

FIRST FULL STORY OF THE DUBLIN INSURRECTION.

# DAILY SKETCH.

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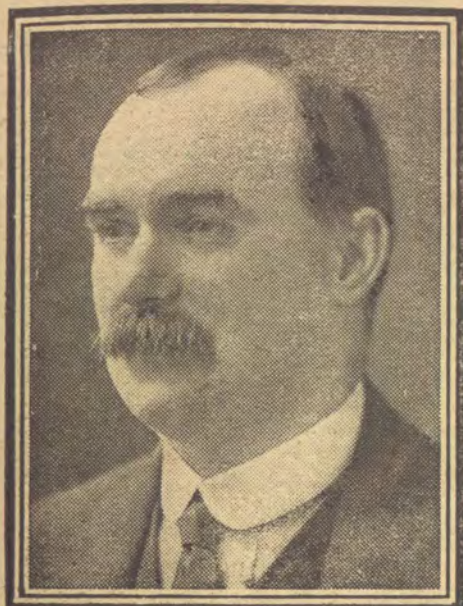
LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

## IRISH REBELS' LEADER.

## THE ATTACK ON BRITISH FRONT.

The Gallant Bedfords who raided the German trenches and bombed the enemy in their dug-outs.



James Connolly, Jim Larkin's lieutenant, now the self-styled Commander-in-Chief of the Irish rebels.



Some of the Bedfords—the lads who made a successful raid near Carnoy, rushing the German trenches and routing the enemy with heavy losses after fierce hand-to-hand fighting—photographed at the front. One of them is seen keeping a close look-out over No Man's Land.—(Photograph exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

## FLAG-SHIP SUNK.



Rear-Admiral Sydney R. Fremantle, M.V.O., whose flagship, H.M.S. Russell, has been sunk. He is among the survivors.



Captain Bowden-Smith.



Fleet-Surg. W. R. Center. Lieut. R. E. Jeffreys. Lieut. H. E. Raymond. Commander F. E. Garforth. Lt.-Com. J. Cunningham

Some of the officers saved from the Russell. Admiral Fremantle has not left his post since the outbreak of war.

An official message from the Admiralty states; "H.M.S. Russell (Capt. Wm. Bowden-Smith, R.N.) flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Fremantle, struck a mine in the Mediterranean yesterday and sank. The Admiral, Captain, and 24 officers and 676 men were saved, and there are about 124 officers and men missing.



# DUBLIN REBELS RINGED IN BY GOVERNMENT FORCES.

## INSURGENTS FIGHTING BEHIND BARRICADES.

### Dublin Houses Converted Into Miniature Forts By The Sinn Feiners.

#### SHARP FIGHTING IN THE CITY.

#### Rumbling Of The Guns Heard In The Surrounding Districts: Communications Cut By Cordon Of Troops.

#### REBELS' REMARKABLY EFFICIENT ORGANISATION.

#### Vain Efforts Of The Catholic Clergy To Reason With Fanatical Youths; Misguided Patriots Believe By Injuring England They Help Ireland.

#### LORD FRENCH'S SATISFACTORY REPORT.

An official statement on the military position in Dublin by the Field-Marshal commanding the Home Forces (Lord French of Ypres) appears in column 4.

In the following graphic message the *Daily Sketch* special correspondent tells the first full story of the eventful happenings in the Irish capital. A stubborn resistance is still being offered by the fanatical rebels, but there is evidence that stern measures for dealing with them are in operation and that their complete defeat is only a matter of time. Progress in street fighting is tortuous if the destruction of property is to be avoided, and it is possible that such nice considerations will have to be waived before the insurgents are finally overwhelmed, as they inevitably will be.

#### From Our Special Correspondent.

Thursday Morning.

Very much sterner measures have been adopted within the last twenty-four hours to stamp out the rebellion in Dublin. These include, primarily, a bigger concentration of troops, with a number of guns—several batteries being mentioned—and the menacing shape of a gunboat in the bay. Entrance to the city has been denied throughout to-day to all except those possessing special permits issued by the authorities, and sentries have been placed upon all the roads leading into Dublin.

From various of these points, however, it has been possible during the morning to hear the sounds of firing in the city, and it would seem as if considerable progress must have been made since daybreak in the reduction of the rebels' strongholds.

#### ARTILLERY NECESSARY.

Fresh fires have also been observed, and it is evident that the strongest measures are being taken to quash the rebellion, even though the destruction of certain property in which the Sinn Feiners have established themselves and turned into miniature forts may be involved. Indeed, so strongly have the rebels barricaded themselves in most of these shelters that artillery bombardment, much as it may be regretted on the score of material damage, seems the quickest and most feasible way of defeating them without incurring the risk of too heavy losses upon the attacking forces of the Crown.

Protected in the windows of the Post Office by breastworks of mail-bags, and in other places by piled-up mattresses, the rebels have had ample protection from rifle fire themselves, and plenty of opportunities for sniping, of which they have taken advantage.

The cannonading which has been going on intermittently to-day must, it is considered, in the absence of definite news of results, have considerably weakened the resistance of the insurgents.

#### AN EERIE SENSATION.

It was an eerie sensation to stand upon the road about two miles outside Dublin this morning, with the smiling, peaceful countryside on the one hand and the calm waters of Dublin Bay upon the other, while in front was the growling of guns. It scarcely seemed a reality that British guns should be turned against traitors at home at a time when all our efforts are so much needed elsewhere, and that in front yonder were fanatics firing from behind barricades upon British uniforms.

Seeming in the clear air but a stone's throw distant, yet cut off from the peaceful country around by a mad outburst of anarchy, lay Dublin, where, as if the war were not enough with us, traitors must give us war within our streets.

But saddest of all was the thought that Irishmen were disgracing a name that thousands of other Irishmen have lately made so much more

glorious, and that Ireland must mourn for the things that Irishmen are doing to-day.

What precisely is happening within the cordon of troops drawn round the centre of the city cannot be told with accuracy from outside, but the statements of people coming out of various parts of the city throw some further light both on the nature of the struggle which is proceeding and upon the manner in which the rising was planned and organised beforehand.

#### FATE OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

At the time of writing—unless the soldiers have made more progress than is at present known—the rebels are in possession of, in addition to the buildings which have already been publicly named, Messrs. Jacobs's biscuit factory. They also hold the offices of the "Daily Express" and "Evening Mail" and, as the "Freeman's Journal" has not been published since Monday and its offices are close to the Post Office, it is feared that the Sinn Feiners hold it also. The only Dublin newspaper still being published is the "Irish Times."

The rebels, in addition to seizing large buildings, had also taken possession of a number of corner houses dominating the converging points of various streets, and as the soldiers marched past those points in order to take up their positions they were subjected to rifle fire.

#### REBELS WELL ORGANISED.

The organisation of the rising is remarkable, and the reflection cannot be escaped that the ability shown in connection with it might have been of value to the Empire had it been directed against the Germans, who are the enemies of Ireland as well as of England. With the greatest secrecy and with no outward demonstration the members of the Sinn Fein organisation in Dublin and the surrounding district quietly gathered together during the week-end.

I was told by a Catholic priest to-day that many young fellows from the neighbouring villages had no knowledge of the real reason why they were being summoned to Dublin. They went in on the Sunday, believing it was merely for some sort of parade, and blindly obeyed the orders of the organisation.

This, of course, could not apply to the bulk of those who have taken up arms against the State. Many of these are known for fanatical men.

#### SAVED BY VIGILANT SENTRY.

The organisation had indeed laid its plans carefully, insane and criminal though the traitorous purpose was, and it appears to have followed a prearranged programme fairly closely. The attempts upon Dublin Castle were abortive—in the former case the first essay having been frustrated by the vigilance and presence of mind of a sentry—but the element of surprise in their calculations served them well in other directions. As an example of their thoroughness they even provided their own ambulance unit.

In St. Stephen's Green they commandeered passing motor-cars to construct a street barricade; while it is stated that ammunition was conveyed into Messrs. Jacobs's factory in boxes labelled "margarine."

