

The Desolation Of Ypres Described By Percival Phillips.

DAILY SKETCH.

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No. 1,930.

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 17, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.



Memories From The Battlefield.



Found in the pack of Private A. Sell, 1st K.R.R.s, and sent by Sergt. Dancy, 3rd London Regiment.

Inside a sailor's cap floating where the Good Hope went down.

Found against a German trench after the battle of Neuve Chapelle.

Found in the back of a watch.

Picked up where Scotsmen fell.



I am sure all the lads out here are very pleased when they get one of your papers, and everyone of them thinks it is very good of you to go to the trouble etc, in publishing photos etc. found in the firing line.



An artilleryman found this photograph near the Marne. He thinks it belongs to a 21st Lancer.

From the front to the Daily Sketch.

Found in the equipment of a British soldier and sent by Private Seager, of the Army Ordnance Corps.



Picked up at Neuve Chapelle.



This happy family group was picked up in a ruined house by Private Beighton, of the West Yorks.



Found after a German bomb attack.



Found on a dead soldier Private C. Adams, of an ammunition column, has all the information.

Believed to belong to a Surrey family. Found by a Seaforth Highlander.

Private Ansterberry, a Canadian, picked up this picture after St. Julien.

Also found in Private Sell's pack.

"Missing"—through the cloud of anxious suspense that the word conveys to the women who wait at home these mementoes from the battlefield may bring some message of hope. They form an unofficial record compiled by the soldiers themselves. The Daily Sketch will do its best to put the finder in communication with the owner.



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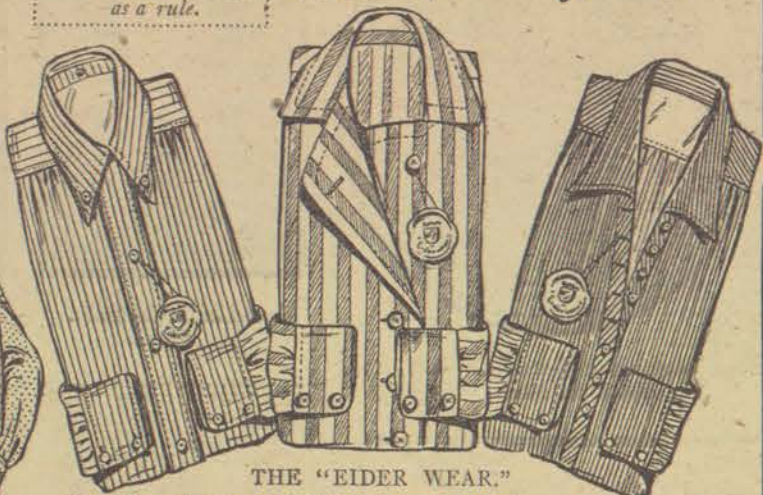
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GLASSES, as supplied to the War Office; 8-jens
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distinctly seen three miles away; in brown English leather sling
case; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1 2s. 6d.

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NO STRIKES DURING THE WAR!

IT may not seem easy to connect a London tramway strike with the war, and probably the men who are in revolt against the London County Council think that there is no connection. Probably, too, the London County Council in sticking doggedly to its terms of employment imagines that it is doing its duty without prejudice to the war. Both masters and men are wrong.

A TERRIBLE English fault is lack of imagination. In some respects it saves us from hasty and rash conclusions and undertakings, but in many other ways it punishes us. The German danger was creeping on for years, but we could not imagine what it was leading to. Many Britons could not believe that a great European war was probable. A few idiots asserted that it was impossible. We have the war now. It is not so many miles off. It has been raging for nine months. The really critical stage is imminent. But there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who cannot imagine what it means or what it threatens.

WE have optimists and pessimists alternately buoying up the public with hope of immediate peace, and prospect of interminable war or complete defeat. The conduct of the war is concealed in a fog, and the prophets and experts have made so many blunders that they are no longer trusted. If the Germans had not been such wooden-headed fools they might have lulled many of our people to sleep over this war. But their brutalities have stirred up public feeling. There is no longer need to cultivate imagination. The facts are there.

THESE facts are only now soaking in. Evidently they have not yet penetrated the minds of the London tramway men and of the London County Council. But I have hope. And when the operation is complete the danger of the strike will disappear, whether the men get their terms or not.

PUBLIC opinion must lay it down that during war there should be no strikes. In every strike there is waste of energy and of money. We cannot spare an ounce of energy, we cannot afford to waste a penny now while the German beasts are thirsting for our blood. A strike in any part of Britain to-day, by any class of workers, is an act of waste and of disloyalty, for which both masters and workers are to be censured. This London tramway strike delays thousands of people, causes them loss of money, and hampers many important works. In the Woolwich district it actually touches directly upon war operations.

THERE is no credit to the L.C.C. in being obstinate or in over-working or under-paying its men, if it can be proved that this is so. But there is no credit to the men in seeking this moment to advance their own interests or redress their grievances. They have wages, they have work. They have their lives and their security. But were it not for the heroic self-sacrifices of the men in Flanders there would be no tramwaymen running trams in London under L.C.C. conditions. Some of the strikers would be in their graves, foully murdered by Germans. Others of them might be in German uniforms running the trams under German orders. I rather fancy that the L.C.C. terms of service and rate of pay would compare favourably with the German.

APOLOGISTS will say—"Oh, England can't be invaded—The Germans will never get to London." Well, it all depends on our soldiers and sailors. But if they struck work for shorter hours and higher pay before a critical battle then the Germans would be very soon in control of the London trams. As it is, the work of our defenders is so exacting that we need our united efforts to crush the enemy. Nothing must interfere with that vital task.

THE MANN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

Lord Athlumney's Day.

LORD ATHLUMNEY is very regular in portioning out his day. If I am in town I rarely miss walking down Piccadilly westwards between ten and eleven each morning. Four days running I have passed the Provost Marshal at exactly the same spot (opposite Prince's) and at exactly the same hour. With his staff officer's uniform and his lavish display of medal ribbons he is quite a brilliant figure.

Lieut.-Colonel As Captain.

ANOTHER martial figure to be seen in the same part of the world on Saturday was Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis, "The Dwarf of Blood," journalist, gastronomic expert, and author of reviews and plays innumerable. I suppose one should call him "Captain" Newnham-Davis now, for in the new Army that is his rank, and it is all to the credit of the Colonel that all considerations such as this, dear to the heart of many people, should be brushed aside in a desire to do his bit.

"Did His Bit" Years Ago.

COLONEL NEWNHAM-DAVIS was "doing his bit" years ago, before a good many of us were born. He joined the Buffs in the early seventies, and served through the Zulu campaign of 1877, being mentioned in dispatches twice. He was wearing the ribbon of that affair on his khaki tunic, with its three stars of the captain, when I saw him. Good luck to the gallant veteran!

Lord Northbourne And Kentish Prisoners.

I SEE THAT Lord Northbourne, who is President of the Association of Men of Kent and Kentish Men, is appealing for help for the Kentish prisoners of war. A fund is to be opened to provide food and clothing, which those in the hands of the Germans badly need. Private individuals who find a difficulty in getting their parcels through to friends interned in Germany will welcome this method of helping. An efficient transport service has been arranged, and there will be no transport, railway or freight charges on such parcels. Lord Northbourne, whose portrait this is, has military associations with both ends of England, as he is Hon. Colonel of the 5th Battalion Durham Light Infantry and the Cinque Ports Volunteer Artillery.



A Cambridge Hoax.

A CAMBRIDGE MAN tells me that he was paddling his canoe along the Backs the other afternoon when he saw coming towards him a man in a punt. The punter was looking down at a luxurious heap of cushions in the other end of the boat and smiling. When my correspondent got alongside, he nearly upset the canoe in turning to see the girl. But there was no girl. Instead, the man said to him rather sadly: "Thank you. You're the seventeenth this afternoon."

Cyril Holland.

THE DEATH in action of Captain Cyril Holland, Oscar Wilde's elder son, brings to a close a promising young life. With a tragic handicap, Cyril Holland was beginning to win a name for himself, and among those who knew him he was a great favourite. He was married about a year ago, and it is not many weeks since he appeared at the Law Courts in khaki.

The Toy Revolver.

I REMEMBER him and his brother, Vivian, nearly 20 years ago at Berkhamsted, where they were staying with a relative of their mother's. They were tremendously keen on the workings of a murderous-looking toy revolver someone had just given them. Cyril had already given proof of literary ability by winning a school prize.

Not The King Of Prussia.

THEY SAY the townsfolk have been attacking an hotel in Bury St. Edmunds in the belief that it is run by a German. This is not the old King of Prussia near St. Mary's-square, I'll wager, for when I was last in Bury, a few weeks after the beginning of the war, I found they had changed its sign to The Lord Kitchener. I believe this ancient town set the fashion in abolishing German inn signs.

"Zepps" And Flappers.

ONE of the Margate girls' schools which moved inland last term to avoid the Zeppelins, has come back to the coast, having had bombs dropped on the new home as soon as they arrived.

Up The River.

YES, I dashed down to Richmond and Hampton Court yesterday. All the boatmen on the river are beginning to smile, for they say the season looks like being better than they expected. The presence of Mr. Atkins in camp at Richmond and elsewhere has been a grand thing for them, and a great many of the French and Belgian refugees who do a lot of rowing at home are hard at work practising on the river just to keep their arms in. The river is going to be cosmopolitan this year, and of three successive scullers who passed me in racing skiffs one was a Scandinavian, the next a Siamese, and the third a bald and bearded Belgian (which is alliteration).

The Sailor's Lassies.

BUT THE very happiest man on the river this Chestnut Sunday was a bluejacket. Sailors, as a rule, are not passionately fond of the water on furlough; they would rather get aboard a horse or a donkey. But this one had a canoe, in which he was paddling two pretty river girls. This would have been enough for most men, but the sailor had picked up a consort in the shape of another canoe with three more beauties in it! In Bushey Park the real attraction was not so much the chestnuts as the wounded soldiers, who, with their blue coats, brilliant scarlet scarves and white bandages, produced a wonderful Union Jack effect. They were tremendously fêted everywhere.

Who Fixes Chestnut Sunday?

I AM SURE Chestnut Sunday is fixed too early. The date is perfectly arbitrary, though no one seems to know who is responsible for it. If it were the First Commissioner of Works, one would feel bound to bow to his decision; but I believe it is, or was, a local journalist, who, when he thought the bloom ready, would send a paragraph to every London paper announcing that "next Sunday will be Chestnut Sunday," and it always was. Some people say it is always the third Sunday in May; but last year the second Sunday was announced, and, proving a failure, the third took its place.

The Garden That I Love.

THERE ARE really quite a number—but my especial favourite at the moment is that surrounding the Queen's Cottage at Kew, that empty bower whose last tenant was the late Duke of Cambridge. Its tangled acres of undergrowth are now sprouting green out of an azure sea of bluebells. They will remain in perfection for a few days yet, and, without exaggeration, I believe there is no bluebell show in all England to compare with this one. So hurry up and see it.

Dance Divorce Cure.

THE AMERICANS are wonderful people. They take up the most extraordinary of crazes and expound and believe in the most fantastic theories with all the eagerness of children. Here is Mrs. Walter Pulitzer, of N.York City, who has been invited to go to San Francisco to establish a Mammoth Dance Palace (it would be "mammoth"). Mrs. Pulitzer opines that the present dance craze (in America) will be a remedy for the divorce evil. She says that if a husband and wife go to a ball together each knows that the other is not secretly flirting with someone else. Wonderful, isn't it?

Old Cabby's Recruiting Appeal.

WALKING ALONG Cheapside I saw a taxi—an empty—slowly wending its way Bank-wards. The driver was one of the old sort—the type of hansom-cab driver of former days—with a jolly, rubicund countenance forsooth. Chalked across the glass screen in front were these words:—

BLIMEY, WHEN ARE YOU GOING?

Milk!

I HAVE JUST been reading *Cymro a'r Celt*, a snappy journal, the name of which, being interpreted, is *The London Welshman* (or something like it). Whenever I see a paper I have not seen before, with the professional touch I turn to its advertisements. There were thirty-five "ads." in *Cymro a'r Celt*. Twenty-eight of them were about milk.

The Name On The Can.

THERE'S a tiny sequel. A few minutes after reading *Cymro a'r Celt* I went out for a cup of coffee. Standing outside the coffee place was a milk-can. It had a name on it. Evans.

The Cat In The Firing Line.

THE PROVERBIAL CAT, the one with nine lives, and the one that insisted on coming back (*side old comic song*), has distinguished itself in the thick of the recent fighting. A British officer tells me in a letter that his trenches were right across the village of —, and the only living thing to be seen was a very fine cat sitting on the wall of a ruined house near the trench. "It sometimes came to us to be fed," he writes, "but always returned to sit on the wall of what had evidently been its home. It would sit there when shells and bullets were flying all over the place. It really was pathetic."

Why Were They Frightened?

"A LADY wants one of you gentlemen," said the conductor standing on the top step of a Piccadilly bus. And about six scared-looking men anxiously peered over the side to see who had spotted them. They looked quite relieved when they saw an elderly gentleman respond to the call.

The Filbert For The Front.

AND SO Gilbert the Filbert is to leave the Palace for sterner work, like so many other good young men and true, and the flappers will grieve accordingly. Mr. Basil Hallam, of "The Passing Show," will soon be Lieutenant Basil Hallam, of the Motor Transports. London will miss him, for his success has been amazing, and there are very few people who can make a "nut" so charming as Basil, or who can wear perfect clothes and sing about "nuttism" without suggesting the boulder unspeakable or causing an itching in the toes of the right feet of the audience. However, at a time like this these things don't seem to matter much, and "nuttism," and the ensuing profits thereof, are, after all, very small beer when there are serious things on hand.



(Foulsham and Banfield.)

Another Basil.

HALLAM will not be the only stage "nut," or the only Basil, to wear khaki. Basil Foster, ideal musical comedy hero, cricketer, and husband of Gwendoline Brogden, has been a lieutenant for some months now. I hear, too, that Alfred Austin, who is a comedian rather than a "nut" or a Poet Laureate, has applied for a commission, and the gaiety of the Alhambra revue will diminish considerably if he gets it.

"Full Story Of The Play."

A LONG queue was waiting outside the Hippodrome to see and hear (particularly hear) "Push and Go." Hawkers moved to and fro. "Ere y'are!" chanted one man dismally, "full story of the play, one penny."

The Naval Habit.

I SAW a naval officer ring the bell of a City building, and while waiting for it to be answered he paced to and fro, as if on the deck of his ship, for a dozen yards or so. As he did not get a reply at first or to his second and third rings he repeated the pacing each time. A curious crowd collected to watch him.

Lather.

THE PRESENT state of affairs has almost made me shave myself. The average barber has a genius for platitudes. "When do you think the war will end?" "What about the Kaiser?" "Big job at the Dardanelles, don't you think?" "I reckon all these Germans should be interned," and so on *ad nauseam*. Out they all come before the brush is lathered.

Barber's Motto.

BARBERS are complaining that they are doing badly. They say the war has hit them hard. My advice to them is not to talk about it. "War not discussed here," written in large letters on torsorial windows would bring a rush of customers.

"Peel It, Please."

THE NAIVETE of some children is quite delightful. The other day a City hawker was approached by a little girl, just beyond the toddler stage, who purchased two oranges. She took them and held one out to the hawker and said: "I wants 'ou to peel it, please." The hawker, evidently a kindly man, keeping his weather-eye open for the appearance of a policeman to move him on, peeled it and handed it to the youngster.

MR. COSSIP.

A WONDER-CITY RUINED BY HIGH-EXPLOSIVE "KULTUR."

MALIGNANT DESTRUCTION OF MEDIAEVAL YPRES BY THE HUNS.

Battered Remains Of Old Architectural Glories.

HORRORS OF DEADLY POISON ZONE.

Doctors Shocked By Sight Of Victims' Struggle With Death.

"ALL FINE, BIG CHAPS."

Moving Call To The Men Who Stay At Home.

From Percival Phillips.

