

SHILLING.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1934.

ONE SHILLING.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH

H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF KENT, formerly Princess Marina of Greece, wore a wedding gown of white and silver brocade, embodying the English rose in the design. Her jewels included the rivière of diamonds given to her by the King and the diamond tiara presented by the Lord Mayor and Citizens of the City of London.



MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.



GRIEVANCES.

IT would be idle to pretend—and, in any case, the pretence would have deceived nobody in my immediate circle—that I woke up this morning with the most flattering impression of the world and its inhabitants. There was a foul fog outside, and the prospect of more to come; and in one's inner being, I regret to say, there was a similar atmospheric condition, due to a rigorous system of living which I find always affects me in this way. A number of irritating small things had gone wrong—one after another, with extraordinary unanimity, as they always do. The coughs and sniffles and twinges of winter added their little quota. It was obviously going to be one of those mornings when, if there is anything to stub your toe against, stubbed your toe will be—the sort of morning when razors cut and shoe-laces snap and collar-studs roll away, with mocking laughter, into inaccessible corners. Perhaps you have never experienced a morning of this kind. Perhaps, in that case, you are too good for this world and ought not to waste your time in it.

At such times, one becomes very conscious of one's wrongs. It is borne in upon us that, in this matter or that, we have been the victims of injustice. We are misunderstood. We are not valued at our true worth. Those who should have known better have conspired against us, without the slightest provocation and out of pure malice. Gratuitous insults have been aimed at us. We are not so petty, of course, as to mind them: we are far above that sort of thing—possessing the mind-conscious-to-itself-of-right, we should not dream of losing our dignity over a mere trifle. Still less would it occur to us to indulge any feelings of vengeful resentment. We are just sorry for people who can be so unjust to others.

At this point, if there remains to us one spark of a sense of humour, we will go and put our heads in a bag. If no bag is handy, a cold bath may restore the sluggish circulation of common sense. In extreme cases, it may be well to pour out our wrongs to some sensible person, with a request that he or she give us a hearty kick in the pants. Things will look much brighter after that.

If I were a bearded sage giving advice to a young man who was starting in life, I should be inclined to give him this one counsel: "Never have any grievances." It does not matter whether your grievances are real or unreal—forget them or conceal them, because they are an intolerable bore to other people. Others, I would assure this young man, are far too much interested in

their own troubles to be greatly concerned about yours. It may be hard, it may be callous, but there is no bore more universally dreaded and shunned than the Man with a Grievance.

And that attitude is *not* altogether unjust to him. It has been my experience that persons with grievances are nearly always in the wrong. "The fault, dear Brutus," and so forth—well, that may seem a hard saying for those who are relentlessly pursued by bad luck, as some people appear to be; and it is humbug to say that success is always due to merit and failure always due to demerit. There is an alarming amount of the lottery about life, and most men, looking back on things, would acknowledge that the turning-points depended on absolutely incalculable factors. All the same, those who complain of persistent misfortune or injustice in life are like those who complain of persistent ill-luck at cards—in nine cases out of ten, they have not played their hands right. At that critical trick which makes all the difference to game and rubber, they have forgotten whether to discard the spade or the diamond—and they have had to pay the penalty. A grievance is generally a complaint that others have not valued you as highly as you would have liked to convince them that they ought to have valued you; but the fact remains that you have not convinced them. Consequently you take refuge in the delusion that they are blind or stupid or malicious, and if you are a really bad case, you will go even further and pretend that all those who do convince others of their worth are invariably charlatans and four-flushers.

Therefore, young man (to whom I am still offering this unsolicited advice), the moment you begin to feel a grievance, *suspect yourself*. However reluctant you are to admit it, try to believe that there is something in the other person's point of view besides sheer ill-will. If you can't succeed in doing that, a liver-pill may prove beneficial. If even that is unavailing, then at least make up your mind to keep your injuries to yourself, because otherwise, I again assure you, you will soon become known as a crashing bore.

Of course, not all grievances are imaginary: this world not being a system of perfect justice, we all have real ones. But there is another reason why they are to be suppressed, even when they are substantial. It is extraordinary how people who braise easily are always getting bumps and bangs. The hypersensitive person is a kind of pin-cushion, and it is very difficult to see a pin-cushion without wanting to stick a pin into it. I don't know whether it is due to a primitive instinct of cruelty in man, but there is no doubt that people take rather a delight in inflicting little wounds on those who they know are going to smart from them. It is an unpleasant thing to have to admit, but such is the world. Be assured, therefore, young man (if I may recall your wandering attention for a moment), that if you are on the look-out for grievances, you will certainly get them; and those which began by being imaginary may easily end by being real. However, I think that is quite enough good advice for the present, and if I go on in this didactic strain, then you *will* have a grievance.

A HORSE-MINDED AIRWOMAN: AND THE YOUNG IDEA IN THE HUNTING FIELD.



The COUNTESS OF MINTO was busy with her cine-kodak when she Buccleuch met at Minto. She herself got snarped in action.



LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Minto (L.); and LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Dalkeith, came to their ponies to the Buccleuch meet at Minto. The COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON was on foot, carrying her baby daughter, LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON. Lady Haddington and Lady Minto are sisters.



MRS. AMY MOLLISON, the famous airwoman, had a day with the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt when they met at Lidingstone.



MRS. BATTINE took her baby daughter up in front of her before the Quorn moved off after the meet at Bursby.



THE OWNER OF HIMLEY HALL AND OTHER HUNTING CELEBRITIES.



The EARL OF DUDLEY is the owner of Himley Hall, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent are spending the first part of their honeymoon. He was photographed the other day at a Quorn meet with the HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL (L.) and LADY URSULA MANNERS.



SIR THOMAS and LADY AINSWORTH are here seen at the Barbary meet of the Quorn. He was formerly Master of the Tipperary, and is one of the best-known figures in the hunting world.



CAPTAIN ROBERT LAYCOCK, who is engaged to Miss Angela Dudley Ward, was out with the Fernie at Kilmorth. He is the elder son of General Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock.



LADY BELPER (right) came on foot to the Quorn meet at Upper Broughton, with her son, the HON. RUPERT STRUTT, and her stepdaughter, the HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, who was riding.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



M. LEPREUX, THE FRENCH PILOT—FOR MAKING THE FIRST LANDING IN PARIS IN AN AUTOGIRO AND A BRITISH ONE AT THAT.

M. LEPREUX gave a demonstration of taking-off and landing in Paris in a Cierva autogiro with an Armstrong-Siddley engine. The machine ran along the street for some fifty yards; then rose gracefully and, after circling aloft for a while, made an easy landing opposite the entrance to the Grand Palais, running along for some twenty or thirty yards after landing. Traffic could have passed on either side of it.

THE Grand National Assembly of Turkey has voted a special law giving to the Ghazi Mustapha Kemal the family name of ATATURK (nothing to do with Attaboy!), or Chief Turk. Every Turkish household is now busy seeking a family name in accordance with the new decree which ordains that every Turk must have a surname by New Year's Day.

MR. F. F. KRAUSE, when at the wheel of his car, drove on the wrong side of a tram. Judge Clayton Parks sentenced him to broadcast on traffic regulations over the ether from the radio station at Minnesota—for this happened in the U.S.A.



MR. F. F. KRAUSE—FOR HIS AIRY PUNISHMENT IS BEING SENTENCED TO BROADCAST TRAFFIC REGULATIONS AFTER HAVING BROKEN THEM.



MR. WAIT—FOR HUNTING WITH THE QUORNS ON A "PENNY-FARTHING."



WHEN the Quorn met at Upper Broughton, MR. WAIT, of Nether Broughton, attended the meet on an old-world "penny-farthing" bicycle.

EVERYONE has met a man who knows a man who danced with a girl whose father saw the famous Rope Trick in India. No one has yet come forward to say that he himself saw it. Here, however, we show a photograph of this famous trick being done at Richmond Walk, Devonport, by KARACHI and his young son, KYDER.

GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMEL—FOR BECOMING ATATURK AND ORDERING THE TURKISH PEOPLE SURNAMES AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.



KARACHI and his young son, KYDER—FOR BEING CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA WHILE DOING THE "IMPOSSIBLE" ROPE TRICK.



MR. GEORGE EDWARDS, of Seattle, Wash.—FOR "VACUUM-CLEANING" THE GOLF COURSE DAILY TO KEEP THE LEAVES AWAY.





PRINCESS MARINA, now the DUCHESS OF KENT, went with her parents, PRINCE and PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE, to see the exhibition of Royal Portraits by Mr. P. A. de László, M.F.O., at Messrs. Knoedler's, with the result that Bond Street became impassable with crowds of loyal citizens anxious to glimpse the royal bride! Two of the most important pictures on view are the famous portraits of the Duchess of Kent and the companion portrait of the Duke, which are reproduced in full colours in the Wedding Number of "The Illustrated London News." Mounted prints of these are on sale at Messrs. Knoedler's and by "The Illustrated London News" (346, Strand, W.C. 2), in aid of St. George's Hospital.

THE spirit of Romance is an unusual visitor at State parties, but what an exciting one! At the Buckingham Palace evening reception, it would perhaps be disrespectful to suggest that guests twittered with excitement over the prospect of seeing the Duchess of Kent (then Princess Marina) make her first formal appearance, but there was a thrill of expectation in the atmosphere as the company arrived; and even important dowagers, who saw the splendours of the pre-war period and find it hard to admit that 1934 can ever compare to the golden years of 1911-1914, looked briskly round in a very good imitation of excitement.

Brides are always radiant; but, as someone said, you could have found your way in the dark by Princess Marina's glow of happiness—and no wonder! What more wonderful and exciting experience could any girl—even a royal Princess—enjoy than to walk, decked for the first time in some of the superb jewels given to her by the Queen, her future mother-in-law, on the arm of her future husband, in the palace of her future father-in-law, and meet some of his important subjects? Her pale-pink dress, with its tulle sash, was extremely becoming, and went admirably with the necklace of diamonds and sapphires (part of the parure given by the Queen) and the plain diamond tiara (one of the five she has received) which she chose to wear.

All the Royal Family looked well. The King and Queen both spoke at considerable



LADY CHAMBERLAIN and MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAIN attended the private view of the Royal Portraits by P. A. de László at Knoedler's.

LADY ANNE RHYNS (left) and MISS MARY RIDGELEY-CARTER are here seen at the private view of Royal Portraits by Mr. P. A. de László, at Knoedler's Galleries in Bond Street. Lady Anne Rhys is the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellingborough.

length to many of the guests; and the Prince of Wales was extremely vivacious, and moved about freely in the throng.

If the royal jewels were wonderful, some of those worn by subjects were quite notable too. Lady Londonderry, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

Plunket, were all bejewelled, the last-named a fairy-like figure in silver. Lady Allendale was in great good looks, and so were Lady Portarlington and Mme. Régis de Oliveira, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, who has as many diamonds as anyone I can think of, and wears them to perfection. Mrs. Euan Wallace, in white and silver; and Lady Charles Cavendish (the former Adèle Astaire) were some of the younger matrons to be seen; and, of course, the royal visitors were there.

Talking of these same wedding guests, what a delightful capacity for enjoyment the Greek Princesses seem to possess! They have hardly had an hour's rest since they arrived in England for the wedding, and don't look the very least tired! Their week of dancing and gaiety started with the Snow Ball, to which a whole party of royalty came, after the dinner at Buckingham Palace.



MRS. SCHACHT and LORD DUNEDIN attended the private view of the Royal Portraits by Mr. P. A. de László at Knoedler's.

The dance was organised by Miss Edith Dawkins, daughter of Lady Bertha Dawkins, and one of the most capable and wittiest girls in society. It had the virtue of being more like a very large private party than a dance, though, of course, one could dance! Alternatively, there were a number of other forms of amusement to be enjoyed, for the big entrance-hall at Claridge's was turned into a sort of fair.

I could not help wondering if the fusillade of bangs from the game called "Bast'em," surprised any of the royal party when they arrived.

This pastime is played by eight people, who pump air as hard and as fast as they can into balloons. The first "burst" secures a prize, and the bang is ear-splitting, but apparently appeals to our noise-conscious generation! Anyhow, "Bast'em" took up a whole corner, and in another you could embark on that entertaining test of skill, which consists of throwing pennies on to black or white squares in the hope of landing them "true" on one colour. It exercises a weird fascination, owing to its extreme difficulty! There was also a fish-pond, where one could try to hook champagne and other prizes. The Princesses were most amused by all these side-shows, but decided to dance all the same. Prince Christopher of Greece led off with Princess Irene. She was one of the bridesmaids, and has a piquante face, with a most attractive smile; she looked nice in a midnight-blue frock, with rows of pearls and long pearl earrings.

How smart all the Greek Princesses are, and how well they put on their clothes! Princess Eugenie—another bridesmaid—is fair, and was well suited at the Snow Ball by her frock of pink and gold tissue. The young Princess Kyra of Russia wore blue velvet, and so did Princess Christopher

of Greece; while Princess René of Bourbon was in two shades of rose-pink. Lady Jean Mackintosh was hostess at the dance, as she is very interested in the Boys' Clubs for which it was given.

Lady Londonderry was as keen as anyone to visit the display of royal wedding presents at St. James's Palace at the very earliest possible moment. She arrived at the pre-private view, and was, for the moment, unrecognised by the man at the door. Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith can hardly have left the presents for a moment since he first undertook his duties of Curator of them, and he must have worked very hard. He has certainly carried out his task marvelously, for every gift is set out where it can best be seen, and the groups are arranged with perfect taste, with each object clearly labelled. When I arrived, Sir Cecil was just sending off by special messenger to the Dean the gold quill pen with which the register was signed. It was the gift of the Institute of Secretaries, and came with the request that it should be used for the ceremony; so it was one of the few presents that the guests at the afternoon party did not see, as it was dispatched to the Dean on the Tuesday. It is the exact replica in gold of a quill pen.

