

# Turkish Fleet Flies At The Sight Of "Big Lizzie."

# DAILY SKETCH.

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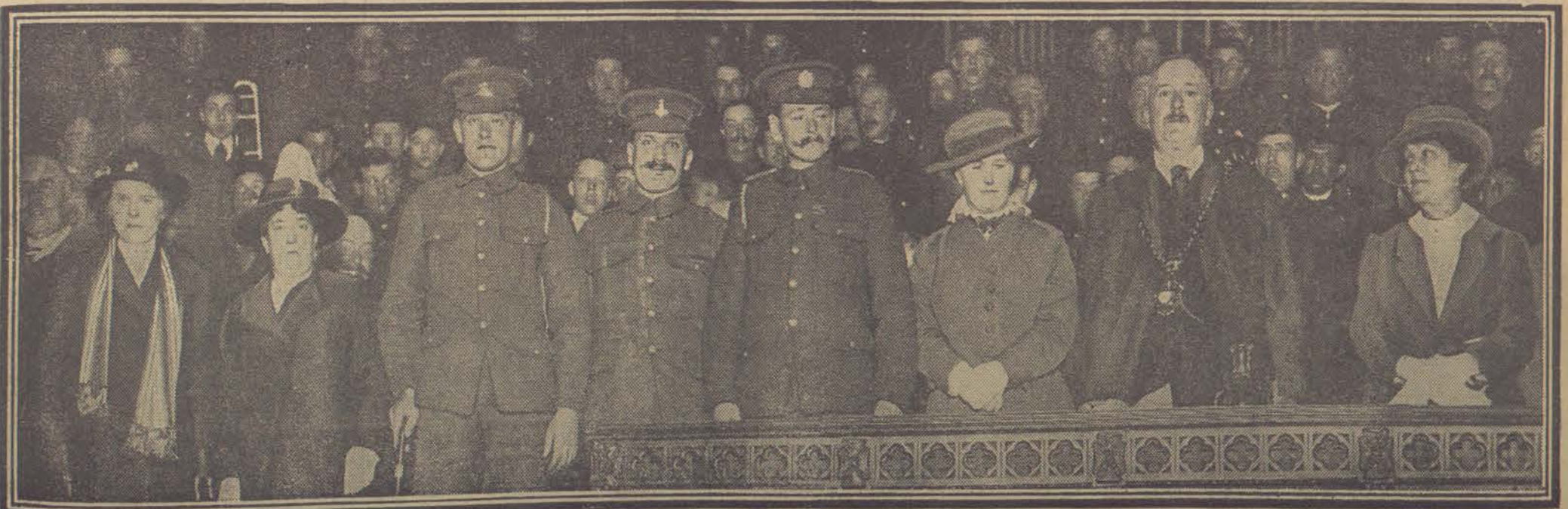
[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

## Of These Three Who Won The V.C. Only One Lived To Wear It.



Acting Corporal Cecil Reginald Noble, V.C., with his only sister.

Private Jacob Rivers, V.C. (on right), 1st Nottingham and Derbyshire Regiment, with his family.



Left to right—Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Smith, Private Turnbull, D.C.M., Lance-Corporal Jingle, D.C.M., Private Smith, V.C., the Mayoress (Mrs. Bruce) and the Mayor.

Perhaps the saddest of all the tragedies of war is that of the man who wins undying fame and the highest badge of courage, yet never lives to wear the honours hardly won. Of these V.C. heroes only one has lived to tell his story. Private James Smith, of the Border Regiment, already invested with the cross of valour by the King, has now been presented with a purse of gold by his fellow townsmen of Middlesbrough. Smith won his V.C. at Longes Blanc by rescuing wounded men. Corporal C. R. Noble under a heavy gunfire cut the wires that impeded the advance at Neuve Chapelle, but received wounds from which he has since died.





**JUST WED.**



Miss N. C. Finnemore, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Finnemore, of Natal, the bride of Mr. F. Ollerenshaw.—(Lafayette.)

**ON THE LOOK-OUT.**



"Norma," the pet of the St. Ninian, the Shetland Isles mail steamer, keeps a look-out for German submarines.

**HER HUSBAND A D.S.O.**



Mrs. Winnington, the wife of Major F. S. Winnington, 1st Worcesters, who won the D.S.O. for conspicuous bravery at Neuve Chapelle.—(Lallie Charles.)

**A HUN PRINCE.**



The son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha playing with his father's sword, which is now turned against England.

**NOBODY LIKES THE DEARER DRINK SCHEME.**

Criticisms From Teetotallers As Well As "The Trade."

**HOW PRICES WILL RISE.**

These are the proposals the Chancellor of the Exchequer has put before the House of Commons "to solve the drink problem," which is causing anxiety to those responsible for the output of munitions.

Whisky and other spirit taxes to be doubled. The whisky tax will now be 29s. 6d. per gallon.

Beers to be surtaxed on all strengths containing 7 per cent. and more of proof spirit—from 12s. to 36s. per barrel increase.

Wines—Duty to be quadrupled. Sparkling Wines—Duty to be increased from 2s. 6d. to 15s. per gallon.

Public-house Control—Government to take over control of liquor traffic in places where they think it necessary.

Everybody is talking about the proposals for increasing the prices of beer, spirits, and wines, as introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Lloyd George, and nobody is pleased.

