


Extract from

LONDON OPINION.  
London.

The Town 

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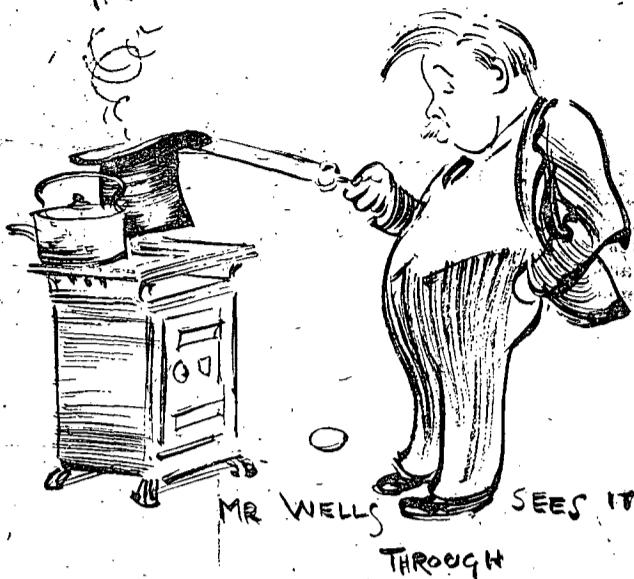
Africa, will seriously take up the question of matrimony. But first there is another Dominion to visit, and that is Ireland. Tentative suggestions to this end have already been received from private sources in the Free State, and have been received sympathetically.

THE Prince, by the way, is not easily perturbed by the attentions of the crowd, but a friend who was present at the first night of *Iris* tells me that H.R.H. was distinctly upset at the mobbing he got on leaving the theatre. It was apparently an organised affair by a mob of unmannerly women armed with fountain pens and autograph books, and for some time it was quite impossible for the Prince to move. He recovered his equanimity, however, sufficiently to wave his hand when safely in his car.

PRINCE HENRY and his fellow Counsellors of State are by no means doing all the work which normally falls to the King. His Majesty, who is a really hard worker, gave definite instructions before he

SCOTLAND YARD is still taking no risks over the safety of certain Cabinet Ministers. I saw Mr. Stanley Baldwin leaving Downing Street for Chequers last Saturday, and he was closely followed by a fast little open car, carrying three members of the Special Branch, while a fourth sat with the Prime Minister's chauffeur. Mr. Churchill is also well looked after, but I saw Mr. Austen Chamberlain emerge from Dean's Yard about ten the other night and stroll down towards Morpeth Mansions unnoticed and unshadowed.

A DETERMINED effort is to be made, I learn, to re-establish Wells's Club, with new premises in Albemarle Street. Wells's properly belongs to the past, but that is no reason why it shouldn't be revived. "Skipper" Ward, who succeeded the estimable and famous "Swears," is the moving spirit in the new venture, which, I fancy, will not lack the support it needs.



liquid eggs, brought in by Mr. Tom Johnston to reinforce his arguments against the importation of certain goods, had got upset in a member's new bowler hat! The incident reminds me of that in which H. G. Wells was found by a certain actor poaching an egg in his "topper" over a gas stove. "H. G.," though not so gay as he once could be, can still find a smile when this is recalled.

A RUMoured forthcoming engagement which, if it should materialise, would interest a wide section of society, is that between Mr. Basil Dean and Lady Mercy Greville. Mr. Basil Dean is the well-known theatrical producer, who works with Mr. Rea under the pseudonym Reandean, and Lady Mercy is the actress daughter of the Dowager Countess of Warwick, who after her brilliant early life as a reigning social beauty, and personal friend of King Edward, later took up the cause of socialism. Easton, the beautiful place in Essex, which belongs to her and not to the family of the Earls of Warwick, she has turned into a kind of country club for Labour members.

DOWN at Tilbury, where I was seeing a friend safely out of the country, I ran across Lord Inchcape's daughter, the Hon. Elsie Mackay, who told me that she has taken over the job of furnisher and decorator for the three new P. & O. vessels. Her innovations, which include Jacobean and Adam rooms, oak panelling, footstools, with many other refinements never before seen on the high seas, weren't at all well received by one hardened old skipper. In fact, he got thoroughly angry, until Miss Mackay told him that, to be consistent, he should go back to weevilly biscuits and other unpleasant things! Now, I understand, he is quite resigned to "every modern convenience," as the house-agents so glibly have it.

LOOKING through my programme of *The Tyrant* the other evening, I came on the name of Walter Plinge, who, as some playgoers will not need to be reminded, has played many parts in his time. For this reason, they will be the more surprised to learn that Mr. Plinge doesn't exist in the flesh at all! His name has been adopted for an actor who takes two parts in one play. Sir Frank Benson, I believe, first made use of it; now most managers resort to it when occasion demands.

IS Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, I wonder, bent on getting his weight down? I have noticed him lately at several dance clubs and cabaret shows, stepping it at the former rather ponderously but not without grace. Moreover, he was deeply interested when at the South-Western police-court, the other day, a medical officer mentioned that boric acid has a tendency to reduce flesh. Sir Henry's question: Would you mind saying what the dose should be? seemed pertinent, to say the least of it!



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# Round the Town

All the Latest Gossip.

