

ITALY'S EXAMPLE TO BRITAIN: Have Implicit Faith In The Government And Obey Orders Without Discussion.

DAILY SKETCH.

GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 1,937.

LONDON, TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

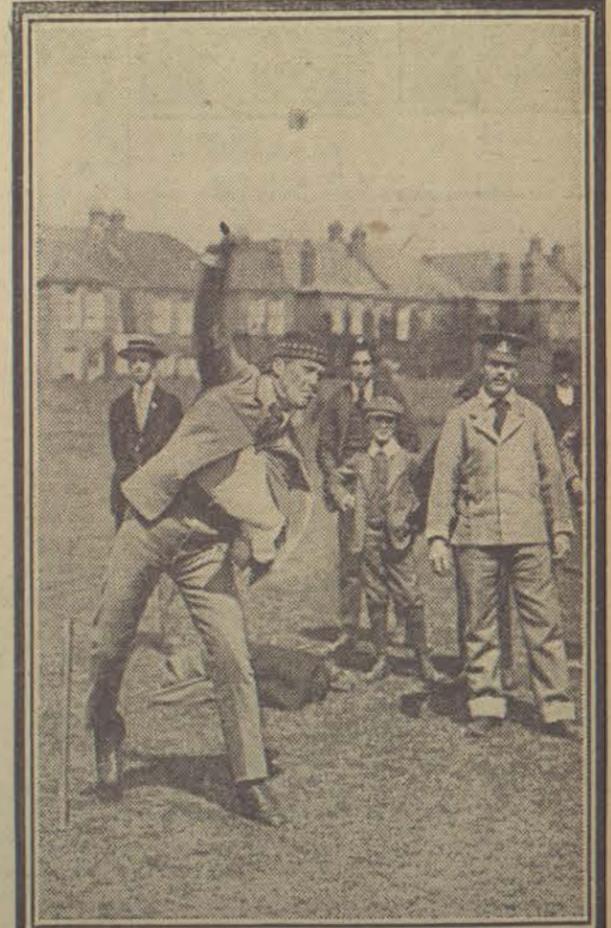
THE CHILDREN'S WHITSUNTIDE IN WAR-TIME.



The dog and his young mistress found the wounded ready to help the Red Cross.



This little tot handed cigarettes to the wounded Tommies.



Wounded soldiers watching a cricket match between the A.S.C. and Catford. Captain Archie McLaren captained the A.S.C., and some of the wounded "tried their hand" in the intervals. Even the children recognise the claims of wartime. The kiddies' chief joy yesterday was not to paddle in the sea or romp in the park. They wanted to do something for Tommy. The children who could do something for a wounded soldier were the envy of their companions. None enjoyed Bank Holiday more than the little tots who at the Catford fête collected money on behalf of Red Cross funds.

OVER 200 DEAD IN THE TRAIN DISASTER.

Most Of The Injured Suffering From Effects Of Fire.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES.

Survivors Declare That Second Collision Saved Their Lives.

We are still in ignorance of the actual number of deaths resulting from Saturday's terrible railway smash near Gretna Green.

It was stated yesterday that the total number was 198.

A list of 193 Royal Scots victims was drawn up, but this was being carefully revised.

The names were published yesterday morning of five first class passengers on the express who were



2nd Lieut. J. A. Young. Pte. Wilfred Jamson, M.A. Both were injured in the terrible train smash at Quintin Hill. They were in the wrecked troop train.

killed, and to these must be added the names of Mrs. Nimmo and her child, of Crown-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who were travelling on the same train, the express train sleeping car attendant, Sam Dyer, of London, and Frank Scott and James Hanna, the driver and fireman of the troop train. These would give us a total of 203 dead. Revision of the Royal Scots list may affect these figures.

TRAINS AS USUAL.

The scene of the disaster had yesterday morning been almost entirely cleared of all traces of the tragic occurrence, and trains were passing up and down the line as usual.

Some of the survivors at Preston declare that quite a number of them owed their lives to the second collision.

They explain that after the troop train had collided with the local train they were pinned under



SCOTT, DRIVER. HANNA, FIREMAN.

Frank Scott, the driver of the troop train, who with his fireman, James Hanna, was killed, was 53 years of age. Both lived at St. Anne's, near Carlisle. Scott had driven Royal trains in three successive reigns, those of Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George.

the wreckage, but when the London express dashed into the ruins of the two trains the whole mass was pushed back again, giving them immediate and unexpected release from positions from which many of them never expected to escape.

MANY AMPUTATIONS NECESSARY.

There were affecting scenes at Carlisle when the mothers, wives, and other relatives of victims arrived to meet the poor fellows who were under treatment.

Some came only to hear that their nearest and dearest had perished in the flames. Relatives of the soldiers were brought down from Edinburgh by special train which travelled throughout Sunday night.

Distressed inquirers were taken in knots of a dozen or so to the different institutions in which were the sufferers, the legs and arms of many of whom the surgeon found necessary to amputate.

The largest number have been burnt and scarred by the fire which broke out as soon as the first collision occurred.

ANXIOUS TO PROCEED TO THE FRONT.

Sixty men and an officer of the Royal Scots, who escaped with slight injuries or shock, went straight on to Liverpool in the hope of being allowed to proceed to the front.

The military authorities, however, ordered them to return to Edinburgh, and to take a period of rest. The dead Royal Scots soldiers were buried at Leith yesterday amid mournfully impressive scenes. In Rosebank Cemetery a trench 25 yards long had been dug to receive the coffins, which were piled three deep. Representatives of Leith and Edinburgh Municipalities attended, and 3,000 soldiers marched in the funeral procession.

Germany's latest spitefulness is to put on soldiers' rations the 39 British officers who were imprisoned in retaliation for our treatment of submarine prisoners.

THE PASSING OF THE WATER "NUT."

The River Girls' Best Boys Now All Wear Khaki.

RICHMOND'S WAR-TIME CHANGES.

The river-nut with his bright socks is dead. The Huns have killed him, or, at least, induced him to wear khaki.

Not a single river-nut of yesteryear could be seen on the river at Richmond yesterday, although in ordinary times the brilliant sunshine would have brought hundreds to its banks.

The girl of sweet seventeen who seems to haunt the river every summer has learnt to be very loyal, and not for a moment did she complain at the absence of the nut. She seemed quite happy without him in fact, and the "what-used-to-be" rare sight of a party of four girls minus men in one boat was quite a common occurrence yesterday.

BOYS IN KHAKI AT THE OARS.

The only young men on the river were those in khaki, and never for a moment did they miss an opportunity of having a right good time.

The Canadians were specially favoured by the ladies, although the "Kilties," as the girls persist in calling the Scottish soldiers, were not far behind the Canadians in popularity if one can judge by the merriment of the girls in their company.

Mr. Hammerton, one of the best-known boat-house proprietors in Richmond, told the *Daily Sketch* that six young men of military age whom he once employed on the river had all left, and his only assistants now were a man of 70, a boy of 13, and a young woman.

A QUIET, SIMPLE HOLIDAY.

The average Londoner's Bank Holiday was not a revel. It was a sober and chastened celebration. The tram strike, of course, interfered with the direct conveyance of thousands of Londoners to those open spaces in outer London which on these occasions become happy holiday haunts. By more circuitous routes, however, the majority eventually found their way to these resorts.

Hampstead Heath, Epping Forest, Wimbledon Common and the other big suburban holiday haunts were hugely patronised. Boisterous behaviour was not a characteristic of these assemblies. It was, in fact, a sort of universal family picnic day.

Brilliant sunshine, tempered by a moderate breeze, made the day perfect for all fresco assemblies of this kind.

LADS OF BOYS' BRIGADE TO THE RESCUE.

Plunged Into Strong Sea Tide And Saved Two Lives.

The prompt and plucky action of an officer and two lads of the Boys' Brigade was the means of saving two lives at Brighton yesterday.

The rescued persons were a wounded soldier and a civilian friend, both of whom went bathing at high water and got into difficulties in the strong current which was running.

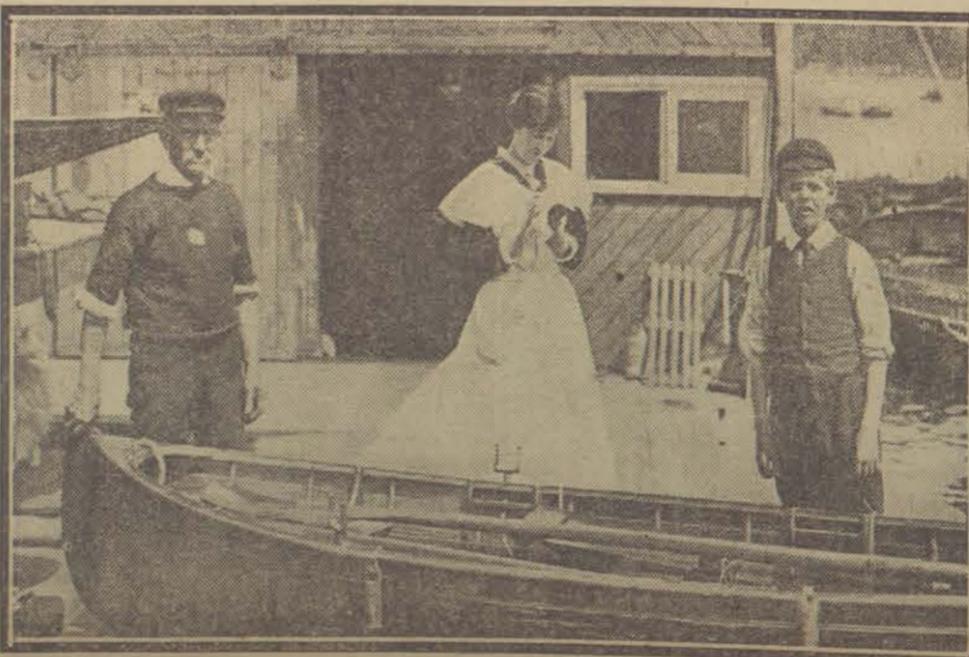
The civilian had twice disappeared when the officer and the two boys plunged in to the rescue and succeeded in bringing both men safely to the land.

BRAVE BOY PIPER'S ONE REGRET.

Andrew Wishart, the piper lad of the 1st Battalion Black Watch, who was almost riddled with bullets while playing his company into action on May 9, is making a slow but favourable recovery.

His chief regret appears to be the loss of his bagpipes, which he continued to play with one hand after the other was wounded. Several days ago the King made inquiries about him.

THE WAR HAS BROUGHT A NEW RIVER GIRL.



The new river girl does not recline on the bottom of the punt while her male partner does the work. She helps to get the boats in and out. Mr. Hammerton, a Richmond boatman, has to rely on his services, backed up by those of an old man and a boy.—(*Daily Sketch* Photographs.)

STILL SIR EDGAR SPEYER.

Millionaire Not To Be Relieved Of His Honours.

MR. ASQUITH COMFORTS HIM.

Sir Edgar Speyer's request to be relieved of his public honours has been declined by the King.

The following letter has been sent to Sir Edgar by the Prime Minister:—

Dear Sir Edgar,—I can quite understand the sense of injustice and indignation which prompted your letter to me. I have known you long and well enough to estimate at their true value these baseless and malignant imputations upon your loyalty to the British Crown.

The King is not prepared to take any step, such as you suggest, in regard to the marks of distinction which you have received in recognition of public services and philanthropic munificence.—Yours sincerely, H. H. ASQUITH.

Sir Edgar Speyer wrote to the Prime Minister on May 17 asking him to accept his resignation as a Privy Councillor and to revoke his baronetcy.

In that letter Sir Edgar said that he could no longer keep silence over the charges of disloyalty and suggestions of treachery which during the past nine months had been made in the Press and repeated by public men who had not scrupled to use their position to inflame the overstrained feelings of the people.

A TERRIBLE LANDING.

How The Dublins Were Mown Down At Close Range By The Turks.

Reuter's correspondent in the Dardanelles reveals the fact that it was the Dublin Fusiliers and Munster Fusiliers that suffered so terribly in landing at Sedd-el-Bahr on Sunday, April 25.

The transport Clyde was run ashore in the hope of landing the men speedily, but as the men ran down the gangways they were shot down by machine-guns and shrapnel. The Turks were well entrenched, protected by three lines of barbed wire, only 100 yards away.

X, Y and Z Companies of the Dublins were wiped out. Major Grimshaw and Lieut. Bastard, of the Dublins, were conspicuous for their gallantry.

The colonel of the Dublins was killed in the boat before he had a chance of landing.

The soldiers went through a terrible ordeal. Some officers who had been in the retreat from Mons said that Sedd-el-Bahr far surpassed it. It was terrible, they say, to see our fellows falling in their efforts to get ashore. Men were hit, one after the other, as they endeavoured to run down the gangways, and one heard successive splashes as their bodies fell into the water. If they were not already dead they were soon drowned, as there was no possible chance of attempting to rescue a man.

On shore the Australians fought magnificently. One Australian who is renowned for his height and great strength jumped into a Turkish trench and bayoneted five men in quick succession, hurling each man out of the trench on the end of the bayonet as easily and coolly as if he had been tossing hay.