The new taxes came into force yesterday. In some cases prices were advanced, but the retailers

**THE NEW AND OLD PRICES.**

The following table shows the effect of the Chancellor's proposals on public-house prices:

	Old price	New price.
"Fourpenny" Ale (per glass)	1d.	2d.
Bitter, etc. (per glass)	2d.	3d.
Ale (Bass, etc.) per bot.	3d.	4d.
Stout, draught (per glass)	2d.	3d.
Stout (bottled)	3d.	4d.
Whisky	3d. and 4d.	5d. and 6d.
Brandy	3d. and 4d.	5d. and 6d.
Claret	3d. and 4d.	7d. and 8d.
Port	3d. and 4d.	8d. and 9d.
Sherry	3d. and 4d.	8d. and 9d.

The following are likely to be the additions placed on the retail bottle prices:

Spirits	2s. to 2s. 6d.
Port, Sherry, etc.	2s. 6d.
Champagne	3s. 6d.
Australian Wines (per flagon)	1s. 6d.

generally took no action, the proposals being so confusing and their fate so uncertain.

Nothing further is likely to be heard in Parliament of the Government scheme as a whole until after the Budget, which is to be introduced on Tuesday next.

The attitude of "the Trade" may be judged from a statement made yesterday by Mr.

**THE WHOLESALE INCREASES.**

The following revised scale of wholesale prices was supplied to a *Daily Sketch* representative by a leading firm of wine and spirit merchants yesterday:—

	Old Price.	New Price.
Wine in cask (not exceeding 30deg.)	1s. 3d. per gal.	5s. per gal.
Wine in cask (not exceeding 42deg.)	3s. 0d. per gal.	12s. per gal.
Sparkling wines	7s. 6d. per doz.	£2 per doz.
Still wine in bot.	2s. 3d. per gal.	6s. per gal.
Brandy	15s. 1d. per proof gal.	29s. 10d.
Rum	15s. 1d.	29s. 10d.
Geneva	15s. 2d.	29s. 11d.
Gin	14s. 9d.	29s. 6d.
Liqueur	16s. 3d.	31s. 0d.

Robinson, secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' National Defence League. His opinion is that Mr. Lloyd George's speech was not only illogical, but absolutely inconsistent. He went on to say:—

"The remedy is really no remedy at all. Its effect is to impose on the whole of the other workers—industrious, thrifty men—absolutely prohibitive prices. In their case, a stimulating, nutritive beverage is a necessity owing to the exhaustive nature of the work."

Even Mr. Alexander Thompson, Parliamentary Agent of the United Kingdom Alliance, does not approve of the proposals. He says:—

"The Government scheme is not such as to evoke enthusiasm. It seems to me to be a kind of State purchase in certain localities on a small scale."

**SUIT AGAINST FATHER-IN-LAW.**

Mrs. Beryl Emily Nazer-Stratton, of 43, Prince's avenue, Palmers Green, won her action against her father and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stratton, of London-road, Enfield, in Mr. Justice Low's Court yesterday. She sought to recover £120 as damages for the detention of furniture alleged to have been taken from her house at Pinner.

The jury returned a verdict for Mrs. Nazer-Stratton, assessing the amount for the furniture at £86 and damages at £10. Judgment was entered for the return of the goods or the amount against the father and mother-in-law with costs.

**MONEY TO LEND**

**A.A.**—BORROW BY POST Privately from Mr. Sowers. All now in the £. Repay from 2s. 6d. monthly.—Write to Manager, Mr. Birrell, 1, Hillend-gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow.

**I** AM prepared to make IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES, £10 to £5,000 upon personal security at a reasonable charge. Special Terms for Short Periods. No Fees or Expenses.—Apply in confidence to SIDNEY F. BLOCH, 105, Regent-street, Piccadilly, W. Phone Regent 4584.

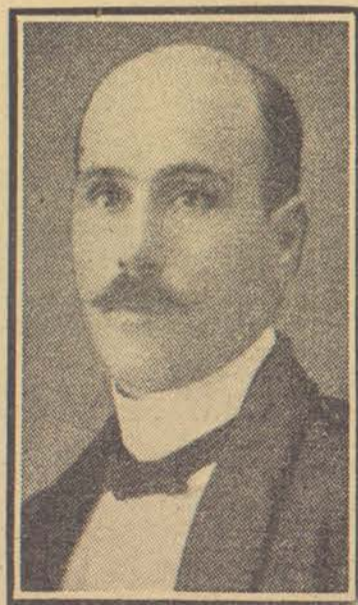
**£5** TO £5,000 on Note of Hand in a few hours, no surties, easy payments; distance no object.—ARTHUR G. WHITEMAN, 229, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury Park, N.

**LIFT FOR SERBIA.**



Lady Lethbridge has left for Serbia, where she is going to help nurse the sick and wounded of our plucky little ally.

**FELL IN PERSIA.**



Lieut. A. Meredyth-Young, who held the Kais-i-Hind gold medal for bravery on the Indian frontier, has been killed in action in Persia.

**TO HELP OUR SAILORS.**



Marjorie Patterson is taking the leading part in "The Royal Way," to be played at the Haymarket on Tuesday afternoon on behalf of the Naval Disasters Fund.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

**BROTHERS MEET IN ACTION.**



Sergt. W. P. Moss. Trumpeter S. H. Moss. These brothers, both in the R.F.A., after eight years' separation, met during a lull in an action near Ypres. They served in the South African War.

**NOW IN KHAKI.**



Jabez Wolfe, the famous Channel swimmer, is now a lieutenant in the 18th Middlesex.—(Kent Lacey.)

