

Britain's Answer: 1,000 Recruits For Each Victim.

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 10, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

Only A German Could Murder Little Children.



Elsie Logan, another little girl, who came safely through the awful terrors.



Two of the little innocents murdered by the pirates lie peacefully side by side, numbered and unknown. Perhaps their parents, too, were murdered.



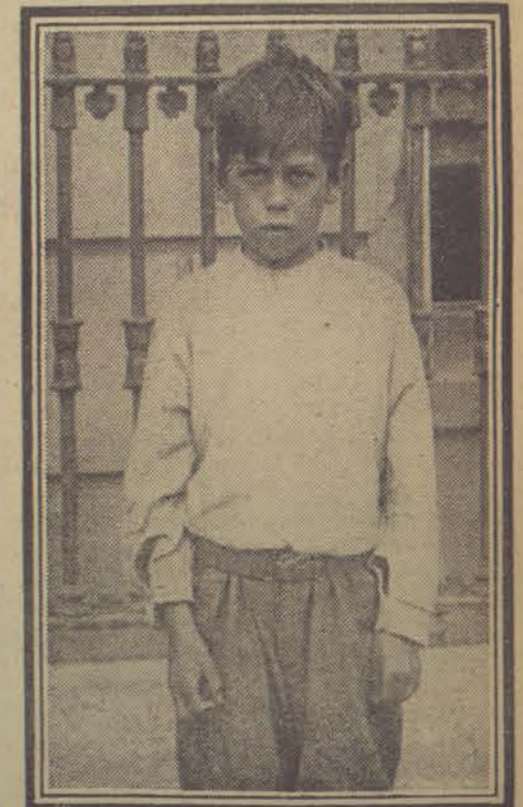
Ellen Smith, unaware of the fate of mother, father, sister, brother, and aunt.



A mother forgets the horrors in the safety of a child.



Ernest Cowper, the Canadian journalist, with Ellen Smith, whom he saved. She is the only survivor of all the family.



J. Edward Williams, aged 10, had a very narrow escape.

By the murder of women and children and defenceless male passengers of the Lusitania, Germany has added another crime to the many fiendish acts which have placed her outside the pale of civilisation. In the case of the Lusitania the people of Germany must share the blame with the actual murderers, for Berlin rejoiced as for a victory when the news was received. This page of photographs is an indictment of murder against the whole German race. —(Daily Sketch, etc.)

STAMP OUT THE REPTILES!

A NEW condition must be added to the absolute terms of peace with Germany—the Kaiser and his naval and military staffs must be surrendered and put on trial as common criminals, and not as soldiers or as privileged persons.

THE peoples of the Allied nations must insist upon that condition. If we fail in this purpose our sacrifices will have been in vain. Germany will rise again under the same school of leaders, and she will perpetrate further crimes. We are not fighting men now, but reptiles—cunning, treacherous and venomous.

AFTER chivalrous men have met in a stand-up fight the victor can hold out his hand to the vanquished, and the quarrel is settled. There can be none of this with the Germans. They are not men. They do not deserve the treatment of men. The sinking of the Lusitania is not the first of their infamies, nor will it be the last, unless the whole civilised world unites to strike terror into the Germans. There is an idea in the German official mind that the horrors of the war will be forgotten when peace comes to be discussed. The enemy still clings to the theory that these indications of frightfulness give proof of his unlimited power and of his unbroken determination, and that they will thus ensure better terms for him.

PROBABLY it is felt by the Kaiser and by his staff that if they step out of this war defeated men they will be treated as honourable combatants by the usual code of war and diplomacy. The civilised peoples must shatter that illusion. This war has gone beyond all the bounds of chivalry and manliness. The Kaiser and his people by their infamies have placed themselves outside humanity. It is our duty to wage this war now until the war party of Germany are exterminated as criminals, and until the German race is isolated long enough to be cured of its disease.

TOO much stress will probably be laid upon the horror of the Lusitania crime. Yet it is no more dastardly than the murder of Belgian non-combatants and of British fishermen. It is less diabolical than the poison gas atrocities under which our men have lingered for days in terrible agony. Germany, of course, has made her semi-official excuse for the sinking of the Lusitania, and as usual it is based on falsehood. It is stated that the Cunarder was armed and carried war munitions. The British Admiralty asserts that the ship was unarmed. The German talk about war munitions is mere bluff, which does not justify in any way the murder of non-combatants.

MEANTIME, how are we to get down to practical work? America can do very little in the war, even if she joins; but the gloatings of her German-Americans over the disaster should give food for thought to more than Americans. We have our German colony, too, and for all we know there has been secret rejoicing over the crime. It is high time our authorities took a more determined step with regard to our enemy aliens. The British people are counselled to refrain from violent measures, but they could demand that the authorities place a tighter grip upon the Germans in our midst. The whole German race is diseased with murder fury. It is the product of their upbringing and education. The poison will take long to eradicate.

THIS war is bringing us to unprecedented measures. We are fighting a long-standing disease, and not a quick passion. The Kaiser and his party are the germs of this national debasement, and we must exterminate them as ruthlessly as we would drown noxious microbes in carbolic acid. Then by suitable methods of isolation the German race must be kept out of the human community until it is adjudged clean, sane, moral and human again. The direct, and indeed the only, way to the attainment of these ends is to strengthen the hands of Sir John French. With men and guns in Flanders we can settle with Germany. More and more men and guns until the enemy is crushed!

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

The Sinking Of The Lusitania.

DAY BY DAY we read and mourn over casualty lists of ever-increasing magnitude, but they have never sent London, and, indeed, the whole country, into such a frenzy of indignant sorrow as the Lusitania horror. War is war, but murder is murder, and this wholesale murder has sent us sick with the loathing of the race of savages who conceived and executed it.

The Topic.

IT WAS a Lusitania week-end, and there were few other topics of conversation. Of course, some people are asking, What was the Admiralty doing? and others, What will America do? The Washington Government obviously is in a very awkward corner indeed.

What People Are Saying.

THE criticism of the Admiralty seems to resolve itself into: (1) If a convoy of destroyers could not have been sent to meet the threatened liner, (2) why on earth could she not have been diverted to some other port—say the Clyde?

In Shipping Circles.

IN shipping circles it is pointed out that everything depends on effective patrol work, and that transports never (touch wood!) get sunk. You will recollect that in 1909 Lord Charles Beresford asked the nation to provide all these necessary small warships for patrol work, but we would not spend the money. Curiously enough, I do not find many shipowners who think that the convoy system is required.

The Captain.

THE VERY look of Captain Turner inspired confidence in even the most timid passenger. I remember crossing to the States in the Carpathia (I think it was) some years ago when he was in command. Of course, lady passengers put all sorts of artless questions to him. When we were right out in the deep Atlantic, hundreds of miles from America, one lady wanted to know how far we were from land. "About two miles," he answered. She didn't grasp his meaning till he made a downward gesture.

Read MSS. On Board.



KATE CAREW, who drew this picture of Charles Frohman, has been telling many little stories of the play "presenter." It may be that on this his last voyage he was reading some new play, which we shall now never see. For he made a practice of selecting new productions during his ocean trips. He devised many ways of dodging fellow travellers who tried to waste his time.

Dodging Prima Donna.

ONCE HE found a celebrated prima donna was a shipmate. As he had a bundle of MSS. to get through he approached the lady thus: "Are you a good sailor?" "Rotten," she replied, more or less elegantly. "Well, stay in bed for the whole voyage. Best remedy ever. Fine for the voice, too." She took the advice.

Not Fond Of Exercise.

HE WAS not enthusiastic over physical exercise. The effort of cuddling down into a soft, deep chair was about his most violent one. He gave up exercise, he once said, after a game of croquet into which he was lured. A long illness followed, and he blamed the game.

Tireless Worker.

THOUGH Frohman's name was so familiar in London, he was rarely seen, and for some time he earned the reputation (not, as a matter of fact, entirely deserved) of being the only celebrity who had never been photographed. He was a quiet, stout, and intensely American little man, a mighty cigar-smoker, and a tireless worker.

A Feud Patched Up.

FROHMAN was never a popular man in the ordinary sense of the word; he held himself aloof, and was not exactly genial. He had, too, what Whistler called "the gentle art of making enemies." His tremendous feud with David Belasco, his New York rival, was patched up only a few weeks ago. But he was a straight business man, and something of an idealist, too, in stage matters. He ran that interesting repertory season at the Duke of York's at a heavy loss, but with complacency and even enthusiasm.

A Bond-street Expert.

EDWARD GOKER, the famous Bond-street expert in Oriental, who figured in the list of first-class passengers on Saturday as "Gover," but does not appear in the list of those saved, had a sensational career. His name will always be associated with the purchase of the famous Trapnell collection of Chinese porcelain. He went out to China nearly twenty years ago to make his fortune as a collector of K'ang Hi and other varieties. Once he had a small side show at the Royal Aquarium.

Iron Cross For The World.

WHENEVER the Italian Government fall over that "brink" or step off that "verge" on which they have been poised so long they will find their people down already waiting for them. Some of the Italian cartoons have been particularly fierce. Here is the latest from Pasquino. It is entitled "The Kaiser has sent an Iron Cross to the Sultan." For the figure of the Sultan you have now only to substitute humanity in general and you have a vivid picture of the Kaiser's latest campaign against the civilised world.



The End Of Sympathy.

ONE SURE thing is that the Germans have now alienated what little sympathy there may have been left in the non-Teutonic world. A man—I daren't tell you his nationality—most mild-mannered, who was once able to find reason, if not excuse, in many of the German methods, said to me on Friday night, breathlessly: "I almost feel like trying to enlist in the English Army to help to kill those—Germans." And I regret (more or less) to say he used most horrible language.

Count Mephistopheles.

IT IS quite likely that the thousand-fold murder gives Count Bernstorff untold satisfaction. I met him often when he was in London, and I never met a diplomatist who had more of the Mephistophelean touch than the Count. No one ever made espionage a more expert study, and no diplomatist ever came to this country with more pronounced anti-British sentiments, which took the form of secret misrepresentation to his Government of what actually we were doing or intended.

His Friendly Sentiments.

"SECRET" it was, but it soon became public, since the Foreign Office found out he was absolutely untrustworthy. Yet he used to go about expressing the most friendly sentiments towards this country, and some people believed him. Yet even the merest tyro after a few brief chats could not fail to come to the conclusion that he was not a man to be trusted.

Weeping Relatives.

ON Saturday afternoon I passed through the Cunard offices in Cockspur-street. Most of you know the place—decorated with oil paintings of the company's ocean-going monsters, from obsolete things with paddles to the gigantic Aquitania, and almost as palatial as the boats themselves. The anxious crowd had not diminished; some faces showed signs of a long, long wait, and discarded paper bags and crumbs from sandwiches formed rather pathetic additional evidence.

Recruiting Effect.

ON the whole, however, it was a singularly calm, and even a cheerful, crowd. The pinning up of a fresh list or the announcement that "a telegram awaits"—caused from time to time a flutter of excitement. But in more than one quiet corner were women sobbing helplessly and hopelessly. Two minutes in that place would have done more to influence the young man who has not made up his mind than a dozen recruiting posters.

Tact And Sympathy.

THE manner of the officials of the Cunard Company has always struck me as the very quietness of tact and sympathy. This was not the first time I have watched them deal with a difficult situation. In spite of hour after hour of tiring extra work and a ceaseless bombardment of questions, some of them pointless in the extreme, they find time to answer everyone courteously, and, as far as in their power, to allay anxiety.

The Queen's Saturday Afternoon.

SATURDAY'S sunshine lured quite a throng of holiday-makers to Kew Gardens, which, as I told you on Saturday, are now perhaps at their loveliest. It was interesting to see people passing a brisk lady in dark heliotrope and a rosy-cheeked girl in pale green, and then turning to one another to exclaim, "Wasn't that the Queen?" More interesting still, it was the Queen. Her Majesty had Princess Mary and a lady-in-waiting with her, but no equerry or other attendant, and seemed to be enjoying thoroughly her informal walk.

Under A Chestnut Tree.

THE QUEEN seems to know every inch of the gardens, for she led the way here and there and animatedly pointed things out with an ungloved hand. Once they furled their sunshades to stand under a big chestnut and gaze up into its green heights. At the gate on Kew Green an unostentatious motor was waiting. "Her dress was lovely, but why did she wear tan shoes?" was one affectionate comment.

An Art Deal.

A MAN I know motored on Saturday afternoon to a certain fashionable tea-resort, not ten miles from Piccadilly-circus. In the hotel where the tea was served he noticed a picture. "How much do you want for that?" "Ten guineas." "Give you eight." "Right." The picture was duly packed, and brought home in the car in triumph. It is the work of a famous French artist, and worth, oh, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds.

Masefield.

A FEW MONTHS AGO I saw at a matinée at Covent Garden John Masefield's play, "Philip the King." Except for the fine performance of Henry



Ainley it was rather a dull business, although it contained some fine verse. I have just been reading it in the recently-published volume, "Philip the King and other poems." As I expected, it reads extraordinarily well, and Masefield's grim power (his drawing is of Masefield; does he look powerful?) is in no way diminished. The poem-play is a little out of Masefield's usual line, which is, as an American critic once wrote, "salt water and beer." And it is quite free from the curious mannerisms which in a smaller man than Masefield would be called coarseness.

Take The Theatre.

THE THEATRES did shockingly badly on Saturday afternoon. A friend of mine, transgressing the long-established understanding that free seats should not be asked for at a Saturday matinée, timidly asked for an obscure corner at a play which is doing as well as any in London. "What with the fine weather and the Lusitania, you can have the whole theatre," was the manager's reply. And it really was nearly empty.

A Gruesome Affair.

AS, FOR ONCE in a way, there was no new production on Saturday night I looked into the London Pavilion for half an hour to see the new sketch which C. H. Bovill and Max Darewski have concocted for Harry Pilcer and Teddie Gerard. It is rather a gruesome affair about a young art student in Paris, who kills in a fit of jealousy the model with whom he is in love.

Frocks.

THE SURPRISING thing about it is that this clever pair have for the time being struck out in quite a new line, and have succeeded in it beyond a good many people's expectation. Pilcer was always a good dancer; and no girl in the world can wear frocks like Teddie Gerard. But there is little of this sort of thing in "The Butterfly," which is the title of the sketch. It is grim tragedy, and both of them play it splendidly. The thing grips you, and grips you hard.

The Flappers' Picture.

I LOOKED IN at the Academy with a country cousin, and was rewarded by discovering what the flappers think is the picture of the year. All the afternoon a little group of girls might be seen before the picture of Grahame White, with its stern, faraway look and Napoleonic pose.

STORY OF THE BOATS—COALOWNER'S SERIOUS CHARGE.

"THE LUSITANIA WAS ARMED."

Germans Lie In Trying To Excuse The Infamous Deed.

OFFICIAL DENIALS.

Never Was Used As A Cruiser, Says Cunard Chairman.

The Secretary of the Admiralty declares that the statement appearing in some newspapers that the Lusitania was armed is wholly false.

The semi-official statement issued in Berlin says:

"The Lusitania was, of course, as most of the British merchant vessels of late have been, armed with guns, and had amongst her cargo, as is indisputably known here, considerable quantities of ammunition and war material.

"Her owners were therefore aware to what danger they exposed her passengers, and they alone bear the full responsibility for what was bound to happen.

"From the German side nothing was left undone in the way of repeated and urgent warnings. The Imperial Ambassador at Washington on May 1, in a public announcement, again drew attention to these dangers. The British Press scoffed at the warnings, pointing out the protection which the British Fleet assures to Transatlantic traffic."

"AN AUXILIARY CRUISER."

The Berliner Tageblatt argues that the Lusitania was a warship on the list of British auxiliary cruisers, that she carried an armament of twelve 15-centimetre guns, that she was more strongly mounted with guns and manned than any German armoured cruiser, and that therefore as an auxiliary cruiser she must have been prepared for attack.

NOT ARMED IN ANY WAY.

Cunard Chairman Says No Guns Were Ever Put On Board.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Sunday.

The Cunard Company has issued the following reply to the statement emanating from the German Embassy in America that the Lusitania was armed:

Lusitania was not armed in any way.

She was built under the company's agreement with the British Government under which she could be requisitioned for service as an armed cruiser.