Another man had all his teeth and part of his mouth carried away by shrapnel, but he went dauntlessly on until his arm was severed from his body by some more shrapnel.

About 5,000 wounded have now been brought into Egypt. There are about 3,500 in Alexandria and 1,500 in Cairo.

It was in the attack made jointly with the French upon Krithia that Mr. Asquith's son was wounded.

So greatly has the condition of the King of the Hellenes improved that his temperature is almost normal.

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD'S "SCOOP."

How The Train Disaster Pictures Were Secured.

PUBLIC INTEREST.

All Other Papers Beaten In Race Against Time.

Everybody has been asking all the week-end, "How did the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* get the photographs of the train disaster?"

The fact that pictures of the smash appeared in that paper only of all the London Sunday newspapers has occasioned so much comment that the story of the achievement and how it was accomplished forms something of a journalistic romance.

It was no question of mere luck. It was a simple triumph of organisation and resource.

The task presented some difficulty, and proved to the contentment of the *Sunday Herald* in town insuperable. The news of the disaster reached London at 10.30 a.m. The scene of the accident was some 300 miles from London. Trains were infrequent. To dispatch a photographer from Shoe-lane and expect him to take pictures and return in time for publication was hopeless.

But the offices of the *Sunday Herald* are amongst the few which have private telegraph communication with Manchester, where it has an establishment as well equipped as that in London. A brief message tapped out by an operator in an adjoining room conveyed an instruction from the editor. The instruction was swiftly acted upon—and the wheels began to move.

THE MACHINE BEGINS TO MOVE.

The message was an order for a photographer to be dispatched from Carlisle for the exclusive business of getting pictures for the *Sunday Herald*. A call to Carlisle, a few minutes' conversation on the telephone, and the second stage was passed.

By 11 a.m. the photographer had taken a motor-car and was on his way to Gretna Green, a distance of eight miles.

It will be readily understood that to photograph scenes such as these pictures portrayed is a matter requiring more than ordinary skill with a camera. The artist must have what journalists call "the nose for news"—have the eye which sees at a glance what amidst the welter of jumbled-up things is most interesting. The *Sunday Herald* man had the qualities required.

But at a time like this he has to reckon with the fact that nobody is going to pose for him; the pictures would be useless if they did. Everybody is rushing about who is able to do anything to help the victims, and this means that extra care has to be exercised by the camera man.

By noon the artist had finished this part of his task; he had his pictures, and, as the public has been generous enough to admit, he had some exceptionally fine pictures.

THE GREAT DASH SOUTH.

But London was nearly at the other end of England. Jumping into his car again, he dashed off to Carlisle Station, reaching it at 12.30. There was no train until 12.58!

In that train he had to travel the 300 miles. Hung up again and again because of the peculiar working of other trains, for which his had to wait, he did not reach London until 8.35 p.m.

At the *Sunday Herald* offices, where he had been awaited for nearly two hours—his train should have been in at 7.10—he arrived shortly before nine. The developers were ready for his plates, the engravers were standing in their appointed places, to make the "blocks." Titles to go above and brief "stories" to be placed under the pictures were arranged by sub-editors. The five pages which the pictures were to fill were "made up" and papers containing the most wonderful train disaster pictures ever seen were being turned out by the giant printing machines by 10.30 p.m.!

A time-table of the whole affair would read like this:—

- 10.30 a.m.—News received.
- 11 a.m.—Photographer dispatched from Carlisle.
- 11.35 a.m.—Arrival at Gretna Green.
- 11.55 to 12 noon.—Taking photographs.
- 12 noon to 12.30 p.m.—Dash back to Carlisle.
- 12.58 p.m.—Photographer left Carlisle.
- 8.35 p.m.—Arrived at Euston.
- 9 p.m.—Plates in the hands of *Sunday Herald* art editor.
- 10.30 p.m.—Papers containing photographs being printed.

Through the night hours the papers had to be dispatched north, south, east and west, until in every town and village in the land which it is possible to reach by that hour readers of the *Sunday Herald* were discussing the pictures over the breakfast table.

WORK FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

After inspecting Volunteers in Regent's Park yesterday, Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd (commanding the London district) told them that he hoped very soon to be able to use them in London, where every man might be needed.

There were, he said, only two obstacles—the form of obligation to be taken and the arming of the men with rifles—but he felt certain these would be got over.

The portraits appearing on page 4 of Miss Kathleen Dickson, Lieut. Pierce Power-Waters, Miss Alma Shelley, Second Lieut. D'Arcy Blofeld, and Lieut. L. F. Stern are from photographs by Lafayette, Wilson, Howe, Davidson, and Pembroke Studios.

ITALIAN DESTROYER'S DARING RAID ON AUSTRIAN PORT.

NAVAL AND AIR ATTACKS OPEN THE NEW WAR

Raid On Italian Port By Austrian Aircraft.

WARSHIPS ATTACK A TOWN.

Enemy Turn Tail And Flee Before Italian Destroyers.

VENICE ATTACKED.

Failure Of Attempt On Most Beautiful City In The World.

The first blows in the war between Italy and Austria were struck yesterday.

An Italian destroyer made a daring raid into an Austrian port, sank all the motor-boats in harbour and took over two score prisoners without suffering any casualties.

Austria began her attack without waiting for the recall of her ambassador. Yesterday air and sea raids took place as follows:—

Venice—attacked by aeroplanes.

Porto Corsini (near Ravenna)—air raid.

Ancona—air raid.

Jesi (near Ancona)—air raid.

Barletta—raided by scout ship and destroyers.

[These raids cover a stretch of about 350 miles of the Italian Adriatic coastline. The opposite shore of the Adriatic is Austrian territory for over



300 miles, and the distance between the two shores varies from 50 to 120 miles. The North Sea, between Ostend and the Kentish coast, is about 60 miles across, and between Wilhelmshaven and the Humber about 350. To reach Venice, however, Austrian airmen would only have to travel about 40 miles along the coast.

Ravenna is about 70 miles south of Venice, and about 80 miles from the Austrian port of Pola. Ancona is about 80 miles south of Ravenna. Barletta is on the main line to Brindisi, about 180 miles south of Ancona.]

DASHING ITALIAN NAVAL RAID'S SUCCESS.

Sinks All Motor Boats In Port And Captures Prisoners.

Italian Official News.

Rome, Monday, 6 p.m.

At three o'clock this morning one of our destroyers entered Porto Buso (the little island close to the Austro-Italian frontier), and destroyed the quay and the landing stage for the barracks.

The destroyer sank all the motor boats in the harbour, and sustained no losses among her crew or damage to herself.

The enemy lost two men killed and 47 taken prisoners, of whom one was an officer and 15 non-commissioned officers. They were conveyed to Venice.

Further information as to the aerial raid on Venice shows that there were two aeroplanes which threw eleven bombs without doing serious damage.

The defence was prompt and efficacious, and immediately put the hostile aviators to flight.

The slight damage done to the railway by hostile aeroplanes and ships early this morning has already been repaired.

The enemy's fire sank a German ship in the port of Ancona.—Reuter.

FEEBLE AUSTRIAN EFFORT.

Torpedo-Boats And Aeroplanes Fail To Do Serious Damage.

Rome, Monday.

The Austrians early this morning opened hostilities on the Adriatic.

They attempted to bombard Venice, but failed. Two torpedo-boats tried the coast from Porto Corsini to the canal leading to Ravenna, but were repulsed.

Further south they bombarded the revolving bridge at Sinigaglia while transports of troops were passing, and killed eight soldiers and wounded others.

An Austrian aeroplane threw a bomb near Jesi, but the damage done was insignificant.

Others bombarded Ancona from 3.30 until 5.15 this morning, killing a few persons, including the under stationmaster.

Other shells were thrown against Potenza and the Premite Islands. Their aim evidently was, besides interrupting the railway, to destroy the semaphores, but the latter were not injured, while the damage done to the railway was easily repaired.

Italian destroyers are pursuing the Austrian ships in the direction of Barletta.—Reuter's Special.

ALL DRIVEN OFF.

Attempt To Cut Railway Line Connecting North And South Italy.

The news of these first hostilities is contained in an official message published in Rome.

The message reports that in an enemy air raid on Porto Corsini, near Ravenna, enemy aeroplanes were bombarded by the Italian anti-aircraft guns and were also attacked by an Italian aeroplane and a dirigible at Porto Corsini.

The enemy was speedily driven off. Ancona was also attacked, the aircraft directing their attention particularly to the main railway line. The damage done was slight.

A raid was made by a scout ship and torpedo boat destroyers on Barletta, which were repulsed by one of the Italian ships, escorted by torpedo boats.

At Jesi (near Ancona) enemy aeroplanes tried to drop bombs on an airship shed, but missed their object.

Austrian aeroplanes made an attack on the arsenal at Venice during the early hours of the morning. They were speedily driven off.—Reuter.

GERMANY DECLARES WAR.

Germany declared war against Italy, according to the semi-official Wolff Agency, immediately on Italy's declaration against Austria.

The German and Austro-Hungarian representatives at the Italian Court and at the Vatican were to leave Rome last evening (says a Reuter message from Madrid yesterday afternoon). They have

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS,

SEND YOUR SNAPSHOTS NOW TO THE Daily Sketch. BIG MONEY PRIZES. £600 MAY BE WON THIS WEEK

entrusted their interests to the Spanish Ambassador.

General Count Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian armies, has left Rome for the front.

General Count Cadorna's son is a lieutenant in the cavalry regiment which his grandfather commanded in 1866 in the war against Austria. The General's daughter, who is a nun in a convent at Florence, has asked to join the Red Cross.

AUSTRIANS ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Basle, Monday.

The Austrians have destroyed two bridges across the Adige with the object of preventing the junction of Italian forces which might invade Austria by the Adige valley.—Central News.

[The Adige rises in Austrian territory near the western frontier of the Tyrol, and passing Trent and Roveredo, enters Italian territory at Borghetto. It passes Verona and enters the Adriatic south of Chioggia.]

GERMANY'S PETTY SPITE.

The German War Minister has informed the American Ambassador in Berlin that the four British officers from Frankfurt, Karlsruhe and Torgau will be interned in one place, and will be allowed to communicate with one another during the time of exercise, but the 39 officers will now receive soldiers' food.

"GERMANY WILL PUNISH ITALY."

Kaiser's Angry Letter To The King; Austrian Emperor On "Perfidy."

We do not go down on our knees because Italy has joined our enemies, but it must be admitted that our final victory will now be further away.—Major Moraht, military critic of the Berliner Tageblatt.

Despite the holiday, the Berlin papers yesterday appeared with long articles asserting that Germany would give Italy the punishment she deserved, even if at great loss to herself.

The Kaiser, it is stated in Amsterdam, has sent a long telegram to Signor Bollatti, the Italian Ambassador at Berlin, bidding him a personal farewell and asking him to express to King Victor Emmanuel the general indignation prevalent in Germany.

"ITALY HAS ABANDONED US."

The Emperor Francis Joseph (says Reuter) has issued a long autograph message "to my peoples," containing the following passages:—

The King of Italy has declared war on me. A perfidy whose like history does not know has been committed by the kingdom of Italy against both Allies.

After an alliance of more than thirty years, during which time she has been able to increase her territorial possessions and develop herself

Italy's Example—Trust The Government.

From to-day every Italian citizen forms part of the National defence. All must have implicit faith in the Government and courage to obey orders without discussion, and show readiness for every sacrifice.

There must be no hesitation and no grumbling. Let every one cut down his private expenditure to support the fighting forces. Let us give all for our soldiers and their families.

—Manifesto distributed in Italy.

to a flourishing condition beyond her dreams, Italy has abandoned us in the hour of danger, and gone over with flying colours into the camp of our enemies.

We did not menace Italy, we did not curtail her authority, we did not attack her honour or interests. We have always loyally responded to the duties of our alliance, and afforded her our protection when she took the field.

"FATE MUST BE ACCOMPLISHED."

We have done more. When Italy directed covetous glances across our frontier we were, in order to maintain our alliance, relationship and peace, resolved on great and painful sacrifices which particularly grieved our paternal heart. But the covetousness of Italy, who believed the moment should be used, was not to be appeased, and so fate must be accomplished.

"DOWN WITH THE TRAITORS"

After Italy's declaration of war and the Emperor's manifesto to his people were made known by special editions about nine o'clock crowds gathered in all parts of Vienna singing patriotic songs and raising cheers for the Emperor, the Monarchy, and the Austrian and German armies and navies. "Cries were raised of 'Down with the traitors,' 'Down with Italy.'"

WIVES DRIVING TRAMCARS.

Italian business men are employing the wives of men who have been called to the colours in place of their husbands.

Some of the public services, such as the tramways, have been cut down and are being partially run by women.

LAUGHING AT THEIR ALLY.

A Swiss military officer who has just returned from the second visit to Germany since the beginning of the war states that while the Emperor's picture upon the cinematograph films used to be a sign for tremendous applause it is now invariably received in silence.

At one Berlin cinema show which the officer visited the picture of the Archduke of Austria was greeted with ironical laughter.—Exchange.