#### REBELS IN THOUSANDS.

Reports are current with regard to the character of the street fighting. Without accepting these at their face value, it is obvious that under such conditions in a period covering the best part of four days there must have been casualties, whose exact number or even general extent it may be yet impossible to discover. Certainly, the casualties on the side of the rebels will be very difficult to compute.

Probably the actual number of rebels concerned in the rising cannot be exactly known, but it must reach some thousands.

It is believed that several soldiers and some civilians were killed outright by shots from the shelter of houses.

There is ground for believing that by yesterday morning the military authorities had not merely fully gauged the dimensions of their task, but had at their disposal all the resources for successfully completing it.

#### THEY REALISE NOW.

Men, guns, and ammunition had been sent to Dublin during the night and early morning, and the besieged Sinn Feiners must yesterday have realised their plight. It was a formidable display of military strength with which they were confronted yesterday morning—not just detachments of men exposed in the streets to the rifle fire of hidden foes.

It is pointed out by military observers of the situation that if the rebels maintain their stubbornness without weakening and capitulating in face of the odds that are mounting against them, the dislodgment of them from one stronghold after another must necessarily take time, however firmly the soldiers may be in control of the general situation.

The great hope, therefore, is for a speedy finish, with as little damage to the city as possible.

With reference to the facts and the rumours as to trouble in other districts, little is known on the south side of Dublin of events on the north, by reason of the interruption of communications.

#### FRENZIED PATRIOTS.

Latest reports from Cork confirm the original official statement that all was quiet in that vicinity.

I had a chat yesterday with a young Irishman who apparently possessed some sympathies with the Sinn Fein movement, but was very much upset by this latest development. He said he had come into contact with many members of the organisation while at college, and a considerable number of those in the movement were very young men, he said, scores of them mere boys.

"They are filled with a conviction, passionate enough to amount to a mania, that the only way to help Ireland is to injure England. They are genuinely ready to die for Ireland, and when they fall behind the barricades in Dublin they will think they have done it. They cannot see how much they are harming Ireland."

#### NO ESCAPE FOR FUGITIVES.

Later.

When the boat left Kingstown for Holyhead special precautions were taken by the military and police, presumably with a view to preventing the escape of any fugitives. The passengers were lined up in two ranks on deck, and required to give names, particulars of destination, etc.

I learn that on the first day of the revolt many of the Catholic clergy endeavoured to use their influence with the rebels in Dublin, with a view to preventing an outbreak of hostilities. Their efforts, however, were fruitless.

#### REBELS' FIRST BLOW.

#### Women In Uniform Carry Bandoliers Full Of Cartridges.

BELFAST, Tuesday.

The Belfast *Irish Daily Telegraph* says:—From the innumerable rumours of the most diverse nature one fact emerges clearly, namely, that from about midday on Monday a state of bloodshed prevailed in the city of Dublin.

An authentic eyewitness states that just as the clock struck 12—evidently the moment fixed upon as a pre-arranged signal—men dashed to an empty shop in Dame-street, where a supply of rifles with fixed bayonets attached had been stored. The windows of the shop were quickly broken in, and the rifles, with bandoliers of ammunition, were handed out with great rapidity.

(Continued on page 10.)

#### 5 a.m. Edition.

### LORD FRENCH'S REPORT ON THE RISING.

#### Considerable Damage Caused By Fires In Dublin.

#### PROVINCIAL OUTBREAKS.

#### Disturbances Local In Character: Most Of Ireland Normal.

### SITUATION WELL IN HAND IN THE CAPITAL.

From the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the Home Forces.

Friday, Midnight.

The military operations for the suppression of the rebellion in Dublin are proceeding satisfactorily.

What may be described as the organised forces of the rebels are confined to a few localities, the principal one being the Sackville-street district, in which the rebels' headquarters appear to be the General Post Office.

The cordon of troops round this district has been drawn closer, and the rebels in this locality appear now to be confined behind the line of their barricades.

#### SNIPING FROM HOUSES.

Sniping from houses in which small parties of the rebels have established themselves in various parts of the city still continues.

The district where this is most prevalent is that to the north-west of the Four Courts, which is still in possession of the rebels.

The clearance of the snipers is a matter of time.

Considerable damage was caused by fires on Thursday, and a large fire is still burning in Sackville-street.

#### GALWAY AND WEXFORD.

In other parts of Ireland the principal centres of disturbance are the County Galway and in Enniscorthy (County Wexford).

Disturbances have also been reported at Killarney, Clonmel, and Gorey.

Other parts of Ireland appear to be normal.

The general trend of the reports received indicates that the disturbances are local in character.

#### REBELS BOMBED OUT.

#### Liberty Hall Reported Destroyed By Gunfire From A Boat On The Liffey.

A Kingstown correspondent, writing on Wednesday, said:—

A body of troops this morning proceeded to Dublin. Just outside the city boundary they met with some sniping from private houses on the main road where Sinn Fein Volunteers had been lodged since Monday.

The military quickly took possession of these points and proceeded to Dublin.

It was reported here that the body of Volunteers holding St. Stephen's Green had been bombed and driven out, and about 400 taken prisoners.

Liberty Hall, the centre of the activities of James Larkin, the Socialist agitator, which was held by armed men, has been destroyed by gunfire from a boat on the river Liffey.

It is impossible to get into the city from here, but so far as one can hear the city is under the control of the authorities.

#### A REDMOND-CARSON MANIFESTO.

A joint manifesto by Mr. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson on the Irish outbreak is anticipated.

(British and French Official Reports of War on the Western Front on Page 10.)

PAT AND HIS MOTHER.



Mrs. Mervyn Beech, or, as she is better known, Stella Campbell, and her little son Pat.—(Bassano.)



Mrs. James Cecil Arthur, the wife of Captain J. C. Arthur, Ayrshire Yeomanry. Captain Arthur is the heir of Sir Matthew Arthur, Bt., one of Glasgow's most prominent citizens. (Va! L'Estrange.)

HAS NOT SEEN FATHER



Mrs. W. Marshall Dugdale and her baby girl. Major Marshall Dugdale, Montgomeryshire Yeomanry, has not seen his little daughter yet. He is at the front. —(Val L'Estrange.)



H. S. Harwood, Royal Flying Corps, has been awarded the Albert Medal for bravery during air raids at the front.

FOR THE SPORTING WOMAN.



This American costume is specially designed for the sporting girl. It is easy fitting and allows of plenty of freedom for the limbs.—(Underwood.)

TOMMY THINKS OF HIS DEAD COMRADES.



Tommy has a thought for his dead comrades. He frequently buys flowers from the French flower-sellers to put on their graves.

HAPPY ANZAC INVALIDS.



A happy group of Anzac invalids in a hospital garden at Cairo. (Standing): Quartermr.-Sgt. Rattray Wood, Sgt. W. E. Tarnley, Quartermaster-Sergeant Shaw; (sitting): Sergeant Varlow and Sergeant Straker.

LITTLE JUNE.



Little Miss June figures prominently in the Royal Academy this year, where there is a charming study of her.—(Bertram Park.)

MAKE THEM OUTLAWS!

Judge Parry's Plan For Dealing With Conscientious Objectors.

His Honour Judge Parry, who has presided over one of the Tribunals, and knows the class of men who came before them, makes a striking suggestion in an article in to-morrow's "Sunday Chronicle."

He asks for the revival of outlawry for those who refuse to serve the State, and in a telling argument leads up to the remorseless conclusion that the citizen who refuses to do his duty to the State should be barred from the Protection which his fellow-citizens are always rendering him.

SHOULD OUTLAWRY BE REVIVED?

Read Judge Parry's Article in the

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE."

1d. All Newsagents. 1d.

ARE YOU SHORT?