As a matter of fact she was never so used at any period of her career, and no guns of any description whatever were ever put on board the ship.

Any statement to the contrary is therefore entirely false, and is a typical German method of covering up the wilful murdering of non-combatants and women and children.—Booth, Chairman, Cunard Line.

I have ascertained definitely that the Lusitania at the time of the submarine outrage could not do more than 21 knots, in comparison with her previous performance, which once reached 27.10 knots.

According to my informant, the Cunard some months ago, through the decreased passenger traffic, resolved to use only a portion of the Lusitania's boilers, thereby reducing the fire room "crowd" by about 85 and saving fuel at the rate of £5,000 per trip. But the speed was reduced.

THE UNSPEAKABLE DERNBURG.

Suggests We Use American Passengers As Shields For Arms Traffic.

NEW YORK, Sunday.

Herr Dernburg, speaking yesterday at Cleveland (Ohio), declared that the Lusitania was a warship in reality, and that England carried American passengers on her ships as shields to protect her importation of arms.—Central News.

"NEVER A GUN DID I SEE."

Mr. Oscar Grab, an American saloon passenger, emphatically denied the German story that the Lusitania carried guns.

"If the vessel were armed for defence," said Mr. Grab, "she would have had the alleged guns ready for action on the deck, but never a gun of any sort did I see at any time or on any part of her.

"The whole business is just horrible murder. I distinctly saw the periscope of the submarine appear above the surface not more than 300 yards away, and I followed the course of the torpedo, which struck amidships."

"BRAVERY, BUT ABSENCE OF DISCIPLINE."

Millionaire Welsh Coalowner Makes Serious Charges Of Lack Of Organisation On The Doomed Lusitania.

PASSENGER SAYS THERE WERE NOT ENOUGH MEN FOR THE BOATS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

QUEENSTOWN, Sunday.

A very serious statement was made by Mr. D. A. Thomas, the millionaire Welsh coalowner, in an interview with the Daily Sketch after his rescue.

Mr. Thomas was at first believed to be missing, but escaped with his daughter, Lady Mackworth. The latter was three hours in the water and only recovered consciousness after strong efforts of revival.

There was (said Mr. Thomas) an entire absence of discipline and a complete lack of organisation throughout the whole affair.

There was abundance of bravery on the part of the officers, and also by the lady members of the crew; but that organisation which is supposed to be the strong feature of the British Mercantile Marine was strangely lacking.

SAW THE BOAT SMASHED.

On the other matters attending the disaster Mr. Thomas preferred to say nothing at present. He was in one of the last boats to leave, and the falling funnels only just missed them by ten feet.

"My daughter and I had just finished lunch when the torpedo struck us with a smash. We were talking of the possibilities of such an attack three seconds before I went upstairs to see what was the matter, and my sister went to her cabin for a lifebelt.

"I stayed on deck, and saw the first boat lowered and smashed, and its occupants drowned.

ONLY FIVE WOMEN IN BOAT.

"Notwithstanding the order, 'Women and children first,' there were only five women in the boat. The rest were men.

"I went downstairs to try and get a lifebelt, but could not find the way as the vessel had begun to list, and I came on deck again, when I was handed an indiarubber tubing to blow up.

"By this time the vessel was listing heavily; but I determined to make another effort to find my cabin, and I did so. I found there three lifebelts. One I put on, and the other two I handed out.

"I came on to the sloping deck again, opposite to a boat hanging on its davits, which was three-parts full. A woman was standing hesitating, and I almost pushed her in.

"I looked round. There were no other people about, and the decks by this time were almost perpendicular. I jumped in the boat.

"There I saw my secretary. The ropes would not work properly, and we had to cut them.

"The boat leaked, and I helped to bail her out, and took my turn at the oars, and also tried to coach the others, as one man in charge could not do it. We rowed about, and eventually made for a fishing smack, which rescued us. It was not till 9.30 at night that I knew my daughter was safe."

"NOT ENOUGH MEN FOR BOATS."

"One Of The First Boats Went Away Without Proper Attention."

Mr. Oliver Bernard, scenic artist at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, one of those who saw the submarine, calls attention to the question of the management of the boats.

"I have served before the mast in a Norwegian barque," he says, "and I took a great interest in the boats because I had seen a good deal of the boat drill. The crew, if I may say so, without being harshly critical, was somewhat indifferent in this respect. I mean that they were not up to the standard one looks for in a great liner.

"I suppose the most efficient and experienced sailors are not unnaturally employed by the Navy

in war time. For one thing, there were not enough men.

"As far as I could see, one of the first boats went away without proper attention.

"While the boats were being lowered an alien—I don't know of what nationality—tried to jump into a boat before it had been lowered to the deck level where women and children were waiting. A seaman standing by dealt promptly with this cowardly act and gave the man a rough time of it. I am not sure whether he was thrown into the sea, but he was certainly flung head over heels out of the boat, and if a revolver had been handy, he would have been shot."

STORY OF WATERLOGGED BOAT.

Saw Several Unlaunched Lifeboats As The Lusitania Went Down.

Dr. C. E. Foss, of Montana, who was coming to offer his services to the Red Cross in the field, told a Cork interviewer that he jumped from the liner into the sea.

"I swam off towards a lifeboat which was afloat 200 or 300 feet away. There were women in it.

"The boat was in such a condition that baling was necessary. I assisted the few men in it to bale out. I was still in the water, and I assisted in attempts to keep the craft erect.

"The men became excited when they realised that it was sinking. At last it capsized completely. I held one woman on to the keel. We got it righted. Several women were still in the water.

"Suddenly I espied what I should call a canvas raft, very nearly a quarter of a mile away.

"I seized an oar, and, getting one of the women on to one end, I grasped the other, and in that way piloted the waterlogged boat to the raft."

On the raft were four or five men. By the time Dr. Foss reached it he was too exhausted to get on to it. One woman on the raft appeared to be in a dying condition, but after forty minutes of the doctor's attention she revived.

"As she finally disappeared," he went on, "I noticed that several lifeboats were still hanging attached to the blocks."

"I think that, on the whole, there was more disturbance among the crew than among the passengers.

"Had all the boats been lowered there would have been a greater saving of life."

So far as he knew there was only one boat drill during the trip.

He could not say how many boats were launched, but probably eight or nine were not used at all.

"NO PANIC," SAYS SHIP'S STEWARD.

Mr. Percy Penny, one of the Lusitania's stewards, describing the events after the torpedoing, said:

"The tremendous list made it impossible for men to get to their proper stations.

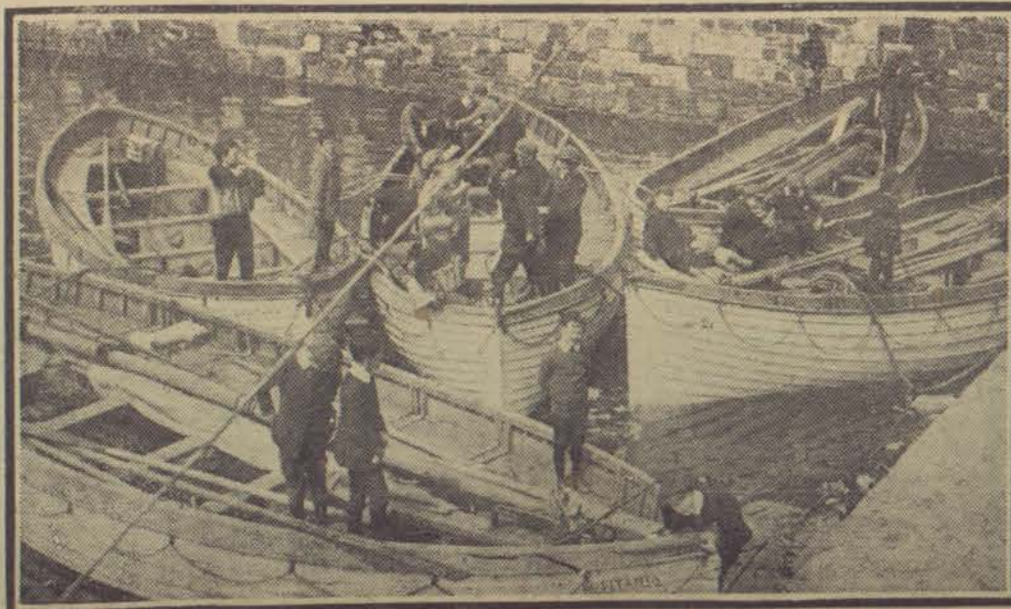
"All we could do was to attend to the boats on the port side. Into these we assisted as many women and children as we could.

"During the carrying out of these boat operations there was no panic."

BABY WHO DID NOT CRY.

A very young survivor who arrived at Paddington yesterday was a baby girl about five months old, a pathetic little figure, but so good. She was carried by her mother, who, like the husband, looked exhausted. The baby was thrown from the deck to the lifeboat, where a young man caught her, but from beginning to end she has not once cried.

All the survivors were provided with complete new clothing at the expense of the Cunard Company. Queenstown drapers and tailors were busy.



Some of the Lusitania's boats in Queenstown Harbour.

ROMANCE IN THE MIDST OF TRAGEDY.

Lovers Who Agreed To Die Or Be Rescued Together.

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

A Brief Courtship Crowded With Adventure.

How the sinking of the Lusitania almost cut short a romantic courtship which had begun on board has been told to the Daily Sketch.

The actors in the little drama were Mr. James Welsh and Miss G. Neilson.

Miss Neilson was travelling alone. She and Mr. Welsh became acquainted, and the friendship quickly ripened into affection.

They decided to become engaged on reaching England.

Like so many other passengers in the Lusitania they discussed the submarine threats as they drew near the Irish coast.

They entered into a compact that should the worst happen they would die together or be saved together.

AFLOAT FOR HALF AN HOUR.

When the liner was torpedoed Mr. Welsh secured a lifebelt.

After the vessel had gone down he managed to keep himself and Miss Neilson afloat for half an hour until they were seen from one of the Lusitania's boats.

Miss Neilson was taken aboard, but when Mr. Welsh attempted to clamber in after her he was threatened with an oar.

It was only because of Miss Neilson's pleading that he was pulled into the already well-laden boat.

The occupants of the boat were rescued and landed. On Saturday the couple, who had had so much adventure crowded into their short courtship, left Ireland for England.

TO SAVE PASSENGERS FROM THE PIRATES.

Need For Admiralty To Have Control Of Liners.

What are the necessary precautions which must be enforced during the period of the war if a repetition of this appalling disaster to the Lusitania is to be avoided?

This vitally urgent question is asked and answered by Captain A. G. Gardner in a special article dealing with the sinking of the Lusitania which appeared in yesterday's Illustrated Sunday Herald.

Captain Gardner shows that we have not yet taken every means in our power to safeguard the lives of passengers against the attacks of German pirates, and he points out that although a great liner may carry more small boat accommodation than the number of souls it has on board—as did the Lusitania—it is almost inevitable in a tragedy like this that many lives must be lost, for a big list renders many of the boats useless.

Captain Gardner urges the need for all liners to be put under Admiralty control.

The pictures illustrating the disaster were the finest produced during the day, and, together with the vivid descriptions by survivors, enabled the Sunday Herald to establish a record in regard to sales.

In many places, particularly in London, the Illustrated Sunday Herald was "sold out" early in the day.

PUT GERMAN PRISONERS ON LINERS.

Admiral Says Pay Them Back For Outrages In Kind.

PARIS, Sunday.

Vice-Admiral Besson writing in the Gaulois says:

Why not have the great steamers carrying passengers escorted by torpedo destroyers?

Why not indeed put on board a certain number of German officers, or at least put them on board while the danger zone is being crossed, and confine them there in such a way that if the boat goes down they are bound to perish with it?

The Germans have never hesitated to march at the head of their attacking columns French prisoners of war and even women and children. We should therefore only be partly paying them back in kind.—Exchange.

THE FUTILE BLOCKADE.

Only Five Steamers Sunk Out Of 1,604 Arriving.

An Admiralty statement issued yesterday shows that during the week ended May 5 the number of arrivals and sailings of overseas steamers—over 300 tons net—of all nationalities to and from United Kingdom ports was 1,604, and that five British steamers, with a gross tonnage of 11,488, were sunk by submarines, whilst 17 fishing vessels were sunk or captured.

MOTHERS & BABIES DIE TOGETHER: SURVIVORS' STORIES

LAST MOMENTS IN THE SINKING LINER.

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt's Death, "Happy And Composed."

EXPLOSION KILLS MANY.

Great Excitement, But No Real Panic On Board.

The last moments in the sinking vessel are described vividly by Mr. Oliver P. Bernard, scenic artist at Covent Garden Theatre, one of the four people who saw the torpedo discharged.

"I saw the periscope of a submarine about 200 yards away (he says). Then I noticed a long white streak of foam. A woman and two men came up to me and exclaimed 'Is that a torpedo?' I felt too sick to answer and turned away, knowing too well that it was a torpedo. When the torpedo came within a yard or two I covered my eyes and corked my ears as I did not want to hear the explosion.

"Almost immediately there was a violent impact followed by the explosion. Fragments of material, dust, and water shot up in a great column. Hundreds of people must have been blown to atoms, including stokers and trimmers—to say nothing of the men and women in the forward cabins, who were about to come on deck.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

"A few moments after the explosion the vessel tilted over, and I was flung against the starboard rail. Recovering myself, I could see there was a frantic rush from the starboard entrances to the port side of the deck and from below. Women shouted wildly, 'What shall we do?'

"I struggled to the port side to get a lifebelt. There was great excitement, but no real panic. Most of the women tried hard to keep cool, and, except for occasional screams, I think they behaved most bravely. 'Where is my husband?' 'Where is my child?' were questions asked on all sides.

"The last passenger I spoke to before the vessel went down was Mrs. Mason, a young American, who was on a honeymoon trip to England. She was the daughter of Mr. William Lindsay, a well-known Boston manufacturer of military equipments. Mrs. Mason rushed up to me, exclaiming, 'Have you seen my husband?'

"I advised her to remain on the port deck, as I was certain Mr. Mason would come up there to find her. 'I then made for the funnel deck, and the last person I noticed particularly, because of his demeanour, was Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt. He was standing outside the grand entrance of the saloon. He looked quite happy and perfectly composed. He was chatting to a friend.

"In his right hand he held a purple leather jewel case belonging to a woman friend for whom he was apparently waiting.

PERILOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

"I reached the funnel deck and crossed over to look at the starboard side. There I came across the two Marconi operators. They were sending out their 'S.O.S.' The explosion had disorganised the main wireless room and they were working the emergency apparatus.

"I asked the wireless operators how they were getting on, and at that precise moment they received an answer to their call. A moment later the apparatus was smashed.

"One of the operators offered me a swivel chair to go down into the water. His colleague took out a pocket Kodak and, going down on his hands and knees on the deck, which was now at an angle of about 35 degrees, took a solitary snapshot of the scenes forward. It would have been a wonderful photograph, but the film was destroyed in the water.

Mr. Bernard eventually got into a waterlogged boat hanging from the davits.

"Hundreds were trying to scramble into it. The funnels of the Lusitania were gradually sweeping down on us, and we had enormous difficulty to get the boat free. However, we succeeded in chopping through the tackle, and this released the boat.

"Not a moment too soon, for the great liner heaved over. One of the funnel stays caught us right in the middle of the boat. By a great effort we got the line clear, one of the funnels just grazing our heads as the Lusitania went down on her starboard side. In a moment the vessel disappeared amidst terrible cries from those who were caught.

"What I saw in the water I can hardly describe. There was floating debris on all sides, and men,



Two of the rescued—Mr. J. Lane and Miss B. Williams.

women and children clinging for life to deck chairs and rafts which littered the water.

"There were desperate struggles. Many were entangled between chairs, rafts and upturned boats. One by one they seemed to fall off and give themselves up. One poor wretch was struck by the oar which I was sharing with the steward, but he seized and clung to the oar until we were able to drag him into the boat.

"Next we saw a woman floating quite near us. Her face was just visible above the water. We towed alongside and pulled her in.

"The boat was by now packed to its full standing capacity, but the steward and I let her slip down between us, where she lay in about 18 inches of water between my knees. And there she died. We could not help crying, but we had done all we could to save her.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S DEATH.

