

# DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

## OUR LADS ARE FIGHTING FOR THESE KIDDIES.



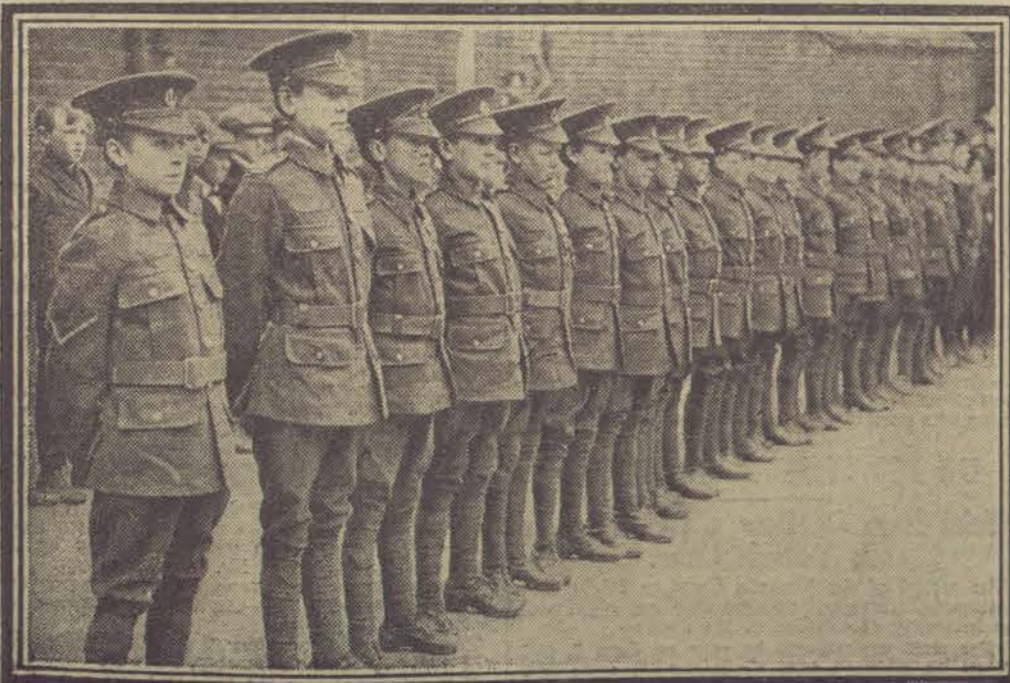
Earl Brassey, himself a veteran in the Empire's service, tells the children of the wounded soldiers' bravery.



Even the tiny girls wanted to hear of Empire Day.



Mr. Shirley Benn, M.P., at Lavender Hill School.



Schoolboy cadets at Stanhope-street School.



Three of the Empire Day spectators at Old Palace Bromley School.

Let us be frank. These London school children were *paraded* for Empire Day. They may not have grasped fully the lesson of Empire, but many of them knew that their fathers and brothers had died for the cause. If the seekers after office would only learn the lesson of Empire as these children believe it, we should be well on the way to victory. —(Daily Sketch Photographs.)





### LADY BETTY.



Lady Betty Hay, one of the Countess of Kinnoull's daughters, has had the misfortune to break her arm.—(Swaine.)

### THREE PRETTY BRIDES-ELECT.



Miss Winifred Gipps, the only daughter of the late Vicar of Hundon, Suffolk, is shortly marrying Mr. John Armstrong.—(Lafayette.)



Miss Lorna Campbell, of Cambridge, is the fiancée of Lieut. George G. Warner, of the 5th Suffolk Regiment.—(Lafayette.)

### LADY PEGGY.



Lady Peggy Hay, another daughter of the Countess of Kinnoull, took part in the children's charity play at the Savoy.—(Swaine.)

### BROTHERS DIE FOR THE EMPIRE.



Lieut. Ewens Crosse.



Lieut. Marlborough Crosse.

These brothers—Lieut. E. Crosse, 2nd Leicesters, and Lieut. M. Crosse, 2nd Yorkshire L.I.—have both given their lives for the Empire.



Miss Viola M. Robinson, is marrying Lieut. J. J. P. Evans, of the Welsh Guards, —(Swaine.)

### THE TWINS HAVE NEVER SEEN FATHER.



The twins have never seen their father, who is on active service. They are the children of Private F. E. Miller, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

### THE BANTAMS OF THE A.S.C.



They are two of the smallest drivers in the A.S.C. Among the men at Osterley Park, Middlesex, they are known as the "Bantams of the Motor Traction."

### THE CLERICS' HELP.



Canon Westmacott, of Probus, Cornwall, has given six sons to the flag. One has fallen in action.



The Rev. P. Mackenzie, of Dulwich Presbyterian Church, makes periscopes for the front in his spare time.

### PAST AND PRESENT.

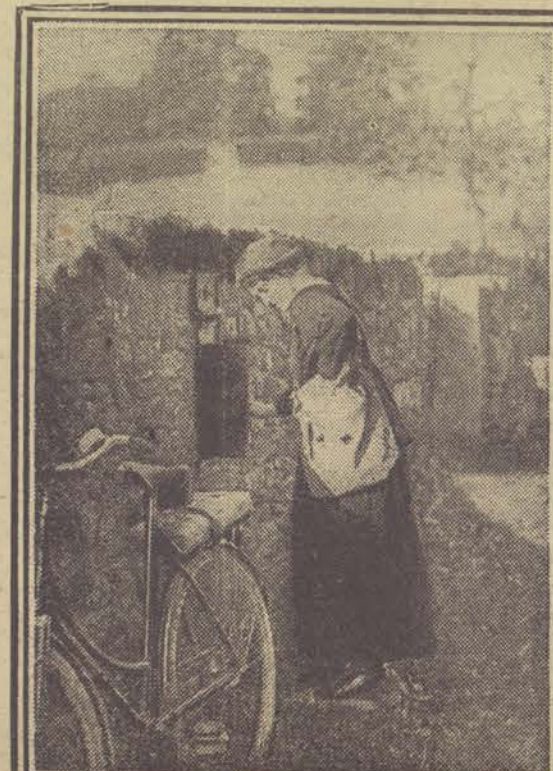


Major Arthur Rule, senior Yeoman of the King's Bodyguard, has died. He served in the Crimea.



Rifleman R. Powell is believed to be the youngest member of the Queen's Westminster Rifles. He is 15.

### THE NEW COUNTRY POSTMAN.



Skipton, Yorkshire, is another centre where the duties of a postman are being discharged temporarily by a woman. She does her round on a bicycle.

