

CHURCHILL: "In 1911 I was sent to the Admiralty to put the Fleet in a state of instant readiness in case of an attack by Germany."

DAILY SKETCH.

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

No. 1,948.

LONDON, MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE NATION'S SACRIFICE AND THE WOMAN'S SHARE.



Mr. and Mrs. Churchill photographed with their host and hostess, Sir George and Lady Ritchie, before Winston left to make his inspiring and inspiriting speech at Dundee. "No nation," he said, "has ever at any time in its history found such a spirit of daring and sacrifice so widespread, so universal. . . Millions of citizens, of their own free will, have eagerly or soberly resolved to fight and die for the principles at stake—and to fight and die in the hardest, the cruellest, and the least rewarded of wars that men have fought."

This beautiful Irish girl, a cousin of General Sir William Birdwood, typifies the woman's share of the nation's sacrifice. Married less than a year ago to Captain C. A. French, of the Royal Irish Regiment, she has lost a husband, a brother-in-law, and two cousins.



"Starch to-day
the Robin way."

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the difference?**

Some Housewives have the impression that ROBIN is just an ordinary STARCH. There are, however, points of difference.

First—ROBIN is a fine powder STARCH, so fine that mixing is quick, simple and thorough.

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Third—EASY IRONING. You will be surprised to find how easily the iron glides over the surface of the linen when

**ROBIN
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**DERRY
& TOMS**

KENSINGTON LONDON W

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of CHINESE
SILK.**

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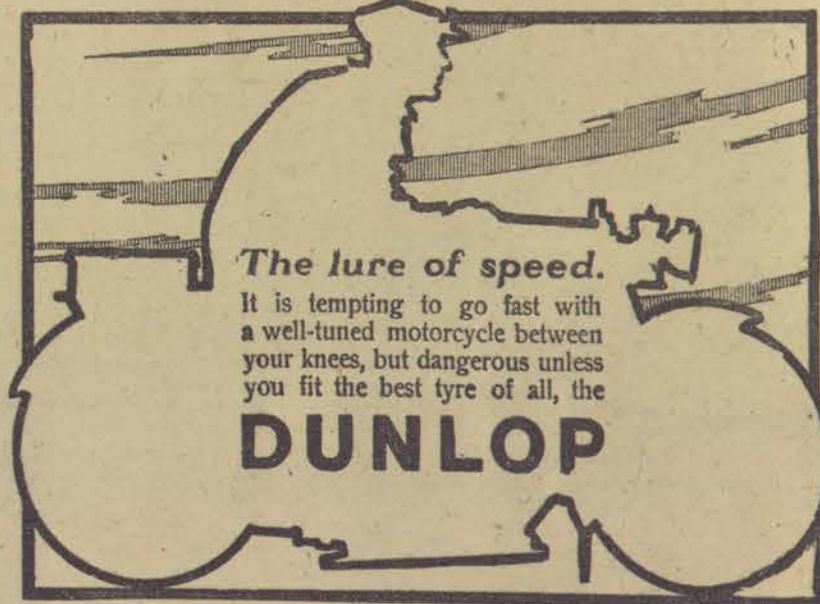
The weave is thick though of a singularly pleasing softness, while the delicate sheen on its surface enhances the sterling virtues of what is fast becoming a universal fabric. 34 in. wide, precisely the same quality as sold last season at 1/11.

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BLACK SILKS.
Also superb quality BROCADED CREPE DE CHINE, usual price 14/11. Soft CHIFFON TAFETAS of delicate texture, usual price 9/11. A series of delightfully soft SILK ARMURES with whipcord twill diagonal stripes or herringbone stripes, usual price 6/11. Luxuriously rich DOUCHESE SATINS, usual price 9/11. BLACK MOIRES of the richest and softest description; some have over designs in floral patterns, usual price 12/11. Wide-ribbed OTTOMAN SILK, usually 7/11; and a large soft GRENADINE SATIN, usually 9/11. All 38 to 42 inches wide. All to be sold at one price, per yard **4/6**

CUTTINGS SENT FOR INSPECTION.



Easy Money!
IDEAS IS OFFERING £500

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- 1st Prize ——— £300
- 2nd " ——— £50
- 3rd " ——— £20
- and 465 Cash Prizes.

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(Regd. Trade Mark)

"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCT"
The Medical Magazine
MADE BY CADBURY



SEND two penny stamps to NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham, and they will send you enough Mason's Extract of Herbs to make a gallon of Refreshing Herb Beer.



ACTION—ORGANISED ACTION!

MR. CHURCHILL struck a manly note in his great speech at Dundee. He did not make excuses or recriminations. The fortune of war has been bad for him momentarily, but he has taken the setback as a soldier should. Moreover, he has given the country a good example of discipline, and in his speech he has given voice to the great need of the moment—action!

BUT let me once again emphasise the vital necessity of this action being organised and co-ordinated. It is no use for the Government to set all the nation into confusion of the kind which happens when an ant heap is kicked over. We have cranks and panic-mongers calling out for compulsion, coercion, registration, universal drilling, and Heaven knows what else besides. These people think that if they can mass the whole nation into a crowd and set them buzzing under the orders of Government officials the war will be finished in a few months.

THIS kind of rousing-up would only produce mobs, and the action of the mobs and the crowds would be destructive, not constructive. You could collect crowds at any time by sounding fire alarms, but in a properly regulated community one has a well-organised fire brigade to do the serious business. There are alarmists and fools all through the country now shrieking "Fire and murder!" They are pulling the alarm signals and shouting for the crowds to come. These crowds would muddle the putting out of a local fire. They will certainly not put out the conflagration of Europe.

IT is thus the great duty of the Government to make its action organised action. The crowds must be regarded as the raw material from which experts will seek what they require for each work essential to the war. As a nation we are a living organism adapted more for peace than for war. The life of the national organism must not be destroyed in mad efforts to transform suddenly the whole nation into a panic-stricken mob.

SUITABLE material must be skilfully found for our soldiers; a still more scientific process must select and employ munition workers; and behind them must be a sound organisation of wealth producers, food producers, transport workers, and so on, until we have built up a vast organisation which will defend, feed, and maintain the nation as effectively as these tasks are carried out by Nature in every individual's body. So it is the essence of the scheme that we have the right kind of action. Compulsion may be needed in certain matters, for we have not time to argue with the mules and asses. But if the affair is rightly planned I am convinced that the British public will freely do anything which their leaders tell them is necessary.

I AM really more concerned about the leaders than about the people. The task is a tremendous one. A slight error may lead to serious consequences. We are at a stage now when brains are more needed than ever. Our raw material is the finest in the world. The issue depends on how we use it. Everything indicates that the State must break away from old traditions, from red-tape, and from lawyer-ridden party politics. Aid must be sought from the scientists, the thinkers, the organisers, the business men, and the men of common-sense and specialised experience. Not a moment should be lost.

MY post-bag contains many letters from engineers and skilled workers who complain that they can get no employment in the Army or at munition work. A new cotton strike is brewing in Lancashire. Food prices are high; waste and disorganisation can be traced on many sides. The trades unions and labour organisations, the employers' federations, and innumerable cliques and interests are still at enmity with each other, and are yet to be brought into harmonic relation during the war at least. Let us have from the new Government action—and the right kind of action.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

The King And Mr. Lloyd George's Schemes.

THE KING is following the work of the new Minister of Munitions with the keenest interest and with the warmest approval. His Majesty's recent tour in the industrial centres of the North gave him a great insight into the subject, and the possibilities of the future. I learn that the appointment of a Minister of Munitions may result in his Majesty suspending for a while his provisional programme for continuing his tour of industrial centres.

Royal Wish Not To Interfere.

SHEFFIELD and the Yorkshire districts were included in the itinerary as originally proposed, but at the moment no definite arrangements have been made. The visits, however, are so informal that an intimation of the King's desires is only given at the shortest notice. It is the King's wish that Mr. Lloyd George's schemes for organising labour and increasing the output should be put into working order without any intervening influence which might have a distracting tendency.

The Queen in Camp.

I HAVE just been talking to an officer who "piloted" the Queen on a tour of a camp. He was loud in her praise. He declared that she took the minutest interest in everything, tramped about everywhere, and entered with the utmost zest into any small laughable incidents which came their way. She is a great success with the troops, who like her unaffected manner and obvious interest in all that concerns their well-being.

Lady Bessborough's Bazaar.

THE COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH—this is the Countess—will open a bazaar that is unlike all other bazaars tomorrow afternoon. The ceremony will take place at the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath, and nearly every article that is for sale is the work of a man or woman who is an incurable invalid. During the

whole year the patients of this national charity prepare for their three days' annual sale of work. If you were to see some of the crippled hands of the workers you would be astonished that they are able to make such pretty and useful articles.

The P.M.'s Hat.

WHAT was the hat which Mr. Asquith wore at the front? It has been variously described as broad-brimmed, episcopal, ample, and of green felt. One hardly sees the P.M. under a tile of this type, but it is to be hoped that he will be persuaded to wear it in town now that he is safely back again. What a sensation it would make on the Front Bench! Apparently he does not mean to be eclipsed in headgear by Winston.

