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THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923

Beautiful Country House For Royal Honeymoon

Polesden Lacy, Near Dorking—Mothers-in-Law
Busy Preparing White Lodge—Death of Mark
Fisher, R.A.—Topics in London.

(From Our Own Correspondent)
London, May 18.—A beautiful old country house near Dorking, in the heart of the finest scenery in Surrey, is the honeymoon home of the Duke and Duchess of York. The house rests snugly in a little wooded hollow, fit for a Tennysonian elegy, with restful views of typical English landscape from its diamond windows, and, in the distance, the slender spire of Dorking Church, which dominates that part of



The lovely Surrey home of Hon. Mrs. Richard Greville, where the royal bride and groom will spend their honeymoon. It is Polesden Lacy, near Dorking. It is rumored that Mrs. Greville, who is an intimate friend of the Queen, is to make the Duke of York heir to a considerable part of her very great fortune.

Surrey as completely with its ecclesiastical benison, as the famous Salisbury spire does the Old Sarum landscape. Marble steps lead to its terraces, old world rose gardens surround it and stately beeches shade its pleasant paths. The simple country folk, though deeply interested in the royal visitors, maintain a dignified aloofness in glancing contrast with the yellow journals that are being read by the royal party. The grounds by aeroplane with alert photographers aboard, to the real indignation of the matrons of Dorking. If the Duke and his Princess can elude attention and escape for a few hours from their fairy prison in Polesden Lacy, they have within easy stroll both Friday street, one of the most romantic and entirely old-English hamlets in Great Britain, with a tavern—the Stephen Langton—shot sells draught cider and the lovely Deerleap Woods, carpeted with blue-bells till the ground shimmers like an enchanted sea, and resounding with the notes of all the birds. Italy and Florence, deep skies and scented airs, will have their charm. But they will not be those of English Surrey.

The Way of a Princess.

The human side of our new Princess could not be illustrated better than by a recent incident of which I have just heard. While she was out shopping in Bond street she was approached by a young Australian who was nerved at Gaiety after becoming a "casualty" in

the war. He tendered his hearty congratulations on Lady Betty's engagement to the Duke. She could not remember him, but without any preliminary cross examination she slipped a Fisher into his hand and invited him to drink her health.

The Mothers-in-Law.

Queen Mary and the Countess of Strathmore, having seen the young folk happily married, are now concerning

themselves with preparations for the reception of the bride at White Lodge. The workmen are still in the house, and it will probably be a fortnight before it is completely furnished. Several of the living-rooms are ready for the finishing touches, though, and many of the wedding presents will be removed there during the week. The two mothers propose personally to superintend their arrangement. Queen Mary has been much interested in the alterations and renovations, and many of the improvements have been suggested by her home-loving mind.

The Stadium Affair.

All manner of crimes are now being directed against the Wembley football enclosure, as the result of last Saturday's unfortunate contretemps. But I think it will be found, however through the inquiries made into the matter, that the trouble was unavoidable. It was due to a prodigious factor never before revealed to anyone. At those big popular functions that occur in London from time to time, whether in the form of a royal procession or a popular sporting event, we are well accustomed to huge crowds, but obviously there are as many more people who stay at home because of the crowd as those who attend and help to form that crowd.

In the case of the cup final all the newspapers kept telling us that there was "room for everybody." "Whereas in other years people kept saying, "No, I shall not go; there will be such a crowd!" this year, everybody said in

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stead, "Oh! Why not go? There will be plenty of room at Wembley!" And there you have the real secret of the way the official arrangements were so disastrously overwhelmed on Saturday. I remember one famous host race, held on a beautiful Saturday afternoon at a late hour. It was agreed in London that the crowd would on this occasion, owing to the day, time and weather, be a record one. And to my astonishment, at the favorite spot at Barnes Bridge where you see the final struggle between the crews, I found only a medium crowd, about two deep. It was the same everywhere. People had stayed away because of the expected crowd.

Death of an R. A.

Mark Fisher, a well-known academician, died in Barts Hospital this week. He was traveling from London, where he had been attending to the varnishing of other year pictures in this year's Royal Academy show, to his country place in Essex, but was taken ill in a

taxi driving to Liverpool street station with his daughter, and collapsed in the railway carriage before the train started, with the result that he was taken to the nearest hospital, and died there a few hours later. The dead R. A. was in his eightieth year, but seemed in fairly strong condition, and the sudden tragedy has been a severe blow to his many friends inside and outside the London art coterie.