Lady Harcourt-Smith had a very few of her own friends at St. James's Palace to get an early view. I saw her leaning over the cases with Lady Dallas. The Duchess of Sutherland came, in a little green and red feather toque and fur coat, and was no doubt pleased to see that the marvellous screen to which she and the Duke and other friends had contributed was in such a prominent place. Lady Londonderry's chief concern was over the linen, which had been sent about from one place to another, but looked perfectly fresh and exquisite.

Miss Dorothy Yorke arrived rather breathless, with a parcel which she gave to Sir Louis Greig, with the instructions that it was the special wish of the Princess Royal that the contents should be put prominently among the presents. These were the silver wine coasters which are the joint present from the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, Lord Lascelles, and his brother. Miss Yorke promised to follow up the present with a card autographed by the four children themselves.

The actual Royal Presents' View Party on Wednesday afternoon was one of the most remarkable State functions which have ever taken place. The King and Queen, the Duke of Kent and his bride, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, the visiting crowned heads and Princes, Princesses, and Grand Dukes and Duchesses, all attended, but there was no formality of any kind, and the number of guests was very large. The crowd was at one moment considerable, and it was definitely rather alarming to feel that, if you turned without due care, or stepped back quickly, you might bump into a King or Queen!

The Duke of Kent and Princess Marina (as she was then) moved freely about in the crowd, or as freely as the number of people assembled in the Palace allowed them to do, and the King and Queen also spoke to many friends. Princess Marina wore the pinky beige dress in which she arrived in London, which everyone agrees is one of the prettiest of the frocks she has worn since she came over to her new home.

On Thursday morning Westminster Abbey was the heart of the world for us all, and as the Archbishop said in his address to bride and bridegroom, by means of the wonderful wireless the whole nation, nay, the whole Empire, were wedding guests. The musical speaking voice of the Duchess of Kent, with no trace of foreign accent, echoed in the ears of thousands as it came over the air, and I, who heard it in the Abbey, will never forget its clear, gentle sound. Though she smiled

when giving up the aisle, it was obvious that the lovely silver-clad bride was nervous.

Not so her child bridesmaids! Princess Elizabeth obviously enjoyed the whole ceremony immensely, and before the arrival of the bride whispered continuously to Lady Mary Cambridge, the other child bridesmaid.

The picture at the altar was one of amazing beauty. It was not adorned with flowers, but was decked with the wonderful Abbey plate, which, though mostly post-Restoration, includes one superb gold sixteenth-century chalice. Soft-hued Persian carpets were spread on the steps, and gilt chairs with red cushions were set for the most important guests. The Queen looked magnificent in blue velvet with eight rows of diamonds and two of pearls, and our own Princess Royal was a picture of typically English beauty. I have never seen her look better than in her blue velvet trimmed with grey fox. The Duchess of York, who so often wears blue, had chosen a japonica-red velvet, which was one of the most striking dresses in the whole assembly, and had Princess Margaret Rose, all in cream satin, beside her. The Lascelles boys were in Etoué suits, and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia's young son wore his sailor suit and sat at her feet on a stool.

The splendour of the uniforms, the wonderful music, and the historic assembly made an unforgettable picture, and the fact that every other woman had chosen velvet added to the rich, almost medieval, colour scheme, which suggested an illuminated manuscript. The Aga Khan arrived in his robes of brocade, a state costume in which I, for one, had never seen him before; the Nepalese Minister's jewelled head-dress was



LADY PLUNKET organised a Staff Ball in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society at the Wharfedale Rooms last week. She is here seen (second from left) among the guests, fishing for prizes.



CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, M.C., designed and made the wedding dress for the Duchess of Kent, and a number of her trousseau frocks.

another highlight among the members of the congregation . . . but in an assembly of such splendour the eye became dazzled.

And now the festivities are all over, the Captains and the Kings have departed, and the Archdukes and the Princesses have sailed away, but there is no "flatness" in England, for we will soon have the Duchess of Kent established at home in London. MARIEGOLD

"WHAT DID THEY GIVE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS?"

THE DISPLAY OF WEDDING PRESENTS.

streaming to St. James's Palace, where the royal wedding presents are on view at a shilling a time for those who cannot afford more, and five shillings for those who value exclusiveness and can pay for it on the Tuesdays.

It is just another example of British sentiment on everything connected with the Royal Family, and, anyhow, sentiment apart, the royal presents are well worth looking at. It is not the value, which runs into many thousands of pounds, nor the general splendour of the display which appeals so much, as the wide diversity of the gifts themselves. They come from all parts of the world, from the Empire, from ruling sovereigns, and from very humble friends, and the smallest and richest objects are ranged side by side.

Donors are as "opposite" as the Emperor of Japan, whose contribution is a silver hen and a cock with a gold ruff and tail feathers and a lacquer



These magnificent jewels are wedding presents received by H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT from members of the Royal Family. Our photograph shows (at back) the parure of sapphires and diamonds (tiara, necklaces, ear-rings, three brooches, and two bracelets) from the Queen; (next row) the sash and earrings of rubies and diamonds from the Duke of Kent, the diamond brooch with chains from Princess Nicholas of Greece, and the diamond link sash with black pearl pendant from the King and Queen; (next row) the pearl and diamond tiara from Princess Nicholas of Greece and the diamond and ruby brooch from the Queen; and (in front) the pearl necklace and bracelet with diamond motifs from the Duke of Kent, the diamond rivière from the King, and the diamond and ruby bracelet from the Duke of Kent.

stand for the pair of them, and the children from the East End Blind School, where the two cane waste-paper baskets which come in their name were probably made. Between these two extremes there is plenty of room for variety, and of that there is much.

Both the Duke and Duchess of Kent are modern young people with modern ideas and tastes. Their friends know it and have chosen their gifts accordingly. Both are artistic; the Duchess paints, the Duke has a keen appreciation of music, of period furniture, and of old silver. A committee, headed by Lord Luke, has presented him with a grand piano. This was a last-moment and much-valued surprise. The furniture and the silver, the glass and the china, include many pieces which collectors would envy. That delightful little picture of ships in harbour, with a card from Lord Iver Churchill, is a Boudin. There are Chinese pictures from the Philip Kindersleys; a flower picture by herself from the Marchioness of Queensberry; and the Maharajah of Burdwan has sent a Rajput painting—all of which gives some idea of the variety of art represented.

Lord Duveen's knowledge of the Duke's tastes led him to choose one of the best bits of furniture in the show—an exquisite Queen Anne settee covered with petit point of the period. It is one of a group of pieces of furniture covered with needlework, donors of which include Sir Philip Sassoon, who sent a Queen Anne stool. When the Duke and Duchess of Kent have their own house in London, their dining-room will probably be furnished by the gift of the Royal Household, a fine mahogany dining-table, Chippendale chairs covered with green brocade, a petit point screen, and a Chinese Chippendale table.

The Prince of Wales, who joined with near relatives in the present of a diamond brooch, has clubbed together with the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, Lord Harewood, and the Duke of Gloucester to give a pair of rare and precious mahogany side tables; and cards bearing the names of Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, Lord Lascelles, and his brother Gerald are attached to a pair of old oak and silver coasters.

The walnut seats, two of them sent by the Air Force, are matched by two more added by the Prince of Wales. Another family present is a late seventeenth-century gilt gesso mirror. The list of the twenty-nine

donors of this is headed by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. Eleven friends have sent a fine lacquer screen. A very lovely and complete set of glass, copied from an old Georgian pattern engraved with the Duke's initial, is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston.

Literature is represented by books on various subjects, including music; and autographed copies of their own works by contemporary authors. Mr. Noel Coward has given a set of his writings in a *de luxe* binding of red leather, duly signed, and what could be more friendly than that? The Duchess will learn something about her new country from H. V. Morton's "In Search of England." It came to her from an old governess.

The silver, grouped on two long tables, includes the regal-looking silver soap tureens, entrée dishes, meat dishes, and oval plates given by the City of London. Next to them are the two small sauce boats from Lady Diana Gibb. Close by, and flanking the silver from their Majesties, are the two large gilt cups with handles from the Canadian Premier and his Cabinet. The cups have a history. They were originally given by George III. to Princess Adelaide. Half-a-dozen double-branched candlesticks, a cake-basket, two wine-coolers, and a silver have been sent by the King and Queen. This is the largest silver; the smallest piece is a silver paper-knife.

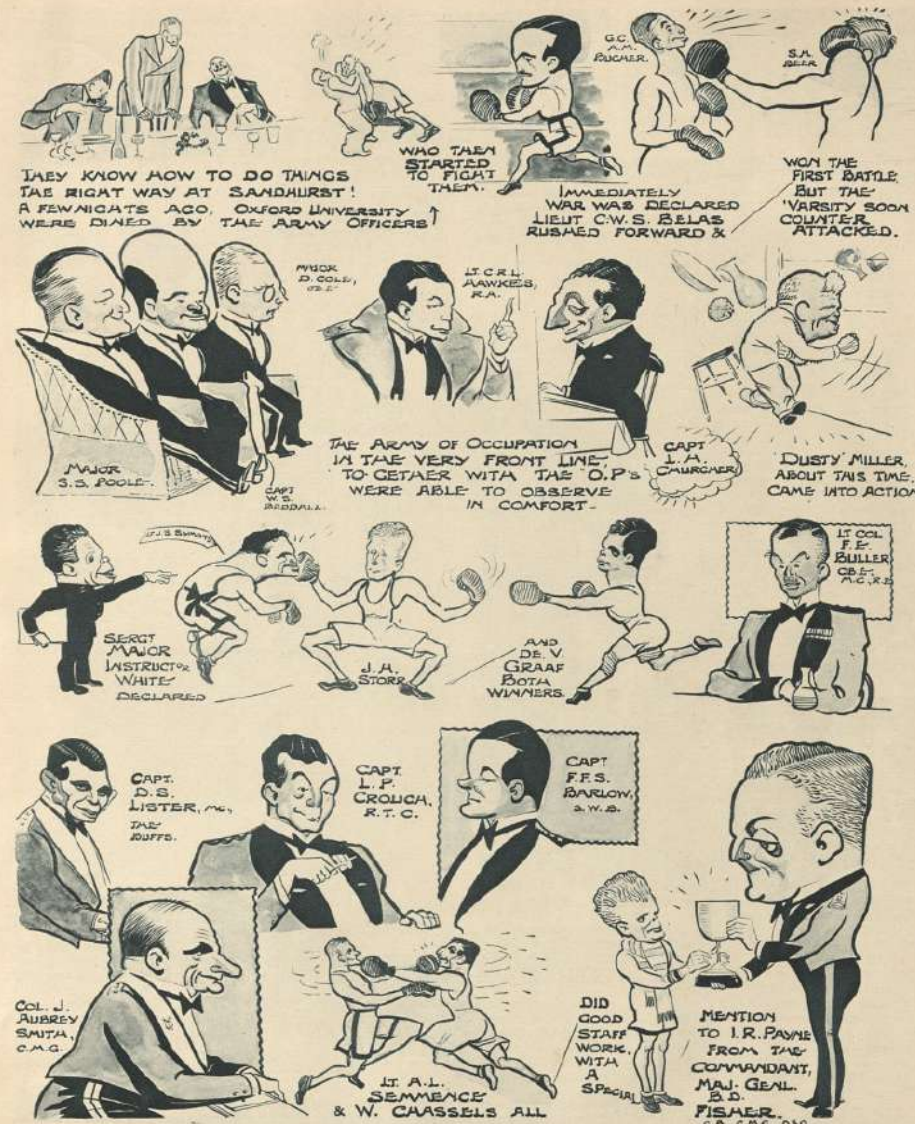
The Duke has a special interest in the eighteenth-century silver tea-service given by the combined branches of the Royal Navy and Marines. In the first piece, he is a sailor himself; in the second, he helped to choose some of the pieces of which the set is composed. Kent has given the cutlery which the Duke and Duchess will use every day; and the handsome silver tureens, two large and one small, given by the members of the Diplomatic Corps, are surrounded by hundreds of smaller pieces of the kind which the owners will have in ordinary use.

There are Leeds, Sèvres, Worcester, Copeland, and Garrett and Rockingham services to fill the China Room, as well as a fine dinner-service of old Gotha China, given by Lord Edward Gleichen.

Lady Helen Gleichen, and Lady Valda Macchelli. The household linen is of the most modern and up-to-date kind. White sheets and towels are old-fashioned. The Duchess of Kent's linen capboards are stocked with fine linen towels in pastel shades, and sheets to match, exquisitely embroidered with the royal initial and a crown. Wines especially will be interested in the jewels. The Queen's gift of a tiara, set with large square sapphires surrounded by diamonds, and a necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and a large corsage brooch to match, eclipses most of the other pieces, lovely as these are. The King's present is a rivière of diamonds set flat in platinum, and their Majesties' joint gift is a sautoir of diamonds with two black pearls in the pendant. The Queen has added a diamond and ruby brooch. The Duke switched from sapphires to rubies in his wedding presents of jewellery to his bride. These include a diamond tiara, with an interchangeable front set with rubies, a ruby and diamond bracelet, and a sautoir and ear-rings of rubies and diamonds. The City of London's diamond tiara is a miracle of delicate workmanship in a Russian fringe design, and was worn by the Duchess on her wedding day. The diamond tiara given by Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece is studded with huge pearls, and Princess Nicholas, her mother, has added a large diamond brooch with loops of diamonds attached.

A table is devoted to ornaments in jade and quartz. Like every bride, the Duchess has received an ample supply of handbags and clocks, lamps and bell-pushes. Utility and originality are combined in the bath-tray for sponges and soap, with a shaving mirror attached, which the Hon. Edward and the Hon. George Ward have sent to the Duke.

An apple-cutter, half-a-dozen boxes of cigarettes, an unusual cigar cabinet in various kinds of snake-skin from the Maharajah of Nepal, a visiting-card of Viscount Nelson framed in silver, fine furs, not forgetting the silver fox cape from Lady Wimbore; and a box of needles in assorted sizes, and a set of clouded amber crochet-hooks, are other things illustrating the way in which some thousand persons have answered for themselves the question: "What shall we give the Duke and Duchess of Kent for a wedding present?"