THE remarkable figures quoted by Mr. Lloyd George in relation to slackness of war workers deserve very careful analysis, or they may lead to false conclusions. It is not enough to assert that slackness exists, and that the immediate cause of it is alcoholism. Before the public passes judgment considerably more information must be supplied to them. Above all we must avoid sensational charges which would give the world false ideas about the majority of the British workers.

MANY earnest social reformers have for years past pointed out grave errors in our educational system, in our housing methods, and in the social conditions which govern the lives of our workers. It is not a creditable record for a great empire. Poverty, ignorance, cruel exploitation, greed, cut-throat competition, and relentless speeding-up have been at work producing sinister effects which the searchlight of war now reveals. Be well assured that these effects are not the growth of yesterday, nor can the drink evil be accepted as the sole cause.

TO say glibly that prohibition of drink or universal conscription would mend all this is utter foolishness. The trouble exists in Germany—in every country. The Prussian State has full power either to solve difficulties or conceal them. It has worked with marvellous zeal, to improve the conditions of the working classes, because it was necessary to do so in order to perfect its war preparations. But there is a great deal of concealed rotteness in Germany, created by this very military spirit. Germany has not adopted drink prohibition, but it has laboured to solve in a materialistic way the evils which encourage alcoholism. As a case in point we have only to compare the model dwellings and garden village at Krupp's, and their system of feeding, housing and thrift encouragement, with the horrible conditions under which many skilled British artisans exist.

YET Krupp's philanthropy, plus conscription, and perfected State tyranny cannot quite overcome the waywardness of human nature even in the docile German. I advance this matter not to justify our national and administrative slackness, but rather to show that we have a still more difficult problem, which cannot be solved in the German way. We have to deal with sturdy people who, in the face of great difficulties, have preserved democratic freedom. That craving for individual liberty in the British race is our most precious birthright. It involves national dangers and difficulties, but I believe that this war will prove it to be better than the German slave system.

NOW, the point of vital importance for the British workers is to realise that their individual liberty is at stake. If we cannot beat conscript Germany by our voluntary system we stand in danger of conscription. With conscription will come bureaucracy, and prohibition of this and that individual right. We may become a greater nation, but we shall be a smaller people.

THE slackers must be made aware of that possibility by their comrades. We are in danger of losing our personal liberty to Germany. We are also in danger of losing it to the British bureaucracy. The workers of Britain must show by their energy and self-sacrifice that they are fit to hold their democratic rights.

THE casual labourers newly drafted into so many war factories have lost their heads owing to the high wages they are receiving. Bad feeding and housing arrangements, coupled with drink temptations, have led these men to excess. A grand duty lies before the more intelligent workers, who have laboured so well. They must conduct a personal campaign amongst the new recruits and set up a standard of efficiency and self-respect which will be generally copied. Our ideal is to become a self-governing and self-policing people.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

# Echoes of Town and Round About

## The Private View.

PRIVATE VIEW DAY at the Royal Academy yesterday had lost none of its social significance. The brilliance of the weather, too, had an effect, and Piccadilly round about Burlington House seemed very interested in the various celebrities arriving or leaving in the wonderful sunshine. The attendance was certainly not less than it was in normal times, but the rooms were never uncomfortably crowded, and I was able to see who actually was there without such difficulty as I have known in former years.

## Dukes And Others.

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, tall, white-bearded, and monocled, was with his daughter, Lady Anglesey. Lord Normanton was one of the few who sported a light lounge hat, for the regulation tall hat and morning-coat were worn by nearly all the men. The Duke of Northumberland, however, whose famous side-whiskers (cf. Sir Edward Clarke and Sir James Crichton-Browne) are greyer than they used to be, wore a short black coat. The Speaker, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Claud Hamilton, Father Bernard Vaughan, Lord Duncannon (in khaki), and Sir Arthur Pinero were others in an interesting crowd.

## What We Saw.

AS TO THE PICTURES, I noticed a welcome absence of sickly war sentiment and bloodthirstiness generally. Mr. Richard Jack's "Homeless," a refugee subject, should be the picture of the year. I know, by the way, of quite half-a-dozen artists who contemplated refugee subjects. Mr. Herbert Olivier's painting of King George and the Prince of Wales descending from a motor-car "somewhere in Belgium," is not so successful.

## The Big Men.

JOHN LAVERY has painted some wounded Tommies in a London hospital. John Sargent's stuff, as usual, is masterly, and critics clustered round his "Tyrolean Interior"—a tour de force of light—and the air was electric with talk of tone values and other technicalities of those in the know. Lord Knutsford was studying intently a portrait of himself, of photographic exactness.

## Tragedy of Neil Forsyth.

THE TRAGIC death of Neil Forsyth is a serious blow to operatic London. Most of the musical ones have been sorrowing at the prospect of Covent Garden being closed this summer, but now its manager has gone and the breaking of an established tradition is really sad. I cannot imagine the fine old theatre, where I have spent so many happy hours for so many years, without Forsyth. He always seemed part and parcel of the place, and his unflinching courtesy had a good deal to do with the quiet air of comfortable distinction Covent Garden has enjoyed.

## Popular—Even With Critics.

WITH THE musical critics—difficult people, some of them—his relations were particularly friendly, and a few years ago they held a dinner in his honour at which he was the guest of the evening. Anyone who knows the ins and outs of this corner of the artistic world will realise how unique such a proceeding was. His brother-in-law, Frank Rendel, was, and is, the organising genius of the opera house, but it was Neil Forsyth who came in contact with people, and the quiet, tactful little man with a worried look, but a genial smile, was very popular.