"I did not see much of Mr. Charles Frohman until I looked upon his body in the mortuary at Queenstown. His was the most peaceful face amongst the hundreds I saw there. There was no trace of agony.

"Mr. Frohman had been none too well, and was hardly able to walk without the aid of a stick. An injured foot probably cost him his life.

AWFUL TERROR ON THE FACES OF THE DEAD.

Woman Passenger's Haunting Impression Of Ghastly Scenes In The Water.

Mrs. P. Wilson, who was coming to visit her husband, a member of the Canadian contingent, told a moving story of the tragedy at Cork.

"One lifeboat," said Mrs. Wilson, "was almost dragged down by the ship. We could have touched her with our hands.

"We helped in rescuing the people swimming and floating about, though there were over 80 in our boat alone, and it was full of water.

"When I was going into the first boat I picked up a little baby boy. A man with another child in his arms was trying to get into that boat, too. Before we left the ship he was nearly frantic.

"My God!" he cried, "I want to save my darling little baby, but they won't let me on the boat."

"I said, 'Give me the baby,' but he would not give it to me. I didn't see that man again. I could have saved the child if he had parted with it to me.

"After the scenes I saw I am afraid to sleep. The dead—dead ghastly faces floating all round with the staring, horror-stricken look in their sightless eyes, the frothing lips, the awful terror in those dead faces, livid and grey in that terrible death scene about the Lusitania will never leave my memory."



Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, at Euston Station yesterday morning to meet American survivors.

WOMEN—HEROIC ALL!

Stirring Stories Of Lady Passengers Who Knew No Fear.

ESCAPE IN SAILOR'S SUIT.

From Our Special Correspondent.

FISHGUARD, Sunday.

Fifty Lusitania survivors were landed at Fishguard this morning. A double file of Loyal North Lancashires was drawn up by the gangway and presented arms as the haggard-faced travellers set foot upon the quayside.

It was noticeable how great a proportion of them were women, several with babies in their arms. The eyes of several of them were red with hours of weeping for lost relatives.

They were too worn and horror-stricken to talk, for the most part, but the men talked of them enthusiastically.

"They have been splendidly brave," said the Rev. A. S. Gwyer, from Saskatchewan, to me, who had come to England on a honeymoon trip.

SPLENDID GREEK LADY.

"And so it appeared from one case which I may cite. She was Mrs. Pappadopoulos, a Greek lady from Athens, who came ashore dressed in a borrowed sailor's sweater and trousers. She is an expert swimmer and was ordering her coffee in the saloon when the ship was torpedoed. She swam for a long time before she was picked up.

"She went to the cabin to get a life-belt, but could not find one. Her husband then put her into the first boat that came along, but he declined to come with her, saying he would find her later.

"When the boat reached the water the swell threatened to overturn it, and she expected to be drowned. After it had recovered itself she looked towards the Lusitania, and saw one of the funnels fall and kill her husband. With a gesture of deep distress, Mrs. Pappadopoulos added: 'I can't remember anything that happened after that—it was dreadful.'

BRIDE'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

Mr. Gwyer, in recounting the story of the rush for the boats, said that many people owed their deaths to the fact that one of the ropes snapped while the boat, crowded with people, was being lowered. Some were able to cling to the boat as it hung, but the rest were precipitated into the water and many of these perished.

When the ship finally sank, he said, some of the boats were so close to her that she literally fell on them, and about three boatloads of people actually went down under her.

The clergyman's bride has had an awful ordeal. She was in the same boat as her husband at first, but when, through the strong suction to which it was subjected as the Lusitania went over on to her side, it was partially upset she was thrown out. The vessel's funnels were at that moment practically level with the surface of the sea, and into one of these Mrs. Gwyer was drawn with something like whirlpool force.

Then, as suddenly, she was shot out again, half-blinded with smoke, and groping wildly to find something to clutch hold of.

Fortunately, another boat was nearer, and into this Mrs. Gwyer was assisted.

YOUNG GIRL TOOK AN OAR.

The story of a young London girl's coolness and dogged pluck was given me by Mr. G. B. Lane, of Cardiff. He is a member of the Gwent Welsh Singers, nine of whom were returning after an American tour. Six are saved.

"I was standing on the deck talking to Miss Kaye when the first shot came. It was enough to unnerve any young girl, but she was perfectly calm. Almost directly after the ship began to list, and a woman lying full length, with her face downwards, came tobogganing towards us down the deck. Miss Kaye and I caught hold of her feet and somehow or other managed to get her into the boat. This was rapidly filled with over 50 people, one a white-haired old woman, who died before we reached the shore.

"There were not men enough in the boat to manage it, so Miss Kaye, a young slip of a girl, offered her help, and, taking an oar with as much enthusiasm as the strongest man, pulled steadily and strong until long after her arms must have ached terribly."

MANY BABIES VICTIMS OF GERMAN HATE.

"When I Came To My Dear Little Girl Had Gone."

A MOTHER'S OWN STORY.

Honeymoon Couple Sank In One Another's Arms.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ROSSLARE, South of Ireland, Sunday.

A mother told the *Daily Sketch* last night the pitiable tale of how she lost consciousness in the water and then lost her two-year-old baby.

She was one of a party of five—two women and three men—who clung to a large closed tin vessel all the afternoon. It was a long struggle for life, in which one of the men was beaten. He sank some minutes before help arrived.

The woman was Mrs. E. Adams. Her husband belongs to the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and she was going to Bristol to join friends. She was one of a party of about 20 survivors with whom I travelled from Queenstown on the Fishguard train-boat to-night.

FLOATED INTO THE WATER

While preparations were being made for leaving the ship she remained on deck with her baby girl in her arms. She had provided herself with a lifebelt.

Then when the ship suddenly went down she slipped off the starboard side. "I just floated into the water with baby tightly clasped in my arms," she said in a soft, sad tone. "I went under several times, but I held baby all the tighter. Then I remembered no more for a time. I don't know how long I was unconscious, but when I came to again I found myself still in the water, but my dear baby had gone. She had slipped from my arms."

"JUST DRIFTING."

Mrs. Adams then found herself floating near an upturned vessel which resembled in appearance a large-sized tank. Several persons were clinging to this, and she joined them.

"On one side of it," she explained, "I held on to the edge with two engineers, while on the other side a woman and a man clung to it. We could do nothing but just allow it to drift with us.

"A movement by the woman on the other side caused it to turn over, and we lost our hold. I was too exhausted to try and get hold of it again, but one of the engineers caught hold of me and supported me, while the other righted it. Then he assisted me back, and I got another hold.

BABIES FLOATING PAST.

"All the afternoon we remained there, and it is awful to think of the number of dead bodies, especially those of babies, that floated before me. After we had been in that position for what seemed an eternity the man beside the woman on the other side was beaten, poor fellow. His face had the appearance of death, and from our side we saw him just sink beneath the waves without being able to help him.

"Eventually we were picked up by a boat in which there were 48 women and eleven dead women and children."

DROGGED DOWN THREE TIMES.

A young Exeter girl, Miss D. E. Dodd, said:—"I hadn't a lifebelt, and when I felt the ship was going from under me I made a dive for it and struck out. As the Lusitania sank I was dragged some depth under water, then, when I tried to get to the surface my hands touched some wreckage or something, and I was unable to get my head out of water.

"The action of the water dragged me down again, and when I rose the same thing happened. This was repeated several times with the same result. My hands above my head always felt some obstacle on the surface.

"I don't know how long I endured this awful experience, but just before I did rise on a clear surface I had a feeling that if I did not succeed at that attempt it would be my last. I managed to get on an upturned boat, where nine others joined me, and we were eventually taken off in another boat."

DONALD BARROW'S HONEYMOON.

Donald Barrow, a man of about 25, who has lived in Calgary, Alberta, for several years, was married only a few months ago, and was bringing his young wife to England to visit his widowed mother at Monmouth. His wife was drowned. He returns alone.

"We went down into the water with our arms around each other's waist," he said; "but we lost hold of each other, and when I came to the surface I could not see her.

"Besides my wife and myself, there were about 15 people standing together in a group, and after the boat had gone down I believe I was the only one who rose from the surface."

After being picked up and taken ashore Barrow stayed at the water's edge until five o'clock next morning, when his wife's body was brought ashore.

AN APPEAL TO SURVIVORS.

Can any of the Lusitania's survivors give any news of Mrs. Martin Davey, her husband and son, to Mr. Harvey, Trafalgar-place, Devonport?

IRISH CORONER SAYS "MAKE IT 'WILFUL MURDER.'"

NEITHER PANIC NOR CONFUSION ON THE STRICKEN ATLANTIC LINER.

Wireless Man's Story Of The Last Terrible Moments.

COOL OPERATOR.

Photograph Taken From Deck Of Sinking Lusitania.

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE IN THE SEA.

Marvellous Stories Of Passengers Sucked Into Funnels.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Sunday Night.

At the time that the Lusitania was struck there was no cooler man aboard than the wireless operator, who, without delay, sent out on behalf of more than 2,000 stricken people an appeal for help.

People were hurrying about everywhere else, speculating as to what this sudden explosion meant, and showing traces of the greatest fear, but in a little room near the captain's bridge the wireless man worked steadily, indifferent to all but the work in hand.

"S.O.S., S.O.S."

His message spluttered out: "S.O.S. S.O.S. Lusitania," and with his telephone strapped to his ears he waited.

Immediately replies came, not from one quarter but from several. The message had been heard.

Then the operator went on: "Come at once. Big list."

The position of the vessel was given, and then what excitement there was before the vessel actually sank began to grow.

SERENE AS USUAL.

In that wireless room, however, work went on as if nothing out of the ordinary day's work had occurred.

Chief-operator Leith and Second-operator McCormick were calmly showing that they did not intend to be perturbed.

It was not because they did not realise fully the terrible situation which had arisen; they knew it as well as anybody could, and they had calmly resolved to do all that was humanly possible for the men, women and children who were on board.

NO TIME TO TALK.

A passenger looked in for a moment. Was there any news? He did not get an answer, but an instant later he was engaged in following the direction given to him, and that was to move out of the little room, with all the speed he could, the chairs that were accommodated there.

The wireless men felt their fine ship was doomed, and like the men of resource that they were, they thought instantly of getting to the water as many floating articles as they could for the struggle that was to come.

ONLY THE BEGINNING.

This, however, was only the beginning, and an adventure which for one man, at any rate, was going to be packed with thrills.

David McCormick is a young Scotsman who rose to the occasion.

When he became a wireless operator he didn't do so for amusement. He resolved that he would play the man, and a man's part he played during the sinking of the Lusitania.

ALL DID WELL.

One of the most modest of persons, he dislikes intensely to talk of what he did; his view is that where all did so well his share is of minor importance.

And yet there is no doubt that without him the work of rescue might have been much less ably done.

When I found him he was extremely disinclined to talk of the part he had played, but it is possible to indicate some of the main features.

"The thing came without the slightest warning," he said. "I just heard a third; that was all, and immediately the ship took a list that was substantial.

"I did not doubt for a moment what had happened; we were victims of the Germans.

"Why I should have concluded that the thud was caused by a shot from a gun I cannot say, but that was certainly my impression, and it occurred to me that our position was going to be rather exposed in the event of any further firing.

"It was only later that I discovered we had been struck by a torpedo, and exactly fifteen minutes later the wonderful liner had gone down.

"The scenes that followed were awful; one does not like to think of them.

"It is the minor things which come up to the mind first, and I confess that, now it is all over, it is the recollection of the photograph I took which arises most clearly."

Then Mr. McCormick told, with a smile of that amazingly cool act of his at such a moment.

Boats had been lowered, and one had been smashed; people were struggling for life in the water; the ship had made another violent lurch, and was sinking fast.

DEFYING DEATH.

The wireless operator, who knew that death was staring him in the face, calmly took out of his pocket a little camera, and took a snapshot.

At the back of his mind was the thought that he would escape, and this picture would be an invaluable memento.

He had only just taken his picture and replaced the camera in his pocket when the liner went down. He found himself in the swirling water, and he was sucked down until he almost lost consciousness.

When he came up again the water was black with its human heads and all sorts of debris.

For three hours he fought for life—and won. Then when he got an opportunity he fished out from his pocket the little camera.

HOPE AND FEAR.

He realised that the picture he had taken was one of tremendous interest, but would it come out?



Wireless Operator McCormick, photographed on his arrival at Liverpool. The pictures he took, blurred after hours in the water but still a memento of the Lusitania's last voyage, will appear in the DAILY SKETCH to-morrow.

The camera seemed to be in perfect condition, and he hoped for the best. His gold watch, with its brown-stained face, told him of the effect the salt water had had, as also did his leather pocket-book, which had become pulpy.

It was not until last night that the fate of the film was sealed.

The *Daily Sketch*, which had heard of what occurred, took the affair in hand, and the utmost care was taken to develop the precious film.

Regretfully it has to be stated that failure resulted. The salt water had ruined it, and nothing appeared.

All would have been well had the photographer, in this what-might-have-been story, rolled the film after he had taken the snap. He did not do so, and the picture has been lost to the world.

However, there is some comfort in the fact that a portion of the film which was actually rolled contains two other pictures.

These were taken on the Lusitania only half an hour before the disaster, and they will be published in the *Daily Sketch* on Tuesday.

They are not perfect, of course, but it will be decidedly interesting to see these two views after their three hours in the sea.

To return now to the adventures of the photographer. After Mr. Leith and his second had

received satisfactory assurance that assistance was on its way they contemplated the vivid drama that was being enacted.

"I want to refute in the strongest possible terms," said Mr. McCormick, "the suggestion which has been made in certain quarters that there was a panic.

"Nothing of the kind happened.

"Everybody, almost without exception, behaved splendidly. I never saw nor heard of any men taking the place of women and children in the boats.

"In fact, pretty nearly all the members of the crew jumped into the water at the last moment, after having done all that they possibly could for the others.

"There was no attempt at the dramatic, and Mr. Leith and I did not even say good-bye to one another. Fortunately we met in safety later.

CALMNESS OF ENGINEERS.

The engineers were quite calm. One or two in passing our door shook hands and said 'Good-bye,' and most of the fireroom crowd adopted the same method of leaving the ship.

"The vessel had taken so great a list that they were able with ease to walk down what normally would have been a perpendicular side and step into the water.

"Of course, not every passenger was taking things calmly.

"I saw three men who seemed to be almost distraught. They cried out 'My God!' over and over again, and used similar expressions as they stood there, undecided what they should do.

ISOLATED INSTANCES.

"I saw a man, too, who clung excitedly to everybody he met in his terror. These are isolated instances, however, and in no way represent the situation, which was free from panic.

"After I got into the water and had got free of the suction I managed to get hold of something. It was a collapsible boat, supported by air-tight tanks, which kept it afloat notwithstanding the water it contained.

"There must have been about 14 people in that boat in the same position as myself. To keep the boat afloat it was necessary for each to take part in balancing it, but there was so much rocking that one after another we fell off. Then would come the task of climbing aboard again.

BOYS PATHETIC END.

For three hours we were like this, and near the end of that time only five remained. The others had been lost, one of them a boy who was unconscious. We did our best for him, but it was of no use.

"The suggestion was made that conditions might be easier if we turned the boat over and stood on its flat bottom.

"We managed to do this with difficulty, but the change was for the worse, and we resumed our original position.

"At last help came to us from a torpedo-boat destroyer at half-past five, and we were treated with the utmost kindness.

"About eleven o'clock that night we arrived in port, and the scenes which followed were heart-rending. It was terrible to see in the Town Hall, the Cunard offices, and the Custom House the rows of dead bodies that lay on the floor—bodies of those who had been our friends alive and well only that afternoon.

NEVER SO MANY BABES BEFORE.

"There was a remarkably large number of babies on board the Lusitania, some of them very pretty little ones. I don't remember ever seeing so many on a ship before, and it is terrible to think of their fate.

"There were some extraordinary escapes from death. I do not think it is true to say that the four funnels all broke off as the ship sank.

"I remember when I was in the water seeing the funnels falling towards me, and I thought I should be killed, but I escaped.

"I heard of one woman who was in the water when one funnel broke off and completely enveloped her like an extinguisher on a candle.

"She is said to have come out at the other end.

"Another passenger, a Liverpool man, was shot right into a funnel as the top of it went under water. Immediately afterwards, through the suction, he was shot out again.

CAPTAIN'S DEVOTION.