OXFORD AND THE ARMY IN THE RING.

Oxford University took an Army Officer's society at the Gymnasium, R.M.C., Sandhurst, and proved their mettle. Oxford won by six wits to the Army Officers' three; thus showing that the 'Varsity still carries a good punch! The following acted as referees, judges, and timekeepers: Colonel J. Aubrey Smith, Chairman, Army B.A.; Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Buller; Captain L. H. Churcher, late the Hampshire Regiment; Captain D. S. Lister, M.C., the Buffs; Captain F. S. Borden, the South Wales Borderers; and Lieut. C. R. L. Hawkes, R.A. Captain L. P. Crouch, Royal Tank Corps, was the Representative, Army B.A., for R.M.C., Sandhurst. S. M. I. White, A.P.T.S., was M.C.; and the trainer and second to the Army team was Mr. J. Miller. Fred May did the drawings.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A - FISHING."

MR. MURRAY HORNIBROOK writes from *Etretat*: "On page 202 of *The Sketch* of Oct. 31, you ask if Lord Davies' catch of fifty-two sea-trout has ever been bettered. Here are two records from Ireland. On the Inver Fishery in Connemara, while it was rented by a syndicate under Mr. Moreton Frewen about thirty years ago, Sir John Arnett caught

just under eighty sea-trout in one day—seventy-nine, I think—the record is in the fishing book at Inver Lodge; weight of the catch not known. At the same fishery on Lake Lagen, in August 1910, my wife and I had a day by permission of the late Lord Dudley, who was then the lessee. As we arrived unexpectedly, we had to share a small boat only suitable for one person (only one gillie was available). It was a very hot day, and fish came short up to noon. After that they rose with great freedom, and when the car came to fetch us we found we had got nearly ninety sea-trout. I forget the actual number—it is in the fishery book at Inver—but it was either eighty-seven or eighty-eight. We did not know until we landed how many we had got; nor, until they were counted, that there was any question of a record. It was suggested that we should go on and see how many more we could get, but the boat was too small for comfort, and we were tired and had a thirty-five-mile drive before us, so we rested on our laurels. I have no actual idea of what the whole catch weighed, as we only weighed the two or three very large fish—there was only one over 4 lb., but there was a good number between 2 lb. and 3 lb., and it must certainly have greatly exceeded the 134 lb. from Loch Cowlis. There is an enlarged snapshot of the catch, with Sullivan—Lord Dudley's favourite gillie—beside it, in the Fishing Lodge on Inver Island."

I am much obliged to Mr. Hornibrook for his interesting letter, but I doubt if either of the records he gives better the catch made by Lord Davies. My reason for saying this is that I have looked up the figures for some catches made in 1901 by Mr. Moreton Frewen and members of his syndicate. The average weight of 388 sea-trout was just under 1 lb. The bag of about ninety sea-trout in 1916 was divided between Mr. Hornibrook and his wife, so it is doubtful if the catch per rod would compare with that of Lord Davies, even if the average weight of the sea-trout has increased greatly since 1901.

This question and another, "Are dace hybrids?" are propounded by Mr. E. Marshall-Hardy in his recently published book, "Angling Ways." He does not answer the questions, but leaves his readers to form their own opinion on the evidence he offers. According to experts he has consulted, neither the otoliths (ear-stones) nor the throat teeth in dace and in chub offer any certain means of identifying the one from the other. His chief piece of evidence is this: "Some years ago, a certain water in Norfolk was strictly preserved, and contained trout only. Subsequently, roach and chub were introduced. In due course the trout, roach, and chub became comparatively scarce, but the water was heavy with dace. Where did they come from, and why were they present in such numbers to the exclusion of the other species named? Is a dace a roach-chub hybrid?" If the

possibility of any dace having been introduced to the water is out of the question, then Mr. Marshall-Hardy's evidence would appear to be incontrovertible. To me it seems quite likely that a few dace were included among the chub with which the water was stocked. If that assumption can be disproved, I would suggest that a poacher had tried live-baiting for the trout, and, rather than carry home a bait-ear full of water, he emptied his baits—dace, of course—into the lake.

Are There Dace-Chub Hybrids? Mr. Marshall-Hardy finishes his evidence with the question, "How many waters are there where chub and roach are found without dace, or vice versa?" I cannot answer this question, and do not know anyone who could with any conviction. Personally, I do not think the dace is a roach-chub hybrid. The matter could be settled possibly by breeding from some dace and seeing if their progeny bred true to type. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that Mr. Marshall-Hardy is partly right, for I would not be surprised if some of the big dace are hybrid dace-chub, if such a cross is possible. None has been recognised by the authorities, the nearest being a bleak-chub hybrid. On the other hand, the dace and chub are so closely related that it would prove most difficult to identify a cross breed.

Remarkable Coincidence.

Some days ago, Mr. E. M. Mayes, an old member of the Piscatorial Society, called on me to enquire about trout-fishing in South Africa. Mr. S. F. Edge, the racing motorist, had invited him, at a moment's notice, to join him in a trip to South Africa or New Zealand, or anywhere else where they could catch some big trout. Mr. Mayes was weighing the pros and cons of the attractions of South Africa and New Zealand when he came in, and, instead of helping him, I added to his troubles by suggesting that Tasmania might meet their special needs. When he left me I turned to my correspondence, and found a letter from Edward Blondell, also a member of the Piscatorial Society, and he enclosed some pages from an old *Strand Magazine* of about 1894-96. The magazine was found with other waste-paper at the Thatcham Paper Mills, and close to some of the Piscatorial Society's water. The sheets contained an article, "Curiosities of Angling," by Frankie Steelcroft, which I found to be mainly a history of the Piscatorial Society. Glancing through the article, I noticed the capture by Mr. W. T. Galloway of a fine lot of five trout, weighing 20 lb., in the Ham Mill Pool, in two days in June 1894. Then, to my surprise, I read:

"The capture of these trout seemed to have cleared the way, as it were, for Mr. E. M. Mayes, who caught his eleven-pound fish the following week, in precisely the same spot." This struck me as being a strange coincidence. I sent the cutting on to Mr. Mayes, and he called on me again. He had never seen the article before, and both he and his wife were greatly interested in the account. Mr. Mayes recalled the capture of this large trout with evident relish, and recounted the thrilling moments he experienced before the trout was safely landed.



A 62-5. KINGFISH or CREVAILLE (*Caranx ferox*) caught off the coast of CEYLON. There are several varieties of *Caranx* in the Indo-Pacific region. A specimen of 122 lb. has been claimed as the record, taken at Durban in 1910.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mrs. M. Sitwell had an aggregate catch of 83 lb. 3½ oz. in the three-day Boat Festival of the Deal and Walmer Angling Association.

The heaviest aggregate weight was 122 lb. 7 oz., landed by Mr. H. E. Painter, who also carried off two prizes for the heaviest fish and the heaviest conger with a specimen of 32 lb. 6 oz. The heaviest cod, 13 lb. 8½ oz., was caught by Mr. A. E. Pain.

R. L. MARSTON.

THE OWNER OF WYCHWOOD ABBOT AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE.



1. MISS CHRISTINA ("KERSTY") NELSON, eldest daughter of the late Captain T. A. Nelson and of Mrs. Paul Mase, will marry Mr. Oliver Vernon Watney on Friday, December 14, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

2. Another study of MISS KERSTY NELSON, who is one of the most beautiful and intelligent members of the younger set.

3. MR. OLIVER VERNON WATNEY, who is to marry Miss Kersty Nelson, is the only son of the late Mr. Vernon James Watney and of Lady Margaret Watney, of Carnbury Park, Oxon. He is well known on the turf, and owns a string of racehorses. He won the Cambridgeshire this year with his Wychwood Abbot. The Archbishop of Canterbury will officiate at the marriage; and the honeymoon is to be spent in Madeira.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY YVONNE AND HUGH EICEL.





MME. PARAFICINI, wife of the Swiss Ambassador, patronises the FORTUNE TELLER.



Backed by international hunting decorations; LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND HAY in a white wig; with CAPTAIN DRUMMOND.



At all-royal table: (left to right) PRINCESS KATHERINE OF GREECE, PRINCESS EUGENIE OF GREECE (both bridesmaids); the GRAND DUKE DMITRI; and PRINCESS HELEN and PRINCE PETER OF GREECE.

ROYAL DANCERS AND SOME



MRS. WEBB JOHNSTONE and LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH (right), the only wearer of a diamond tiara.



MRS. NETTLEFOLD, Deputy Chairman of the Ball, has a delightfully soignée streamlined effect. PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE is with her.

MANY foreign royalties over for the Royal Wedding last week attended Claridge's for the "Snow" Ball in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. King George of Greece, for instance, brought on from the Royal Dinner at Buckingham Palace a large party which included three of Princess Marina's bridesmaids, the Princesses Irene, Eugenie, and Katherine of Greece. Princess Irene wore white satin with a fold of pale-blue velvet at the waist (the colours of the Greek national flag). Christmas-trees laden with wood "snow" gave the authentic wintry touch, and there were many shows and a cabaret.

OTHERS AT THE "SNOW" BALL.



The cabaret produced by Mr. Carl Hysan, called "The Date of 1934" included the following gay young debutantes: MISS JOSEPHINE ANGAS, MISS HARMOOD BANNER, MISS JUDITH CRAMER-ROBERTS, MISS PETA DAVIS, MISS DAPHNE HANCOCK, MISS LISA HUNTER, MISS PAMELA KINGSMILL, MISS KONSTAM, MISS AVERIL LOYD, MISS PEGGY MERGER, MISS FLORRIE OWEN, MISS I. RYLE, MISS URSULA WARRE, and MISS AUREA WELDON.

(Above; right) LADY SEAFIELD wearing coral ornaments; with her husband, MR. DEREK STUDLEY HERBERT.

(Right) Some of the members of the party brought by King George of Greece: (left to right) PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE, PRINCESS GAITAN OF BOURBON-PARMA, KING GEORGE OF GREECE, and PRINCESS IRENE OF GREECE, a bridesmaid.



LADY ANNE RHYS, daughter of the Duchess of Wellington, with her husband, the HON. DAVID RHYS, and MR. RICHARD SNAGGE.



(Left to right) MR. HASSELBATCH and MRS. HASSELBATCH, a very popular Danish lady, watching PRINCE PETER OF GREECE fishing for a bottle of champagne.



WHEN the curtain goes up at the Duke of York's, Polaire and Jean are in the midst of an unholy squabble, while Schatze pours common sense on troubled waters. The quick reconciliation in the nightclub is as amusing as the brawl, for this trio of ex-Ziegfeld Follies pursue a perilous profession outside the bounds of morality, with a seat for life and champagne and an unending resource in capturing their prey. They philosophise and bid for each other's prizes, which are calculated in expensive terms, and to define their occupation "THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT." Polaire has talents that a passing Don Juan discovers; Jean has intuitions that defeat her, and Schatze has the good sense to keep an eye on the exchequer. Their adventures are racy, dangerous, and lively as the bubbling champagne, and Miss Zoe Akens' comedy has brilliance and a swift succession of mid shocks, for the play is balanced delicately on the



"THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT," at the Duke of York's. Surprising reception for the unblushing bride, Jean (MARGARET RAWLINGS), who is off to marry a million dollars and an island full of quail, with an old man attached! Polaire (left): HENRIETTE BADDLEY, and Schatze (ANGELA BADDLEY) are off to Paris. They all go to Paris. The Greeks had a word for Paris.

brink of prejudice. There is a fascination, too, in the audacities of these gold-diggers, a dazzling artificiality in their exploits, a gaiety in their sudden tempers, and if an embarrassing intrusion of sentiment creeps in, Polaire has the native wit to dismiss it. The final curtain is a brilliant stroke, for Jean, with all her viciousness, has a limit to her unscrupulous designs; so the millionaire she has netted is left, minus his jewels and his money, to discover wisdom, while the trio dance off to Paris for fresh escapades. It is a play that scores heavily, because Miss Margaret Rawlings as the common but intelligent Jean, Miss Angela Baddley as the controlling, designing Schatze, and Miss Henriette Baddley as the luring, calculating Polaire, convey the vices with such amusing gusto that we laugh in spite of being shocked.

All honour to Mr. Bronson Albery and to Mr. J. B. Priestley for their courage in bringing "THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER" to the Haymarket after its limited run at the Westminster. For Mr. Denis Johnston's play is fine and vivid, but, for an average English audience, not altogether easy. It is so rich in imagination and racial in its symbolism that to follow its flights is sometimes a breathless experience, though at all times a stimulating one. This conflict between progress and idealism is not to be measured by cold logic, but it has abundant wit, poignancy, and drama. Mr. O'Donovan's production, if at times a trifle slow, has disentangled the confusion of farce and philosophy in the second act and given to the many facets of a brilliant piece of work their true value. Irish humour at its best is represented by the two playboys of Mr. Harry Hutchinson and Mr. William Heilbronn. Mr. Bruce Belgrave draws a careful, convincing portrait of the German engineer whose power-house forms the bone of contention, and Mr. Donald Wolfelt voices the dreams of the idealist with inspired eloquence.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

stretched his hands towards the very stars it is perhaps as well that he should claim some license in plucking them from the firmament where they dwell "for ever" in men's minds. He has turned the immortal story of Dante and Beatrice into an effective piece of theatre, a tale of frustrated love and consuming hatred born of jealousy. Beautifully set, dramatically compelling, his play is certainly never dull, and as certainly never touches the sublime heights of Dante's genius. But Mr. Langley's study of his central figure is unsuitably interesting and moving. Here is a genuine effort to probe a strangely complex nature, a restless, tortured soul consumed by its own passions, and Mr. Eric Portman brought to the part a dignity, a certain nobility of suffering, that gave even to hysteria and petulance an edge of pride. Miss Margaret Scott's beautiful simplicity lent balance to the shadowy characterisation of Beatrice. The last act, with its weaving of fantasmagoria of dream figures in which we may possibly be supposed to find a dim foreshadowing of the Inferno, drew such beauty as it had from the sincerity of the two lovers.

