

For

# DURRANT'S PRESS CUTTINGS,

St. Andrew's House, 32 to 34 Holborn Viaduct,  
and 3 St. Andrew Street Holborn Circus, E.C. 1.

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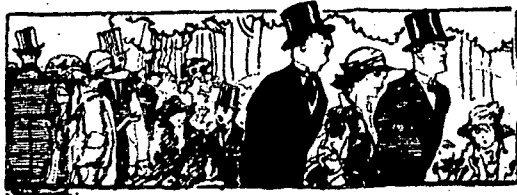
## Sketch

172 Strand, W.C. 2.

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Sketch



## The Clubman

Told by  
the Prince.

Someone who was a fellow-passenger with the Prince of Wales, now back in England with us, told me how talk one day turned to the last words of famous people—phrases which in some instances have become part of literature. The Prince took part in the conversation, and showed considerable knowledge of the subject. At the end, with a characteristic smile, he brought humour and gaiety into the theme. "My last words," he said, "will, I expect, be 'Come on, Steve!' or something like that." The Prince has promised to pay a further visit to the United States, probably in 1926. It is understood that he will then make a tour of some of the industrial districts which he has not yet visited.

Fainting  
Women at  
Receptions.

tions. The first Labour reception at the Hyde Park Hotel was a memorable affair—a pleasant one, too. The tremendous buzz of conversation showed how interested Labour people are in one another.

For my own part, the thing I shall remember most was the number of fainting women. Not that the hotel rooms were crowded to suffocation—one might add also that the refreshments were of the lightest character. But the cloak-room, in particular, was not large, and there came a time when everyone seemed to be leaving at once. That was why there was a crush. That was why at least half-a-dozen women had to be carried out. Some of them were laid on the steps of the hotel in full view of the crowd that had gathered in Knightsbridge.

At Londonderry  
House.

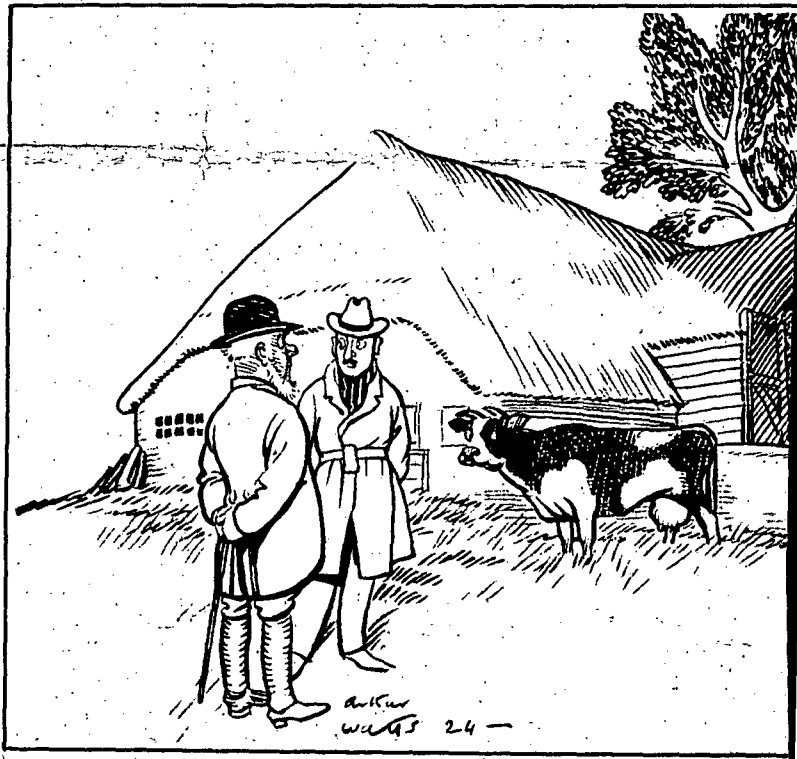
If the Conservative reception should again be at Londonderry House it will be the third reception of its kind in just under three years. Such receptions must mean a great deal of expense to the host and hostess; but there is this about it. Now that Stafford House and Devonshire House have gone, no great house in London is so well-suited for such full-dress occasions as Londonderry House. There is the magnificent staircase, the superb sculpture, the spacious picture gallery, used as a ball-room—a magnificent setting for the glowing spectacle of rank and splendour, beauty and colour, gold lace, the ribbons of diplomacy, flashing decorations and jewellery.

It takes a woman of genius in organising

ability to plan and marshal political routs on this grand scale. And indeed on these great occasions Lady Londonderry's rôle is that of a minor queen.

But then, Lady Londonderry is fitted by her upbringing and by her physical attributes for playing such a part. The gods have been gracious to her; she combines not only beauty and dignity, but tact and a queenly kindness. She is one of those women who seem to be able to get the best out of everyone who serve them, no matter in what capacity. She is a daughter of that splendid sportsman and old-time man of affairs, the late Lord Chaplin; and that, perhaps, explains a good deal.

Londonderry House is famous for its family portraits. One of the most interesting is one of the most modern works. It is a portrait by Laszlo of the present Lord Londonderry in uniform. It is dated Aug. 19, 1914. It was painted by Laszlo for Lady Londonderry in three hours just before Lord Londonderry left for the front. It used to hang in Lady



THE FARMER (to enthusiastic motorist): Yes, I get more gallons of milk all the others put-together.

THE MOTORIST (absent-mindedly): Indeed? How many miles does she

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.

Londonderry's work-room, although, perhaps, by now it has been promoted to the picture gallery.

Mr. Lloyd  
George and  
the Fourpence.

Lord Londonderry's heir, Lord Castlereagh, seems to take naturally to politics, and is pretty certain to cut

a figure. He has just gone to our Embassy in Rome to be a special Attaché; his present job is to equip himself for the public career he has mapped out for himself.

There is a story of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Lloyd George and his Insurance Bill that always reminds me that Lord Londonderry, once he has made up his mind, rarely gives ground. It was at the time of the celebrated "ninepence for fourpence" slogan. Lord Londonderry and Mr. Lloyd George were opponents, but knew each other well enough to joke with each other. Lord Londonderry—he was Lord Castlereagh then—leaned across