## THE MUNITIONS MYSTERY

THERE is some mystery about the munitions supply, and the sooner it is cleared up the better. On the one hand we have Mr. Lloyd George doing magnificent work in seeking to increase our output of munitions, and by his magic appeal inspiring all classes from bootblacks to peers to take up the work of shell making if the need arises. Some people seem to think that the need already exists, and many willing but unskilled workers are anxious to get going, as they feel that the country is in danger.

ON the other hand I read with disquieting frequency in responsible papers that various manufacturers who are equipped for munition work cannot get orders from the War Office. This week Radical, Conservative and Labour newspapers cite cases which certainly are astounding when we contrast them with the state of affairs hinted at by Mr. Lloyd George and other public men. There is one instance of a large manufacturer of steel offering to make shells. He gets no order from the War Office after months of waiting, and now he is busy on a French contract. Serious complaints come from Canadian engineering firms, who assert that they are idle for want of orders, whilst rival American factories are busy with British contracts. This is a poor return, they say, for Canadian loyalty.

I GIVE these few examples as typical of many complaints which have come to my notice. If they are all unfounded, then there must be a very high degree of mendacity in the engineering business. If they are true they reveal a state of things which should deserve Mr. Lloyd George's immediate attention. It places him in an undesirable position if whilst he is stirring up the country to make new industrial efforts there are permanent officials at the War Office who are freezing out manufacturers ready and fully equipped for work.

THE situation comes to this. Amateurs without any engineering skill and with no factory equipment behind them are offering their services in the belief that the existing facilities are insufficient. Many fantastic schemes are on foot, and doubtless a great deal of money and time will be wasted if these projects are allowed to develop. We must admire the patriotism of bootblacks and peers who wish to make shells, but I feel sure that the war will be over before many of these raw enthusiasts learn how to hold an oil-can correctly.

IF we were actually reduced to the strait in which we really had to employ amateurs to make munitions in church halls and back parlours then our situation would be desperate, and we could hardly hope to rival the output from the highly organised German factories. But if there are engineering firms in this country and in Canada who have factories and skilled men suitable for munition work, and if it can be proved that officials at the War Office have been refusing orders to these firms, then we have a really scandalous situation.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE will do a splendid service if he immediately inquires into the matter, and puts an end to these disturbing rumours, which are disgusting so many business men with War Office methods. It is possible that some of the aggrieved firms are greedy or stupid—but if they can make shells, then set them to work, and employ the Defence of the Realm Act to bring them to their senses. But judging from the number of manufacturers who are not fully utilised for war work it looks as if the Permanent Official is the culprit. Whoever is to blame, the scandal must end. It is both undesirable and uneconomic to take unskilled labourers from their usual callings and apply them to engineering work when suitable men and plant are waiting for War Office orders. We can never beat Germany with methods of this kind. What are the business men of the new Government doing?

# Echoes of the Town and Round About.

## The Georgian Way.

WHAT strikes everybody just now who is brought into contact with Mr. Lloyd George is his extreme exuberance and playfulness. It is most obvious that he believes in cheerfulness. If a stolid manufacturer tells him that such and such a thing cannot possibly be done our captivating Munitions Minister simply laughs, and says that it has got to be done. And the fun of it all is that his laughter spreads and spreads, and the thing is done in a rosy atmosphere of good temper.

## Like Queen Victoria.

CAN you picture Queen Victoria in a taxi? I had never imagined the combination until I saw an old lady driving away from the Savoy yesterday morning in one. Her resemblance to the late Queen was more than close; it was amazing, startling, and it caused a deal of notice. The two loops of white hair over the temples, the slightly aquiline nose and determined mouth, the indefinite arrangement of chiffon falling from the small bonnet—the "double" was perfect.

## Winston in Grace Again.



THE POLITICIANS who blamed Winston Churchill chiefly for the fall of the late Government are now rather repenting the efforts they made to dissuade the Prime Minister from including him in the Coalition Cabinet. They have found out that Winston was not "the nigger in the wood pile." Naturally the German papers are busy now caricaturing Winston Churchill. (This is one of the caricatures.) Another depicts him being pulled into the sea by old von Turpitude.

## The Dear Things.

APROPOS, I heard a certain great lady the other day say to a companion: "I wonder what Mrs. Winston Churchill thinks now that her husband is at the Admiralty no longer?" The remark was made in a very "catty" manner, but the reply took all the sting out of the question and out of the questioner. It was simply and bluntly: "If I were you I should not trouble about Mrs. Churchill's thoughts or affairs. Her day will come much sooner than yours or mine is ever likely to do!"

## Short Commons.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS has discovered that we are at war! The shock was administered with a sinister suddenness—a war tax of threepence has been put on meals served within the building. After this peace is only a matter of days. The "bob" dinner, that sacred meal for which a statue ought to be erected to its inventor, is threatened. And with only £400 a year the prospect of having to pay one and three for as much as you can eat is one not lightly to be faced.

## Four Shots To Get To The Front.

I WAS talking to a Lieutenant attached to the Artists' Rifles on Thursday, and he said he had made four shots at being sent to the front. He was a very delicate-looking man, one of the most delicate-looking I have ever seen in uniform. "I have made four applications," he repeated, "and they have refused each one—without seeing me!" There was infinite pathos in the remark.

## Scholars As Fruit Pickers.

THE PROPRIETORS of a large fruit farm near London are making arrangements to have scores of students from a secondary school in London as fruit-pickers. The idea is for the children to make it a fruit-picking holiday; but they must agree to remain not less than a fortnight. They will be provided with sun-bonnets and qualified nurses in case of mishaps.

## The Depth Of Meanness.

IT WAS the meanest action I have ever seen. I was taking a snack in a restaurant last evening when two strangers entered and sat opposite. Underneath a plate there was the waitress's modest twopenny tip, and this "thing" put it quietly into his pocket. They were talking German; but I hate a scene, so—Heaven forbid! was I a party to that sneak-theft?

## Airman's Adventure.

I WAS at Hendon Flying Ground the other evening, and there saw Mr. Marcus Dyce Manton, a godson of Sir Dyce Duckworth, and instructor in flying. He told me how Flight-Lieut. J. S. Mills, one of the heroes of the week's Zeppelin-shed attack, had a set-back in his flying lessons last winter. In "the swirl" of another aeroplane one day—it can only happen on a calm day—he got blown down and hooked on to a railway fence! Now he is famous. Mr. Manton taught him to fly.

## Let's All Go Down The Strand.

FOR AN able-bodied young man to walk up the Strand in mufti is almost an ordeal nowadays. He has to run the gauntlet of a formidable array of recruiting offices, and even across the street are hung banners at intervals urging him to fall in and do his bit. For some there are, of course, very excellent reasons for their retention of civilian garb, although these, too, have to submit to embarrassing catechisms. But plenty of young fellows must feel some nasty twinges of conscience when they walk in that direction. Among such the Strand will not be a popular thoroughfare.