The Corrupt Turk.

A MAN I know, who has recently come home from the Persian Gulf, says everybody is glad the Turks have been turned out of Busreh. He tells many stories of their corruption. One was of Custom officials who refused to release a tombstone because the importers declined to pay "back-sheesh." They detained the stone on the official ground that it was "impossible to classify it for assessment of duty!"

£25,000 Worth Of Rust.

"IN one of the backwaters of the Shatt-el Arab," he says, "there lies rusting in the mud a £25,000 dredger. This was taken out there many years ago by a British firm to dredge the river channels free of silt. No 'back-sheesh' was forthcoming, and the official refusal to allow it to be operated was backed by this reason: 'We don't want too much water in the river.'"

Nurses' New Job.

WORK in the munitions factories is attracting women of all classes. I hear, for example, that asylum female nursing staffs are being seriously depleted in this way. And no one will blame the nurses, either; they are merely exchanging one mighty hard job for another, with better pay and better hours.

"Shut Up" Saturday.

WHY ARE so many places of interest closed on Saturdays? On Saturday afternoon I was exploring old Smithfield with a friend. Could we see the Charterhouse? No, wrong day. Might we peep into the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great? Sorry, closed. Surely if ever there was a time when places should not be closed it is Saturday afternoons—the only holidays for some folk.

The Official "House That Jack Built."

THE CIVIL SERVICE might spare many more men for the war if it would cut the red tape which Mr. Lloyd George condemns. For instance, a department receives a document which has simply to be copied and returned to another office. This is the game they play:—A opens the envelope and sends the contents to B, who glances at it and passes it on to C, who summons a messenger to take it to D, the head of the department, who marks it with a blue pencil and returns it to C. It eventually reaches A, who gives it to a "writer" to copy. But why could not A have given it out to be copied at first without all this "House that Jack built" business?

Astronomer Royal As Host.

YOU WOULD never guess that this is the Astronomer Royal, would you? He looks quite human, doesn't he? In private life he is known as Sir F. W. Dyson, and on Saturday he acted as host at the Annual Visitation to Greenwich Observatory, where the time comes from. The Observatory, which comes under the Admiralty, has had a particularly busy time since war began in testing chronometers and watches for use in the Royal Navy. It is good news to hear what regular habits Big Ben has. Only on two occasions for a whole year has the deep-voiced one been more than three seconds in error. Also it is interesting to learn that last winter was the wettest winter in 100 years. It looks as if we are going to have a dry summer. We deserve it.

(Elliott and Fry.)

Barber's Lament.

HE was a young, well set-up man, and on Saturday he was shaving me in a sort of "dug-out" in the Strand. "Bar Thursdays and Sundays," he said, "I spend about twelve hours a day down 'ere, standing up most of the time, and nothing but artificial light. I've got a wife, a kiddy, and my mother to keep. Last Sunday afternoon I was lying on the grass in Richmond Park—Gawd knows I deserved a rest—and a young woman (thirty pounds' worth o' clothes on 'er back, I dessay) comes up to me and says, 'Spitful-like, 'Slacker!'"

Girls' Silly Meddlings.

THIS TYPE of girl is coming to the fore again just now. She started her silly meddlings, white-feather brigades, and so on, at the beginning of the war, and then she gave us a rest for a bit. Now she's at it as hard as ever. The stage is her particular object of attack. At a certain theatre I know of, the male chorus receive an abusive letter, addressed to them *en masse*, every day. An actor friend of mine, who is not so young as he looks, is married, and would certainly never pass a doctor, actually resigned his part because a female pest attended the stage door regularly to jeer at him.

"Spotting" The Man.

THERE WAS an amusing scene at a Police Court the other day. A man had been going about in lieutenant's uniform cashing bad cheques. When he was arrested the police borrowed a dozen real officers, who lined up in the courtyard with the impostor among them. Then some of the people who had been "done" were invited to pick out their man. One, a stockbroker, shouted suddenly, "Why, there the beggar is!" and went up and knocked him off his feet without further ado. "I'm sorry," he explained to the inspector. "I lost my temper." Which was all very well. But supposing he had hit the wrong man!

The "Wallace Collection."

"A GOOD DEAL of ingenuity," said the O.T.C. sergeant-major, "has been wasted on this equipment, which it is my pleasant duty to serve out to you, and your privilege to wear. All of it is very useful, though you may not believe it. Its unofficial name is the Wallace Collection."

Only "Armageddon."

ONE of the most panicky places in London today is St. Martin's-court, St. Martin's-lane. A loud bang is suddenly heard. "The Zeppelins have come!" you involuntarily exclaim. But it is only a performance of "Armageddon" at the New Theatre.

Bomb Philosophy.

A LITTLE piece of real philosophy I heard yesterday concerning Zeppelin bombs: "Why trouble about them? If you're hit you know nothing about it, and if you are not you know everything about it!"

Real English.



(Dover-st. Studios.)

THIS IS Miriam Licette, a young English soprano (she hails from the Liverpool district), who is rapidly making a name for herself. She is singing to-night at the Albert Hall promenade concert. She has put in a lot of "spade" work. She was once a member of the choir of the Liverpool Philharmonic—to gain experience. She has studied in Paris and in Milan, and has already sung in opera in both those cities, as well as in Genoa and Naples. When she made her debut at the Adriano Theatre, Rome, in "Madame Butterfly," her success was so marked that she was engaged the same night to sing at the famous Carlo Felice Theatre, Genoa.

£50 For Cheap Novels At 1 a.m.

ONE NIGHT last week a kilted officer walked into a newsagent-bookseller's, not far from Piccadilly-circus, said he wished to place an order for several thousand cheap novels, wrote a cheque for £50, gave it to the bookseller, and walked out again. It was 1 a.m. at the time. Let me add that the cheque has been duly honoured, and that the books are being obtained.

Some Total.

FORBES-ROBERTSON is now on his way back to England after his farewell American tour. His box-office returns, I hear, have beaten even his own previous records, the gross receipts of the tour amounting to over £100,000—some total, or as we say over here "sum total." By the way Columbia University has made him a Doctor of Laws. He is the first actor of any nationality to receive a degree in America. And he deserves it.

The "Two Gabys."

THERE IS no doubt that the advent of Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer to the Alhambra has vastly improved "5064 Gerrard," which I saw on Saturday night for the first time for many weeks. The appearance of "Two Gabys" is a masterpiece of fooling, and the "St. Anthony" scene, written by C. H. Bovill, although a wee bit near the knuckle, is clever and amusing. We always knew that Gaby was a brilliant little comedienne, and Harry Pilcer now shows that, besides being an admirable dancer, he has a nice taste for fairly straight comedy.

Good Burlesque.

THE COLLECTION of favourites from all the revues in town, including the American "perdoocer" and trap drummer (Hale very funny here), forms a good opportunity for a little burlesque and a lot of noise. Willy Redstone and Max Darewski have done the musical dovetailing with great neatness. Hale in "Madame Aquata, the Tank Queen," has found an idea that is almost as hilarious as "The Musical Watsons," and his "On Trial" skit, too, is full of good points. The only drawback is that unless you have seen the play you are hopelessly at sea.

Teddie Gerrard.

TEDDIE GERRARD was in a box the other night to watch the resumption of the old partnership. She sailed for Egypt yesterday, but will return to town in September and will probably appear at the Palace. By the way, Robert Michaelis is to succeed Hallam next week as Gilbert the Filbert. Elsie Janis's place will be taken by a most delightful artiste, quite new to revue, but well known "on the halls" as a single turn and in "legitimate" comedy.

The Lemen Squash.

THE "no drink" business doesn't seem to have the least effect on Murray's. Every night the place is crowded in the small hours, and people dance as gaily on lemon squash and orangeade as ever they did on more delectable stuff. The fact of the matter is, those whose work keeps them occupied up to midnight go along to Murray's for the respectable object of getting something to eat as much as for anything else.

The Maidenhead Murray's.

THE energetic Jack May is full of his new scheme, "The Maidenhead Murray's," a branch of the club at "that well-known riverside resort." Bridge House, that large ivy-covered mansion, long empty, on the other side of the bridge, and opposite Skindle's, has been swept and garnished in approved night-club style, and there will be dancing on the lawn, nigger bands, and all the paraphernalia. The place should do well o' week-ends, and perhaps as it is a day club and not a night club officers in uniform will not be forbidden to go there.

MR. COSSIP.

THE NAVY READY FOR AN ATTACK BY GERMANY SINCE 1911

"THE NATION MUST BE MOBILISED."

Mr. Churchill Calls For Action By The New Government.

LESSONS FOR THE CROAKERS

Within A Few Miles Of A Great Victory In The Dardanelles.

I was sent to the Admiralty in 1911, after the Agadir crisis had nearly brought us into war, and I was sent with the express duty laid upon me by the Prime Minister to put the Fleet in a state of instant and constant readiness for war in case we were attacked by Germany.

Those years have comprised the most important period in our naval history—a period of preparation for war, a period of vigilance and mobilisation, and a period of actual war under conditions of which no man had any experience.