LIEUTENANT'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Lieut. D. A. D. Sewell, of the 2nd Battalion Oxfordshire and Bucks Light Infantry, had a wonderful escape from death near Richebourg. He was leading a platoon in a charge on the German lines, when the explosion of a shell rendered him unconscious. It was many hours before he could be rescued, and for two days he lay unconscious. Lieut. Sewell, who is now in a London hospital, is well known as a cricketer and footballer.



BRITISH LINE PIERCED BY GERMAN ATTACKS.

Enemy Aided By Poisonous Gases And Asphyxiating Shells.

BATTLE PROCEEDING.

Portion Of Lost Trenches Won Back By Our Troops.

From Sir John French.

Monday Night.

In the fighting on the 16th and 17th north-east of Festubert seven machine-guns were captured, and it is possible that more may be buried in the destroyed trenches.

To-day three German batteries were silenced by our guns, one battery being destroyed by direct hits and its ammunition blown up.

East of Ypres the Germans developed an infantry attack at 3 o'clock this morning under cover of poisonous gas, the hostile artillery at the same time firing asphyxiating gas shells.

Our troops were forced to evacuate some of their trenches, and the enemy penetrated our line in two or three places.

Fighting is still in progress, and portions of the original line have already been retaken.

CAVALRY GET A CHANCE.

Fine Weather Changes Conditions Of Fighting In France.

The return of fine weather has enabled the troops and big guns to get on the move again. Yesterday the Central News issued the following message from the front:—

The British have received reinforcements in the regions of La Bassée and Ypres and important events are impending.

The cavalry are now taking part in the fighting and have made three charges during the last ten days. The re-entry of our cavalry into the operations will have an important bearing upon the present offensive movement.

MORE TRENCHES CAPTURED.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, France, Sunday.

The fighting in the Festubert sector has developed during the last 24 hours and the British troops have made further gains.

During to-day there have been a number of small local encounters in this district in and around the numerous farms which are dotted all over the countryside in this part of our line, and which are turned into small forts with the aid of machine guns. As a result of these isolated engagements we have captured several more German trenches and our line has further advanced.

A strong counter-attack was carried out by the Germans in some force this morning. The enemy was evidently making a desperate attempt to recover some of the ground he has lost during the past week.

The attacking troops were allowed to come on till they were well out in the open ground, when a withering fire from our concentrated artillery was turned upon them, with the result that the enemy's ranks were mowed down by the score, and the attack finally recoiled shattered. In fact, such was the terrific rain of fire that was poured into the Germans from our guns that very few of the attacking party regained the shelter of their trenches.—Reuter.

POISON GASES USED AGAIN.

French Official News.

At several points between Steenstraete and Ypres the Germans made an attack after having made use of asphyxiating gases. These attacks have been repulsed.

In the district north of Arras fighting continued with extreme violence at certain points during the day of the 23rd and throughout the following night. The French took 120 prisoners.

To the north of Neuville St. Vaast the Germans made several counter-attacks, which were repulsed by the fire of the French. The struggle continues with intensity.

The latest intelligence brings out the extent of the check sustained by the Germans in this district during the evening of the 22nd and the night of the 22nd-23rd. In spite of the important reinforcements brought up in great haste and of the vigorous efforts renewed two or three times, the Germans failed in all their attempts, and suffered considerable losses.

Belgian Official News.

HAVRE, Monday.

There have been intermittent artillery duels at several points along the front, and also on the outskirts of Ramscapelle, Rousdamme, St. Jacques Capelle and Noordschoote.—Reuter.

TWO PRETTY WAR BRIDES-ELECT.



Miss Kathleen Dickson, of Fermoy, who is marrying Captain A. T. Utterson, of the Leicestershire Regiment, this week.



Miss Alma Shelley.



Lieut. Pierce Power-Waters.

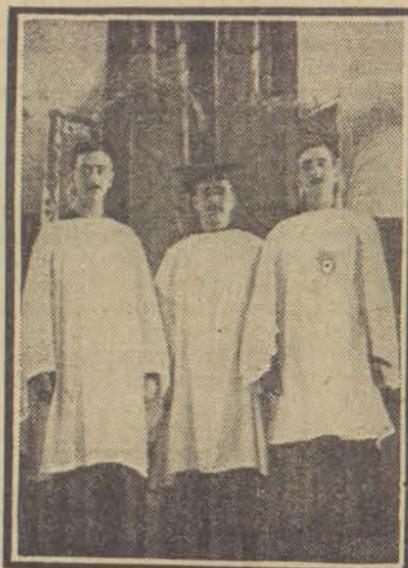
Miss Alma Shelley, who is only nineteen years of age, will shortly marry Lieut. Pierce Power-Waters, of the Royal Engineers, and a member of a well-known Irish family.

CANADA'S NURSES



Canada has given her daughters as nurses as well as her sons as fighters for the war.

ARMY CHORISTERS



Soldiers of the Manchester Regiment sing in the choir of the garrison church at Abbasieh.

TWO HEROES.

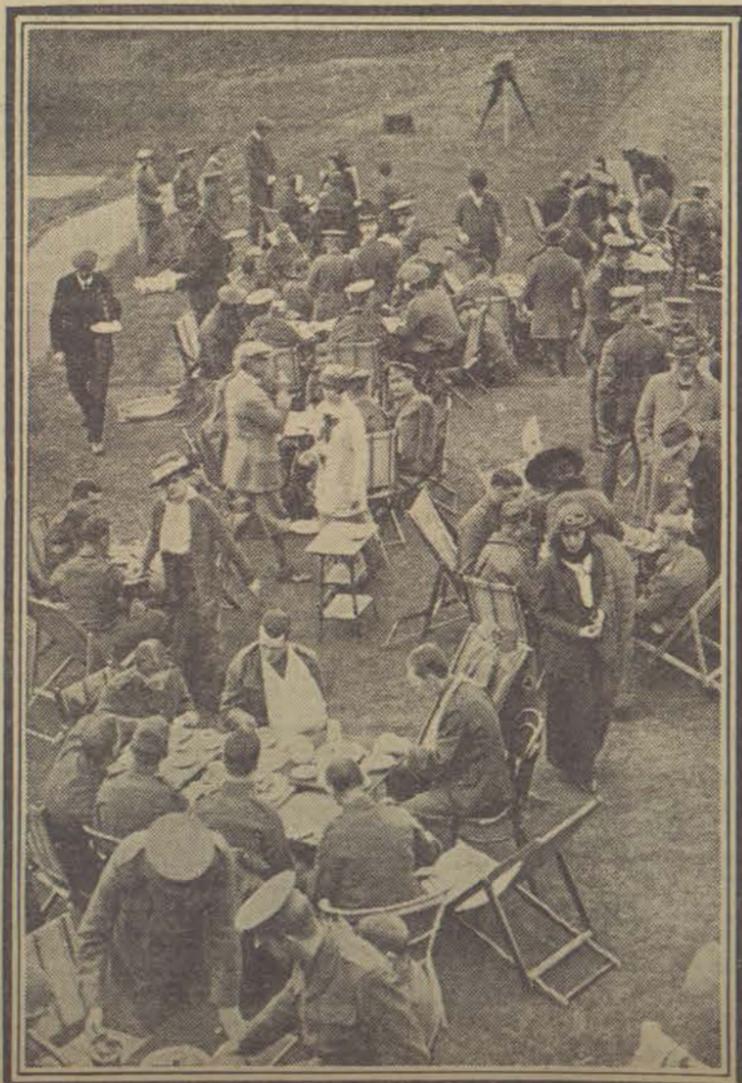


2nd Lieut. D'Arcy Blofeld, a well-known sportsman and polo player, has been killed in action.



Private Leonard Robinson, of the Coldstreams, awarded the D.C.M. for attempting a rescue from a gassed trench

A HAPPY USE FOR GOLF LINKS IN WAR-TIME.



Wounded in the recent heavy fighting at Ypres, these Tommies enjoyed tea in the sunshine at Sundridge Park as guests of the famous golf club.

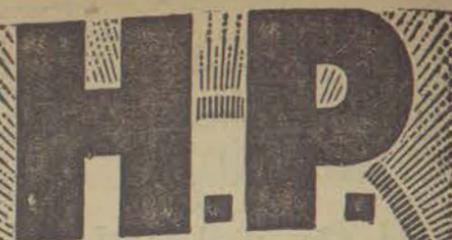
A RABBI'S SON.



Lieut. L. F. Stern, son of an East London rabbi, killed in the fight for Hill 60.



Lieut. S. P. D. Thomson, of the Leicestershire Yeomanry, has been killed in action, as was his brother recently.



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BRAVO, ITALY!

ITALY has taken her place with the civilised nations engaged in fighting the mad dogs of Europe. There is immense moral satisfaction to be derived from the fact. There will be material advantage also. Italy adds a powerful arm to the weapons already directed against the Germans, and the bravery of the Italians will never be displayed to better advantage than in avenging the wrongs done to them by their hereditary enemies.

POLITICAL trickery was well instanced by the plot which dragged Italy into alliance with Germany and Austria. The Germans had everything to gain; Italy stood only to lose. Since that unholy alliance was made the Germans have eaten into Italy like a cancer, and for years past in my wanderings through Northern Italy I was pained to see the extent to which the Germans were penetrating in commerce, finance and politics. Many Italians were alive to the danger, and the popular delight over this war has a deeper meaning than old-time racial animosity. The Germans were sucking the life-blood of Italy. They were trying to infect it with their madness.

FORTUNATELY, Italy has in its King a far-seeing and courageous man, and statesmen were not wanting in the crisis. Italy has broken away from the German alliance, and like a brave nation she has thrown her lot in with the cause of civilisation. Even the ego-madness of the Germans will not preserve them from misgivings on this score. We must never forget in this war that the German is at heart a coward and a bully. He fights savagely as long as he sees that he has the advantage, or as long as his conceit and stupidity delude him into the idea that he is invincible. The real danger is his madness, for this blinds him to prospect of defeat.

NEVERTHELESS, the heart of the German is rotten, and when his thick skull is penetrated by the first fear of defeat he will be a craven. It is really too high a compliment to liken him to a mad dog, for the dog, sane or mad, is usually brave to the end, and will fight tremendous odds. But the German is nothing more nor less than a German.

IT would be foolish to believe, however, that the enemy is near the end of his resources, or that the entry of Italy into the war will work miracles. Only one way is open to convince the German nation of their hopeless position. The millions of their mad people must be wiped out. It is an abominable business, but it is as unavoidable as the slaughter of mad dogs if millions of them were suddenly let loose upon us. Arguments, entreaties, or drugs are of no avail. The maniacs will murder us unless we kill them off or shut them off.

ITALY will help us to draw the ring fence around Germany. Only a few weak places now remain. Steadily the Allies are completing the circle within which the Germans must be confined during the war and after the war. That is a point on which the public must hold a clear view; and when peace comes to be discussed we must not allow political intrigues or imbecility to slur over this matter. The Germans must be interned in Germany for many years after the war is over, and it will be the business of every Allied nation to keep the doors shut on them until they are quite cured of Prussianism and Hohenzollernism. Italy by joining us in the war will assist in that policy better than if she had remained neutral. Her example will also have a powerful effect on the other neutral nations, and we may expect further allies.

AS to the actual work to be done by Italy now, there is much speculation. Her task is very difficult, and undoubtedly her first care will be to settle scores with Austria. Italian success will put an end to German development in the Mediterranean; and with the downfall of Austria and Turkey a new and glorious future should be in store for Italy. More power to her elbow!

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

It Was Empire Day, Wasn't It?

PICCADILLY and Bond-street were deserted yesterday morning, in curious contrast to Sunday, when, for some reason or other, they were crowded. The only sign of Empire Day I saw thereabouts was Charlie Cochran, and the success of "Watch Your Step" is not making him look miserable, I assure you. "Theatrical managers and journalists!" he said, "we never seem to have holidays, do we?" We don't.

"Busy" Young Men.

IN the parks it was different. The Green Park was full, and several young men were very busy lying on the grass watching some shirt-sleeved Tommies sweating, and possibly swearing, under the ordeal of Swedish drill. No fewer than five curates, with separate sections of what looked like choir-boys, were going in for impromptu cricket.

Not Asquith.

ROUND Buckingham Palace there was the usual crowd of would-be sightseers. They gazed at the Royal Standard, at the sentries now in dull khaki, and at the windows of the Palace, half expecting, I suppose, that the King or Queen might suddenly lean out of one of them. When a grey-haired figure in a tall hat, whom a policeman saluted, appeared at one of the gates there was a flutter of excitement, and murmurs of Asquith. The man was about as much like Asquith as I am.

Tea in Kensington Gardens.

IN THE afternoon a stroll through the Park, past a procession of three tiny Italians with the red, white and green, and tea in Kensington Gardens in a broiling sun. I purposely chose a sunshadeless table, and now I look as if I had had a real holiday. Hundreds of people there, standing waiting to pounce on the vacated tables. I was wise, and early. A simple, war-time holiday.

A "Celtic Parlour."