The superb acting of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson in Mr. Henry Brodwater's "HURRICANE"—prefaced by a few Russian folk-lore songs in Mr. Vladimir Rosing's poignant, mimo-dramatic manner—secured success at the Playhouse, although I am not sure that



Did the Greeks (or the Argentines, or the Portuguese) have a word for this? The three alcoholics, Jean, Polaire, and Schatze (left to right), react to a cup of tea.

it will please the general public. For it is essentially French and a concise variation of the eternal triangle stretched to a quadrangle. We have here the typical "magnificent cuckold," immortalised by Cromwell's famous play, as a model of cheerful ineptitude; the rich lover who pays for Madame's dresses, and the *ami de la maison* who does not discover that he loves Madame until she throws herself into his arms. It was this scene that apparently did not please the audience. The British idea of playing the game—even a bad game—was here ridiculed. In French and in Paris it would pass; but the Channel makes a big difference. Otherwise, in its simple, direct way, the play is not uninteresting. The characters are well drawn and alive; the problem of the "neutral" marriage between fifty and twenty well posed. The hurricane bursting in violent separation is from the first in the air. Undoubtedly the author has the sense of the theatre. Mr. Lawson will not easily be forgotten as the dear, weak, doddering husband, a pitiful picture of devotion, endurance, and fatuity. Miss Mary Grew played the wife with intensity, now cajoling, now revealing the courtesan. She will grow yet more fervent in the mentioned scene of the second act when the climax has been pictorially adjusted. Mr. Sebastian Shaw was tactfully reticent as the friend of the family, and Mr. Daniell only self-centred as the financing lover. Miss Marie Ault added a homely touch to the disturbed atmosphere. Her devotion to her old master was as typically French as the whole tenor of the play, which has more than a touch of Balzac in the characterisation.

ACTIVELY enough the company of vaudeville and radio artists on board the S.S. Progress, in "TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND," offer a burlesque of "Grand Hotel" as one of the items of their song-and-dance programmes. The burlesque, with Nancy Carroll giving a very passable imitation of Greta Garbo, may not be exactly a high-light of mirth in itself, but it does underline the type of entertainment aimed at in this Reliance Picture production, directed by Benjamin Stoloff and presented at the Leicester Square Theatre. Once again the interlocking destinies of a group of people, brought together more or less fortuitously for a brief space of time, supplies the *leit-motif* of drama, in this case plentifully relieved by comedy, some of it broad and some of it, alas! a trifle flat, and by the interpolations of elaborate cabaret turns. On board the luxury liner, a handsome thief wins a charming dancer, and the hand of a murderer strikes down a scoundrel who is a menace to at least three of his fellow-passengers. The parallel with Vicki

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

smoke garlands round the tree, a miniature dirigible drops the crowning star on to the topmost twig, and a wooden fire-brigade squirts snow on to the glittering branches. After this jolly little prelude, Alexandre Damas' grand old melodrama revives memories of youthful days, when tears and heart-beats were dedicated to the adventures of that gallant young seaman Edmond Dantès, so shamefully abused, so heroically revengeful. The production, also sponsored by Reliance

Pictures under the supervision of Edward Smal, is planned on a large scale. Dantès, receiving the fateful letter from the dying skipper of the *Pharon*, wrestles with a terrific hurricane on the voyage to Marseilles, where he enjoys a brief interlude of romance before he is dapped into the grim Château d'If. His famous escape seen up in a sack that should have shrouded a corpse is presented in all its details, even



Three modern girls in a Greek frieze. (Left to right) Polaire, Jean, and Schatze illustrating a part of that quality the Greeks had a word for. They are rather intoxicated. On the right is a xaphopie Pen—a god of surprises.

Baum's best-seller cannot be pursued any further, however, for Mr. Cordell's story is developed along familiar lines of crookery and murder mystery, and is innocent of any psychological depths. The heroine, prettily and sincerely played by Nancy Carroll, is mixed up with a professional gambler, an "error" in her past that is most uncomfortably present. Her brother is even more involved with the unpleasant card-sharper, who is himself entangled with a married woman. Fortunately for true love and misguided youth, a jealous husband lurks in the offing—or, rather, in the second-class—whose desperate intentions are so manifest that no herring is red enough to throw as off the trail. With a few more corks thrown in, plus a police inspector taking a busman's holiday, the plot thickens amongst the amenities of life on a liner, against a sumptuous background of ball-room, swimming pool, and elegantly appointed cabins. Good fun is extracted from an attempt to fence the hero, himself as sharp-witted a crook as his opponents, over a game of poker, and there is plenty to please the eye in the gyrations of the *corymbes*, particularly in an acrobatic dance cleverly caught by the camera, which adds a thrill to grace. As straightforward entertainment, the picture fulfils its purpose, and the company, with Gene Gerrard playing the peccant hero with a nice touch of gaiety, is uniformly good. But why our own Sydney Howard should have travelled all the way to Hollywood to play the minor part of an inebriated nit-wit is one of the things that keep us guessing.

to the underwater straggle with knots and weights. The hidden treasure which carries him to power and to triumph over his enemies is a veritable Aladdin's cave, and the news of Napoleon's final defeat is the cue for a bit of the Battle of Waterloo! Directed by Rowland V. Lee, the pictorial opportunities of the sweeping narrative have been fully exploited, side by side with as many of the incidents of the book as can be fitted into the scheme of the production, to say nothing of a few Hollywood additions. Indeed, a tightening of the reins here and there would have driven the drama along with greater force, nor do certain humorous effects, possibly unconscious, add to the tension of the great trial scene, in which the Count plays his last card. Fortunately, Robert Donat, the English actor chosen for the part of Dantès, is rarely absent from the screen. He has the requisite histrionics in the grand manner, and is always an arresting figure. Elissa Landi, more at ease in the youthful passages than as the mother trembling for her son, makes an appealing picture as the sailor's sweetheart; and another English actor, O. P. Heggie, is exceptionally good as the old philosopher of the Château d'If.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XX.



MODERN INSTANCES.

III.

DAMNÉD SPOT.

By WINIFRED AGAR.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)

mirror's out of focus or something; I can't really look like *that*, surely? It must be a blotchy bit of glass. Now I want you to make me look sort of dewy, take-me-I'm-yours, you know. Ooh! I do love it when you knead my skin like that, that divinely brutal touch, and the smell of that cream is positively *seductive*.

You look a bit tired, Miss Twemlow. Ah, well, I've had a long day, too: three fittings and lunch at the Ritz. D'you like my hair? Of course, it's not a *dye*, you know. I think a dye makes one look so old, and though everyone tells me I needn't worry about *that* for a long time yet, still, one thing I will not have is dyed hair. My hairdresser agrees with me. Yes, he paints it on with a brush. It has to be done pretty regularly and it costs a positive fortune.

Ooh! How that lotion tingles—I'm glowing like a bally *débütante* (and not one of them this year's got a skin to touch mine, let me tell you). Now jazz up the old epidermis as much as you can. M-m! M-m! That smells good! It's the new Seducta Skin Food, is it? Slap it in, then. Seducta's the very word for what I've got to do to-night. Seducta Skin Food indeed?—well, here's hoping he's hungry!

You're going to pluck them, are you? The Moment has Come, has it? Ah, well, I'll clench my fists and think of Higher Things—if I know of any. I'll bear anything so long as I look good for to-night. Well, not exactly *good*, if you understand me. . . . Yes, I thought you would.

Aow! Aow! That *hurt*! I don't want to be severe, but I can't help thinking you people get *insensitive* to suffering. It's so selfish just to look at them for all the world as though you were picking the whiskers off a prawn! Lord, woman, how can you use the tweezers with your hand trembling so? The first thing a girl's got to learn is to control her hand next day whatever sort of a blind she's had the night before. Oh, beg your pardon. It's only tiredness, is it? Well, if you'd had the sort of day I have, you'd know what it is to be really *exhausted*. Now, I don't want to get cross, or my face will get all congested. Ah, well! I've suffered, but it was worth it. M-m! M-m! That Seducta certainly lives up to its name! Why, I can feel my skin actually blushing with the ideas that stuff is putting into it!

Now, you will do your damndest to make me look lovely, won't you? Oh, it's too kind of you to say that. I'm sorry if I've been cross, but it's the wear and tear of a hard day, you've no idea. Well, I've been having trouble with the boy-friend. I'll burst if I don't tell someone, and, of course, one can't trust one's friends. You remember him. You've seen him once or twice when I've sent you an S.O.S. to come to the flat and doll me up. Yes, he's working up for trouble—threatening to get *married*! I ask you! I mean to say! Oh, no, he hasn't told me yet—I'd like to see him trying—but I've heard—I've heard. There's not much gets past this little chicken in spite of the dewy eye, believe me! Yes, *married*. Isn't it *scandal*, and to a girl who *works*—actually works in a shop! Oh, I know more about it than he thinks I do. Well, I've got friends, and what are a girl's friends for except to tell her the worst about her boy—almost before he knows it himself? Some wispy little squirt in a crochet

jumper, I suppose. And all his money! That's another thing that makes me mad, because, of course, it'll be just *wasted* on her. She'll never know what to do with it—and at least he's never had that complaint against *me*! Really, he must have gone cuckoo.

What did you say? Blackheads? Oh, impossible, I've never had such a thing. Why, my skin's perfect, everyone says so. All right, have it your own way, but don't go prodding my skin up into great weals—no mountain scenery for me to-night, thanks. On with the bandages now, it's all for the Great Cause. D'you know, your hand's still trembling—haven't you honestly been drinking, my girl? All right, all right, no offence meant.

I seem to remember he gave you a drink one night when I got you in at the last minute to do my face before a party. And *what* a party! Why, I woke up next morning to find myself in a bunker on the golf-course at Bexhill, and wasn't I surprised! But it's all in the day's work. D'you know, I feel almost ashamed to take the cash from him sometimes, it's so easy! And would I hand a boy like that to some little snippet with a red tam-o'-shanter over one eye? Would I? Marriage indeed! Why, even I didn't expect that! Well, he can't fool me—I don't believe in just being pretty and dumb, I pride myself on being clever, too. No, not too clever, that makes men uneasy, but just quick enough on the uptake so they can flatter themselves it isn't only *one* thing they want in a girl. M-m! That ice feels good on the skin. Can you hear me through the bandages? It's difficult for a girl to pour out her soul when she's all trussed up. I suppose you'll be leaving me now to brood by myself while the potatoes sink in? O.K. Off you go.

Well, that's that. Why did she slam the door so?—it gave me quite a turn. She seems a bit fretful this afternoon. These girls have no consideration for their customers who come here tired out after a long day. O Lord! make it be one of my *right* nights, when I look ravishing whatever I put on or take off, when every hair of my head curls and coils like a saxophone solo, and every eyelash deserves its own pet name! I'll wear the apricot waffle crêpe. The man who can stand up against the apricot waffle crêpe hasn't been born yet—and never will be, the age of miracles being over. Where's the Twemlow—I'm all fidgety now to get home and start dressing. She's quite a pretty creature, the Twemlow, but standing on your feet all day is rather aging, I always think. She'd do much better married, but these girls will have their independence. At least, that's what they call it when they can't get any man to propose anything—above board or between the sheets—to them. O God! make it so that my face comes out of these infernal bandages like a—like a baby's pretty, soft, new skin no, they're purple, that would never do; well, white and soft and delicious, anyhow.

Damn the man!

Oh, there you are, Miss Twemlow. Yes, take 'em off. I want to see the radiant new woman you've made of me. The skin certainly *feels* like a flower. Now I want to look appealing, remember. With just a sort of tragic hint, perhaps. Not much rouge, but plenty of eye-black. Powder all over the face, pale but luminous, lotus-flowery, so to speak. That's it, hand me the glass.

My God! My God! But that's a spot, a huge spot on my cheek! What have you done! You've ruined me; I'm sunk! What did you say, *what* did you say? Oh, it'll die down by to-morrow, will it? To-morrow; what's to-morrow to me, who *came* about to-morrow? You blasted fool—I said to-night! Do you realise what I shall look like to-night, with this, this, *this* on my cheek? Why, I'd rather look ugly than laughable! Yes, laughable. Yes, I'll shout if I want to, and I don't care if the whole place hears me. No, I'm damned if I'll take my hands off your throat—I don't care if it does hurt! Did you hear me: I—don't—care—if—it—does—hurt! Ah, what are you smiling for? Oh, you think I'm making a lot of fuss about nothing, do you? What do you know about it, may I ask? What can you understand about such things, you're only a shop-girl, only a shop-girl! What did you say:—only his shop-girl—only his—his—! My God! You! It's you! So you're his girl! And you messed me up on purpose, did you? Ah! Take that smile off your face; I'm going to faint—I'm going to faint, I tell you—I'm going to—

[THE END.]