I have done my best, and the archives of the Admiralty will show in the utmost detail the part I have played in all the great transactions that have taken place, and it is to them I look for my defence.—Mr. Churchill, speaking at Dundee on Saturday.

A WORD FOR LORD HALDANE.

"No More Sincere Patriot Ever Served The Crown."

The chief points of the speech were these:— Our naval strength has greatly increased actually and relatively from what it was in the beginning of the war, and it grows continually every day by leaps and bounds in all the classes of vessels needed for the special purposes of this war.

Between now and the end of the year the British Navy will receive reinforcements which would be incredible if they were not actual facts.

You must expect losses both by land and sea in the Dardanelles, but the fleet you are employing there is your surplus fleet after all other needs have been provided for.

Military operations will also be costly, but those who suppose that Lord Kitchener has embarked upon them without narrowly and carefully considering their requirements in relation to all other needs, and in relation to the paramount need of our army in France and Flanders—such people are mistaken, and not only mistaken; they are presumptuous.

The army of Sir Ian Hamilton, the fleet of Admiral de Robeck, are separated only by a few miles from a victory such as this war has not yet seen. I am not referring to those victories which crowd the daily placards of newspapers. I am speaking of victory in the sense of the brilliant and formidable fact shaping the destinies of nations and shortening the duration of the war.

I don't think that the newspapers ought to be allowed to attack the responsible leaders of the nation, whether in the field or at home, or to write in a manner which is calculated to spread doubts and want of confidence in them or in particular operations, or to write anything which is calculated to make bad blood between them.

No other nation now at war would allow the newspapers such a licence in the present time. If there is to be criticism, if there must be criticism, first it should be only the loyal criticism of earnest intention; but let it be in Parliament.

If the speeches are such that we cannot allow the enemy to be a party to our discussions, then let Parliament, as is its right, sit for the time being with closed doors.

I have very much regretted that the Liberal Government, which is now no more, had no opportunity of stating its case in Parliament. It would, I think, have been found that Lord Kitchener had a very strong case to unfold on behalf of the War Office, and even I might have had something to say on behalf of the Admiralty.

I deeply regret that Lord Haldane has ceased to fill the great office which he adorned. No more sincere patriot has served the Crown. There never has been an occasion in the Cabinets of the last seven years in which I have sat that as the need arose Lord Haldane has not from his great knowledge of the German Governmental system warned us to be on our guard against the dangerous side of their nature.

To support the new National Government is for all of us a matter of self-preservation.

What does the nation expect of the new National Government? Action, not hesitation. Action, not words. Action, not agitation.

The nation waits its orders. The duty lies upon the Government to declare what should be done, to propose it to Parliament and to stand or fall by the result.

If it were not possible to win this war without taking men by compulsion and sending them into the field I should support such a measure. But I do not believe that it will be found necessary, and I am sure it is not necessary now.

But service at home, service for home defence, and to keep our fighting men abroad properly supplied and maintained, that seems to me to stand on a different footing.

To fail in this struggle is to be enslaved, or at the very best to be destroyed. Not to win decisively is to have all this misery over again, after an uneasy truce, and to fight it over again, probably under less favourable circumstances, and perhaps alone.

Our whole nation must be organised—must be socialised, if you like the word—must be organised and mobilised.

There are three thousand London printers in His Majesty's forces.

A BRAVE CHAPLAIN.

Though Wounded, He Ministers To Men Until Killed By Shrapnel.

HEROES OF THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA CAMPAIGN.

CAIRO, May 28. No death in the Dardanelles forces has been more keenly felt than that of Father Finn, Catholic chaplain, who was one of the first to give his life in the landing at Sed-ul Bahr.

In answer to the appeals that were made to him not to leave the ship he replied: "A priest's place is beside the dying soldier." He stepped on to the gangway and immediately received a bullet through the chest.

Undeterred, he made his way across the lighters, receiving another bullet in the thigh and still another in the leg. By the time he reached the beach he was riddled with bullets, but he heroically went about his duties, giving consolation to the dying troops.

While he was attending to the spiritual requirements of one of his men the priest's head was shattered by shrapnel.

A BRAVE ESSEX MAN.

There have been many records of heroism shown by troops in carrying their wounded comrades to a place of safety under fire. One that will take a foremost place is that of Private Humberstone, of the Essex Regiment.

While Captain Bowen, his company commander, was lying wounded and unable to move, he saw Private Humberstone run out into the open on three occasions and bring in wounded men to a place of safety under a hot fire.

The New Zealanders came along, and while moving across the trenches of the Essex Regiment one of their officers was shot down. Humberstone again ran out under fire and carried the officer into a dugout, where he dressed his wound and made him comfortable.

Private Butters, who is in hospital in Alexandria, says he owes his life to Lieutenant Brooker. Directly Butters was wounded Lieutenant Brooker rushed out from under cover and carried the private for 300 yards under a murderous fire to a place of safety. The officer escaped unhurt.—Reuter.

MAN WHO WAS COLD YESTERDAY.

H. G. Hawker Beats Altitude Record By Climbing 3 3/4 Miles Into The Sky.

It was 71 in the shade in London yesterday, but at least one man was very cold.

Mr. H. G. Hawker, flying an 80 horse-power Sopwith biplane at Hendon yesterday afternoon, beat the British altitude record by attaining a height of over 20,000 feet. The previous record was 14,500 feet.

The flight occupied an hour and a half, and Mr. Hawker was out of sight for an hour. He suffered greatly from the cold.



H. G. HAWKER

NEARLY 5,500 CASUALTIES.

Tell-Tale Lists From France And Gallipoli.

Week-end casualty lists again bear evidence of heavy fighting, both in France and in Gallipoli. The totals are:—

	Officers.	Men.
France—British	79	2,994
Canadians	—	189
Gallipoli—British	—	1,931
Australians	—	285
Total	79	5,399

Among the regimental losses reported from France are:—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
2nd Sussex	89	—	—
15th London (Kensington T.)	79	105	*162
2nd Northants	75	—	—
4th King's B. Rifles	63	219	—
1st R. Lancasters	43	80	—
2nd Devons	40	140	—
1st Irish Rifles	38	86	—
8th Durham L.I. (T.)	—	—	203

* 47 also wounded. † Also 62 suffering from gas.

The chief sufferers in the Mediterranean are:—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Australians	136	149	—
1st Dublin Fusiliers	133	43	18
1st Lancs Fusiliers	114	135	53
1st Border Regiment	66	142	14
2nd S. Wales Borderers	57	124	—
1st Scottish Borderers	55	72	36
4th Worcesters	44	104	—
1st Essex	42	123	8

Captain the Hon. W. A. Nugent, 15th Hussars, brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Westmeath, has died of wounds. He was 39 years of age.

A STRIKER TO-DAY IS A TRAITOR.

If railwaymen strike at this moment they will not only be traitors to their country, but to the thousands of their own members who are serving their native land.—Mr. A. Bellamy, president of the National Union of Railwaymen, at Southampton yesterday.

THOUSANDS OF NURSES WANTED.

What Girls Should Do And Where They Should Apply.

THE WORK WOMEN CAN DO.

Thousands of nurses are urgently wanted for war work.

In France, Belgium, and at home here in England brave and self-sacrificing women have been all these months caring for wounded heroes in a manner which is a veritable epic of devotion.

But, with each succeeding month, the strain becomes heavier. Casualty lists grow larger, hospitals are crowded out and new ones have to be built. It all means the necessity for more and more nurses.

If there are any trained nurses left in the country who are not doing war work and who can be spared for it their duty is to ask at once to be employed upon it. But inquiries made by the *Daily Sketch* leave it doubtful whether there are many such nurses available.

Voluntary effort will have to be further utilised, and that to a considerable extent.

NO LOVEMAKING.

Miss Swift, matron at the St. John Ambulance Association, St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell, told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday that thousands of young women are wanted, and should write to the above address, or to the Voluntary Aid Detachments, Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

One word of warning. Useless pieces of be-frilled femininity, who only wish to make love to officers, are no more wanted than when war began.

Suppose Miss Suburbia (or her cousin in the country) desires to be of service. There are a few things to remember. She should—

- Be between the ages of 23 and 38;
- Have the advantage of a fair education;
- Be of the middle or upper middle classes;
- Take her First Aid and Home Nursing certificates;
- Attach herself to the nearest Voluntary Aid Detachment.

Certificates secured—and this should be accomplished in from six to eight weeks—Miss Suburbia (or her cousin) must have a short hospital course of six weeks, facilities for which will be arranged for her.

She can then begin work as a woman orderly, becoming later a probationer nurse. It will be hard work, but such self-sacrifice brings its own reward.

NAVAL SPY ARRESTED.

Confesses He Was Sent By the German Admiralty.

The authorities announce the arrest of another German spy named Robert Rosenthal, who has confessed that he was sent over by the German Admiralty to obtain information on naval matters. Rosenthal was arrested as he was leaving the country after being here a short time.

AWAY WITH SUNDAY BANDS!

Vicar's Protest Against "Amusements As Usual."

"Are we to go on 'as usual' with the amusements this summer?" asks the Rev. E. Garth Ireland, vicar of St. Mary's, East Molesey, Surrey, in his parish magazine.