## Starting At Charing Cross.

I STUDIED the Strand in greater detail yesterday. Soon after leaving Charing Cross you find the corrugated iron hut of the Sportsmen's Battalion, which is on the site of the poor old Tivoli. This is buzzing with activity. Around it is a picture gallery of gallant deeds and a huge photograph of Lieut. Warneford, V.C., which is decorated with flowers like a Russian Ikon. Beyond the Savoy are the offices of the Royal Naval Division, who have a genius for advertising and window-dressing.

## Would You Slink?

BUT THE likely youth who stays to look at the display of German shells, helmets, and various relics and trophies will not be left alone long. A burly bluejacket will soon accost him with pertinent questions. A good-natured argument follows, ended sometimes by the addition of another pair of arms for the King's service, sometimes by a shamefaced slinking-back into the crowd. A few yards further on, at Somerset House, now posted with sentries, much the same scene goes on.

## Amateur Gardener.

EVERYONE who has a free buttonhole seems to be wearing cornflowers. In the ordinary way cornflowers have two great shows in the year—the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow matches. Both are off this year, and so the blue flowers are being worn "permissively like." The other day I saw a man in Victoria-street sporting a full-sized lupin, but he was obviously an amateur gardener, and so hardly accountable for his actions.

## Pett Ridge As Judge.

THE ANNUAL competitions of "The Children's Salon" take place to-day at the Connaught Rooms.



Lady Jellicoe, as I told you a short time ago, will present the prizes, and here is one of the judges, Mr. Pett Ridge. Mr. Pett Ridge presides over the literary section, and no one will question his fitness for the post. But there is another reason why he takes an interest in the Salon. He is devoted to little ragged, hungry kiddies, not only writing about them inimitably, but doing real practical work on their behalf. This is what the Salon does, too. Its members are "the children of the rich who help the children of the poor."

## A Mixed Bag.

APPARENTLY the war has not quite killed the sporting instincts of some people, certainly not those of a tailor whose establishment, which I passed yesterday, is situated well on the unfashionable side of Temple Bar. In his window was a roll of Harris tweed, a fox's mask, bunches of heather, and a Lee-Metford rifle.

## The Lights Of London.

I WAS driving through London at midnight last night with a very well-known Parisian (note the spelling, please) who is over here for a few days. He was astonished at the condition of our streets "They are so light," he said. Light!

## The Benches In The Park.

THE PARK chairs are frequently the subject of irritated criticism. Just now there has been a protest, made in ignorance, with regard to the facilities for their use by soldiers and sailors. As a matter of fact, all members of his Majesty's and Allied Forces in uniform are admitted free to the band enclosure, and the chair licensee makes no charge for sick or wounded soldiers who occupy seats in any of the Royal parks.

## Sixpence To See The Kaiser.

STRANGELY enough, the last protest of this sort was made by a newspaper correspondent who complained that he had to pay sixpence instead of the usual penny for his chair in Hyde Park on the ground that the Kaiser was going to drive through. Well, that can never happen again. As a matter of fact, the chair contractor has always been authorised by the Office of Works to make this sixpenny charge on special occasions. I wonder how much people would pay to see the Kaiser now.

## The Fifteenth Time Of Asking.

WHEN William Jennings Bryan was in London last he told me a curious thing about the famous "Cross of Gold" speech which secured him at once nomination as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He had used exactly the same phrase in fourteen previous speeches, and nobody took any particular notice. Naturally, after this, he was hardly prepared, when he used it for the fifteenth time, for the electrifying and instant effect which it had on the Democratic Convention in Illinois, which was completely swept off its feet. Talking of Bryan, here is a German caricature of President Wilson looking particularly un-natural. They must have seen the change coming.

## "Marie-Odile" Again.

SOME PEOPLE have been rather exaggerating the virulence of my "attack" on "Marie-Odile." My chief point was that it was liable to annoy religious people. That I was justified is proved by letters which arrived yesterday. Here is one. I have been asked not to publish any name:—

I am sure all Catholics will feel grateful for your understanding so well how offensive "Marie-Odile" must be to us. I could not believe that such a play had really been staged.

## War And Dogma.

SIR HERBERT is a "bonny fighter," and he has his point of view. At a time like the present it seems to him—and, I dare say, to a host of other people—that mere dogma is very largely subsidiary in comparison with the tremendous issues raised by such a war. Our interviewer said yesterday (not on this page, please) that "notices of plays in this country are written by tired men." It should have read "are often written," etc. Sir Herbert's saving word is, perhaps, wisely discriminating.

## Girls And The Escalator.

THERE is one thing a woman can't do! I use the moving stairways at Oxford-circus quite often. Maybe it is a frivolous neighbourhood, but if you watch the fair ones at other centres where these joy rides are called that unpronounceable thing "Escalators," you will find no difference. Yes! there is one thing a girl cannot do. She can't step on or off a moving stairway without boisterous mirth. I wonder whether the name reminds them of osculator!

## Coyne Of The Realm—Or The Empire.

GEORGE GRAVES is collecting for the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund behind the scenes at the Empire. I believe one member of the company absent-mindedly put himself on the collection plate. This is a quick Joe Coyne on the spot.

MR. COSSIP.