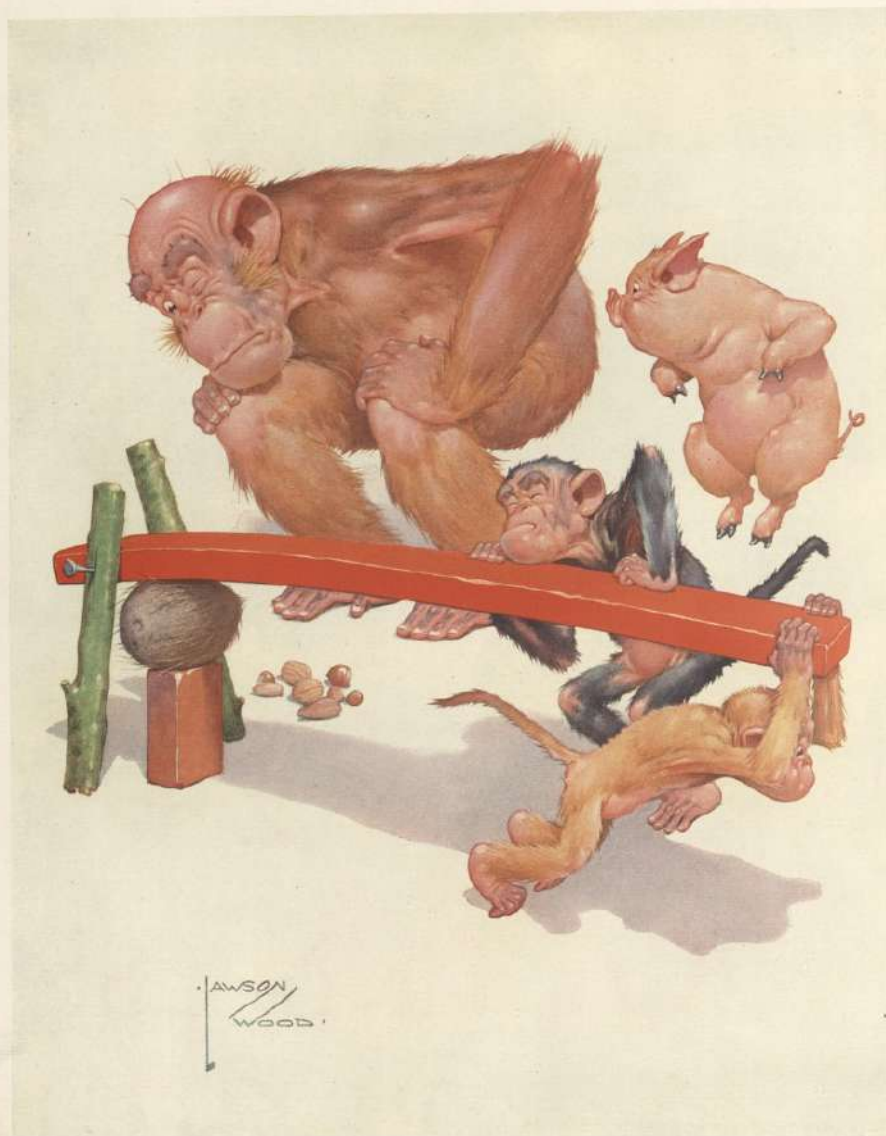
*All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.



MRS. "FLASH" KELLETT—
A TRAVELLER IN AFGHANISTAN.

MRS. "FLASH" KELLETT is the chic and attractive wife of Captain "Flash" Kellett and was Miss Myrtle Atherley. She and her husband have gone to Afghanistan this winter, as they are very fond of travelling in remote countries. They have left their house at Thorpe Satchville to Mr. Anthony Hield and Captain Bob Laycock. The letter is engaged to Miss Angela Dudley Ward.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY OLIVE SNELL.



LAWSON
WOOD

GRAN'POP'S NUTCRACKER SUITE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.L.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

"Something tells me
I'm going to need
a Guinness"



GUINNESS
for STRENGTH

G. E. 370 G





H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE left Buckingham Palace at 10.40 a.m. on November 29 for her marriage to H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT. She was accompanied by her father, H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece, attended by Madame Tombasi, Lady Mary Hope, and Count Mercati (whose daughter is Mrs. Michael Arlen), and escorted by a Captain's Escort of the Life Guards. The procession is arriving at the Abbey.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE!
THE ARRIVAL AT
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(Right) On arrival at the west door of Westminster Abbey, THE BRIDE was received by the Dean of Westminster. She is here stepping out of her coach.



IN THE ABBEY AT THE WEDDING
OF THE
DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT.

Addressing Princess Marina and the Duke is the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has the Archbishop of York on his left hand and the Dean of Westminster on his right. On the right are the King and Queen, with the King and Queen of Norway on their right. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, the bridegroom's supporters, are behind the bridal pair on the right, beyond the bridesmaids. To the left of the picture are Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece; and it is easy to pick out members of our Royal Family on the right, and of the bride's relations on the left.





BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE ABBEY: AN IMPRESSION
OF THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT
AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.C.A.



This drawing of the scene of the marriage of H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT and H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE was made by our Special Artist in the Abbey for the impressive ceremony. It shows the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY conducting the Service; with the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER at his right hand. In the left background are H.M. THE QUEEN OF NORWAY, H.M. THE KING OF NORWAY, H.M. THE QUEEN, and H.M. THE KING (l. to r.), with members of our Royal Family behind them. In the background (on the right) are the bridesmaids, with H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK (l.) and LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE holding the train. H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, who gave his daughter away, is standing in the foreground, on the right. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK are seen beyond the bridegroom. The bride's bouquet rests on the ground at the feet of the Prince of Wales.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE ABBEY.





H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE led his daughter, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA up the aisle of Westminster Abbey for her marriage to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. Her bridesmaids were headed by H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH and LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE, who were followed by H.R.H. PRINCESS EUGENIE OF GREECE, LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, H.R.H. PRINCESS KATHERINE OF GREECE, H.R. PRINCESS KYRA OF RUSSIA, H.R.H. PRINCESS IRENE OF GREECE, and H.R.H. PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS.



The group on the left of the altar consisted of (l. to r.; front row) H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, H.R. and L.H. PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE, H.M. THE KING OF DENMARK, H.M. THE QUEEN OF DENMARK, H.M. KING GEORGE OF GREECE, H.R.H. PRINCE PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA (the Prince Regent), H.R.H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA, with one of her sons (in sailor suit), and H.R.H. PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK. Other royal visitors, relatives of the bride, may be distinguished in the other rows.



Here H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT is leading down the Abbey from the altar. The two child LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE are holding the



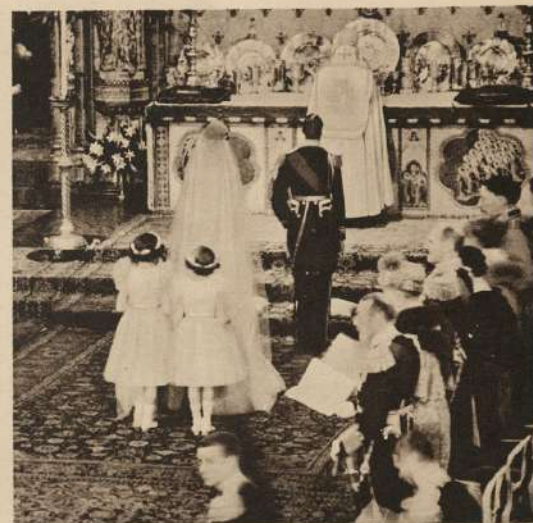
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE OF YORK had a stool and at one moment started to ask questions! She is looking up at



his bride, formerly H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE, bridesmaids, H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK and long silver-and-white brocade train high up in their little hands,



of her own at her mother's feet during the ceremony in the Abbey, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK, who is whispering "Hush!"



At this moment in the wedding ceremony at Westminster Abbey, THE ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY is standing at the altar, which is decked with the Abbey gold plate. THE BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM are behind him with H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK and the other child attendant, LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE, immediately behind them. H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.M. THE KING OF NORWAY, H.M. THE QUEEN OF NORWAY, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL and THE EARL OF HAREWOOD are on the right; with H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK nearest the camera.



In front of the group on the right-hand of the altar may be seen H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE OF YORK, who is sitting as quiet as a little mouse on her stool; and (from left to right, front row) - H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK, THE EARL OF HAREWOOD, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, H.M. THE QUEEN OF NORWAY, H.M. THE KING OF NORWAY, H.M. THE QUEEN and H.M. THE KING, H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT is in the second row, and H.R.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA is on the right in the third row. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK are standing on the steps. The central figure of the three clerics seen on the left in the background is the BISHOP OF LONDON, and seated at his left hand is the METROPOLITAN GERMANOS OF THYATEIRA, who afterwards officiated at the Greek Orthodox ceremony at Buckingham Palace.

IN THE ABBEY DURING THE ROYAL MARRIAGE SERVICE: "CLOSE-UP" DETAILS

OF THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF KENT AND PRINCESS MARINA.





THE ROYAL WEDDING GROUP
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

This wedding group, taken at Buckingham Palace after the historic marriage ceremony in Westminster Abbey and the Orthodox Greek service in the chapel at Buckingham Palace, shows (l. to r.) PRINCESS KATHERINE OF GREECE (a bridesmaid; first cousin of the bride); LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN (a bridesmaid; second cousin of the bridegroom); H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES; H.R.H. PRINCESS EUGÉNIE OF GREECE (a bridesmaid; first cousin of the bride); H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, the BRIDE; H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, the BRIDEGROOM; H.R. PRINCESS KYRA OF RUSSIA (a bridesmaid; first cousin of the bride); H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK; H.R.H. PRINCESS IRENE OF GREECE (a bridesmaid; first cousin of the bride); and H.R.H. PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS (a bridesmaid); and (seated) LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE (a bridesmaid; cousin of the bridegroom), and H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK (a bridesmaid; niece of the bridegroom).

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.





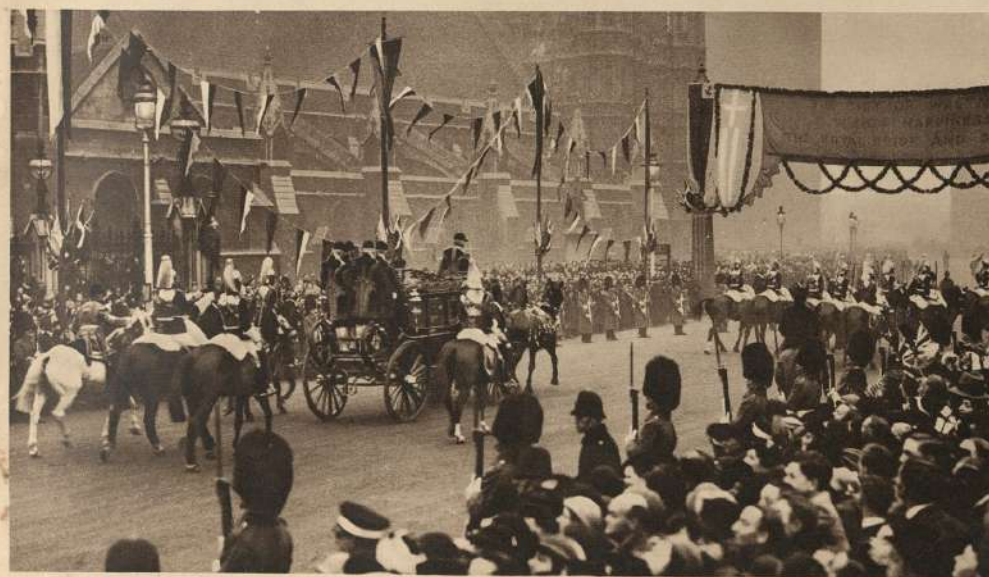
This fine bird's-eye view of the glass coach containing I.R.H. THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF KENT shows it entering the gates of Buckingham Palace after the drive back from Westminster Abbey, attended by a Captain's Escort of the Life Guards. The vast massed crowds who assembled to see the royal processions leave the Palace and return to it are well shown in this striking photograph.

PROCESSIONS OF THE THE BRIDEGROOM, AND

KING AND QUEEN, THE MARRIED PAIR.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION to Westminster Abbey left Buckingham Palace at 10.36, attended by a Sovereign's Escort of the Life Guards. The FIRST CARRIAGE contained T.M. THE KING and QUEEN and H.R.H. PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK. It is here seen in the Mall.



The carriage procession of the BRIDEGROOM left St. James's Palace at 10.44 attended by a Captain's Escort of the Royal Horse Guards, and drove to Westminster Abbey. The first carriage contained H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT and his brothers, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK. It is seen in Portico Square approaching the Abbey.





When the Royal Wedding party had returned to Buckingham Palace after the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, the King and Queen, the bride and bridegroom, and some of their near relatives appeared on the balcony at the Palace and smilingly acknowledged the cheers of the huge crowd. Our group shows (l to r.) HER ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE, H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, and H.M. THE QUEEN. H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE may be seen in the background, between the bride and bridegroom.



Another view of the royal party on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. In front of the left-hand pillar, HER ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE; and then (l. to r.) LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA, H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE (in the arms of Sir Hill Child, Deputy Master of the Household), H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, and H.M. THE QUEEN.

THE ROYAL WEDDING-PARTY ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY.



THE KING LETS THE CROWD
SEE PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE.

This delightful photograph illustrates a charming and human episode of the wedding day. When the bride and bridegroom came out on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, with the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, on their return from Westminster Abbey, H.M. THE KING held up his youngest grandchild, PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE OF YORK, who was too small to be a bridesmaid, and let the huge crowd see her. His Majesty is hidden behind the little Princess, who is held steady by H.M. THE QUEEN.





H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT and H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT drove back to Buckingham Palace after the Westminster Abbey ceremony in a glass coach, attended by a Captain's Escort of the Life Guards, via Parliament Street, the Horse Guards' Parade, the Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Connaught Hill. The procession is here passing St. George's Hospital—to the rebuilding fund of which the National Wedding Gift will be devoted.



Another view of H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT looking out of the window of her coach as she arrived at Buckingham Palace.

THE BRIDE
AS THE
MASSED
CROWDS
SAW HER.



Here the lovely bride was caught by the camera as she was arriving back at Buckingham Palace with her husband, after the ceremony in Westminster Abbey.



All sorts of lovely flowers were in readiness for the Duke and Duchess of Kent when they arrived at Himley Hall. Here is Mr. Middleton, head gardener, watering some of the cyclamens, chrysanthemums, and begonias ready for the decoration of the rooms.



This photograph of the salon shows some fine portraits and a wonderful crystal chandelier. Its quiet atmosphere is charming.



The splendid Green Library, where the Duke and Duchess may spend quiet evenings during their visit.