The particular "amusements" to which the reverend gentleman objects are Sunday band performances at Hampton Court, the revival of which, he declares, has caused "deep distress" in many quarters. He adds:—

Surely the feeling that has resulted in the stopping of race meetings should be operative in this matter also.

The question is not one of right and wrong, but simply that these things are not seemly or decent in these days of stern and dreadful war, with anxiety, bereavement and sorrow prevailing everywhere.

RESCUED A COMRADE UNDER FIRE.

A Brighton man—living at 6, Carlton-hill—Private J. Bradford, of the Rifle Brigade, has been recommended for the D.C.M. for great gallantry at St. Eloi. Within a few yards from the enemy's trenches, and while exposed to a galling fire, Bradford, with another man, effected the rescue of a wounded comrade after several others had unsuccessfully essayed the task. Wounded two months ago, Bradford is now in hospital.

WETTEST WINTER IN 100 YEARS.

The three winter months, with 12.86 ins., were the wettest winter in 100 years, says the Astronomer Royal.

ROMANCE & TRAGEDY OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

Little Pictures That Reveal Wonderful Stories.

READERS FIND RELATIVES.

How The Daily Sketch Has Restored Lost Treasures.

In the pages of the *Daily Sketch* there have been reproduced from time to time photographs picked up on the battlefield, and upon the establishment of the identity of those portraits, either by the originals or their friends at home, many happy, and alas! many pathetic, little stories hang.

In nearly every instance the revelation of the identity of the original at home has also been the means of clearing up the mystery of the fate of its owner.

The last page of picked-up photographs, which the *Daily Sketch* published last Wednesday, has brought a number of letters, and resulted in the majority of those pictures being restored to their original owners.

A "PRETTY PICTURE"—AND A PRETTY SEQUEL.

One of those portraits, our readers may remember, was that of a young lady wearing a Welsh hat and a winning smile. "It is such a pretty picture," naively wrote the finder, a King's Royal Rifleman, who is now wounded and in hospital at Guildford.

The sequel is just as pretty. The original called at the *Daily Sketch* office just after the picture had been published. She is Miss Jennie Johns, a well-known comedienne, and the photograph portrays her in one of her most successful studies. In her Welsh costume she sings "Gwenie Morgan," and recently she made that song a medium of appeal which resulted in the collection, in one week, of 100,000 cigarettes for the lads at the front.

A message on the back of the photograph, "Love from Jennie," enabled her to identify it as the one she had given to her brother. The affectionate soldier-brother had adorned his trench with the picture, but a hurried departure left no time for its removal. However, he is quite well, and it will not be long before "Jennie's" smiling picture again greets him.

SOME SOLDIERS' MOTHER.

"Some soldier's mother will recognise this," wrote the finder of a portrait of a pleasant-looking matron. He is quite right, and if he had transposed his apostrophe and had penned his message in the plural he would indeed have been more accurate. She is some soldiers' mother. This lady is Mrs. Brown, of Bolton-street, Lavenham, Suffolk, and she sends to the *Daily Sketch* the following family military record:—

SONS.

- Sergt. J. F. Brown, 4th Hussars.
- Private G. Brown, 5th Suffolk.
- Private F. Brown, 2nd Essex.
- Lance-Corporal H. Brown, 5th Suffolk.

SONS-IN-LAW.

- Private A. Simpson, 1st Suffolk.
- Private E. Hartley, 3rd Suffolk.

The recovered photograph was lost by Private F. Brown, who was wounded at the time. In a subsequent letter home he acquainted the family with his loss, and added, "I would not have lost

MONEY FOR SNAPSHOTS.

The "*Daily Sketch*" pays the highest prices for pictures, and every amateur sending in his snapshots has also a chance of winning the big money prizes offered. £100 is paid for the best amateur photograph published each week, and there are also further awards the chief of which is £500.

it for anything." The *Daily Sketch* is happy to think that in a few days it will again be in his possession.

Of her four soldier sons Mrs. Brown has two at the front and a third getting ready, while the fourth has enlisted for home defence. The portrait which we reproduced was the first she had ever had taken, her reason being that she wanted each of her soldier sons to carry one. She tells the *Daily Sketch* that her wounded boy has quite recovered and is back in the trenches again. Last October Sergeant Brown was honoured for gallantry in the battle of the Aisne.

THE TRAGIC SIDE.

A pathetic story is revealed by the publication of two pictures picked up by a wounded soldier in the Manchester Regiment. One of these, a group of four pretty children bore the message, "Dear Dada, we have come to you as you can't come to us." The other, that of a woman, contained this cheery message of a typical Tommy's wife, "I hope you like this photo of your Old Dutch."

With the identity of the owner of these photographs comes the sad news that he has been killed. His widow is Mrs. M. Harford, of Shirebrook, near Mansfield, and she informs the *Daily Sketch* that he was killed in the battle of Neuve Chapelle on March 12.

TERRITORIALS' BRILLIANT ASSAULT ON TURKISH LINES.

GENERAL ADVANCE IN THE DARDANELLES.

Allies Gain Over 500 Yards On 3-Mile Front.

SWAYING BATTLE-LINE.

British Regulars Sweep The Turks From Their Trenches.

FRENCH GALLANTRY.

German Sailors From The Goeben Among 400 Enemy Prisoners.

We are separated only by a few miles from a victory in the Dardanelles such as this war has not yet seen . . . victory in the sense of the brilliant and formidable fact shaping the destinies of nations and shortening the duration of the war.—Mr. Churchill at Dundee on Saturday.

From Sir Ian Hamilton.

Sunday.

On the night of June 3-4 (Thursday-Friday) the Turks having bombarded a small fort in front of the extreme right of the French position (in the Gallipoli peninsula) which had previously been captured, launched an infantry attack against it, which was repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy.

At the same time the Turks set fire to the scrub in front of the left centre of the position occupied by the British Division and attacked, but met with no success.

On the morning of June 4 (Friday) Sir Ian Hamilton ordered a general attack on the Turkish trenches in the southern area

to be ordered back owing to heavy enfilade fire.

The French Second Division advanced with great gallantry and elan and retook, for the fourth time, the deadly redoubt they call "le haricot," but unfortunately the Turks developed heavy counter-attacks through prepared communication trenches, and under cover of accurate shell fire were able to recapture it.

FRENCH HOLD FAST.

On the French extreme right the French captured a strong line of trenches, which, though heavily counter-attacked twice during the night, they still occupy.

We captured 400 prisoners, including 10 officers.

Amongst the prisoners were five Germans, the remains of a volunteer machine gun detachment from the Goeben. Their officer was killed and the machine gun destroyed.

During the night information was received that enemy reinforcements were advancing from the direction of Maidos towards Krithia.

AUSTRALIANS AGAIN.

Thereupon Lieut.-General Birdwood arranged to attack the trenches in front of Quinn's Post at 10 p.m., which attack was successfully carried out, and the captured trenches held throughout the night.

The Turkish casualties were heavy. At 6.30 a.m. the enemy heavily counter-attacked, and by means of heavy bombs forced our men out of the most forward trench, though we still hold the communication trenches made during the night.

The result of these operations is that we have made an advance of 500 yards, which includes two lines of Turkish trenches along a front of nearly three miles.

We are now consolidating our new positions and strengthening the line.

SAVED BY BRITISH BLUFF.

How 150 Colonials Held Hordes Of Turks In Check For Two Days.

CAIRO, Sunday.

In the Deaconess Hospital in Alexandria, recovering from his wounds, is Major Dawson, of the New Zealanders, who for two days with only 150 Australians and New Zealanders held the corner of the second ridge at Sari Bair against tremendous odds.

The Turks had come sweeping on in great force, and there seemed every probability of the British being driven back to the beach, but they clung to their positions till reinforcements arrived and the danger was averted.

About midnight Lieutenant Conway with his machine-gun section arrived to help Dawson, but the Turks were at too close range for a machine-gun to be of any service, so Conway retired. Throughout the night Dawson's men kept up a continual battle, every man shouting orders of some sort or other, and the Turks were led to believe that they were confronted by a considerable force.

When dawn broke the sound of a machine-gun was heard sweeping across the Turkish trenches, and the British knew that Conway was at work. He had spent the night seeking out a spot from which he could get at the Turks, and his machine-gun fire did much to help Major Dawson to keep the ridge until reinforcements arrived.

At any moment the Turks could have swept the small force from its position, but British bluff and a courageous spirit saved the day.—Reuter.

280,000 TURKS IN THE PENINSULA.

PARIS, Sunday.

In a long dispatch the special correspondent of the *Matin* at the Dardanelles estimates the enemy's strength at not less than seven army corps (about 280,000 men), with close upon 3,000 German officers and non-commissioned officers.—Central News.

SUBMARINE FRIGHTENED THEM.

LUGANO, Sunday.

The *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, learns from Constantinople that since the visit of a British submarine the Turks have ceased sending troops by way of the Sea of Marmora.—Central News.

DROWNED AT HOLIDAY CAMP.