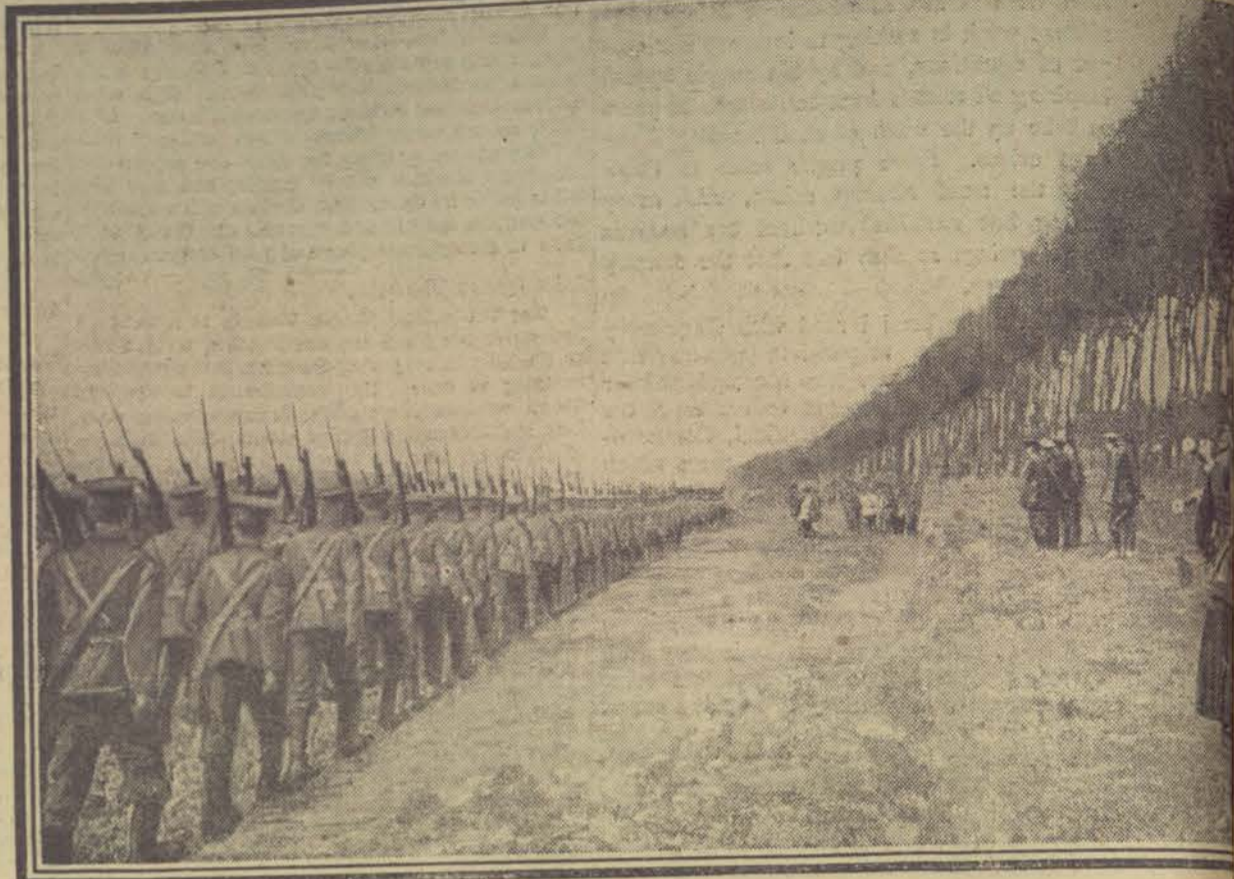


# THE FAIR AND THE BRAVE.



A pretty little helper at the party given to wounded soldiers by the Bushey Hall Golf Club. The outing was arranged by the Volunteer Motor Mobilisation Corps.

# French And Joffre Review



The British First Army who broke through the German lines between Richebourg and Festubert marching the men swung proudly past to the skirl of the bagpipes. They bore themselves like heroes.

## THOUGH BLIND, THEY STILL RETAIN THEIR LOVE FOR SPORT.



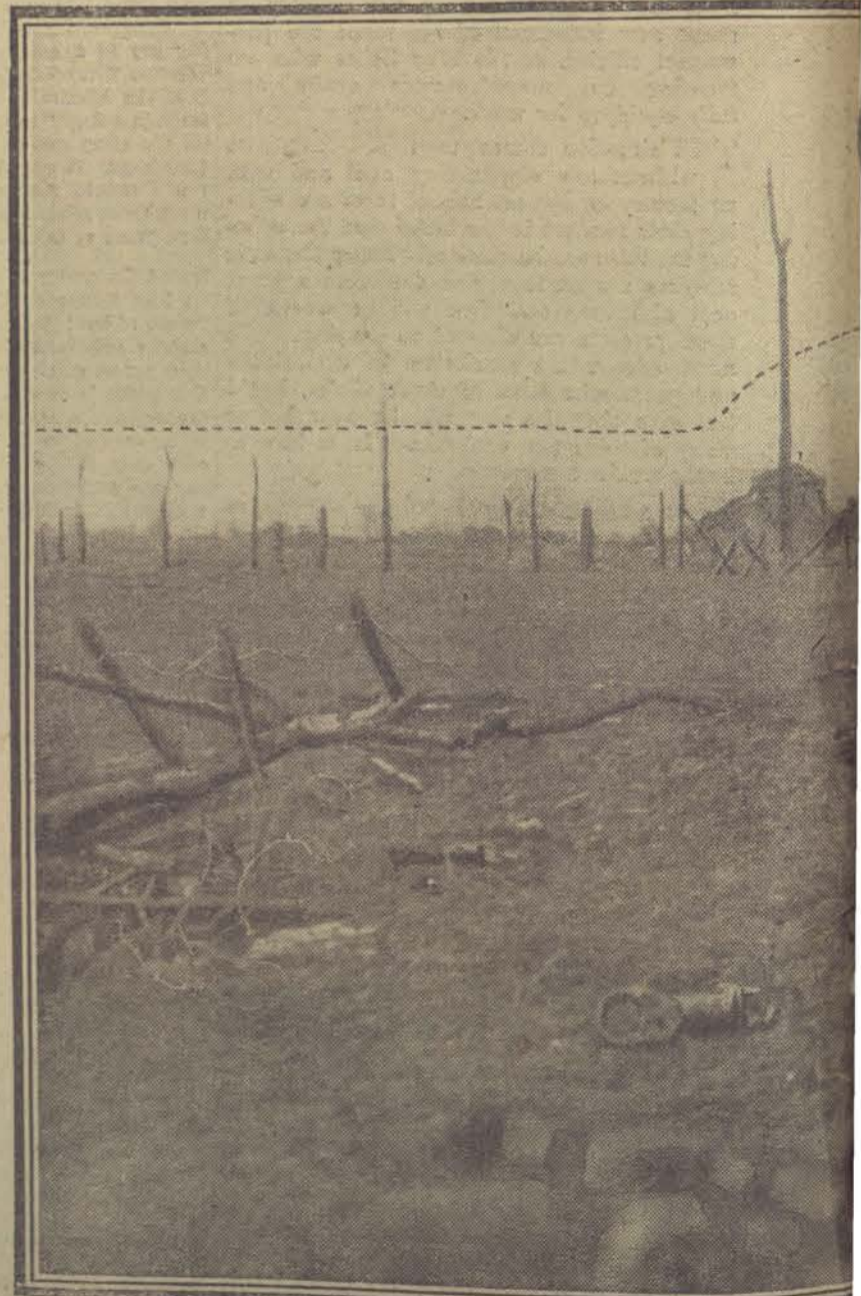
Blind soldiers from St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, are training for a boat race—four oars—with members of the Worcester College for the Blind. It will be rowed on the Thames.

## THEY ATTEND CHURCH THROUGH THE AID OF THE TELEPHONE.



Unable to attend service owing to their military duties these Guernsey militiamen followed the service at St. Peter Port Church—five miles distant—through the telephone.