BRITISH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday.

Shells were still dropping on the ruins of Ypres when I looked down on the desolate place this afternoon.

Two fires smouldered among the empty buildings. Beyond the shattered towers of what were once the Cathedral and the Cloth Hall white puff balls set against the dull, grey sky showed that British shrapnel still searched the enemy's trenches north-east of the town.

Since the failure of their last desperate attempts to pierce the Ypres salient, early in the week, the Wurtembergers and Bavarians facing this portion of our front have mainly confined their activity to heavy howitzer pressure against our trenches, hoping to prepare the way for another onslaught.

FLOGGING THE CORPSE.

There was a particularly heavy bombardment yesterday, and the shelling continued to-day. Many high explosive missiles fell inside the British lines, and the German gunners continued to flog the corpse of Ypres with great industry.

Even from a distance the devastation of that unfortunate town is plainly apparent. It has been carried out systematically, a bit at a time, as though the men responsible for it wished to give the world an example of German "thoroughness."

Rain clouds hung over the plain of Ypres when I reached the point which enabled me to look towards the enemy's country.

THE TRAGEDY OF YPRES.

Suddenly the sun burst through, revealing the tragedy of the ancient Flemish capital.

The ragged fragments of the two great towers of Ypres still rose above the roofless houses like gigantic broken pillars.

The outline of one side of the cathedral nave was discernible, as well as a portion of the south transept wall, with the lofty Gothic gable still intact. The wonderful rose window in the transept has long disappeared.

Jagged remnants of the clerestory and the massive buttresses of the nave, cream-white in the sunshine, were very distinct above the rubble and refuse that represents the Grand' Place.

This great church of St. Martin, one of the glories of Flanders, might have been a ruin for centuries.

A DEFIANT BELFRY.

Strange havoc has been wrought with the belfry of the Cloth Hall beside St. Martin's. Many a modern tower would have succumbed completely to such a bombardment.

But although at least one large shell struck the belfry near the top, only two of the four turrets have been blown away, and the massive 600-year-old structure preserves its original outline on the south side.

On the north masses of masonry have been blown away, so that from a distance the upper part of the belfry is only a toothed fragment of the structure that towered above the Cloth Hall for nearly 500 years.

Of the Cloth Hall itself nothing apparently remains. A portion of the roof and walls could be seen until recently, but the last great fire in Ypres caused by incendiary shells completed its ruin.

THIRD SURVIVING LANDMARK.

A third surviving landmark of Ypres is the graceful spire of the church of St. Pierre, in the Rue de Lille, south of the Halles. It has been the usual target for the wreckers of churches, but, although badly scarred and holed, it is still the most conspicuous object next to the towers beside the Grand' Place.

Few of the other buildings have escaped. The town appears to have been thoroughly gutted by

fire. The Grand' Place is strewn with broken stones, bricks and charred timbers. Side streets have in some instances almost disappeared beneath the piles of rubbish brought down by successive explosions.

Gothic guild houses, hospices, modern dwellings, public buildings—all have shared the same fate at the hands of the German gunners hidden behind the wooded slopes beyond our lines.

AFTER 1,000 YEARS.

Only the three mutilated towers rise above the fragments of Ypres—the monuments of a town killed by the Huns after a life of nearly a thousand years.

As I looked down upon dead Ypres, bathed in brilliant sunshine, some of the men who did this thing must have been watching the same scene of desolation from their hiding-places across the valley as they directed the guns which still sent high explosives among the ruins.

MALIGNANT DELIBERATION.

Their shells came crashing into the great dust heap at irregular intervals. A kind of malignant deliberation seemed to characterise their efforts.

You can imagine the German observer, his eye at a prismatic telescope, leisurely estimating the effect, then telephoning back to the gunners. A pause for perhaps ten minutes. Then another big shell came whistling over the town.

A number have hit the two towers since the enemy began the systematic destruction of Ypres, but many more have gone wide of the mark.

FAMOUS HILL 60.

Desolation Along The Line From Nieuport To Lille.

If you stand at a certain point overlooking Ypres, on a clear bright day you can sweep your glass along the entire front from Nieuport on the left around to the tall chimneys of Lille on your right, and even beyond to the dim outline of Notre Dame de la Lorette.

Three things will immediately claim your attention; all of them examples of the Hun's handiwork in his efforts to "civilise" the world:

The ruins of Ypres.

The wrecked churches on either side, and

A patch of dead, rust-brown meadow-land now known throughout the Empire as Hill 60.

The hill is not a hill at all if you look over the intervening trees from this secluded spot within the British lines, for higher ground lies beyond it, and it appears to be no more than a strip of open farmland of usual tint.

WARNING TO THE WORLD.

It has been blasted by shells and gas. Not a scrap of vegetation remains on that open space which appears no bigger than a man's hand.

The poison which killed so many British soldiers (until means were found for combating it) has killed every other living thing within that zone.

The dead brown stain between the clumps of trees is a warning to all the world.

One of the Army doctors told me to-day of his first experience with the victim of chlorine. At the hospital arrived early one morning ambulances containing some 20 men who were suffering great agony.

The first two stretchers carried into the hospital contained corpses. The occupants died during the journey, and their blackened faces told quite plainly that they had been asphyxiated. Post-mortem examinations revealed the truth.

"We realised," said my informant, "what we had to fight."

Then followed a battle for life which lasted for days. The doctor worked continuously for 72 hours with his colleagues, endeavouring to save the men. They were carried into the garden behind the hospital—which was once a school. It was a beautiful spring morning. . . . They lay on stretchers and in chairs in the sunshine, struggling for breath.

GHASTLY DEATH STRUGGLE.

They were really drowning. The gas set up violent inflammation, causing a secretion which rose gradually in the lungs until it bubbled from the mouth.

As it came higher and higher the efforts of the victim to breathe became more violent. In some cases the terrific exertion actually tore away the side of the lung.

"They were all fine, big chaps," continued the doctor, "powerful men in the prime of life, and their struggles to live were heartrending. Some of them survived for two days, fighting all the while. Some of them could talk a little, but most of them simply gasped convulsively.

"We tried all the devices we could think of—all the methods of resuscitating drowning men. Some of them helped, others were useless. The men whose lungs were heavily impregnated with gas could not be saved."

Another doctor showed me the lungs taken from one of the victims. They were filled with water, and weighed nearly five times as much as those of a healthy man.

He went into the motor caravan, which is fitted as a laboratory for research work (the laboratory in which Professor Haldane conducted his investigation), and came back with half a dozen official photographs.

They showed the victims of gas lying in their chairs. These photographs cannot be published, but a glimpse of them ought to send every able-bodied man to the nearest recruiting station.

They tell the story of this new crime against civilisation far better than any official report can do.

The Germans have not used gas since their last attacks on Hill 60. For one thing the wind has not been favourable for further attempts at murder.

CALL FOR REPRISALS.

Wherever I have gone in the British lines during the past three days I have heard the question: "When are we going to be allowed to get our own back?"

There can be no doubt about the attitude of the Army. A new hatred has been born since the campaign of suffocation began.

Soldiers who formerly slew their enemy with impersonal energy and gave their captives cigarettes and food now go to the trenches with only one desire—to rid the world of as many Germans as possible.

VEHEMENT BRITISH SOLDIERS.

"When will we be allowed to get our own back?" "They kill us with gas; when can we fight them with their own weapons?" I heard the queries everywhere. The Army is waiting to "get its own back."

Every man who saw a comrade dying by inches from the effects of chlorine poisoning is a man to be reckoned with when he next meets the enemy face to face.

"Let us fight them with their own weapons!" That is the cry of the men in the field—the men who are going to win the war.

It is obvious that the enemy have a wholesome fear of their own weapon. Their men have suffered, as well as the British.

CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

Before I left the Northern Belgian frontier I received authentic information regarding the arrival at a Bruges clearing hospital of Wurtembergers who had been poisoned by chlorine, and prisoners taken by us have admitted that their comrades have not been immune.

FEAR THEIR OWN POISON.

Huns Do Not Relish Attack Through Deadly Fumes.

The German soldiers have no relish for this form of attack. Some of them fear the gas almost as much as they fear British bayonets—but not quite.

One prisoner brought in the other night had three respirators—one tied around his head, one around his neck, and the third around his right arm.

A number of British patients treated for gas poisoning in the clearing hospital I visited to-day have been sent back to the base. They are slowly recovering. None of them were in the advanced line, nor did they inhale the gas at full strength.

The symptoms are almost invariably the same: spasmodic breathing which increases in violence; blue patches on the face and sometimes on the body, and a sensation of extreme cold in the feet.

They have dealt with every conceivable kind of wound in this great hospital, and witnessed the grimmest horrors of modern warfare.

They were prepared for all of them.

Then came the victims of gas. No one was prepared for that. The doctors themselves, accustomed as they are to suffering, talked in an entirely different way when they described to me the effects of this new form of scientific murder. Remember this:—

They were such fine big chaps, perfectly fit otherwise . . . lying in agony in the hospital garden fighting for life . . . determined to live . . . dying by inches . . . dying of air-hunger.

The men who have stayed at home might try to realise the picture.

PORTRAITS FOUND ON A BATTLEFIELD.

Do You Recognise Any Of The Photographs?

RELICS OF NEUVE CHAPELLE.

Photographs enough to fill several issues of the *Daily Sketch* have come to us from Neuve Chapelle.

They have not been obtained by the camera; they have been picked up by soldiers and sent to this office in the hope—a hope in many instances realised—that they might find their way to their owners.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a number of pictures the originals of which have recently reached us from the front.

The correspondence which the previous publication of photographs of this kind has yielded has revealed a string of coincidences upon which an interesting and romantic chapter of the war might be written.

Why have so many portraits—chiefly of mothers, wives, children and sweethearts—been found? one might ask.

The reason is partly explained in a letter accompanying one photograph reproduced to-day. The writer says:—

"The Germans were throwing bombs in our trench for about an hour, during which rifles and coats were flung about in all directions. This photo must have got thrown on to the trench floor by one of those explosions."

FROM A DISCARDED KIT.

Photographs of a woman and children found in a discarded kit at Neuve Chapelle, and published in the *Daily Sketch* on April 5, were identified by Mr. William Whittaker, Hector-street, Gateshead, as belonging to his brother, Corporal J. S. Whittaker, of the West Yorks. They have found their way back to the corporal, who explains their loss thus: "I was wounded on March 12, a bullet going through my leg. As it was a bit awkward walking out of the firing line to the Red Cross car I threw away my equipment, and the photographs were in an album."

A family group—a soldier, his wife, and two sons—was identified by a Reading woman, who was happy to inform the *Daily Sketch* that its owner, her husband, who belongs to the Berkshire Regiment, came through the battle of Neuve Chapelle unscathed.

Another picture was identified by its owner when reading the *Daily Sketch* in a hospital at home. In a letter he laconically wrote: "I mislaid it on the field of battle."

A photograph of a lady picked up "in the firing line" and published on March 19 brought us a letter from the original, a Lowestoft lady. She stated that it had been carried by "a very dear friend," and added, "although he has been at the war over six months he has not had a scratch."

MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.

Much mystery and romance attaches to the picture of a lady picked up in the firing line and published by the *Daily Sketch* recently. The original writes that she knows no soldiers and has no friend who would be likely to give her portrait to a soldier.

Of quite an opposite character is a young lady who claimed a "locket" portrait. She was unable to name the hero who had lost it, for the reason that she had given so many portraits of that kind to soldiers.

An interesting sequel to a picture we published on March 29 of a fragment of a bloodstained letter is furnished. By the same post three letters reached the *Daily Sketch*, one from the writer, another from the recipient, and the third from a clergyman who is acquainted with both.

The fragment had been found by the widow of a fallen soldier (a Bradford woman) among the effects of her husband which had been sent to her.

This is the explanation which is given from the recipient. At the time he received it there was a shortage of cigarettes, but plenty of tobacco. This letter was written on fine rice paper, and he had distributed portions amongst his comrades for cigarette purposes.

Both the recipient and his comrade, who was killed, belonged to the 3rd Rifle Brigade.

TWO LONDON OFFICERS.



Lieut. C. W. Sparks, R.A.M.C., the St. Thomas's Hospital, United Hospitals, and Blackheath three-quarter, is wounded.



Lieut. W. B. W. Durrant, 2nd Rifle Brigade, has been killed in action. He was educated at Westminster School.

GERMAN LINES BROKEN BY BRITISH MIDNIGHT ATTACKS.

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S CHEERING STORY OF SUCCESS

British Break Enemy's Line Over Two Mile Front.

"OUR BRAVE TROOPS HAVE FOUGHT SPLENDIDLY."

German Breastworks Carried By Spirited Assault.

NEW FRENCH SUCCESSES.

More Ground Won After Furious Hand-to-Hand Fighting.

From Sir John French.

Sunday Night.

Our First Army has made a successful attack between Richebourg l'Avoué and Festubert, breaking the enemy's line over the greater part of a two-mile front.

[Festubert is three miles east-north-east of La Bassée.]

The attack commenced at midnight, south of Richebourg l'Avoué, where we carried two successive lines of German breastworks on a front of 800 yards.

A mile further south another attack at dawn carried 1,200 yards of German front line trenches, and pushed rapidly on, extending its success 600 yards further south by bombing along the German trenches.

Here we have crossed the Festubert-Quinque road, and advanced nearly a mile into the German lines.

Fighting still continues in our favour, and throughout the day our brave troops have fought splendidly.

At Ypres all has been quiet for the last 48 hours, and elsewhere on the front there is nothing to report.

SERIOUS DEFEAT FOR THE GERMANS.

Enemy Loses Heavily On French And British Fronts.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday Night.

This afternoon we repulsed at Steenstraete (on the Ypres Canal) with complete success a fourth counter-attack.

We retained all the positions won yesterday, and consolidated our gain, the importance of which is emphasised by the enemy's violent effort.

Farther south the British troops inflicted a serious defeat on the Germans.

They carried to the south-west of Richebourg l'Avoué 1,000 yards of trenches, and, at the same time, to the north-east of Festubert they captured 1,500 yards of trenches.

This second attack then made progress in the direction of the Quinque road, and on a front of 600 yards gained 1,500 yards in depth.

The German losses were very great.

The progress of the British troops continues.

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

In the sector to the north of Arras we continued the various actions whose aim was to consolidate our new front by driving the enemy from some points where he still hangs on.

Our troops in this hand-to-hand fighting displayed the most stubborn energy.

We gained 200 yards on the spur which descends from the plateau of Lorette towards the sugar refinery of Souchez.

We captured more houses in the northern part of Neuville, blew up a German captive balloon to the east of Vimy, while our aeroplanes bombarded the station of Souain.

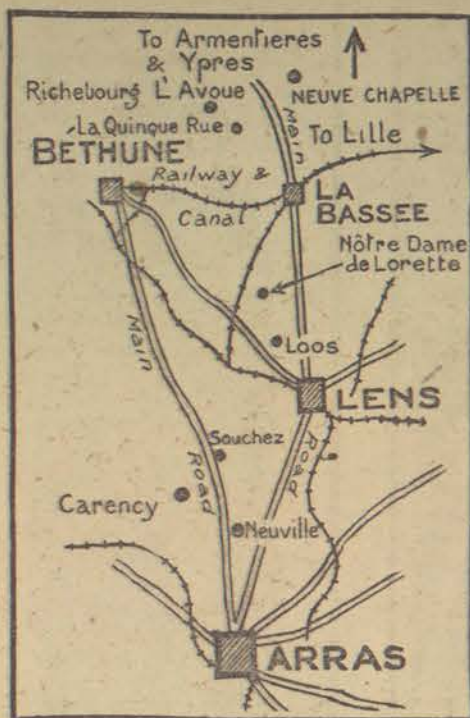
BRILLIANT FRENCH SUCCESS.

In Champagne, to the north-west of Ville-sur-Tourbe, an action entirely local in its character ended in a very brilliant success for us.

During the night of Saturday-Sunday the enemy exploded a mine behind our first line. Eight German companies immediately rushed on our position and gained a footing there in a salient.

