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## London, An Interesting Place in War Time

### Charity Matinee in Drury Lane Draws a Big Crowd, But Society Amateurs Fail as Actors

—Something About Albany, the Famous Residential Quarter of the Well-to-do People.

London is a very interesting place to live in during these stirring times. This has specially become the case since so many people have given up motor cars and taken to more democratic methods of getting about town either on foot or in motor omnibuses.

One morning this week, as I was walking along Piccadilly, I met the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, stopping briskly toward his club. The Grand Duke is a tall, handsome man, with a short, pointed, iron-gray beard, and large eyes set deep beneath very black brows. He has a very elegant figure and dresses exceedingly well. He and his two daughters, the Countess Nada and the Countess Zia Torby, are indefatigable theatre-goers and are usually to be found in the second row of the stalls on any first night of importance taking place in London. The Countess Nada is engaged to one of the Battenberg boys, so she will soon be a Princess by her English marriage. The Grand Duke, as you may remember, married his wife, the Countess Torby, morganatically—that is to say, in Russia, she was not acknowledged as his legal wife, and it is for this reason, I suppose, that the uncle of the Czar has been given no military command during the present war. However, this may be, both he and his wife are immensely popular with British royalty and in social circles generally, and they certainly are very charming, unconventional people, who live a nappy and quiet family life at a lovely half-country, half-suburban place between St. John's Wood and Hampstead.

Another personage often to be seen in the West End of London is the Marquis of Ribblesdale, the picturesque Peer, who has earned for himself the nickname of the Ancestor, because some witty person once upon a time remarked that he looked exactly like "a family portrait." J. F. Sargent, R.A., painted a famous portrait of him once, that was hung at Burlington House. It showed Lord Ribblesdale in hunting kit and it is now placed among the family pictures in the galleries belonging to the Marquisate, at Gisborne Park, near Clitheroe, where he owns an estate of about 4,800 acres. I saw him going into the Albany the other day—that famous set of chambers running through from Vigo street on the north, to Piccadilly on the south. The Albany contains residential flats that are the most famous and historical in London.

**No Lady Visitors.**  
 These "Chambers," as they are called, according to old-fashioned English custom, used only to be let to bachelors and no person in trade or commerce was accepted as a tenant. Furthermore, prior to the end of the nineteenth century, it was the rule that no ladies were admitted as visitors to the Albany, except mothers, grandmothers, sisters and aunts of the tenants! The place gets its name from a former royal owner, the Duke of York and Albany, who exchanged it with Lord Melbourne for Dover House, Whitehall, which is the present Scottish office. The statue of the Duke of York and Albany now stands on top of its enormous pedestal overlooking St. James Park, at the foot of lower Regent street. It was said that this royal gentleman, who was the uncle of the late Queen Victoria, was thus exalted in order that he might escape his creditors, whose name was legion!

At any rate the Albany still remains a famous residential quarter for well-to-do people. Lord Lytton used to live there, so did Lord Brougham and Lord Tennyson, and Lord Macaulay, who wrote the greater part of his history in these chambers. I have been in the beautiful apartments once rented by Lord Byron, on the ground floor of the Albany, and it is said that he used to escape to these charming quarters in order to free from the domestic ties which, I fancy, hung very lightly upon him. Nowadays, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft live in the Albany, so also does the Russian Prince, Serge Obolinsk, Sir Thomas Beecham, the famous musical enthusiast; Lord Kenyon; Sir Alexander Kennedy, the great engineer, and various other personages of renown. It is just one of those corners in the heart of London that are deeply interesting for their past, as well as their present, history.

**Drury Lane Matinee.**  
 The sunshine of Society (with the biggest "S" that can be found in type) beamed radiantly at Drury Lane Theatre this week, when one of those

and the daughter of the still beautiful Marchioness of Ripon, was in soft black satin and chiffon with a tailless ermine stole swathed about her slight figure. She wore no hat and looked charmingly graceful. Princess Arthur of Connaught was an ornamental adjunct to the royal box. She is very chic and pretty, and wears low-cut blouses in the daytime and a "beauty spot" near the corner of her mouth always.