If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Davies 3 1/2 inches; Mr. Lindon 5 inches; Driver E. F. 3 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, figure and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and my £100 guarantee. ARTHUR GIVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height. (Dept. D.S.), 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

IT'S A MOTHER'S DUTY

to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any abdominal complaint send now for my (FULLY ILLUSTRATED) Free Booklet. It contains priceless information on all Women's ailments, and will be sent on receipt of 2/6d. It also explains, with the aid of illustrations, how I cure Ruptures of all kinds, Displacement, Internal Weakness, etc., WITHOUT OPERATIONS OR INTERNAL INSTRUMENTS—the latter cause Cancers and Tumours, and should be avoided at all costs. Write to-day to MRS. CLARA E. SLATER, Dept. G 22, Belgrano, Finsbury Park, London, N.



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A HERO—AND A MORAL.

IN a little Soho restaurant, as modest in appearance as it is excellent in quality of food and cooking, and in civility—nay, kindness of service—there is a waiter. No uncommon thing, you will say, in a restaurant. Well, I might be prepared to argue that point, but I won't. Anyhow, this is a waiter among waiters. I will tell you why. THE other day I noticed he wore a shield over his left eye. I asked him what was the matter. It appeared that his glass eye had not fitted properly and had begun to hurt him; he was to have another. That was all he told me.

BUT the other night I noticed my waiter showing an acquaintance a medal in a leathern case. Even then, foolishly enough, I did not clearly understand; but a vague suspicion of the truth caused me to ask for a look at the medal. It was a very handsome medal, and, after admiring it, I asked was it my friend, the waiter's. He nodded. HE had got it the day before. "One sent me a note," he told me. "I went up to the Embassy, and they hand me this." He stroked the medal with a loving gesture.

WEDGED in the back of the case was a paper. I took it out and read this:—  
THE Military Medal has been awarded to the undermentioned soldier:—

No. 8755, Sergeant of the . . . . Company of the . . . . regiment of infantry. A model N.C.O., volunteering constantly for the most dangerous missions. On the 29th May, 1915, bore himself most courageously in an attack on the German trenches and was dangerously wounded. Suffered the loss of the left eye. (Signed) General Joffre.

I LOOKED at my sergeant, standing quietly at my side in his white apron, with the shield over his left eye; and in my own eyes there were tears. As I folded the paper and put it back in its place I saw my brave in the trenches with the shells bursting round him; I saw him in that attack, calm and exultant, driving the Germans back. . . . and now he was here serving odds and ends of civilians with bouillon and roast!

HE is not quite twenty-five—married to an Englishwoman, has a little girl. He was just finishing his two years' service when the war broke out. So he was sent straight away to the front. Was in the first terrible and glorious retreat, was in the Battle of the Marne, helped to drive the Germans back to the Aisne, was at La Bassée, turn and turn about in the trenches with an English battalion, was at St. Eloi.

NOW that was all over. All that was left of it was that blinded eye, that medal, that order of the day, and £40 a year.

WERE there no regrets? Not one! I am sure. He has done his duty to la patrie. She has honoured him. Is not that enough? He is a merry fellow, always up to his joke, but very respectful, very active and prompt in service. And, as it happens, he is a hero. I WONDER! Do conscientious objectors ever come to dine at my restaurant? Do they bustle the sergeant about and grumble when the coffee is cold? Do some of our attested married men who would rather not fight discuss their plans of inaction before this married man with that glorious, pitiful badge of service over his left eye?

HE went back to France to do his service, he served, he was wounded, he came back, they sent him a note that he was to fetch his medal. How simple it is!

AH, my friend! you cannot understand all this squabble over who shall fight. To fight for one's country, you would say, is it not the proper thing to do?

THANK God that most of us have been of your opinion. You agree, I think, that we have done well. I confide to you my hope that we shall do even better, and that scarcely a man of military age will hold back.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



# Echoes of the Town.

Pictures and People at The Academy—  
Recruiting Tangle and Ireland—  
A Weather Guide.



## Merely A Matter Of Time.

WELL, REALLY—. After consideration of the recruiting crisis so minute that the Government appears to have had no time to attend to the small matter of Ireland, a compromise was arrived at, and the country was saved. Now we have had the first-fruits of the compromise in the shape of a Bill not so much rejected as kicked out of the House. So that all the business of a fortnight, the secret session, the long Cabinet meetings, the sound and fury have gone for nothing. There was a time when Cabinets took the trouble to find out by well-recognised means what would be the attitude at least of their supporters to legislation proposed. General compulsion is now only a matter of time—and not much time.

## Why Wait?

SIMULTANEOUSLY we are told that the Labour people are starting a new great recruiting rally, and that the group system is finally closed, which does not seem the happier conjunction. Few people believe that there is the smallest prospect of getting 50,000 volunteers in a month, and well-informed Labour seems prepared at last for compulsion. Then why wait?

## Joe Devlin.

WHAT HAS happened to Joe Devlin? He is a Nationalist member who is not seen much about in town in these days. In any Irish Parliament Joe would probably be the leader of the first Opposition, and the spokesman of Irish labour. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and not the Sinn Feiners—the language cranks—are his people.

## Professor Kettle.

ANOTHER Nationalist who has dropped out of sight lately is Professor "Tom" Kettle. I met this brilliant Irishman, of whom great things were expected at one time, in London three or four weeks ago. He was then going back to Ireland. He wanted to know when England was going to redeem its promise to Ireland of Home Rule.

## The R.I.C. And Sinn Fein.

PERHAPS one consideration which prompted Sinn Fein to go through its little act the other day was the absence on service with the Irish Guards and other crack regiments of no fewer than six thousand members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The R.I.C. knows Sinn Fein of old time, and has a wonderful way with it.

## "Black Michael."

THERE is great sorrow in the house of Hicks-Beach. The heir to the St. Aldwyn earldom, Lord Quenington, was killed in action, but a few short months after the death of Lady Quenington in Egypt. Now I hear that the aged earl himself is lying seriously, critically ill at his town house.



"Black Michael," as he was always known in his great Parliamentary days, is nearly eighty, and he is now left with an orphaned grandson, only four years old, to carry on the title. "Black Michael" has held Government office many times. He is best remembered as Chancellor of the Exchequer for two periods, the latter from 1895 to 1902. Like Lord Morley, he is "one of those unwise people" who have been Chief Secretary for Ireland twice.

(Lafayette.)

## Where R.I.S. Suffered.

It is surely a matter for surprise that no lover of literature has come forward and purchased Skerryvore, the house at Bournemouth where, for nearly three years, Robert Louis Stevenson waged the "bed and physic" battle, and where he wrote some of his best-known works. Though there was a large and interested company at the auction sale at Bournemouth the other day, I see no sale was effected.

## Zepps. As Weather Guide.

IT WAS quite a disappointment when there was no raid announced yesterday morning, especially as it made people afraid that the Huns are estimating that there will be an early change in the weather. About the time it arrives we shall be beginning to adapt our costume to seventy something in the shade. Some daring people have had tea on the Terrace at the House of Commons; there are a few straw hats to be seen; now and then one meets a woman who looks "summery," or a man in light grey.

## Retrenchment.

HERE'S a war economy item from the Inland Revenue (Income Tax) Department. In normal times surveyors of taxes commence their nefarious operations as assistant surveyors at £100 a year after passing a competitive examination. But, having a war on, the Board has done away with the examination, and is appointing assistant surveyors by patronage at a commencing salary of £250!

## Paid More Than His Chief.

YOUNG SOLICITORS are coming in for a good many of these plums, and I have been told that one of them is assistant (at £250) to an old-style surveyor who only gets £200.

## Aged Duke's Great-Grandchild.

HERE is Lady Ipswich, who has just presented his lordship with a daughter and the aged Duke of Grafton with another great-grandchild. The succession is all right, because there is the Hon. John Charles William Fitzroy, aged one year and eight months. He is just as old as the war, in the early stages of which his father was wounded. The Fitzroys are a vigorous old family. The Duke, now 95, has had several serious accidents in recent years, without apparently affecting his wonderful vitality; and the new baby's grandfather, the Earl of Euston, remarried about three months ago.



(Barony.)