Like so many other well-known British painters of our generation, Mr. Fisher was born in America, though of British parents, his mother being Irish. He studied art in Paris, having shown great promise as a draughtsman when merely a boy, and returned to the United States, but a magnificent encouragement awaited his work there, and many years ago he came to London. He became an associate in 1911 and a full member of the academy eight years later, and his pictures are well known to all visitors to exhibitions of art either in town or country. Necessarily he belonged to the old school of painters, who sought beauty rather than sensation, but he will not rank amongst the really great Victorian painters.

The Bank's "Nosey Men."
There would be very little crime in England (writes a commercial correspondent) if Scotland Yard would recruit all its detectives from among the peculiar gentry who make discreet enquiries for the big banks. These men exist in every town and almost every large town, and their intuition may be worth many thousands of pounds a year to the bank employing them. Often the "nosey man" is a general merchant's agent, whose business takes him without comment into the office of all manner of firms. His trained senses practically "smell" when a firm is in difficulties, and he quietly passes on the information to the bank interested.

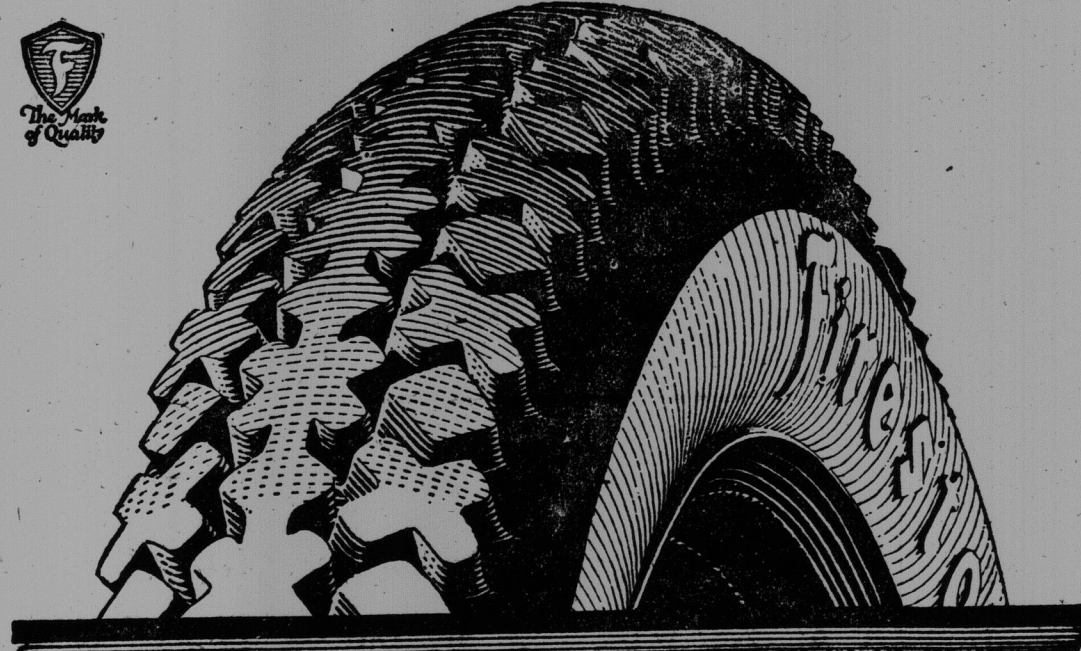
Some of these men, in the large industrial cities of the north, are making two and three thousand a year, and often know more about a firm's stability than does its own managing director. On one occasion recently a client of financial dangers attendant on the policy pursued by a junior assistant before the client had even heard of the policy. The "nosey man," however, had got to know all about it. Broke?

In the good old days in London, when clubland was a thriving and popular kingdom of the metropolis, they did things in the proper style. Members of good West End clubs did not, in those halcyon times, pay as they go. They gave their orders, which were promptly supplied, and settling day came once a year, once in six months, or once a quarter at the least, for everything. That old practice still obtains, I believe, out east in the British clubs, but it has suffered eclipse in London in recent date. The only club that keeps royally to the once-a-year settlement system that originated generally when Major Pendennis wore his curled side-whiskers, and before Frank Richardson invented the game of Beaver, is Brooks'. And a member of Brooks' told me a nice story about the club steward and a new member the other day, which will bear repetition. The new member's annual account, for everything supplied during the year, was duly submitted to him, and was carefully scrutinized. Then said the new member of Brooks': "This account seems to me pretty stiff; I should think Brooks' must be the most expensive club in London! To which the steward, with cordial electricity, replied nobly, "I sincerely hope so, sir!"