"Captain Turner earned the greatest admiration for his devotion to duty.

"What do I think of the Germans after it all?" said Mr. McCormick in conclusion. "Well, to speak quite truly, I have not thought of that aspect of the matter at all.

"The experience itself was quite absorbing enough in itself."

5 a.m. Edition.

764 SURVIVORS.

Death Roll 1,396; Berlin Rejoices At The Deed.

LIVERPOOL'S ANGRY WOMEN.

President Wilson Is Thinking "Very Earnestly But Calmly."

Latest figures show that there are 764 survivors—462 passengers and 302 crew. The loss of life is therefore 1,396. In the Titanic disaster 1,503 perished.

Berlin declares that the owners of the Lusitania alone are responsible, because they knew the danger to which they exposed the passengers after having been warned.

Last night the German Wireless News announced "from a reliable source" that there were 5,400 boxes of ammunition on board, and that by far the greatest part of the cargo was contraband.

German and Austrian papers and people are gloating over the "immense success." The



Second officer A. R. George Hutchinson, the Jones, of the Lusitania. electrician,

Kaiser has had a long conference with Von Tirpitz.

President Wilson "is considering very earnestly, but very calmly, the right course to pursue."

On Saturday he went golfing and motoring "as an example to the American people not to get unduly excited." The Republican newspapers compare his conduct with that of Nero fiddling while Rome burned.

Anti-German riots have occurred in Liverpool and in several American towns.

The original German warning to American passengers not to enter "the German war-zone" has been repeated.

At the opening of the inquest on five of the victims at Kinsale, Coroner Horgan said he should ask the jury to return a verdict of wilful murder.

Lord Mersey, who conducted the Titanic inquiry, will also preside over the investigation of the loss of the Lusitania.

ANTI-GERMAN RIOTS.

Womenfolk Of The Lusitania's Crew Wreck Liverpool Shops.

Angry demonstrations against Germans have taken place during the week-end at:—

LIVERPOOL.—Women relatives of the crew of the Lusitania on Saturday wrecked the shops of Germans, or supposed Germans, and threw their contents into the street. At Everton a posse of police made about 20 arrests, and was jostled by the rioters, who tried to rescue their comrades. The police had to use their batons. Last night the women, eagerly assisted by men, wrecked a number of shops, pulled furniture and fittings into the street, and set fire to them.

NEW YORK.—Numerous Germans who cheered the Kaiser and Germany were attacked by angry Americans. Two or three were taken to hospital.

WASHINGTON.—Extra police protection thrown round German and Austrian Embassies.

VICTORIA (B.C.).—A crowd of several hundreds, led by uniformed soldiers, raided a German club and hotel, and furniture and glassware were broken.—Reuter.

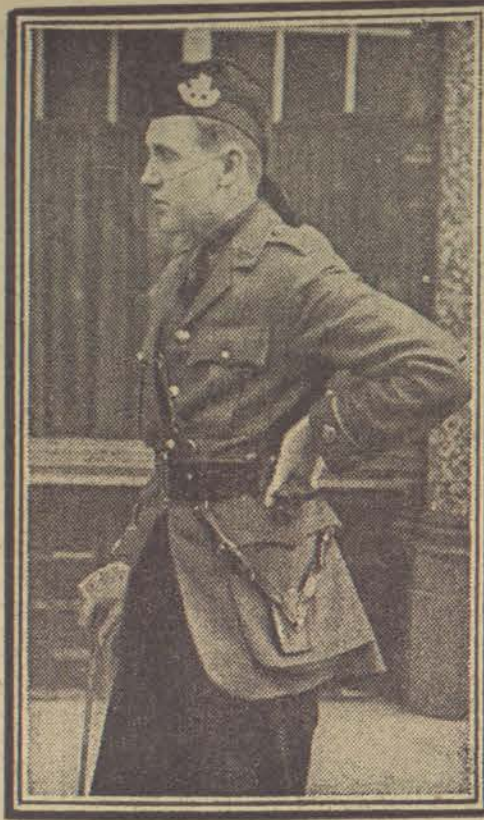
LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.—English members of the Stock Exchange have unanimously decided to close the doors of the House against all German members. All English members are requested to be at the doors of the House at 12.15 this morning.

LADY ALLAN'S DAUGHTERS.

Lady Allan, wife of Sir Montagu Allan, one of the heads of the Allan Line, was thrown into the water together with her two young daughters and two maids. They were drawn underneath, but rose again to the surface. Lady Allan was bit by the keel of a lifeboat, which broke her collar-bone and injured her thigh and hip. She was taken out of the water and placed on the bottom of an upturned boat, to which she clung for two hours with twenty other passengers, and was subsequently rescued by one of the steamers.

Her two maids were also saved, but no trace of her daughters could be found.

THE SMILING CHILD WHO MISSED DEATH BY INCHES AS THE LUSITANIA WAS SINKING.



Rita Jolivet, a survivor, is known on both the American and English stage. Her brother, a lieutenant, goes to the front shortly.—(Doverstreet Studios.)

The Rev. H. Gwyer was on his honeymoon. His wife had a very narrow escape, being sucked down the funnel as she sank.

Lieut. Allan waiting to hear news of his mother, Lady Allan, who was on board. Her ladyship was among the rescued.



Mrs. C. Wickings Smith and her baby, Nancy. The child was thrown from the Lusitania to a man in a boat, and it never cried.

A trio of the saved at Fishguard. Mrs. E. Adams (Bristol), in the centre, lost her baby; Miss Miss Davies lost her brother, her only relative D. E. Dodd (Exeter) only reached the surface after a severe struggle. Hugh D. Whitcome was in the world. Inset, R. R. Davies, who was a steward on the Lusitania.



Reading from the left: E. M. Collis, Mrs. Wolfenden, Mrs. Plenk, Mrs. Logan, Elsie Logan, and J. Milford. All were saved.

More of the survivors from the Lusitania. The second on the left helped to save seven other persons.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)

COZENS

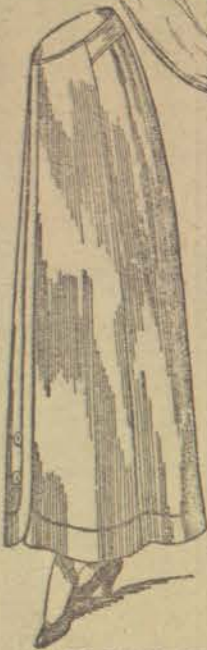
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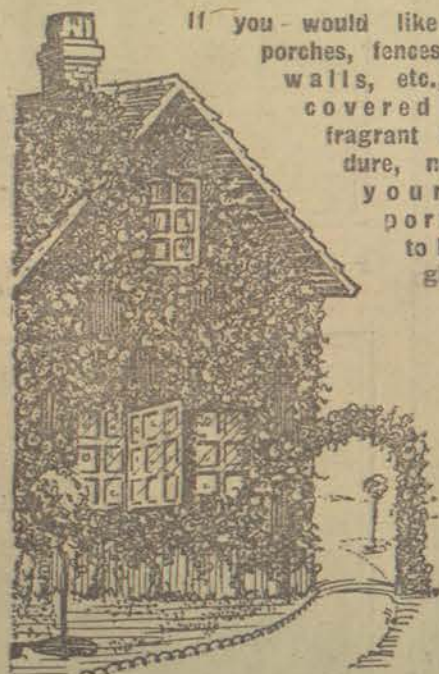
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with beautiful verdure and an abundance of flowers, you need only order a packet of the Lightning Mixture of "Japanese" Floral Decoration, consisting of assorted seeds of Flowering Climbers and Creepers.

MASSES OF BLOOMS.

The assortment contains creepers of phenomenally quick growth which will cover, in an incredibly short time, every unsightly spot in the garden or near the house with a beautiful foliage and an abundance of multi-coloured and sweet-smelling blossoms.

SOW NOW TO ENSURE EARLY FLOWERING.

The seeds can be sown in the border or anywhere in the open; flower pots or any old boxes or tubs can be used, and the plants will grow even in the poorest soil. The seed will come up within a few days, and the plants do not require any further attention except the tying-up of the branches. They will keep on growing and flowering all through the summer and far into the autumn. A packet of this "Japanese" Lightning Mixture will be forwarded on receipt of P.O. for 2s.; 3 packets for 5s. 6d.; 6 packets for 10s. 6d. All post free. Money returned if not satisfactory. Colonial postage 3d. extra. Write at once to—

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By following the simple directions sent with every packet of seeds the plants will come up within a few days. If you desire to quickly cover Windows, Balconies, Arbours, Bare Walls, House Fronts, etc.,

THE "JAPANESE" SEED CO. (Seed Importers),
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Please note that we have no Agents in England, and our MIXTURE can only be obtained DIRECT from us.

GENIUS



that infinite capacity for taking pains—was responsible for the

DUNLOP

tyre. Genius attended at its birth, in 1888, and has accompanied it ever since, and to-day it remains supreme among tyres.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR MAMMA, DAD, BABY, "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Better than calomel, oil or pills to clean and regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

stomach is sweet, liver and bowels clean, and you feel grand.

Mother, daddy and the children can always keep feeling fine by taking this delicious fruit laxative as occasion demands. Nothing else cleanses the stomach, liver and bowels so thoroughly without griping.

"California Syrup of Figs" is a family laxative. Everyone from grandpa to baby can safely take it and no one is ever disappointed in its pleasant action. Millions of mothers know that it is the ideal laxative to give cross, sick, feverish children. Ask your Chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1/1, and 1/9.—Advt.

You take a little at night and in the morning all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and fermenting food delayed in the bowels gently moves out of the system. When you awaken all headache, indigestion, sourness, foul taste, bad breath, fever and dizziness are gone; your

SURVIVORS OF THE GREAT CRIME—FOR HOURS THEY FOUGHT FOR LIFE, W



Mme. Pappadaponer, of Athens, snapped on her arrival at Euston. She swam for three hours before being rescued.



Mme. Pappadaponer landed at Queenstown wearing a suit of pyjamas and a sweater.



Kathleen Kaye was coming over to stay with friends in London.



The terrible experiences through which these survivors landed at Queenstown.



Martin Mannion, a cripple, keeps the lifebelt that kept him afloat.



Jock McIver, another of the saved, is a Scotch comedian. He was photographed in hospital.



The Misses Charles were wearing overcoats lent them by officers when they reached London.



These American lads, named Gardiner, have, it is feared, lost both their parents.

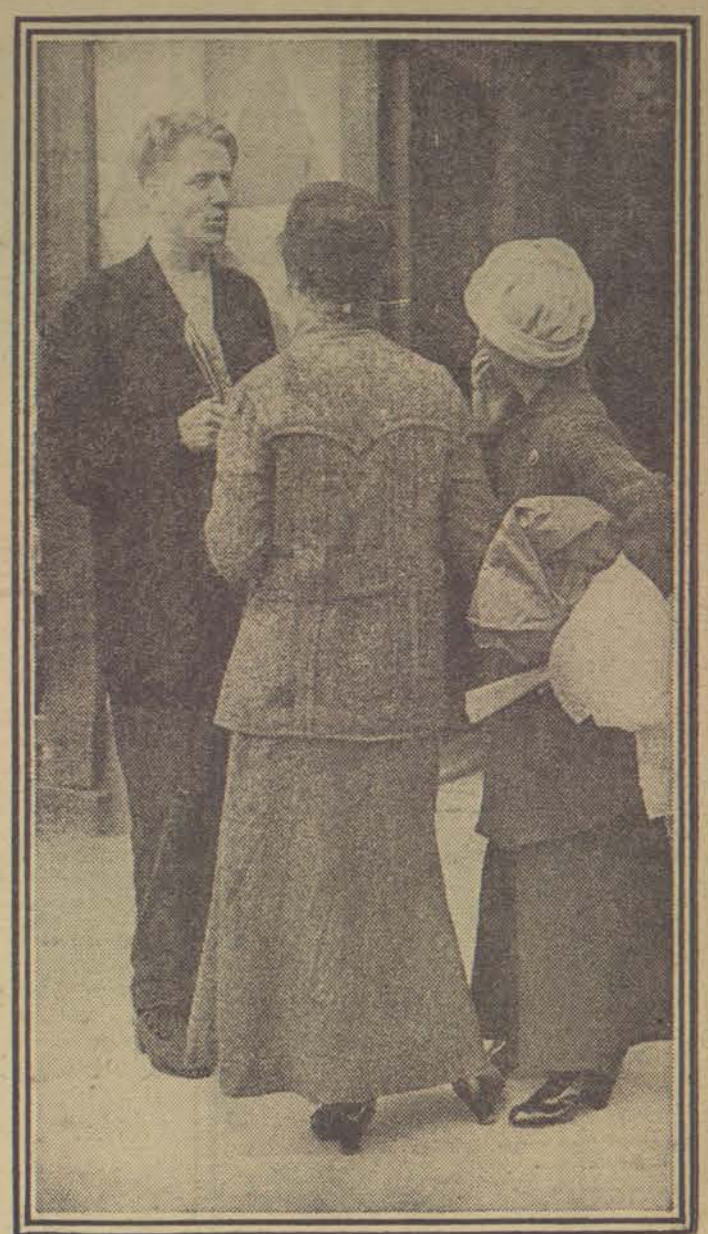


Four of the survivors who were landed at Queenstown. The group was of a mixed nationality.



This is a queue of the survivors at Queenstown. Though thankful at their escape, it was a bitter experience.

WITH THE CRIES OF DROWNING WOMEN & CHILDREN RINGING IN THEIR EARS



had passed left its mark on the faces of Queenstown.

Josephine Brandell was in "Come Over Here," This survivor had managed to save some of her underclothing.

Three of the saved relate their experiences at Queenstown. The woman in the centre was in the water a long time.



town. As will be noticed their clothing character.



A clergyman acts the part of the Good Samaritan to one of the saved landed at Queenstown.



station waiting to continue their journey. Every sad party who entrained.

One of the injured had to be assisted along the platform at Euston by a friend.



James Battle was an A.B. of the Lusitania. Though injured he succeeded in keeping afloat for two hours.

Many of the survivors were without clothes. He was glad to secure a blanket.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)

INTERESTING SOUVENIRS OF THE GREAT WAR
GAMAGES

SPECIAL VALUE IN REGIMENTAL BROOCH BADGES AND BUTTONS

Acceptable as Presents

REGIMENTAL BROOCH BADGES



Most Regimental and Territorial Regimental Badges can be supplied. A splendid souvenir for the ladies.

Gift or Silvered Metal, 2/- each, Sterling Silver or Silver Gift, 5/- each.

9 ct. Gold, 30/- each. 9 ct. Gold (heavier) 42/-

GENUINE REGIMENTAL BUTTON PHOTO BROOCH



Registered Pattern. Complete in neat case.

Genuine Regimental Button Photo Brooch. Richly Gift as well finished. Complete in Case, price 2/- each.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

2/- or TWO for 3/6 GREAT WHITSUN OFFER

SENT ON APPROVAL

For 7 DAYS UNTIL MAY 17th.

EACH 29ins. LONG.

POST FREE.

WORTH 7/6

Money returned if not delighted.

OF REAL OSTRICH PLUMES



The "Regent" in Black, White, and newest Spring Shades. The 1st size, full-sized real Ostrich Plume, 20 1/2 ins. long, sent on approval, on receipt of remit a 1/- for 1/-, or two for 2/- 6d.

REPAIRS We are experts in renovating Ostrich Feathers, Bases & Ospreys to select form, or send for Catalogue Free.

Call at our Showrooms. £60,000 Stock of Ostrich Plumets, Bases & Ospreys to select from, or send for Catalogue Free.

REAL OSTRICH FEATHER RUCHE TRIMMING

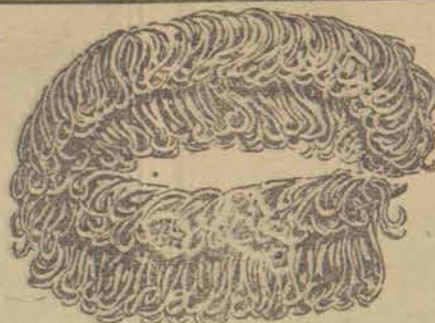
To go right on and Crown or Brim of Hat, MORE THAN 30 ins. LONG. Colors in stock—Black, White, Sage, Paris, Navy, Nigger and Newest Spring Shades. Post Free.