THIS IS Mr. Ginnell, M.P. Those who only know him by his "cattle-raiding" talk and "defying the Speaker" exploits will perhaps be surprised to hear that he has another side to his character. He has a keen appreciation of things artistic, and he and his wife gave a garden party the other day at their pretty place in Richmond. There is a remarkable "Celtic parlour" there, designed and decorated by a young Irish artist, Miss Sloan Thomson. The hangings and general scheme

—(Lafayette.)

of colouring are carried out in St. Patrick's blue and saffron. The frieze and borderings are in an interlaced pattern, taken from the famous Book of Kells. Fairies, leprecauns and elves adorn the fireplace and furniture.

Six Flags.

THE ITALIAN FLAG, which fluttered at many points yesterday, is certainly the most picturesque of all. The green, white and red against a background of vivid blue sky was highly æsthetic. The Alhambra was very early in the field, for the flags of Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan, Belgium, Serbia, and Italy were all flying there soon after nine o'clock.

My Ration.

I MENTIONED yesterday that portions of meat are getting woefully smaller in public feeding-places. I find that this applies also to other forms of fodder. I have just been worrying a table d'hôte lunch at quite a well-known restaurant. Instead of a tempting array of delicacies, the choice in hors d'œuvres was limited to a sardine or so and some potato salad, while my allotment of cold salmon could have been covered with half a crown, which was about what the cost of it worked out at.

The Commissionaires.

HAVE YOU noticed how the women doorkeepers outside the big stores have already hit off exactly the pose of the old commissionaires? There is something about a doorkeeper unlike any other mortal—a certain Olympian, if polite, contempt of the ordinary shopping person, a congenital distrust of the lap dog. Woman, wonderful creature, has acquired all that in a week. She treats the payement as though she had just bought it; she glances up at the shop windows, not with a woman's usual acquisitive glance, but with a "still there, are you?" look. To see her blow her whistle is an education; to see her summon a motor is an event.

They Want Winston's Blood.

MANY LIBERALS are said to be metaphorically thirsting for Winston Churchill's blood. He is credited with having trodden on people's toes. A certain M.P. has been recalling how on one occasion as Winston passed him in the Lobby he plucked him by the sleeve, having some question to ask him. "Don't lay your hand on me," said Winston, as he pursued his way. Stories like this are bound to be told when a man is being criticised.

Told Him He Was An Ass.

THE OTHER DAY, in a West End political club, an official of the State quoted something unkind about Sir Edward Grey on the alleged authority of another Cabinet Minister. He was very promptly pulled up by his auditor, a well-known public man, who told him bluntly that he was an "ass."

Colonel's Cheque.



LORD HASTINGS is honorary Colonel of the R.F.A., now stationed at Slough, Bucks, and this is his portrait. A few days ago when inspecting a brigade he shook hands with the officers, dwelt upon the smartness of the men, and presented a £50 cheque to the brigade. I was not surprised to hear a soldier exclaim: "This is the sort of officer for whom the men would go through fire and water."

Lord Alistair.

LORD ALISTAIR LEVESON-GOWER, the Duke of Sutherland's younger brother, who has just been wounded, was about the youngest-looking man for his age I ever met.

As A Girl.

AT OXFORD he wore the white and blue of the Bullingdon, hunted, played polo, acted in a Greek play (he made a really lovely "girl," and looked extraordinarily like his mother, the beautiful Duchess Millicent), and enjoyed himself generally. Here's wishing him a speedy recovery.

I Am Embarrassed.

I HAD an embarrassing time on Sunday afternoon. The brilliant sunshine tempted me to Hampton Court; the sounds of music drew me on to the Karsino (which was once in the old days Tagg's Island). There were great crowds there, and most unconventional things happening. I saw a girl go up to a man and kiss him, whereupon another girl took her by the ear and gently led her away. A pink-faced gentleman sat asleep in a hammock chair, his arm round a girl's waist. She slipped from him, and he fell on his face on the ground.

I Expect To Be "Released."

EVERYWHERE I walked this seemed to be going on. I was just deciding that it was no place for me when I discovered that I was in the midst of a scene being cinematographed, and the pink-faced man rejoiced, I believe, in the name of Pimple. I suppose in due course I shall be "released," as they say in the cinema patois.

"Danger!"

THEN TEA, and back to the river, where there was a very strong stream running. The Molesey weir was open, and the flood rushed over in quite a deafening cascade. Warnings were posted up, but holiday people are so venturesome that many got into difficulties. Just as it was getting dark a boat with a man and girl in was driven right against a protecting bulkhead—or whatever the technical term is—and held there by the current, fortunately, or they might have been carried right down. Eventually they were hauled off by a Thames Conservancy boat and a rope.

Girl's Gallant Effort.

WHY won't people in boats start against stream? Then they would know what to expect, and could drift home without effort. Many on Sunday made surprising progress down stream so light-heartedly. But see them struggling back. I saw one brave girl, pulling well, with three others in the boat.

Soldiers Who Didn't Help.

FOR HALF an hour she made absolutely no progress; I was afraid she would get exhausted, lose her head, and let the boat drift broadside; but she just kept the bow to the stream. She called out to a party of soldiers who passed: "If you get through send a man down to help us." They promised to do so, but I thought they might have helped her themselves.

Peers Scarce.

AS YOU will have gathered, even I was unable to go so far afield as Harrogate, but a fair relative who is there writes that this home of hydros is crowded to its utmost capacity, many of the smaller hotels having been taken over by the military, and that the streets present scenes of extraordinary animation. She complains, however, of the scarcity of celebrities, and asserts that she has seen nobody to remind her of the peerage except Lord and Lady Jocelyn, Lord and Lady Deramore, and Lord Garnock, all of whom she alleges she had never heard of before.

The "City."

THE "CITY" is represented by, amongst others, an ex-Lord Mayor and a prospective Lord Mayor, Sir William Trevelyan and Sir William Dunn. There are lieutenants, captains and majors all over the place, and quite a number of officers on sick leave; but the only officer of higher rank whom she has been able to identify is General Hackett Pain.

In The Pump Room.

LIKE EVERYBODY else who goes to Harrogate, she visits the Pump Room every morning and drinks "the waters." There is no reason why she should, but in Rome one must do as the Romans do, and she enjoys watching the wry faces which the novices make when consuming the ill-smelling stuff.

Single-Speech Dodd.

AMONGST those whom she met at this universal resort were Mr. J. C. Lardner, M.P., a rising member of the Irish Bar, Mr. Jerry MacVeagh, M.P., and Mr. Justice Dodd, who as member for North Tyrone immortalised himself by his one speech. Apparently, however, she has not seen everybody, because I hear from other sources that such notabilities as the Grand Duchess George of Russia, Princess Margaret of Denmark, the Bishop of Guildford, and Father Bernard Vaughan have all been seen there.

Phyllis In Camp.

GEORGE EDWARDES'S idea of forming concert parties to visit, not the front or somewhere near it, will, a great flourish of trumpets, but some of the camps and training centres in this country, where a soldier's life is apt to become monotonous, without even the excitement of danger, is a very excellent one. One of these parties will be visiting Ludgershall, Wiltshire, where there is a large camp, this week, and one of the "star" attractions will be Phyllis Le Grand, whom you see here. Miss Le Grand is the wife of Robert Michaelis, who will accompany her. She is tall and fair, and has had useful musical comedy experience at the Adelphi and Daly's. Other members of the party are Elise Craven and Harry Dearth.

—(Foulham and Banfield.)

—(Foulham and Banfield.)

Bobby Loraine Back Again.

I SAW Bobby Loraine, the actor-airman, the other night. He is back from the front for a week or two, and is at present stationed at Hounslow. He was very seriously ill some time ago, but he now looks bronzed and fit and well, with a moustache only, instead of that horrible beard. Bobby is quite an old campaigner as well as an admirable actor, for he went through the South African War.

Change Partners.

NOW THAT Harry Pilcer is rejoining Gaby in the new edition of the Alhambra revue, Teddie Gerard is taking unto herself a new partner. She will shortly appear in what I believe you call a "dance scena" with Mr. Nat. D. Ayer, the ragtime composer.

An Original Sergeant.

DRILL SERGEANTS usually have a fund of stock phrases to draw upon when they wish to abuse a squad of recruits. These clichés crop up again and again, and are seldom funny. But I think the N.C.O. who told his men the other day that they looked like the hind legs of a dachshund may be said to have made a bid for originality.

Tommy's Charitable Neighbours.

THERE WAS a soldier sitting in front of me on the 'bus, and a lady with him. Tommy was obviously well to do. His bravery was proved when the man next to him offered him the remnants of a box of cheap "fags," under the impression that he needed them, and made him smoke one on the spot.

MR. GOSSIP.

FLOWERS FOR HEROES AT THE FRONT.



These Belgian soldiers on their way to the front take gifts of flowers with them for their heroic comrades and nurses. They are eager to join the fighting line.

THE EAST SURREYS HAVE ALSO WON UNDYING FAME.



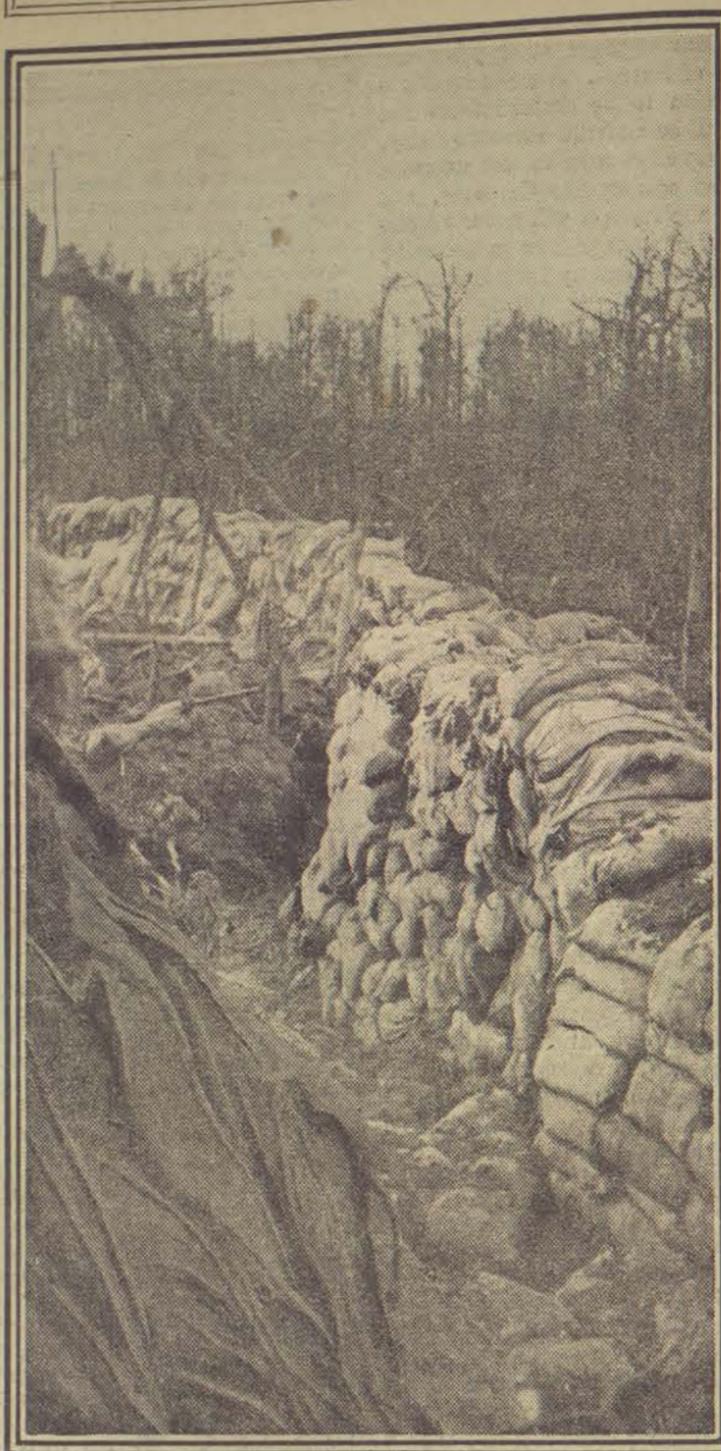
Some of the East Surreys, whose bravery in the fight for Hill 60 won a V.C. for the regiment, on a captured German limber wagon.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)

CANADIANS LEARN HOW TO HANDLE COLLAPSIBLE BOATS.

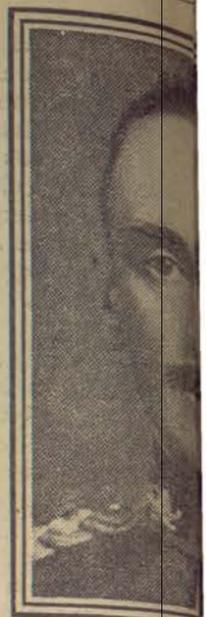


Lifeboat drill is part of the routine work on our transports. These men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force are being instructed in the use of collapsible boats.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive.)

HEROES OF THE FRONT



One of the trenches in a wood where some of the fiercest fighting took place.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)



Captain Weatherhead killed when leading his battalion to an attack.



