

# BRITISH AND EUROPEAN MATTERS OF IMPORT IN LETTER FROM LONDON

(Correspondence of Times-Star)  
London, July 24.—We are already within hailing distance of the Labor Ministry's first Parliamentary session, and some politicians are wondering when we shall sight the end of the Labor Government. I have always insisted in this column that Mr. MacDonald's defeat depends on two factors only, neither within his own nor his colleagues' discretion. The first consideration is the readiness of the two opposition parties, or perhaps of only one of them, to face another general election. The second is the date of the next budget. Whatever happens, I cannot see Mr. Snowden being given a chance of making another budget speech unless his party achieves an independent majority at the next appeal to the polls. Meanwhile, it is noteworthy that both Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin have abandoned half-made plans for tours abroad. The sands in the hour-glass are running very low.

In view of the sensational possibilities of the political situation, there does seem a curious lack of strategic decision in certain quarters. Is it to be another triangular duel, or is there to be a joining of forces to make common cause against a common enemy? Recently, overtures were informally made by a group of Liberals, with whom Mr. Churchill is actively associated, to the Conservative chiefs. They did not offer themselves as full recruits to the party, but as enthusiastic allies. After some palaver, it was understood there would be a reciprocal gesture that would ease the path of co-operation. Mr. Baldwin and Austen Chamberlain were both about to address meetings in the country, and a joint expression of conciliation was almost arranged. Mr. Chamberlain apparently considered it completely agreed. He duly made the beau geste. But in the meantime, something seems to have influenced Mr. Baldwin's mind in the other direction, and his speech contained no whisper of sympathy towards the Churchill group. A great

deal of talk has been occasioned by this apparent division of council at headquarters, and opinions in the Conservative ranks are rather warmly expressed. Futility or Fused?  
A tremendous lot turns on whether the present London Conference succeeds or fails. The fate of political parties here and elsewhere, the immediate destiny of Europe, perhaps the big future of humanity at large, all may hang on these negotiations, because the alternative to successful agreement is a disastrous failure that must nail the world to the cross of militarism for an unknown epoch. And it is significant that the appalling sequel to failure is regarded by well-informed onlookers as the only really convincing hope of success. The statesmen may desperately agree to hang together in order to prevent the nations hanging separately; there is only the one alternative—fusion or futility. Either France, Italy and Britain, each in reality with a separate aim mainly in view, must agree on a common cause, or 1918 must be written down a fiasco, and 1914 merely an episode in a world calamity.

Cradle Of The Law.  
The solemn pageant of historic scenes enacted within the ancient majesty of Westminster Hall was enriched this week by another memorable occasion, when the English and Canadian bar welcomed their U. S. brethren there. High on the tier of steps at the south end were seated a crowded company of illustrious lawyers in their full legal panoply. Prizes of lawyers' wigs were relieved in their stately greyness, so suited to the venerable stones of William Rufus' Hall, by splashes of scarlet and gold, the respective color motif of the British and U. S. judiciary. One gazed towards this array of professional splendor across the heads of more than 2,000 seated lawyers in the hall, mostly accompanied by their ladies. The bar of Old England greeted that of the New World in the cradle of western law. At first, the loud-

speakers suspended in mid-roof worked wrongly, and my Lord Haldane's rather thin, piping voice alternately squeaked and roared. Presently well adjusted, and we heard him, at the far end of the great hall, at a hundred-per-cent American accent, orating amid the dumfounded echoes of ten scandalized centuries.

London Full Up.  
Not even during the most congested period towards the end of the war—when a great many hotels were out of commission, moreover—was London so crowded as at this moment. Between Wembley, the usual tourists of the summer season from the continent and America, the London conference delegates and their huge staffs, and finally, the 3,000 American lawyers and their feminine better halves, there is hardly a bed to be had in the whole Metropolis. A friend who required one night's hotel accommodation this week tells me that he put the office telephone operator on the job, ringing up all the hotels on the register, beginning with the biggest and working down to the smallest and least known. He finally managed to get a bed, but it took one hour and a quarter of hard telephoning first, and he had never heard the name of his hotel before.

