

Some Features of The London "Season" Which Now Is At Its Height

Lord Curzon in the Limelight—President Wilson's Criticism of the Admiralty—General Rawlinson May Get Command in India—South Pacific Island Bought for a Home.

(From Our Own Correspondent.) London, May 20.—The "season" is now in full blast and those who take it seriously are having a strenuous time. You spend the morning riding in the park or watching other people ride, or in bond street buying things and lamenting the rising prices. You look in at the Royal Academy or the divorce court. You lunch at the club, go to a fashionable wedding in the afternoon, look into a concert afterwards, dine, go to the opera or the Gaiety French performance, and then dance till you are ready to go to bed. The next morning you ride again and so on and so on till Sunday morning, when you take the Pullman to Brighton and see precisely the same people as you have seen all the week, lunched on similar food at a similar place, only with the sea outside the window instead of the green park. These daily rushes are to be varied as the season goes on by the royal tournament (our old friend the naval and military, under a shortened name), the International Horse Show, on which occasion, out of compliment for what Lord Londale has done for the British horse, the whole of Olympia is to be covered with scenery representing his grounds; lawn tennis at Wimbledon, the various cricket matches and quantities of other attractions.

Dignity and Homeliness.

In the meantime, this week has been of the most brilliant. You could see King Albert, nicely dressed by an English tailor and completely incongruous, sitting on a chair in the park, watching the photographers stalking less eminent celebrities. Then, last week, there was the occasion of his coming to the great Curzon-Mosley wedding, with its great reception in Carlton House Terrace, which is once more, with the Curzon and Cunard salons (both in full blaze this week) the social centre of London. Park Lane being suburban compared to it. Lord Curzon is a remarkable personality, at one moment vigorous in his magnificence and at another employing all the arts of a social advertiser to an extreme degree. None but he would

have thought of having two kings at the wedding. Equally no one of his type could have been expected to issue the daily bulletins as to the preparations and the warnings to aspiring wedding guests that, owing to strictly limited space, he would be obliged to disappoint them.

This contrast between extreme dignity and homeliness runs through all his proceedings. He is, so far as I know, the only cabinet minister who not only does his own talking on the telephone, but likes doing it. Like Mr. Asquith, he nearly always writes his own letters, and he must spend an appreciable portion of each day in so doing. On the other hand, in the foreign office and the House of Lords, his manner is that of blasting the unlucky colleague or subordinate who dares utter an unseasonable word of criticism or advice. Into the foreign office, too, he has brought a pleasantly oriental atmosphere by decorating his room with objects of art brought from the East.

Wilson and the Admiralty.

Naval circles are extremely interested in the disclosure of President Wilson's criticisms of the admiralty in 1917, with its very direct censure or lack of enterprise shown at the time, which was at the height, of course, of the submarine campaign. I do not think there is any particular inclination to quarrel with what the president said—exactly similar criticisms were being made here at the same time and by the younger and more enterprising flag officers—captains of the fleet itself. It was, in fact, those submarine measures and partly regarding the Dover patrol, that brought about the change a few weeks after the president's memorandum, by which Lord Jellicoe left the admiralty and full scope was found for the offensive spirit and driving ability of Lord Beatty and Sir Roger Keyes.

The question at issue between the Americans and the admiralty was the former's dislike of the weakness and lack of enterprise of our mining policy. We were very badly off for mines when the war began, and those who had dam-

aged, without sinking enemy ships. Towards the end of 1917 all that was changed and with American assistance and according to President Wilson, on America's advice, we constructed the great barrage from Norway to the Shetlands, which practically closed the Atlantic to enemy submarines. Both services really worked in perfect harmony, whatever American papers may say to the contrary, and that applied not only to Admiral Sims but to Admiral Mayo, who, though less seen by the public, was, as I know from friends who accompanied him both respected, and well liked by the officers of the fleet, when he came over to make the suggestions which President Wilson has now published to the world.

The Indian C-I-C.

According to the service clubs, it is now tolerably certain that the next commander-in-chief in India will be General Lord Rawlinson, famous as the commander of the Seventh Division at Antwerp, and of the Fourth Army at the second battle of the Marne and after. There has been a very warm controversy over this appointment between the War Office and the India Office. The one wanted Rawlinson and the other Birdwood. Strictly speaking, the latter is qualified as an officer of the Indian army, as against Rawlinson as a British general, since hitherto the appointment has been disposed alternately between the two services, and the present holder is a British army man. Birdwood is junior to Rawlinson by some years, however, and can well afford to wait his turn next time. As to Rawlinson, his great qualifications, none will dispute. He was consistently the successful general on the western front, and his leadership during the final strokes that brought collapse to the German armies was beyond all praise. He was the man called in to re-organise the Fifth Army after its great debacle, and he is regarded as one of our ablest of planning brains, as well as a fine fighting soldier.

A Wonderful Parade.

Immense crowds assembled all round the Abbey for the installation of the banners of the new Knights of the Bath. Even with a lively recollection of the superb ritual of the coronation, I have seen nothing in London to surpass it for stately beauty and ravishing color. The king drove up in an open carriage with outriders. He wore admiral's uniform, and the western front, and the glowing scarlet robes of the Order of the Bath. After assuming his own splendid robes in the dean's quarters, and with two medieval pages bearing his long scarlet train, the king followed in procession behind the Duke of Connaught, grand master of the order, with the long procession of knights and commanders following His Majesty. The music of the military band, the singing

of the Abbey choir, the grey beauty of the Abbey's architectural setting, the resplendent robes and glittering orders, and the most distinguished company made a wonderful impression. The procession included the most famous and illustrious men of the realm and the times. No more stately figure was here than Earl Beatty, erect and grace in his bearing, and quite different from the smiling, debonair soldier who led his blue-jacket legionaries through London on the victory triumph. Just behind him came Earl Haig, also an arresting figure of fame, talking eagerly with his neighbors. I met among the distinguished company Lord Horne and Sir Ian Hamilton, besides most of the great figures of the war-epic.