## THE GERMANS HURLED THEMSELVES IN



After the battle of Neuve Chapelle. The dotted line denotes the line of British and German combatants. Only seventy yards separated the combatants. The rifle pits were attempted to break the line. But all in vain. Every charge was repulsed.

# The Heroes Of Festubert.



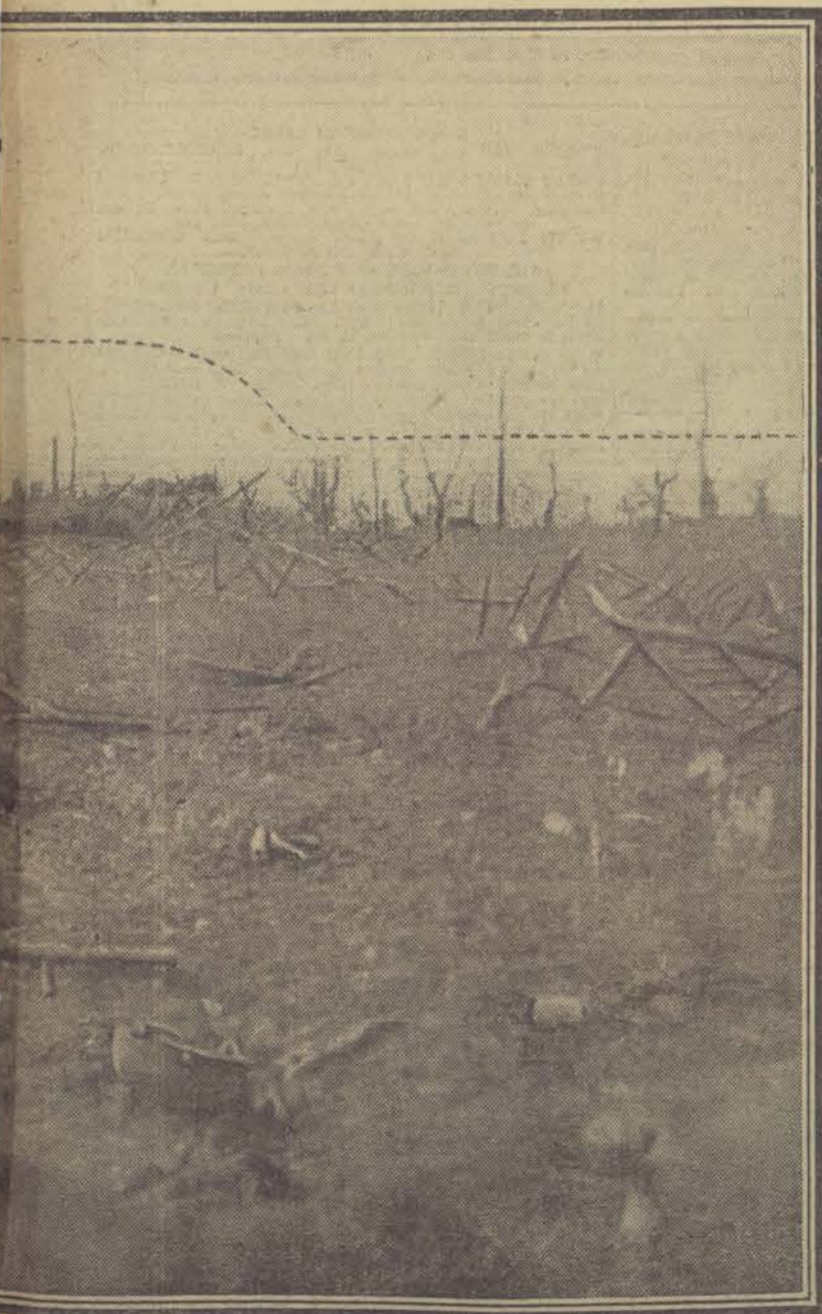
past French and Joffre after the battle. The flags of Britain and France flew at the saluting base, and for they were heroes every one.—(S. d'A Photograph, by permission of the *Illustrated London News*.)

## A RED CROSS NURSE NEST.



In the "Bluebird's Nest," a pretty place at Hampstead provided by Lady Byron for their use, Red Cross nurses find an ideal rest-house after their arduous work in France.—(*Daily Sketch Photographs*.)

## AIN AGAINST THIS BRITISH BASTION.



aches at the position known as "Port Arthur"; in the foreground is a parapet building was once a brewery. Time and again the Germans in thousands repulsed with heavy loss.—(*Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph*.)



Roses perfume the nurses' garden.



In the cosy sitting-room where comforts abound tired nurses soothe their waned strained nerves with music, books, and homely chats.

## THEY WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN SERVE BY WAITING.



The 4th Devons are among the Territorials who are serving the Empire in India. Their one regret is that they are not fighting the Germans in Flanders.





# What Women Are Doing:

Beautiful Babies Help A Hospital—Society Wedding Down East—At Sutherland House

THE variety entertainment arranged by Mr. Paul Rubens in aid of the funds of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John was a great success.

By permission of the Duchess of Marlborough the concert was held at Sutherland House, and the Duchess received the guests, looking very graceful in a gown of powder blue silk, over which she wore a surplice tunic of cream lace, banded by a loosely-tied black sash, with long falling ends. A flat black hat, trimmed with ospreys, was most becoming to her, and she wore a row of beautiful pearls.

## Smart Women And Smart Gowns.

Amongst the crowd of people there I saw the Duchess of Somerset in black and cream lace, with a black hat crowned with waving black plumes; Lady Randolph Churchill in taffetas, black-floenced, and wearing a smart turban with upstanding osprey and turquoise earrings; Lady Wernher in a mauve moiré coat and skirt and a pretty magpie hat. Lady Essex looked very well in sapphire blue, and Mrs. Loeffler wore a plum-coloured silk embroidered with pink flowers. Mrs. John Lavery, the wife of the famous painter, wore a picturesque many-floenced frock of white tulle, and a sleeveless jerkin jacket of black taffetas. The square collar was composed of the same kind of flowered ribbon which trimmed her charming white hat.

## How Does He Do It?

Some very clever artistes took part in the programme, notably Mr. Nelson Keys, who always manages to look like the people he imitates. I don't know how he does it. Mr. Fred Duprez, the American raconteur, told some good stories, Mr. Vivian Foster was most amusing as a curate and Mr. Billy Merson most droll. Mrs. Walter Rubens, who sang the aria from "La Tosca" and wore white lace, with a cluster of scarlet poinsettias in her corsage, should be specially mentioned.