## The King And The Lunatic.

SUCH A POSITION called for an immense amount of discretion, and difficult problems had constantly to be faced. I remember the way Forsyth dealt with a harmless lunatic who peered into the King's box (the "omnibus" box on the pit tier) and attempted to converse with his Majesty. After the man had been got away into the corridor it was Forsyth's job to get him out of the theatre. "You look tired," he said; "what about a taxi home?" "I refuse to leave unless you take your gloves off and walk hand-in-hand with me," was the wild reply. Forsyth promptly did what he was asked, without a smile, and the two walked out into Bow-street like a couple of school-children.

## Evelyn D'Alroy.

HERE is a perfectly true incident—not very striking in itself, perhaps, but now tragically appropriate. One hot afternoon last summer there was a dress rehearsal of a new opera at Covent Garden. About thirty people were present, and far back in the stalls sat a man and a woman. To-day they both lie dead. Their names were Neil Forsyth and Evelyn D'Alroy.

## "What I Have Said."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE in his War Budget speech, November 17, 1914: "I am quite prepared to believe that of a thin beverage like beer they (the public) would want more than a half-pint in these trying times. . . And every half-pint that a man drinks he will be contributing to the carrying on of the war."

## Treasury Of Anecdotes.

A SORT OF anecdotal "Who's Who" is "Twenty Years of My Life," by Douglas Sladen, author of the original "Who's Who." Douglas Sladen met innumerable well-known clever people at his "at homes" at 32, Addison-gardens, and here you get an absolute treasury of good stories about Sarah Bernhardt, Walter Besant, Dion Clayton Calthrop, Forbes Robertson, Charles Garvice, George Grossmith, Thomas Hardy, Bret Harte, Jerome K. Jerome, Compton Mackenzie, Whistler, Zangwill, and many others. The book is published by Constable and illustrated by Yoshio Markino. This is his portrait of the author



## "Three Men In A Boat."

IN ADDITION to the anecdotes, you may here read from the authors themselves how they wrote their books. For example, you have probably laughed over "Three Men in a Boat." Well (Jerome says), it was intended as a serious guide to the Thames. "I read up Dugdale and a vast number of local guides, together with a little poetry and some memoirs. I think I had a vague idea of making a modern 'Sandford and Merton.' I thought George would ask questions and Harry intersperse philosophical remarks. But George and Harry would not. And the book as a guide to the Thames is, I suppose, the least satisfactory work on the market."

## How To Answer Letters.

JEROME hardly ever answered letters, by the way. He used to say, "If you keep a letter for a month it generally answers itself."

## Zangwill's Story.

HERE is a story Zangwill used to tell. A German carpenter was in a crowd waiting to see his Emperor pass. He had a good position, but was uneasy because he had promised to meet a conceited relative, who had not turned up. "Will the Jackanapes never come?" he cried. A policeman promptly arrested him. "I was speaking of my brother-in-law," gasped the carpenter. "You said 'Jackanapes'; you must have meant the Emperor," said the policeman.

## Phil May And The "Kippers."

NOW JUST one Phil May story. He was the guest of the evening in the rooms of the Piscatorial Society, and had dined well. When he rose to respond to a toast he looked round the room and saw dozens of glass cases stuffed with salmon and pike of monstrous size, the pride of the Society. He took them all in with a wave of his hand, and said: "I suppose you will tell me that there is only one — kipper on that wall!" You must buy the book for the other good ones.



This is Sir George Hastings and the polo notice board at Ranelagh, which now has a war look about it. In the ordinary course the polo season would have opened to-day.

## The War And Christie's.

CHRISTIE'S opened yesterday with their first sale of the season, that is to say the first business sale, for the Red Cross sale, which took up twelve days, was, of course, for charity. In ordinary times Christie's season would have commenced in November, but the war has turned things in the art and curio world upside down. Yesterday's sale was devoted to modern pictures, and it should form a good test of the willingness of people to lock up their money these days in art treasures.

## More Americans Next Week.

OF THE Americans who have come over to London I notice Mr. Drexel and young Mr. Wanamaker. The latter, who is associated with one of the world's greatest stores, was dining at the Carlton on Thursday. Next week more notable Transatlantic visitors are expected. Some of them are only on the way to France, where big contracts also are being given out.

## "On Trial."

"ON TRIAL," the new Lyric play, is great fun. Possibly "fun" isn't exactly the word, although I find it difficult to take American murder dramas very seriously. But this is the best of its kind, and full of novel touches, which sent the audience on Thursday night wild with enthusiasm. I'm inclined to think that that fortunate pair, Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard, have done the trick again and spotted another winner.

## Thrilled Through And Through.

HERE is a stage trial in which you can take real interest, and the case, which is practically a replica of the unsavoury Thaw-Stanford White affair, has nothing artificial about it. You are thrilled right enough, thrilled through and through and all the time, and, after all, what more do you want? "On Trial" is going to have a good deal more than a "trial" now. It is immense.

## "Who's The Lady?"

TO-NIGHT they are reviving that daring farce, "Who's the Lady?" at the Prince of Wales'. At any rate, we thought it daring when it was first produced at the Garrick a couple of years ago. Possibly we shan't think so now, but, as far as I remember, there was a lot of undressing. This is Miss Marga Rubia Levy, who will do some of it. She appeared in that rather terrible play, "A Daughter of England," which ran twice a night for a very few nights earlier in the war. Miss Levy will have a better chance now, and she deserves it, for she is clever as well as beautiful.