Unnoticed Celebrities.  
A London journal has been giving instances of really famous people—celebrities of the first water—who move about the London streets without being recognized. I do not know what the writer expects people to do when they meet a famous personality. Even a London crowd has some sense of deportment and good manners, and it would be rather an outrage if people started staring and pointing at celebrities in the streets. Two instances of great men who passed unnoticed, according to this writer, were Earl Beatty and Dr. Davidson. The fact is that most people would probably mistake the former for Seymour Hicks, unless they knew the actor does not wear his hat aslant like the admiral, and the Archbishop of Canterbury's features are known to comparatively few citizens. During 1918, I travelled inside a London bus down Whitehall, and like other passengers, recognized as fellow-passengers Lord Jellicoe and Lord Beatty. But we did not stand up and cheer about it.

Truth About Jutland.  
The current Review of Reviews is closed about the Battle of Jutland, written by a naval authority intimately aware of all the circumstances, in which interesting new facts are disclosed. The German admiral's plans were conceived on lines of big and subtle strategy. He proposed to mass his submarines round Rosyth, where Beatty lay with the battle cruisers, and Scapa Flow, where Jellicoe lay with the Grand Fleet, and draw both out by attacking Sunderland with his own battle cruisers. The U-boats were to take heavy toll of the British ships, which were then to be lured, weakened in number, in pursuit of the raiding German battle cruisers right into the destroying grip of the German high sea fleet. Bad weather alone prevented this coup being tried.

Fate And Error.  
Neither Beatty nor Hipper, when the opposing battle cruiser squadrons were steaming abreast, but out of vision, knew of each other's presence. Each

## TO "PRIMP" MEN



William Weintraub of Chicago is head of a national campaign to educate men to dress with originality and smartness.

sent a cruiser to examine a merchant steamer passing midway between the two armadas, and thus the true position was made known to each. It was sheer accident. By reserving his fire too long, Beatty threw away the advantage of his heavier guns. The German ships were better armored, and their shells far more effective, added to which their gunnery was better at first. Jellicoe's decision to form his line away from, instead of towards, the German Fleet, according to the authority I am quoting, was the grand tactical error. It arose from Jellicoe's mistaken belief about the German torpedoes being superior. And apparently the disposition of our fleet during the night, when Von Sheer by bold and able seamanship escaped, was seriously faulty. At one point, the Germans had succeeded beyond their dreams in a purely private pleasure trip, and though they will be the guests at private dinner parties of both the King and the Prince of Wales, no ceremony will mark their stay in London. The crown princess is a strikingly handsome brunette, with rather strong features, who pays as much attention to dress and fashion as the Queen of Spain, who is now reckoned the smartest of all reigning ladies. The crown princess' husband is a soldierly looking prince, with an open-air complexion and a serious mien. They have many personal friends to meet in Mayfair, and the princess is intent on some extensive West End shopping.

## Royal Rumanian Visitors.

Just as the butt-end of the London season, we are received in our midst two more royal visitors in the persons of the Crown Prince and Princess of Rumania. But their coming, unlike the visit of their royal parents earlier in the summer, is not a state affair. They are on a purely private pleasure trip, and though they will be the guests at private dinner parties of both the King and the Prince of Wales, no ceremony will mark their stay in London. The crown princess is a strikingly handsome brunette, with rather strong features, who pays as much attention to dress and fashion as the Queen of Spain, who is now reckoned the smartest of all reigning ladies. The crown princess' husband is a soldierly looking prince, with an open-air complexion and a serious mien. They have many personal friends to meet in Mayfair, and the princess is intent on some extensive West End shopping.

## New Fashions.

There is already evidence at the West End that Paris is setting the fashion for shorter skirts again. Several fashionably attired ladies, who have been seen in the Piccadilly neighborhood wearing skirts that are only a few inches longer than the regulation Highland regimental kilt, which has to be just clear of the ground when the wearer kneels. Today, I saw one handsome brunette, about 25 years of age, who was attired in a striking costume. Her skirt was of cream-white silk, pleated exactly like a Black Watch kilt, and no longer than just below the knee. Her bodice was also of white silk in front, but her slashed sleeves were black, and the back of the bodice also black, to match her tiny close-fitting toque like a French Polli's shrapnel helmet. She made a striking figure in Monday Piccadilly, but seemed scarcely conscious that the sensation she caused was entirely flattering.