Two Oxford boys, Leonard Peart (16) and Frederick Weston (16), were found drowned yesterday at Godstowe lock, near which, on a strip of land, they had been camping for some time.

A friend returning to the camp found the boys' clothes, and the bodies were recovered by the lock-keeper. It is supposed that the boys were drowned while bathing.

ON THE ROAD TO BAGDAD.

Turks Surrender Important Town In Mesopotamia To British.

OVER 2,000 PRISONERS AND 13 GUNS CAPTURED.

From General Nixon.

Sunday Night.

General Townshend, accompanied by Captain Nunn, R.N., and Sir Percy Cox in a small gunboat flotilla, received the surrender of the Governor of Amarah, with some 30 officers and about 700 soldiers, at 1.30 p.m. on June 3.

Amarah is now occupied by us in force.

Troops captured comprised the advanced guard of the Turkish forces retiring before General Goringe's column which was pursuing the Turkish forces in their retreat from Persian territory; the main body following was seen to disperse into the marshes.

Our total captures up to date, including above, amount to about 80 officers, 2,000 men, 7 field guns, 6 naval guns on the gunboat Marmariss, 12 large steel barges, 1 large river steamer, and 3 small steamers, and a considerable number of rifles and ammunition of all sorts.

Further surrenders are expected. Of six Germans with the Turks three are prisoners, two were killed by marsh Arabs, and the fate of the sixth is doubtful.

[Amarah, on the Tigris, is 165 miles north-west of the Persian Gulf, and an important position on the way to Bagdad. It is in the region in which legend locates the Garden of Eden. The marsh Arabs referred to in General Nixon's dispatch have long chafed under the rule of the Turks.]

FRENCH ATTACK GERMAN LINES NORTH OF THE AISNE.

Enemy's Operations And Works Captured With A Single Rush.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday Night.

In the sector to the north of Arras the struggle was continued with extreme activity to our advantage.

We delivered several successful attacks on both sides of the Aix-Noulette-Souchez road, and gained ground in the woods to the east of that road and to the south in the region of the Buval bottom.

At Neuville St. Vaast our progress continued inside the village (northern part). We captured several houses.

At the same time we drew closer the investment of the enemy redoubt in the island north-west of the locality, and occupied the communication trench which leads to it.

We captured new trenches at the centre and in the south of the "Labyrinth," and advanced a hundred metres.

The struggle has continued uninterruptedly for eight days in this great work, two-thirds of which we now hold.

To the north of the Aisne, east of Tracy le Mont, on the heights adjoining the Moulin Sous Touvent, we delivered an attack which resulted in important gains.

After a very effective bombardment we captured on a front of five-eighths of a mile with a single rush two successive lines of trenches and several enemy works. Three violent counter-attacks were repulsed by our troops, who took over 200 prisoners and three 77 millimetre guns.

In Champagne, near Beausejour, we made progress by mining.

On the heights of the Meuse and in the Vosges there were artillery actions.—Reuter.

Sunday Afternoon.

During the evening of Saturday and on the night of Saturday-Sunday the Germans made a violent effort to retake the positions which they had lost during the last few days.

All the sector from Ablain to Neuville, and particularly the sugar refinery of Souchez, was subjected to almost continuous bombardment, to which French artillery replied energetically.

Five German counter-attacks were delivered on slopes east of La Chapelle de Lorette.

The German offensive was completely broken, and the French maintained all their positions, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy.—Reuter.

NAVAL ACTION IN THE BALTIC.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.

A cannonade was heard off Gotland (off south-east coast of Sweden) last night, 24 shots to the minute being counted at times. No warships were visible. The sounds came from the south-east.—Exchange Special.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Saturday.

Large German naval forces have been revealed in the middle Baltic.

Our ships exchanged shots with the Germans in the proximity of the Gulf of Riga.—Reuter.

The German Press reports that during the French air raid upon the headquarters of the Crown Prince only some of the head and files were killed.—Central News Amsterdam message.

Extra Late Edition.

ITALIANS' FIRST BIG BATTLE RAGING.

Fighting At Tolmino Proceeding In Favour Of Our Allies.

AUSTRIAN DEFENCES.

Trenches Cut In Solid Rock Delay Assailants' Advance.

Natural obstructions, improved upon by the Austrian engineers, impede the Italian advance at Tolmino and Rovereto, but latest reports say that the first important battle of the campaign, that for the possession of Tolmino, is progressing in favour of our brave Allies.

Tolmino is about 17 miles north-east of Gorizia (on the Isonzo) and is the most important enemy position on the south side of the Julian Alps. Rovereto commands the mountain pass through which the road to Trent runs.

IN FAVOUR OF ITALIANS.

PARIS, Sunday.

The first important battle of the Italian campaign which started on Thursday for the possession of Tolmino, is still raging, but is progressing favourably for the Italians.—Exchange Special.

VERONA, Sunday.

The Italian .75 guns are doing great execution in the important Tolmino engagement, news of which is anxiously expected.—Reuter's Special.

AUSTRIANS' GRANITE TRENCHES.

LUGANO, Sunday.

I learn from the frontier that the enemy's use of trenches excavated in the solid rock is delaying the Italian operations at Tolmino and also in the vicinity of Rovereto.

The fighting in the approaches to the Stelvio is particularly heavy.

All accounts agree as to the splendid spirit of the Italian troops.—Central News.

AUSTRIANS CLAIM SUCCESSES.

Austrian Official News.

VIENNA (via Amsterdam), Sunday.

In the region of Lavarone Folgaria we have now opened fire with heavy artillery against the hostile frontier forts.

On the front in the coastal district the artillery duel is becoming more violent.

In the fighting at Monte Nero (north of Tolmino) the Italians sustained considerable losses. On the southern slope of the mountain 300 enemy corpses were found.

The enemy's attempt to cross the Isonzo, near Sagrado, was repulsed with heavy loss.—Reuter.

ITALIAN FLEET ACTIVE.

Monfalcone Bombarded, Cables Destroyed And Railway Damaged.

Italian Official Naval News.

ROME, Sunday.

Yesterday (Saturday) in the Middle and Lower Adriatic our naval detachments successfully carried out several operations against the enemy's coasts. The cables uniting the continent to the islands of the Dalmatian Archipelago were cut.

All the lighthouses and look-out stations on these islands were destroyed.

The railway between Cattaro and Ragusa was bombarded and seriously damaged. The same day, in the Upper Adriatic, a group of our torpedo-boat destroyers, although unsuccessfully attacked by Austrian aeroplanes, again bombarded Monfalcone, and sank several large sailing craft laden with merchandise.

The larger vessels supporting the destroyers cruised in the same waters without seeing the enemy.—Reuter.

FUTILE AIR RAIDS.

Bombs Dropped On The East And South-East Coasts.

From the Admiralty.

Saturday Afternoon.

During last night hostile airships visited the East and South-East coasts of England.

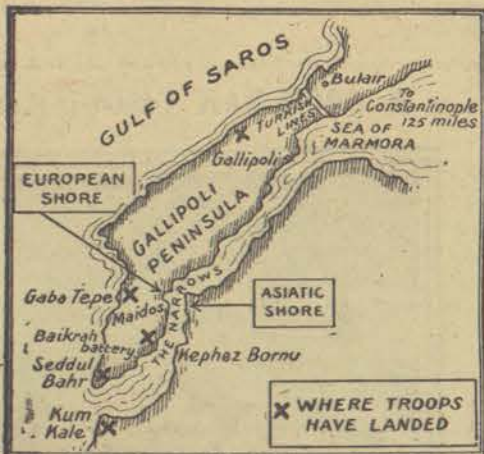
Bombs were dropped at various places, but little material damage was done.

The casualties so far reported are very few.

Saturday Night.

It is now possible to state definitely the number of fatalities caused by the hostile aircraft which visited the neighbourhood of London on the night of May 31. The number is six—one man, one woman, four children. This number does not include the case of an elderly woman, whose death was attributed to shock caused by the raid.

"When people speak of the danger to London from Zeppelins, I think they should thank God that they are allowed to have a bit of danger," said the Bishop of London, preaching at St. Jude's, South Kensington, yesterday morning.



of the Gallipoli Peninsula, preceded by a heavy bombardment by all guns and assisted by battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

WITH THE BAYONET.

At a given signal the troops rushed forward with the bayonet, and were immediately successful all along the line except in one spot, where heavy wire entanglements had not been destroyed by bombardment.

The Indian troops on our extreme left made a magnificent advance and captured two lines of trenches, but owing to the troops on their right being hung up by the wire entanglements were obliged to retire to their original line.

The Regular division made good progress on the left centre, capturing the strong redoubt and two lines of trenches beyond it, and about 500 yards in advance of their original line.

TERRITORIALS' GALLANT ADVANCE.

The Territorial division in our centre did brilliantly, advancing 600 yards, capturing three lines of trenches; but though the advanced captured trench was held all day and half of the ensuing night, they had to be ordered back in the morning to the second captured line, as both their flanks were exposed.

The Naval Division, on their right centre, captured a redoubt and a formidable line of trenches reconstructed in three tiers some 300 yards to their front, but they, too, had

A WEEK-END WAR BRIDE.