## Music And Flowers.

The open-air tea matinées at the Royal Botanic Gardens, of which I told you, have proved an enormous success. The gardens are looking so very beautiful under the care of expert women gardeners that even if music couldn't lure you there the surroundings surely would. A very delightful concert was given on Thursday, at which H.H. the Rane of Sarawak played Chopin very beautifully, and the Lucas piano quartet played delightfully during tea-time.

## Women Patrols.

I accepted the Lord Mayor's invitation to the meeting of the National Union of Women Workers on the subject of women patrols at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor was unable to be present, but the Lady Mayoress, wearing black silk and a black hat trimmed with white, sat beside Mrs. Creighton, who presided. The Bishop of London and Sir Edward Henry (Chief Commissioner of Police) paid a tribute in their speeches to the excellent work done by the women patrols, of whom there are 2,000 in London, and more are wanted. Mrs. Creighton spoke, and so did Countess Ferrers, who looked well in black silk.

Others present were Lord and Lady Southwark, Lady Roxburgh, Lady Victor Seymour, Lady Thynne, Lady Pollock, Lady Coddington, Lady Proctor (in mauve), the Countess Waldegrave and the Hon. Mrs. Waldegrave, Lady Campbell, Lady Cohen, Lady Spicer, Mrs. Parker (Lord Kitchener's sister), Lady Hart, Sir Henry and Lady Craik, Mrs. H. B. Irving, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Hubbard, and quite a crowd of other well-known people. An appeal was made for more girls' clubs.

## War Club Work.

The work of the White Rose War Club is going on by leaps and bounds, and soon these clubs will be opened all over England. The White Rose League offer absolutely free a bed to any wounded officer at a nursing home at Bexhill-on-Sea. Next week will be White Rose week at the Wood Green Empire, and by the kindness of Mr. Stoll Mrs. Flora Ames will speak there each evening.

## I Didn't Back It.

I was one of the non-gamblers at Wyndham's Theatre when "Gamblers All" was presented on Wednesday evening. There was nothing

worth gambling over. The play was not worthy of such clever artistes as Gerald du Maurier, Lewis Waller, Charles French and Madge Titheradge. There were some very pretty frocks to be seen on the stage. I admired the lemon-coloured silk evening gown, veiled in flame-coloured tulle and edged with skunk, the bodice consisting of a deep belt of flame-coloured brocade kept in place on one shoulder by a strap of velvet and on the other by a skin of black and white skunk. This was worn by Miss Hilda Moore. Miss Titheradge has a pretty evening gown of shell-pink tulle and silver in the same scene, but why does this little lady attire herself on Christmas morning in a spotted taffeta gown? Taffetas are as summer-like as white muslins, and should only be worn on summer days.

Celebrities I noticed were Lady Arthur Paget, in black and very beautiful pearls; Sir Squire Bancroft, "Marie-Odile's" husband, Mr. Val Princep and Miss Titheradge's husband were in the stalls, and I also met Miss Isabel Jay with her husband and their daughter, whose hair was tied with chocolate box blue bows. Mrs. Gerald du Maurier with Miss Sybil Carlisle were together in the first-tier box.

## "Autumn."

Eleanor, who was at Miss Vacani's party at the Savoy on Thursday, in aid of the Royal Waterloo Children's Hospital, tells me what a great success it was. The programme given was a selection of most fascinating dances and songs by Miss Vacani's pupils. The "Fairy Babies' Ballet" and the babies' singing and acting of "Tipperary" were the most delightful things she had seen for some time. In the "Ballet of the Seasons" Lady Peggy Hay— isn't she sweet?—made a charming "Autumn." Many friends congratulated Lord and Lady Kinnoull on their little daughter's graceful dancing. Lady Clonmell's daughters, the Ladies Moira and Sheila Scott, looked very sweet in their fairy frocks. Amongst the interested parents and friends present were Lord and Lady Scott, Lady Baring, Lady Swaythling, and Mrs. Patrick de Bathe. The funds of the hospital must have certainly benefited by this most entertaining afternoon.

## Is She A Special Constable-ess?

In one of the morning papers to-day there is an announcement of the Réjane Matinée at the Haymarket on Tuesday, at which Queen Alexandra will be present, and I see it announces that among the distinguished artistes will be "Mme. George Robey."

## An Unusual Church.

The wedding of the Hon. Alethea Gardner, a very pretty girl with glossy hair and blue-grey eyes, with Mr. Geoffrey Fry will take place on the 30th at an unusual church for a Society wedding, that of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

Talking to the bride the other day, I asked the reason for the choice of this church, and she confessed she hardly knew, unless it was that her fiancé has been working very hard on war relief work in the Limehouse district which is, of course, further East.

Mr. Fry is a barrister, and the son of Mr. Francis Fry, a former Sheriff of Bristol and of Somerset. His sister, Miss Norah Fry, is being married quietly in London to-day to Mr. Joseph Cooke Hurlie, of Brisington Hill, High Sheriff of Somerset, 1914.

To return to Miss Gardner's wedding, it is at present arranged that she will be followed by two little children, the same who attended her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Hope Morley, at her Westminster Abbey wedding in December last. You will remember that Princess Mary, who is a personal friend of Lord Burghclere's daughters, was present.

## It Was A Busy Day.

Madeline, who is one of the orderlies at the Women's Hospital for Children, Harrow-road, begged me to be present at the annual Court held at the Kensington Town Hall on Thursday, and I was very glad I was able to say "Yes" and be there to hear the Countess Brassey, their

president, make the opening speech. She was presented with a lovely bouquet of red and white roses by Miss Diana Anderson, niece of Dr. Garrett-Anderson. Other speakers were Lady Hall, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Dr. L. Garrett-Anderson, and Dr. Flora Murray. The two latter are in charge of the military hospital in Endell-street. I had the pleasure of having a few words with Dr. Macredy, who is doing duty at the Women's Hospital for Children while Dr. Garrett-Anderson and Dr. Murray are away. The uniform worn by the orderlies is a particularly neat khaki skirt and tunic, and small toque with veil to match.

## That Wonderful Hair.

I want to see Miss Margaret Halstan at the Pavilion on Tuesday afternoon. She is appearing in "The Great Look," with Nigel Playfair and Edwin Irwin, in aid of the War Distress Fund. I have always thought of Miss Halstan as the red-haired girl, in which part she played so admirably in "The Light That Failed," possessing not only a charming manner, but superb red gold hair.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN. (Hoppe.)

## Women Doctors.

A very interesting lecture will take place on Thursday at the French Institute, Marble Arch House, at 5.30, when Dr. Lipinska, laureate of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, will speak on "Women Doctors in Poland." Dr. Lipinska is a brilliant Polish lady, a doctor of medicine and authoress, whose work has been crowned by the French Academy. Since becoming blind three years ago she has been obliged to devote herself more to lecturing than to the practice of medicine.