The King and Derby Day.

Another indication of the king's renewed interest in racing is that His Majesty will this year resume his Derby Day banquet at Buckingham Palace. Before the war the king gave a banquet at the palace on Derby Day, at which the members of the Jockey Club were the principal guests, but the owner of the Derby winner was, without exception, the guest of honor, and always sat on the right hand of His Majesty. These Derby Day banquets were started by King Edward, and when the king came to the throne he followed his father's precedent. The last Derby banquet was held in 1914.

The announcement of the resumption has given the keenest satisfaction to the sporting fraternity, who welcome as a refutation of a rumor that the king's interest in racing is on the wane. As a fact, His Majesty's engagements for the rest of the season are quite contradictory to this suggestion. I am informed that, in addition to the Epsom meeting, His Majesty has decided to be at Goodwood immediately before going along to Cowes for the yachting season.

Indian Labor Leader.

The Indian laboring and agricultural classes are being represented in this country at the present time by V. M. Wadia, a splendid gentleman, in a black frock-coat and magnificent blue-and-gold sash. He tells me that he is the accredited representative of the "Backward Communities" of India, and that he has a trade expert interest primarily in the political and social future of the Indian people in this country. He is also a member of the Indo-British Association, and has paid one visit already to the House of Commons, which he tells me he found "very nice." He has arrived in London after visiting Italy, Switzerland and Paris, and after staying here about a month, is going over to America. He is discussing the conditions of Indian labor with George Lansbury, and is visiting the politicians at Westminster.

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Prince Albert and the Signs.

I am told that Prince Albert is amazed and just a little tickled by the furore caused in art circles by his perfectly innocent and really very admirable suggestion at the Royal Academy banquet the other day. His royal highness was thinking of Merry England vogue, and the return of the old coaching days in the form of the modern touring car. It seemed to him that it would be a fine practical form of applied art if our distinguished painters would give their inspiration and encouragement to a revival of artistic signposts and sign-boards throughout rural England and even in the urban areas. He never dreamt that his modest thought would cause such a flutter in the dovecotes as it has, and very far from his mind was any notion of reflecting on the artistic ability of the famous R. A.'s. As a matter of fact the young prince is no advanced critic of painting, and like the Royal Academy show very much. All the same he is, perhaps, just a little pleased to find that his obituary dicta aroused so much attention. The idea is no new one. It found admirable expression at the time of the coronation in the revival of the old city signs down Lombard street way.

New Glasses Fashion.

Only the other day I was writing about the invasion of American horn-rim glasses in this country, and the popularity this fashion was attaining as an adjunct of the strong silent man outfit. But already the fashion is being varied in London. At first the main idea apparently was to secure the thickest possible rims, so that the wearer looked extremely like one of those Canadian owls so popular with school children at the Zoo account of their preternaturally wise and solemn expression. Now the tendency is to reduce the thickness of the horn-rims round the eye-pieces to the thinnest possible limit and to wear gold side-pieces. These glasses are very light in weight but very heavy in expense. They are becoming de rigueur, however, among those good people who follow fashion religiously in all things. Incidentally I note that Queen Mary is now using glasses for reading. At the recent service at the Chapel Royal in memory of the crown princess her majesty used pince-nez to follow the words of the service. The king is still free from any such necessity, although one eye is slightly astigmatic. This would fully justify the wearing of a monocle, but the king refuses to be seen with one.

A Practical Idealist.

One of the most extraordinary examples of practical idealism in real life has just been narrated to me by a city gentleman who is a close friend of the family concerned. The hero is a middle-

aged Londoner, a great idealist, a well-known speaker and writer on psychological subjects in London, who had a most delightful house at Surbiton, with a beautiful garden and a miniature lake and all the social amenities that a literary man could wish in the ordinary way. He has just packed up all his belongings and, with his wife and two daughters, has sailed for the South Pacific. He has acquired the lease of an island (Continued on page 14, fifth column)



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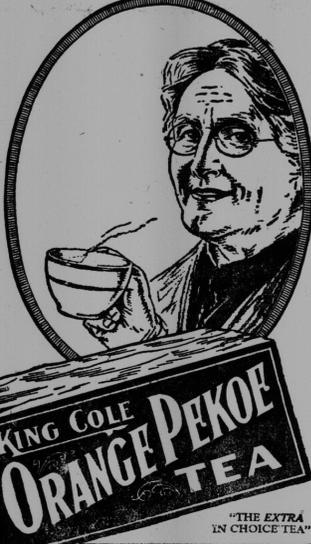
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BRAVERY MY EYE!! I WAS EARNING MY THIRTY BUCKS PER MONTH, THAT'S ALL!

BUT—

I ENLISTED TO FIGHT AND JUST BECAUSE I DID MY DUTY THEY PINNED SOME MEDALS ON MY CHEST! BUT I GOTTA ADMIT THERE HAVE BEEN SOME VERY BRAVE MEN IN THE WORLD—MEN WHO WOULD TAKE AN AWFUL CHANCE!

WHO DO YOU CONSIDER WAS THE BRAVEST, MOST DARING MAN IN HISTORY?

M-M-M!

THE FELLOW WHO FIRST ATE A RAW OYSTER!

I THINK HE'S RIGHT, AT THAT!