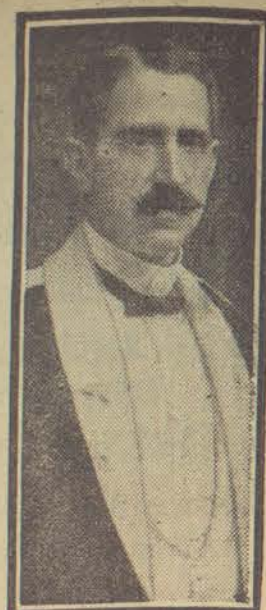


Miss Ellen Dolga Williams arriving at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with her father, Sir Osmond Williams. She was married on Saturday to Lieut. Gordon Beazley, of the King's Liverpool Regiment.

TERRITORIALS WHO FIGHT LIKE VETERANS.



The Kensington Rifles, of whom this group of officer and "non-coms" are part, now resting after seven months' very active service. They have won the name of "Kensington Gurkhas" through carrying billhooks slung in their belts for wire-cutting.



Lieut.-Colonel D. H. Wade, 9th Manchester Territorials, wounded.

THE SORT OF "BOMBS" THAT TOMMY WELCOMES.



Bournemouth women co-operated in collecting over 10,000 cigarettes, as well as money for buying still more, which will be sent to our soldiers at the front.



Dr. Beatrice McGregor, well known in Wimbledon, is off to Serbia.

AN IMPERIAL NURSE.



The Tsaritsa, who has been nursing the Russian wounded, has just celebrated her forty-third birthday.

FIVE BROTHERS WHO FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE.



In one company of a battalion of the Middlesex Regiment there are five brothers named Cole, who have fought side by side. Left to right—Robert (private), Samuel (sergeant), Alfred (private). Sitting—William and Frederick (sergeants). Their widowed mother has been congratulated by the King.

A POOH BAH DISGUISE.



A British bluejacket made up as Pooh Bah in an entertainment aboard ship somewhere in the North Sea.

CRITERION. Tel. Ger. 3844.
TO-NIGHT at 9, MILTON BOSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS." At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sat., 2.30.

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production. **BETTY.**
TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee Sat., at 2.
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GAIETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT.
New Musical Play. EVERY EVENING 8.15. Mr. George Grossmith's and Mr. Edward Laurillard's Production. Matinee Every Saturday at 2.15.

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MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in "PEG O' MY HEART."
Nightly 8.15. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree.
TO-MORROW (TUESDAY), at 8,
and Every Following Evening at 8.30,
Sir Herbert Tree will produce

MARIE ODILE. By Edward Knoblauch.
The scene is laid in a Convent in the Mountains.
MARIE LOHR. **BASIL GILL.**
Helen Hays. A. E. George.
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FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY, June 12th, 2.30,
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LYRIC. To-night at 8.15.
"ON TRIAL."
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, 2.30.

NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
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ARMAGEDDON. By Stephen Phillips.

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-NIGHT at 8.30.
A new play, in 3 acts, entitled
"THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS."
Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue.
POTASH AND PERLMUTTER.
Every Evening 8.15. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.
Box Office, 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9437.

Box Office (Ger. 3855), 10 to 10.

ROYALTY. Vedrenne and Eadie.
DENNIS EADIE in
"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."
TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Mat. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

SAVOY. MR. H. B. IRVING.
To-night at 8.45, in "The Angel in the House," by Eden Philpotts & Macdonald Hastings. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

SCALA, W. **KINEMACOLOR.**
DAILY, 2.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.
Including Neuve Chapelle Battle, Italian Army, Dardanelles.
NIGHTLY at 8.—BRITONS' DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN.
TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEES WEDS. at 2.
MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production.
ALFRED LESTER "ALWAYS Merry and Bright."
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STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE.
TO-NIGHT at 8.
JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY.
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Friday next, at 8.30 (other evenings 8.45).
THE GREEN FLAG.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE.
At 8 (other evenings 8.15), April Fools.
Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30, commencing June 16.

WYNDHAM'S. WED. NEXT at 8.30.
GERALD du MAURIER and LEWIS WALLER in a new play in 4 acts entitled "GAMBLERS ALL."

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12/6—(Worth £2 10s.) FIELD, RACE or MARINE GLASS (by Lefajer); powerful Binoocular, as used in Army and Navy; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; wide field; saddle made along case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval willingly before payment.

32/6—POWERFUL BINOCULAR FIELD or MARINE GLASSES, great magnifying power (by Lumier); most powerful glass made, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, brilliant field of view; in Solid leather case; week's free trial; worth £6 10s.—sacrifice, £1 12s. 6d.

12/9—(Worth £2 10s.) BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American Robes, etc.; beautiful made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; sacrifice, 12s. 9d. Approval willingly.

10/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action; 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

19/9—SUPERFINE QUALITY BLANKETS, magnificent parcel, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large-size Blankets. Worth £3 3s.—sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval.

22/6—GLASSES, as supplied to the War Office; 8-lens magnification power, large field of view; time by church clock distinctly seen three miles away; in brown English leather sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1 2s. 6d.

4/9—PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant attached, set Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case. Bargain, 4s. 9d. Approval willingly.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled solid links, curb pattern; 12s. 6d. Ap. (Worth £4 4s.)—LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist, perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s. Approval.

14/6—(Worth £2 2s.) Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock BRACELET with safety chain; 14s. 6d. Approval.

19/9—LADY'S Trousseau; 24 Superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc.; worth £3 3s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval.

8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped, filled, in velvet case; 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.

49/6—(Worth £10 10s.) GENT'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (R. Stanton, London); jewelled, timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 49s. 6d.

21/-—(Worth £4 4s.)—Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 72 articles, exquisite Embroidered American Robes, etc.; everything required; beautiful garments, never worn; bargain, 21s. Approval willingly.

12/6—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

8/6—Gent's Handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, with fully randomised luminous hands and figures; time can be distinctly seen at night; high grade lever movement, timed to minute month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 8s. 6d.

21/-—(Worth £4 4s.) Lady's Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Watch, jewelled movement, richly engraved, 12 years' warranty; week's free trial, 21s.; also Lady's Handsome Solid Gold Long Watch Guard, worth £4 4s.; sacrifice, 21s.

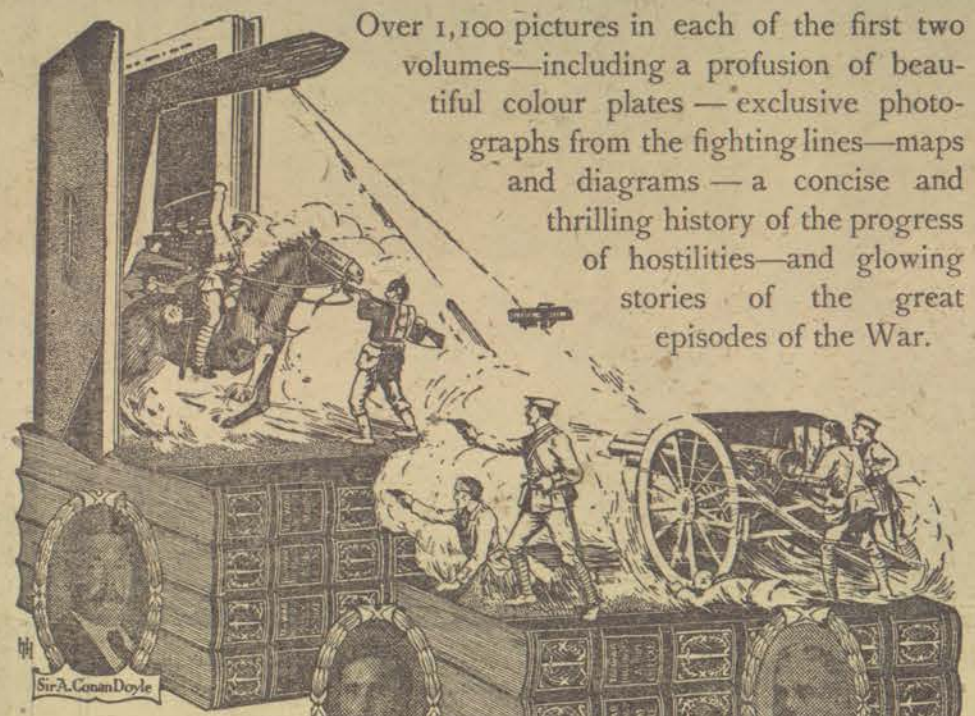
3/9—LADY'S SOLID GOLD 3-stone Parisian DIAMOND RING, gipsy set; worth 15s.; sacrifice, 3s. 9d.; approval.

19/6—(Worth £5 5s.) GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey Yorkshires TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality, latest West End style and finish, never worn; breast 39in., waist 35in., leg 32½in.; sacrifice, 19s. 6d.; approval willingly.