## My Needlework Competition.

"I suppose your competitors number some hundreds by this time?" writes a correspondent this week.

For her enlightenment and that of my other readers I will let you into a secret. Not hundreds, but thousands—and applications still come pouring in. As the Walrus remarked: "And thick and fast, they came at last and more and more and more." Not only from Great Britain and Ireland, residents in Canada, India, South Africa, the Malay Straits, the Channel Isles, France, and Italy will all be represented in the great exhibition and sale of work which will take place in December.

Do not get slack on account of what I have told you. I want all my readers to help. You who have already entered get your friends to join in the good work. There is room for all, classes for all, prizes for the most skilful. You may be one of the winners, but this should be, as I am sure it is, of less importance to you than the knowledge that you are helping to alleviate the sufferings of our brave soldiers who are laying down their lives for us. Let us all do our little bit for them, and into every stitch we work let us breathe a thought of love and gratitude and a prayer for their safe return.

All who wish to enter must send a large stamped and self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full particulars and an entrance form.

MRS. GOSSIP.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOLLY BOTHAM (Leytonstone).—Better write to Lady Amthill, Devonshire House, Piccadilly.  
E. O. POTTER (Icklesham).—What you ask is quite beyond my power. I am very sorry for you, but you are fortunate in being in such a lovely spot. I should love some flowers; thank you very much.  
J. EVANS (Salford).—Certainly. You cannot do better. Join at once.  
A READER (Piccadilly).—Thank you; I am so pleased to have been a help to you.  
ANXIOUS ONE (Manchester).—Write to the British Red Cross, 83, Pall Mall, S.W.  
Mrs. BROWN (Notting Hill).—I am sorry I cannot give private addresses.  
E. POOLE (Deptford).—Try the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.  
"INCURABLE INVALID."—I am very sorry for you. I will do my best to find a hospital for you.  
R. WINDSOR (Wanstead).—I am very sorry I cannot help you.

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## CAPTAIN-COOK'S CONFESSION.

Threatened With Death If He Lied, He Admitted He Was A German.

MADRID, Thursday. According to further information from Algeciras, the captain of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich obtained the post of cook on an Italian steamer bound for Genoa, and performed the duties on the voyage from America. He thought when he reached Italy he would be able to get to Germany. In consequence of information received the English boarded the ship and questioned him. He pretended to be an Italian, but when threatened that he would be shot if he continued to lie he acknowledged that he was a German.—Reuter.

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# "A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

By the Baroness Orczy, Author of  
"The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The  
Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will  
Repay," "Beau Brocade," etc.

## Too Proud To Lie.

She could not—she would not believe it all true—not in the way that Klara had put it before her, with all its horrible details of callousness and cowardice. For more years than she could remember she had loved and trusted Andor—she had known his simple, loyal nature, his kind and gentle ways—a few spiteful words from a jealous woman were not likely to tear down in a moment the solid edifice of her affection and her confidence. True! his silence had told her something that was a bitter truth; his passionate rage against Klara had been like a cruel stab right into her heart—but even then she wanted the confirmation which could only come from his own lips—and for this she waited when she asked him, quite simply, altogether trustingly:—

"It is not true, is it?"  
Nor did it occur to Andor to lie to her about it all; the thought of denial never for one moment entered his head. The fatalism peculiar to this Oriental race made the man scorn to shield himself behind a lie. Béla was now for ever silent; the young Count would scorn to speak! His own protestations in the ear of this loving, simple-minded girl against the accusations of a woman of the despised race—jealous, bitter, avowedly half-crazy—needed only to be uttered in order to be wholeheartedly believed. But even the temptation to pursue such a course never assailed his soul. With the limitless sky above him, the vast immensity of the plains stretching out unbroken far away, with the land under his feet and the scent of the maize-stubble in his nostrils, he was too proud of himself as a man to stoop to such a lie.

So when Elsa spoke to him and asked him that one straight and firm question, he raised his head and looked straight into her tear-dimmed eyes.

"What, Elsa?" he asked quietly.  
"That you let Béla go to his death—just like that—as Klara said . . . that is not true, is it?"  
And as she returned his look—fearlessly and trustfully—she knew that the question which she had thus put to him was really an affirmation of what she felt must be the truth. But already Andor had raised his voice in hot and passionate protest.

## "I Did It Because Of You."

"He was a brute to you, Elsa," he affirmed with all the strength of his manhood, the power of his love, which, in spite of all, would not believe in its own misery. "He would have made you wretchedly unhappy . . . he . . ."

"You did do it, then?" she broke in quietly.  
"I did it because of you, Elsa," he cried, and his own firm voice was now half-choked with sobs. "He made you unhappy even though you were not yet bound to him by marriage. Once you were his wife he would have made you miserable . . . he would have bullied you . . . beaten you, perhaps. I heard him out under the verandah speaking to you like the sneering brute that he was . . . And then he kissed you . . . and I . . . But even then I didn't give him the key . . . Klara lied when she said that. I didn't urge him to take it, even—I did not speak about the key. It was lying on the table where I had put it—he took it up—I did not give it him."

"But you let him take it. You knew that he meant to visit Klara, and that Leopold was on the watch outside. Yet you let him go . . ."

"I let him go . . . I was nearly mad then with rage at the way he had treated you all day . . ."

His taking that key was a last insult put upon you on the eve of your wedding day . . . The thought of it got into my blood like fire, when I saw his cruel leer and heard his sneers . . . Later on, I thought better of it . . . calmer thoughts had got into my brain . . . reason, sober sense . . . I had gone back to the presbytery, and meant to go to bed—I went out, I swear it by God that I went out prepared to warn him, to help him if I could. The whole village was deserted, it was the hour of supper at the barn. I heard the church clock strike the half-hour after ten. I worked my way round to the back of Goldstein's house and in the yard I saw Béla lying—dead."

"And you might have raised a finger to save him at first . . . and you didn't do it."

"Not at first . . . and after that it was too late . . ."

"You have done a big, big wrong, Andor," she said slowly.