Lieut.-Colonel Stephens, though mortally wounded, killed his men with shout 'The "Die Hards" are coming.'—(Lafayette.)



"Messages of this kind were coming into various headquarters: '— guns out of action.' The Daily Sketch yesterday, through Percival Phillips, its special correspondent at the front, in the tremendous struggle raging round Ypres. It is

ERIC FIGHT AT YPRES.



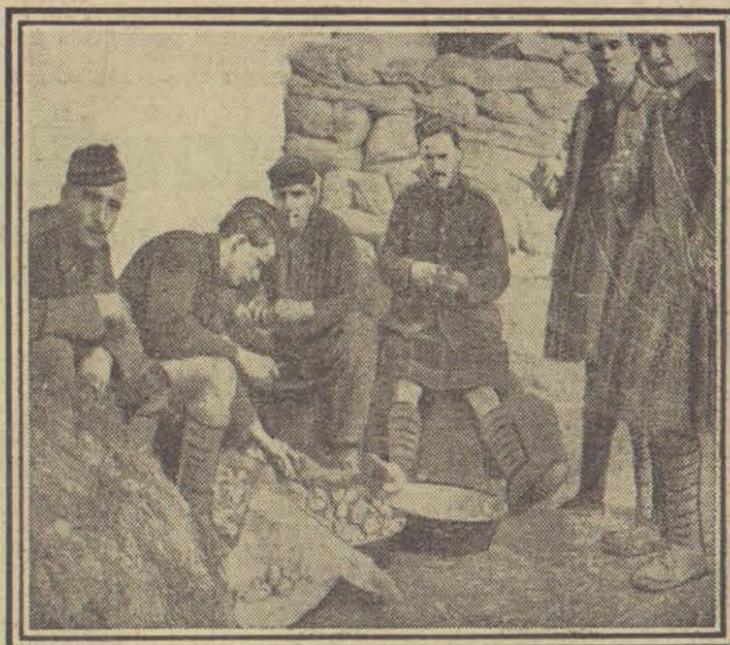
the King's Own, was the survivors of his through gas fumes.



Guns, hidden like these, blazed forth smoke and death. (Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)



on, of the 2nd Middle-wounded, encouraged "Die hard, boys!" up to their reputa- Elliott and Fry.)



Some of the gallant Canadians who made the Empire ring with their praise photographed at the front.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive.)



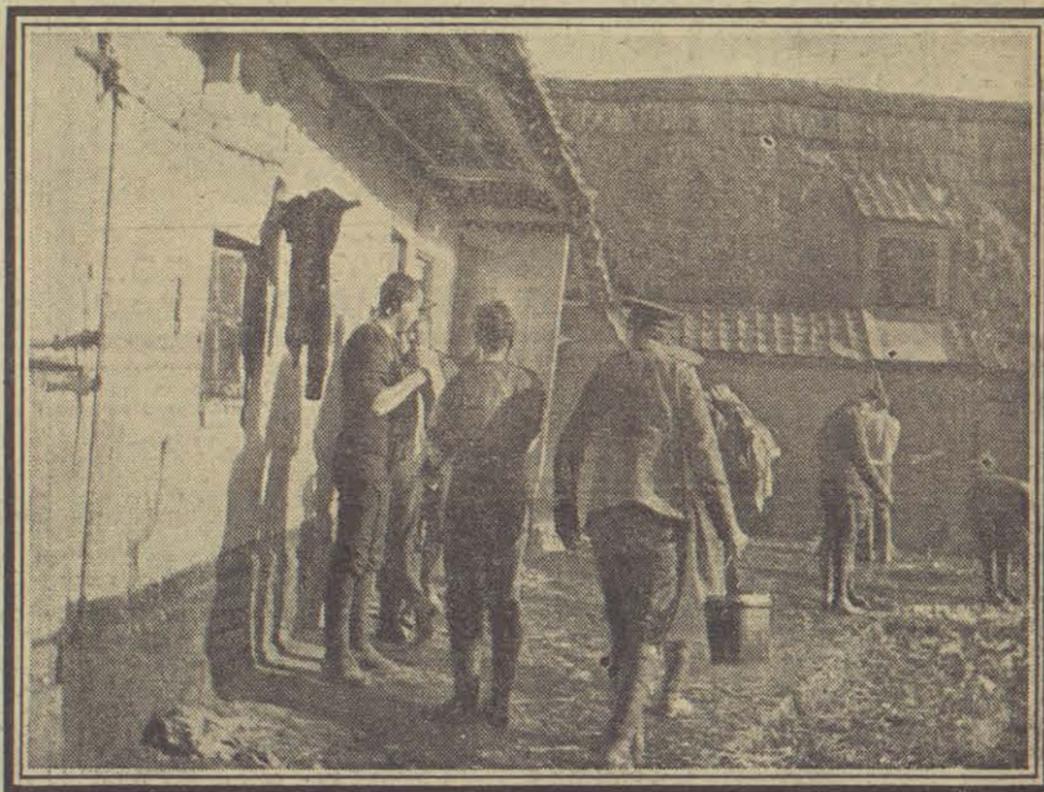
ly three men left. We'll do all we can." And they did.—(Daily Sketch Exclusives.) revealed to the country some of the regiments and the men who are winning fame and glory to make Britain prouder than ever of her gallant soldiers.

PEASANT VICTIMS OF WAR.



By the fortunes of war the Austrian policeman is now serving the Russians. With him are a number of peasant refugees from the Carpathians.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)

A WASH AND BRUSH UP IN THE FARMYARD.



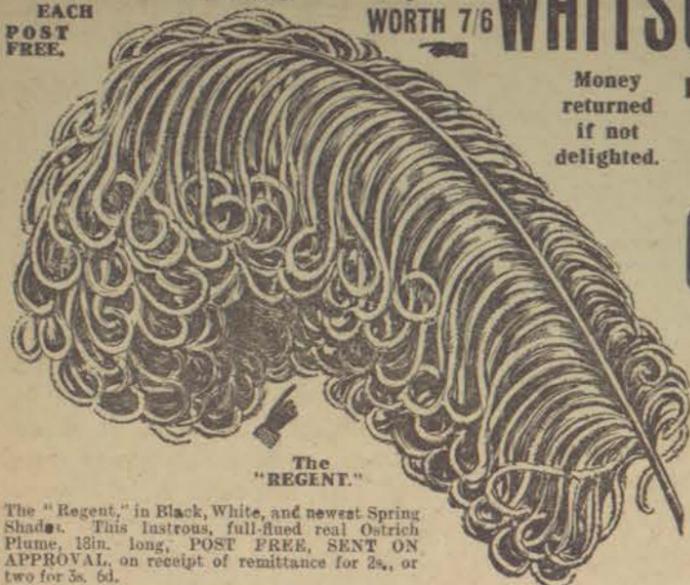
After a lengthy spell in the firing line these men of the R.F.A. were not sorry to go to their farmhouse billet. A clean-up was their first business.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)

THE PARTING CUP THAT CHEERS TOMMY ON HIS WAY.



Not in tankards of beer, but in cups of tea does Tommy pledge "England, Home and Beauty," in his parting drink at Waterloo. Another sign of the times!—(Mrs. Albert Broom.)

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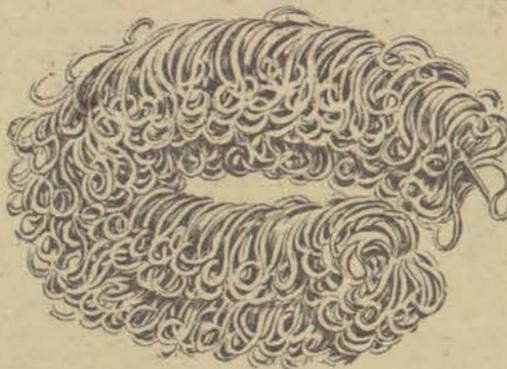
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AMBASSADORS. Nightly at 8.0. ODDS AND ENDS Revue, by Harry Gratton. (Last 7 performances.) At 8.30, Mme. HANAKO in "OTAKE" Matinee Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

APOLLO. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. Charles Hawtree's Production. STRIKING! By Paul Rubens and Gladys Unger. At 8, Mr. Charles Cory. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. BETTY. TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee Sats., at 2. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

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GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in "PEG O' MY HEART." Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. At 8, FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE. Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffreys, and Godfrey Tearle.

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VAUDEVILLE. BABY MINE. Evenings at 8.45. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. WEEDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOBY. At 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones.

WYNDHAM'S. "RAFFLES." Evenings at 8.30. GERALD du MAURIER as "RAFFLES." Matinee To-morrow (Wednesday), at 2.30.

VARIETIES.

LHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard!" The New Revue. LEE WHITE, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, A. Austin, B. Lillie and ROBERT HALE. Revue 8.35. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.30. (Reduced Prices.)

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EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.35. Mat. Sat., 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES. ETHEL LEVY. JOSEPH COYNE. Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane, etc. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

HIPPODROME, LONDON. Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production entitled "PUSH AND GO." including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORRAINE, ANNA WHEATON, HARRY TATE, GERALD KIRBY, JOHNNY HENNING, LEWIS SYDNEY, CHARLES BERKLEY, and enormous Beauty Chorus, etc. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 650.

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Skin disease is due to various deeply buried, malignant germs in the tender tissues of the skin. They cause that terrible biting pain and itching. Unless these germs are destroyed and eliminated, there can be no relief nor cure. This cannot be done with salves. Salves do not penetrate to the germs beneath the skin. They merely clog the pores and form a hot bed for the rapid increase of these germs. Blood remedies also cannot cure the skin, because the germs are not in the blood. Health Commissioner W. A. Evans, M.D., says: "Skin diseases do not come from impure blood—so-called blood purifiers have no such action." A liquid wash only has any permanent effect in skin disease.

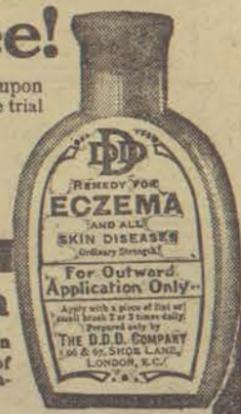
D.D.D. Prescription Gives Instant Relief

D. D. D. Prescription sinks through the pores the moment it is applied. The first cool touch of this soothing skin wash soothes all biting pain as if by magic. Just a touch of this marvellous remedy will give you relief.

D. D. D. is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen and thymol, etc., and a powerful and costly element, chlorbutol. This element is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin disease. However, it has heretofore required such expert mixing and handling that only physicians could use it. Now all skin sufferers find it compounded in the proper proportion in the famous new skin discovery, D. D. D. Prescription. Eczema, bad leg, Psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales or rashes, all skin diseases, mild or violent, yield to the soothing, healing effect of D. D. D. It sinks through the pores, kills all the deadly disease germs; throws them off. Then the inflamed tissues, rid of their torturing parasites, the pores left open to receive nature's healing aid, are soothed by the cooling oils compounded in the D. D. D. Prescription. All chemists sell D. D. D. 2-5 and 4-6. One bottle outlasts six bottles of salves or creams. Ask your chemist about it today. Also about D. D. D. Soap, 6d. Its steady use keeps the skin always pure and healthy.

Trial Bottle Free!

If you want to try D. D. D. fill in and send the coupon below now. The D. D. D. Laboratories will send you a large trial bottle absolutely free. Don't suffer another day. Just the first few drops from this trial bottle will give you instant relief. Send coupon now while you think of it. Enclose two penny stamps for postage.



Send this Free Coupon

D. D. D. Laboratories, AX26 Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London Gentlemen:—Please send me absolutely free a trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. It is understood that I assume no obligations. Enclosed find two penny stamps for postage.

Name _____
Address _____
My Chemist's Name _____

Laitova Lemon Cheese

If you wish your children to grow up strong and sturdy give them Laitova. It contains just those food elements that a growing youngster needs.

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PEACH'S CURTAINS. GUIDE BOOK FREE.—Lace Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Linens, Laces. Direct from Actual Makers. Send now for BEST BOOK FOR CURTAINS; it saves money.—S. PEACH and SONS, 222, The Looms, Nottingham.

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GASLIGHT POST CARDS, 20 5½d., 50 8d., 100 1s. 3d. Photo Papers and Developers half-price. Enlarging from photo, 6d. Catalogue samples free. Works July-road, Liverpool.

72 OSTRICH PLUME ASTERS, 1s. Fine Plants, lovely blooms, resembling Japanese Chrysanthemums, all colours. 72 for 1s. R. Smith and Co., Dept. M., Nurseries, Worcester.

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LANDUDNO (Immune from war's alarms)—Sunshine, sea, golf, tonic air. Send 3d for Guide, D.S. Town Hall.

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and a

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LUNTIN MEDIUM CIGARETTES.

10 for 3d. : 100 for 2/6

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Wear the Sole Leather Tommy wears—'Dri-ped'

A Soldier writes from the Front:

"One of my pals has worn through four pairs of ordinary soles whilst I have been wearing one pair of 'Dri-ped' soles."