Money returned if not delighted. Worth more 2/6 than double. Sent on Approval.

Important—Note address carefully (opposite Selfridge's)

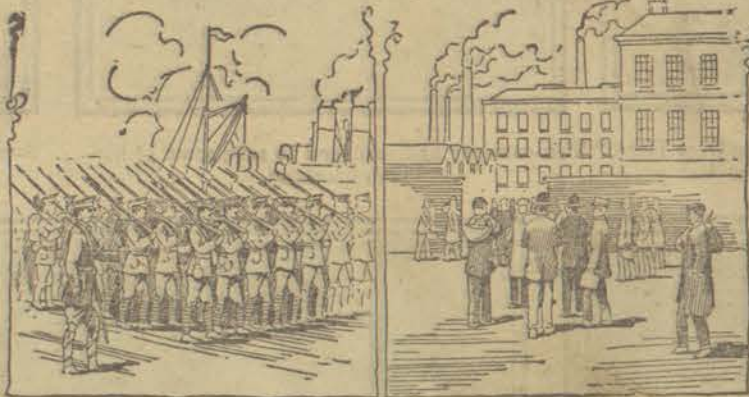
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To the **GO** To the
FRONT WORKSHOPS

FREE FROM RUPTURE AND ABLE TO DO YOUR FULL DUTY TO YOUR COUNTRY.



The Army or Navy cannot depend upon a man who, at a critical moment, has to lie down to reduce a rupture (hernia) or to adjust a truss.

Neither can a Workshop profitably employ a man who has to avoid heavy work or straining, or who continually loses time on account of a rupture or a badly fitting truss.

Get the better of your rupture before it gets the better of you. It can be done. Many who have used a simple method of treatment have thrown away their trusses and have gone to the front or to the workshops able to do their full duty in the time of their country's need. Others, cured by this same method, are now drilling every day, having been accepted by the military examiners as sound, efficient men—men who can be depended upon to work or fight to the last breath.

Your services will be required—are required now—but to give satisfactory service you must be free from rupture. You cannot afford the time or cost of an operation, nor is it necessary. The Rice Method has cured thousands of ruptures all over the world. You do not want to be called a shirker.

You want your rupture cured so you can do your little bit. You want the best treatment you can get. You need the Rice Method to make you fit. Act now—next month may be too late.

Send the following Coupon to-day to the address given for detailed information.

DEMONSTRATION COUPON.

No. A 713.

WM. S. RICE, Ltd., 3 and 3, Stonecutter Street, E.C. Gentlemen—Please send absolutely free your demonstration showing how I may be made "fit," and information about the cure and cure of rupture, with names of people cured in my own district.

Name
Address

ALWAYS say "MONTSERRAT" when you buy Lime Juice. It is a small point, but it makes a big difference. "MONTSERRAT" is made from fresh ripe lime fruit, and is the healthiest of all temperance beverages. Large quantities of Lime Juice are supplied regularly to the Army and Navy.

SUPPLIED IN TWO FORMS:—Unsweetened, i.e., Plain Lime Juice; Sweetened, i.e., Lime Juice Cordial. Sold by all Stores, Chemists & Grocers.

"Bournville" Cocoa
(Regd. Trade Mark)
"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCT"
The Medical Magazine, MADE BY CADBURY

KOKO FOR THE HAIR
BRITISH OWNED. BRITISH MADE.
"KOKO" is packed in BRITISH made bottles, corked with BRITISH made sprinklers, wrapped in BRITISH produced printed matter. We are retaining the services of the whole of our staff, at full wages; business as usual, and we are hoping, with the co-operation of the public, to be able to maintain this attitude until the termination of hostilities.
"KOKO" Makes the Hair Grow Stops It Falling Out.
POSITIVELY ERADICATES DANDRUFF ENSURES MAGNIFICENT TRESSES
CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, CONTAINS NO DYE, OIL, OR GREASE. DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING AND INVIGORATING TO THE SCALP.

Get a 1/- bottle of "Koko" from your Local Chemist or Stores to-day and start your New Lease of Hair Health. Other sizes at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.
EXTRA SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER.
A 4/6 FULL-SIZE bottle 1/9 of "KOKO" for 1/9
Postage 1d. extra.
Send this Coupon to us with P.O. value 2/- and we will send you Post Free a 4/6 Full Size Bottle of "KOKO," so you can prove our statements. Only one to each applicant.
KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LTD.
16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, E.C.

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER £1 A WEEK?
Reliable persons will be provided with profitable home work on Auto-Knitters by knitting War Socks. Experience unnecessary; distance immaterial. Write for illustrated prospectus containing full particulars, and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.
THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 2), 59 & 62, Belvoir St., LEICESTER.

INDIAN LUCKY STONE FREE
DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE YOUR LUCK?
Do you want success and have everything come your way? If so, you should possess my real Indian "Lucky Stone," which has brought good luck and happiness to thousands. To introduce these beautiful and lucky stones from Ceylon, I am giving away a limited number. Write to-day, enclosing stamp, for interesting Booklet, "HOW I DISCOVERED THE LUCKY STONE," and particulars of free offer.
R. S. Field (Dept. 2), 9, Sun-street, London, E.C.

No more acceptable Gift can be sent to Officers and Men at the Front than
BRAND'S Meat Lozenges.
WORLD-RENOWNED for their SUSTAINING PROPERTIES.
In Boxes 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9. Sold Everywhere.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE de LUXE
THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND TOFFEE

THE prices of B.S.A. Bicycles have not been raised, and all models can be obtained at the prices given in the 1915 Catalogue, copy of which will be sent post free.
RIDE A B.S.A. BICYCLE
Write for Catalogue To-day.
THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LD., 9, Small Heath, Birmingham.
£1 DOWN SECURES A B.S.A. BICYCLE

THE CAPTAIN AND CREW NOBLY DID THEIR DUTY.



Jack Raper, who dived into the water to rescue his chief.



Captain Turner photographed in Queenstown. He stood on the bridge of his ship till the last.



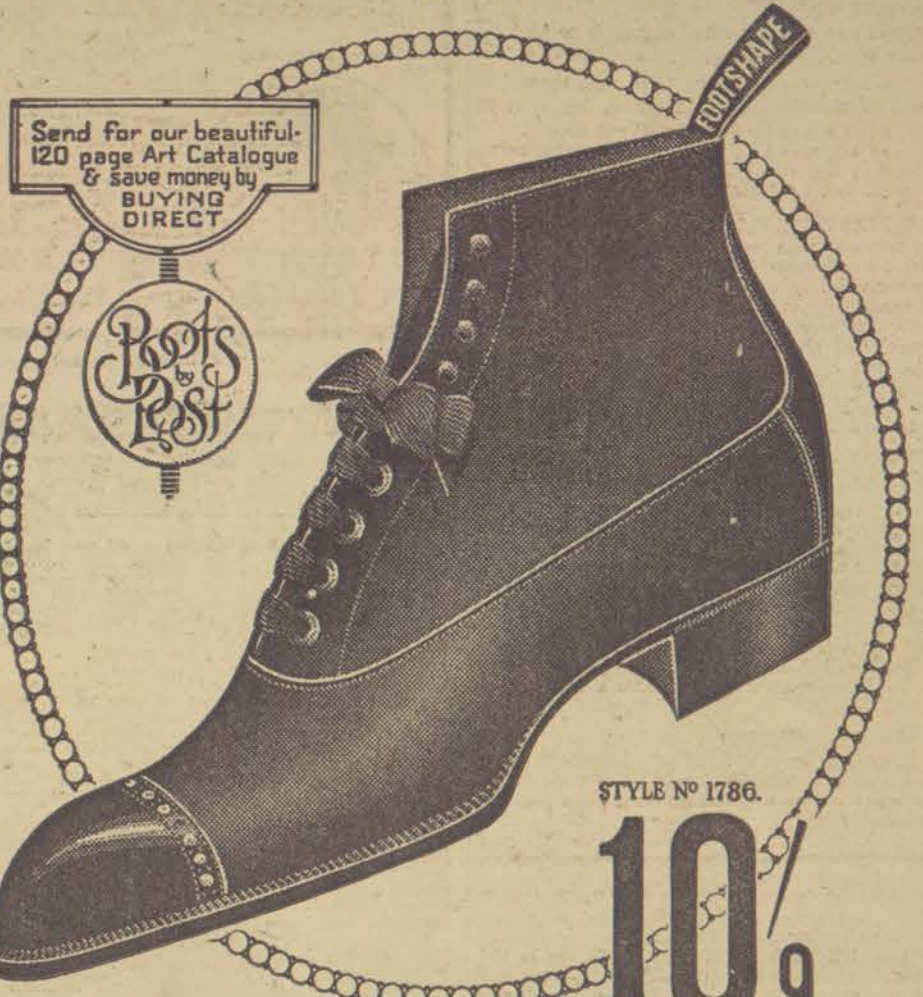
J. F. Leach slid down the log line to pick up survivors.



Three of the Lusitania's firemen after being rigged out at Queenstown. They scurried up from below just in time to dive overboard as the giant Cunarder went to her doom.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

STRIKING SAMPLE OFFER

In order to demonstrate our ability to send our productions DIRECT to the purchaser at a less expense than if supplied through the usual channels, viz., through the shoekeeper, we will, between now and Whitsuntide, supply sample pairs of these magnificent boots POST FREE on receipt of 10/9 deposit. If you do not consider they are equal to those sold locally at 14/9 your money will be refunded in full.



Send for our beautiful-120 page Art Catalogue & save money by BUYING DIRECT

STYLE NO 1786.

10/9

POST FREE!

Derby Pattern Style No 1787, same price

The uppers are cut from fine Glace Kid, and as the boots are made on the Hand Sewn principle, flexibility is ensured. The following sizes are kept in stock: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths; No 3 width (narrow); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide). If the size is not known, send a pencilled outline of the stockinged foot or an old boot that is comfortable, which will enable us to supply a correct fit.

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Registered under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	£1,000,000
SHARES ISSUED -	700,000
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Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.



The famous boy of Panyer Alley (1688), which marks the highest point in the City of London. This can be seen in the wall of No. 1, Cheapside, the Head Office of Farrow's Bank, Ltd.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.	DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.
Accounts are opened and interest paid on approved credit balances.	Accounts are opened with any sum from 1/- upwards, and interest paid from 3 to 4 per cent.

CALL OR WRITE FOR SPECIAL BOOKLET AT HEAD OFFICE—
1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
73 Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

ASCOT GOING ON, WHY NOT GOODWOOD?

Public Derby Trials To Take Place This Week.

DIADUMENOS' THRILLING VICTORY IN THE "JUBILEE."

It has now been decided what shape the Ascot meeting is to take, and no complaints are likely to be heard. The meeting is to be one of three days, instead of four, and all the time-honoured events, with the exception of the Royal Hunt Cup, will be held as usual.

It would have been a pity to abandon the fixture altogether, for there is only one Ascot, and there is always a keen desire to win there, apart from any financial interest.

We are left to wonder what course is to be pursued with regard to Goodwood.

As I was able to state some time ago, there has been talk of abandoning the meeting, but it is to be hoped such a drastic policy will not obtain.

A similar attitude to that at Ascot would serve the case, and one can only wish that such an announcement will be forthcoming.

PUBLIC DERBY TRIALS.

From now onwards the Derby will form the chief topic of conversation in racing circles, and each week we are likely to find three-year-olds having public trials.

Several will probably be seen out at Newmarket this week, and the Newmarket Stakes has before now afforded a pointer in connection with the Derby.

Wednesday's race looks like going to Tournant, though he is also in the Payne Stakes on Thursday.

I learn that Tournant has done well since finishing second in the "Guineas," and so far he has not been troubled by the hard ground, though he is such a heavy-topped horse that I think he will always do better when the going is yielding.

The Newmarket Stakes is run across the flat (1 1/4 miles), and affords a nice test of stamina for a three-year-old at this time of the year.

Let Fly may be given another chance, for it is quite certain the best was not seen of him in the "Guineas," and Torioisk will also possibly join issue. The race should therefore be a most interesting one.

"JUBILEE" EXCITEMENT.

The Kempton Great "Jubilee" Handicap went to the favourite, Diadumenos, after a stirring finish by which the crowd was roused to a high pitch of excitement.

On his second to Black Jester in the City and Suburban Diadumenos was entitled to be favourite, for he had been coughing prior to that race and had missed a few gallops. Since then he had been well sharpened up and the public sided with him in spite of his disappointing record.

As a rule Diadumenos refused to gallop in the early stages, with the result that he had often left himself with too much to do in the last quarter of a mile.

That was what happened in the Duke of York Stakes and the Cambridgeshire last year, and in the City and Suburban this season.

On Saturday, however, he was always well up with his field, yet it was only by a head that he beat Wrack, while the latter in turn only had a short head to spare over Lanus.

A GAME LITTLE HORSE.

The duel between Wrack and Diadumenos was a repetition of the fight the pair had in the Liverpool Autumn Cup last year, as on that occasion Wrack had to put up with a narrow defeat.

At the same time Saturday's was a game performance by Lord Rosebery's little horse, for he was putting up 5lb. extra, and that undoubtedly cost him the race.

Of the Beckhampton pair Dan Russel was given the preference over Rich Mor, but the latter performed the better in the race. Indeed, there was a time, a quarter of a mile out, when he looked like winning, but he died away at the finish.

Drucilla had been unlucky at Chester, but she made amends by beating a big field in the Shepperton Selling Handicap, and though it was only by a neck that she accounted for Ouragan, her victory was gained quite cleverly.

The Alexandra Park winner, Farilady, took the May Auction Plate, but she had to be hard ridden to beat Sister Susie by a neck.

In spite of his penalty Longtown was a dominating favourite for the Sunningdale Welter Handicap, but ever a disappointing animal, he once more let his backers down, and had to be content with third place.

The Belgian, St. Marc, had been easily beaten by Longtown at Hurst Park, but a 7lb. pull enabled him to turn the tables. He in turn, however, was run out of it by Rather Bolder, who was not winning out of his turn.

Some moderate animals contested the Three-Year-Old-Plate, and the best of a bad lot proved to be My Birthday, the property of Lady Torrington, whose husband joined the Army as a private, but was later given a commission.

Another Chester unfortunate in Wynbury won the River Handicap.

GIMCRACK.

Ayr Selections.

- 2.0—CATARACT. 3.30—GRAY'S ELEGY.
- 2.30—BURNS' BEST. 4.0—REDWOOD.
- 3.0—VILLEROY. 4.30—DUNHOLM.

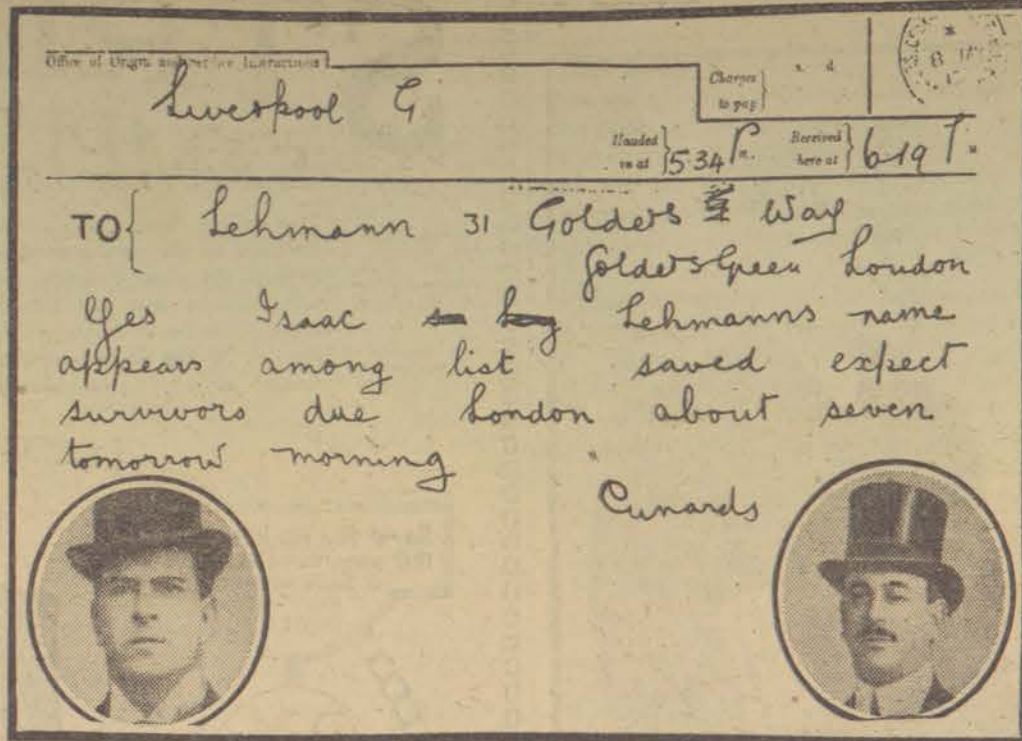
Double.