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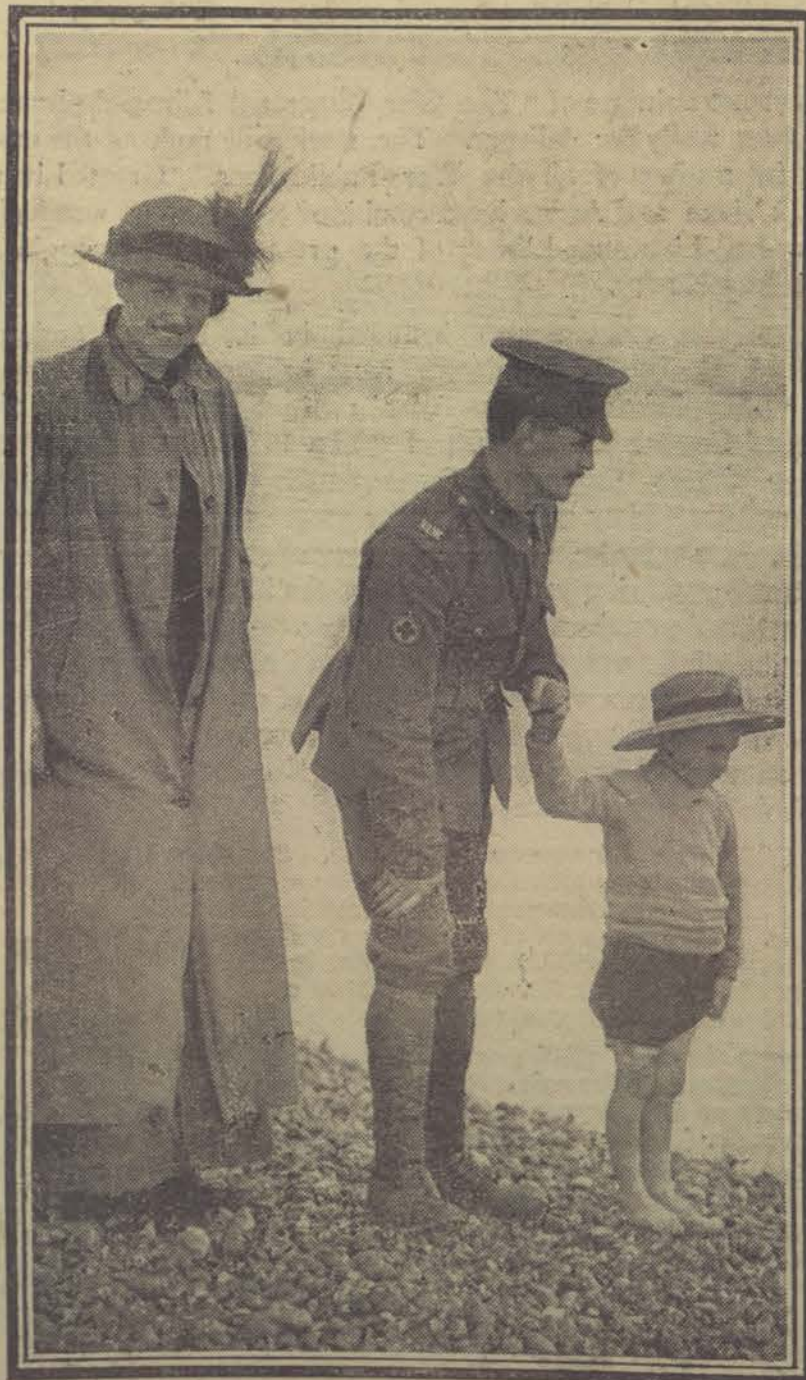
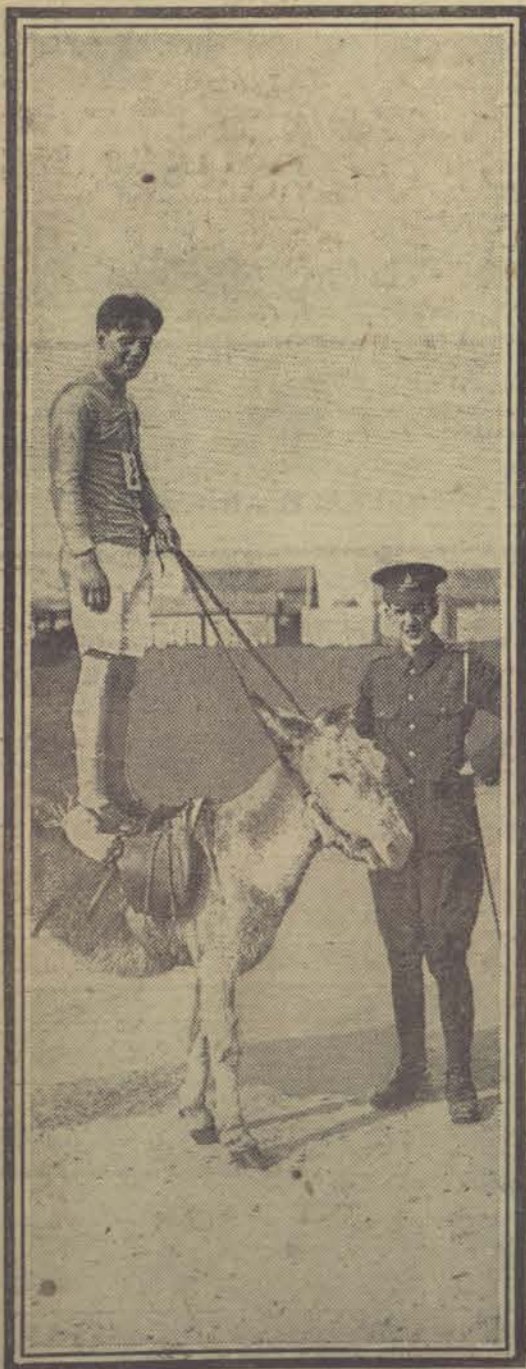
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The German airmen only aim at the homes of defenceless non-combatants. Here is a French peasant's cottage wrecked by a bomb dropped through the roof from a passing Taube. This is war as the Huns conceive it.

TWO PICTURES OF THE BRIGHT SIDE OF A NATION AT WAR.



A little side show at Epsom sports. It is very refreshing to come across scenes like this in the grim business of war. These two fortunate soldiers are only acting up to the Army motto: "Make the best of everything."

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OF THE



Two officers "snapping" at the camera.

The escalator man is really a woman.

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... hotter time, even if the weather is cooler.

HOW THE FRENCH WON NEUVILLE ST. VAAST.



A photograph which gives a vivid idea of the fighting at Neuville St. Vaast, which ended in a victory for the French. Our gallant allies had to fight every inch of the way. Every house was a miniature fort that had to be stormed and carried at the point of the bayonet, and in this kind of fighting our Allies proved superior to the Huns.

"KEEP COOL" IS TOMMY'S CHEERFUL MOTTO IN PEACE AND WAR.



The Frenchman who sent this photograph to the *Daily Sketch* said: "Your boys are really wonderful. Nothing can worry them."
The picture was taken about the time Mr. Asquith paid his visit to the front.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

Andor Renews His Courtship.

A week went by after the funeral before Elsa saw Andor again. She had not purposely avoided him, any more than she had avoided everyone else; but but unlike most girls of her class and of her nationality she had felt a great desire to be alone during the most acute period of this life's crisis through which she was passing just now.

At first on that never-to-be-forgotten morning when she woke to her wedding-day—her white veil and wreath of artificial white roses lying conspicuously on the top of the chest of drawers, so that her eyes were bound to alight on them the moment they opened—and saw her mother standing beside her bed, dishevelled, pale, and obviously labouring under some terrible excitement, she had been conscious as of an awful blow on the head, a physical sensation of numbness and of pain.

Even before she had had time to formulate a question she knew that some terrible calamity had occurred. In jerky phrases, broken by moans and interjections, the mother had blurted out the news: Erös Béla was dead—he had been found just now—murdered outside Klara Goldstein's door—there would be no wedding—Elsa was a widow before she had been a bride. Half the village was inclined to believe that Ignác Goldstein had done the deed in a moment of angry passion, finding Béla sneaking round his daughter's door when he himself was going away from home—others boldly accused Andor.

Elsa had said nothing at the time. That same imagined blow on the head had also deprived her of the power of speech. Fortunately Irma talked so loudly and so long that she paid no attention to her daughter's silence, and presently ran out into the village to gather more news.

And Elsa remained alone in the house, save for the helpless invalid in the next room. She washed and dressed herself quickly and mechanically, then sat down on her favourite low chair, close beside her crippled father's knee, covering there like some little field mouse, attentive, alert, rigidly still, for very fear of what was to come.

Irma did not come back for two or three hours; when she did it was to bring the exciting news that Leopold Hirsch had been found hanging to a beam in his back shop, with the knife wherewith he had killed Erös Béla lying conspicuously on a table close by.

Elsa's Sense Of Relief.

Elsa felt as if the weight of the world had been lifted from off her brain. All through these hours the thought of Andor having committed such an

abominable crime never once entered her mind, but nevertheless when her mother told the news about Leopold Hirsch, and that the police officers had already left the village, she was conscious of an overwhelming sense of relief.