HIMLEY HALL: THE HONEYMOON HOUSE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT.



An aerial view of Himley Hall, which Lord Dudley has lent to the royal pair for the first part of their honeymoon. The Hall stands in a magnificent park of 500 acres with fishing and shooting and many lakes. The Duke has several times been the guest of Lord Dudley, so this is not his first visit there.



The decorative Chinese Room at Himley. Besides its wall-paper and lovely old Chinese Chippendale furniture, it contains some very comfortable modern chairs and settees.



A delightful view of the dining-room, with a very handsome table and fine screen.





THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF KENT drove away from Buckingham Palace to Paddington in an open carriage to catch their "Honeymoon Express" to Birmingham, en route for Holey Hall. The lovely, smiling Princess wore a charmingly chic little hat adorned with a superb diamond brooch. She and the Duke are acknowledging the cheers of the crowd.



Paddington Station was made as gay and decorative as possible with a massed bank of flowers on the departure platform from which THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF KENT stepped into the special train which conveyed them to Birmingham. They continued their journey from there to Holey Hall by car, and are spending the first part of their honeymoon quietly in the Earl of Dufferin's beautiful country seat.

THE ROYAL COUPLE START ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

FOR CHRISTMAS TIME AND FOR ALL TIMES

HUNTLEY & PALMERS ASSORTED CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

FAMOUS BISCUITS COATED WITH THE FINEST CHOCOLATE



OVAL VIOLETS
TIN

Assorted Chocolate
Biscuits 2/7 each



MEDIUM
VIOLETS TIN

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POPPIES

A beautifully printed
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For the "FAMILY"
Supply
Half-square tin for 7/6
Tin 8d extra



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CHOCOLATE
BISCUITS
AS CONTAINED
IN THE
VARIOUS TINS

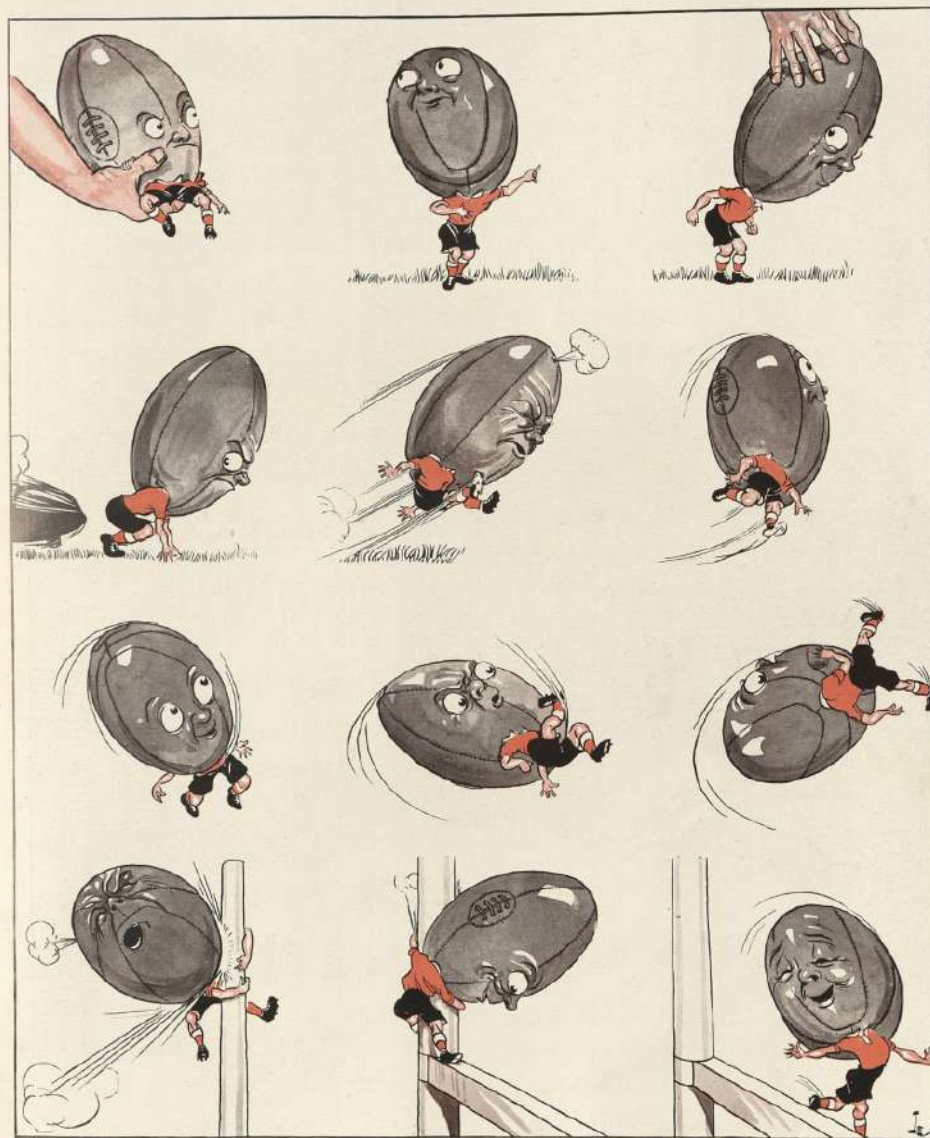




Between this *Russian Stout* and ordinary stout there is as much difference as between a fine vintage port and a bottle of 'three-&-sixpenny.' It is brewed to-day exactly as it was brewed over 150 years ago for the Russian

Court, where they demanded something potent. And many a strong man since, at the end of a tiring day or the start of a strenuous night, has found with joy what strength resides in a single glass of Barclay's Russian Stout.

BREWED BY BARCLAY PERKINS AND CO. LTD., AT SOUTHWARK





THE PENALTY GOAL.

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME



GIVE THE GREATEST PLEASURE

Christmas Greetings

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES


RETTES DIUM 50

IN DECORATED XMAS PACKINGS

50	TIN	7/3
100	-	4/10
100	PACKETS	4/9½
50	TIN	2/6

GIVE

PLAYER'S



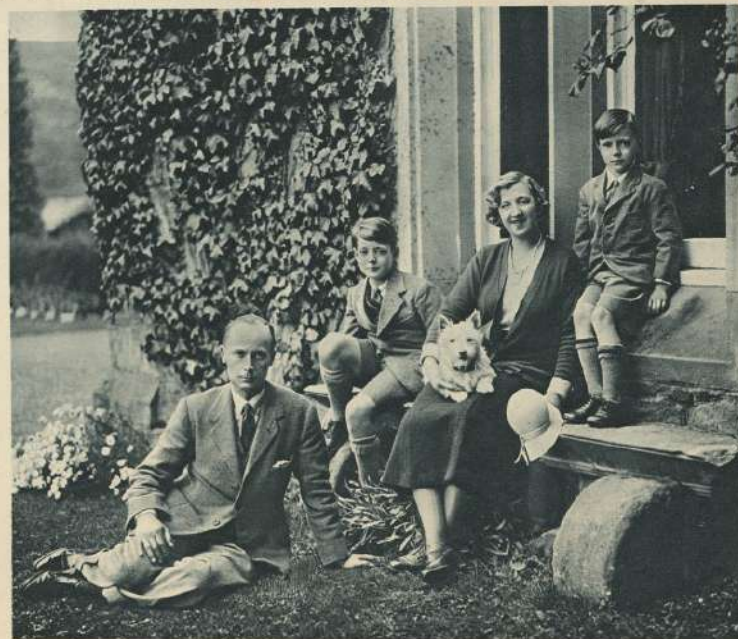
B.C.124.



These two happy "shots" of Violet Lorraine—MRS. EDWARD RAYLTON JOICEY—with her husband and her two sons, John and Dickey, were taken at their lovely home, Blenkinsopp Castle, Northumberland. Violet Lorraine is staging a "come-back" with George Robey, in their great wartime success, "The Bing Boys are Here," on December 16, at the Alhambra, when she will play her original part of Emma. Miss Lorraine married Mr. Edward Joicey, M.C., in 1921, and hitherto has only been seen on the stage in the cause of charity. Her husband is the son of the late Colonel Joicey, of Blenkinsopp Castle.

"EMMA" OF "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE," AT HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
COMPTON COLLIER.





On the banks of the Loire: DUNOIS, the Banard (Leo Cova), with his PAGE (Raymond Johnson), and JOAN, (Mary Newcombe), hail the changing of the wind which means that they can begin the attempt to relieve Orleans from the English.

MARY NEWCOMBE AS "ST. JOAN" AT THE OLD VIC.



"Where the Dauphin?" asks Joan (Newcombe), and the Courtiers, waiting for her to pick him out by Divine perception. THE DAUPHIN (Marilee Evans) stands centre; Elsie Currie is the DUCHESS; Philip Leaver is the ARCH-BISHOP; and on extreme right, is BLUEBEARD (Gilles de Rais), played by Alec Clunes.



JOAN in a state of spiritual exaltation: her dreams are realised—the DAUPHIN (centre) is to be crowned at Rheims. The Dauphin is already beginning to look on Joan with mixed feelings, while Dunois (left) wonders.



JOAN prays that the wind may change, so that the French may relieve Orleans from the besieging English army.

The choice of the woman of taste...



"PRÉSENCE" parfum de grande classe HOUBIGANT

AS ALL OTHER HOUBIGANT PERFUMERY IT IS OF
GENUINE FRENCH MANUFACTURE

PREPARED AND MADE ENTIRELY UNDER
THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF ITS CREATORS
IN THE MODEL LABORATORIES AT NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE
NEAR PARIS



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

ancient capital of the Dukes of Engaine. Louis XI. of France favoured it was especially unwelcome in its intensity, for the Duchy, being a male fief, must revert to him in default of male heirs. Spider-like always, he had no mind to let his prey escape.

How is the truth-loving reader to feel when told that in the year 1474 the eyes of half Europe were fixed upon a town which he knows did not exist, the capital of a Duchy which is equally a segment of the author's imagination? It certainly is a problem.

"FANFARONADE" is a historical romance—more romantic, however, than historical, for Mr. Ivo Pakenham is bold enough to enrich the company of European states with an entirely new Duchy—

Early in July 1474 [he says], the eyes of half Europe were fixed upon Landech, the

The regard with which

summer. The two cases are parallel; with a little trouble, one could discover that no person of the hero's name or appearance had ever jumped off the Suspension Bridge; the incident is as untrue to fact as Napoleon's supposed operations in Ruritania. Yet some mental convention makes it much easier to accept. I suppose the importance and notoriety of the persons and places involved makes the difference.

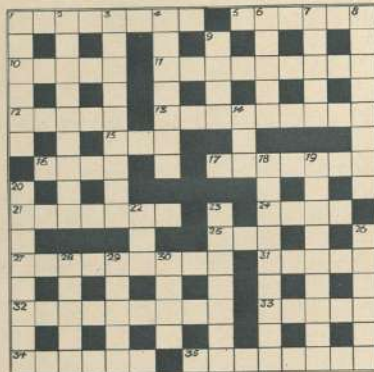
And that is why, throughout Mr. Pakenham's fascinating story, I could not help being disturbed by Engaine's lack of historical credentials. One of the richest and most desirable principalities in Europe, the apple of Louis XI.'s eye, we feel that it requires some other passport to credibility than Mr. Pakenham's imagination, vivid though that imagination is.

Otherwise, I have little but praise for "Fanfaronade." The author has steeped his imagination in the colour of the period; his fancy and his erudition are on the best possible terms with each other, and neither faculty is allowed to slumber. We are told in what circumstances the characters lived; what they ate, what they wore, what sights met their eyes inside in the castle and outside in the street; how they courted and how they made love; how they faced death, light-heartedly at the tournament, in grim earnest on the scaffold. And

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. You get it sort of brown in such scanty remuneration.
5. There's no need to tell this man to keep his balance.
10. Unsuitable for mixed paint.
11. Hob money.
12. Half a scum or a singlet.
13. Long life is a tiny glove.
15. Sign for an entrance, and sounds like something waiting outside.
16. Scandinavian, or Mr. Galsworthy's.
17. Dog by the fire.
21. Welcome adjunct to hose, but not in your opinion, Madam.
24. Of blotting-paper, perhaps.
25. And after it is a mission.
27. For a yellow man he's heavenly.
31. Provides 13 Across with an alternative, but that doesn't make it right.
32. Your symptoms provide the doctor with one.
33. The outcome of a draw is a gift of sorts.
34. Situation, in a sense.
35. Not so long ago.



DOWN.

1. Hedgehogs have these.
2. An old citizen fore rather like an old dust-collector lubber (hyphen).
3. What swaggers do to change Kitty.
4. Do you remember when you saw one last?
6. A rather low joint.
7. Staff for the troops.
8. Rousing to fresh energy, but not telling the truth finally.
9. Animal that's timid and faster too.
14. A teetotaler might define it as a trap.
18. Express disapproval; but sum to diminish in value, if I'm in it.
19. Died that can be both bare and dressed. Surely, but with a bitter heart.
22. Not all the truth.
23. A childish garment that suggests men in blue.
26. Brought no bad luck to Robinson Crusoe.
28. Some people never do this to 29 Down.
29. It is hard to make it of some dues.
30. As an follows it in a very short time.

CONCERNING OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

Every week we receive big batches of solutions of the Cross-word Puzzle published in "The Sketch." In fact, the number of competitors has become embarrassingly great. For that reason, we feel that the gift of one prize only is leading to a vast deal of disappointment, and, since we

rendered all the more difficult by the fact that Louis XI. did exist, and was doubtless just the kind of man Mr. Pakenham paints him. We are accustomed, of course, to see novelists taking liberties with historical fact. There is no evidence that Richard Cour-de-Lion roamed about England disguised as a Black Knight. Still he was a real King and England was a real place; we can credit his adventures more easily than we could if Sir Walter Scott had represented them as happening in Atlantis.