## A Sight For Soldiers.

I WALKED a long stretch of Piccadilly the other day behind a full-dressed Grenadier Guards bandman. Beneath his towering busby he was doing a tremendous business in salutes, and I caught one or two fresh young subalterns trying their hardest not to take a peep at the strangest of sights these war-times in town.

## Disillusioned.

A YOUNG MAN who held back from enlisting until the eleventh hour, declaring that he was "indispensable" to his father's business, confessed the other day, when home on leave from his training camp, that he had been thoroughly disillusioned as to his commercial value. A girl relative had taken his place, and had proved smart enough to increase the turnover so as to beat all past records in the business. So he thinks seriously of making soldiering his future profession.

## The Retort.

HERE is a typical Pett Ridge story. A coster woman, with an empty basket smelling strongly of fish, entered a motor-bus near Shoreditch. As she sat down next to an immaculately attired "knot," he edged away. The woman looked round at him and said: "I suppose yer wish yer'd a gentleman sittin' next to yer, eh?" "Yes," replied the youth. "Well, so do I," was the retort.



(From Mucha.)

GERMAN MICHAEL: What! The axis of the earth passes through the Poles! We will fix the axis through Berlin. For ever the capital of Prussia shall be the centre of the Globe!

## The Pictures—Real Ones.

THE tall hat reappeared with peace-time prominence at the Academy private view yesterday morning, and khaki was, much to my surprise, in the minority. In fact, there was little to suggest the war at Burlington House about midday, except, perhaps, a preponderance of black among the women's garments. Even here there were touches of gaiety, and, with the glorious sun outside, the rooms were looking their best.

## Anthony Looks Bored.

THERE was the usual sprinkling of well-known people, who were there to see each other and the pictures. Mrs. Asquith was in black and grey, with grey fur round the edge of a rather short frock. She wore a bunch of sham green grapes. With her were her daughter Elizabeth and the hatless, curly-headed Anthony, who looked rather bored. This interesting family party was discussing matters artistic with Mr. William Gillett. A few yards away was Lord Londesborough.

## The Spencer Collar.

LADY CURZON, with a blue hat and white fox furs, was with Lady Randolph Churchill before a picture of "Bobby" Spencer, whose collar the artist seems to have made higher even than it is "in real life." Mr. Justice and Lady Horridge represented the law, Sir Frederick Bridge music, and Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Arthur Pinero the stage. And there were others.

## John Lavery.

MR. JOHN LAVERY, with his Pickwickian side-whiskers, and his beautiful wife, was standing (in what I suppose was rapt admiration) before his own portrait of Lord Derby. A fine piece of work, this. With the exception of Mr. St. Helier Lauder's portrait of General Phillips, portraits are not a particularly strong line this year. Mr. Longstaff's Sir George Reid had a crowd round it though.

## The Picture Of The Year?

THE picture of the year? Well, the question is a bit difficult. Collier's election picture, showing a successful candidate after the declaration of the poll, has nothing problematical about it, and little that is clever or beautiful, either. Byam Shaw's "The Twisted Spear" (a scene from "Parsifal") will cause a lot of discussion, with its many-coloured nudities. And you ought to see the Brangwyns. I can't show you one of them, but here's the man who painted them.



## A Young Sculptor.

I MET ALBERT TOFT, the sculptor, yesterday, with his close friend, Mark Hambourg. Toft, who looks as young as ever—indeed he is the most youthful of well-known sculptors—had a struggle in his early days. His father was in Wedgwood's pottery, and apprenticed him there at the munificent salary of 3s. 6d. a week. Winning a scholarship, he was able to escape from the drudgery of the potteries, and when he came to South Kensington as a student soon forged ahead. His statues now sell, of course, for thousands.

## Ugly Jobs.

A WOMAN who knows has been telling me that, in spite of the great rush of women to take jobs left vacant by men in the big department stores, there are practically no women in the fish, poultry, or butcher's departments. She was curious to know what reason I assigned for this state of affairs, and asked me if I did not agree that the jobs in question are essentially ugly ones.

## The Dangerous Trade.

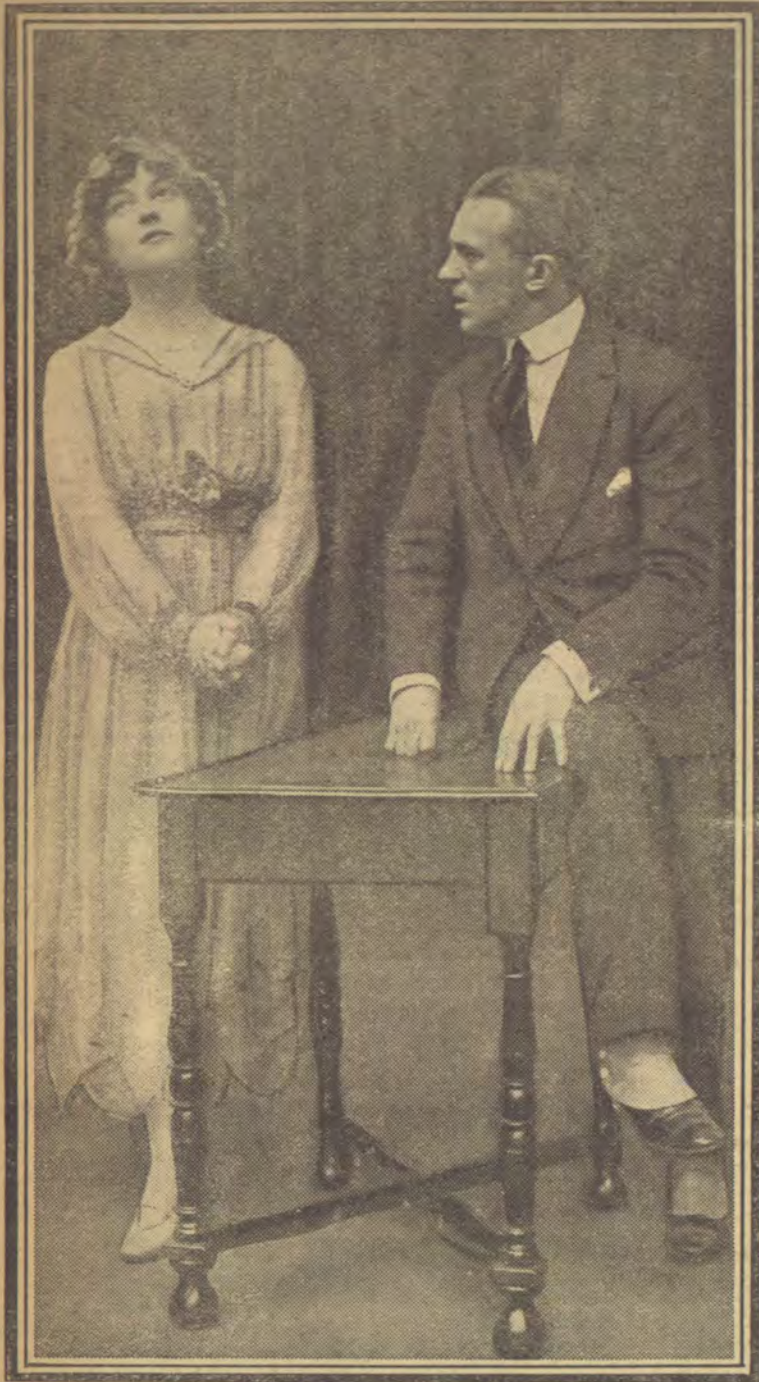
THE NERVOUS bomber dropped his grenade in the trench, and he and the sergeant had only just time to get round the corner, when it went off. The sergeant was furious. "Yer blinkin' substantive," he shouted. "D'you think you're actin' for the pictures?"

## Very Cold Collation.

A LITTLE KNOT of people were gathered round two policemen looking for Zepps. One working man said to another: "I 'ope the Zepps won't injure the 'Ouse of Commons." "I 'ope they jolly well will," said his mate, "and blow the 'ole damn lot to blazes. Ever since this Collation Government came in they've done nothing useful."

