cal., appeared with a luminous fan in the Savoy Ballroom the other night every young miss is trying to get one. The London stores had never heard of them before, though they are quickly trying to make up for their deficiency.

Miss Borden's fan was made of enormous ostrich feathers,—which, by the way, are becoming as popular for hat and gown trimmings, that there is likely to be a shortage soon,—and in full light was of pale rose colour. But when the lights died down to the twilight haziness that dancers like so much nowadays the fan glowed round the ballroom like a great white rose with moonshine on it. Each fanned the feathers had been treated with a phosphorescent material.

Something like 15 society weddings are going to take place between now and May 1st, because English girls think that May is unlucky to take the altar trail. But Miss Alice Madeline O'Brien, of Dayton, Ohio, who is going to marry Captain Leonard Walkley of the Coldstream Guards on May 13th, will wear a green dress, and will have 18 bridesmaids who will carry peacock's feathers.

RICHARD HUDNUT
THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER
The Face Powder that is Different
Having the Particularly Desirable
Quality of Adhering and
Persisting with the Distinctive and
Appreciable Color of Three Flowers
in All Popular Shades

Hear Nine Church Organists
play together at the Madrigal
Lingers Concert, Synod Hall,
May 14th.—may5,5t,ead

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Rubber heels, Tan. Sizes 3 to 7. Formerly 2.98.
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1 strap; Rubber heels. All sizes. Regular 3.50.
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During this Sale we will not attend to Wholesale or Mail Orders. Come Tomorrow and see our Great Values for yourself.

Extra! Extra! 200 Pairs BOYS' BLACK BOOTS, Sacrifice Price, 1.89 Sizes 1 to 5 1-2

Men's Tan Boots
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Limited quantity
Ladies' Tan Shoes
Rubber heels; a good street shoe.
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Ladies' Grey Ooze Sandals
The Latest!
Sold at 5.50
Now 3.75

Ladies' Black Vici Kid Shoes
Brown Suede Uppers
Regular 3.98
Special 2.50
Ladies' Black Patent Sandals
Worth 5.50
Now 3.40

AMERICAN BOOT AND SHOE STORE

10 and 12 New Gower Street

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.
EPIGRAMS.

The Neighbor
Fame did not mourn him at the end
His glory lies in this:
A little street had lost a friend
The neighbors sadly miss.

The Doctor
He fought the common foe for all
And blow for blow he gave,
And when for him death came to call
Himself he could not save;
Others he'd saved from far and wide
Came back to mourn the day he died.

The School Teacher
In all the good her boys shall do,
In all the charms her girls shall own,
This noble soul shall live anew
And have her lovely influence
shown;
She has, in all her service true,
A richer monument than stone.

The Lawyer
There are no quarrels 'mong the dead,
No rich and poor, no weak and strong;
No need to scribble what is said
Where God is judge of right and wrong.
And now he knows that rest which brings
To end all our bickerings.

How it Feels to Fall 1,500 Feet

(By EDWIN KETCHUM.)

"Will I, or won't I?"
One breathless moment of hesitation,
then a plunge into vast emptiness.
Your stomach kind of puckers, your
breath catches. You count—
Jump—"two, three!" Falling—"six
seven!" Faster—"twelve, thirteen!"
Whirling, twisting, head tumbling
over heels, lazily as in slow motion
pictures. "Twenty-seven, twenty-eight."
Your hand clutches the right
cord of your parachute. Almost time
to pull. "Thirty-one!" Now!

Crank! With a tremendous jerk
the parachute opens, nearly snapping
you to pieces. The rest is like a
dream. Floating, sailing, you drift
along. The earth comes up to meet
you. You look around for a place to
set your feet. That green patch over
there! You touch lightly. All over!
That is the way it feels to plunge
downward more than a thousand feet,
as described by Corporal Arthur R.
Bergo of the U.S. Army Air Service,
who has just done it.

He fell 1,200 feet in a single drop!
His companion in the experiment,
Sergeant Randle L. Bose, dived 1,500 ft.,
the height of a 97-storey skyscraper,
nearly twice the height of the Wool-
worth Building. Never before have
men fallen so far and lived to tell
of it. The purpose of the feat was to
determine whether an aviator can
safely drop great distances before
opening his parachute.

Whenever a person has fallen from
a great height, the usual comment
heard is "He was dead long before he
hit the ground." This notion is all
wrong, authoritatively state the two
daring parachute jumpers as the re-
sult of their thrilling experiment at
Mitchel Field, N.Y. You don't even
lose consciousness, they say. Instead,
your senses become more keen.

"I could reach down, pull off a pair
of overshoes, or do any other such
simple motion while falling," declared
Sergeant Bose. "I was not dizzy,
I breathed easily."

And as for thinking—tradition
would have us believe that in the per-
tious seconds before probable death
the whole of one's life passes in re-
view like a flash. This, too, is an error,
the two aviators declare. What
Sergeant Bose says he thought of was
dinner.

Three thousand feet in the air they
leaped from a plane and deliberately
dropped half the distance to earth
before opening their parachutes. This
great drop aviators estimate, takes
seven seconds.

For pain in the back—try
Juniper Pills—25c. at STAF-
FORD'S.—apr27,1mo

**Italian Princess
Baby is Dead**

ROME, May 7.—Princess Yolanda's
new-born son, Giorgio, died to-day.
Italians everywhere are certain to
sorrow at the sudden death of the in-
fant son of their popular princess,
born last week. Eldest daughter of
King Victor Emmanuel and Queen
Elena, Yolanda won the hearts of her
countrymen and women by marrying
Count di Bergolo, a noted Italian
equestrian and World War hero, in-
stead of some foreign prince, as cus-
tom dictated. A daughter was born to
the couple last year.

Life's Contradiction

We want to buy goods cheaply, but
how can we buy cheap goods if their
cheapness means the degradation of
those who make them? Yet by the
pressure of economic law it seems in-
evitable that if those who make these
things are paid high wages and work
few hours, if they are given every op-
portunity to share the wealth, refine-
ment and civilization of our time,
their goods will become dear, the de-
mand for them will cease, and they
themselves will be thrown out of
work.—My Magazine (London).

**World
AT THE**

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THE
ADRI

A:—"Aria"
You Call
Professor
Every Afternoon

**"AND
SCA**

HODKINSON



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and a husband
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Lily P

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