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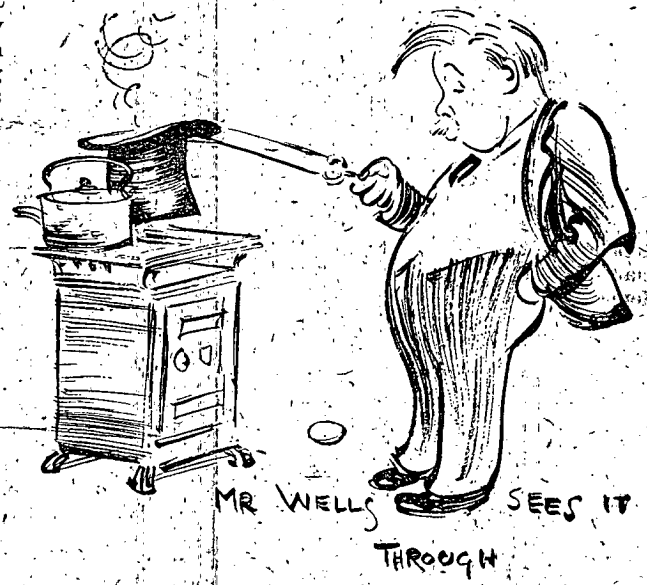
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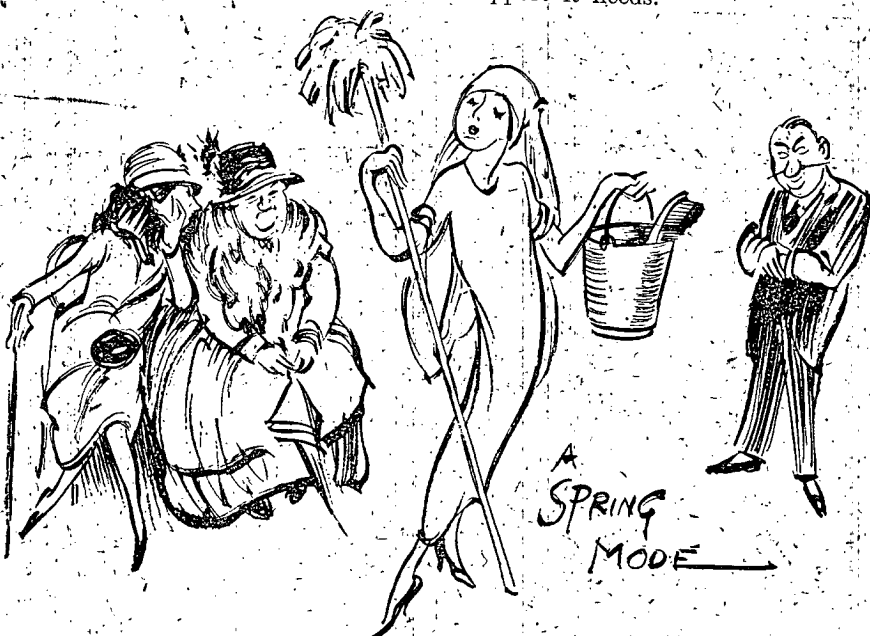
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**K**YRLE BELLEW told us a good story at the Strand Theatre the other night, just before Fred Bramley's lecture on Russia. When she received the invitation to preside, she said to her husband: "My dear, what shall I talk about?" Bouchier's terse reply was: "About two minutes."



**S**KIRTS are going to be shorter and skimpier than ever this Spring. I suspect that the material taken from the girls' skirts is being added to the new Oxford "bags." But, though skirts are diminishing, the bills for them are just as long.

**A** GOOD many people have wondered why Philip de Laszlo chose to paint Adeline Walker, of the Hippodrome chorus, seeing that he is always so occupied with the portraits of the socially great. I now learn that Miss Walker, a decidedly pretty girl, won at a costume ball a ticket entitling her to be painted by de Laszlo, who has most faithfully fulfilled the obligation. So that is that!

**N**O, NO, NANETTE, which is such an overwhelming success, is based on a book, *Oh, James!* which ran serially in *The Strand Magazine*. This story was written by May Edginton, who has produced several excellent plays: *Oh, James!* has also been successfully filmed, so it only now needs to be broadcast to have attained every possible pinnacle of popular success!

**F**AY COMPTON will have to find a new story with which to regale her after-dinner audiences. The one she told the other night about the theatrical costumier is getting rather worn. I suggest that next time she should tell of her adventures, in her very early 'teens, with the soap-box motor-car she used to "drive." Her brother "Monty," better known as Compton Mackenzie, got up one night and painted the vehicle a screaming red, labelling it in big letters: Tearing, Teresa! I believe Fay can still get angry about it. THE LOOKER-ON.

have, as before, the owner's only daughter in the saddle. The other races—

Thursday.

"The Goldrox Cup to-morrow will undoubtedly be won hands down by

PLATINUM,

who carries a sum round about \$2,000,000 dependent on his efforts, in addition to a father's honour and the happiness of two young hearts. I need hardly advise backers once more to plump for

PLATINUM,

the horse that will win. Five bodies were found near his stable to-day, two having been stabbed, one shot, one poisoned, and the other strangled to death. The stranger I mentioned on Tuesday has been heard grinding his teeth in the paddock, and is expected to make a final effort to-night to kidnap the horse; but that will not, of course, prevent

PLATINUM

winning by lengths. He will be ridden at the last moment by Miss Sadie Whiffin, with the Whiffin colours and clenched teeth."

THEY know, you see. They know that nothing can beat a horse like that. They have seen it happen a thousand times. So have I. So have you, if (as I suspect) you do not sleep through this sort of thing and wake up for Felix. For the only place in the world where the racing expert (three cheers for him) can hope to tip the winner day after day, race after race, week in and week out, with sickening regularity is in—well, where do you think?



"Cyril, put your hat on straight, and not quite so much of the Joie de Vivre!"



"The Flat Racing Season Begins."



Elsbeth: "Oh, dear! I wonder if Douglas will forget all about me."  
Barbara: "Doesn't he see you now, dear?"  
Elsbeth: "Not often. Till he gets his exam over we're only allowed to meet every other evening and at weekends."