Fact and Fancy. However, this is not the place, nor am I the person, to discuss the metaphysics of belief, or enquire whether a novelist is justified in mixing, in almost equal parts, historical fact and historical fiction. He is justified if he can bring the two planes of being into such accord that they unite to produce a convincing illusion. Indeed, in many cases the mind is as ready to be convinced as the imagination. If a novelist makes his hero commit suicide by jumping off the Clifton Suspension Bridge, one accepts the assertion without demur, though one knows that the bridge exists in fact and the ill-starred hero only in fiction. If, on the other hand, the novelist told us that Napoleon devoted a summer campaign to conquering Ruritania, he would not so easily "get away with it." We should be bothered by the knowledge, or at any rate the suspicion, that Napoleon was really doing something quite different that

cannot reward every one of the hundreds of Cross-word Solvers who get our Puzzles right, we have decided not to continue the award. We shall, of course, publish Cross-word Puzzles as usual; but there will no longer be a reward for correct solutions.

the story gets a haunting strangeness from the fact that it is not told quite objectively, nor yet through the eyes of a contemporary. Blaise V. had no hereditary title to the Duchy which waxed prosperous, but not very warlike, under his rule. He owed his position to a trick practised on him by a prince of the Church, and we are told what the trick was. But we are not told—though the author gives us several hints—how it happened that Lucien de Brisy escaped from a twentieth-century house-party and slipped back nearly five centuries on to the lonely road, where the Archbishop's party, fresh from the scene of the real Blaise's death, encountered this promising substitute. The pseudo-Blaise possesses the personality, and as time passes gradually recovers the memory of Lucien. A twentieth-century young man governing a fifteenth-century state, no wonder he felt the strangeness of his position; no wonder he was unequal to it! The rolling and unrolling of the scroll of Time needed delicate manipulation if it was to avoid absurdity. Mr. Pakenham has handled it like a master.

"The Fruit Steners."

All my authors this week have played tricks with reality. One expected it of Mr. Algernon Blackwood. There is such a powerful solvent in his glance that he has only to look at a stone wall to dissolve it. In "The Fruit Steners" he has found a subject peculiarly suited to his talent. The heroine, a young girl, has a weakness

(Continued on page xviii.)



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Can we assist you to take the High Seas Road to South Africa this Winter on that sunshine adventure you have promised yourself?

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UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA



CITY NOTES. FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

fellows get almost rude about them. What is the objection to shillings and pence, for all your prices?"

"You would have me give you the price of War Loan as 'one hundred and six twelve-six to one hundred and six seventeen-six, with possible sellers at sixteen and threepence?' It can be done, of course, if you like."

"I think we might make exceptions in the case of stock," The City Editor allowed. "But with shares it's different. What are Henley's Cables, for instance?"

"First-rate investment shares," replied The Engineer promptly. "Worth seven pounds a share."

"They're nearly that now," said The Broker. "I left them thirteen fifteen."

"There you are!" exclaimed The Visitor. "No doubt all of you here can understand that quotation, but it's double-Dutch to me. And to hundreds of other people too, I'll be bound."

"It does sound a bit technical," acknowledged The Broker. "Put into plainer English, Henley's are 136/3 to 138/9. You can sell at the lower or buy at the higher price."



ALFRED GRANT. LT-COL. G. CHRISTIE-MILLER. SIR CHARLES HIGHAM. FRANK BATTERSBY. AUSTIN REED. J. WOODROW.

Fred May takes his hat off to the MEN OF HATS who recently held the First Annual Luncheon of the Hunters' Association—Mr. Alfred Grant, of Hiny Heath; Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Christie-Miller, of Christy's; Mr. Frank Battersby, of Danerby; Mr. Austin Reed, exceedingly well known; and Mr. "Joe" Woodrow, of Woodrow's fame. Sir Charles Higham was the principal guest at the luncheon, and made a witty speech.

"Wouldn't it be of service to the public if you quoted them in that way? And the prices of some of your mining shares are hard to understand. Look at Kleinfenstein."

"Don't confuse yourself to looking at them. Lay up a few and wait for your profit."

"What is the price?" asked The Visitor.

"Three-quarters to over. In a monkey."

The Visitor spread out his arms, despairingly and silently.

"He means that the price of Kleinfenstein is 3/4 to 35/4. And that you can deal at the price in five hundred shares."

"Then why can't he say so? It's the same all the way round. I tell you that the Stock Exchange misses quite a lot of business by being so obstinate in sticking to its silly old fractions. Shillings and pence are what we clients want to hear."

"You get them, in the great majority of cases. Brewery shares, electric lighting, nearly all the rubbers in the foot group—"

"Yes, and thousands of other things," added The Jobber somewhat impatiently.

"Aren't you making a fuss about nothing very much?"

But The Engineer and The Merchant declined to admit it was unimportant. Finally, The Broker promised to bring the matter to the notice of the next Committeeman he met, and this turned the talk into another channel.

"You might ask him at the same time," said The City Editor, "whether a way cannot be found to let people know when your Committee are likely to refuse permission to deal in the shares of new issues."

The Broker shook his head. "Very difficult for them to do so," he started.

"I don't see why they can't," objected The City Editor. "The present uncertainty acts unfairly to the interests of the public."

"It may at times," The Jobber admitted. "But it works to their advantage on the whole, I reckon."

"If I knew that your Committee were going to refuse permission to deal in the shares of a new company," declared The Visitor, "I should refrain from applying for them, nine times out of ten."

"You might miss some good investments," The Broker commented.

"Possibly. Where it seems unjust to me is that the Stock Exchange Committee have refused some things; yet they've given leave to deal in shares of South African companies that cannot hope to make any return to shareholders for years and years."

"If they do even then," said The Jobber. "I'm told that some of these things are literally prospects; miles away from railways, very unlikely to get native labour, their ground not more than scratched."

"We haven't seen many of that sort in our market over here," The Broker stated. "They got them more at the Cape."

"As we know only too well," said The Jobber sadly. "Mucked up the Kaffir market pretty badly."

"You're rather colloquial," The Broker criticised. "We have recovered from the Cape liquidation now, and you can buy all the decent South Africans. Brakpans are one of my favourites."

"How about City Deep?"

"Not too bad. Think I would pick Robinson Deep 'B' for choice."

"Rose Deep, they tell me," said The Engineer. "Short life, of course, but the shares are well backed by good people."

"Tanganyika 'B' look cheap. Can't make out why they don't go better."

"Brussels," explained The Broker. "Brussels, Paris, and copper. Three sound reasons for the dullness of the market."

"They look all right for putting away. Shouldn't be surprised to see them follow Diamond shares in coming to life."

"Diamonds have sparkled up in a brilliant sort of way. I wonder why that is?"

"Demand for the stones, my boy. People are again buying diamonds. Some of the profits made out of gilt-edged stocks have gone into gems."

"How can you possibly tell that?"

Give a
cassette
this
Xmas!



4-BOTTLE CASES 2 gns.
Fixedly: Perfects Ginco.
Dry Martini
6-BOTTLE CASES 3 gns.
Piccadilly: Perfects Ginco.
Dry Martini
(U.K. only)

Gordon's

Here are gifts that carry the Christmas spirit with them! Gordon's Shaker Cocktails, 4 or 6 bottles in serviceable FREE Attache Cases of superior leather finish, with nickel-plated locks and keys. And the Perfect Trio—Dry Gin, Lemon Gin, Orange Gin—packed in attractive Christmas cases. What welcome gifts!



SUN-TONICS

ORANGE OR LEMON GIN



Price 12/- per bottle
(U.K. only). Also supplied
in 1/2 bottles & miniatures.
Obtainable everywhere.

And the famous

SHAKER
COCKTAILS

Manhattan; Bronx; Piccadilly;
Perfect; Dry Martini; Gimlet;
Fifty-Fifty; Martini.
Single Shakers 10/6 (U.K. only)
Also in 1/2's and miniatures.
Obtainable everywhere.

TANQUERAY GORDON & Co. Ltd.

GIN DISTILLERS - LONDON, E.C.1.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE



That every evening dress must have its complementary chiffon handkerchief is an accepted rule, and none are more attractive than those which have an embroidered initial in the corner. In soft colour, in black or white or white on black, they cost only 3s. 11d., at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, W., where printed chiffon handkerchiefs in exquisite colours and designs are priced at 6s. 11d.



Shown below is a unique gift. A watch in a carved ivory case, which is as pleasing as it is unusual. Others have ivory cases, and one that is made specially for those who like to see the wheels go round is made of crystal. All have guaranteed movements, and come from 'Tim's', of Regent Street, W., where the beautiful ring of Caradima may also be found. The design is most interesting.

To those a Floris gift case is to give the best one can. The lady's polished shagreen-patterned case contains a bottle of Floris perfume, Bath Essence, and toilet powder. It costs 23s. 6d. The man's holds a stick of shaving soap, toilet powder, a bottle of After-Shaving Lotion, and a bottle of Brilliance or Hair Lotion. This costs 15s., and both come from Floris, of 89, Jersey Street, S.W.



For those who appreciate quality and who love the good things of life. A Christmas can of "Black & White" or "Bathman's Liqueur" whisky. One that contains two bottles if that is the best you can do; or, better, three or six. And, best of all, twelve bottles—a truly imposing gift!



Why not give evening shoes? Here is a delightful model shoe in gold or silver kid. It costs 45s., or it is made in black or white satin for 35s. The strap shoe in gold or silver kid is priced at 35s., or, in black or white satin, 25s. 6d. They come from Abatts, of 324, Oxford Street, W.



MAPPIN & WEBB

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

2251.
Diamond
£20 0 03288.
Aquamarine and
Diamond
£12 10 03782.
Diamonds
£20 0 03783.
Square Sapphire
and Diamond
£15 0 03751.
Diamonds
£45 0 03745.
Sapphire and
Diamonds
£27 10 03778.
Diamond
£22 10 03779.—Clip Brooch,
Diamonds £24 10 03722.
Diamonds and
Platinum
£27 10 0 pair3765.
Diamonds and
Platinum
£8 10 03762.—Clip Earrings,
Diamonds
£42 10 0 pair3699.—Clip Brooch,
Diamond
£87 10 03784.
Smart new interchangeable double
Clip Brooch, Diamonds ... £95 0 03699.—Clip Brooch,
Diamond
£87 10 03810.—Mother of Pearl with Pearl centre, 18 ct. Gold and
Platinum Border
Links £8 10 0 pair; 4 Waistcoat Buttons £2 0 0;
2 Studs £4 10 0. Complete Suite in Case £21 0 03615.
Emeralds & Diamonds
Rubies & Diamonds
Sapphires & Diamonds
Diamonds £203616.
Diamonds
£27 10 03797.—18 ct. Gold
and Platinum, Cor-
nelian, Lapis Lazuli
or Bloodstone
£5 15 03798.
18 ct. Gold
£4 12 63675.
Real Pearl and 18 ct.
Gold Dress Studs
£3 0 0 pair3763.
Clip Earrings
Diamonds
£25 10 0 pair3899.
Adjustable Links, 9 ct. Gold
£3 10 0 pair3394.
Diamonds and Platinum
£23 0 0
Silk Cords3410.
Diamonds and Platinum
£65 0 0
Silk Cords3412.
Diamonds and Platinum
£22 10 0
Silk Cords3404.
Chromium £3 0 0
Mare Hand3434.
Stainless Steel £5 5 0
Chromium
Silk Cords3402.
9 ct. Gold £8 10 0
11 ct. Gold 10 10 0
Silk Cords

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT ANY OF THE THREE LONDON SHOWROOMS: 156-162 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4. 172 REGENT STREET, W.1. or A CATALOGUE OF GIFTS WILL BE GLADLY SENT

Xmas Gifts



Ear-rp. 9178 £2-2-0 pr.



3544 £2-2-0
3551 £3-0-0



Ear-rp. 9169 £3-1-0 pr.



3536 £1-1-0
3552 £1-1-0



Ear-rp. 9166 £3-1-0 pr.



New and Exclusive Pearl One Brooch
8340 £1-1-0



Cir 8369 £1-1-0
Cir 8367 £2-2-0



Brooch 8368 £2-2-0



Ear-rp. 9179 £2-2-0 pr.



3538 £2-12-6
3492 £1-1-0



The Spec-Arrow appears
to pierce the ear.
9180 £1-1-0 pr.



3567 £2-1-0
3564 £2-2-0



Ear-rp. 9167 £3-3-0 pr.

Ciro

Creator and Sole Producer of *Ciro* Pearls
—probably the most famous Christmas Gifts in
the world. A 16-in. Necklace (complete with
Real Platinum or Solid Gold clasp), in velvet
and silk lined case, costs but a guinea.

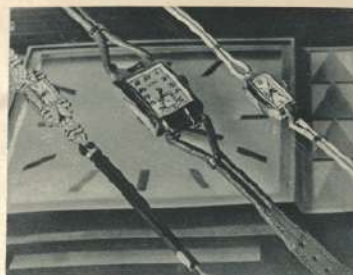
TEN thousand gifts are offered by ten
thousand shops, but only from *Ciro* can
you buy *Ciro* Pearls and Jewels. Nowhere
else can you find for so little as a guinea, gifts
of greater beauty or more exquisite crafts-
manship—for *Ciro* Creations are equaled
only by jewels of the costliest kind. Per-
fect in conception and perfect in execution—
"Something from *Ciro*"
is surely the Christmas Gift supreme.

EVERY *Ciro* Creation is sold on the dis-
tinct understanding that it may be worn
for a fortnight and compared with real.
If any difference is detectable the price will
be refunded in full. Whatever you choose
from *Ciro*'s will be faultless-of that you
may be sure—but if it is not precisely what
she herself would have selected, then she
may choose after Christmas at her leisure.