## "The Will Of God."

"Wrong!" he cried, whilst once more the old spirit of defiance fired him—the burning love in him, the wrath at seeing her unhappy. "Wrong! Because I did not prevent one miserable brute being put out of the way of doing further harm? By the living God, Elsa, I do not believe that it was wrong. I didn't send him to his death, I did not see or speak to Leopold Hirsch, I merely let Fate or God Himself work His way with him. I did not say a word to him that might have induced him to take that key. He picked it up from the table, and every evil thought came into his head then and there. He didn't even care about Klara and a silly, swaggering flirtation with her, he only wanted to insult you, to shame you, to show you that he was the master—and meant to have his

put all his heart, all his feelings into that passionate appeal. He did not believe that he had done wrong, he had not on his soul the sense of the brand of Cain. Rough, untutored, a son of the soil, he saw no harm in sweeping out of the way a noisome creature who spreads evil and misery. And Elsa's was also a simple and untutored soul, even though in her calmer temperament the wilder passions of men had found no echo. True and steadfast in love, her mind was too simple to grasp at sophistry, to argue about right or wrong; her feelings were her guide, and even while Andor—burning with love and impatience—argued and clung desperately to his own point of view, she felt only the desire to comfort and to succour—above all, to love—she was just a girl—Andor's sweetheart and not his judge. God alone was that! God would punish if He so desired—indeed, He had punished already, for never had such sorrow descended on Andor's heart before, of that she felt quite sure.

## Peace At Last.

He became quite calm after a while. Even his passion seemed to have died down under the weight of this immense sorrow.

And the peace which comes from the plains when they are wrapped in the darkness of the night descended on the humble peasant-girl's soul; she saw things as they really were, not as men's turbulent desires would have them be—above all, not as a woman's idealism would picture them.

She no longer had the desire to run away—and if the distant, unknown land was to wrap and enfold her out of the ken of this real, cruel world, then it should enfold her and Andor together, and her love would wrap him and comfort him too.

So now—when he had finished speaking, when his

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way in all things. . . . And this he did because—bar his pride in your beauty—he really hated you and meant to treat you ill. He meant to harm you, Elsa—my own dear dove . . . my angel from heaven . . . for whom I would have died, and would die to-day, if my death could bring you happiness. . . . I let him go and Leopold Hirsch killed him. . . . If he had lived, he would have made your life one long misery. . . . Was it my fault that Leopold Hirsch killed him—killed him at the moment when he was trying to do you as great harm as he could? By God, Elsa, I swear that I don't believe it was my fault . . . it was the will of God—God would not punish me for not interfering with His will. . . . Why, it wouldn't be justice, Elsa . . . it wouldn't be justice."

His voice broke in one agonised sob. He had

fervent appeal to God and to her had died down on his quivering lips—she came close up to him and placed her small, cool hand upon his arm.

"Andor," she said gently; and her voice shook and was almost undistinguishable from the sweet, soft sounds that filled the limitless plain, "I am only an ignorant peasant girl—you and I are only like children, of course, beside the clever people who can argue about such things. But this I do know, that there is no sin in the world so great but it can be blotted out and forgiven. You may have done a big, big wrong, Andor—or perhaps you are not much to blame . . . I don't know how that is . . . Pater Bonifacius will tell you, no doubt, when next you make your confession to him. . . . But I am too ignorant to understand . . . the plains have taught me all I know . . . and . . . and . . . I shall always love you, Andor . . . and not judge what you have done . . . God will do that . . . I can only love you. . . . That is all!"

Her voice died away in the sighing of the wind. For a moment or two he stood beside her—not daring to speak—or to move—or to take that cool, little white hand in his and kiss it—for now she seemed to him more pure than she had ever been—almost holy—like a saint—hallowed by the perfect selflessness of her love.

And as he stood beside her—with head bent and throat choked with sobs of infinite happiness—the darkness of the night fell wholly upon the plain. Nothing around but just this darkness, filled with all the sounds of hidden, pulsating life; overhead the clouds chased one another ceaselessly and restlessly, and from far away the dull murmur of the water came as a faint and rumbling echo.

## The Hidden Land.

Andor could no longer see Elsa now, not even her silhouette; but her hand was still on his arm, and he felt the nearness of her presence, and knew that henceforth, throughout the years that were to come, a happiness such as he had never even dared to dream of would be his and hers too, until the day when they would leave the beautiful, mysterious plains for that hidden land beyond the glowing horizon, beyond the rosy dawn and the crimson sunset.

Andor slowly fell on his knees and pressed his burning lips on the small, white hand. Just then in the east there was a rent in the clouds, a lining of silver appeared behind the darkness; the rent became wider and ever wider; the silver turned to lemon-gold, and at last, majestically, the waning moon—honey-coloured and brilliant—emerged triumphantly, queening it over the plain.

The silvery radiance lit up the vast, silent expanse of nothingness, the huge dome of the sky, the limitless area of stubble and stumps of hemp and dead sunflowers, and where the mysteries of the earth merged in those of the sky—it touched with its subtle radiance that unknown land on the horizon, far away, which no child of the plain has ever reached as yet.

And from the distant village came softly sounding the tinkle of the church bell, tolling for evening prayer.

Hand in hand, Andor and Elsa wandered back to the village—together—hand in hand with memory—hand in hand in never-fading love and understanding and simple trust—hand in hand upon the bosom of the illimitable plain.

THE END.

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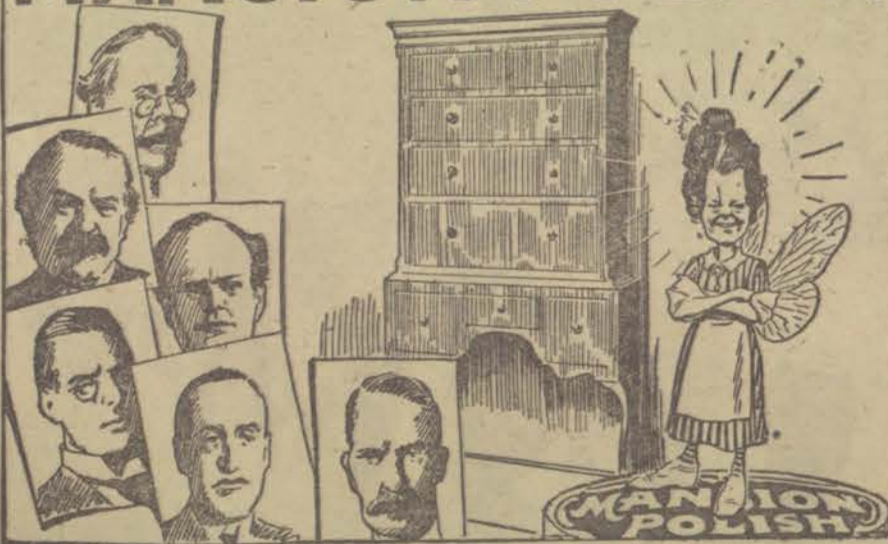
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More photographs of Empire Day in London. Some of the children brought pennies for the funds for British soldiers and sailors. They did not realise the meaning of the terrible casualty lists, but they knew what their mothers had told them of the great war. And many of them had cried o' nights for the father, or the brother, who had finished his bit in France.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)