We immediately counter-attacked, and recovered a portion of the lost ground, taking 77 prisoners, including three officers.

In the daytime we delivered a second counter-attack.



Conducted in the most dashing manner with the bayonet and hand grenades, this counter-attack recovered for us the whole of the position.

The enemy suffered enormous losses, as the trenches and the breastworks sufficiently proved.

We found in effect more than 1,000 German corpses.

On the other hand, we took 300 prisoners, including nine officers, and captured six machine-guns.

Therefore, almost the whole of the men who took part in the attack remained in our hands or on the ground.—Reuter.

BRITISH BEAT THE HUNS' GAS CYLINDERS.

"Very Much Alive": Germans Hoped To Find Dead Men.

The heroic British force in front of Ypres is now in the fourth week of the defence of the town against the second German attack.

The British "Eye-Witness" describes in the following account some of the splendid feats in the last stage of that fight, bringing the narrative up to Wednesday last:—

On Monday (a week to-day) the fighting on our front was confined to the Ypres salient, where it continued to rage with the same intensity as on the day before, especially along the eastern face—on both sides of the Menin Road.

After their artillery had done its worst, the bombardment being the most violent up till now experienced on that portion of the front, the Germans brought their gas cylinders into play, and half an hour later, having allowed time for the gas to produce its expected effect, their infantry advanced to the assault of our trenches held, as they thought, by stupified or dead men.

Unluckily for them however, on this occasion their methods of frightfulness went astray somewhat, for our men were provided with measures for counteracting the gas, and were still very much alive.

A strange scene was then witnessed. Through the scattered woods and across the clearings streamed a loose, disordered mob of the attackers, some of those in front, according to report, being dressed in British uniform in order to put us off our guard and give time for the rest of their own men to come up.

Suddenly our infantry lined their parapets and poured in rapid fire from rifles and machine guns on the advancing crowds, who threw themselves flat on their faces.

That, however, was the chance for our guns. They poured in a heavy shrapnel fire, and in a few moments the ground was strewn with dead and dying Germans all along in front of our parapets.

Amid this scene of horror and confusion, out of the smoke and dust that hung in front of our trenches suddenly emerged a man dressed in Highland uniform shouting: "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" as he ran towards us. The ruse was seen through, however, and he fell instantly, riddled by bullets.

Another effort to drive us from our trenches by means of gas was made north of the Ypres-Comines Canal. The Germans here had two batteries of cylinders placed so that their nozzles projected over the parapet, and for the space of half an hour a cloud of white gas was spurted out.

It was so dense that when standing in it a man could not see his hand when held in front of his face, and its fumes bleached the grass and turned the sandbags of the parapets a bright yellow colour.

No infantry attack was attempted, and although our trench had to be evacuated for a time it was soon reoccupied.

Our troops on the flanks kept up a rapid fire and prevented any advance on the enemy's part, had such been his intention; but from the movements that could be observed in their lines it is probable that the Germans suffered equally from the effects of the gas and had to leave their own trench.

REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL.

Naval Squadron Bombards Lisbon: Many Killed And Wounded.

MADRID, Sunday.

The Governor of Badajoz has sent this message to the Government:—

A revolutionary movement began at Lisbon on board the cruiser Adamaster, which bombarded the town at half-past three.

A crowd of 200 civilians made an assault on the barracks at Alcantara, which they entered with cries of "Long live the Republic." There were several killed and wounded.

All the troops of the Republican Guard have remained faithful to the Government and occupy the streets, the public places, and the strategic points, where they have dispersed the crowd. Several bombs were thrown.

At Santarem a regiment of artillery bombarded the 24th regiment of infantry. The losses of the latter are as yet unknown.

At Porto Alegre a crowd of civilians have set fire to a British cork factory.

At Oporto several people have been wounded in the mutiny.

According to official dispatches from Lisbon, the insurrectionary movement is led by a naval squadron moored in the River Tagus, which has bombarded the city, doing considerable damage.

The fighting between the rebel troops and those faithful to the Government continues in the streets, but the bombardment of the city by warships ceased yesterday evening, owing, it is said, to lack of ammunition.

There are many killed and wounded. Buildings have been burnt and houses belonging to Royalists sacked, and, in fact, complete anarchy prevails.—Reuter.

TRAMLESS LONDON.

Strikers Decide To Run No Cars To-day Except For War Workers.

London will be almost tramless again to-day, owing to the spread of the strike among the men employed on the London County Council system.

There will be cars for war workers, but only those employed at Woolwich, Enfield or Hendon will be allowed to travel on them. The London and Provincial Vehicle Workers' Union decided yesterday to place sufficient of its members at the disposal of the L.C.C. to work cars for this purpose.

The President (Mr. Alfred Smith) told the *Daily Sketch* that the union would combine with the Amalgamated Association of Tramway and Vehicle Workers to strengthen the strikers' demands on the L.C.C. Other tramway undertakings in London are not likely to be affected. Nor are the tubes or buses.

So far as the L.C.C. system was concerned there was practically a suspension of the tram service yesterday. According to returns made by the strikers' pickets, only 39 cars left the depots.

BAYONETS FOR RIOTERS.

Soldiers Help Police In Battles With Crowds: Curfew For London Aliens.

Late on Saturday night several thousand people made an attack on the shop of a watch and clock maker at Walton-on-Thames, who has been engaged on contract work for the British Admiralty.

The windows were smashed and several people were hurt, including a police-sergeant. Firemen called to disperse the crowd brought out the hose, but it was immediately cut in several places.

The Riot Act was read and the crowd was finally driven away by mounted police and two companies of soldiers with fixed bayonets. Two soldiers, injured by a motor-car, were taken to hospital.

Other disturbances are reported from:—

HEBBURN-ON-TYNE.—Six hours' riot; baton charge by police.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Soldiers helped police to protect shops from angry women; 14 arrests.

HULL.—Police and Territorials had three hours' struggle with crowd, which attacked pork butchers' shops, shouting "Revenge for Lusitania."

ROTHERHAM.—Free fight between police and mob of several thousands; several policemen hurt; 13 civilians in hospital; much damage to property.

After to-morrow male alien enemies in London must stay at home between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m., unless they have a police permit.

THREE GERMAN FAILURES.

Violent Attacks Repulsed With Heavy Loss For Enemy.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday Afternoon.

In Belgium the enemy made last night three counter-attacks against Steenstraete (on the Yser Canal) and the surroundings.

The third, which was made at dawn, was particularly violent.

The assailants were repulsed with heavy losses. We captured yesterday six machine guns and a mortar.

To the north of La Bassée, between Richebourg l'Avoué and La Quinque Rue the British troops last night carried several German trenches.

To the north of Arras there was fierce fighting all night on the slopes to the east and the south of Lorette. An obstinate fight with hand grenades enabled us to make some progress.

At Neuville the enemy sought in vain to recapture houses we took during the day. They were not able either to reconquer the trenches we took outside the village.

5 a.m. Edition.

KING VICTOR'S REPLY TO KAISER'S THREAT.

Refuses To Accept Resignation Of Salandra Ministry.

SHARP FRONTIER FIGHT.

Italians Drive Austrians Over The Border.

Prince von Bülow, special emissary of the Kaiser in Rome.

Signor Salandra, Prime Minister, tendered resignation because he had not a Parliamentary majority.

Signor Giolitti, leader of the Parliamentary majority, who tried to keep Italy out of the war.

Baron Sonnino, Foreign Minister under Signor Salandra.

Signor Marcorà, President of the Italian Chamber.

ROME, Sunday Evening.

King Victor Emmanuel has refused to accept the resignation of Signor Salandra, and all the members of the present Ministry will therefore remain in office.—Reuter.

ROME, Sunday.

The *Messaggero's* Udine correspondent states that a company of Austrian soldiers yesterday crossed the border near Sogna.

Italian Alpine troops were rushed to the spot and engaged the Austrians with musketry fire.

The Italians then charged the Austrians, who retreated, leaving one prisoner.—Exchange Special.

Prince von Bülow's greatest stroke has been foiled by the refusal of King Victor Emmanuel to accept the resignation of Signor Salandra and the members of his Ministry.

The King's action is also, in effect, a reply to the Kaiser's perverid warning: "Woe to those who draw the sword against them."

At the moment when it seemed certain that Italy was about to take part in the war on the side of Great Britain, France and Russia a dramatic change took place in the situation. Signor Salandra's Ministry decided to resign and the triumph of the pro-German party in Italy seemed complete.

The reason the Ministry felt compelled to resign was that they held office without a Parliamentary majority.

AIRMAN FALLS 5,500 FEET.

Machine Turns Turtle, But He Manages To Right It With His Feet.

One of our airmen, says Eye-Witness, has had a thrilling experience. He was alone in a single-seater aeroplane, in pursuit of a German machine. While trying to reload his machine gun he lost control of the steering gear, and the aeroplane turned upside down.

The belt round his waist happened to be loose, and the jerk of the turn almost threw him out of the machine, but he saved himself by clutching hold of the rear centre strut—the belt slipping down round his legs. While he hung thus, head downwards, making desperate efforts to disengage his legs, the aeroplane fell from a height of 8,000 feet to about 2,500, spinning round and round like a falling leaf.

At last he managed to free his legs and reach the control lever with his feet. He then succeeded in righting the machine, which turned slowly over, completely "looping the loop," whereupon he slid back into his seat. This constitutes a record even in a service where hairbreadth escapes are of daily occurrence.

ZEPPELIN OVER RAMSGATE THIS MORNING.

A Zeppelin passed over Ramsgate at 1.30 this morning. No damage was done in the town.

A fire is reported to have broken out between Ramsgate and Margate.

BE KIND TO GERMANY: LATEST.

PETROGRAD, Sunday.

Prince Kurakine, the Special Envoy of the Red Cross at the front, telegraphs that German cavalry, after German artillery had bombarded a station where our wounded were lying, finished them off with their carbine butts, and after spraying petrol and benzine, set fire to the station, which was burned down with the wounded men.—Reuter.

"CARMEN."



Mlle. Marie Louise Arne, as Carmen. She is taking part in the Russian-French season at the London Opera House.

BOTH DOING THEIR BIT.



Both these little ones were at the review of the Women's Volunteer Reserve inspection at Ealing. The wee sister collected a lot of money for the Red Cross.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

BELGIUM'S CRY.



Madame Réjane moves her audience to tears when she recites, with inexpressible pathos, the now-famous poem, "Chantons, Belges, Chantons."

Depression

When the blood is weak the whole system becomes run-down—vitality is quickly exhausted—energy wanes—digestion suffers—one feels depressed and low-spirited, with no interest in life. When such a condition exists take IRON 'JELLOIDS'.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' enrich and strengthen the blood so that the whole system is toned up and invigorated, vitality and energy are restored, one feels strong, cheerful and bright. IRON 'JELLOIDS' are equally beneficial to men, women and children. They are convenient and easy to take, inexpensive, safe, and perfectly harmless. They cannot injure the teeth, nor cause constipation or indigestion. A Fortnight's 'JELLOIDS' treatment costs but 1/1½. Get a box of IRON 'JELLOIDS' to-day.

Iron Jelloids
enrich the blood—renew vitality

Mr. C. F. Collier, 187, South Esk Road, Forest Gate, London, writes:—

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the value of Iron 'Jelloids' as a tonic. I was suffering from depression and lowness of spirits resulting from poorness of blood and run-down nerves. The first box of 'Jelloids' made a great difference, and, continuing to take them, I derived great benefit. I always recommend Iron 'Jelloids' to my friends."

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 D.), 205, City Road, London.

BAD NEWS ON WEDDING DAY.



Miss Christian Methuen, daughter of Field-Marshal Methuen, married on Saturday to the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, M.P. Her brother, Lieut. the Hon. A. P. Methuen, Scots Guards, was reported wounded the same day.

SISTER SUSIE HAS NO TIME TO DRILL.



These girls of the Sleaford-street School, Battersea, are too busy knitting socks for our men at the front to go through their regular drill.

FALLEN.



2nd Lieut. Francis Watson, 3rd East Surrey Regiment, has fallen in action. He was only 18.—(Broad.)

OF THE E14.



Lieut. E. Stanley, the second in command of the E14, which has sunk two Turkish gunboats.—(Russell.)

MISSING.



2nd-Lieut. Philip Wilson, 1st Cameron Highlanders, is missing. He is a son of Sheriff Wilson, K.C., Edinburgh.—(Crooke.)

THE Oriole Coach



New Reclining Model
BABY CAR.

Small Large
39/6 45/6

Beautifully Upholstered and painted in Dark Green, Khaki, Grey, Royal Blue, etc.

It's a Go-Car, Bassinette, High Chair, Cot, Garden Swing, Perambulator, Etc., Etc. Can be wheeled, will stand alone, can be carried on the arm with Baby in it.

You can take the Baby everywhere—in fact the Baby need never be lifted out. From all dealers, or direct—Mail Dept., The British Oriole Co., Ltd., Eagle Works, Carlton-road, Nottingham.

Cockle's

A Reputation of over 100 years.

ANTIBILIOUS

Pills

The Famous Remedy for BILIOUSNESS

and INDIGESTION.



Of Chemists throughout the world, 1/1½ & 2/6

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

PLAYER'S
COUNTRY LIFE
Cigarettes
(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

10 for 2 1/2
50 for 1/-

FOR THE FRONT AT DUTY FREE PRICES. TERMS ON APPLICATION TO **JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.**

Types of British Army. INFANTRY ENTRENCHED WITH MACHINE GUN.

P 461 Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland, Limited.

£200 Offered this Week for **IDEAS**
ON SALE EVERY SATURDAY.

IN CASH, and other Prizes.

BOUNTIES

First Prize - £100;
Second Prize, £25; **Third Prize, £10;**
20 Prizes of £1 each; 180 Prizes of 5/- each;
and 80 "Merit" Prizes.

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO—For this week's Competition choose your examples from those given below.

ANNUAL INCOME	WAR BABIES	GENERAL ELECTION	TREASURE TROVE
TWICE NIGHTLY	EARLY CLOSING	A FREE COUNTRY	WITHOUT IDEAS
PERSONAL SUPERVISION	IN QUEER STREET	MARE'S NEST	INTERFERENCE
OPTIMISM	DAUGHTERS	PURITANISM	CERTAINLY ESSENTIAL
WITH COMPLIMENTS	PRECARIOUS LIVING	SAME OLD GAME	BIRTHDAY PRESENTS
IN FINE FETTER	WHITE MAN'S BURDEN	PICKING WINNERS	SIMPLETON
DISTRESSING SITUATION	TOUCHES THE SPOT	OUR NOBLE SELVES	THREE CARD TRICK

Having chosen an example, think of TWO or THREE other words which in their meaning have some bearing on the example used. The first and last words selected must begin with any of the letters in the example chosen. The same letter may be used as the initial letter for both first and last words—even if such letter only appears once in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word. For instance:—

Example—**Goes Without Saying**
Bounty—**The Defaulting Tenant**

Example—**A New Joke**
Bounty—**A Novelty Nowadays**

Example—**Only Survivor**
Bounty—**Vivid Imagination**

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the Postal Order. Friends may send as many coupons as they please in one envelope, provided sufficient postage is attached. Envelopes must be marked "Bounties No. 12" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed IDEAS, Huntsman's Court, Manchester.

Bounties Coupons must not be enclosed with Coupons for other competitions announced in this paper. All entries must reach IDEAS Office not later than THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1915.

Don't wait, but send in your Coupons now.

The Editor undertakes that all Bounties received shall have careful consideration, and the prizes awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding.

The Editor will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid. The published decision may be amended by the Editor as the result of successful scrutinies. In the event of two or more competitors sending in the same winning Bounty the prize will be divided.

Employees of E. Hulton and Co. are not allowed to compete.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition. **The result of this competition will be announced in IDEAS, on sale May 29, dated June 4, 1915.**

Coupons must not be mutilated in any way, or have anything affixed.

YOU MAY USE THIS COUPON.

COUPON.