CALL OR WRITE for CATALOGUE No. 5

LONDON
48 OLD BOND ST. W.1
178 REGENT ST. W.1
126 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
LIVERPOOL
23 Church Street
MANCHESTER
14 St. Ann's Square
BIRMINGHAM
121 New Street

SHEFFIELD
23 Fargate
LEEDS
38 Briggate
GLASGOW
95 Buchanan Street
Edinburgh - at Jennens
Bristol - at Taylors
Cardiff - at Powells
Dublin - at Switcess



For high days and holidays—a platinum
watch set with diamonds. This is the sort of
very special gift that brings lasting delight.
For any of the men of the family—a dear-
faced gold watch that is both practical
and distinguished. And for every woman
all day—a gold watch on slender cords.
All from Mappin and Webb, of London.



Mourning friends will welcome a *Motuluxe*
rag, for it is wonderfully warm and light,
and makes motoring a pleasure, even on
the coldest day. They cost four and a half
guineas, and for £1 17s. 6d. one can also
acquire a foot-muff. The men's *Motuluxe*
gloves are priced at one guinea, and
they are extremely pliable and comforting.



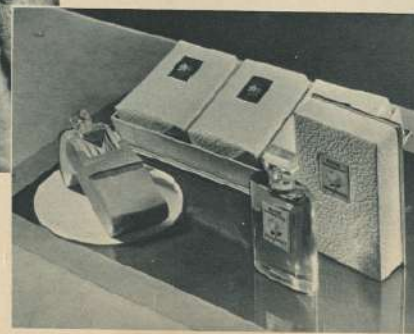
PERSONALITY PRESENTS



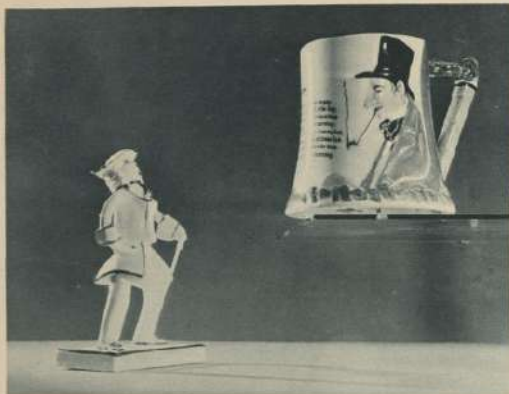
Here is an intimate gift for a fastidious
woman. A bottle of *Emile's Lilac*
Hair Lotion, which delicately perfumes
the hair and induces it to set perfectly.
In travelling bottles with screw tops
which prevent any possibility of leaking,
they are sold with a spray and hair
which can be fitted in a moment and
which cost 5s. 6d. The *Lilac* Lotion is
priced at 35s., 37s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and
6s. 6d., and it comes exclusively
from *Emile*, of 24, Conduit Street, W.



The man who appreciates good things
and who makes the very most of life
will appreciate a three-bottle case of
White Horse Whisky, for it is an
offering which flatters his judgment
and appeals irresistibly on its own
merits. These cases cost 37s. 6d., or
there are two-bottle cases at 25s. Here
is a memorable present that will earn
you the lasting gratitude of whoever
receives it, and that will help to
make this Christmas a really jolly one.



The woman who loves intriguing novelties
will be delighted with the little silk
container holding a bottle of *Houbigant's*
perfume, which is seen on the left. In
green, blue, red, or grey, it costs 6s.
The larger bottle is one of *Houbigant's*
new range of flower perfumes. They
cost 7s. 3d., and there is a soap, similarly
perfumed, at 7s. 3d. for three



Two amusing offerings are seen on the left. The Musical Mug has a fine hearty air, and most realistically plays "John Peel" when it is lifted from the table. It is decorated with the head and crop of the famous huntsman, and costs 12s. 6d. The mission of the Town Crier will probably keep you guessing. He is a novelty napkin-holder, and he may be bought for 2s. 6d. at Hampton's, of Pall Mall.



SOLVING THE MAN'S GIFT PROBLEM



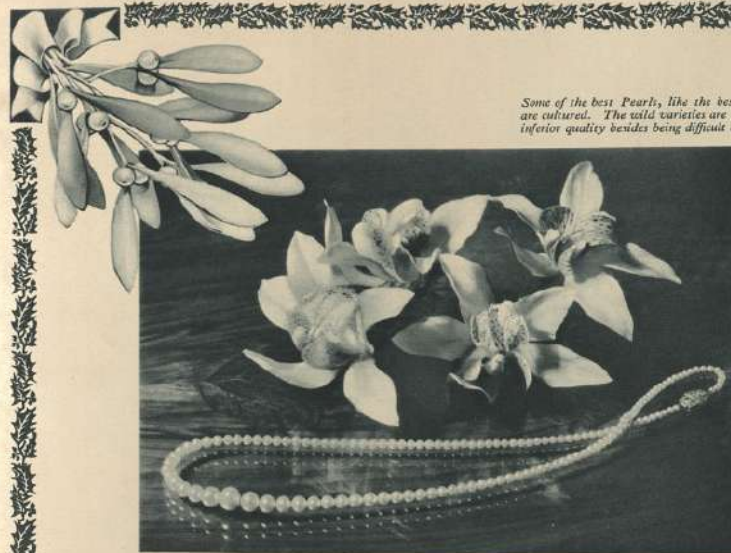
On the right above are three solutions of the sometimes difficult problem of what to give a man. A pair of pigskin gloves at 15s. 6d. (they wear for ever); a very warm and debonair checked wrap for 19s. 6d.; or an umbrella (the sort that other people mistake for their own if the opportunity arises!) at 25s. These, and hundreds of other suggestions, are to be found at Austin Road's.



Here is one of the main ingredients of success—at any rate, at a good party. Beeth's Dry Gin, without which no cocktail reaches perfection, and which is grand with just a "Splash." The pale golden colour of Beeth's Dry Gin is your safeguard, and its maturity makes it pleasant to the palate and better for the digestion. Make a point of ordering Beeth's.

Give Craven "A" and avoid all possibility of disappointment. In packings which include seasonable greetings and have on the back space for writing the sender's name, they cost 2s. 6d. for 50, 5s. for 100, 7s. 6d. for 150, and 10s. for 200. Craven Plain, in scarlet and silver covers, cost 2s. 6d. for 50 and 5s. for 100. A variety of Craven Empire tobacco at 7s. for the 1-lb. or 14s. for the 1-lb. size is another excellent suggestion for friends abroad.

A Scotch whisky with a reputation that makes it welcome everywhere. Dewar's White Label, which is put up in specially decorated cases for the festive season. They contain two, three, six, or twelve bottles, and can be obtained at any licensed dealer. Why not send a large case?



Some of the best Pearls, like the best Orchids, are cultured. The wild varieties are too often of inferior quality besides being difficult to come by.

A Present for a Lifetime

THIS XMAS EVEN THOSE OF MODEST MEANS CAN ACQUIRE OR BESTOW A NECKLACE OF REAL PEARLS. TO THE WOMAN WHO HAS EVER CRAVED BUT ALWAYS BEEN DENIED THE JOY OF PEARLS, THIS MEANS THE REALISATION OF A DREAM • THE TECLA COLLECTION OF FINE REAL PEARLS PRODUCED BY CULTURED OYSTERS UNDER NATURAL CONDITIONS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PROBABLY THE LARGEST IN EXISTENCE • OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY, THEY ARE FINER THAN THE MAJORITY OF "WILD" PEARLS • TEN GUINEAS COMMANDS A WIDE CHOICE OF MAGNIFICENT NECKLACES, DIAMOND CLASPED, OF WHICH ANY WOMAN MIGHT BE JUSTLY PROUD •

• THERE ARE ALSO PEARLS FOR ENRICHING EXISTING NECKLACES... BESIDES SPECIMEN PEARLS OF INDESCRIBABLE LOVELINESS, SINGLY OR IN PAIRS • EVERY PEARL FULLY GUARANTEED AND OPEN TO ANY TEST OR EXAMINATION • PRICES ARE NEVER LIKELY TO BE LOWER • INSPECTION INVITED • SELECTIONS GLADLY SENT ON APPROVAL WITHOUT OBLIGATION • WRITE FOR "THE CONSTANT GEM" • A NEW BOOKLET FREE ON REQUEST • PLEASE MENTION "THE SKETCH"

Tecla
7 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1

This world-famous name provides a safeguard under which lay judgment can buy Pearls with the assurance of an expert.

IN AFFILIATION WITH THE PACIFIC PEARL TRADERS ASSOCIATION LTD.

INEXPENSIVE—BUT INTRIGUING

Some Family Suggestions

A face-powder that is absolutely natural in appearance—that's the sort of gift a man might choose for a sister. And he could be sure that it would be welcome if he chose the new Louis Philippe face-powder, which, in Naturelle, Rachel, Ocre, Ocre Rose, and Sun Gold, costs 4s. 6d. a box. And very handsome the box is, with its jeweller's gilt lid, which links up excellently with their well-known lipstick. It may be seen on the left.



From the youngest to the eldest member of the family, everybody likes Mackintosh's famous sweets. Shown below is an appealing "Cuddly Kitten" who costs 1s. 6d. and is filled with Assortment de Luxe. The alert-looking "Scottie" may be black or white, and he changes ownership at the same price. Thirdly, there is a grand 2-lb. tin of "Christmas Carnival" Assortment for 4s.



Luxury gifts which are by no means an extravagance. Brandy's exquisite English Fern perfume, which costs 5s., 9s., and 16s., or in a miniature size, 3s. A bottle of English Fern Bath Salt at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. And an English Fern set containing one bottle of Talcum powder, bath cubes, and a tablet of Beauty Soap. Price 3s. 6d.

"Player's, Please." On the left is a "Cube" Christmas packing of 100 Medium "Navy Cut" cigarettes at 4s. 9d., one tin of 50 Player's "No. 3" Virginia cigarettes at 3s. 6d., and one 1-lb. tin of Player's "Airman" Mixture at 3s. 6d. Player's "Bachelor" Cook-Tipped have a special feminine appeal.

On the left is a most useful leather Beauty Case which would be ideal for travelling. It takes up very little room and holds all that a woman needs for her home beauty treatments. It costs 25s. 6d., and the handied powder puff, in an attractive box, is priced at 7s. 6d. From Boule's larger Bronches.



A Christmas Suggestion BOOTH'S

Ready Mixed COCKTAILS

At Christmas-time, when all the hospitality and good Cheer that is possible must be crammed into the short holiday, you will find Booth's Ready-Mixed Cocktails an invaluable time-saver.

However many friends drop in unexpectedly—however many members of the family gravitate home for Christmas, you are prepared—it only means producing a few more glasses. If a long drink is wanted—and Christmas is always a thirsty time—it's a case for John Collins—an old favourite, but increasingly popular.



BRITISH EMPIRE COCKTAIL COMPETITION, 1934
(Organised by the United Kingdom Bartenders' Guild)

1st and 2nd PRIZE WINNERS USED BOOTH'S DRY GIN

"Royal Romance" Cocktail won 1st prize, "Wanda's Dream," 2nd—and 16 out of the 20 semi-finalists won their heats with Cocktails using Booth's Dry Gin.



- 1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (dry)
1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (sweet)
1 Booth's John Collins Price 32/6
- 2 1 Booth's Martini Cocktail
1 Booth's Bronx Cocktail
1 Booth's Manhattan Cocktail Price 32/6

NOTE: All of the above can be made up in three to suit individual tastes, or single bottles obtained at 10/6 each



Cocktails guaranteed by the name BOOTH'S—in hexagonal cocktail bottles, attractively packed for Christmas in Tantalus Cabinets strongly made in polished dark oak.





Do you want to do somebody a really good turn? Then send them a special gift case containing one, two, three, or six bottles of that fine old Highland Whisky "Stand Fast," the product of Wm. Grant and Sons, Ltd. They are the sole proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet Distillery, and if any difficulty is experienced in obtaining supplies, write to Grant's, Dufftown, Scotland, who will immediately arrange for them to be sent down to your usual wine merchant.

Important Contributions to Good Cheer and Good Looks

THE PARTY SEASON



Long after their contents have gone, the beautiful tins which hold McVitie and Price's Christmas specialties will have a useful and decorative life. Their May Flowers tin holds assorted chocolate biscuits and costs 2s. a tin, while the Clansman (at the same price) contains a delicious assortment of short-breads. Their Afternoon Tea biscuits are always general favourites.

The host of parties can fail to be a personal success if one's complexion is sad—for the resulting inferiority complex is hard to bear. During the Christmas round of gaiety, treat your face and hands with Larola. It forms a perfect powder base, and it will keep your skin delicately fresh and clear. It costs 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle, and Larola powder, in pink, white, cream, and cream No. 2 may be bought for 2s. 6d., with puff.



"My dear Stella, your skin has improved . . .!"

'Do tell me what you've been using!' said Sylvia. Stella laughed. 'I hate to confess it,' she said, 'but beyond a little powder and lipstick—practically nothing!'

'But this is a miracle!' said Sylvia. 'Why, I used to pity your wretched complexion, and here you are with your face as fresh as a milkmaid's—looking as if you had special beauty treatment every day!'

'So I do, in a way,' said Stella. 'Though I expect you'll be surprised when you hear what it is. My doctor's responsible. He told me my blood was in a very bad state. Said I was neglecting my system and advised Eno every morning.'

Now this was a new idea to Sylvia, as perhaps it is to you. For, you see, the majority of us only think about beautifying our complexions from the outside.

What we do not realise is that our spots and blemishes come generally from impurities *within*. And the quickest way to get rid of them is to take Eno every morning.

Eno cleanses the whole system, thoroughly washing away the poisons which are causing the harm. The skin, nourished by pure blood, regains its clear, rosy colour. Your whole being feels refreshed and renewed.



And how much better to keep lovely by the healthy Eno way—than to try to hide or patch up defects from the outside! Give yourself real beauty treatment. Take a sparkling glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' every morning. Its action is perfectly gentle and natural. It forms no habit. It will do you endless good. And as for your skin! Why, it will be like cream and roses—the typical complexion of a fit, attractive Miss Can.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

(Get a bottle to-day. Eno costs 1/6 or (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks.)