REDWOOD and DUNHOLM.

AYR PROGRAMME.

2.0—TRIAL SELLING PLATE of 102 sovs; 5l.	
Molat	5 9
Paravid	5 9
Molat	5 9
Black Pirate	5 9
Arilgon	5 9
Topper's Folly	5 9
Stornville	5 9
Mary Tudor	5 9
The above have arrived.	
Cataract	5 9
Ellaback	5 9
Dominus	5 9

A TELEGRAM THAT BROUGHT HAPPINESS.



J. Lehmann.

I. Lehmann.

This telegram terminated the anxiety of Mr. J. Lehmann as to the fate of his nephew, Mr. Isaac Lehmann, one of the largest war contractors in the world, who was among the saved. Mr. Isaac Lehmann has carried out war contracts for all the Allies, and was on his way to England for the purpose of arranging fresh ones.

2.30—MONTGOMERIE HANDICAP of 120 sovs; 3-y.o.; 1m.		
Matchless Maud	9 0	
Paoli	7 3	
Hullabaloo	8 12	
Wolf's Ford	7 3	
Wise Serf	8 0	
Monymusk	7 0	
Oscillator	8 0	
San Thrush	6 12	
Kirkham	7 12	
Mary Craig	6 12	
Denizulu	7 11	

The above have arrived.

3.0—MONTROSE HANDICAP of 150 sovs; 1m. 3l.		
Colonel Bogy	4 9 0	
Oceanus	4 7 7	
Nihilist	4 8 11	
More Vane	4 7 8	
Fort	4 8 6	
Flying Aero	6 7 6	
Aloft	5 7 12	
Denison	5 7 5	
Villeroi	4 7 12	

The above have arrived.

3.30—MAY SELLING HANDICAP of 102 sovs; 5l.	
Nadir Shah	4 8 9
Well Locked	3 7 9
Miss Sweeper	4 8 5
Divine	4 7 5
Iowa II.	4 8 4
Dusky Maid	4 7 0
Panzi	3 7 15
Penham	3 7 0
Skipper Hayes	4 7 11
Ohio	3 6 12
Crusavel	3 7 9
Yucatan	3 6 10

The above have arrived.

4.0—DOON WELTER PLATE of 102 sovs; 1m. 5l.		
Black Pirate	4 9 0	
Gray's Elegy	3 7 9	
Chiddinstone	4 8 8	
Myramo	3 7 8	
Stormville	4 8 5	
First Dose	3 7 8	
Wooden Bridge	5 7 13	

The above have arrived.

4.0—APPRENTICE PLATE of 102 sovs; 1m.	
Star of Doon	4 8 13
Molat	5 8 3
White Abbey	4 8 10
Universal Service	5 7 7

The above have arrived.

Dunholm	5 9 7
Wee Phyllis	4 7 11
Smeaton Lady	4 8 7
Shadow Dance	3 6 4
Doctor Break	6 8 3
Mary Craig	3 6 4
Emerald Ring	6 8 0
Popcorn	3 6 4

SATURDAY'S WINNERS AND PRIZES.

- 2.0—Shepperton Selling Handicap, Drucilla, 100 to 8.
- 2.30—Kempton Park May Auction Plate, Farilady, 11 to 8.
- 3.20—Kempton Park Great "Jubilee" Handicap, 1 1/2 m., Lord d'Abernon's DIADUMENOS, 7-12. F. Bullock 1. Lord Rosebery's WRACK, 8-7. F. Rickaby 2. Mr. I. Neumann's LANIUS, 7-6. N. Spear 3. Also ran: China Cock, Florist, Honeywood, Peter the Hermit, Cheerful, Carancho, Carrickfergus, Dan Russel, Mount William, Rich Mor, Dutch Lady, Woodville. Betting: 100 to 30 DIADUMENOS, 7 to 1 Dan Russel, 8 to 1 Lanus, 10 to 1 Wrack, 100 to 8 Rich Mor, 100 to 7 China Cock, Peter the Hermit, Cheerful, Woodville, Honeywood, Dutch Lady, 20 to 1 Carancho, Carrickfergus, 33 to 1 Mount William, Florist, Place betting; Evens Diadumenos; others in proportion. Head; short head.
- 4.—Sunningdale Welter Handicap, Rather Bolder, 9 to 2.
- 4.30—Three-Year-Old Plate, My Birthday, 8 to 1.
- 5.0—River Handicap, Wynbury, 10 to 1.

RIPON.

- 1.40—Givendale Selling Welter Handicap, Gray's Elegy, 4 to 1.
- 2.10—Claro Two-Year-Old Plate, King's Ally, 8 to 1.
- 2.40—Ripon City Handicap, Modunbach, 5 to 2.
- 3.10—Fountains Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, Buckles, 7 to 1.
- 3.40—Grewchhorpe Handicap, Talk, 6 to 1.
- 4.10—Newby Plate, South Meadow, 2 to 1.

SPORT BY THE WAY.

Stevenson defeated Falkiner (rec. 3,000) by 18,000 to 16,961 at Thurston's.

At the Ring on Saturday Fred Jones, Rushden, scored an easy win over the ex-amateur baniam weight champion, All Wye, the latter being knocked out in the third round.

The 9th Border Regiment, which won the 22nd Division Championship at Polegate, carried off the four miles cross-country military relay race at Seaford on Saturday. Their total time was 2hr. 12min. 13sec.

Sergt. Bazham, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and Sergt. McCormick, 4th Manchester Regiment, will meet at the N.S.C. to-night for the welter-weight championship, while at the Blackfriars Ring, Lance-Corporal O'Keefe will be opposed by Bandman Blake.

In the sports held at Lord's by the 6th County of London Battery of the 2nd London Brigade R.F.A., Driver Halse and Gunner Bush were respectively first and second in both the 100 yards and quarter-mile races, and Sergt. Bath won the V.C. race (mounted). An officers' thread-needle race (mounted) was won by Lieutenant Nathan.

The 8th Rifle Brigade Sports, on the old Army athletic ground at Aldershot on Saturday, saw the following win:—100 yards race, Corporal Brand (C Company); Officers 100 yards race, Capt. W. M. Parker; inter-platoon race, No. 13 Platoon (Riflemen Bowers, Harrison, Messen and Bailey); half-mile, Lieut. Hon. W. H. Grenfell (D Company); half-mile relay race, No. 10 Platoon.

Winners at the Army Service Corps sports at Frimley were:—100 yards (open), Private Lathom, E. train; warrant officers, Sergt.-Major Brown, F. train; 200 yards officers, Lieut. Pickthorn, E. train; 400-yds., Corporal Eaton, C. train; sergeants, Sergt. Stapley, E. train; open, Corporal Prideloth, E. train. Half-mile, Private White, E. train. M.B., Corporal Smith, E. train. Long jump, Corporal Eaton, C. train. High jump, Private Lathom, F. train.

SEND MORE MONEY FOR TOMMY'S SMOKES.

Little Girls Help The Good Work For Men At Front.

The following interesting letter was amongst those received for the Daily Sketch cigarette fund:—

Please find 4s. 6d. for the Daily Sketch cigarette fund. It was collected by my little grandchild aged seven years, and my little girl aged eleven years, who dressed themselves up with a few flowers and stood outside Weybridge Station last Saturday, and collected the above amount.

We accept the gift on behalf of the soldiers with thanks. It is hoped that the excellent example set by these little folk will be more generally followed by those who have the advantage of more years, because the time has come when Tommy wants his cigarettes more than ever.

Yesterday's donations:—

- £1.—Mess Deck, H.M.S. Cyclops, Barbara Pullan, Beddgelert.
- 15s.—Military Workroom, H. H. and Co., Dale-street, Manchester. 10s.—Engine-room Artificers, Ship's Steward and Electricians, H.M.S. Factolus (32nd cont.).
- 5s.—Valois, Maghull; H. M. R., Cambridge; F. Parr, Manchester; M. A. A. Great Missenden. 4s. 6d.—J. Rates, Weybridge.
- 2s. 10d.—St. Dunstan's in the West Girls' School, per Miss Bernard. 2s. 6d.—Isa. 2s.—Stanley Higson, Salford. 1s. 6d.—L. Young, Cardiff.
- £1 15s.—Customers of Dixon's Spirit Vaults, Cockermouth. 16s. 8d.—Daily Sketch Machine-room Assistants, per P. Wright. 14s.—Letland. 10s.—M. Galley, Manor Park. 5s.—Mrs. Hunsford Hill, Cheddar; Mrs. Burnell, Rugeley. 2s. 6d.—J. P. B., Broughton Ferry. 2s.—Mrs. Miller, Beardsen (16th cont.); Few Little Girls from St. Jude's, Islington. 1s. 6d.—Jessie Gwynne. 1s.—Mrs. Bolton, Burnley.
- £1 14s. 1d.—G.O. Staff, Furness Railway Co., Barrow-in-Furness (19th to 24th cont.). £1 10s.—Engineers, s.s. Skipton Castle, Millwall Dock. £1.—W. Bates, Walton; Colonel Major, Ballajora, Ramsey. 8s. 6d.—Hans Renold, Ltd., Burnage. Ante. Dept. (50th cont.). 7s.—Parlour Co., Hare and Hounds, Hindley (25th cont.). 5s.—Employees, Ralton, Campbell and Crawford, Liverpool. 4s.—Fags for Tommy, Glasgow (7th cont.); Norman Bateson, Pudgey. 2s. 6d.—Maltonian. 2s.—Mother and Ernie. 1s.—A. H. Wilks, Miss Pearce, Penze; Edward Durrant; Mrs. Stott, Watford; Mrs. Gaisford, Wembley; Mrs. Saunders, Queen's Road; Collected, Ethel Cassidy and Elsie Roxoe. 6d.—B. and E., Ayr.

£1,000 IN PRIZES.

£1,000 in prizes will be awarded in the Daily Sketch Patriotic Needlework Competition, in which every competitor may help the wounded. All those who want to know all about the competition should send a large stamped addressed envelope to Mrs Gossip, Needlework Competition, Daily Sketch, London, E.C., for full details.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

A feature of Stewart's College Sports, held in cold and windy weather at Edinburgh, on Saturday, was a one-mile military race which Private W. R. Ross, an Edinburgh Northern Harrier, serving in the Lowland Field Ambulance, won, with 40 yards start, in 4min. 44 2/5sec.

Included in the Belgrave Harriers' sports meeting in Battersea Park was a one-mile level running race for members of his Majesty's forces. This was won by Private Oldham, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, in 4min. 44 3/5sec. A half-mile handi-cap was won by J. G. Sawyer, Belgrave H., with 15 yards start, in 2min. 2 2/5sec., and J. V. Carter, Belgrave H., with 320 yards start, won the two miles walking handicap in 13min. 43 2/5sec. School records were beaten by R. J. Lythgoe, who won the "Bicknell" Cup and athletic medal for the fourth successive year, at Merers School Sports, at Herne Hill, on Saturday. Competing in Class I. events he won the 100 yards in 19 4/5sec., the long jump at 18ft. 5in., beating G. W. T. Tatum's previous best, accomplished nineteen years ago, by 2 1/2in., the quarter-mile in 56sec., as against W. P. Brenton's 1907 record of 54 4/5sec., and the 120 yards hurdles race in 19 3/5sec.

- TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald) 22 24 20 24 15 11 20-17 7 19 2 24 13 6 24 24 10.
- DENMOND (Empire) 15 3 19 24 12 12 7 16 13 10-19 15 12 13 2 18 12-8 13 9 18 15-10 19 17 1 13 13 17.
- GALLIARD (Sunday Chronicle) 2 7 25 23 23 22 1 17 24 22 9 15 23 18-13 7 22 5 19 5 22 23.

BRITISH ATTACK THE GERMAN LINES.

Ground Wrested From Enemy In Sunday Morning Fighting.

BATTLE IN PROGRESS.

English Airmen Make Successful Raids Over Huns' Positions.

From Sir John French.

Sunday Night.

1. Last night the enemy continued his attacks east of Ypres, and made further attacks to-day, which have all been repulsed with heavy loss.

Our line there is perfectly established. 2. This morning our First Army attacked the enemy's line between the Bois Grenier and Festubert, and gained ground south-east towards Fromelles.

The fighting in this area still continues.

3. Our airmen made successful attacks on St. André railway junction, north of Lille, and on the canal bridge at Don. Furnes, Herlies, Illies, Marouilles, and La Bassée were also bombed.

BRILLIANT SUCCESSES FOR THE FRENCH.

Villages Captured And 2,000 German Prisoners Taken.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday Night.

Between Nieuport and the sea the Germans attacked, but were repulsed. They suffered important losses.

The British troops gained ground in the region of Romelles.

We made considerable progress to the north of Arras, in the direction of Loos, and to the south of Carency.

In the latter region we captured on a front of 4 1/2 miles two, and sometimes three, lines of enemy trenches, which were very solidly fortified.

We captured the village of La Targette, and half of the village of Neuville St. Vaast. Our advance extended at certain points to 2 1/2 miles in depth.

We took more than 2,000 prisoners and six guns.

In Champagne we repulsed an attack near St. Thomas, on the outskirts of the Argonne forest.

At Bagatelle we were able to ascertain the importance of the losses suffered by the enemy in his attacks yesterday.

The Germans had employed, though without success, asphyxiating bombs and burning liquids.

On the rest of the front, particularly at the Boisle Pretre and Sillakerwasen, there were artillery duels.—Reuter.

ANOTHER GERMAN "VICTORY."

Land Batteries Fire On Rescuers Of Mined Destroyer's Crew.

From The Admiralty.

Saturday Evening.

Whilst operating yesterday off the Belgian coast the torpedo-boat destroyer Maori (Commander B. W. Barrow, R.N.) struck a mine about two miles north-west of the Weilingen lightship. The crew took to the boats when the ship was sinking.

M.M.S. Crusader (Lieut.-Commander Thomas K. Maxwell, R.N.), which was in company, lowered her boats to assist in picking up the crew of the Maori, but the enemy then opened fire from shore batteries, and the Crusader, after being under fire for 1 1/2 hours, had to leave her boats and retired.

It is reported from German sources that the crew of the Maori and the boats' crews of the Crusader, seven officers and 88 men in all, were taken prisoners into Zeebrugge.

GENERAL POLE-CAREW INJURED.

General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, M.P., Inspector-General of the Territorial Forces, was badly thrown when his horse refused a fence in Antony Park, Cornwall. He was picked up unconscious. He was home on week-end leave, and was riding with his two daughters.

GENT'S SUITS AND £10 FREE!

You can have a Suit or Trousers absolutely free, readers, if you can wear a small hole in six months! Besides, £10 are being given away! There is a remarkable Holeproof Cloth that will not wear out or tear, and yet looks exactly as £3 and £4 tweeds and serges, discovered by the Holeproof Clothing Co., 56B, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. It is amazing, yet a Gent's Suit costs only 14s. 9d.; Breeches 6s., or Trousers merely 4s. 6d., guaranteed for six months' solid, hard, grinding wear, and if smallest hole appears another is given free! It costs readers only a postcard to send to them for free cloth samples, self-measure form, and fashions. Also particulars of free £10. notes! Send a postcard to-day before holiday rush, but mention Daily Sketch.—Advt

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home-made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

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BILIOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION,
HEADACHE,
DEPRESSION.

Of Chemists throughout the world, 11/3 & 2/9.

JAMES GOCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London.

Golly I ain't it jolly—I've gwine to hab some 'Golden Shred' MARMALADE

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ROBERTSON'S—only makers.