EXAMPLE

BOUNTY

EXAMPLE

BOUNTY

I enter BOUNTIES Competition in accordance with the rules announced and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Name

Address

"BOUNTIES" No. 12. Closing THURSDAY, May 20, 1915. No. of P.O.

P.O. for Sixpence must accompany this Coupon.

THEATRES.

ADELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-NIGHT at 8. Mr. George Edwards' Revival, **VERONIQUE.** A Comic Opera. **MATINEES WEDS. and SATS.,** at 2. **BOX OFFICE** (2645 and 8886 Gerrard), 10 to 10.

AMBASSADORS.—Nightly at 10.30. Mlle. Eve LAVALLIERE. Preceded at 8.30 by M^{me}. HANAKO in **OYA! OYA! ODDS AND ENDS** Revue, by Harry Gratton, at 9.0. **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., 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.**

DRURY LANE. **SEALED ORDERS.** Nightly at 7.30. **Mats., Weds. and Sats.,** 1.45. **LAST 6 NIGHTS.** **LAST 2 MATINEES.** **Box Office.** Gerrard 2588. **Special Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.**

DUKE OF YORK'S. **EVERY EVENING** at 9. CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mlle. GABY DESLYS in **ROSY RAPTURE.** Preceded at 8.15 by **THE NEW WORD.** Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. **MATINEE EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY** at 2.30.

GAIETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. New Musical Play. **NIGHTLY, 8.15,** Mr. George Grossmith's and Mr. Edward Laurillard's Production. **Matinee Every Saturday** at 2.15.

GARRICK (Ger. 9513). **YVONNE ARNAUD.** Evenings at 8.30. **Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats.,** 2.30. **"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI."** **YVONNE ARNAUD** as "Suzanne."

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.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. **EVERY EVENING** at 8.30. **THE RIGHT TO KILL.** From the French of M. Frensdale. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Francis Keyser. **HERBERT TREE.**

ARTHUR BOURCHIER. **IRENE VANBRUGH.** **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.** **Box Office open 10 to 10.** **Tel. Gerr. 1777.**

KINGSWAY. Liverpool Commonwealth Co. **NIGHTLY** at 8.45. **MATS. WED. SAT.,** 2.30. **THE KISS CURE.** By Ronald Jeans. At 8.15, **A LOVE EPISODE,** by Arthur K. Phillips.

LYRIC. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. **"ON TRIAL."** **MAT. WEDS. and SATS.,** at 2.30. **Box Office** 10 to 10.

NEW. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY will present **THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS.** Evenings at 8.15. **Matinee Saturdays, 2.30.**

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue. **POTASH AND PERLMUTTER.** Nightly at 8.15. **Mats., Weds. and Sats.,** at 2.30. **Box Office, 10-10.** **Phone Gerrard 9437.**

ST. JAMES'S. Sir George Alexander will Produce, on **WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT,** at 8, **A New Drama.**

THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY. By Chester Bailey Fernald. **Tel. Ger. 3903.** **Box Office open 10 to 5.**

SCALA, W. **TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8.** **THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE,** in **KINEMA-COLOR,** including East Coast Air Raid, NEUVE CHAPELLE Battle, the ill-fated LUSITANIA, 'HEROES of HILL 60,' etc.

ROYALTY. **VEDRENNE and EADIE.** **DENNIS EADIE** in **"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."** TO-NIGHT at 8.15. **Mats. Thurs. and Sats.,** at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. **Tel. Ger. 6666.** **THURSDAY NEXT** and Every Evening at 8. Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. **THE ARCADIAN.** **ALFRED LESTER** "Always Merry and Bright." **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY** at 2. **Box Office 10 to 6.** **Prices, 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.**

STRAND. **HENRY OF NAVARRE.** Saturday Next, at 8. **JULIA NELSON** and **FRED TERRY.** First Matinee Wed., May 26. **Tel. Ger. 3830.**

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

WYNDHAM'S. "RAFFLES." Every Evening at 8.30. **GERALD DU MAURIER** as "RAFFLES." **Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday,** at 2.30.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA.—"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.)

COLISEUM.—**TWICE DAILY** at 2.30 and 8 p.m. **MARY MOORE and CO.** in "MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE"; **JAMES WELCH and CO.** in "JUDGED BY APPEARANCES"; **VESTA TILLEY; ROBERT OBER** in "A REGULAR BUSINESS MAN"; **MICHO ITOW, Jas. A. WATTS,** etc. **Tel. Ger. 7541.**

EMPIRE. **WATCH YOUR STEP.** Evenings, 8.35. **Mat. Sat., 2.15.** **GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, 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 LORAIN, 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.**

MASKELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.—**ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Oxford Circus, W.** **DAILY** at 2.30 and 8. **BRILLIANT PROGRAMME.** "THE CURIOUS CASE," etc. **Seats, 1s. to 5s. (Mayfair 1545).**

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW of 1915," at 8.35, with **ELSIE JANIS, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN,** etc. **Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS.,** at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0. **Matinees Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.**—**THE 1,000,000 DOLLAR GIRL, GEO. ROBEY, MAIDIE SCOTT, G. H. ELLIOTT, DAISY JAMES, VOLANT and HIS FLYING PIANO, COLEMAN and ALEXANDRA,** etc., etc.

EXHIBITIONS.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset. Admission: Sundays Fellows and Fellows' Orders only; Mondays & Saturdays, 6d.; others days, 1s. Children always 6d.

PUBLICATIONS.

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TYPEWRITING.

CIRCULARS, Testimonials, etc., from 3d., 6d., 8d., 10d.; MSS. from 6d. **4-42—DOWSLEY'S, Typists, Limerick.**

"BABY NEVER SEEN A DOCTOR."
Every Mother Should Read This Letter.
"Oakville," Peterboro' Road, Leyton.

Messrs. W. Woodward, Ltd.

Gentlemen,—I enclose a photograph of my little daughter as a testimonial to your famous "Gripe Water." She was two years of age last Monday. Has never seen a Doctor, and we have never had a bad night. She was given Gripe Water from birth, and at 12 months commenced to ask for it regularly. Everyone says what a tall, well-built child she is, and this you can confirm from the photograph; but it is Woodward's Gripe Water that has done it. We shall recommend it wherever possible. I have now another baby, and she, too, will be reared on Woodward's Gripe Water. You may make what use of this testimonial you like, and I will willingly answer any inquiries, for I am sure we have Woodward's Gripe Water to thank for our fine healthy child.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. J. T. HILTON PALMER.

WOODWARD'S
GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

For three generations it has nourished and strengthened infant vitality. It contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium, or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical approval.

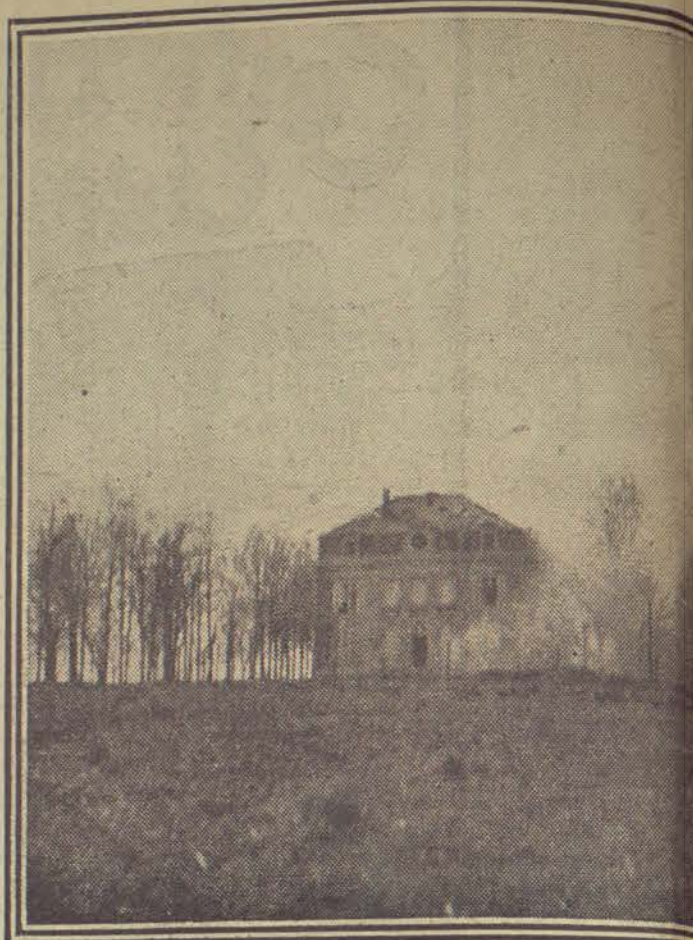
Of all Chemists and Stores. Price 1/1. Registered Trade Mark, "GRIPE WATER."

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE

IN TRAINING FOR THE BIGGER TUG OF WAR.



The London Scottish team figured in a strenuous tug-of-war at a sports meeting at Chelsea on Saturday. It was for them the long pull and strong pull that will win the bigger tug-of-war that lies before them.



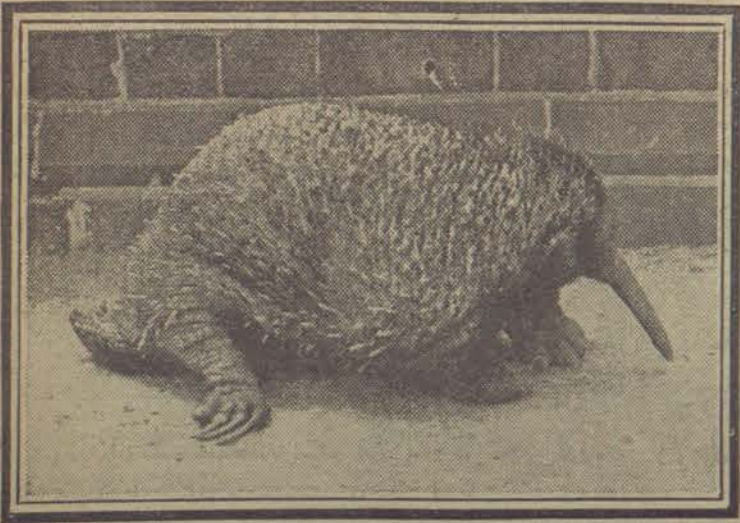
A "Jack Johnson" burst near the ruins of this house

A 15-YEAR-OLD PRISONER.



His youth did not keep him from volunteering. He is now a prisoner in Germany.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT?



This strange looking animal is the black-spined porcupine at the Zoo. Ants are his favourite diet.



The ruined market-place at Ypres, upon which shells are pouring.

These photographs reached the *Daily Sketch* yesterday direct from the battle area at Ypres, where one of the fiercest conflicts of the war is being fought. The British troops drove them back again with awful losses to the enemy. The bravery and



Men and horses mark the path

STILL SERVING.



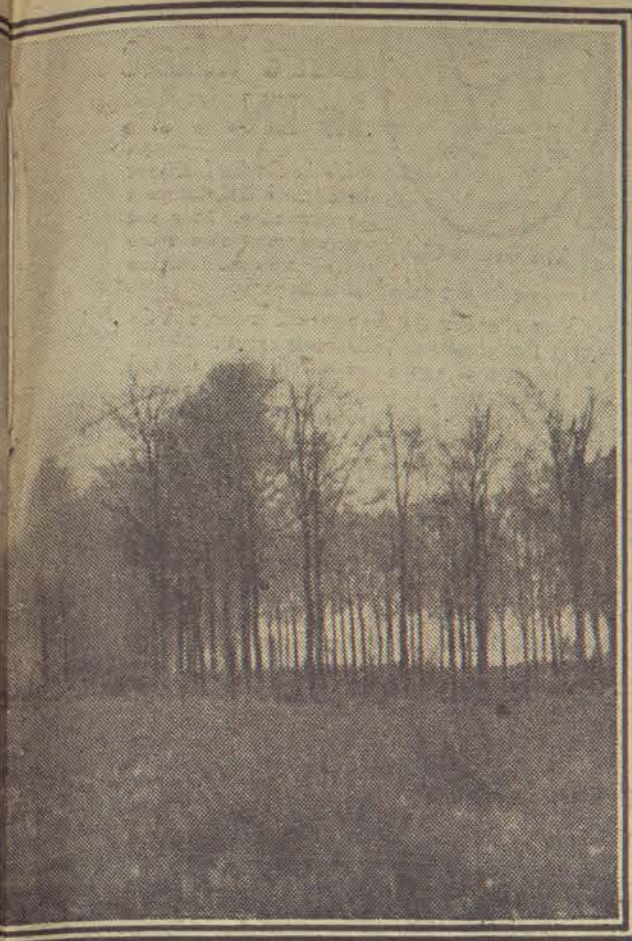
Sergt. C. Dalrymple-Hay, Army Veterinary Corps, enlisted after acting for 35 years as Deputy Commissioner of Police, Punjab.

THE APPEAL OF ITALY'S POET-PATRIOT IS ST



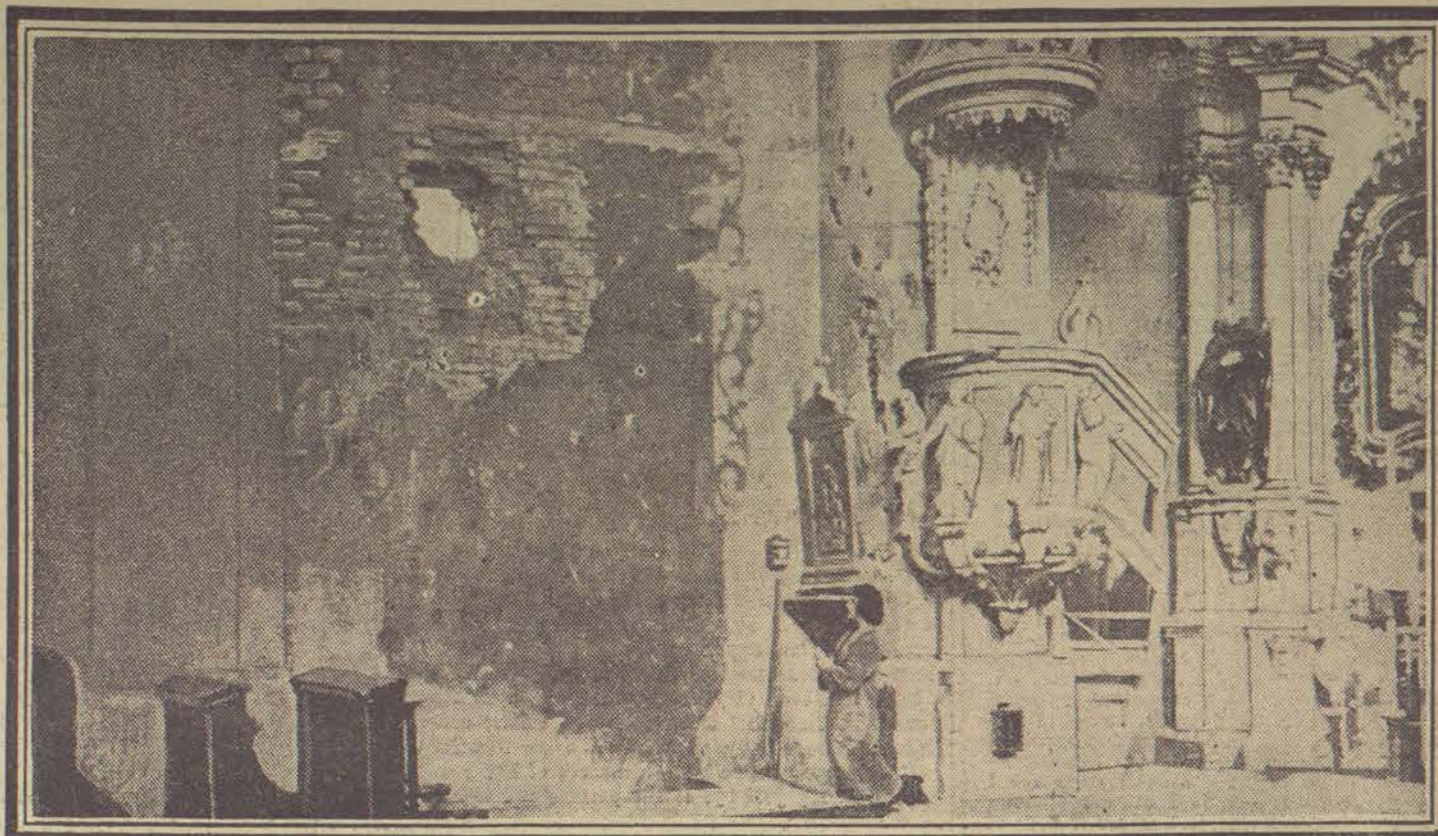
Signor D'Annunzio, the great Italian poet-patriot, addressing a demonstration in the name of the Premier, who resigned, had been recalled by the King. Von Bülow had hoped to form a new Government.