Our Position.

Though the deliberate policy of the Quai d'Orsay has estranged Downing street to some extent and the scurrilous and foolish vapors of the French press have weakened the popular estimate, it is a profound error to imagine pro-German sympathies in London. Few people in this country, outside the circle of cranks and faddists, have any desire to see Germany evade her just penalties. To the full capacity of her power, to make reparations, Germany should be forced to make it. But for the intrigues of the incurable diplomats and the venality of the publicists, we might still be united in that endeavor with our old French allies, because there is perhaps a tendency in

Against a field of some of the most expensive European and American cars, a Studebaker Special-Six, driven by Wm. T. Burke, on February 25th, won the 1923 Gran Premio of Argentina. Significant of the sturdiness of Studebaker cars is the fact that of the 26 cars entered in the race, only eleven finished and four of those eleven were Studebakers!



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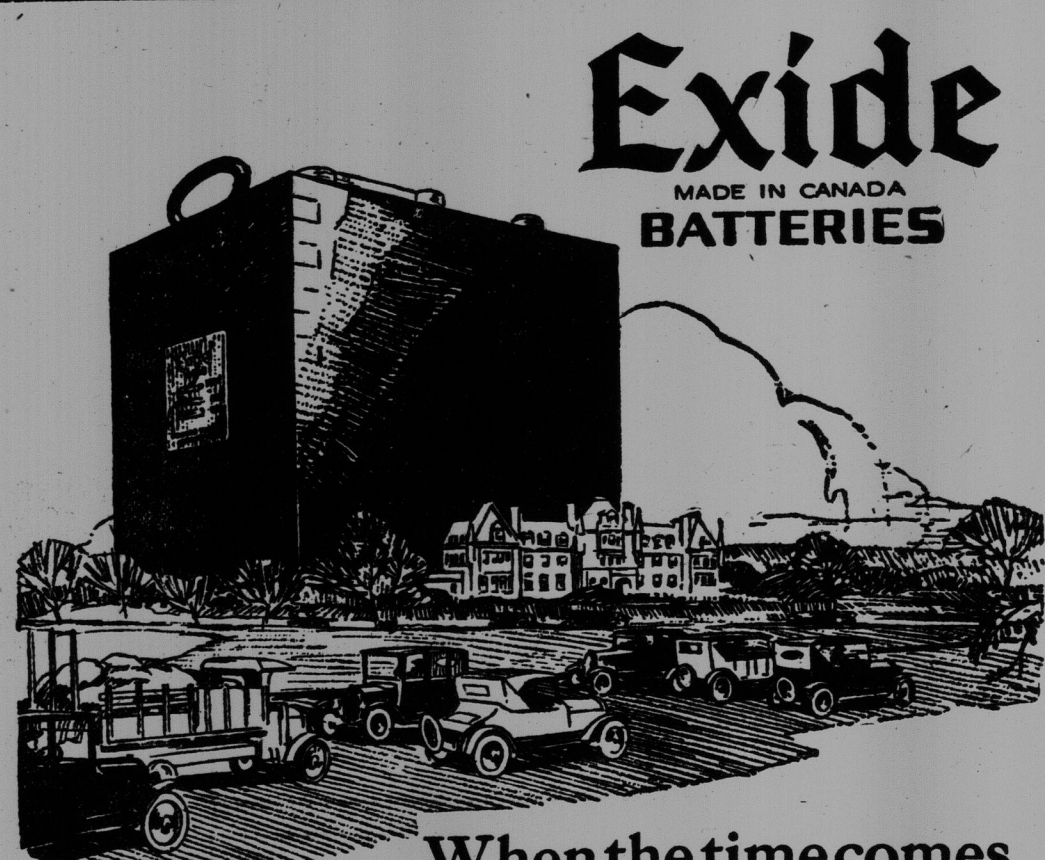
hundred million. Some explanatory retribution is due.

Parliamentary Nicknames.

