

29 MAY 1924

The Round of the Day: Glimpses of Men, Women, & Events.

LONDON, Thursday Night.

OWING to the presence of the Duchess of York at the soiree of the Contemporary Art Society last night there were men in decorations and knee-breeches and women with tiaras and wonderful jewels sitting side by side with girls who indulged in the pre-Raphaelite bob and mediæval artistic dresses that swept the ground and artists in grey lounge suits.

I noticed Epstein, Eddie Marsh, Hugh Walpole, and Sir John and Lady Lavery. Sir Philip Sassoon was there, too, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip de Lazlo (will he paint Suggia, too, I wonder?), and Lady Hartington with a party.

THREE MASTERPIECES.

There were three masterpieces at the Spring Gardens Gallery, when Suggia sat and played just below two famous Sargent portraits—"When I look at Suggia's face I can't listen to her playing," sighed a woman behind me. So much emotion does she put into her playing that after her recent illness she looked white and far from well.

I loved her Elizabethan full-skirted frock of deep pink taffeta veiled with black lace, and the little wired ruff of lace, with a flower on one shoulder. She was presented to the Duchess of York, who had been one of the heartiest applauders.

LADY ASTOR'S PICTURE.

At the Bedford College reception to-day opinions were many and diverse on the House of Commons picture of Lady Astor, which now hangs there in the Oliver Hall.

Lady Astor herself made a most amusing speech. She was not wearing the famous black hat that dates back to 1919, but had her usual buttonhole, this time an enormous one of pink carnations.

Lady Rhonda slipped in late; Miss Duncan, the pretty Irish barrister, was Lady Astor, M.P. eyeing people through her lorgnette; Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan had a white camellia in her hat, and Lady Parsons, President of the Women's Engineering Society, was talking to many friends. And, by the way, how nicely the mortar-boards of the students sit upon their shingled heads.

A RECORD IN RECORDS.

So many small private dances rely on the B.B.C. for their music that one might be inclined to think wireless has superseded the gramophone in this particular sphere. But this does not seem to be so, for I hear that the five-millionth record of the Savoy bands to be made during the last twelve months was "pressed" a day or two ago. It is computed that at least one billion dances have been danced to this output, which is believed to be a record in records.

Fortunately for jazzers the saxophone is an ideal instrument for recording. On the other hand the banjo is liable

to lose its fullness of tone, so, for recording work, the banjosts have to make use of special instruments costing from £100 to £200 each.

"PEGGY-JEAN EPSTEIN."

The most important personage in Mr. Jacob Epstein's house in Guilford-street, Bloomsbury, is undoubtedly his small daughter, Peggy-Jean. This flaxen-haired little creature, dressed in pink plaid, not only sees you coming and opens the hall-door to you, but lands you, with an air of triumph, inside her father's studio.

She must have shown up a multitude of persons during the last week. Their only child, Mr. and Mrs. Epstein adore her, and will tell you that she "rules the house."

SOCIETY GIRL'S PHAETON.

It seems early days to talk of next year's debutantes when this year's are barely "launched" yet, but I saw the Hon. Averill Furness dining with her father at the Ritz the other night, and heard she was coming out next year. She is only 17, and has lovely Titian-red hair, which, by the way, she has not shingled, but wears tied with a big flapper's bow of black ribbon. She is often to be seen driving about the West End in her phaeton with two horses.

A MUCH-TRAVELLED ARTIST.

Yesterday I ran into Dean Cornwell, the American artist, who does such brilliant colour work for the Hearst magazines.

"Where are you off to now?" I asked, for Cornwell seems to cross the Atlantic as casually and almost as frequently as I cross Piccadilly. "To the Holy Land," he replied, "to do pictures for a new story of the life of Christ."

Dean Cornwell has had many interesting trips in search of local colour. He has been to the South Sea Islands, to the Canadian North-West, when he accompanied James Oliver Curwood, some of whose stories he has illustrated, to Mexico, and to Spain. He has illustrated several of Blasco Ibañez's short stories.

INSPIRED BY FOGS.

Last winter he took a studio in Chelsea, and told me then that London fogs inspired him, that he found the grey-ness more conducive to work than the brilliant atmosphere of New York. Like most artists, he fell in love with the British Museum, where he told me he found all the local colour necessary to illustrate a story about the Pacific Isles.

Cornwell, who was born in Kentucky, has really worked his way through the hard mills of art. When he left the Art Institute at Chicago, he joined the staff of a newspaper, and worked in the photographic department. But his gift for drawing and his fine taste in colour soon attracted attention. Unlike many illustrators, he has real live models for his pictures.

COMMANDER HILTON YOUNG.

I regret that through a slip of the pen on Wednesday I said Commander Hilton Young had been appointed editor of the Financial Times. His appointment is to the Financial News.

TOWN TALKER.