MR. GOSSIP.

### MISS ASQUITH AT REHEARSAL.



Miss Elizabeth Asquith, the Premier's daughter, rehearsing with Mr. Nelson Keys the sketch in which she will appear at Lady Greville's Drury Lane performance in aid of the Serbian Relief Fund.—(Hoppé.)

### ANZAC'S SACRIFICE.



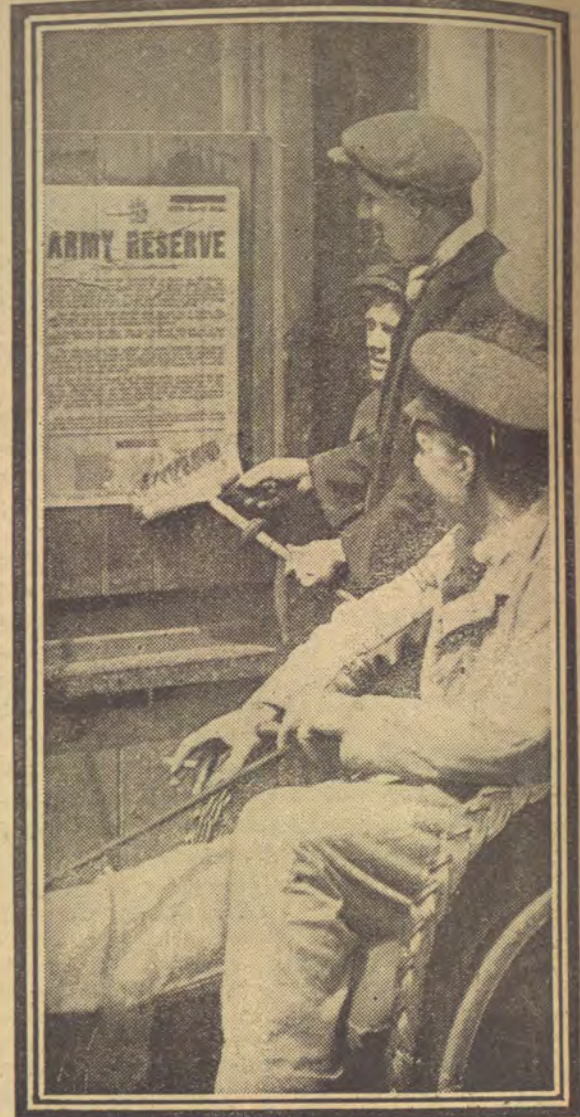
Pte. Mackenzie, the son of the High Commissioner of New Zealand, lost his eyesight in Gallipoli. He is seen with his father and General Birdwood (on the left).

### LION CUB OUSTS THE LAP DOG AS PET.



American women are free from the anxieties of war, and so can indulge in freak pets and such-like frivolities. Miss Bonfils, of Denver, is proud of her lion cub.

### HE HAS DONE HIS BIT



Wounded soldiers who have already done their share watch with smiling interest the posting of the latest call to the attested married men.

### THEIR COUNTRY WANTS THEM.



The attested married men who have been called up are some on their way to Waterloo en route.

### WOUNDED WAITER HERO RETURNS TO SOHO.



A French waiter in the European Restaurant, Soho, who has returned from the front with the loss of one eye. He won the French Military Medal.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

### A MILITARY ROMANCE.



Miss Christine Tirard, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Tirard, marrying—



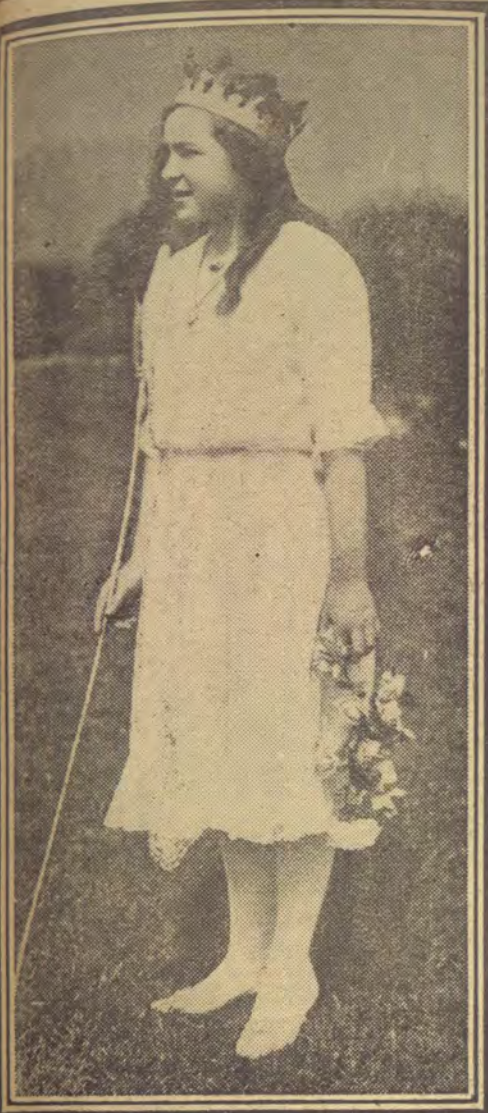
Sergt. Hugh Towshend, a machine-gun instructor with the Expeditionary Force.—(Swaine.)

### SNOW LIES WHERE THE



Though London was yesterday basking in summery sunsh Motor followers of the Somerset staghounds

# QUEEN OF THE MAY.



Cecily Smith, of Streatham, is to be crowned Queen of the May at Hayes Common.

# VETERANS JUDGE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' BABIES.



Veteran soldiers and sailors acted as judges at a baby show at Hove yesterday. The competitors were children whose fathers were serving as soldiers and sailors. The aggregate service of the judges was over 700 years.

# SO THEY GO CHEERFULLY.



making the best of their situation. Here are their headquarters yesterday.

# STAGHOUNDS HUNT.



snow still lies on the West Country uplands. and themselves held up on Hawkridge.

# TO KEEP THEM QUIET.



This iron cage is what the Americans used to clap on the heads of obstreperous prisoners in their famous Sing Sing gaol.



Master Wright, the winner, weighing in. He gained first prize for the Navy; the Army champion who secured second prize is seen in the background.

# SIR ROGER CASEMENT AS I KNOW HIM.

What should be the fate of Sir Roger Casement—the firing party or the lunatic asylum?

This question is being asked in the Press. Before you answer it you should read a remarkable article on Casement by a writer who formerly was closely acquainted with him.

# COALITION FAILURES.

An M.P. discusses the present vehement attack on Mr. Birrell, and gives a candid criticism of other members of the Ministry.

# DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, in an illuminating article, discusses the wartime test of democracy, and frankly points out the handicaps which our present system of Government involves at a critical time.

# LIARS IN LONDON.

There is quite an epidemic in London just now of stories about certain big things of the war which are being kept "secret," about our Generals, and about our Politicians. They are told in club and train, and the story-teller always gives his information as coming "from a friend in the War Office." A well-known writer will trace the origin of some of these stories, and have some trenchant things to say about the type of man who so readily accepts them.

For the best and brightest articles this week-end get the

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**14/6**—FIELD, RACE, or MARINE GLASSES. Binoculars (by Lelaier), as supplied to officers in the Army and Navy; 10-lens magnification power; 50 miles range; show bullet mark at 1,000 yds.; wide field; saddle made case; week's free trial; worth £3 3s. 0d.; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.

**36/6** to the British Government; 5x magnification power (by Lumiere); extra long range, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; fitted in solid tan English leather case; week's free trial; sacrifice £1 16s. 6d. Approval

**13/9**—LADY'S most handsome 5-stone, Half-hoop OPAL Ring, solid Gold. Government hall-marked; the opals are of the finest quality, full of scarlet, purple and green fire, and are intersected by 8 small diamond points; originally £3 3s. reduced to 13s. 9d.; approval before payment.