POSSESSION OF YPRES.

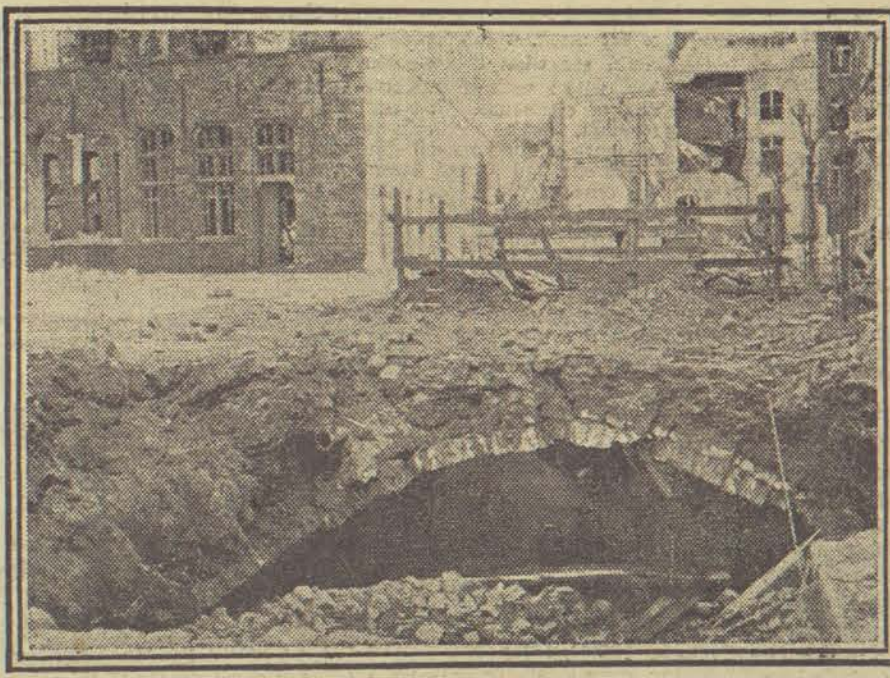
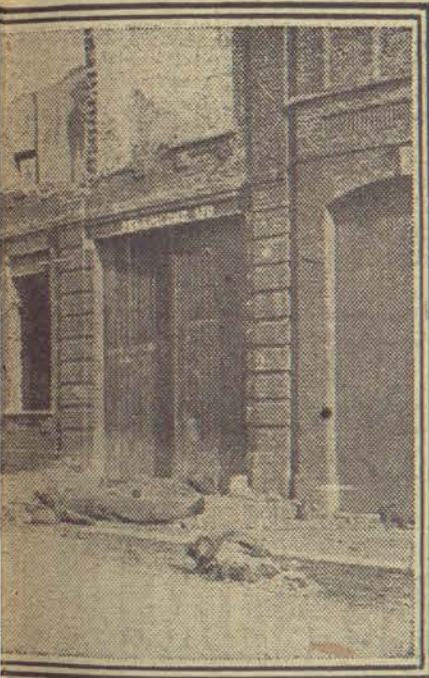


near Ypres as the photographer pressed the button.

PRAYER IN THE RUINED CHURCH.



Though there are shell holes in the walls of the church at Rokitino, near Warsaw, the people still resort to it for prayer. This young woman prays for victory for her suffering nation.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)



of the bursting messengers of death.

The streets are torn up and culverts shattered.

is raging. At one time, according to messages from Amsterdam, the Germans were within half-an-hour's march of the battered endurance of your wonderful infantry in this awful fight are remarkable," says a French officer.

DAISY IRVING'S SOLDIER BRIDEGROOM.



STRONGER THAN THE INTRIGUES OF GERMANY.



avour of Italy's intervention in the war. Yesterday it was reported that Salandra, that Giolitti, Germany's friend, would have been asked to become the head of the government.

A PROLIFIC AUTHORESS.



Mrs. L. B. Walford, who has just died, was a popular and prolific novelist.

Daisy Irving, now playing in "Veronique," was married at a Brompton registry office to Captain J. Sargent, of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The bridegroom was recently wounded in the heavy fighting in West Africa.

Women as well as men Can Help

Women have been expressly called on by the Government to give all the help they can, and women's health is therefore of the utmost importance. Experienced women are doubly helpful, for they give practical encouragement to others. Aged, elderly, middle-aged and young women tell how Doan's Pills bring lasting health to kidney sufferers.

Woman of 90 Kept Well 15 Years



There are few such remarkable women as Mrs. M. A. Wightman, of 45, Hilberry-road, Tue Brook, Liverpool. Although 90 years old, she enjoys splendid health, has good eyesight, and an excellent memory. She says:—"Fifteen years ago I had urinary troubles and severe attacks of backache, while there was heavy sediment in the water. But Doan's Pills soon brought me back to health, and, moreover, have kept me well ever since."
(Signed) "M. A. WIGHTMAN."

Free of Dropsy 5 Years

"For 20 years I had recurring dropsy and advanced kidney disease," says Mrs. A. A. Walter, of 91, Luckwell-road, Bedminster, Bristol. "I scarcely knew what comfort was until in 1909 I made a last despairing effort. I tried a course of Doan's Pills, and persevered until I was completely cured. I am still in wonderful health, and my cure has stood a five years' test, a lasting tribute to a splendid kidney medicine."
(Signed) "A. A. WALTER."



Children's Weakness A 5-Year Cure



Grace Forsyth, when still a tiny mite, had fainting fits, dizziness, continual backache and bladder weakness due to kidney failure. Medical treatment seemed useless, but Doan's Pills acted almost magically, for within a month the child was well and strong again.

Her Mother says:—"Doan's Pills cured little Grace so thoroughly five years ago that she has never had a trace of kidney or bladder trouble since."
(Signed) "A. FORSYTH."
"93, Frank-street, Benwall, Newcastle."

THE KIDNEYS NEED ATTENTION.

Never neglect kidney or bladder troubles, for neglect is fraught with risk of incurable diseases. The time to act is when headaches, dizziness, puffy eyes, urinary disorder or sediment appear, for prevention is better than cure. Doan's Pills are intended to prevent kidney weakness and to relieve its ill effects. The proof of their success is in such evidence as is given here, the word of persons permanently cured.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, 6 boxes 13/9, from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells-st., Oxford-st., London, W.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued).

Elsa's Isolation.

No wonder that spirits were now running high. The gipsy band was quite splendid and presently Barna Moritz, the second son of the mayor—a smart young man who would go far—was on his feet proposing the health of the bride.

Well! Of course! One mugful was not enough to do honour to such a toast, they had to be refilled and then filled up again; wine was so plentiful and so good—not heady, but just a delicious white wine which tasted of nothing but the sweet-scented grape. Soon the bridegroom rose to respond, whereupon Fehér Jenő, whose father rented the mill from my lord the Count, loudly desired that everyone should drink the health of happy, lucky Erős Béla, and then, of course, the latter had to respond again.

Elsa felt more and more every moment a stranger among them all. Fortunately the innate kindness of these children of the soil prevented any chaffing remarks being made about the silence of the bride. It is always an understood thing that brides are shy and nervous, and though there had been known cases in Marosfalva where a bride had been very lively and talkative at her "maiden's farewell" it was, on the whole, considered more seemly to preserve a semi-tearful attitude, seeing that a girl on the eve of her marriage is saying good-bye to her parents and to her home.

The bridegroom's disgraceful conduct was tacitly ignored; it could not be resented or even commented on without quarrelling with Erős Béla, and that no one was prepared to do. You could not eat a man's salt and drink his wine and then knock him on the head, which it seemed more than one lad who had fancied himself in love with beautiful Kapus Elsa was sorely inclined to do.

Kapus Benkó, in his invalid's chair, sat some distance away from his daughter, the other side of Klara Goldstein. Elsa could not even exchange glances with him or see whether he had everything he wanted. Thus she seemed cut off from everyone she cared for; only Andor was near her, and of Andor she must not even think. She tried not to meet his gaze, tried hard not to feel a thrill of pleasure every time that she became actively conscious of his presence beside her.

And yet it was good to feel that he was there, she had a sense that she was being protected, that things could not go very wrong while he was near.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I Am Here To See That You Be Kind To Her."

Pater Bonifácus came in at about four o'clock to remind all these children of their duty to God. To-day was the vigil of St. Michael and All Angels, there would be vespers at half-past four, and the bride and bridegroom should certainly find the time to go to church for half an hour and thank the good God for all His gifts.

The company soon made ready to go after that. Everyone there intended to go to church, and in the meanwhile the gipsies would have the remnants of the feast, after which they would instal themselves in the big barn and dancing could begin by about six.

Bride and bridegroom stood side by side, close to the door, as the guests filed out both singly and in pairs, and as they did so they shook each one by the hand, wished them good health after the repast, and begged their company for the dancing presently and the wedding feast on the morrow. Once more the invalid father, hoisted up on the shoulders of the same sturdy lads, led the procession out of the schoolhouse, then followed all the guests, helter-skelter, young men and maids, old men and matrons.

The wide petticoats got in the way, the men were over bold in squeezing the girls' waists in the general scramble; there was a deal of laughing and plenty of shouting as hot, perspiring hands were held out one by one to Elsa and to Béla, and voices, hoarse with merriment, proffered the traditional "Egészégire!" (your very good health!); and then, like so many birds let out of a cage, the guests streamed out of the narrow door into the sunlit street.

Andor had acquitted himself of the same duty, and Elsa's cool little hand had rested for a few seconds longer than was necessary in his own brown one. She had murmured the necessary words of invitation for the ceremonies on the morrow, and he was still standing in the doorway when Klara Goldstein was about to take her leave.

Klara Angles For An Invitation.

Klara had stayed very ostentatiously to the last, just as if she were the most intimate friend or an actual member of the family; she had stood beside Béla during the general exodus, her small, dark head, crowned with the gorgeous picture hat, held a little on one side, her two gloved hands resting upon the handle of her parasol, her foot in its dainty shoe impatiently tapping the ground.

As the crowd passed by, scrambling in their excitement, starched petticoats crumpled, many a white shirt stained with wine, hot, perspiring and panting, a contemptuous smile lingered round her thin lips, and from time to time she made a remark to Béla—always in German, so that the village folk could not understand. But Andor, who had learned more than his native Hungarian during

his wanderings abroad, heard these sneering remarks, and hated the girl for speaking them, and Béla for the loud laugh with which he greeted each sally.

Now she held out her small, thin hand to Elsa. "Your good health, my dear Elsa!" she said indifferently.

After an obvious moment of hesitation, Elsa put her toil-worn shapely little hand into the gloved one for an instant and quickly withdrew it again. There was a second or two of silence. Klara did not move; she was obviously waiting for the invitation which had been extended to everyone else.

A little nervously she began toying with her parasol.

"The glass is going up; you will have fine weather for your wedding to-morrow," she said more pointedly.

"I hope so," said Elsa softly. Another awkward pause. Andor, who stood in the doorway watching the little scene, saw that Béla was digging his teeth into his underlip, and that his one eye had a sinister gleam in it as it wandered from one girl to the other.

"May the devil!" began Klara roughly, whose temper quickly got the better of her airs and graces. "What kind of flea has bitten your bride, Béla, I should like to know?"

"Flea?" said Béla with an oath, which he did not even attempt to suppress. "Flea? No kind of a flea, I hope. . . . Look here, my dove," he added, turning to Elsa suddenly, "you seem to be forgetting your duties—have you gone to sleep these last five minutes, or can't you see that Klara is waiting?"

"I can see that Klara is waiting," replied Elsa calmly, "but I don't know what she can be waiting for."

The Obstinance Of The Meek.

She was as white as the linen of her shift, and little beads of sweat stood out at the roots of her hair. Andor, whose love for her made him clear-sighted and keen, saw the look of obstinance which had crept round her mouth—the sudden obstinance of the meek, which nothing can move. He alone could see what this sudden obstinance meant to her, whose natural instincts were those of duty and of obedience. She suffered terribly at this moment, both mentally and physically; the moisture of her forehead showed that she suffered.

But she had nerved herself up for this ordeal; the crushed worm was turning on the cruel foot that had trodden it for so long. She did not mean to give way, even though she had fully weighed in the balance all that she would have to pay in the future for this one moment of rebellion.

Parents first and husbands afterwards are masterful tyrants in this part of the world; the woman's place is to obey; the Oriental conception of man's supremacy still reigns paramount, especially in the country. Elsa knew all this, and was ready for the chastisement—either moral, mental or even physical—which would surely overtake her, if not to-day, then certainly after to-morrow.

"You don't know what Klara is waiting for?" asked Béla, with an evil sneer; "why, my dove, you must be dreaming. Klara won't come to our church, of course, but she would like to come to the ball presently, and to-morrow to our wedding feast."

A second or perhaps less went by while Elsa passed her tongue over her parched lips; then she said slowly:

"Since Klara does not go to our church, Béla, I don't think that she can possibly want to come to our wedding feast."

Andor Interposes.

Béla swore a loud and angry oath, and Andor, who was closely watching each player in this moving little drama, saw that Klara's olive skin had taken on a greenish hue, and that her gloved hands fastened almost convulsively over the handle of her parasol.

"But I tell you . . ." began Béla, who was now livid with rage, and turned with a menacing gesture upon his fiancée. "I tell you that . . ."

Already Andor had interposed; he, too, was pale and menacing, but he did not raise his voice, nor did he swear, he only asked very quietly:

"What will you tell your fiancée, man? Come! What is it that you want to tell her on the eve of her wedding day?"

"What's that to you?" retorted Béla. In this land where tempers run high and blood courses hotly through the veins, a quarrel swiftly begun like this more often than not ends in tragedy. On Andor's face, in his menacing eyes, was writ the determination to kill if need be; in that of Béla there was the vicious snarl of an infuriated dog. Klara Goldstein was far too shrewd and prudent to allow her name to be mixed up in this kind of quarrel. Her reputation in the village was not an altogether unblemished one; by a scandal such as would result from a fight between these two men and for such a cause she might hopelessly jeopardize her chances in life, even with her own people.

Her own common sense, too, of which she had a goodly share, told her at the same time that the game was not worth the candle. The satisfaction of being asked to the most important wedding in the village, and there queening it with her fashionable clothes and with the bridegroom's undivided attention over a lot of stupid village folk, would not really compensate her for the scandal that was evidently brewing in the minds of Andor and of Elsa.

So she preferred for the nonce to play the part of outraged innocence, a part which she further emphasised by the display of easy-going kindness. She placed one of her daintily-gloved hands on Béla's arm, she threw him a look of understanding and of indulgence, she cast a provoking glance on Andor and one of good-humoured contempt on Elsa, then she said lightly:

(Continued on Page 15.)



It's the Dirt That is IN. . . .

The Oatine Girl.

It's the dirt that is IN, not the dirt that is ON, that spoils the complexion. Soap and water only remove the surface dirt, and are quite powerless to remove the dirt embedded in the pores.

Very often they clog the pores still further, with the result that pimples and blackheads appear.

