

M. Mr Laszlo No. _____

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GILBERT JOHN, 4TH EARL OF MINTO, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., ETC.
(From a sketch by P. A. Laszlo, 1912)

de Lazlo

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Doing Their Duty.

For the second time in his political career Mr. Baldwin stood at the top of the famous Londonderry staircase to receive his Parliamentary supporters on Monday evening. He looked very fit and cheerful after his long interview with the King before he went to the reception, but Mrs. Baldwin, the wise and very prudent wife, carried him off home before midnight in readiness for the opening of Parliament next morning.

As he stood to receive the guests with Lady Londonderry, a detective, in evening dress, stood a foot or so away, watching the queues of people swarming up the stairs with very amused eyes,

Lord Londonderry, who stood just behind his wife as she shook hands two thousand times, also found much to smile at, as the guests stood half an hour, some of them, in the hall below, waiting to be announced. Some of them, as soon as they had shaken

hands with the Prime Minister and their hostess, walked down the other side of the double staircase, with the remark, "That duty is done."

Everybody—including George.

There were not so many jewels as on former occasions, for you heard people confessing they were afraid to take their precious gems out of the bank because of the "cat" burglars, while others bravely admitted they no longer possessed heirlooms. But even Lady Alexander, with her exquisite tiara and much-beringed fingers and jewelled corsage, was outrivalled in diamond splendour by Lady Londonderry.

Everyone was there—Lord Birkenhead, being asked by dozens of people if he had brought Sir Hari Singh with him, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain without her beleaguered husband; George Robey, the centre of a laughing crowd till after midnight; Mrs. Hilton Philipson chatting with blue-frocked Fay Compton; de Lazlo discussing pictures on the gallery walls.

Unshingled.

Lady Plunket, with her charming colouring of a piece of Dresden china, was one of the loveliest women there in her simple black rock and scarlet scarf thrown round her neck. Her shingled hair was hidden by a plait of her own locks at the back, a fashion she always assumes for the evening. Strange times, when women put on their hair at night instead of taking it off! Lady Plunket is one of the best friends of the little Duchess of York, and she and her husband are going out to East Africa to join the Duchess in a week or two.

Catching sight of Lady Fitzalan, I was told by a friend that she must be the only woman who has ever electioneered by gramophone.

Her husband, who was then Lord Edmund Talbot, was ill. He made a speech on to a gramophone record, which she took along with her to all her meetings, marching on to the platform with her machine and winding it up to utter his sentiments.

The Bachelor.

"There goes The Bachelor," said a woman as she saw Mr. William Gillett, horn-spectacled, being led through the rooms by Mrs. Hilton Philipson. Despite his age, he misses few functions:

"I suppose you know everyone here," someone remarked to him.

"I know a thousand members of the Bachelors' Club," he replied, "and they all introduce me to their sisters and cousins, which, I suppose, makes another two thousand, and I know two thousand members of the Carlton Club. Yes, I suppose I've met everyone," he murmured; and then, seeing it was ten minutes past twelve, he thought it was time he went.

Society without Mr. William Gillett would indeed be queer. There he was again yesterday sitting on a chair in the middle of the drawing-room at Grosvenor House, where a bazaar was being held. His ever-faithful secretary stood bodyguard behind him, and no one who invited him to buy was refused.

Grosvenor House looked very strange with out its wonderful pictures and furniture, and people were informed that the house was being lent by the courtesy of Lord Leverhulme, who is in America, and the Duke of Westminster.