## A Discreet Club Porter.

A very well known literary man, who suffers from fits of complete abstraction, during which he is capable of the most amazing feats of absent-mindedness, told me this tale against himself. He belongs to one of the smartest West End clubs—a palatial place in St. James'. He lives in chambers in the Temple. One evening recently he rather wondered why, as he strolled from his chambers to his club, people were staring at him so. But not being at all self-conscious, he did not worry. He walked up the steps of his club, and after a second's amazed open-mouthed regard, the old hall porter stepped up to him. "Shall I put it in the cloakroom with your stick and hat, sir?" he asked. The literary man had walked into his club still gaily carrying in one hand the small milk can he had intended to deposit outside his Temple chambers as he left.

## Wembley Side Lines.

I met today an ex-naval officer who has found an unexpected way of making nearly 2200 weeks out of the British Empire Exhibition. He discovered a small factory in Essex where for years a steady business had been done

in the manufacture of pink and white rock for a seaside place near London, and its weekly output of 20 tons a week had not varied for 13 years. He undertook to buy the factory's entire output, provided they made "Wembley Rock" of seaside rock, and he then set up in business as a factor in rocks. He is now booked up until the closing date of the exhibition, and is clearing a profit of 25 cents every ton manufactured. The seaside resort is rockless this year, but children who visit Wembley find sticks of the same succulent sweetmeat offered them on every side.

## An American Settlement.

It is rumored that, without the Australians knowing it, Japanese settlements exist in their country. I came across an even more sensational case the other day in England. Within an hour's fast travel of the Nelson Column there is a U. S. colony running a genuine Upper Palm Tree Beach. My own discovery of this intriguing fact was quite ironic. I punted a friend up the Thames just to show him what may be the oldest as well as the prettiest inn we have. We went to find the famous Bell Inn at Hurley, and stumbled on Hurley's Palm Tree Beach. The Bell Inn dates right back to Stephen. The Hurley Weir Colony goes no further back than the 1922 best wave. In that memorable summer, a party of Americans, attracted to Hurley by the ancient inn, started mixed bathing in the deep pool behind the weir. It is now a fixed summer institution, but still nearly 100 per cent. American.

## Mixed Revels.

A few casual passing riverfolk may "drop in," but the local yokels only look on astonished. A better bathing spot does not exist on the river. You dive off a springboard into deep whirling water that sweeps even the strongest swimmer into the cascading shallows below. There is no danger, but lots of gasping fun. Scores of bathers of both sexes and all ages sit around smoking, eating cherries and chattering, brown as nuts and carefree as tramps. Every now and then they take a plunge and shoot the rapids.

## BOTH DAMAGED IN CRASH.

Automobile No. 9928, driven by Fred Emery, and street car No. 72, were in collision about 2.10 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the corner of Charlotte street and the north side of King Square. Fenders on the car and the automobile were damaged but no persons were hurt.

An electric branding iron was used this year in the branding contest that was part of Cheyenne's annual Frontier Days.

## Queen Square TODAY AND THURSDAY



A powerful drama of a girl who was a daughter of the sea and a mother to its fearless travelers.

CLYDE COOKE COMEDY

Coming Monday: Jere Mc-Auliffe and John Taylor Stock company, presenting comedy and dramatic plays.

## UNIQUE

Tense Moving Drama Set Against The Flaming Beauty of the Great Canadian Northwest.

## THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE

Cyclonic Action, Breath-Taking Thrills, Superb Settings, Capable Acting

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EXTRA

THE HOLLYWOOD KID

Mack Sennett Comedy.

THURSDAY

"Ridgway of Montana"

Another HOKIE Special.

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MONDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 25

GEORGE FIFIELD vs. JIMMIE FRUZZETTI

JOE "KID" WHEELER vs. MICKEY MORRIS

WARNING:—You had better book seats at once at the following places as entire rink will be sold out:

Herman's, 34 Charlotte St.; deForest's, Prince William St.; Dur-

ick's Drug Store, Main St.; Ingraham's Drug Store, West St. John.

Also at Arena, phone Main 5267.

Ringside Seats, first 3 rows, \$2.00; 3 rows, \$1.50.

Rush seats on sale at Arena, night of bout, \$1.00.

## BANDIT VICTIM



John Strauss, German manager of the ranch of Mrs. Rosalie Evans, a British subject slain by agrarian bandits in Mexico, was himself badly wounded and is near death in a hospital at Temelecuan. This picture of the wounded manager was taken in the hospital.