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Test this and prove it for yourself. Wash and dry the face in the ordinary way, then, after applying Oatine Cream, wipe the face gently but firmly with a soft towel, when particles of black will be found on the towel. Unless this grime is removed, skin health is impossible.

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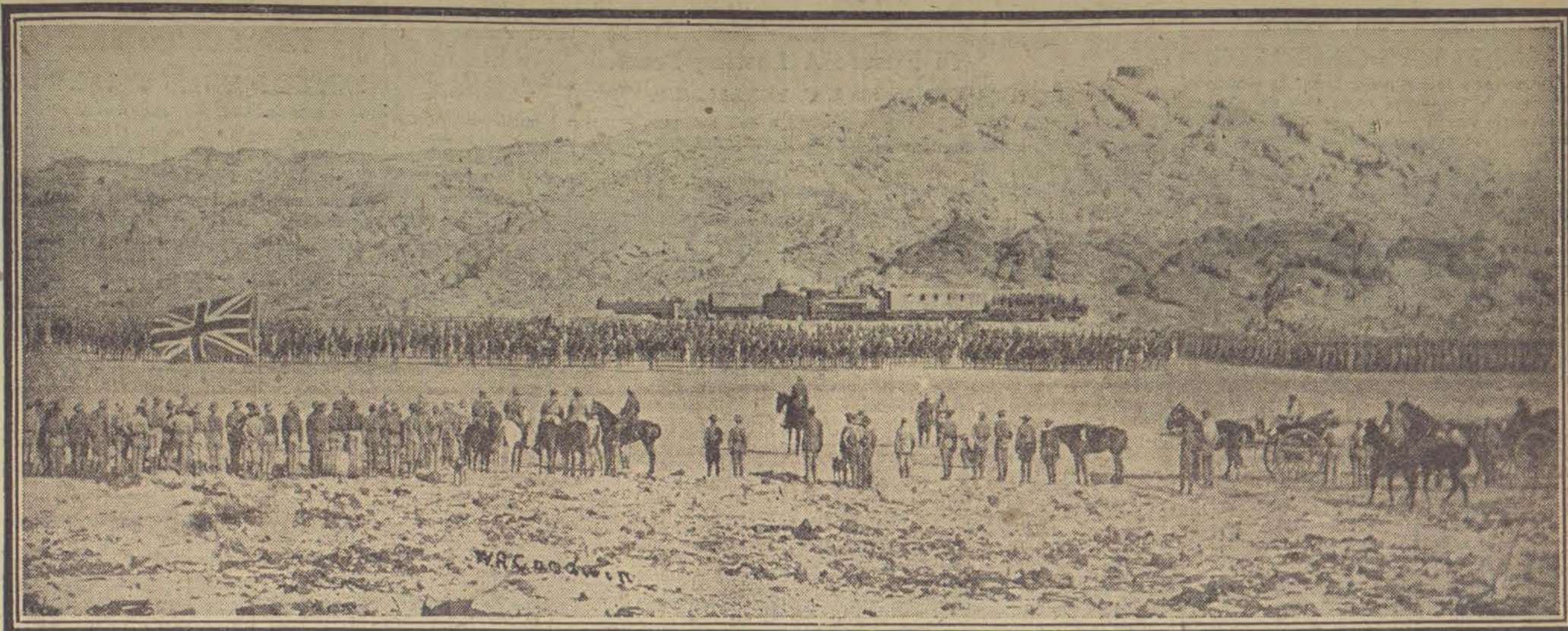
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BOTHA HOISTS THE UNION JACK OVER THE CAPITAL OF ANOTHER GERMAN COLONY.



The British flag now floats over Windhoek, the capital of German South-West Africa. The Imperial troops under General Botha have done magnificently against the Germans, who even stooped to poison the wells to check their advance. Their barbarity was in vain, and another colony has been lost to the Germans. Our picture shows General Botha reviewing his men at Tschaukaib.

HOW THE FRENCHMAN PICTURES THE MODERN ATTLILA WHO WAGES WAR ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



Some of the modern Attila's innocent victims. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, with their only boy, were coming over to England on the Lusitania. Mrs. Dixon is the only survivor.



"Quit yourself like the Huns under Attila," said the Kaiser when his forces went to China. This is how *La Baionnette* pictures the modern Attila in the light of recent events.



Arthur Burden, the assistant-purser of the Lusitania, drowned.



Charlie Hurley, of Brocton, Mass., whose dead body has been found.



Tertius Selwyn Warner, a golfer, was coming home to marry.



Mrs. Cooper, missing, was on her way to visit her mother in Leicester.



The assistant-purser of the Lusitania, Arthur Burden, who was one of the victims of the sinking of the famous Cunarder, was buried at Chiswick on Saturday.



Cardiff's Lord Mayor had a huge audience at an indignation meeting of the townsfolk in protest against the sinking of the Lusitania.

THE PRO-RACERS.

Pommern's Derby Price And A Few Of The Others.

KNIGHT'S KEY'S CONSOLATION.

The agitation against racing looks like coming to life again, although one would have thought the knock-down blow it received some time ago at the meeting of the Jockey Club would have put an end to it.

I have called racing a game, but it is really nothing of the sort. It is, in fact, a very serious business.

The only thing that means the war means to an end in this case, and if racing were stopped for the period of the war it would only be the thin edge of the wedge.

Mr. Henry Chaplin gave Lord Claud Hamilton and Sir Charles Henry something to think about in his letter to the *Times*, but I suppose these worthies will return with their questions, and quite conveniently overlook anything in the way of truth or legitimate reasoning.

I believe the Jockey Club will not take the responsibility of putting a complete stoppage on racing, because they realise the distress which would be caused, but those at Westminster are accustomed to doing rash things and regretting the consequences.

The only people who talk about putting a stop to racing are those who are not acquainted with the subject, so why not leave the matter in competent hands?

Has not the King set the example, followed by all the leading lights in the country, by running his horses? But what does that matter to a band of lawyers who must be frothing on some subject or other!

POMMERN'S STRONG FAVOURITISM.

The past week's racing seems to leave Pommern in a stronger position in the Derby. When one comes to look at the situation it is difficult to see what is going to prevent Mr. Sol Joel winning his first Derby, although the price which is offered against the colt at the present time is quite ridiculous, and it is almost certain to be forthcoming on the day of the race.

It might be thought that the performance of Tournament in the Newmarket Stakes tends to throw water on the favourite's chance, but I am quite certain that form need not be taken too seriously, else Danger Rock is a better horse than Pommern.

The hard ground has been all against Tournament since the "Guineas," but now that rain has come he will no doubt start to stride out again in his best style.

Let Fly comes well into the reckoning, for I thought him an unlucky loser last week, but he is so bad at the gate that one can place no confidence in him. He is just as likely to get left as get away with the others.

By the way, I hear that the French jockey Childs may be given the mount.

Pommern's jockey is still in doubt, for in the event of Donoghue being wanted for Roseland O'Neill will probably be offered the mount on Pommern.

THE PICK OF MORTON'S.

Morton's pair, Sunfire and Fitzorb, have both been backed, but I learn that Sunfire is the better of the pair, though we may be permitted a view of Fitzorb at Manchester in Whit-week, and an opinion on him can be deferred until then.

THE GATWICK MEETING.

The Prince's Handicap on Saturday proved a sort of consolation prize for Knight's Key. He had been well backed for the Great Metropolitan, only to be left at the post; but Mr. R. Croker's horse got off this time, and was not troubled to beat four others.

Mr. F. Curzon's smart little filly, Comedienne, registered her fourth successive victory, and has yet to be stretched, while Alborak won the Marlborough Stakes rather easily, Motor Wrap had four lengths in hand in the Leonards Selling Plate, the Belgian, Kim III, was successful in the Mayblossom Selling Handicap, after a most exciting finish between four, and Valona was a fairly comfortable winner of the Maiden (Apprentice) Plate.

GIMCRACK.

SATURDAY'S WINNERS AND PRICES.

GATWICK.

- 2.0. Marlborough Stakes, Alborak, 6 to 4
- 2.30. Leonards Selling Plate, Motor Wrap, 9 to 2.
- 2.5. Mayblossom Selling Handicap, Kim III, 10 to 1.
- 3.30. Mart Plate, Comedienne, 1 to 2.
- 4.0. Prince's Handicap, Knight's Key, 13 to 2.
- 4.25. Maiden (Apprentice) Plate, Valona, 9 to 4.

HAYDOCK.

- 2.0. Scurry Two-Year-Old Plate, Glass Rock, 9 to 4.
- 2.30. White Lodge Selling Handicap, Borgia, 6 to 1.
- 3.0. Haydock Park Three-Year-Old Handicap, Eastington, 9 to 4.
- 3.30. Juvenile Selling Plate, Estelle, 1 to 1.
- 4.0. Grand Stand Welter Handicap, Atticus, 5 to 4.
- 4.30. Copeland Plate, Eau Claire, 11 to 10.

ANOTHER MEETING ABANDONED.

It was decided on Saturday that the Doncaster Spring Meeting, fixed for Thursday and Friday next, shall not take place on public grounds. The Doncaster authorities had previously expressed themselves determined to carry the fixture through.

Demeter, the expensive sister to Stornoway, was taken out of the Derby and the Oaks after 5 p.m. on Friday.

The Dixie Kid, America, will make his reappearance in the roped square to-night at the Blackfriars Ring.

The present scores in the match at Thurston's are: Newman (rec. 2,000), 9,042; Inman (in play), 9,002.

At the Blackfriars Ring on Saturday night, Dick Knock, a prominent Leicester welter-weight, was beaten by Jim Prandy, Kingston, on points in a ten-round contest.

The Stewards of the Cardiff meeting asked the officer in command of the Bevoen Defences if there was any objection to the meeting being held on May 24 and 25, and the reply was: "None whatever."

After compelling Sergeant McCusker to retire during the third round of a scheduled ten-round contest at Sheffield on Saturday night, Gus Platts, a well-known Sheffield boxer, was arrested by the military authorities for being absent without leave.

CHILDREN TAUGHT TO HATE BRITAIN.

The Kaiser Busy Already Planning Germany's War Of Revenge In 1930—Britain Must Strike Hard Now To Ensure A Lasting Peace.

By Sir J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

Hymns of Hate are daily sung in German schools, it seems, about the hour when English school-children are singing "Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun," or "Now thank we all our God."

Daily the children are harangued to bring gold to school for the Exchequer, accept paper-money in return, and get a holiday as a reward. The schools are embodied, regimented, and harangued, I say, and the refrain—the "Amen," so to speak—is "Gott strafe England!"

But that is not all; the childish mind is debauched under the pretence of patriotism. The children are told that whatever the Kaiser, his generals and admirals, the army and the navy do must be right and needful; that England is trying to starve the children, their fathers and mothers, and to ruin their country, and therefore that no means and no weapon can be too bad to use against us. Most German schools are being made seed-beds of international enmity (not true kindergarten), forcing-houses of hate against Russia, France—Italy soon—and above all against Great Britain and Ireland.

I shall not be surprised to hear soon from one of my correspondents among neutral teachers that cheers were called for by the headmaster when the news of the murder of the Lusitania was made known.

MISUSE OF SCHOOLS.

Let us make fair allowance for the excitement and incitements of war-time, and regard the present misuse of school opportunities in Germany with as judicial an eye as we may. But one cannot forget that all this has been led up to deliberately during the past fifteen years or so at the least. A boy and a girl of twelve to fifteen years of age are not naturally disposed to bother about foreign affairs, or to hate and despise other nations than their own, so that this infantile fury against us has had to be prepared and organised beforehand.

The history lesson and the geography lesson have therefore been used in German schools for the purpose of belittling England and holding the English up to ridicule. As the whole German mind is rather an immature and childish organ at any age, the greenhorn jests one sees in *Ulk* and *Simplicissimus* and the puerility of German leading articles merely repeat and emphasise for grown-up folk what the lessons in school have already prepared them for.

LIBELS ON ENGLAND.

German reading books for school use contain preposterous libels against England and the English, though I do not know an English school reading book which in its brief references to Germany and the Germans has not been fair, and most of these books (as we know the Germans now) have been far too complimentary. But no compliments to England have appeared on the dull pages which German youngsters are set to read.

I am afraid I must add that the average German teacher, among those whom I have met, is rather

a dull and puerile person himself. He, too, is regimented and commanded—he is, so to speak, a boy in the school of the State. He takes his orders from inspectors, who have usually been students at universities where professors taught them a dislike and a contempt for England which they themselves had been taught.

The German professor is usually a fearsome wild-fowl when he cackles of international politics; three thousand two hundred professors and tutors signed, only the other day, a declaration that "We solemnly believe that the future well-being and social progress of Europe depend on the success of German militarism."

RULE OF PROFESSORS.

Professors are important people in Germany; what they lay down, no matter how crass and wrongheaded, is accepted as gospel by their underlings, and repeated in the secondary and primary schools.

In Germany there are countless "professors"; in England the title "professor" means something, some considerable superiority or suitability, but in Germany any bookish dullard can get the name. And they got their ideas about German superiority and British baseness and weakness from a long line of other professors of the past, which goes back through Treitschke right to Fichte, who died in 1814. "It is you," Fichte wrote, in his "Discourse to the German People," "it is you who of all modern nations have specially received as a trust the germs of human perfection; it is to you that the leading part in the development of human perfection has been confided," and Treitschke told the thousands of future Herr Professors to whom he lectured, during a long life, that the lie upon which the odious domination of England rested would soon become evident; that England had exhausted her vitality and her good luck; that England the haughty impostor would soon be swept away by the German force and truth.

FRIGHTFULNESS PARROTS.

It was in this, and so long ago, that the Gospel of Frightfulness towards England began; the professors have been as gramophones, repeating it ever since, more or less; and the school teachers have parroted it in every school, more or less, the last fifteen years at least. These teachers have not travelled, they know nothing about England first hand.

There have been exceptions to that. I remember a case. In July, 1914, a tourist agency wrote me saying that a party of German teachers was visiting London, and would I show them over the Houses of Parliament? I did so, and regret to say that a more listless, ungracious, and thankless set of sight-seers I have never met.

I am far from supposing that there are not many able men among the teachers in Germany, but it is well known that the one way for even the ablest teachers in Germany to get on is to teach just what their superiors and the governors of the State require them to teach, and nothing else.

Great teachers such as Niebuhr, Mommsen and Sybel had to be merciless towards the right of small nationalities in their lectures in just the Prussian way; it was the condition of their holding their posts and getting their pay. Because there has been no independence of teaching, or even of thinking, in the Prussian (and then the whole German) school system, the minds and hearts of school-generations of children—many millions of them—have been perverted systematically, until the natural love and pity in the heart and the boyish simplicity and glee in the mind have been dried up, and "Frightfulness" and the national approval of it have taken their place.

J. H. YOXALL.

MILITARY ATHLETICS.

Corporal Lindsay Shows Good Form In Inter-Team Meet.

Instead of the usual Spring Meeting the members of the London Athletic Club promoted and carried through at Stamford Bridge, in aid of the Red Cross Fund, a series of contests confined to men serving in his Majesty's Forces. The seven events were on level terms, the meeting being of the inter-team nature. Ten battalions sent representatives for the different items.

Proceedings, as is usual, opened with the 100 yards. After five heats the final resulted in an easy win for Corporal R. A. Lindsay, the Scottish furlong and quarter-mile champion. Lindsay, who is serving in the London Scottish, showed in front just after the half distance and won easily by about three yards.

The half-mile produced a magnificent race, Sergeant E. Roughley, the prominent Herne Hill Harrier, who, like the sprint winner, is also attached to the London Scottish, scoring by a bare yard from Lance-Sergeant F. R. Skeeles, of the 17th Royal Fusiliers, in 2min. 11 3/5sec. In his heat Roughley recorded 2min. 8 4/5sec.

Fifty-six men, representing seven battalions, turned out for the four miles team race, the first five of each team being counted. The 12th Reserve Cavalry Regiment, after a close contest, proved to be the winners with a total of 54 points, the London Scottish being second with 53 points and the R.A.M.C. third with 76 points. For individual placings the racing was very keen.