**11/9**—NADY BLUE SERGE full 6 yds. LENGTH, double width, superfine quality; suitable for lady's costume length; sacrifice, 11s. 9d.; approval (Worth £2 10s.).—BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, super-fine quality, magnificent parcel, 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American robes, etc.; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; sacrifice, 13s. 9d. Approval willingly

**13/6**—GENT'S 15-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunting Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 13s. 6d. Approval before payment.

**3/9**—LADY'S 21s. Solid Gold Marquis Ring, set one mass of lovely Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 3s. 3d. Ap.

**4/9**—PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant attached; filled, in velvet case. Bargain, 4s. 9d. Approval willingly

**12/6**—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled solid links, curb pattern, 12s. 6d. Ap.

**27/6**—LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial 27s. 6d. (Worth £2 2s.).—Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock

**14/6** BRACELET, with safety chain, 14s. 6d. Approval

**19/9**—LADY'S Troussseau; 13 Superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc., worth £3 3s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval willingly

**8/6**—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped filled in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

**59/6** Hall-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (Exam. E. Stanton, London), timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 59s. 6d.

**14/6** WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

**9/9** (Worth £1 1s.).—Pair full-size BLANKETS; exceptionally choice, superfine quality; sacrifice, 9s. 9d. Approval


**22/6** (Worth £3 10s.).—GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey Yorkshire TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality; latest West-End style and finish; never worn; breast 39in., waist 36in., leg 32½in.; great bargain, sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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In the tin one food may look like another, but there the resemblance of any other food to Benger's ends.



### BENGER'S Food

while being prepared becomes blended into a dainty cream by a gentle first process of digestion, self-contained in the Food.

To this, and to its great nutritive power, Benger's owes its unique position as "the Food the Doctor orders."

*From an M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.*

"I am a Specialist in Diseases in Children, and am using Benger's Food extensively in my practice."

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**13/6**—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS LEVER Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome Seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 13s. 6d.; approval before payment.

**7/6**—LADY'S Solid Gold Half-hoop Ring, claw setting; large lustrous stones; great sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval

**10/6**—LADY'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS WRIST WATCH, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; will fit any wrist; genuine bargain, 10s. 6d. Week's trial

**35/-**—Valuable Violin; magnificent Strad. model; lovely-toned instrument, in perfect condition, with fully-mounted bow, in fitted ebony case, complete; sacrifice, 35s.; honestly worth £5; approval

**8/6**—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval willingly

**22/6**—GENT'S superior quality Navy Blue Serge Jacket Suit; well made latest fashion, unworn; 38½in. chest, 36in. waist, 37½in. leg, genuine bargain, 22s. 6d.; worth £3 10s.

**45/-**—PHONE, solid oak cabinet, with 10in. sound box; powerful improved "Symphonetta" tone arm and sound box; with six 10in. disc tones, genuine bargain, 45s.; approval

**12/6**—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled; solid links, curb pattern, approval

**4/9**—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxydised Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 5 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval

**16/6**—ARMY SERVICE WRIST WATCH, solid nickel silver dust and damp-proof case, with luminous dial (time can be seen in the dark); reliable timekeeper, warranted 10 years; genuine bargain, 16s. 6d.; worth £2s. 6d. Approval

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**14/6**—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

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# WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

BY  
MRS. GOSSIP.

PRINCE Arthur of Connaught has been home on leave for a well-earned rest this week. I caught a glimpse of both the Prince and Princess walking out enjoying the beautiful weather. They looked extremely well. Princess Arthur was wearing a pleated blue serge coat and skirt, with a light fox skin thrown over her shoulders, and a chic little hat pulled down over her ears. The Prince was in mufti.



PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT  
(Alexander Corbett.)

### Lunching In The Sunlight.

The Ritz for luncheon with the sun streaming in through the open windows and no artificial lighting is quite the nicest rendezvous for luncheon that I know. I found there on Thursday many others agreeing with my views.

### Marquis In Khaki.

During luncheon she was joined by her elder son, the Marquis of Blandford, who was in khaki. Lord Esher was at an adjoining table, looking extremely well.

Cora Countess of Stafford, in black, was with a large party, which included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Page, and the Hon. Arthur Walsh. Not far away I noticed Sir George Riddell with several men friends.

I also saw Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, and the Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, very pretty in a becoming black hat wreathed with green foliage, lunching with her husband, who was in khaki.

### At The "Old Vic."

Wasn't it charming of Ellen Terry to come down again to the Old Vic. last evening and repeat the scene from Henry VIII. that she did on Tuesday afternoon?

She wanted so much to play to the regular friends at the Vic. who had not an opportunity of seeing her on Tuesday.

Mr. Fisher White, who played Cardinal Wolsey, gave up a very nice dinner party to come to play with her, and a wonderful reception they had. The Old Vic. was crammed—in fact, it's been so all the week at every performance.

I had a very interesting chat with Miss Lilian Baylis, the lessee and manager, who told me how pleased she was with the success of the week's labour—no easy task, I assure you.

### Encouraging The Children.

It has been quite impossible to seat the number of children who come from all parts of London and from various schools.

A very charming idea is that prizes will be awarded to the children who write the best essays on one or more of the plays they witness.

Amongst others who are giving prizes are Lady Frederick Cavendish, Mrs. Randall Davidson, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Miss Baylis.

The Old Vic. deserves support and encouragement, as it gives an historical and poetical education to many who would otherwise have no opportunity of enjoying beautiful plays and excellent music.

The company have given about 130 performances of most of Shakespeare's plays, besides operas.

At Oxford House, Bethnal Green, they have given many evening performances of Shakespeare, and are going for the festival week at Portsmouth, to play there.

### Come And Buy One.

I am selling programmes to-morrow afternoon at the Palladium, for the Arts funds, and there is a most wonderful programme arranged, in-



MRS. RANDALL DAVIDSON.  
(J. Russell and Son.)

cluding Lily Elsie, Marie Löhr, Hilda Trevelyan, Amy Evans, Teddie Gerard, and Violet Loraine.

### There's No Better Cause.

The matinee in aid of the Church of England Waifs and Strays War Emergency Fund, in connection with which Lady Alington is doing so much, takes place on May 16, at the Palace Theatre.

Queen Alexandra has promised to be present to support this excellent fund.

There will be a wonderful string of artistes, amateur and professional, which I always think helps to make an "in aid of" a success.

### The Programme.

The new play, "On and Off," written by Miss Elizabeth Asquith, in which she and Nelson Keys are appearing, will be very amusing, I am told.

Then there is Lady Churston, Mlle. Dorziat, and Viscount Coke, in a sketch. Mme. D'Alvarez has promised to sing, Miss Irene Scharrer to play, and Mr. Raymond Hitchcock to amuse. There are to be some 35 programme-sellers, including the Grand Duke Michael's daughters (at present they are staying with Lady de Trafford), Lady Violet Henderson, the Hon. Lettice Digby, and Miss de Trafford.

### Crowds In Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury has been en fête this week for the wedding of Major Wynne-Corrie, K.S.L.I., and Miss Butler Lloyd, eldest daughter of the popular member for Shrewsbury.

Cheering crowds lined the streets from Shelton Hall, the bride's home, to St. Mary's Church, which is one of the finest parish churches in England. It looked magnificent, bathed in sunshine, with its beautiful Easter decorations of lilies and lilac.

The flags of the Allies gave a note of vivid colour to the chancel, which was "khaki-clad," being filled with the officers of the various regiments in the neighbourhood.



MRS. WYNNE-CORRIE.  
(E. L. Bartlett, Shrewsbury.)

### A Handsome Bride.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked handsome in soft white satin and a brocaded train with beautiful old lace. She wore a diamond pendant presented by the Unionist and Conservative Association of the borough, and the badge of the K.S.L.I. in diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom.

Miss Butler Lloyd was attended by two tiny bridesmaids, and the bridegroom's brother was best man.

There were over 300 invited guests, amongst whom were Mrs. Butler Lloyd, the bride's mother, in black with a pansy trimmed toque, the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley Owen and her son, Lord Kenyon, Mr. Beville Stanier, the member for North Shropshire, and his wife, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Shrewsbury.

