

NAMES MISSED FROM HONOR LIST AT NEW YEAR'S

Some Others Included Not
Very Well Known

Gossip of London—The Buyers and Business—Another Rumor of Prince of Wales' Wedding that Proves Incorrect.

(From our own Correspondent)

London, January 6.—The New Year's honor list is remarkable for two things—the names conspicuously absent after rumor had almost made their inclusion official, and the difficulty in discovering, even in the latest Who's Who, anything about some of the recipients. Sir William Beardsmore is the best known of the new peers, both as a shipping magnate and as chairman of the Industrial Welfare Society. The Countess of Honor conferred on the veteran Non-conformist pastor, Rev. John Clifford, will please the Free Church people. Two distinguished admirals figure among the new baronets, both of whom, and Admiral Burney's was one of the names mentioned at one time for C-in-C. of the Grand Fleet. The chairman of the Clan line is another new baronet. But the most popular is undoubtedly our old friend of Matelking and Boy Scout fame. People have been asking whether one of the new baronets is a noted hatter, and nobody seems to know the answer. Among the new knights are some eminent public officials. Martin Harvey of "The Only Way" fame, the lord chancellor's brother—Harold Smith, M. P. for Warrington and, incidentally, author of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" the editors of two medical journals, and some distinguished professional and commercial men. Publishers also do well—a point which Dr. Johnson might have had something to animadvert.

"The Tiger" Abroad.

A friend in the Dutch East Indies has sent me an amusing account of the reception given to M. Clemenceau by the large English colony in Java. A general holiday was taken, and the "Tiger" was made the chief guest at the flourishing English Club in Batavia, where the Dutch Government are Germans who have been turned out of China and Japan, and there is a perpetual feud between them and the beleaguered Englishmen. So the opportunity was taken to annoy them, the jovial crowd harnessed themselves to Clemenceau's motor-car, and a German Mercedes by the way—and towing him around the town in the tropical moonlight. France's G. O. M. enjoyed the fun immensely, his only regret being that the Germans declined the challenge, and no fight took place.

A Club Tax.

For clubmen, this is a time of very tempered rejoicing indeed. For one thing, there are the servants' Christmas funds, to which everyone is expected to contribute, and which are kept open late for the benefit and the terror of laggards—in one club I know as late as February or March. If you belong to several clubs and on the bases of a pound a head, these things, coming at a season with other obligations of the same kind, represent a very considerable tax. They are also the source of a little natural irritation, because as they are divided according to seniority and responsibility, you may find that 17s of your pound goes to stewards or hall porters who do nothing for you at all, while the man who has got you a brandy and soda at some moment of stress near midnight when you have just been let down by the worst bridge partner among your fellow members is, so to speak, cut off with 2s.

For this reason, I know my respectable club members, who would rather die than commit the sin of tipping, in the ordinary way, but who, as Christmas approaches, accost waiters whom they want to reward with some such as: "Ah! William, here is a pound you lent me on Tuesday week", or some other convenient lie, and then escape rapidly in the confidence that they will be no explanation. For the "one club" people who really live in their clubs and have no friends to ask them to Christmas dinners or New Year suppers, the time is a real hardship, because quite a number of clubs have a well understood rule that on Christmas night at least the servants should have their time to themselves and not be asked to do any work. Your alternative is, therefore, to spend a Scrooge-like evening or else go and pay five times its value for dinner at an hotel.

People Spending Less.

The restaurants, like the shops, are by no means having the time of their lives this New Year. Everywhere hangs the shadow of impending financial disaster. I suppose there never has been a time when people have felt so acutely the impulse to spend less. A friend of mine who did some shopping at some of the big stores told me she was astounded at the emptiness of all of them. Nearly every one of the big retail dealers are overstocked with commodities, particularly what they call dry goods, shirts and ready-made clothing. All these things are paid for at fixed credit dates, and there are whispers that when the next settling time comes there will be large bargain sales for the purpose of finding, by means of heavy reductions in price, some ready cash.

At the bigger restaurants, where at any Christmas during the war you would have had to book a table days ahead, places can be had quite easily. Even the theatres are suffering.

A Royal Rumor.

The newspapers, I believe, have been asked to refrain from speculation about the matrimonial intentions of the Prince of Wales. If the court has really craved this favor of the newspaper press, it has done a very wise thing. Certainly I have no intention of drawing aside the curtain of silence which has fallen on this subject since a London daily came out some months ago with a rather sensational story. But for the restraint of the press, however, another sensational story might have had its vogue for a few hours if not for a few days. We had all particulars in club-land, down to the smallest details. The prince

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was said to be engaged to a very charming lady, the consent of his parents had been won after a mild domestic struggle, the government had been pleased to intimate its approval of the suggested alliance, and formal announcement of the engagement was to have been made at a semi-state banquet. But, so far as I have been able to ascertain, there was no element of truth at all in this particular story. As for the lady in question, it would be wrong to describe her as a second Mrs. Harris. There certainly is "such a person," and she is very delightful specimen of English womanhood, but I do not think she is destined to become the Princess of Wales.

Even Baby.

Only the most unobtrusive person could fail to notice the general increase in the public use of the powder puff and the rouge pot. The majority of people will agree in regarding that the fashion should have become so prevalent that the smallest office flapper, in spite of a natural complexion that defies improvement, must have in her small hand-bag all the paraphernalia of the passe society woman. In the average office even the telephone is redolent of cheap powder nowadays and a heavy smoke-cloud of cloying scent greets one on entry. A friend, however, tells me that the "make-up" mania goes further than this, and assures me that there are mothers who actually make up their babies to give them a false appearance of health and beauty.

The Countess of Aldrich.

Blanche, Countess of Aldrich, whose death is announced, was one of the last great ladies of the nineteenth century, the type idealized in the political novels of Disraeli, and extolled by his exotic imagination. Disraeli never really un-

derstood those ladies who made the political salons of mid-Victorian England so famous. He missed that element of shrewd wit and bright intellect which was exemplified in its perfection in the lady who has just died. She was a friend of Disraeli's, and when the play called by his name was running in London a year or two ago, she recognized a friend in the cast as herself, and was delighted with the whole performance. The last occasion on which I saw her was in the House of Lords, when the young Duke of York took his seat. She was in the Royal Gallery, in attendance on the queen and Princess Mary. It was hard to believe that she was in her ninety-first year, for her figure was upright and her strikingly handsome head held erect. True, her black dress, wide-brimmed hat, and long cane made her a figure from another generation, when great ladies studied deportment and turned age into fresh dignity, but there was no sign of her very advanced years. In profile she looked as if she had stepped straight out of a Gainsborough.

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