If I know my House of Commons aright Sidney Webb may have difficulty in ridding himself of the nickname "Nanny" playfully bestowed upon him

at St. Stephen's this week. But he may find consolation in the fact that possession of a nickname usually implies popularity—and Sidney Webb is quite popular amongst his colleagues at Westminster. All things considered, it is surprising that nicknames are not more common in parliament than they

are. Usually they amount to nothing more than a convenient abbreviation. But we have "The Ancestor" in Lord Ribblesdale, and "Honest John" in Lord Morley. Lord Balfour long ago lived down the nickname of "Fanny." The late Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was (Continued on page 11, fifth col.)



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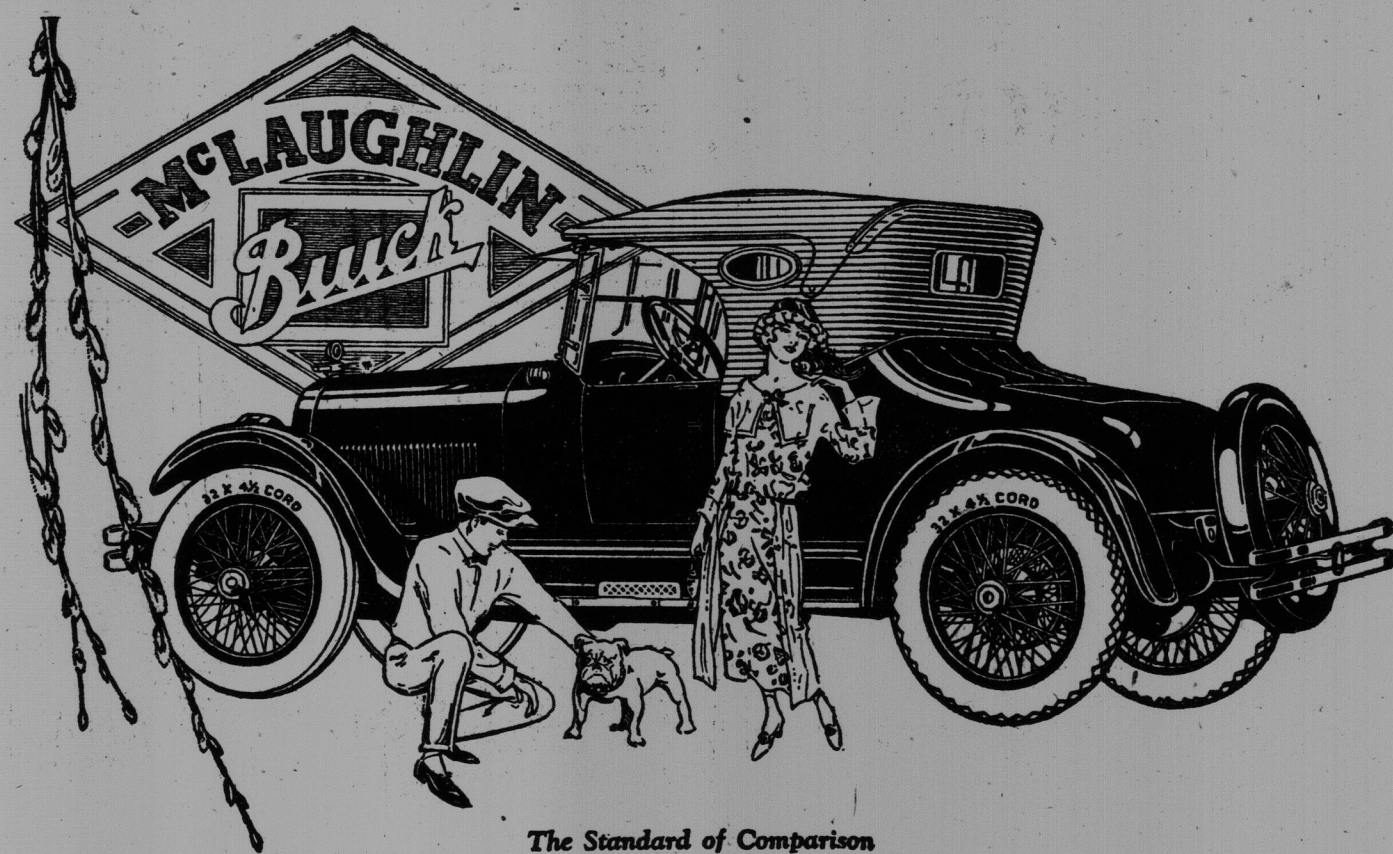
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