Get the double-wearing, wet-resisting 'Dri-ped' Soles—light, flexible, non-squeaking, never-slipping.

Boot stores and repairers everywhere sell 'Dri-ped' on new footwear and for re-soleing.

Send postcard for list of local dealers selling 'Dri-ped'—and get free booklet 'How to Double Boot Life.'

William Walker & Sons, Ltd., County Buildings, Cannon St., Manchester.



True Dri-ped has this mark in purple every few inches.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

What Women Are Doing:

Queen Ena's Narrow Escape—Whitsuntide Fashions—The Duchess And The Soldiers.

HER Grace the Duchess of Marlborough will be "At Home" at Sunderland House, Curzon-street, on Friday, June 11, to the members of the Women's Municipal Party. The Rev. W. F. Cobb, of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, will speak on "Women's work as a citizen and the immediate need for an increase of women on London local governing bodies."

The Queen Of Spain.

I am glad to hear that Queen Victoria Eugenie has suffered no ill-effects from the shock she received whilst motoring from Casa del Campo on Saturday, when her car collided with one in which the children of the Infante Don Carlos were travelling. Happily, none of the inmates of either car was hurt.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN. (Stanley's Press Agency.)

The Queen of Spain has been much missed in England this year. She usually comes to visit her mother once or twice a year. She stays at the Ritz when in town, and when in the Isle of Wight at Carisbrooke Castle. I have often seen Queen Ena, as she is called in Cowes, going about in that quaint little yachting town accompanied by her brothers, to whom she is so devoted. The death of her youngest brother, Prince Maurice, from wounds last October, has been a source of the greatest grief to her Majesty.

Viceregal Garden Party.

The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Wimborne have returned to the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, from Belfast, where they had a very busy week. They gave a garden party on Friday afternoon at Belfast Castle, which was lent to them during their stay by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and they entertained 1,000 of the most notable people in Belfast.

The pleasure grounds round Belfast Castle are charming, and command splendid views of the Lough and surrounding country; but the castle itself is quite small. The drawing-rooms, which are the largest rooms in the place, could not hold more than a hundred people without excessive crowding. So a garden party was the only possible form of entertainment.

Women At The Wheel.

Mrs. Anstruther, wife of Colonel Anstruther, D.S.O., is showing her practical patriotism by organising and giving substantial support to a petrol motor class for women at the Borough Polytechnic Institute. This is intended as an experimental special war course. For an almost nominal fee the theory of method and construction is explained, each lecture being followed by actual work, such as testing and repairing of all kinds, map-reading as well. "We opened last week," said Mrs. Anstruther, "with an enthusiastic class of about twenty, many of them good drivers already, but requiring to know all about the inside of a motor. I believe educated women who want to be efficient motorists will welcome this opportunity. Scotland Yard still refuses us licences for taxis, but Harrods are taking on women motor-drivers, and other firms will follow. "Numbers of educated women, not absolutely dependent on their earnings, are longing to help their country, and this will prove a real outlet, I think. Quite rightly, Government is giving preference to the necessitous who are registering. Let me assure you, though, that if the call ever comes for voluntary women workers, munition-makers will respond in shoals."

The Girl Army.

One never expects to see anything very nice on a Whit Monday in the way of fashions, but in Oxford-street yesterday morning I saw detachments of girl guides, marching along with soldier-like step, well booted, and suited in navy blue serge, with broad shiny leather belts and blue felt (Canadian-like) hats, turned up at one side, with a red cockade. Really very smart!

Fashions In The Park.

There was a very large crowd in the Park on Whit Sunday morning, khaki being very much in evidence. There was a great number of very well-dressed women and black and white check was the dernier cri. I vastly admired a little lady in a Shepherd's plaid, very well tailored suiting, having a

deep black patent leather belt round her waist. This costume was crowned by a large black flat-shaped hat, the only decoration of which was an aeroplane bow of white flattened straw. There were a variety of sunshades to choose from, one of pagoda shape, in jade colouring, being particularly effective.

An Extra Turn.

Kitty, who has been to a Hippodrome matinée, tells of an exciting incident that happened to Miss Shirley Kellogg, happily with no serious results. Miss Kellogg was singing on the platform which runs down the centre of the stalls when she overbalanced and turned a complete somersault into the stalls. All that could be seen of the lady was a very delightful pair of diamond heels! Miss Kellogg was happily rescued by a little girl, whom she thanked and very charmingly embraced.

Too Many Revivals?

I couldn't resist the first night of the revival of "The Dairymaids" at the Aldwych, because I remember so well when it was first produced and how good Carrie Moore, Dan Rolyat and Walter Passmore were. But, somehow, these revivals lately have wearied me a bit. Either I am not up to the mark or the revivals are not. Which is it, I wonder?

Time-Saving At The Zoo.

I love the Zoological Gardens. On Sunday I walked there on purpose to become better acquainted with the new bear habitation and its inmates. My greatest joy in the Gardens came, however, from a contemplation of the reptile house. It must be very pleasant to change one's complexion without the aid of pigment of any kind, and to be able to eat at rare intervals would be an enormous saving of time and money. I took tea in the Gardens, and am pleased to say that a very excellent cup can be obtained there—a very welcome change from those one usually had a few years ago.

Tommy At The Vicarage.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland have converted Glington Vicarage, near Creswell, into a convalescent home for wounded soldiers and sailors from the parishes in which the Duke has interests. I hear there is splendid accommodation for about twelve patients, and the Duchess has been untiring in her efforts to ensure the comfort of their wounded guests. The vicar of Creswell has been appointed chaplain to the home.



DUCHESS OF PORTLAND. (Lillie Charles.)

More Belgian Refugees

Very few people realise that Belgian refugees are still arriving from Holland, and that their need for clothes is urgent. At the Women's Emergency Corps, for instance, 47 families applied for clothes last week alone, and the corps reserves are exhausted. Any gifts of clothes for men or women or donations to purchase materials for underclothing, which the women can make up themselves, will be most thankfully received at 8, York-place, Baker-street, W. The parcels should be marked "Belgian Clothing Department."

MRS. COSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- MEL L. K. (Co. Limerick).—Sorry I cannot help you.
- MISS L. TENNANT (Regent-street).—The Women's Volunteer Corps is at 8, York-place, W.
- DOROTHY KING (Upper Tooting).—I am very sorry I cannot help you.
- DOROTHY GANGE (Wanstead).—The Women's National Reserve is at Lady Muir-Mackenzie's, 39, St. James-street, S.W.
- MISS F. DALLOW (Walthamstow).—You must write to the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.
- MRS. DAVIDSON (St. Helens).—Many thanks for the splendid gift of scarves, mittens, cuffs, and socks. Please thank all your friends for their generosity.
- A READER OF THE DAILY SKETCH (Hornsey).—Write to the Red Cross, 83, Pall Mall, S.W.
- MISS B. K. (Stamford Hill).—Write to one of the general military hospitals. There is one at Camberwell, where I am sure they would be grateful for your help.
- I. P. (Birmingham).—Very glad my page interests you. Write to 83, Pall Mall, S.W.
- AN ADMIRER (St. Anne's).—Wish I could do more to help you. So pleased my advice was useful.
- C. C. C. (Huddersfield).—I should write to several of the London hospitals; falling a satisfactory answer, try the Salop Infirmary, Shrewsbury.
- A REGULAR READER (Forest Gate).—Don't be disheartened. Write gain to the same address, adding "Record Office."

Anæmia

This insidious disease Anæmia (Poorness of Blood) is far more prevalent than is generally supposed. Men, Women and Children are all liable to suffer. If neglected serious consequences may result, the disease will get chronic and a cure may be lengthy and difficult. If taken in time when the symptoms are first noticed, it is a very simple matter to enrich the blood and so effectually check the disease at the outset.

Therefore if you experience difficulty of breathing and exhaustion after slight exertion—if you lack energy, have a poor appetite or are pale and depressed—(all symptoms of Anæmia) start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS.' IRON 'JELLOIDS' make the blood rich and vigorous so that Anæmia is combated, energy and vigour are restored, appetite returns, digestion is improved—your whole constitution is benefited. Get a box to-day.

Iron Jelloids

enrich the blood—renew vitality

Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote:—

"IRON 'JELLOIDS' constitute the most effective and desirable treatment for the 'cure of that common complaint, that insidious and weakening condition, no matter from what cause arising, known as Anæmia or Poorness of Blood.'"

For Women, No. 2. For Men, No. 2A (containing Quinine). For Children, No. 1. Of all Chemists, price 1/1½ & 2/9 or direct from The 'Jelloid' Co. (Dept. 58 A.), 205, City Road, London.



Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, dark brown, or black by the use of VALENTINE'S EXTRACT.

(WALNUT STAIN) A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Prices: 1s., 2s., and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address S. VALENTINE, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

NOW ON SALE.

Indispensable for Motorists, Cyclists and Walkers.

THE OPEN ROAD BOOK

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

ENTIRELY RE-WRITTEN FROM COVER TO COVER.

Contains large scale COLOURED MAP (with key), in pocket attached to cover, hitherto published separately at 1/-.

Over one hundred main roads and more than seven hundred other routes in Great Britain fully and accurately described.

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E. Hulton and Co., Ltd., Withy Grove, Manchester.

MEDICAL.

DR. POGGON'S Skin Ointment CURES Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, Ringworm, Ulcers, Chafing, Wounds, Burns, Cuts, etc., and contains special property for the skin, discovered and owned exclusively by Wm. Poggon, F.R.C.S. In 1½d., all chemists, or direct from Poggon, Halifax, Leeds. Dr. Poggon's Skin Soap for Perfect Skin Beauty, 1s. GET IT TO-DAY.

SIR EDWARD CARSON IN THE NEW CABINET.

Premier's Plans Not Yet Ripe For Disclosure.

YESTERDAY IN DOWNING STREET.

Lord Fisher May Not Return To The Admiralty.

The new Cabinet has not yet been chosen. Nothing will be definitely known of the men who will compose it until to-morrow—if then.

One hint deduced from yesterday's comings and goings in Downing-street is that Sir Edward Carson will be included in the new Ministry.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE SEES THE KING.

Yesterday's interviews included the following:—

Mr. Lloyd George had an audience of half an hour of the King.

After this interview Mr. Lloyd George had a long interview with Mr. Asquith.

In the afternoon a meeting of leaders took place at No. 10, Downing-street. Those present included:—

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Mr. Asquith. | Mr. Chamberlain. |
| Mr. Lloyd George. | Mr. Bonar Law. |
| Sir E. Carson. | Mr. Balfour. |
| Lord Crewe. | Mr. McKenna. |
| Sir John Simon. | Lord Haldane. |

After the conference Sir Stanley Buckmaster, Solicitor-General and Censor, called and had a chat with Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna.

WILL FISHER COME BACK?

Lord Fisher is reported to have refused to return to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord except on his own terms, and Admiral Sir Henry Jackson, K.C.B., is mentioned as a successor.

Sir Henry Jackson is 60 years old and is a brilliant officer, well known and trusted in the Fleet, though little known to the public.

JOY BROUGHT BY PHOTOGRAPH.

Daily Sketch Turns Tears Into Smiles In Collier's Home.

NOTTINGHAM, Monday.

A touching little story of how a copy of the *Daily Sketch* brought untold joy and hope to a saddened English home comes from the little mining town of Hucknall, Notts.

Mr. S. Bird, a collier, was among the first to answer the call for men. He was dispatched to France with the Gloucestershire Regiment, leaving behind a wife and a chubby little son of four years of age.

Week by week there came to Hucknall a letter from France, and a little card "for the boy." And week by week a little parcel was sent on its way to a man in the trenches—week by week, until the middle of November.

One day the expected letter did not arrive. Then many days passed, and still no letter. In despair, the poor wife wrote to the War Office, and after more anxious days there came the answer:—

Lord Kitchener regrets to inform you . . . Pte. S. Bird . . . is missing.

Then came a long, anxious period of waiting and watching until the other day the *Daily Sketch* saw soldiers' photographs in it.

"Mummy! here's daddie!" he called out. "Ch! don't, sonny dear," sobbed she. "But it is Daddie, mummy! Look!" and he pushed the photograph of a group of British prisoners in Germany beneath her eyes, and there she saw her husband.

Letters have since passed between them; the home no more is dreary and no longer is there a sad-faced woman in it.

In a drawer of a neat little dressing table lies a folded copy of the *Daily Sketch*. "I shall never part with it," says a rejoicing wife and mother. Downstairs on the table is another copy. One comes every day.

CARRY YOUR PARCELS HOME.

"How to shop in war time" is advice given to the public by the Distributing Trades Committee.