### Do It Now!

Have you seen the Daily Sketch Red Cross stamps?

By affixing one of these stamps on every letter you send to your friends you will be helping towards the success of our Red Cross Needlework Competition.

Send for some now, with stamped addressed envelope, to the Secretary, Needlework Competition, Daily Sketch, 46, Shoe-lane, E.C.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. WILLIMOTT (Kensington).—I don't recollect ever giving that recipe, but will do so shortly.

R.H. (Ealing).—Very pleased to get your letter. So glad you like my page.

DORA (Birmingham).—Socks are still needed.

MRS. GOSSIP.

# The Women are Splendid.

THE women of the Empire have responded nobly to the call for help in all industries affected by the withdrawal of men for the forces.

In the factories, on the fields, and in transport work women are doing arduous work which in normal times they would have considered beyond their powers—work that entails exposure to all weathers and the rough handling of harsh and unfamiliar implements, yet



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Just a touch, that is all, on the face, hands and neck, and POND'S VANISHING CREAM will protect you from the spoiling effects of the weather and all adverse conditions, leaving the skin soft, dainty, and delicate, with not a trace of grease, stickiness, or stain.

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ALDWYCH THEATRE.—Grand Opera Season.—MAGIO FLUJE, To-day at 2.30; CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI, To-night at 8; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Mon., at 8; BOHEME, Tues., at 8; CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI, Wed., at 8. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Gerr. 2315.

**THEATRES.**  
AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," by H. Gratian. (Last 2 performances.) To-night 8.30; To-morrow 2.30 and 8.30.  
APOLLO.—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Fri., Sat., 8.15.

**COMEDY.**—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. MONDAY at 8; following nights, 8.30. Mat. May 5 and 6 and following Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."

**DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.**—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. No Mat. Tuesday. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Gerrard 2588.

**GLOBE.**—To-day, 2.30; Every Evening at 8.30. "THE SHOW SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP SHOW. NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER."—Times. Matinee Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

**LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.** TWICE DAILY. 2.15 and 7.45 p.m.

**THIS DAY.** Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and Co. in "Broadway Jones." Ernest C. Rolls' Revue, "The Other Department." BOTH ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.  
Week Commencing Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "The Pearl Girl." Fred. Karno's Revue, "Hot and Cold." BOTH May 1. ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.  
Box Office, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily. 7/6, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/-. For seats under 3/- advance booking fee of 6d. extra is charged. Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines).  
Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

**ALHAMBRA.** "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. GEORGE ROBEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORRAINE, etc. Every Evening at 8.30. Varieties 8.15. Matinees Weds. and Sat., at 2.15.

**COLISEUM.** 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mlle. ADELIN GENEVE and Co. in "A Pretty Face." FLORENCE SMITHSON; OSWALD WILLIAMS; MAIDIE SCOTT, etc. Gerrard 7541.

**HIPPODROME, London.** Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, Yetta Rianza, Bertram Wallis, Charles Berkeley, and Super Beauty Chorus. Phone Gerr. 650.

**MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES.** St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8; 1s. to 6s.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

**PALACE.**—"BRIC-A-BRAC," at 8.35. VARIETIES at 8. MAT. WED. and SAT., at 2.

**PALLADIUM.**—2.30, 6.10, and 9. HARRY TATE AND CO. MISS CLARICE MAYNE AND "THAT" HARRY WELDON. CORAM, ERNIE MAYNE, BARTS TRIO, J. H. WAKEFIELD AND PERCY HONRI IN HIS 1916 REVUE.  
**EXHIBITIONS.**  
TO-DAY at Hendon. Special Flying Displays every Thurs., Sat. and Sun., from 3 p.m. (weather permitt.). Admiss. 6d., 1s., 2s., 6d. Soldiers free. Open-air café. Passenger Flights daily from £2 2s. (weather permitt.).



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Begin with Rhubarb! — Served with Bird's Custard everybody enjoys it.

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# THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

### Betty Enjoys Herself.

The ceremony over the Vicar excused himself and went away; the women kissed each other, and a tear sprang from Mrs. Drayton's eye.

It was difficult to reach any part of Betty's face; Mrs. Drayton's lips and hers had been separated by the grey and gold scarf which covered all save Betty's eyes and the white margin of crumpled brow beyond it. Laurette stood apart, so pale that she might have been one in a mournful funeral procession rather than the witness of a wedding. The servants felt awkward and slipped one by one from the room.

The Squire conducted Betty to a chair and bent over her hands, murmuring something gentle and consoling. Betty being by nature an actress rather enjoyed herself. Again she was the central figure of interest, and occupying a new role. The novelty of her marriage in such tragic circumstances appealed to her artistic sense. All in the room looked at her as at a martyr whose affliction is supported by an admirable courage.

In her strange head-dress Betty was picturesque, appealing and mysterious. If she could go about the world like this she might create a vaster interest, and possess a power even greater than that recently hers because of her unusual beauty. She felt excited and full of hope. Vivian was her husband, he was rich. She might still have things all her own way so long as no one saw her face.

It was suggested that she should rest, but Betty thought otherwise.

"What, uncle; no champagne, no breakfast? Oh, I am very well, for I am happy; let me be as jolly as possible, and I want to see the wedding presents. I shall coax Dr. Wychett to let me go away with Vivian. The change will do me good. You are all very kind to me. I am so grateful."

"But, darling Betty!" Vivian intervened, "we can't take too much care of you. You really should keep quiet a little longer, and if we went a journey to-day or to-morrow, you might catch cold and have to go back to bed."

The Squire nodded. "Wychett will be calling presently," he tried to be jocular. "How surprised he will be to find that his naughty little patient has been married during his absence."

"Whatever he says I shall get Felix to pack my clothes," Betty said firmly. "I am not going to remain in the dark any more."

Gimp was summoned, and told to arrange the wedding breakfast.

### "Of You And Our Love."

At last Vivian persuaded Betty to take a brief rest on the couch.

"I shall stay with you, darling, if you wish," he said.

His wife submitted gracefully to his decree. Laurette's wistful eyes troubled her. She feared that in her increasing compassion her sister might suddenly embrace her. As for Mrs. Drayton, "she looks like a death's head," Betty thought. "How cold and clammy her lips were when she kissed me just now. How sick she is to see me in Laurette's place."

A smile played upon her hidden mouth, "A good omen for the future that even with my beauty gone I have succeeded where Laurette failed."

"Of what are you thinking, dearest Betty?"

Vivian inquired, watching her as she lay back with a strange, deep expression in her changing eyes.

"Of you and our love," she answered sweetly. "Oh Vivian, do you know what it means to me to be cherished and considered by you, even although I am such a feeble crock? A little bit of dainty Dresden that has had a bad fall," she went on rather bitterly, "chipped and put together, but the cracks are still visible."

"Yet always Dresden," Vivian answered tenderly, "still priceless and rare."

"Viv, you're an angel!" "I wish I were, Betty, for your sake, but oh, my dear, I think I needed just this to fill my empty life. For a long time my whole existence has seemed so purposeless, but now I have someone to take care of. Such an exquisite duty! You shall be my queen, darling; you shall do as you choose. Whatever pleases you will make me happy."

She peered at her husband from under silky lashes. This devotion was well worth having. If because of her misfortune she could do with Vivian anything she pleased, her scarred face might not prove so vast a misfortune after all. Yet even while he held her little hand in his own and stroked it gently and delicately, so as not to cause a single twinge to her recently torn flesh, Betty already felt slightly bored.

She craved from Vivian a complete obedience to her every whim, but she knew that would soon be utterly fatigued by too frequent demonstrations of this nature. However, she suppressed her growing impatience, this was their wedding day, and downstairs the servants were preparing the wedding feast.

### Betty's New Home.

Betty's new home, Greycliffe, faced the sea. It was a smaller property than Talebriar, and far older. She regarded it at sight with disfavour.