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It is often very difficult to follow the War News unless you can see exactly where the various places are. Ordinary maps and books are either too cumbersome or difficult to understand. The

DAILY SKETCH PENNY BOOK OF WAR MAPS

consists of 20 pages of maps of only those places where the fighting is taking place. The towns, railways, rivers, etc., are all clearly defined. Nothing like it has ever been published at the price. How useful to you it would be the following list of contents shows.

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TALKING PARROTS on month's trial, my risk. Full particulars post free—Parrot Aviculture, Morecambe

FULL LIST OF THE LUSITANIA SURVIVORS.

The Number Of Victims, Now About 1,400, Includes Many Women And Children.

So far as can be ascertained the survivors of the Lusitania may considerably exceed 700. Additions and corrections are being frequently made, and these tend to lighten the death-roll. At first it was feared that the victims might exceed 1,500, but happily the list has been frequently amended, thus robbing the Germans of the full toll they hoped to make of those aboard the Lusitania. The number of names in the Cunard Company's official lists up to 6 o'clock last evening was 304. It was pointed out, however, that many of the rescued passengers had gone to their homes without notifying the Company that they had been saved, thus making it impossible to compile a complete list. Some of the survivors who are in hospital have not yet been able to give their names.

The complete list of survivors up to the time of going to press late last night was as follows:—

- A.** Ambrunwitz, S. (2nd class), Allan, Lady (saloon), Adams, Mrs. J. (saloon), Adams, Mrs. E. A. (saloon), Ayala, J. (saloon), Arter, Sidney (Moseley), Allen, N. N., Allen, John, Aitken, jun., Jarvie, Aitken, Miss C., Aitken, jun., James, Aitken, James, Allen, M., Alston, Joseph, Ashman, Henry C., Arter, Joseph S., Amory, Mrs. P., Anderson, Mrs. (and child).
- B.** Bird, May (stewardess), Balba, John Jacob (3rd class), Burnside, Mrs. (Toronto), Boyd, F. R. (barkeeper), Ballantine, Margaret (3rd class), Bridge, W. (fireman), Bernard Clinton (1st class), Brown, John (fireman), Brennan, Thomas (trimmer), Brandale, Josephine (saloon), Buswell, Peter (saloon), Bowring, Charles W. (saloon), Baker, James (saloon), Brooks, G. H. (saloon), Bartlett, T. (2nd class), Bremmer, Mrs., and daughter (2nd class), Bernard-Griffiths, Oliver (2nd class), Brown, Dan (2nd class), Beattie, Mrs. James A. (2nd class), Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. (2nd class), Bernard, Mrs. Osborne Clinton (saloon), Bretherton, Mrs. and child, Barrett, Miss May (2nd class), Boulton, Harold (saloon), Byington, Mr., Bottomley, Fred, Bartlett, O., Buswell, P., Burgess, H. G., Buchanan, Mary, Bingley, Katherine, Brown, William, Barron, D. G., Benjamin, Queenie, Boyle, James, Baha, Frank, Batka, Matthew, Bistans, Stefan, Beizenozy, Dinis, Bolton, Antony, Bazenoff, Filoh, Baxter, Mrs. A., Barkley, George, Beattie, Allan, Barry, Edward, Burden, Miss (and infant), Brownlie, Thomas, Bilbrough, G. W., Bernard, Oliver, Barry, Edward, Beattie, J. R., Byington, A. J., Billicke, Mrs. A. G.
- C.** Charles, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. (1st class), Cooper, Fred (baker), Clark, Robert (bell boy), Chambers, Guy (2nd class), Coulson, Bernard (trimmer), Cowan, A. (lift attendant), Casey, Joseph (fireman), Chibberd, Herbert (2nd class), Clinton, George (seaman), Carroll, T. (fireman), Colebrook, H. G. (saloon), Connor, Dorothy (saloon), Clarke, W. R. (saloon), Charles, Jeffrey (saloon), Campbell, Mrs. William (2nd class), Cockburn, Guy K. (2nd class), Canlish, Ellen (2nd class), Clarke, A. P. (saloon), Cross, A. B. (saloon), Catrine, R. W. (saloon), Cootall, Mr. (saloon), Clarke, Rev. Cowley (saloon), Collis, Edwin M., Cannon, Owen, Crutchanan, P., Catherwood, John, Craigie, Mrs. (stewardess), Charles, J. C., Charles, Doris, Cowper, Ernest, Critchison, Stanley, Coleman, Susan Mrs., Clanay, Joseph, Crosby, Agnes, Crestomers, Marcie, Crossley, Mr. and Mrs., Cox, Mrs. Margaret (and child), Campbell, Miss A. W.
- D.** Doherty, Mrs., and baby (2nd class), D'Arcy, John (steward), Duncan, A. (3rd engineer), Drakeford, Edward (band), Dodd, Dorothy (2nd cabin), Duckworth, E. A. (3rd class), Donnelly, Peter (fireman), Dewhurst, Mrs. (stewardess) Dyer, James (fireman), Dyer E. (2nd cabin), Dawson, Walter (3rd class), Davis, Emily (saloon), Duckworth, Elizabeth (2nd class), Dalrymple, David (2nd class), Dhenin, Thos. (3rd class), Daly, Harold (saloon), Dolphin, Eva (2nd class), Dohan, James (saloon), Dymington, Mr. (saloon), Durbin, Thomas (saloon), Doyling, Michael, Diamandis, Theodore, Dawson, W., Duckworth, Mrs. Elizabeth, Donald, A. D., Doherty, Miss Mabel, Duguid, George, Doyle, Michael, Dixon, Arthur, Dolphin (child).
- E.** Ellis, John, Ewart, Robert J. (2nd class), Evans, Robert (coal trimmer), English, Michael (fireman), Edgar, H. (Birmingham, 2nd class), Evans, Rhys (saloon), Ehrhardt, Herbert, Elawink, —, Elison, Batajorn, Ewark, Robert, Egana, Vincent, Elmore, Mr. and Mrs.
- F.** Fernandez, Edward, Freeman, John (2nd class), Ferereszewich, John, Frost, H. R. (2nd class), Fish, Mrs. Sarah Eileen, and Marion (2nd class), Fisher, A. L. (Howard Fisher) (saloon), French, Miss G., Fyfe, Mrs. Jeanne, Foss, Carroll, Farrow, George Robert, Fornasewicz, John, Frankham (and child), Joseph, Freeman, Mrs. P., Freeman, Mrs. G., Fohden, Mrs. R., Fohden, Miss Elsie.
- G.** Gowan, Joseph (fireman), Gardiner, R. (2nd class), Gun, C. (sailor), Gwyer, Rev. H. L. and wife (Canada and Mirfield, Yorkshire), Grabb, Oscar F. (saloon), Gauntlett, Fred G. (saloon), Griffiths, C. N. (2nd class), Grey, E. D. (2nd class), Grinstead, Cyril (3rd class), Gibson, M. M. O., Gallagher, Maggie, Gardiner, G. (2nd class), Grimstead, G. (2nd class), Goodwin, Rose, Gellius, Edie, Grierkewitz, Antony, Grigorian, Majino, Gardner, William, Gilboulty, Catherine.
- H.** Hardy, Miss C. (2nd class), Hooke, G. (3rd class), Hook, Elsie H. (3rd class), Harris, D. G. (1st class), Henderson, Violet (2nd cabin), Haycock, May (2nd class), Hughes, W. (fireman), Hull, Mrs. (stewardess), Hennessy, F. (seaman), Hume, James, Hammond, Ogden H. (1st class), Haldane, James (2nd class), Handley, Rose (3rd class), Harrison, George (3rd class), Home, Thomas (saloon), Huntley, Master (2nd class), Holborn, J. B. S. (2nd class), Holland, Nina (2nd class), Henshaw, Mrs. M. (2nd class), Hounsell, E. (2nd class), Hardwick, C. O., Hill, C. T., Houghton, Dr. J. H., Horgan, Cornelius, Hotchkiss, Charles, Harris, R., Jardwick, C. O., Holt, Master, Hamilton, Mrs. John, Horsburg, Miss Martha, Holland (or Hammond), William, Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. George H., Hill, W. Spencer, Bewin, Thomas D.

- Hanley, Peter, Hesketh, Alfred, Hook, Frank, Hardy, Miss Elsie, Hall, Mrs. G., Haldane, W.L., Hogg, Mrs. E.**
- J.** Jones (1st officer), Johnston, Hugh (quartermaster), Jenkins, Frances (saloon), Jolivet, Rita (saloon), Jeffery, C. T., Junencki, Egor, Jackson, J., Jackson, Arthur, Jackson, Fred, James, Violet.
- K.** Kempson, Maitland (saloon), Knox, F. S. M. (saloon), Kessler, George, Kaye, Kathleen (2nd class), Kaish, Mrs. Theo., Kay, Robert, Keeble, Mr. and Mrs. W., Kahramam, Petrosiom, Kilkenny, Delia M., Konasysky, Hynsiry.
- L.** Lewis, Second Officer, Lives, Stanley (2nd class), Loney, Virginia (saloon), Lawson, Thomas (trimmer), Levinson, Joseph (1st class), Leech, T. (2nd engineer), Lockhart, H. (seaman), Lorden, Mrs. Andrew, and baby (2nd class), Lasseter, Mrs. H. B., and Fred (saloon), Llaroyd, Mrs. C., and maid (saloon), Lobb, Mr. M. M. I. (saloon), Lehmann, Isaac, Diland and Martin (saloon), Lander, E. H. (2nd class), Lohden, Elsie (2nd class), Lewis, F. R. (saloon), Lines, Mrs. F. L. B. (2nd class), Lobb, Mrs. H. B. (saloon), Lassings, General, wife and child (saloon), Leary, J. J., Lockhart, R. R., Lund, Mrs. C. H., Light, H., Livermore, Vernon, Lee, Bridget, Luker, F. J., Leo, Miss Bridget, Lund, Mr. C. H., Lucas, Francis, Lane, G. C., Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. (and child), Lines, Nurse Alice, Lund, Sarah.
- M.** Murdoch, Jessie (2nd class), Marichal, Joseph, and wife and two daughters and son (2nd class), McCarthy, Pat (greaser), Machie (Liverpool), Morton, Bell (sailor), Madden, Thomas (fireman), Maycock, May (2nd cabin), Mereline, Mrs., Moore, John (2nd class), Malony, Thomas O. (seaman), Moore, Dan (sailor), McGuinness, B. (fireman), Matthews, Thomas, McConnell, John (saloon), Mackworth, Lily (saloon), Mosley, G. (saloon), Moody, Miss (2nd class), McCahn, Christina (2nd class), Marsh, Mrs. A. (2nd class), Martin, Mrs. K. (2nd class), Murray, Rosalind (2nd class), Merignon, Uno (2nd class), Morris, Rev. H. C. S. (2nd class), Moore, Dr. D. V. (2nd class), McMadams, William, Muller, Capt. J. R., MacHardy, Mrs. Annie, McClive, Margaret, Marshall, Mrs. Sammy (2nd class), MacFarquhar, Mrs. J. A. (2nd class), MacFarquhar, Miss Grace (2nd class), McDonnell, Miss Kitty (2nd class), Milford F. T. (2nd class), McFinley, Patrick, Murray, Mrs. Christopher, McSweeney, John, McClintock, Miss, Moses, Mrs. Janet, Muirhead, William, McLoughlin, Patrick, Maloz, Parvel L., Mazlirck, Jam, McElenan, Miss Sarah, Mandy, Miss Ada, Mitchell, A. J., McKenzie, H. A., Middlemast, Isabella, Myers —, Mayer, Mr. and Mrs., McPadyen, H., Michael, David.
- N.** Newport, William (steward), Newbould, H. A. (barkeeper), Neilson Victoria, Miss, Neilson, Miss Gerda, Negris, Edward, Needham, Henry (2nd class), North, Miss Olive.
- O.** Owen, H. T. J. (crew), Osevan, Thomas, Osborne, Mrs. (saloon), O'Sullivan, Mrs. F., O'Donnell, Patrick, Owens, Mrs. Cis.
- P.** Phillips, Wallace (1st class), Parry, Frank (steward), Paynton, Irene (1st class), Potts, Angela (saloon), Posen, Eugene Henry (saloon), Pimonis, R. J. (saloon), Plank, Harriet (2nd class), Pope, Miss Theodore (saloon), Pierpont, Mr. (saloon), Perry, Fred J. (saloon), Padley, Mrs. Charles (saloon), Pearl, Major S. W., wife and two children, Phurston, Joseph, Pappadopoulos, Mrs., Proudfoot, Samuel, Pirie, Mrs. A., Pirie, Miss Margaret, Pirie, Master A., Preechard? (2nd class), Pye, Mrs., Parker, William H., Polukrinski, Wirkurtio, Perka Antonow Maxim, Pulik Michael, Peacock, Edwin, Peacock, Eliza, Parry, Miss L., Payne, S.
- R.** Rowan, Frederick (fireman), Rendell, Charles (steward), Rankine, Robert (1st class), Reiddy, G. (2nd class), Robertson, Neil (carpenter), Radcliffe, Norman (saloon), Rabotham, Harold, Reid, Peter, Robertson, Andrew, Riley, Mrs. Edward (and two children), Rowan, Annie, Roberts, Stanley, Rogers, Mrs. Elizabeth, Richards, T., Richards, Mrs. Phyllis, Richards, Master Percy, Richards, Master Cecil, Readdy, J. R., Richardson, Miss Annie, Rolis, Fred J., Renan, Owen.
- S.** Simpson, Rev. H. W., Stockton, Robert (1st class), Sharp, Sam, and son (3rd class), Shalder, Gerald (steward), Stevens, George (3rd class), Sternchie, M. (3rd class), Sicking, Florence, Scott, J. (2nd cabin), Sampson, F. (3rd class), Shepherdson (3rd class), Stanley, Hugh (fireman), Siddell, Thomas (1st class), Sturdy, J. F. (saloon), Sharp, Annie (3rd class), Steele, George (3rd class), Snowden, Tona (3rd class), Smith, Mrs. J. T. (saloon), Street, Frank (2nd class), Sweeney, J. M., Shepperton, A., Slattery, Patrick, Smith, J. Prison, Shlennan, Margaret, Shlennan, James, Sacchi, Mrs. Bert, Steele, George, Stevens, George, Scott Arthur (?), Scott, Alice, Simpson, Edward, Smethurst, Mr. and Mrs., Shakwell, William, Stephens, Thomas, Sergie, George, Soperall, Leon, Sobolawski Mitrosan, Sbaredorpf Jacob, Smith, George, Stewart James, Slattery, B. J., Smith, Mrs. He'en, Stroud, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. W., Scrymgeour, William, Sumner, Thomas, Sweet, S. H., Smith, J. Beaton, Sullivan, Mrs., Stones, Norman, Sterkton, Alfred, Samuel, George, Sharp, Mary Jane, Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wickings (and baby).
- T.** Turner, Captain, Tierney, Michael (fireman), Taylor, Richard Lionel (1st class), Taylor, Mrs. (2nd cabin), Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. (2nd class), Thomas, D. A. (saloon), Timonis, H. J. (saloon), Toner, Francis, Tierney, Mrs. James, Tierney, Miss Nina, Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Nora, Thomson, Joseph, Thompson, Mrs. Elbridge, Taft, Sydney, Taft, Andrew, Toottall, F. E. C., Turner, Scott.
- V.** Vadster, Arthur (2nd class), Vannon, C. Horrigan.
- W.** Webb, Winnie, Ward, George (fireman), Ward, Mrs., Ward, John (fireman), Whitecomb, H. D. (2nd class), Woods, Joseph (fireman), Woodward, R. (3rd class), Witherbee, Mrs. A. (saloon), Walker, Annie (saloon), Wolfenden, Dora (2nd class), Whyat, Mrs. Martha (2nd class), Williams, Edith (3rd class), Wright, R. G. (saloon), Webb, Miss N. E., Wilson, Mrs. Pat (2nd class), Williams, Robert (2nd class), Winter, Miss T. (2nd class), Ward, Mr. and Mrs. George, Wallace, Cyril, Walsh, John, Wilson, John, Wordsworth, Mrs., Wordsworth, Oswald, Whaley, Robert, Wilde, Miss E., Wilde, Miss A., Wakefield, Mrs. Mary.
- Y.** Young, Philip (1st class), Yow, Batajohn Yohanaz, Alaradz.