"It is no easy matter (they say) for employers to replace their enlisted assistants; and it is therefore clearly unreasonable to expect the same efficiency and promptitude in serving customers as before the war." Therefore:—

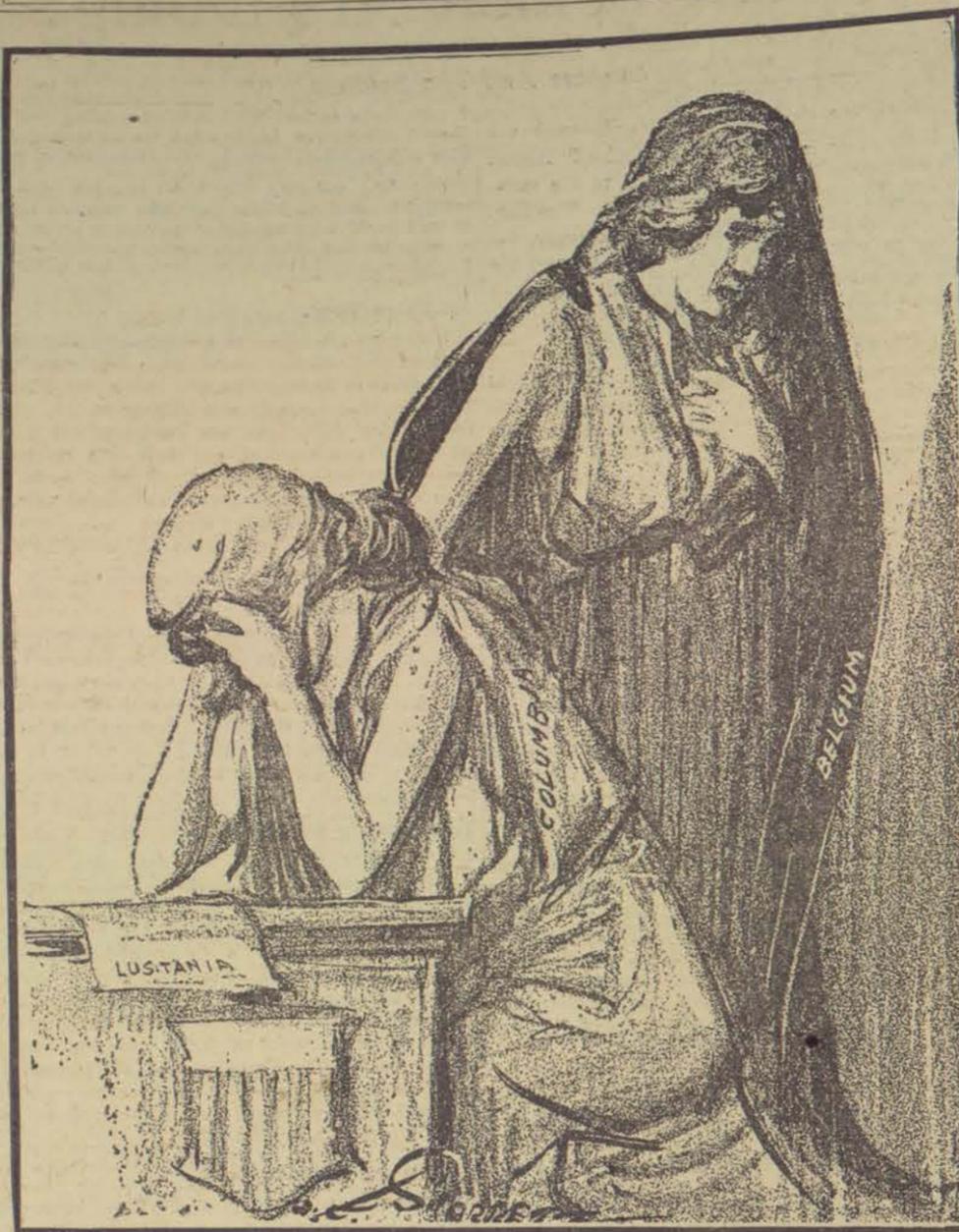
1. Shop as early as possible in the day.
2. Do not expect immediate service during busy hours.
3. Carry home small purchases. Where goods cannot be conveniently taken home, give the option of delivery on the following day.
4. Send orders in writing where practicable, and as long as possible in advance.

THE DERBY.

Let pessimists grumble and groan
We're when all's to Country and Throne;
When all's said and done,
We shall certainly run
The "Derby" this year on our own.

There's the favourite making the pace,
You can back it for "win and a place";
It's the paper you know
As the bright *Pasina Show*
Which is certain to win the big race.—Advt.

AT LEAST THEY ONLY DROWN YOUR WOMEN.



—From the New York Tribune.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE CHARGED.

Said To Be A German With Many Documents And Papers.

At the Guildhall yesterday Gottfried Seitz (39), a German pantryman employed at De Keyser's Royal Hotel, was charged with being an alien enemy failing to register himself, and also with making a false declaration as to his nationality.

The Clerk: What did he give his nationality?—Detective Bridger: He said he was a Swiss, but since his arrest he has said that he was a German subject.

Documents and papers in the German language were found in his possession, and a remand was ordered so that they might be examined.

Carl Heinrich, said to be a German, was at Belfast yesterday, under the Defence of the Realm Act, remanded for eight days, the charge being

HOSPITAL HUSTLE.

London's Giant Building To Open Before It Is Finished.

As a matter of urgency the wards of the new King George Hospital in London are to receive their first patients to-morrow under telegraphic instructions from the War Office.

The new hospital is built with frontages to Stamford-street and Waterloo Bridge-road, and as yet only the fourth and fifth floors are available. It is in response to the needs of the military authorities that what will be the largest hospital in South London is thus to come into being by instalments. When completed the hospital will have accommodation for 1,650 beds.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA BACK IN TOWN.

After three weeks' stay in the country, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria returned to Marlborough House last evening.

They have been the guests of the Marquise d'Hautpoul at that lady's beautiful house at Henley, and no greater compliment to the charms of the hostess and the house, and also the beauty of the country, can be found than in the fact that the Queen Mother originally intended staying three days.

Neither Queen Alexandra nor the wounded soldiers their good work on behalf of the wounded relatives during their absence. The trip to town the other week was solely in connection with the work they had in hand.

STEAM ROLLER'S IDIOSYNCRASIES.

Speaking of the general Russian position a well informed Russian said to Reuter:

"Russia has been spoken of as a steam roller, but if you ever watch the machine at work you will observe that it goes backward nearly as often as it goes forward."

MILITARY ATHLETICS.

162nd Brigade Wins Lieut.-Colonel Fred Hall's Cup.

The 33rd Division Royal Field Artillery carried through an attractive and varied programme at Herne Hill yesterday before 7,000 people.

All the races were scratch events, and most of them produced close finishes. The 100 yards, however, was won by 4 yards by Gunner G. A. Murray in 11sec., and the half-mile was a very open race until 50 yards from home, when Driver H. Frederick came out and won by 10 yards in 2min. 17 2-5sec.

Great excitement ensued during the inter-battery relay race, in which the member of each team ran a quarter-mile in full uniform and carrying a rifle, a severe test of stamina. "C" 162nd Brigade secured the victory by 20 yards after an anxious time from the "A" 156th Brigade in 5min. 11 1-5sec.

Another fine contest was the inter-brigade tug-of-war, in which the 166th Brigade, who secured the bye in the preliminary round, defeated the 162nd Brigade by two pulls to none.

The one mile cycle event was secured by Driver Cunningham by a length from Driver Woodland in the last time of 2min. 27 3-5sec.

The handsome cup presented by Lieut.-Colonel Fred Hall, M.P. for Dulwich, for the Brigade securing the most points, was taken by the 162nd Brigade with 34 points, with the 156th Brigade second with 14 points.

PRIVATE ROBSHAW'S TRIPLE SUCCESS.

The Brigade of Guards sports at Caterham on behalf of the tobacco fund for Guards in the trenches saw Private Robshaw, of the Grenadier Guards, who was a Midland unattached mile runner before enlisting, and who won the Guards' "Marathon" race a week ago, secure the two miles, the mile, and the half-mile races easily in each case.

Sergeant Henton, Welsh Guards, captured the open sprint and the 120 yards Non-Coms' race; the mile walk went to Private Weldon, Grenadiers, and the 120 yards old soldiers' race to Drummer Shea, of the Irish Guards.

WINDSOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The one mile walking championship, open to the Windsor military district, was won at Slough by Private B. Loughurst, of the Home Counties Royal Field Artillery, in 7min. 51sec. The 220 yards flat championship went to Private J. Smith, of the 4th Coldstream Guards, who defeated Sergeant E. W. Davis, of the 2nd Home Counties F.A., by six yards, in 24sec.

There were 23 entries for the individual mounted jumping competition which was won by Lieut. C. L. Reed, of the Home Counties Royal Field Artillery.

The one mile relay race was secured by the 4th Battalion Coldstream Guards, who beat the Surrey Army Service Corps team by 100 yards in 4min. 15 1-5sec.

Lance-Corporal J. Brown, 4th Coldstream Guards, won the one mile cycle scratch race in 3min. 19sec., and the one mile flat championship of the Windsor military district was secured by Lance-Corporal P. Coles, of the 9th Middlesex Regiment, in 5min.

At Epsom Corporal Daly won the half-mile in 2min. 7sec., and the one mile in 5min. 2-5sec. The ten miles marching order race was secured by the 35th City of London Regiment in 2hrs. 17min. 22sec., and 39th London Regiment (Queen Victoria Rifles) took the relay race, while Sergt. Robinson was first in the 100 yards.

An open road walking handicap of seven miles, promoted by the Belgrave Harriers at Neasden, was won by G. F. Matthews, Finchley Harriers, 5min. 40sec. start, in 50min. 15sec.

At the annual sports of the Gaelic Athletic Association T. O'Connell, Davis Club, won the hop, step and jump championship with 43ft. 1in., and the 440 yards championship fell to M. Collins, Geraldine Club.

In a very keen polo match at Hurlingham yesterday the chief feature was the brilliant display given by Mr. J. W. Winans, who scored five goals for the "Whites." His side defeated the "Reds" by 5 to 4. Colonel Haig being the other scorer for the winners, while Mr. T. R. Dryburgh (5) and Lieut. Morris obtained the goals for the "Reds."

GOVERNMENT'S ATTITUDE.

Racing In Ireland Not To Be Interfered With.

Sir Thomas Landon, M.P., yesterday, at Baldoyle racecourse, received the following telegram from Mr. Runciman through his private secretary:—

In reply to your telegram of to-day's date, Mr. Runciman desires me to inform you that it is not the intention of the Government to interfere with racing in Ireland.

This intimation was received with much gratification by officials and others closely identified with Irish racing.

BALDOYLE RESULTS.

- 2.0—Malahide Hurdle.—BRAVE CHAP (F. Morgan) (4 to 1)
- 1; NAUGHTY EARL (Trudgill) (7 to 1); 2; BALLY DOOGAN (R. Nugent) (7 to 1); 3. Head; 2 lengths. 10 ran.
- 2.35—Seaside Plate.—ANEDNAM (W. Barrett) (13 to 2); 1; MRS. T. (Mr. W. J. Parkinson) (5 to 2); 2; GENERAL SASHAM (W. Beasley) (20 to 1); 3. Head; neck. 9 ran.
- 3.5—Baldoyle Handicap.—TRAMORE BAY (J. Harty) (4 to 1); 1; BALLYHANDY (Dines) (7 to 1); 2; FIN GLEN (C. Aylis) (7 to 2); 3. 2 lengths; 3 lengths. 9 ran.
- 3.40—Patriotic Plate.—VERA CRUZ (W. Barrett) (7 to 4); 1; SEE (J. Harty) (9 to 4); 2; DOLPHINGTON (Ringstead) (5 to 1); 3. 1 1/2 lengths; 2 lengths. 9 ran.
- 4.10—Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate.—MISS COBALT C (C. Barrett) (4 to 1); 1; MISS SLASHER (Mr. W. J. Parkinson) (7 to 1); 2; GALLOPING IVY F (W. Beasley) (4 to 7); 3. 6 lengths; 3/4 lengths. 7 ran.
- 4.40—Tally-ho Plate.—THE SLASHER (Mr. J. W. Parkinson) (4 to 6); 1; ALLER (F. Hunter) (6 to 1); 2; LE CATEAU (C. Hawkins) (4 to 1); 3. 2 1/2 lengths; 6 lengths. 7 ran.

ITALIANS RUN FOR THE BRITISH RED CROSS.

Waiters Leave For Home After Deciding Their Sports.

There was a remarkable demonstration of Italian patriotism at the sixth annual athletic meeting of the Molinari A.C. at Stamford Bridge yesterday. National airs were sung with great fervour, and were loudly applauded by a crowd which reached about 4,000. The profits will be handed over to the British Red Cross Society. The programme was really a curious mixture. The cycling events were open, several foot events, which brought out many well-known athletes, were open to members of His Majesty's forces and those engaged in the making of munitions, and other events were exclusively confined to athletes in the catering trade, many competitors in which left for Italy last evening to fight for the homeland.

An old Thames Valley hand, H. Steadman, who is attached to the Army Pay Corps, won the sprint and furlong, and in the first named event our fastest amateur, C. W. Taylor, of the Sportsman's Battalion, who won the opening heat in 10 2-5sec., was given third place in the final, a position which should undoubtedly have been given to a runner on the limit mark.

Taylor won his heat easily enough in the furlong, but got shut out in the final, Steadman making the most of his fairly liberal handicap.