Lance-Corporal Christmas, 4th Welsh, showed the way until half-way round the last lap, when Private Eley, H.A.C., came with a wonderful burst, and getting up half a dozen yards from home won by a yard.

A one-lap obstacle race was won by Corporal Baldwin, 17th Royal Fusiliers, the 440 yards by Corporal Lindsay in 53 5/5sec. the mile by Trooper F. Barnwell Royal Horse Guards, in 4min. 54sec., and the two miles relay race by the London Scottish (Sergt. ten 4 1/2

E. Roughley, Ptes. W. M. Robson, W. H. C. Grant, and A. G. Baker) in 9min. 23 2/5sec.

London Scottish won the shield which was given for the battalion winning most events.

Private Phelan, Sherwood Foresters, was first man home in 38min. in a military team race at Poole. The East Yorkshire Regiment was first in the team placings.

The feature of the sports of the 14th Durham Light Infantry at Halston, near Aylesbury, was the 440 yards fat race which Lieutenant Turnbull, of the Hampstead Harriers won.

Winners at the 6th Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment's meeting at Aldershot were: 100 yards, Lieut. Bipan; 440 yards, Lance-Corporal Mitchell; mile (open), Private Whiffen, 6th Royal West Kent Regiment.

In a field of fifty-eight competitors Private A. Robshaw, of the Grenadier Guards, won the Brigade of Guards "Marathon" race of eleven miles five furlongs, over some very stiff country at Caterham yesterday in 74min. 45sec., beating the second man, Private Timmis, of the Irish Guards, by thirty yards.

PROMINENT BOXERS ENLIST.

Several well-known boxers joined the colours on Saturday. Dick Burge, ex-light-weight champion and promoter of the recent big contests, enlisted in the 21st County of London (1st Surrey Rifles).

Other boxers who also assisted Pat O'Keeffe, the middle-weight champion, who in his capacity of recruiting sergeant is desirous of having 500 recruits to his credit, were Dai Roberts, welter-weight champion of Wales, Duke Lynch, a prominent feather-weight, Jack Goldswain, ex-light-weight champion of England, and Jack Wayho.

It is expected that when these men take up their positions for their initial drill this morning at Ploddon-road, Camberwell, at 11 o'clock, there will be many others who will follow Dick Burge's excellent example.

P. A. Perrin scored 134 for Essex Club and Ground against Derrick Wanderers on Saturday. His side obtained 198 for seven wickets, declared, and the Wanderers 175 for three wickets.

The Sportsman's Battalion brought a very strong team to the Crystal Palace to oppose an eleven of officers and men of the Royal Naval Division, and won easily by 181 for nine wickets against the Naval men's 81. Baker, of Yorkshire, was the principal scorer, hitting up 104, including seven 6's and

GERMANS WHO STILL HOLD BRITISH DECORATIONS.

Bethmann-Hollweg An Honorary Knight Of The Bath.

EXPECTED ACTION BY THE KING.

It is expected that the removal of the "Blood-stained Knights" from the roll of the Garter will be followed by other action on the part of his Majesty.

These measures form themselves into two groups:—

(1) Removal of all enemies' names from all remaining lists of British decorations.

(2) Obliteration of the German titles held by members and connections of the Royal Family domiciled in Great Britain.

The purging of the Garter roll of its German taint still leaves important orders of chivalry not yet cleansed. These include:—

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA CHAIN:—

The Emperor of Austria.

The Grand Duke of Prussia.

HONORARY KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH:—

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Imperial German Chancellor.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.

A and a very large number of Germans and Austrians.

It is understood that all the lists of British decorations are now to be carefully scrutinised, the names of enemies struck off, and a list published of those degraded.

With regard to foreign titles these are held by—

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, whose wife, Princess Christian, is Queen Victoria's daughter;

The Duke of Teck, elder brother of the Queen. The Teck title was conferred on the Queen's father by the King of Württemberg, in 1871.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, whose son, Prince Maurice, has already been killed at the front.

For all these princes and princesses British titles could be found with great propriety, such as the dukedoms frequently borne by the Royal family of York, Gloucester, Sussex, Kent, and Clarence.

PRUSSIAN BLACK EAGLE.

Kaiser's Revenge On British Princes For Loss Of His K.G.

German reports to Amsterdam state that the Kaiser has decided to take the necessary steps to strike off all British Princes from the rolls of the Order of the Black Eagle.

The British Princes who will be Black Eagle-less are:—

His Majesty the King.

Duke of Connaught.

Prince Arthur of Connaught.

The Emperor of Russia and King Albert of the Belgians are also holders of the order.

The Black Eagle of Prussia (Orden-des schwarzen Adler) is a trumpety Order compared with the Order of the Garter, for it was founded only in 1701, when Prussia was not even a kingdom, and its electoral prince was proud to claim distant relationship with the King of England.

The Kaiser has insisted on giving Black Eagles to his friends, and as the British Princes no longer answer this description, doubtless they will be very proud to be removed from the list.

LADY ALLAN'S DAUGHTER FOUND.

The body of Gwyn Allan, the 16-year-old daughter of Lady Allan of Toronto, for the recovery of whose body £100 had been offered, was landed at Queenstown yesterday morning.

Her name was found printed on her clothes. The body of the Rev. Father Maturin was also landed yesterday. A nosegay of flowers was placed on his breast.

The body will be embalmed prior to being sent to London to-day.

KITCHENER'S KINDLY THOUGHT.

Mabel McKee, a Belfast girl, aged eleven, has received from Lord Kitchener a small photograph of himself and a letter thanking her very much for her kindness in sending him 2s. 6d., which, according to her wishes, will be spent in cigarettes for soldiers at the front.

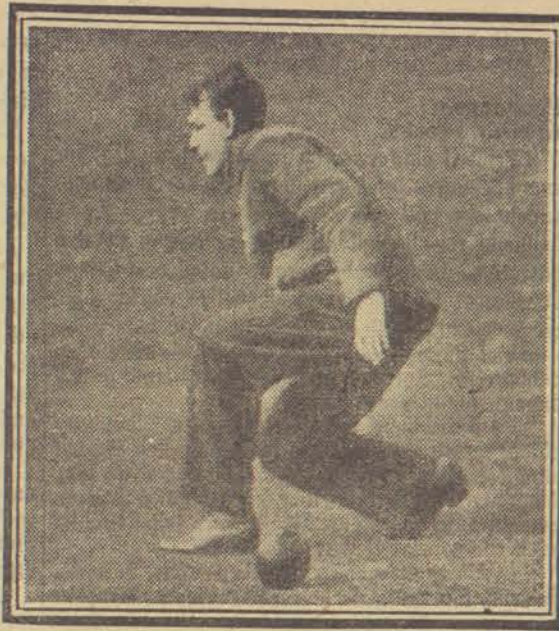
Mabel saved her pennies, bought ribbon, and made flags, which she sold. The proceeds represented the money she sent to Lord Kitchener.

Last night's Court Circular announces that the King left Buckingham Palace last evening on a tour of inspection.

BOWLS INSTEAD OF BOMBS.



The Earl of Ellesmere enjoys a joke with Corporal "Dick" Reading, the editor of the *Sporting Chronicle*, who was badly injured while serving with a Belgian armoured car.



Unable to play himself, he was interested in his pal's performance.

The Vicar of Worsley (the Rev. C. B. Hulton) took a team of bowlers to the Worsley Hall military hospital to play the wounded soldiers. The men thoroughly enjoyed the visit and took a keen interest in the contest.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

THE SALVATION ARMY'S TRIBUTE.



Mrs. Whitwell, the one victim of the air raid on Southend, was a Salvationist. The Army was strongly represented at her funeral on Saturday. Inset—Mrs. Whitwell.—(Daily Sketch Photo.)

BARONESS OF MANY PARTS.

Lived In England, Married A German, Now Arrested By Paris Police.

The *Petit Parisien* announces the arrest of Baroness Schweitzer, 50 years of age, a woman moving in good society in different countries and of doubtful nationality.

She was born in Luxemburg, and passed her childhood in France. She married Baron Schweitzer, a German, who entered the Austrian military service.

The Baron and Baroness afterwards lived in England, and then in France, where their two children were born.

The Baron died in the English hospital in a suburb of Paris, and the widow and children remained in Paris.—Reuter.

SLACKERS TO BE FINED.

£1 For First Offence; £3 And "The Sack" For The Third.

To-day the Glasgow and West of Scotland Armaments Committee will put into operation a system of fines for bad time-keeping, or otherwise hindering the output of Government work.

The committee state that they are convinced that important and urgent Government work is being retarded by the action of a certain minority of workmen.

Where men are found guilty a fine not exceeding £1 will be imposed and handed over to the trades union or to charity, in the case of non-union men; £2 for a second offence, and £3 for a third offence, with instant dismissal!

SHOULD WE ASPHYXIATE THE HUNS?

Lord Armstrong Say "Yes," And Explains Why And Wherefore.

Now that the Germans are "gassing" our soldiers, should we retaliate in kind?

Lord Armstrong, who has recently returned from the war zone in France, has come back with the strong feeling that the Allies should take counter measures against the poison bombs of the Huns. In an article in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* yesterday he said:—

The time has come when we must ignore the pious pronouncements of pacific professors, and at the earliest possible moment place in the hands of our men a "counter gas" that may teach the Germans a lesson.

In the preparation of such a weapon, however, there is no call to imitate the barbarous cruelty of the Germans, for a gas might be prepared that would produce temporary unconsciousness without pain, and at the same time cause no ultimately injurious effect.

Lord Armstrong points out that the cause of humanity would in no way suffer, and says everybody would heave a sigh of relief, "except those pro-Germans, of whom there are still far too many at large in this country."

"I have been told by experts who have studied the matter that the manufacture of such a gas in large quantities would be both easy and cheap.

HOW TO BEAT CRUEL FOES.

"I have seen sights that arouse one's deepest indignation. The time has come when we must stifle sentiment and be prepared in every case to meet force by force and strategy by strategy if we are to get the better of cruel foes," Lord Armstrong concludes.

There were many other remarkable and exclusive features in the *Sunday Herald*. In addition to some wonderful war pictures, for instance, there were articles touching almost every phase of the national situation as developed during the last few days.

Sir Felix Semon, late physician to King Edward VII., put forward his claim to be considered a loyal British subject.

"We older men of German birth, who have lived many years in England," Sir Felix said, "cannot but deplore the lamentable failure of the younger generation of Germans to understand this country. The German people ... being brought up under different ideals from those which prevailed years ago. When I was young we were patriotic indeed, but we thought such patriotism fully compatible with a non-envious appreciation of the doings and beliefs of other nations."



Have you ever thought how little food is absorbed in illness,

and how every grain must count for or against recovery?

In Benger's Food, all is food, in a form so bland and soothing, and so easily assimilated, as to fully justify its reputation as the "safe Food in illness."



differs from others, in its ability to partially digest, by self-contained and natural means, the fresh new milk with which it is prepared. Think how this helps the invalid through illness and convalescence!

Benger's is a pure natural food most dainty and delicious, and highly nutritive. Many patients say it is the one food which never becomes monotonous.

Benger's is a most interesting food to prepare. The changes it undergoes teach a lesson in human digestion. It is all explained in our book, "Benger's Food and How to Use it." Please apply for a copy, post free.

Benger's Food is British made, and sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Office: NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William St.
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STREET SCENE IN ANY LARGE TOWN.

Boy Colonel: "I must congratulate you on your smart appearance, men. I can see you use

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH."

Mansion Polish is just as splendid for Floors, Lino and Furniture as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is for Boots and Shoes. Both polishes are sold by all Dealers in 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Tins.

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FRAME FOOD

THE ECONOMICAL FOOD FOR INFANTS.

Makes Baby Strong and Mother Proud.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

The Year Of Simple Clothes:

Mr. Reville, The World-Famous Court Dressmaker, Talks Of The Sympathetic Trend Of Fashion ::

"WHAT'S the real truth about dress during the war?" every woman wants to know. "Are we expected to make our pre-war clothes last out until peace is declared, or are we to deck ourselves out like *vivandieres* in the hope of keeping up the national spirits and employing more labour?"

So the *Daily Sketch* went to find out from Mr. Reville, the Court dressmaker, who is a fountain-head of wisdom in such matters. Mr. Reville, it may be recalled, designed and made one of the most important gowns of our generation—that worn by Queen Mary at her Coronation.

Mr. Reville had just returned from Paris with many new models, so it was inevitable that the present-day dress of the Parisienne should first be discussed. Neither the dowd nor the imitation *vivandiere* get this great dress-maker's approval.

To-Day's Dress In Paris.

"The note of the year," said Mr. Reville, "is an elegant simplicity. I was greatly impressed by the pretty clothes being worn in Paris. They are so simple and graceful, and so admirably express the brave and patient spirit of the times. Many, many Parisiennes, of course, are wearing crape, but they still look attractive. There are no other women in the world who can wear crape and look well in it. The Frenchwoman has it arranged with a nun-like severity, but still she contrives that it is becoming and elegant.

Practical Reforms Of War-time.

"Another thing that strikes one in Paris is the practical reform in fashions since the war began. The new costumes and hats really make up a scheme of dress which is as rational as the so-called 'rational dress' which cranks devise from time to time, and yet infinitely more beautiful. Freedom of movement and economy are now possible, while grace and variety are also assured.

"The well-dressed Parisienne is not, I am happy to say, wearing a skirt cut off half-way below her knees, and the best-dressed Englishwomen will not adopt this exaggeration either. There is, in fact, a complete absence of extravagance. Things are so well designed that they are both inexpensive and charming. There are no elaborate trimmings on the gowns, no costly feathers in the hats.

"And, while speaking of hats, I may say that the tiny hat is done with. This may sound startling, but it is true. Every new hat in Paris is a wide, straight-brimmed sailor.

"With hats, as with gowns, there is no necessity for extravagant outlays. One good hat of the present simple lines will serve to wear with several gowns—the morning suit of covert coating or the afternoon frock of taffeta. There is no need to have a dozen hats.



A Reville and Rossiter model in blue-figured white foulard.

"Here, for instance, is a model I brought back from Paris, a large sailor shape in beetroot straw, with simple cottage-garden flowers wreathed round the crown. Such a hat would look well

either with a plain blue serge walking suit or with a silk afternoon gown.

"There will be many hats of tulle and aeroplane to wear with little muslin and taffeta frocks. Here is an example in marine blue aeroplane, with the whole of its crown composed of aluminium leaves. A large hat entirely composed of black tulle, with a single enormous bow of tulle, will be a great favourite. Then one must remember the return of the Leghorn hat to favour. Here is one which has a layer of paradise feathers round its brim.

"It is no longer necessary in Paris or in London to give twenty guineas for a smart hat. There are really beautiful models within the reach of all pockets.

A Word To Englishwomen.

"What advice would I give to Englishwomen on dress during the war? I would tell them to buy simple clothes of good material, and to remember that plain, well-cut garments have more distinction than those that are fussily trimmed. All my prettiest models this year are devoid of trimming, and I have selected beautiful and serviceable materials—the softest of taffetas, the finest of serges, and the most durable of foulards—so that the simplest design has an air of elegance and practicability.

Economical All-Day Frocks.

"Printed chiffon will be used a good deal for summer gowns, and will supply the Oriental note which is usually to be found in every year's fashions, for these chiffons are printed in Persian patterns. Usually they are mounted over crêpe-de-Chine. Here is a little model of marine blue crêpe-de-Chine with an overdress of printed chiffon—one of those economical frocks which are simple enough for morning and yet smart and pretty enough for afternoon.

"I am recommending what I call a 'handkerchief' gown to those who fear that their lack of slimness below the waist will cause them to look ungainly in the full skirt. This gown has an overskirt which hangs like a cut handkerchief with the corners downwards.

"I don't expect my usual patrons to order dozens of dresses, as in former years. Here we don't look for profits at present. What, indeed, would one do with profits nowadays except give them away? We just want to 'carry on,' so that our workgirls may not be turned adrift. It is only necessary that ladies should order one good and simple gown now and again.