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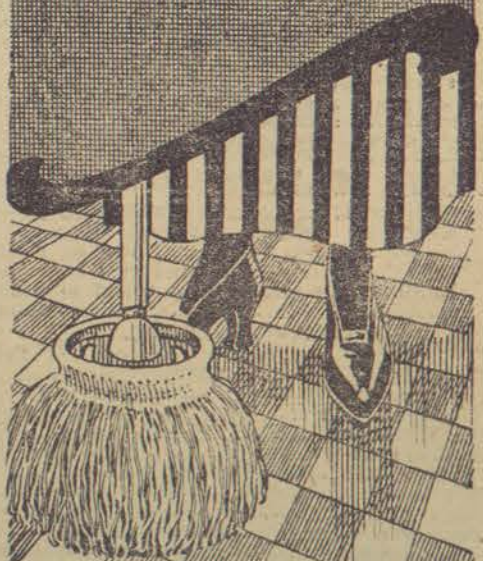
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CHAPTER X. (continued).

A Simple Faith.

He talked on for a long while in this gentle, heartfelt way, and gradually, as the old man spoke, the bitterness and revolt died out of the simple-minded child's heart. Hers, after all, was a simple faith, but as firmly rooted within her as her belief in the sunshine, the alternating days and nights, the turns of the season. And the kind priest, who after life's vicissitudes had found anchorage in this forlorn village in the midst of the plains, knew exactly how to deal with these child-like souls. Like those who live their lives upon the sea, the Hungarian peasant sees only immensity around him, and above him that wonderful dome which hides its ineffable mysteries behind glorious veils of sunset and sunrise, of storm and of fantastic clouds. The plain stretches its apparently limitless expanse to a distance which he—his child—has never reached. Untutored and unlearned, he does not know what lies beyond that low-lying horizon into whose arms the sun sinks at evening in a pool of fire.

Everything around him is so great, so vast, so wonderful—the rising and setting of the sun, the stars and moon at night, the gathering storms, the rainfalls, the sowing of the maize and the corn, the travail of the earth and the growing and developing of the stately heads of maize from one tiny, dried, yellow grain—that he has no inclination for petty casuistry, for arguments or philosophy. God's work is all that he ever sees, the book of life and death the only one he reads. And because of that simple faith, that sublime ignorance, Elsa found comfort and peace in what Pater Bonifacius said. I will not say that she ceased to regret, nor that the grief in her heart was laid low, but her heart was soothed, and to her already heavy sorrow there was no longer laid the additional burden of a bitter resentment.

Then for a while after he had spoken the priest was silent. No one knew better than he did the exact value of silence, while words had time to sink in. So they both remained in the gloom side by side—he the consoler and she the healed. The flickering candle-light played curious and fantastic tricks with their forms and faces, lighting up now and then the wrinkled, wizened face of the old man, with the horn-rimmed spectacles perched upon his nose, and now and then the delicate profile of the girl, the smooth, fair tresses and round, white neck.

"Shall we not say a little prayer together?" whispered Pater Bonifacius at last, "just the prayer which our dear Lord taught us—'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

Slowly the young girl sank on her knees beside the gentle comforter; her fair head was bowed, her face hidden in her hands. Word for word now she repeated after him the sublime invocation taught by Divine lips.

And when the final whispered Amen ceased to echo in the low, raftered room, Pater Bonifacius laid his hand upon the child's head in a gesture of unspoken benediction.

CHAPTER XI.

"After That, Happiness Will Begin."

Pater Bonifacius' kindness, his gentle philosophy and unquestioning faith exercised a soothing influence over Elsa's spirits. The one moment of rebellion against Fate and against God, before the arrival of the old priest, had been the first and the last.

There is a goodly vein of Oriental fatalism still lurking in the Hungarians; "God has willed it!" comes readily enough to their lips. Though this unsophisticated child of the plains suffered none the less than would her more highly-cultured sisters in the West, yet she was more resigned—in her humble way, more philosophical—accepting the inevitable with an aching heart, mayhap, but with a firm determination to make the best of the few shreds of happiness which were left to her.

Elsa had promised before God and before the whole village that she would marry Eros Béla on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels; and after that single thought of rebellion, she knew that on the following Tuesday this would have to be just as surely as the day follows the night and the night the day.

Even that self-same evening, after the Pater had gone and before she went to bed, she made her final preparations for the next three days, which were the turning-point of her life. To-morrow her farewell banquet: a huge feast in the big school-room, hired expressly for the occasion. Fifty people would sit down to that; they were the more intimate friends of the contracting parties, hers and Béla's, and her mother's. It is the rule that the bride's parents provide this entertainment, but Kapus Benko and his wife had not the means for it, and Eros Béla, insisting upon a sumptuous feast, was ready enough to pay for this gratification of his own vanity.

After the banquet, dancing would begin, and would be kept up half the night. Then the next morning was the wedding day. The wedding Mass in the morning, then the breakfast, more dancing, more revelling, more jollification, also kept up throughout the night. For it is only on the day following that the bridegroom goes to fetch his bride out of her home, to conduct her to his own with all the pomp and circumstance which his wealth allows. So many carts, so many oxen, so many friends in the carts, and so many gipsies to make music while the procession slowly passes up the village street.

All that was, of course, already arranged for. The banquet for to-morrow was prepared, the ox roasted whole, the pigs and the capons stuffed. Eros Béla had provided everything, and provided most lavishly. Fifty persons would sit down to the farewell banquet, and more like two hundred to the wedding breakfast; the village was agog with excitement, gipsies from Arad had been

engaged, my lord the Count and the Countess were coming to the wedding Mass! How could one feeble, weak, ignorant girl set her will against this torrent!

Elsa, conscious of her helplessness, set to with aching heart, but unwavering determination, to put the past entirely behind her.

What was the good of thinking, since Fate had already arranged everything?

She went to bed directly after the Pater went away, because there was no more candle in the house, and because her mother kept calling querulously to her; and, having stretched her young limbs out upon the hard pallet, she slept quite peacefully, because she was young and healthy and did not suffer from nerves, and because sorrow had made her very weary.

And the next morning, the dawn of the first of those all-important three days, found her cheery, alert, quite calm outwardly, even though her cheeks had lost something of their rosy hue, and her blue eyes had a glitter in them which suggested unshed tears.

There was a lot to do, of course—the invalid to get ready, the mother's dressing to see to, so that she should not look slovenly in her appearance and call forth some of those stinging remarks from Béla which had the power to wound the susceptibilities of his fiancée.

Irma was captious and in a tearful humour, bemoaning the fact that she was too poor to pay for her only daughter's farewell repast.

"Whoever heard of a bridegroom paying for his fiancée's farewell!" she said. "You will despise your poor parents now, Elsa!"

It was certainly an unusual thing under the circumstances; the maiden's farewell to the friends of her girlhood, to their parents and belongings, is a great event in this part of the world in connection with the wedding festivities themselves, of which it is the precursor. The parents of the bride invariably provide the entertainment, and do so in accordance with their means.

A Proud Man In The County.

But Eros Béla was a proud man in the county; he would not hear of any festive attendant upon his marriage being less than gorgeous and dazzling before the eyes of the whole countryside. He chose to pay the piper so that he might call the tune, and though Elsa—wounded in her own pride—did her best to protest, she was overruled by her mother, who was only too thankful to see this expensive burden taken from off her shoulders.

Kapus Irma was a proud mother to-day, for, as Elsa finally stood before her, arrayed in all her finery for the coming feast, she fully justified her right to be styled "the beauty of the county."

A picture she looked from the top of her small head, with its smooth covering of fair hair, yellow as the ripening corn, to the tips of her small, arched feet, encased in the traditional boots of bright crimson leather.

Her fair hair was plaited closely from the crown of her head and tied up with strands of red, white and green ribbons, nor did the hard line of the hair drawn tightly away from the face mar the charm of its round girlishness. It gave its own peculiar character—semi-Oriental, with just a remaining *souçon* of that mysterious ancestry whose traditions are lost in the far-off mountains of Thibet.

The tight-fitting black corset spanned the girlish figure, and made it look all the more slender as it seemed to rise out of the outstanding billows of numberless starched petticoats. Necklace and earrings made of beads of solid gold—a present from Béla to his fiancée—gave a touch of barbaric splendour to this dainty apparition, whilst her bare shoulders and breast, her sturdy young arms and shapely, if toil-worn, hands made her look as luscious a morsel of fresh girlhood as ever gladdened the heart of man.

Irma surveyed her daughter from head to foot with growing satisfaction. Then, with a gesture of the unwounded impulse, she took the young girl by the shoulders and, drawing her closely to her own bony chest, she imprinted two sounding kisses on the fresh, pale cheeks.

"You Will Forget Your Wretched Life."

"There," she said lustily, "your mother's kiss ought to put some colour in those cheeks. Heigho, child!" she added with a sigh, as she wiped a solitary tear with the back of her hand, "I don't wonder you are pale and frightened. It is a serious step for a girl to take. I know how I felt when your father came and took me out of my mother's house! But for you it is so easy; you are leaving a poor, miserable home for the finest house this side of the Maros and a life of toil and trouble for one of ease! To-day you are still a maid, to-morrow you will be a married woman, and the day after that your husband will fetch you with six carts and forty-eight oxen and a gipsy band and all his friends to escort you to your new home, just as every married woman in the country is fetched from her parents' home the day after she has spoken her marriage vows. After that your happiness will begin; you will soon forget the wretched life you have had to lead for years, helping me to put maize into a helpless invalid's mouth."

"I shall never forget my home, dear mother," said Elsa earnestly, "and every filler which I earned and which helped to make my poor father comfortable was a source of happiness to me."

"Hm!" grunted the mother dryly, "you have not looked these past two years as if those sources of happiness agreed with you."
(To be continued.)

FOR THOSE GOING TO SEA.

The Rioridan Life-Saving Waistcoat is indispensable. This garment, which has been adopted by the Admiralty for Navy men, can be worn by ladies as well as gentlemen. Price (carriage paid), 14s. and 18s. 6d., according to quality. To ensure fit send chest measurement. Rioridan and Co., Government Contractors, 20, Lawrence-lane, E.C.—Advt.

**MY DOCTOR says :
CICFA IS THE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION**

Then you may Eat Bread, Potatoes, Etc.

Mr. B. F. J., of WEMBLEY, writes: "Having had a long illness, my digestive organs have gone quite wrong. My doctor has prescribed Cicfa, so will you please send me one 2/9 size, for which I enclose Postal Order."

Doctors may disagree on some points, but they all agree that there was no cure for INDIGESTION until Cicfa was prepared, and that Cicfa is a perfectly reliable Cure for Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel.

Thousands of Doctors, when informed of the different kinds of Digestive Ferments composing Cicfa, at once concluded that it would cure

CASES in Stomach, or eruptions.
Sharp Neuralgic HEAD-ACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

CASES in Bowel, or Flatulences.
Dull, Heavy HEAD-ACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.

The doctors knew that Cicfa must cure, and why it would cure, because they knew its ingredients would digest all the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and all the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes, bananas, etc., in the Bowel; thus digestion would become perfect, and there would be no more Flatulences, Constipation, Heartburn, Head-aches, etc.

No other remedy has ever been produced for prescribing, or for the public direct, which has this power.

Over 9,000 doctors have taken up Cicfa; many doctors prescribe Cicfa without waiting for samples. They were so pleased with the results, and so delighted to have at last obtained a reliable cure for Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel, that hundreds have written us testimonials, which, of course, we are not permitted to publish with name and address.

Below you will find one of those letters from a doctor holding very high qualifications which we have received, and which we give word for word.

This doctor writes: "I am pleased to say I have personally tried your Cicfa, and derived much relief from them. I have also given them to my father, who is 90 years of age, and only suffers from Flatulent Dyspepsia. He has had immense relief. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial if you will kindly withhold my name and address."

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realize. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?), your Digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak Digestion. Keep your Digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect Digestion, because Cicfa is the only remedy which contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

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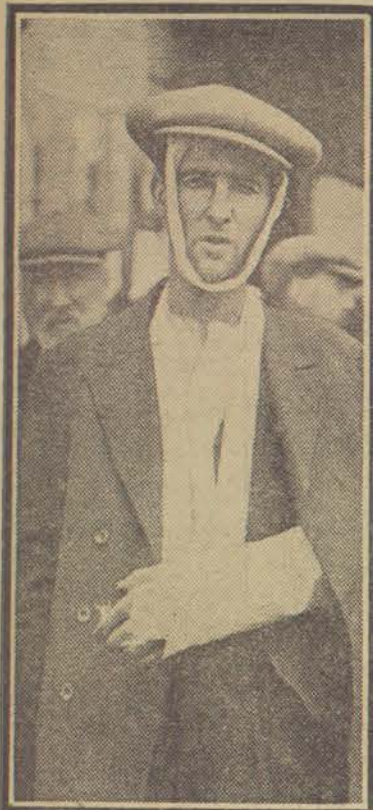
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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

Maimed And Wounded To Make A German "Victory."



Joseph McGowan, despite his wounds, swam for three hours.



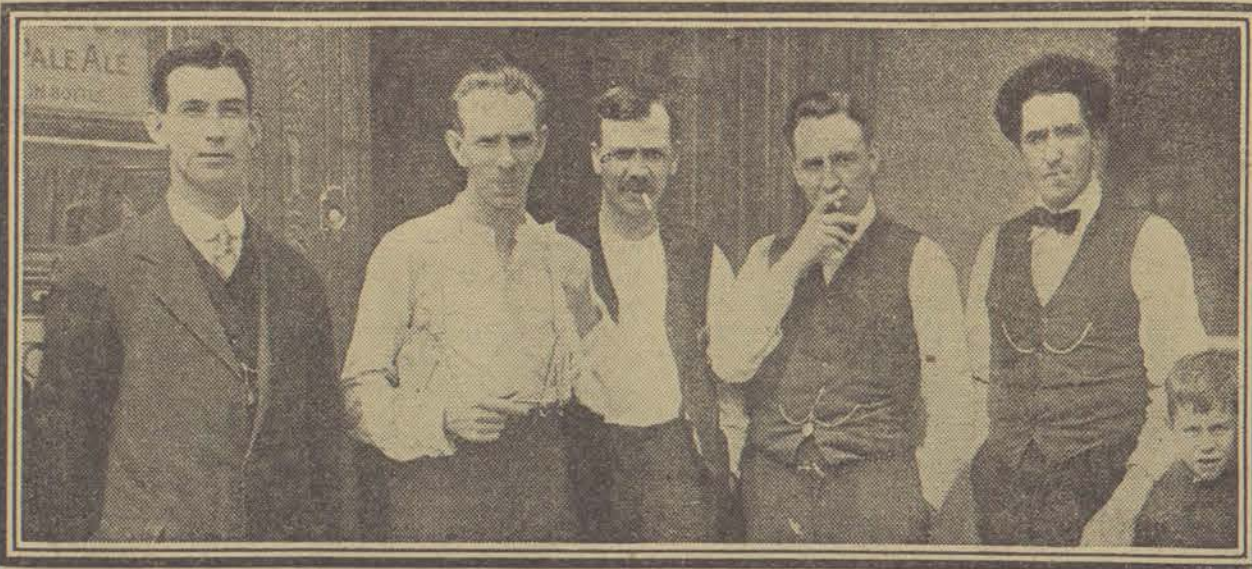
Soldiers digging graves in the old churchyard at Queenstown, where many of the victims, sacrificed to satisfy the blood-lust of a nation mad for power, will be buried to-day.



His wrist was smashed, but he stuck to his lifebelt.



Mr. Jeffery, an American, carries his belongings in a suit-case.



Four Welsh singers—Messrs. Williams, Michael, Jones, and Spencer Hill—who clung to a raft for four hours.



M. Ayala, the Cuban Consul at Liverpool, one of the saved.



Samuel Abramovitch was the only Russian survivor.



In the Market Hall at Queenstown, which had been turned into a temporary morgue. The scenes outside and inside the building were poignant in the extreme.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)



John Delaney, one of the saved, was in the Titanic disaster.

Germany is chuckling with ghoulish glee over the wounds that their torpedoes have inflicted on the bodies of innocent people. "If we can't kill the hated English, let's maim them," they shriek.