Of course we who live in England know practically nothing of the actual happenings in Ireland during those fearful days when red rebellion stalked loose in the Emerald Isle, and when the fair city of Dublin was laid waste by a raging mob, which can only be likened to the revolutionists who made Paris a hell during the time prior to the republican era. The amazing quickness with which the last act of the drama was arranged came home to me, however, for on Easter Monday I spent most of the day with an officer, who is second in command of the "Notts and Derby" regiment, that brave battalion of boys from the north of England who also are known by their distinctive name of "Sherwood Foresters." This is the regiment that owes its beginning to Robin Hood, the figure of history and romance who in medieval days was outlawed and roamed the Forest of Sherwood with his merry men.

The Irish disturbances gave "the Sherwoods" their first opportunity to distinguish themselves as a battalion. At any rate, no word of impending "active service" on home shores had reached the Sherwoods on the first day after Easter Sunday, and the first intimation I had of the "quick change" tactics of their commanding officers was a brief message sent by special delivery from Holyhead—"riots—brought to Ireland during the night. Unable to say more." In twelve hours this body of men had been conveyed from quiet inland England to turbulent Ireland and I heard no more for a week. Then came a letter from the Dublin Hospital—"Resting after six days and nights of ceaseless fighting. We have gone through scenes you can not picture. I have seen dead women being dragged by the hair through the streets and babies thrown out of windows onto the spiked railings beneath. And over all sounded the crack of rifles and the constant thunder of guns."

To the Sherwoods' Colonel several of the rebel chiefs surrendered, and they also took prisoners more than 2,000 of the rebels. It was likewise to the commanding officer of this regiment that the Countess Markievicz made her surrender with a pistol that she kissed melodramatically before handing it to her captor. It is a story of epic tragedy that probably will not be known fully in England for years to come.

### Conscientious Objectors Will be Allotted Lots of Work in France

The first detachment of the non-combatant corps has now arrived in France, writes a correspondent in the "Scotsman." The authorities have not allowed the grass to grow beneath their feet in making use of these conscientious objectors, and for a very good reason. There is plenty of work to be done behind the line. The man in the street has no idea of the amount of labour necessary to maintain an Army in the field—to feed it and clothe it and house it, and to supply it adequately with material for offensive and defensive purposes. You would be surprised to know that we have a force engaged in such work exceeding in number the immortal first army of Mons.

It is here that the conscientious objector will be of serve. He will be employed in the quarries which provide the stone for the roads and defences in the various army areas; he can be employed in the forests which have been allotted to us by the French for the supply of timber for fuel as well as defence purposes; or he can lend a hand in the never-ceasing work that goes on at our base ports.

I understand that this first detachment will devote itself to quarrying, far removed from the firing line, but it is more than likely that subsequent companies will be put on the work of roadmaking and mending in the areas of armies, duties which will carry them within a sound of the guns at least, if not within actual shell range. You may take it, I think, that their work will be limited to such duties as I have indicated, with perhaps such others as the building of huts for the troops thrown in.

#### Once Was Enough.

He—"I just saw a girl over there that I skated with last year."  
 She—"How do you know it was the same girl?"  
 He—"Because when she noticed me she started to skate as fast as she could in the other direction."

## THE ALASKA COAST LINE

### Longer Than the Distance Round The World at the Equator

Have you any idea of the extent of the Alaska coast line? The shores of the territory are washed by three great oceans. These are the Arctic ocean on the north, Bering sea on the west and the Pacific on the south. The Aleutian islands, off the Alaska peninsula, are separated from each other and the mainland by a network of rocky straits, and much of southwestern and southeastern Alaska is made up of mountainous islands that have rocks of all shapes and sizes. The islands are really the tops of mountains half lost in the waters. They rise in spires and cathedrals, some of which are thousands of feet above the water

and others hidden beneath it, lying there concealed and ready to rip open the hulls of ships as the iceberg of the Atlantic ripped the Titanic.

The extent of the Alaska coast with its windings surpasses that of the United States proper. It is greater than that of all our states on the Pacific from Puget sound to the boundary of Mexico added to that of our states on the Atlantic, including the gulf. All told, it is more than 26,000 miles long, or longer than the distance around the world at the equator, and in proportion to its length it has perhaps more dangers than than any other coast line on earth.

Nevertheless not one-half of it has yet been sounded by the coast survey vessels, and more than half of the general coast line is not marked by lights or by any aids to navigation.—Christian Herald.

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