## INDUSTRY INVASED BY WOMANHOOD

Lady Pirrie is Made President of Big Belfast Firm.

Belfast, July 31.—(By Mail).—Another woman's name has been added to the growing list of members of the weaker sex who are managing great industrial businesses. The latest addition is that of Lady Pirrie, widow of the late Lord Pirrie who died at sea while on his way home from South America, and who was chairman of the great shipbuilding firms of Harland and Wolff.

Lady Pirrie will be the first president of the company, this post having been specially created for her, and has declared that she will not be simply a figurehead, but will take an active part in its administration. Throughout her married life Lady Pirrie accompanied her husband on all his travels, and she expects that the experience she gained through coming into contact with his business associates will stand her in good stead in her new post. This experience was considerable, for Lord Pirrie was said never to have made an important business decision without first consulting Lady Pirrie.

## FORMER MONCTON CHIEF SUMMONED TO COURT

The Moncton Transcript says:—G. R. Rideout, former chief of the Moncton police force, was summoned to court on Tuesday to answer a charge of using abusive language laid by William McKinnon. According to the evidence, Mr. McKinnon's adopted boy

was accused of being a firebug by one of his neighbors in Upper Wesley street. Mr. McKinnon objected to the neighbor's remark and during the argument Mr. Rideout, he says, crossed the street and told them to go into the house as they were fools. Mr. McKinnon laid a complaint with the result that Mr. Rideout was summoned to court. The case was adjourned until Wednesday afternoon at 2.30.

The automat restaurants, the famous nickle-in-the-slot eating places, began using electric tricks fifteen years ago. Recently they placed their 88th repeat order for electric trucks with the same manufacturer who supplied the original electric back in May, 1909.

About 550,000,000 square feet of wire screen cloth are consumed annually in the United States.

## The Great Matinee Idol Back in Pictures!

MID-WEEK PROGRAM IMPERIAL THREE BIG FEATURES



First of the 1924-25 Paramounts  
"THE MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE" WAS FILMED IN Yosemite Valley, Cal., and has some scenery that will be a real treat for picture fans. The big thrill of the production comes when Farnum leaps from his wheelchair to save her and finds he has recovered the use of his limbs. The collapse of the bridge almost carrying the man gives a splendid characterization in his continual fight with his "inner self." His role in this picture is his first in several years and Irish gardener eliminates every trace of heaviness from the production.

ALSO LOIS WILSON, EDWARD HORTON, LIONEL BELMORE and others.

SIGNOR GUARINO—Operatic Tenor.

Usual Price Scale Shows 2.30, 7.15, 9.00

EXTRA!—Our Gang Comedy—"Dogs of War"

## Wed. PALACE Thur. GAIETY

If life is dull and seething with trouble there's relief in this tale of a man and his double.

YOU CAN'T YAWN OR MOPE OVER

## "Out to Win"

The fight to the death in a blazing airship 5,000 feet up over the channel is something

YOU WON'T EASILY FORGET

Starring Catherine Calvert and Clive Brooks.

"SCARE 'EM MUCH." Sennett Comedy.

## WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

THE DARLING OF NEW YORK

With the Million Dollar Child

BABY PEGGY

IN THE TITLE ROLE

7—Wonderful Reels—7

FIGHTING BLOOD

Round 6

"The Gall of the Wild"

## The Event of the Season

## ST. JOHN EXHIBITION

And Industrial Fair

The place to meet your friends from all over the Maritimes, and with them, to enjoy the vast round of mirth, music, and mystery, and to take in the scores of interesting and instructive features in the buildings and on the campus.

See the Wonderful, amazing FREE OPEN AIR PROGRAMME with its thrilling top-liner—Gus Hornbrook's.

## Wild West Show

of New York Hippodrome, and coast to coast fame, in "CHEYENNE DAYS" reviving, realistically, the old daring frontier times.

See the Balloon Ascension

'Live Stock—Poultry—Dairy Contest—Women's Work—Bridal Culinary Contest—Enjoy Band Concerts—Games—Midway—Ferris Wheel—Merry-Go-Round—Luncheon Booths.

The Dates Are

AUG. 30 to SEPT. 6

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Good for return up to September 10, 1924.

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