Betty had neither love nor reverence for ancient buildings and relics, and Greycliffe was to her a gloomy, moth-eaten place, standing upon firm, iron-like foundations above a tiny village.

As Betty looked out upon the little houses pitched upon the slopes of the vale and surmounted by frowning heights, she felt a bitter disappointment creep through her. She had imagined the dwelling-house of Vivian's ancestors an up-to-date, smartly-kept place, but she observed rust on the griffoned gates, and an old one-legged lodge-keeper popped from a small cottage, and with a smile wrinkling his toothless old mouth, lifted the iron bars and allowed the landau admittance to lands of sun-browned grass, wherein the trees were few and far between.

The severe beauty of Greycliffe, which was evident to cultured eyes, was regarded by Betty as an unsightly desolation.

"How ugly everything is," she thought; and looking askance at Vivian, she wondered if he were miserly. His frank eyes met her dubious ones.

"I played here as a kiddie. I love Greycliffe and the village, Betty. I have so many friends here of quite a humble kind; it seems a shame to have forsaken the place for so many years, but it was lonely after mother's death, and I couldn't stand it."

"Yes, it is lonely," Betty agreed, trying to suppress a shiver. "And what a noise the sea makes. Everything needs doing up very badly, Vivian!"

He was rather hurt. "Greycliffe is one of those places which impress most people unfavourably at sight, but when you get to know it, as I do, it seems just the dearest and most restful spot on earth." He looked up at her muffled face—he had never seen it unmuffled since the accident—with a tender smile.

### The Inmates Of Greycliffe.

Betty was not listening. "Why are there so few trees? The grass looks withered."

"The soil here—so close to the sea, is not very kind to vegetation, Betty. You must go farther inland for the woods and wild flowers, but that is why Greycliffe appeals to me, it is so royally splendid, and this air is supposed to be of the most bracing in England. My aunts Tabitha and Fanny have felt the benefit since they came here."

Betty stared at him in frank displeasure. "You have aunts at Greycliffe—oh, I remember Uncle Ben speaking of your mother's sisters. But—they aren't there now?"

"Darling, yes; but they are ready to leave should you wish. Indeed, they offered to go somewhere else the moment I told them the date of our marriage, but Aunt Tabitha has a delicate chest, and her physician wrote me most candidly to say that a removal from Greycliffe would be fatal."

Betty clenched her hands in her lap. "Am I to—nurse Aunt—Tabitha?" she asked, enunciating the last word with scorn.

"Dear me, no, Betty! Aunt Fanny is devoted to her, and so are the servants. My aunts love young people; they will be so glad to see one so bright and sweet as you are."

"Bright and sweet!" thought Betty. "And to be cupboarded up with these sour old spinsters!"

"Why didn't you tell me of your aunts before?" she demanded crossly.

"Because I thought they were going to leave. Then, when I received the doctor's letter, you were ill upstairs. To worry you about the matter was impossible, darling, but I knew you would agree with me that it would be shameful to turn them out."

Betty returned no answer. They had reached a wide oak door which, thrown back, disclosed a hall of rugged stone, with wide oak beams supporting the roof.

Behind the pent form of a manservant as ancient as the lodge-keeper Betty espied a little lady in grey taffeta, with mittened hands and silver white curls, which were crowned by a small cap of old lace. This little person rose from her chair and lifted kind, spectacled eyes of an intense forget-me-not blue to Betty's proud cold look, and from a corner an upright and taller woman, becaped, bespectacled and mittened, garbed exactly as her sister, advanced towards the chagrined bride. Two pairs of small wrinkled hands fluttered out to Vivian and Betty.

### "Why Did You Bring Me Here?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear," Miss Tabitha said softly, and embraced Betty. The taller sister grasped hold of Vivian.

"Welcome, welcome, both of you." She turned to Betty, kissing her through the long hanging veil. "How glad I am to see you, dear. Vivian was always running away, but now he will settle down and see to his affairs."

"Settle down!" sneered an imp in Betty's soul, "with these moulting old hens!" "You will want to go upstairs and take off your things," piped little Miss Tabitha, who looked at Betty with open-eyed admiration. "I will ring for Jane."

But Vivian, watching the three faces somewhat anxiously, intervened.

"I will take Betty up, Aunt; come along, darling, you'll be charmed with your room."

They went up the broad, shallow stairs together. Betty paused beneath a row of family portraits; squires and dames watched the ascent of Vivian's bride with strange, yellow-tinted eyes. There was a musty, woody smell in her nostrils.

"This used to be the musicians' gallery," Vivian said when they reached the first floor.

Betty answered, "Which is my room?"

Vivian led her forward to an open door from which came the glow of candle and firelight. Betty went to the centre and took in the monastic simplicity of the apartment. It was narrow, yet lofty, with three mullioned windows; the faces of primroses greeted her from a blue Nankin bowl. Vivian had barely closed the door when Betty flung round upon him.

"Why did you bring me here?"

Vivian hesitated, watching her uneasily, then with dignity he said: "Because it is my home."

Betty tugged at the strings of her motor bonnet, she felt that they were strangling her. "That is not the real reason!"

"Betty—darling!" he faltered. "What do you mean?"

### Behind The Veil.

"Isn't it obvious?" she retorted.

"I'm afraid not," he said, mindful of his uncle's advice and his own glowing resolve to be patient and considerate to Betty, no matter how fitful and exacting her moods.

Betty still tugged at a ribbon, and it came off in her hand; that trivial happening seemed to exasperate her. She walked close up to Vivian.

"An ugly bride and one of whom you are downright ashamed. My God, don't deny it; haven't I eyes to read to your heart? Wasn't all the talk of Paris and Rome until—"

"Betty, Betty!"

"Don't touch me; don't come near me. You brought me here so as to hide me from everybody, and with two old fogies for my daily companions! Don't speak, I tell you; it only makes matters worse; but listen to me: I'd sooner be dead than buried in this tomb! Isn't it a tomb? Oh, yes, yes it is—and as though I were a lunatic, a leper! Such treatment from you after all the talk of love! But you're punished, too—wait!"

In a reckless, passionate movement she flung back her veil, and, rushing away, brought a branched silver candlestick, which held seven candles. These, flaming and flaring in the draught, let trails of blackening smoke shoot up towards her uncovered face. She was laughing wildly and looking towards Vivian, who appeared as vague and blurred as a thin shadow painted upon the oak panel.

"Look!" scoffed Betty, "at what you have brought to Greycliffe!"

She pushed her bonnet impatiently backward. It tumbled to the floor. Vivian's eyes were upon her face, and he moved towards her one step at a time. Betty set her teeth, but only for an instant. She was wild with pain and disgust. Her misfortune had caused her to be deeply suspicious of everyone's conduct when it affected herself.

"Look!" she whispered. "Are you not pleased?"

There was dead silence, but she could still see Vivian's eyes.

"Married to me—married! You can't untie the knot. No, not until you die; poor Vivian, and you might have had Laurette!"

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)

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See Monday's Daily Sketch.

## AIR CONFIDENCES.



A British naval airman discussing the outlook with a French airman at Salonika.—(British official photograph.)

## THE “BING BOYS” COME TO TOWN.



Phyllis Monkman and Jack Morrison in one of their clever dances.

## FELLED BY A FOKKER



Air-Mechanic Percy Shaw, R.F.C., now a prisoner in Germany. His machine was the thirteenth brought down by Immelman, the Fokker expert.

## A SUN-BATH AT SALONIKA.



A British officer enjoying a Salonika sun-bath on the shawse-pipe through which the anchor cables pass.—(British official photograph.)

## A TAUBE'S BABY VICTIM.



This Jewish child was wounded in the head by a bomb splinter from one of the Taubes repeatedly flying over Salonika.—(Official photograph.)



Alfred Lester and George Robey as the Bing Boys “seeing life” in London make merry with Violet Loraine, the Cockney housemaid, also up from Binghampton.

Peeps at the Alhambra's new revue, “The Bing Boys are Here,” which has already scored a big success.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)