Where Compromise Means Dowdiness.

"As for the frocks to order, nearly all the newest models show the normal waist-line. Sleeves may be wrist or elbow length. There is no hard-and-fast rule. Wrist-length sleeves are, of course, more economical, as they do not make the costly long gloves necessary. About collars, too, wearers may please themselves whether they wear high or low ones, but they must be one or the other. To compromise is to be dowdy. An especially good feature about the new gowns is that the collars are detachable, so that they can be changed and give quite a different look to a gown.

"Evening gowns? Well, few are being worn in France. Most of those I have selected are black. I think that Englishwomen, with their fair skins, look best in black at night. A great deal of black lace will be used on evening gowns, more than has been used for many years, and also quantities of beads—jet and moonlight beads mostly.

"But in all things the passwords to good style in 1915 are 'simplicity, simplicity—and again simplicity.'"

Help The Wounded.

A THOUSAND POUNDS PRIZE SCHEME FOR NEEDLEWOMEN.

ARE you not eager to help somehow in the present great struggle, even though you are a woman and know little of the handling of a rifle? What about "doing your bit" with your own little shining weapon—the needle? It may be the means of bringing comfort to many poor wounded soldiers and sailors.

Perhaps you have been making bandages and knitting comforts ever since last August, but that isn't just what we mean. You may now use your needle patriotically and at the same time in the fine delicate work in which you take most delight.

The *Daily Sketch* Patriotic Needlework Competition has made this possible, and those who have not already heard of this great scheme should send for its details at once.

How To Enter.

£1,000 is offered in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by *Daily Sketch* readers. Thirty-three classes have been arranged, so that every worker may send in the type of work in which she is most proficient or find a class which suits her as to the cost of materials or the time at her disposal.

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.

In order to take part in the competition readers must send a large stamped self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full details and an entrance form.

A Request To Competitors.

Competitors are requested to pay great attention to filling in their forms. When doubtful as to the class state the nature of the work and leave us to allocate it to the proper one. Many competitors confuse the sections with the classes. There are five sections and thirty-three classes. Section 1 includes Classes 1 to 3; Section 2 Classes 4 to 24, and so on.

Unless competitors distinctly state on their forms that their work is to be returned it will be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, as already announced. Up to the present barely eight per cent. of those who have returned their forms for registration request that their work shall be returned, and the majority of these offer to give a donation to the fund for the wounded.

A list of the thirty-three classes appears below. One of them, at least, is sure to appeal to every woman who is mistress of her needle and wants to make her favourite hobby worth while.

COUPON for

**DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.**

HOW THE THOUSAND POUNDS WILL BE DIVIDED IN THE PATRIOTIC NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

£120 has been allotted to classes one, two and three, and will be divided in each class into—

First Prize, £20.
Second Prize, £10.
Third Prize, £5, and
Five Prizes of £1 each.

The classes are:—

- (1) Church embroidery.
- (2) Embroidered bedspread.
- (3) Chair seat cover in petit point or gros point.

£735 has been allotted to the classes from 4 to 24 inclusive, and will be divided into prizes as under in each class:—

First Prize of £10.
Second Prize of £5.
Third Prize of £3.
Twenty Prizes of 10s. each.
Twenty Prizes of 5s. each.
Sixteen Prizes of 2s. 6d. each.

The classes are:—

- (4) Drawn thread work tea-cloth.
- (5) Cut work tea-cloth.

- (6) Filet or crochet border for tea-cloth, a yard square.
- (7) Crochet corners for tea-cloth (4).
- (8) Crochet chair back.
- (9) Embroidered and initialled handkerchief.
- (10) Lingerie blouse (no lace to be used).
- (11) Set of embroidered lingerie (no lace to be used), consisting of chemise, knickers, camisole and nightgown.
- (12) Hand-made lace collar.
- (13) Sofa back in linen appliqué.
- (14) Casement blind in darned net.
- (15) Cushion cover in coloured embroidery.
- (16) Embroidered panel for fire screen.
- (17) Portière in Old English embroidery.
- (18) Footstool cover in tapestry work.
- (19) Embroidered house-gown.
- (20) Embroidered and painted picture.
- (21) Painted dessert d'oyleys (set of 6).
- (22) Doll dressed as a child.
- (23) Doll dressed in character.
- (24) Theatre bag in bead work.

£75 has been allotted to classes 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29, and will be divided into the following prizes in each class:—

First Prize of £5.
Second Prize of £3.
Third Prize of £1.
Six Prizes of 10s. each, and
Twelve Prizes of 5s. each.

These classes are:—

- (25) Lady's dressing gown, material not to cost more than 10s.
- (26) Set of first garments for an infant. Ease in washing and putting on to be taken into account.
- (27) Knitted sports coat, wool.
- (28) Smock to fit a boy of three.
- (29) Spray of silk or satin flowers, suitable for decoration of evening gown.

£30 has been allotted to classes 30, 31, and 32. In each of these classes there will be:—

First Prize of £3.
Second Prize of £2.
Third Prize of £1, and
Eight Prizes of 10s. each.

The classes are:—

- (30) Set of 6 artistically threaded bead chains.
- (31) Work basket in bass work.
- (32) Set of buttons.

£40 is to be won by boys and girls in class 33. In each of the five sections of this class the following prizes will be awarded:—

First Prize of £1.
Second Prize of 15s.
Third Prize of 10s.
Twenty Prizes of 5s.
Six Prizes of 2s. 6d.

Sub-divisions of the boys' and girls' classes are as follows:—

For Girls under Fifteen—

- Class 33a. Pincushion.
- Class 33b. Piece of crochet insertion 4in. by 1 yard.
- Class 33c. Counterpane for doll's cradle.
- Class 33d. Child doll.

For Boys under Nine—

- Class 33e. Best piece of knitting.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN 'LEAN YEARS' COME



It is barely possible for the ordinary family to exist in present conditions. What is to happen in the coming "lean years" of which Mr. Lloyd George warningly speaks.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS" — (Continued From Page 10)

"Never mind, Béla! I can see that our little Elsa is a trifle nervy to-day; she does me more honour than I deserve by resenting your great kindness to me. But bless you, my good Béla! I don't mind. I am used to jealousies. The petty ones of my own sex are quite endurable; it is when you men are jealous that we poor women have to suffer. Leopold Hirsch, who is courting me, you know, is so madly jealous at times. He scarce can bear anyone to look at me. As if I could help not being plain, eh?"

Then she turned with a smile to Elsa. "I don't think, my dear," she said dryly, "that you are treating Béla quite fairly. He won't let you suffer from his jealousies; why should you annoy him with yours?"

Another glance through her long, dark lashes

SHE DARKENED HER GREY HAIR.

A Society Lady Darkened Her Grey Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process.

She Tells How She Did It.

A well-known society lady who darkened her grey hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemists at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."—Adv't.

on both the men, and Klara Goldstein turned to go. But before she could take a step toward the door Béla's masterful hand was on her wrist.

"What are you doing?" he asked roughly. "Going, my good Béla," she replied airily, "going. What else can I do? I am not wanted here now, or later at your feast; but there are plenty in this village and around it who will make me welcome, and their company will be more pleasing to me, I assure you, than that of your friends. We thought of having some tarok (a game of cards, the source of much gambling in that part of Europe) this evening. Leopold will be with us, and the young Count is coming. He loves a gamble, and is most amusing when he is in the mood. So I am going where I shall be most welcome, you see."

She tried to disengage her wrist, but he was holding her with a tight, nervous grip.

"You are not going to do anything of the sort," he muttered hoarsely; "she is daft, I tell you. Stay here, can't you?"

"Not I," she retorted, with a laugh. "Enough of your friends' company, my good Béla, is as good as a feast. Look at Elsa's face! And Andor's! He is ready to eat me, and she to freeze the marrow in my bones. So farewell, my dear man; if you want any more of my company," she added pointedly, "you know where to get it."

She had succeeded in freeing her wrist, and the next moment was standing under the lintel of the door, the afternoon sun shining full upon her clinging gown, her waving feathers and the gaw-gaws which hung round her neck. For a moment she stood still, blinking in the glare; her hands, which trembled a little from the emotion of the past little scene, fumbled with her parasol.

Béla turned like a snarling beast upon his fiancée.

"Ask her to stop," he cried savagely. "Ask her to stop, I tell you!"

"Keep your temper, my good Béla," said Klara over her shoulder to him, with a laugh; "and don't trouble about me. I am used to tantrums at home. Leo is a terror when he has a jealous fit, but it's nothing to me, I assure you! His rage leaves me quite cold."

(To be Continued.)

PROUDLY WEARING HIS V.C.



Colour-Sergeant Daniels, of the Rifle Brigade, received the Victoria Cross from the King at Buckingham Palace. He is seen wearing the medal.

SMOKE MONEY WANTED!

Cigarettes are still wanted for the men who are fighting the Empire's battles, and the *Daily Sketch* is anxious that Tommy shall never be without a fragrant whiff when he feels as though he wants one.

Here is to-day's list of subscribers, but we want more—much more:—

E. Stewart, Edinburgh, £1; Staff, Mapleton's Nut Food Co., Garston, 10s.; St. Dunstan's in the West Girls' School, per Miss Wright, A Londoner, 6s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; J. Simpson and W. Roberts, Chesterfield, H.C.S., 4s.—£2 2s. 6d.

SOLDIERS COME HOME FOR MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Five sons, who were at the front fighting for their country, were granted special leave to pay their last respects to their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of Blackburn, whose funeral took place on Saturday.

A sixth son, together with several grandsons, are engaged in the operations in the Dardanelles, and were thus unable to proceed home on account of the time and distance.

OSCAR WILDE'S SON KILLED.

It is announced that Captain Cyril Holland, son of the late Oscar Wilde, was killed in France on Sunday last.

Captain Holland, who used the name adopted by the family, was serving in the Royal Field Artillery. He was born in June, 1885, and was educated at Radley and at Sandhurst. He then joined the Indian Army, but upon the outbreak of the war he volunteered to go to France.

DEARER MEAT NEXT.

Housewives will have to pay more for meat to-day.

An important meeting of the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations will be held in London, when it is understood that prices will be increased.

Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., has left for Canada with the director and general manager of the Labour Exchanges Department in London for the purpose of engaging suitable men for employment in this country in the production of munitions of war.

PEGAUD

The Amazing Aviator

states:—"I have the highest opinion of Guy's Tonic as a Nerve and Brain sustainer. In my endurance and Exhibition Flights I had nothing better than this well-known British Tonic, and it deserves my best thanks."

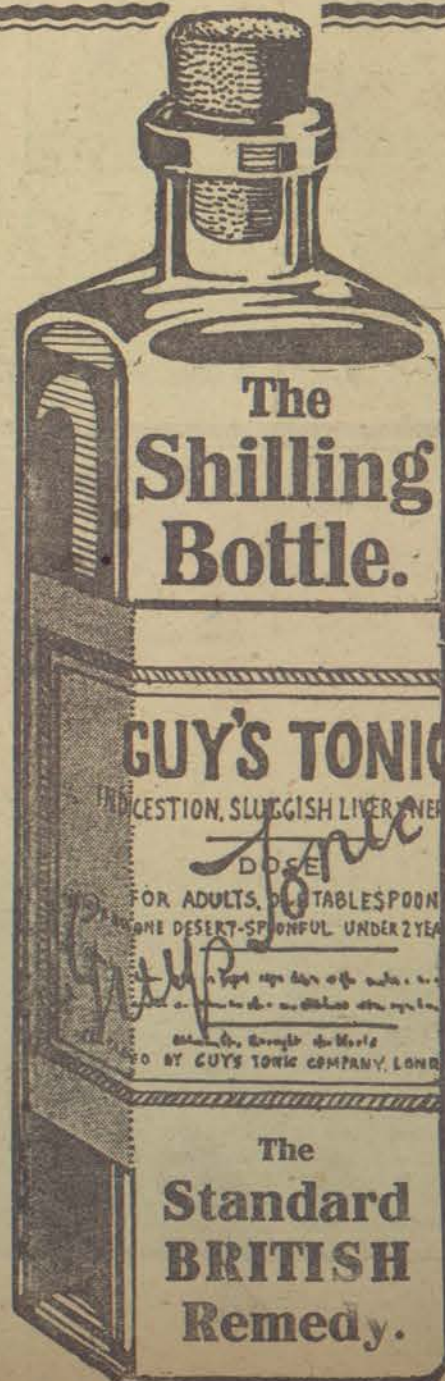
Weak and Tremulous Nerves.

Guy's Tonic holds indisputably its place as the standard British Remedy for Indigestion, Nervousness and Debility. No other single Remedy has been discovered since the beginning of Medical research which is capable of doing so much good to so large a majority of people. Guy's Tonic ensures good Appetite, better Assimilation of Food, and a general regeneration of the whole System. Guy's Tonic improves the condition of the Blood, tones the Digestive Organs, and upbuilds weak and tremulous Nerves.

Guy's Tonic

Dr. J. W. Casey writes: "I consider Guy's Tonic to be of the highest service in cases of Debility, Nerve Exhaustion, and broken-down Health."

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the World. The Popular Size Shilling Bottle of Guy's Tonic contains six fluid ounces. It is the cheapest as well as the best Remedy obtainable.



Strip The Huns Of All Their British Honours (See Page 12).

DAILY SKETCH.

THINK OF THE LONELY ONES!

Send them the Weekly Edition of the DAILY SKETCH—Six current issues attractively bound in coloured covers for mailing—3d.

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

AN AIR-DUEL HERO.



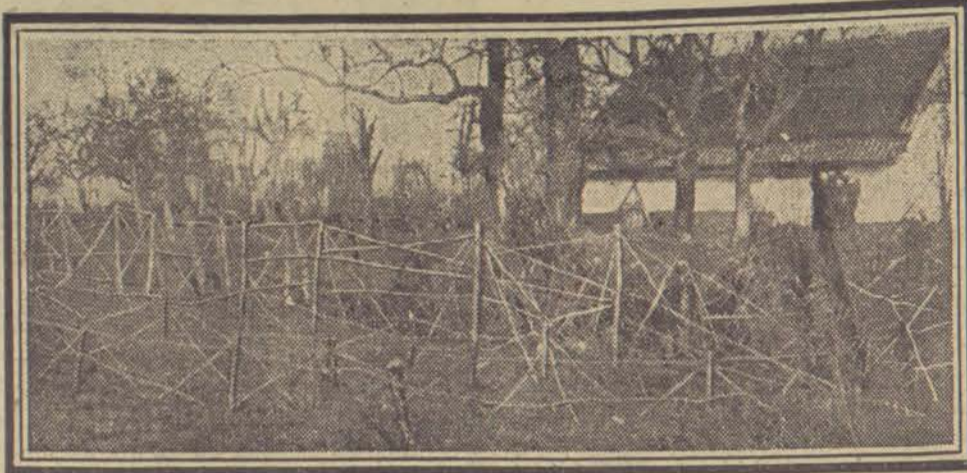
Lieut. Spratt, in one of the most exciting air duels of the war, knocked a German airman to earth at Montmorency.

A FRENCH HERCULES.



Mathieu Jouay wears the French military medal for having, single-handed, killed six Germans. —(Le Miroir.)

HOLDING THE YPRES GATEWAY TO THE COAST.



This deserted farmhouse near Ypres, protected with barbed wire, marks the reserve line of trenches.



Rifleman Crafter, of the Liverpool Regiment, received his wounds while rescuing a Driver Wheeler as a convalescent wounded Sapper. Ypres is still the objective of the Germans, who are throwing away thousands of lives in vain endeavours to pierce the British lines. As long as there are heroes of the type of Driver Alfred Wheeler and Rifleman Crafter, however, the gate to Calais and the coast is fast closed.



WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER RESERVE TURN OUT FOR A ROUTE MARCH IN THEIR NEAT SERVICE KIT.



"Colonel" Charlesworth rode at the head of a column of the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps on a London route march. The women looked very fit and efficient in their trim and serviceable uniforms. There was an excellent muster.