(Louis Langflet.)

## A Funny Name.

I HEARD such a funny instrument played by a man with such a funny name at the Waldorf Hotel on Thursday afternoon. The instrument was the "tympanon" and the player M. Sachavotitchenko. It has nothing to do with a drum, but is a sort of clavecin or harpsichord, with a zither-like quality of tone that is quite pleasant. Russian folk tunes sounded quaint and picturesque. Lady Tree was down on the programme to recite, and there was a good audience.

## Recruiting Sergeants' Counter-stroke.

THE recruiting campaign was, I am told, very successful at the large West-End drapers' shops. Every likely young counter-jumper was button-holed as he came out at night, and as this was done in the presence of the lady members of the staff, few resisted. Some, however, at one establishment in Knightsbridge avoided the attentions of the recruiting sergeants the first night by leaving at a side door. But the wily sergeants got wind of this and next day every possible exit, even by the window, was picketed.

## "The Green People."

A DUBLIN PAPER says:—"On the occasion of the public entry of the new Lord Lieutenant into Dublin Lady Wimborne was attired in a bright green cloak." "This was," it goes on to say, "we assume, meant as a delicate compliment to our green people."

## A Mere Trifle.

THE TRAMCAR was full and stuffy, and the man opposite had very obviously declined to follow the King's example in the alcohol question. "Oh, mummy," said the little girl innocently, and with childish fortissimo, "what a funny smell of trifle!"

# GERMAN AIR RAIDERS ATTEMPT TO MURDER PEACEFUL CITIZENS



The murdering Huns made another Zeppelin raid on East Anglia in the early hours of yesterday, and incendiary bombs caused serious fires at Bury St. Edmunds. Two buildings in the Butter Market were practically gutted, and the firemen had a busy time.

Though there were forty shop assistants sleeping in the premises which was struck by the fire-bombs, none of them were injured.

## THE MONKEY IS DOING HIS BIT.



The monkey is called "Queen Elizabeth." It has been collecting pennies for the South Kensington Red Cross.

## HE DOESN'T MINCE WORDS.



Billy Sunday, America's ex-baseball player evangelist, may come to London. Billy's outspoken language is quite startling.

## THEY TALK OF PEACE WHEN...



Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Louis Post, together with other women, are attending the conference at The Hague. The women are...

# IN THEIR BEDS, BUT ONLY SUCCEED IN DESTROYING THEIR HOUSES.



...s of Messrs. Lindsey Brothers, within four doors of the bootmaker's shop was injured. The girls even laughed over the escape they had.



The townsfolk of Bury St. Edmunds are cool and unperturbed by this latest raid, while the numerous soldiers billeted in the town account the incident as another item on the bill which they will help to present to the Huns.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

## THE HUNS MURDER AND PILLAGE.



The American delegates at the Women's Peace Conference know it is not time to talk of peace.

## AN ATHLETE HERO.



Private George Thomson, boxer and footballer, though wounded, is ready to fight again.—(Mrs. Albert Broome.)

## LIVING LINKS OF ALLIES' FRIENDSHIP.



A British soldier nursing the child of his French pal. Scenes like this show how strong is the friendship between our troops and those of our Allies.





# What Women Are Doing

PRINCESS ARTHUR AND HOME CRAFTS—A NEW PLAY—BERNHARDT TO PLAY IN LONDON.

THERE will be a great opportunity for everyone to encourage the newest of British industries, that of toy-making, at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition to be held at the Royal Horticultural Hall during next week.

When one realises that the industry is as yet in its infancy, and has only been started since the war began, the results to be seen at such a stall as the Bedfordshire Toy Depot have equipped are really remarkable.

Queen Elizabeth on wheels, complete in ruff and hoop, must be a joy to any child, while even grown-ups will delight in the dogs of the Allies, carts and cradles, fashioned by these village toymakers of Bedfordshire.

## Princess Arthur And The Home-Workers.

This notable display of the arts and crafts of British home-workers will be opened to-day by Princess Arthur of Connaught, who is known to take a keen interest in the work. The Princess was looking extremely well when I caught a glimpse of her driving in the Park the other morning.

Besides the toy-making the exhibits will comprise the Irish spinning, weaving, and lace-making and Laurencekirk linen industries.

## In Hyde Park.

For the last few days the Row each morning has been filled with riders and the less fortunate who have to walk. Being one of the latter, I had the advantage of meeting many friends taking a morning stroll and enjoying the beauty of Hyde Park.

I saw yesterday some very well tailored costumes, mostly in navy blue or covert coating, each wearer having white-topped boots and black or white hats. I admired one French lady who had the courage to wear, and look well in, a very tight-fitting skirt, and I at once decided that she looked far better dressed than all those adopting full skirts put together.

Lady Kinnoull was walking in blue serge; Mrs. Kingsmill, looking very well in black and white, carried one of the new magpie sunshades. I met the Hon. H. C. Butler, also walking. Mr. Sam Sothorn was on horseback, also Colonel Fletcher, who was with Mrs. Dummett. She is quite one of the best habited riders in the Row.