The international cross-country champion, A. H. Nicholls, who is working in the gun factory at Enfield, was at scratch in the three miles handicap, and made much progress for three parts of the journey, but condition began to tell the inevitable tale, and he retired, the race being won easily by the well-known member of Queen's Park Harriers, S. C. Lobb, who has become a war cyclist. Lieut. A. Moncrieff, the L.A.C. runner, who did not compete in the furlong final, though qualifying, steered the Royal Engineers to an easy victory in the relay race. Staff-Sergeant G. B. Fennell, A.S.C., better known as the Paddington cyclist, who is home from the front wounded, looked to have a good chance of winning the 500 yards cycle handicap, but the sprint home could not be maintained, and the man he had beaten in his heat, L. Zambellini, snatched the victory. The other cycle event provided a rather surprising easy victory for J. C. F. Masters, who was, however, in good form at Easter.

DESMOND (Umpire).—18 10 24 18 20 24—10 24 18 23 4 11 15 10 19—12 7 20 20 7 9 24 10 4 12 14 16.

GALLIARD (Sunday Chronicle).—*20 14 2 19 20 26 25 11 13 12 25 24 6 13 5—23 7 5 20 7 25—14 16 13 14 1 14 20 26 22. Leveson-Gower 85, were the chief scorers for the Army Service Corps in a match at Catford yesterday.

E. C. Horton, the Surrey W.C., won the Bradford 32 1/2 miles walk in 5hrs. 19min. 12sec., from E. Parlson, of the same club.

THE WOMAN WITH THE NEEDLE.

"WHAT a perfectly beautiful tea-cloth," said a woman who hadn't a needle. "I used to do work like that before the war, but I'm forgetting my fine stitches now."

"And I was forgetting mine," said the woman who had, "until I heard of the *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competition and realised that I could take up my fine work again without being unpatriotic."

The many women who would like to know how this can be done should send a large stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Dept., *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full particulars of the great Patriotic Competition.

£1,000 is offered in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by *Daily Sketch* readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons will appear daily until November next, when the competition closes.

After the judging, which will be done by experts under the auspices of the Royal School of Art Needlework, all the work will be exhibited in a suitable hall in London, and, except in cases where the competitors feel unable to offer their entries, will be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association. The presentation of work is entirely optional.

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"A Bride Of The Plains"



By the **BARONESS ORCZY**, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will Repay," "Beau Brocade," Etc.

Leopold's Threats.

Just now that torment was almost unbearable, and the passion of fury into which he had worked himself blinded him momentarily to the dull, aching pain. Klara, as he spoke thus hoarsely, and brought his contorted face closer and closer to hers, had gradually shrunk more and more into the corner of the room, and there she remained now, flattened against the wall, her wide-open, terror-filled eyes fixed staringly upon this raving madman.

"You asked just now," he continued, in the same hoarse, guttural whisper, which seemed literally to be racking and tearing his throat as it came "what the back-door key had to do with my not going to meet my brother at Fiume. Well! It has this much to do with it, that you happen to be my tokened wife, that you happen to be of my race and of my blood, a sober, clean-living Jewess, please God, and not one of those frivolous, empty-headed Christian girls—you are that now, I know; if you were not I would kill you first and myself afterwards; therefore, if to-night I catch a thief—any thief, I don't care who he is—sneaking into this house by a back door when you happen to be here alone and seemingly unprotected, if I catch any kind of thief or malefactor, I say . . ."

He paused, and she, through teeth that chattered, contrived to murmur:

"Well! What do you say? Why don't you go on?"

"Because you understand," he said, with calm as sudden and as terrible as his rage had been a while ago. "I am not a Christian, you know, nor yet a gentleman. I cannot walk up either to my lord's castle or to one of these Christian Magyar peasants and strike him in the face for trying to rob me of that which is more precious to me than life. I am a Jew . . . a low-born, miserable Jew, whose whole race, origin and upbringing are despicable in the sight of the noble lords as well as of the Hungarian peasantry. Just a wretched creature whom one orders to hold one's horse, to brush one's boots, to stand out of one's way, anyhow; but not to meet as man to man, not to fight openly and frankly for the woman whom one loves. Well! You happen to be a Jewess, too, and tokened to a Jew, and if either my lord or one of these d—d Magyar peasants chooses to come sneaking round you like a thief in the night, well . . ."

He paused, and from the pocket of his shabby trousers he half drew out a long, sheathed hunting-knife, and then quickly hid it again from her sight.

Klara smothered a desperate cry of terror. Leopold now turned his back on her; he went up to the table and, seizing a carafe of water, he

poured himself out a huge mugful and drank it down at a draught. The edge of the mug rattled against his teeth, his hand was trembling so that half the contents were poured down on his clothes. He did not look again on Klara, but having put the mug down he passed his hand once or twice across his forehead as if to chase away some of those horrible thoughts which were still lurking in his brain.

Then he took his cigarette-case out of his pocket, selected a cigarette, struck a match and lit it, still avoiding Klara's fixed and staring gaze.

"I'll go and smoke this outside," he said quietly. "I can see both doors from the corner. When you have found that back-door key you may go to Elsa Kapus' wedding feast, but not before."

He took a final look round the room, and his eyes, which had once more become dull and pale, rested with an infinite look of contempt upon the two or three besotted drunkards who, throughout this scene, had done no more than open and blink a sleepy eye.

"Shall I turn these louts out for you now?" he asked.

"No, no," she replied mechanically, "let them have their sleep. When they wake they'll go away all right."

Just then the outer door was opened, and Lakatos Andor's broad figure appeared on the threshold. Leopold Hirsch gave him a nod, and without another look on Klara he strode out into the night.

"Jealous Like A Madman."

"I came to see if Béla was still here," said Andor, as soon as the door had closed on Leopold Hirsch. "One or two chaps whom I met a while ago told me that he had not been seen in the barn this hour past, and that there was a lot of talk about it. I thought that if he were here I could persuade you . . ."

He paused, and looked more keenly at the girl.

"What is it, Klara?" he asked; "you seem ill or upset."

She closed her eyes once or twice like someone just waking out of a dream, then she passed her hands over her forehead and over her hair. She felt completely dazed and stupid, as if she had received a stunning blow on the head, and while Andor talked she looked at him with staring eyes, not understanding a word that he said.

"Yes—yes, Andor," she said vaguely. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing much, my good Klara," he replied; "it was only about Béla . . ."

"Yes—about Béla," she stammered; "won't . . . won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, I will for a moment."

She moved forward in order to get him a chair, but she found that she could not stand. The

moment that she relinquished the prop of the wall, her knees gave way under her and she lurched forward against the table. She would have fallen had not Andor caught her and guided her to a chair, whereon she sank half-fainting, with eyes closed and cheeks and lips the colour of ashes.

Just for the moment the wild thought flew through his mind that she had been induced to drink by one of the men, but a closer look on her wan, pale face and into those dilated eyes of hers convinced him that the girl was in real and acute mental distress.

Klara Appeals For Help.

He went up to the table and poured out a mug of wine, which he held to her lips. She drank eagerly, looking up at him the while with a strangely pathetic, eagerly appealing gaze.

When he had taken the mug from her and replaced it on the table, he drew a chair close to her and said as kindly as he could, for he did not feel very well-disposed toward the girl who was the cause of much unhappiness to Elsa:

"Now, Klara, you are going to tell me what is the matter with you."

But already she had recovered herself a little, and Lakatos Andor's somewhat dictatorial tone grated upon her sensitive ear.

"There is nothing the matter with me," she retorted, with a return of her habitual flippancy.

"What should be the matter?"

"I don't know," he said dryly; "and, of course, if you tell me that it's a private affair of your own and none of my business, why I'll be quite satisfied, and not ask any more questions. But if it's anything to do with Béla . . ."

"No, of course not," she broke in impatiently.

"What should Béla have to do with my affairs? Béla has been gone from here this hour past."

"And he is not coming back?" asked Andor searchingly.

"I trust not," she replied fervently, and the young man noticed that the staring, terror-filled look once more crept into her eyes.

"Very well, then," he said, rising, "that is all I wanted to know. I am sorry to have disturbed you. Good night, Klara."

"Good night," she murmured.

He turned to go, and already his hand was on the latch of the door when an involuntary cry, like a desperate appeal, escaped her lips.

"Andor!"

"What is it?" he said, speaking over his shoulder.

He didn't like the girl: she had been offensive and insolent to Elsa, the cause of Elsa's tears; but just now, when he turned back in answer to that piteous call from her, she looked so forlorn, so pathetic, so terrified that all the kindness and chivalry which are inherent in the true Magyar

peasant rose up in his heart to plead on her behalf. "You were quite right just now, Andor," she murmured. "I am in trouble—in grave, terrible trouble."

"Is there anything I can do to help you?" he asked. "No, no, don't get up," he added hurriedly, for she had tried to rise and obviously was still unable to stand, "just stay where you are, and I'll come and sit near you. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes!" she whispered under her breath.

"What is it?"

"I don't know what you'll think of me."

"Never mind what I think," he said, a little impatiently; "if there's anything I can do to help you in your trouble I'll do it, but, of course, I can do nothing unless you tell me all about it."

She was trying to make up her mind to tell him, but it was desperately difficult.

Flirted With All Men.

She had always been so careful of her reputation—so careful that not a breath of real scandal should fall on her. She, of the downtrodden race, the Jewess whom even the meanest of the peasant girls thought it her right to despise, had been doubly careful not to give any loophole for gossip.

It was hard, therefore, to have to own to something that distinctly savoured of intrigue, and this to a man who she felt had no cause to be her friend. But the situation was desperate; there was that madman outside! God only knew of what he would be capable if he found that his jealous suspicions had some measure of foundation! And the young Count—ready to walk presently, without thought of coming danger, into the very clutches of that lunatic.

That, of course, was unthinkable. There had been murder in Leo's pale eyes when he fingered that awful-looking knife. The girl felt that such a risk could not be run; even the good opinion of the entire village became as nothing in her mind.

And, of course, there was the hope and chance that Andor would be chivalrous enough to hold his tongue. The young man's keen eyes had watched every phase of the conflict which was so distinctly reflected in the Jewess's mobile face. He waited patiently until he saw determination gradually asserting its sway over her hesitation. The girl interested him, and she was evidently in great trouble. Though he had no liking for her, he was anxious to know what had disturbed her so terribly, and genuinely intended to be of use to her. He had no doubt that the trouble had something to do with Leopold Hirsch. Everyone knew the latter's jealous disposition, and Andor had not been home half a day before he had heard plenty of gossip on the subject.

(To be continued.)



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alone, Icilma Cream can be sold in 1/- pots, each pot containing sufficient for a whole month—it is made of the purest highly refined materials, in our model factory, by wonderful electrical machines.

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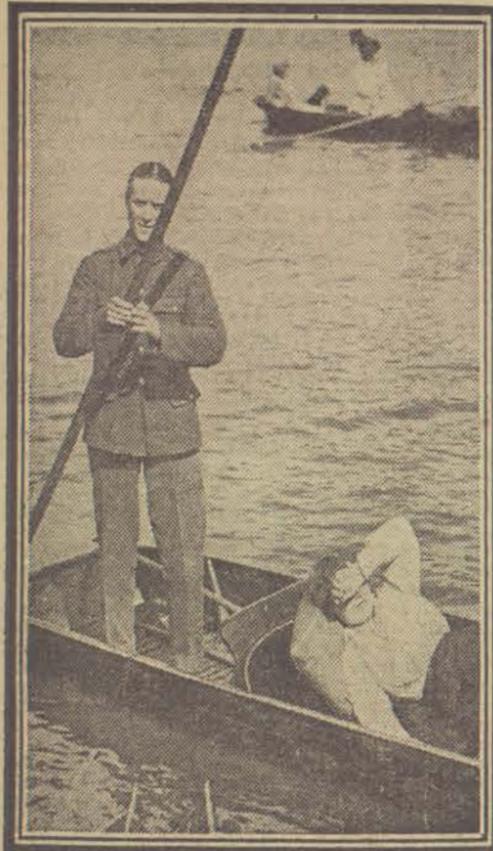
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THE RIVER "KNUT" NOW HAS TO TAKE SECOND PLACE TO THE MAN IN KHAKI.



The Lancer punter. The day of the river "knot" is over, at least for the present. In normal times a fine Whit Monday is his carnival. He is everywhere with his pretty shirt, his gaudy tie and coloured socks. Yesterday he was at a discount. The girls favoured khaki, and our soldier boys quite eclipsed the young man who studies dress before country. — (Daily Sketch Photographs.)

SHE SAVED HER PETS.



Miss Campbell, the daughter of the skipper of the *Glenholm*, succeeded in saving her parrot and canary when the vessel was sunk by a German submarine.

THE FIRST TERRITORIAL V.C.



Second Lieutenant Geoffrey H. Woolley is the first Territorial to win the Victoria Cross. He belongs to the Queen Victoria Rifles.—(Spalding.)

QUEEN AUGUSTINA.



Queen Augustina, King Manuel's wife, at the wedding of Sr. José de Queiroz and Sra. Matilde de Castro at Brompton Oratory yesterday.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)