## "On Trial" And The Verdict.

Never did I hear more enthusiastic applause than at the Lyric on Thursday night, when the new play "On Trial" was produced. I enjoyed the evening immensely, and the acting was superb. Edyth Goodall played with wonderful skill and pathos, at times reminding me of Winifred Emery 20 years ago.

A child actress, as a rule, is the last thing I ever want to see on a stage, but Odette Goimbault is the most real child I have ever seen. She was wonderful.

There was an enormous audience, including Lady Alexander, who was in Nattier blue velvet and "some pearls," Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sugden, and Mr. and Mrs. Faraday. Mrs. George Grossmith was in a box with her daughter Ena, who is very like her father. Gladys Cooper, in ermine wrap, was with Madame Olga Lowenthal. Mr. and Mrs. Hemmerde, the latter in moonlight blue, were in a box with friends.

## Supper At The Carlton Grill.

Bravely I rejected two offers of escort to Ciro's for supper in order to remain faithful to my promise to sup with Kitty at the Carlton, whose hospitality is prodigious. I was more than rewarded, as plovers' eggs and cold asparagus were amongst the items on the menu.

Many who were at the Lyric came on to sup there. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Hemmerde, Miss Elsa Maxwell with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares, the latter looking extremely pretty; Henry Ainley, from the Haymarket, and Mr. Marshall Hall, and Lady Portarlington was at an adjoining table.

Miss Edyth Goodall, laden with bouquets so thoroughly deserved, came with a large party, and Mrs. Janis and her clever daughter were also there.

## The "British Composers" Concert.

The first of the three "British Composers" concerts at the Queen's Hall was a tremendous success. I didn't see a vacant seat, which must have been very gratifying to the organisers!

There was a very fashionable audience, and it

was difficult to distinguish people in the huge throng; but I noticed the Princess of Monaco, in tête-de-nègre and sables and a flower-wreathed hat; Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, in black, was sitting with Lady Randolph Churchill, who wore a smart French toque; the Princess de Polignac, Comtesse Morella, the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Bingham, in black with a large hat adorned with black plumes; Mrs. Rufford, Lady Colebrooke and Mrs. Jopling Rowe.

Mme. Réjane was a striking figure clad in black and white, from her flat black toque with its flowing veil, to her dainty shoes with their white heels. Her frock of black taffeta relieved with a guimpe of white lace was short, but not too short—and she wore a picturesque cape, also of taffeta, and a rope of pearls. Her recitation of "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," Elgar's setting of Cammaerts's poem, roused the audience to such a degree that when she finished they rose spontaneously and sang the Marseillaise in her honour. At the close the great artist and patriotic woman was deeply affected, and found it difficult to control her emotion.

## Miss Mary Garden's Reappearance.

Miss Mary Garden looked very handsome in an exquisite gown of white beaded chiffon over a short petticoat of white satin. The sleeves and upper part of the bodice were transparent, and she wore two rows of superb pearls and a long rope of the same gems supporting a large pearl heart. Her flat black hat was tilted a little on one side and trimmed with a black osprey.

The famous singer was presented with two bouquets of pink carnations and roses, and a bunch of damask red roses was also given to Mme. Réjane by her admiring friends.

The net profits of these concerts are devoted to the soldiers and sailors incapacitated through the war.

## Bernhardt's Cork Leg.

Simone writes me that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is coming to London very soon to appear in a new play especially written for her. She will take the part of a wounded French officer.

Mme. Bernhardt has been offered a salary of £1,300 a week in London, and she is afterwards going to play in Brighton for £300 a night.

All her admirers will rejoice to hear that she is in excellent health; in fact, far better than she was before her operation, as she is free from all pain, whereas before it was agony for her to stand. Mme. Bernhardt is to wear a marvellous cork leg, which will be almost invisible.

## Women As Signallers.

The Women Signallers' Corps held a meeting to demonstrate how women can help in the present crisis by doing signalling and other kindred work to relieve the men needed at the front. Lady Glanusk, who is president, and who looked very nice in blue and white, and a pretty blue hat, made an excellent speech, explaining the objects of the corps, and other speakers were Miss C. Everett Green, and Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, who spoke wittily on "How the War is Waking up Women." Mrs. Parker, Lord Kitchener's sister, was among those present.

Demonstrations of signalling were given by the Corps under the direction of the Commandant, Miss Agnes del Riego, and a good concert was given, the artists including Grainger Kerr, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Mr. Ivor Foster.

## My Needlework Scheme.

Don't forget the great Needlework Competition, and send a big stamped and self-addressed envelope to me, care of Daily Sketch, Shoe-lane, London, E.C., for details of rules and list of classes.

MRS. C. CSIP.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. SMITH (Whitley Bay).—Many thanks for parcel safely received.

DAISY (Cheshire).—I am sorry I cannot tell you.

E. Y. (Co. Wicklow).—Write to the French Red Cross, 9, Knightsbridge, S.W.

MOTHER (Huntingdon).—Write to Mrs. Best, 40, South Molton-street, W., and tell her exactly what you have told me. She may be able to help you.



# The All-hour Foods

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Have Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat handy for the children when they come home from school—far better for them than bread or biscuits.

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BEGIN TO-DAY.

**"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"**

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

**"Love Will Follow."**

"I can't do everything," said Elsa, in that same gentle, even voice which held in its tones all the gamut of hopeless discouragement; "since father has been stricken he wants constant attention. Mother won't give it him, so I have to be at his beck and call. Then there is the washing. . . ."

"I know, I know," broke in Béla with a sneer, "you need not always remind me that my future wife—the bride of my lord the Count's own bailiff—does menial work for a village schoolmistress and a snuffy old priest!"

Elsa made no reply. She pushed open the door of the cottage and went in; Béla followed her, muttering between his teeth.

The interior of Kapus Benkó's home was as squalid, as forlorn looking as its approach; everywhere the hand of the thriftless housewife was painfully apparent, in the blackened crockery upon the hearth, in the dull, grimy look of the furniture—once so highly polished—in the tattered table-cloth, the stains upon the floor and the walls, but above all was it apparent in the dower-chest—that inalienable pride of every thrifty Hungarian housewife—the dower-chest, which in Ilona's cottage was such a marvel of polish outside, and so glittering in its rich contents of exquisite linen. But here it bore relentlessly mute testimony to the shiftless, untidy, disorderly ways of the Kapus household. For instead of the neat piles of snow-white linen it was filled with rubbish—with husks of maize and mouldy cabbage-stalks, thrown in biggedly-piggledly with bundles of clothes and rags of every sort and kind.

It stood close to the stove, the smoke of which had long ago covered the wood with soot. The lid was thrown open and hung crooked upon a broken hinge.

When Elsa entered the cottage with Erős Béla her mother was busy with some cooking near the hearth, and smoke and the odour of *gulyás* (meat stew) filled the place. Close to the fire in an arm-chair of polished wood sat old Kapus Benkó, now a hopeless cripple. The fate which lies in wait in these hot countries for the dissolute and the drunkard had already overtaken him. He had had a stroke a couple of years ago, and then another last summer. Now he could not move hand or foot, his tongue refused him service, he could only see and hear and eat. Otherwise he was like a log: carried from his palliase on which he slept at night to the armchair in which he sat all day. Elsa's strong young arms carried him thus backwards and forwards, she ministered to him, nursed him, did what cheering she could to brighten his days that were an almost perpetual night.

**"You Will Teach Her To Be Purse-Proud."**

At sight of Elsa his wrinkled face, which was so like that of a corpse, brightened visibly. She ran to him and said something in his ear which caused his dulled eyes to gleam with momentary pleasure.

"What did you bring Béla home with you for?" said the mother ungraciously, speaking to her daughter and rudely ignoring the young man, who had thrown his hat down and drawn one of the chairs close to the table. At Kapus Irma's inhospitable words he merely laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, Irma néni!" he said, "this is the last Sunday, anyhow, that you will be troubled with my presence. After Wednesday, as I shall have Elsa in my own home, I shall not need to come and visit here."

"No!" retorted Irma, with a snap of her lean jaws, "you will take good care to alienate her from her duty to her father and to her mother, won't you?"

Then, in answer to a further sneer from him, she added, more viciously: "You will teach her to be purse-proud like yourself—vain, and disdainful of her old home."

Béla's one eye—under the distorted brow—wandered with a sullen expression of contempt over every individual piece of furniture in the room.

"It's not a home to be proud of, anyway," he said dryly; "is it, Irma néni?"

"You chose your future wife out of it," retorted Irma; "and 'tis from here that you will have to fetch her on Wednesday, my friend."

She was always ready to quarrel with Béla, whose sneering ways she resented, all the more because she knew they were well-deserved. But her last words had apparently poured oil over the troubled waters of the young man's wrath, for now his sullen expression vanished, and a light of satisfaction and of pride lit up his ungainly face.

"And I will fetch my future wife in a style befitting her new position, you may be sure of that," he said, and brought his clenched fist down upon the table with a crash, so that pots and pans rattled upon the hearth and startled the paralytic from his torpor.

**"Children Must Obey."**

Then he threw his head back and began to talk still more arrogantly and defiantly than he had done hitherto.

"Forty-eight oxen," he said, "shall fetch her in six carts! Aye! even though she has not one stick of furniture wherewith to endow her future husband. Forty-eight oxen, I tell you, Irma néni! Never has there been such a procession seen in Marosfalva! But Erős Béla is the richest man in the commune," he added, with an aggressive laugh, "and don't you forget it."

But the allusion to Elsa's poverty and his own riches had exasperated the old woman.

"With all your riches," she retorted in her turn, with a sneer, "you had to court Elsa for many years before she accepted you."

"And probably she would not have accepted me at all if you had not bullied and worried her, and ordered her to say 'Yes to me,'" he rejoined dryly.

"Children must obey their parents," she said. "It is the law of God."

"A law which you, for one, apply to your own advantage, eh, Irma néni?"

"Have you any cause for complaint?"

"Oh, no! Elsa's obedience has served me well. And though I dare say," he added, suddenly casting a sullen look upon the young girl, "she has not much love for me now, she will do her duty by me as my wife, and love will follow in the natural course of things."

**No Tender Courtship.**

Elsa had taken no part in this wordy warfare between her mother and her future husband. It seemed almost as if she had not heard a word of it. No doubt her ears were trained by now no longer to heed these squabbles. She had drawn a low stool close to the invalid's chair, and sitting near him with her hand resting on his knee, she was whispering and talking animatedly to him, telling him all the gossip of the village, recounting to him every small event of the afternoon and of the morning. Pater Bonifácus' sermon, the behaviour of the choir boys, Patkós Emma's new kerchief; when the stock of gossip gave out she began to sing to him in a low, sweet voice one of those innumerable folk-songs so dear to every Hungarian peasant's heart.

Irma intercepted the look which Béla cast upon his fiancée. She, too, turned and looked at her daughter, and seeing her there, sitting at the feet of that miserable wreck of humanity whom she called "father," ministering to him, for all the world like the angels around the dying saints, a swift look of pity softened for a moment the mother's hard and pinched face.

"You cannot expect the girl to have much love for you now," she said, once more turning a vicious glance upon her future son-in-law; "your mode of courtship was not very tender, you will admit."

**The Highest Bidder.**

"I don't believe in all that silly love-making," he rejoined roughly; "it is good enough for the loutish peasants of the *alföld* (lowlands); they are sentimental and stupid. An educated man does not make use of a lot of twaddle when he woos the woman of his choice."

"All men act very much in the same way when they are in love," said Irma sententially. "But I don't believe that you are really in love with Elsa."

He shrugged his shoulders, and laughed, a short, sarcastic, almost cruel laugh.

"Perhaps not," he said. "But I want her for my wife all the same."

"Only because she is the noted beauty of the countryside, and because half the village wanted her."

"Precisely," he said with a sneer; "there was a good deal of bidding for Elsa, eh, Irma néni? So you elected to give her to the highest bidder."

"You had been courting her longer than anybody," rejoined Irma, who this time chose to ignore his taunt.

"And I would have won her sooner—on my own—even without your help, if it had not been for that accursed Andor."

"Well, he is dead now, anyway. All doubts, I suppose, are at rest on that point."

"There are a few fools still left in the village who maintain that he will turn up some day."

"We all hope he will, because of Lakatos Pál. The poor man is fretting himself into his grave since he has realised that when he dies his money and land must all go to the Government."

"He can sell his land and distribute his money while he lives," retorted Béla; "but you won't catch him doing that—the old miser."

"Can't anything more be done—about Andor, I mean?"

"Of course not," he said impatiently; "everything that could be done has been done. It's no use going on having rows by post with the War Office about the proofs of a man's death who has been food for worms these past two years."

"Well! you know, Béla, people here are not satisfied about those proofs. I, for one, never held with those who would not believe in Andor's death; there are plenty of folk in the village—and Pater Bonifácus is one of them—who swear that he will come home one of these days—perhaps when Pali bácsi is dead. And then he would find himself the richest man in the commune," she added, "richer even than you, my good Béla."

"Hold your tongue, you old fool!" broke in Béla savagely, as once more the sinister leer which hovered round his sightless eye was turned toward Elsa.

"Didn't I say that I, for one, never believed that rubbish?" retorted Irma sullenly. "And haven't I preached to her about it these past two years? But you needn't be afraid," she added, as she turned once more to her stewing-pot, "she didn't hear what I said. When she talks or sings to her father you might shoot off a cannon—she wouldn't hear it. You may say what you like just now, Béla, she'll not listen."

"Oh!" said Béla, as a curious expression of obstinacy, not unmixed with cruelty, crept into his colourless face, "you seem to forget, Irma néni, that the rest of Elsa's life will have to be spent in listening to me. We'll soon see about that."

"Elsa!" he called peremptorily.

Then, as indeed the girl appeared not to hear, but went on softly crooning and singing to the helpless invalid like a mother to her babe, the young man worked himself up into a passion of fury. The veins in his pale forehead and temples swelled up visibly, the glitter in his one eye became more cruel and more menacing, finally he brought his clenched fist once more crashing down upon the table, even while he rose to his feet, as if to give fuller meaning to his future marital authority.

"Elsa!" he shouted once more, hoarsely.

"Elsa, do you hear what I say?"

(To be continued.)

**PAGES OF PICTURES and BRIGHT ARTICLES FOR SUNDAY**

**SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY**

Shows the folly of allowing Cotton supplies to pass to Germany in an article on **AMMUNITION FOR THE ENEMY.**

**JEROME K. JEROME**

On **WHAT ARE WE TO GET OUT OF THE WAR?** A remarkable article that is certain to arrest attention.

**LORD R. CECIL, K.C., M.P., ON "REPRISALS."**

A Special Interview on the absorbing question of Britain's policy in the treatment of German prisoners.

**CONSCRIPTION.**

A well-known Radical discusses Liberal fears of compulsory service, and shows how it should be every man's privilege to serve his country.

**HITTING MR. CHURCHILL.**

One who knows the First Lord of the Admiralty discusses this week's remarkable campaign against him over the Dardanelles Expedition.

**MISS HELEN MCKIE,**

The woman who draws the soldiers, Sketches from Home and Abroad.

**MISS KATE CAREW,**

Whose Articles have been so much appreciated, this week discusses **A WOMAN'S LOVE PROBLEM.**

ALSO PAGES OF NEWS—GOSSIP—DRAMA—FASHION—FINANCE IN THIS WEEK'S

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## THE ORPHAN BOY WHO BECAME A V.C.



A quiet chat with his foster mother.

## THE DRAWINGS ON THE WALL.



The hands of friends and foes have adorned the wall of the soldiers' rest. A German pictured the French girl and a French pencil added the "boche's" head.

## IT WAS ONCE THEIR PRETTY HOME.



The return of the refugees to the villages from which they fled on the approach of the Huns is one of the many tragic sides of the war.



Private Buckingham photographed with the boys of his old school.

Private William Buckingham, of the 2nd Leicesters, who won the V.C. "for conspicuous acts of bravery and devotion to duty," was an orphan boy. After winning the coveted decoration he visited the orphanage where he first dreamed of the life of a soldier.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)