Fortunately her mother was busy all day gossiping with her cronies, and Elsa was allowed the luxury of sitting alone most of the day, silent and absorbed, doing the usual work of the house in the morning and in the afternoon busying herself with carefully putting away the wedding dress, the veil, the wreath which would not be wanted now.

Late in the evening, when there was a chance of finding the street deserted, she ran out as far as the presbytery. Fortunately the night was dark; a thin drizzle was falling, and it spread a misty veil all down the village street. Elsa had tied one of her mother's dark-coloured handkerchiefs over her head and put her darkest-coloured petticoat on the top of all the others. She had also wrapped her mother's dark shawl round her shoulders, and thus muffled up she was able to flit unperceived down the street, a swift little dark figure undistinguishable from the surrounding darkness of the night.

Fortunately the Pater was at home and ready to see her. She heaved a sigh of relief as she entered the bare narrow little hall which led on the right to the Pater's parlour.

She had been able to tell Pater Bonifácus exactly what was troubling her—that sense of peace, almost of relief, which had descended into her soul when she heard that she never, never need be Erös Béla's wife. Since this morning, when first she had heard the terrible news, she had not thought of his death—that awful fate which had so unexpectedly overtaken him—she had only thought of her own freedom, the peace which henceforth would be hers.

That was very wrong, of course—a grievous sin, no doubt, the Pater would call it. She shed many tears of contrition, listened eagerly to a kind homily from the old priest on the subject of unnecessary and unprofitable searchings of conscience, and went away satisfied.

Andor Calls To See Her.

Strangely enough, after this confession she felt far more sorry for poor Béla than she had done before, and she cried her eyes out both before and after the funeral because, do what she would, she always saw him before her as he was that last day of his life—quarrelsome, dictatorial, tyrannical—and she remembered how she had almost hated him for his bullying ways and compared him in her mind with Andor's kindness and chivalry.

And now she cried with remorse because she had

hated him during the last hours of his life; she cried because he had gone to his death unloved, and lay now in his coffin unregretted; she cried because her heart was full and heavy and because in the past week—before her wedding day—she had swallowed so many unshed tears.

And while she felt miserable and not a little forlorn she didn't want to see anybody, least of all Andor. Whenever she thought of Andor, the same remorse about Béla gnawed again at her heart, for when she thought of him she not only felt at peace, but it seemed as if a ray of happiness illumined the past darkness of her life.

Once or twice during the last day or two, when she had sat stitching, she caught herself singing softly to herself, and once she knew for certain that she had smiled.

Then the day came when Andor called at the house. Irma fortunately was out, having coffee and gossip with a friend. No doubt he had watched until he was sure that she was well out of the way. Then he knocked at the door and entered.

Elsa was sitting as usual on the low chair close by the sick man. She looked up when he entered, and all at once the blood rushed to her pale cheeks. "May I come in?" he asked diffidently.

"If you like, Andor," she replied.

He threw down his hat and then came to sit on the corner of the table in his favourite attitude and as close to Elsa as he dared. The eyes of the paralytic had faintly lit up at his approach.

"Are you quite well, Elsa?" he asked after a long pause, during which the girl thought that she could hear the beating of her own heart.

"Yes. Quite well, thank you, Andor," she replied softly.

"No one has seen you in the village this past week," he remarked.

"A Little Too Soon."

"No," she said, "I am not very fond of gossip, and there was a deal too much of it in Marosfalva this past week to please me."

"You are right there, Elsa," he rejoined, "but there were others in the village, you know, those who did not gossip—but whose heart would have been gladdened by a sight of you."

"Yes, Andor," she murmured. We may take it that the young man found these laconic answers distinctly encouraging, for presently he said abruptly:

"Perhaps, Elsa, it isn't right for me to begin talking to you . . . about certain matters . . ."

"What matters, Andor?" she asked ingenuously.

"Matters which have lain next to my heart, Elsa, for more years' now than I would care to count."

"Perhaps it is a little too soon, Andor—yet—" she whispered under her breath.

Oh! She could have whipped herself for that warm blush which now covered not only her cheeks, but her neck and bosom, and for that glow of happiness which had rushed straight to her heart at his words. But he had already seen the blush, and caught that expression of happiness in her blue eyes which suddenly made her look as she did of old—five years ago—before that wan, pathetic expression of resignation had altered her sweet face so completely.

"I don't want to worry you, Elsa," he said simply.

"You couldn't worry me, Andor," she said, "you have always been the best friend I had in the world."

"That is because I have loved you more dearly than anyone ever loved you on this earth," he said earnestly.

"God bless you for that, Andor."

He leaned forward, nearer to her now; his gaze had become more fixed, more compelling. Since he had seen that look on her face and that blush he was sure of his ground; he knew that, given time and peace, the wheel of fate, which had already taken an upward turn for him, would soon carry him to the summit of his desires—the woman whom he loved was no longer unattainable and she had remained faithful throughout all this time.

"Do you think, Elsa," he asked more insistently now, and sinking his voice to that whisper which reaches a woman's ear far more truly than the loudest beating of drum, "do you think that, now that you are free, you could bring yourself to . . . to care . . . to . . . ? You were very fond of me once, Elsa," he pleaded.

"I am fond of you now, Andor," she whispered in response. "No, no," she added hurriedly, for already he had made a movement towards her and the next moment would have been down on his knees with his arms around her, but for the gently restraining touch of her hand, "it is too soon to talk about that."

"Not Just Yet, but—"

"Yes—too soon," he assented with enforced calm, even though his heart was beating furiously. "It is too soon, I know, and I won't worry you, Elsa—I said I wouldn't, and I won't. . . I am not a cur to come and force myself on you when you are not ready to listen to me, and we won't talk about it all . . . not just yet."

His throat felt very dry, and his tongue felt several sizes too large for his mouth. It was mightily difficult to keep calm and to speak soberly when one's inclination was firstly to dance a waltz of triumph and of joy and then to take that dear, sweet angel of a woman in one's arms and to kiss her till she was ready to faint.

"When do you think I might speak to you again, Elsa?" he said, with a certain pathetic hesitancy, "about . . ."

"About what, Andor?" she asked.

"About our getting married—later on."

"Not just yet," she murmured, "but . . ."

(To be continued.)



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A trumpeter in the R.F.A. picked this up on the field. Whose little girl is she?



This locket photograph dropped out of the pocket of a dead private of the Durham Light Infantry. In the back of the photograph is a lock of hair.



Found near Ypres. On the back of the photograph was: "To dear Fred, from Frances, with love,



Picked up on the battlefield near the body of a dead Guardsman after heavy fighting.



"To Harry, with love and best wishes from Greta," was the inscription on the back.



This picture was left behind on the shelf of a "dug-out" just north of Neuve Chapelle.



A pretty memory of happier times. The artilleryman who forwards it believes it belonged to a private in the Northumberland Fusiliers.



Found by a sergeant of the King's Royal Rifles under Hill 60.

Only a few of the relics from the battlefield that are reaching the *Daily Sketch* day by day. Some of the photographs were evidently taken quite recently, some faded by time, others scratched and torn, telling their own story; but each the prized possession of a gallant soldier. The eagerness with which the finders request us to publish the pictures as soon as possible, in order to relieve the anxiety or the doubt of the relatives, is a testimony to the humanity of the British soldier.

SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE FORCING THE DARDANELLES.

CUSTODIAN OF ARMY'S "GRANDMOTHERS." Life In A Munitions Depot At The Front. WHY "SHELLS" TURNED CYNIC.

Proud Boast Of Ironmonger-In-Chief To The Troops. By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, JUNE 4. It takes all sorts of men to make an army. You hear mostly about the heroes of the trenches and the leaders of forlorn hopes, but behind the firing line you will find a number of other keen soldiers who have never seen a German—except prisoners—and never expect to be shelled—except by accident.

I met two typical individuals of this sort. One man keeps what might be described as the principal ironmonger's shop at the front, and the other lives in a railway van, and is loathed by the commander of every ammunition column because he will not give them more shells than they are entitled to.

IN THE ARMY IRONMONGER'S SHOP. You should have seen the keeper of the principal ironmonger's shop at the front beam when I was introduced by my travelling companion, the major. He piloted me through the maze of equipment. Here was an improved pump for drying trenches—the invention of a wounded officer. I fell over a box marked "telescopes" and backed hurriedly into a pile of garden spades. One avenue between the piles of boxes and bales led into a cul-de-sac bristling with pickaxe heads and on the way out I encountered twelve different kinds of wire nails.

CYNICISM OF "SHELLS." Farther along the road I found "Shells." "Pity you weren't here this morning," he said regretfully; "all the 'grandmothers' have gone. I've got some 'mothers' left, though."

"WARE OF 'BEST FRIENDS.'" "Shells" spends his time receiving one train-load of ammunition after another from the coast, and splitting them up among the waiting columns. From his desolate railway siding the shells go in horsed columns along the roads that lead to the far distant batteries.

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

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



The honour of forcing the Dardanelles will be shared by the Army and Navy. Here are some Australians who have helped to make the progress reported in the latest dispatch.

"TIMES" CHARGE DISMISSED. Failure To Prove That Printed Letter Would Assist Enemy.

The charge against the Times, jointly with Major E. H. Richardson, taken under the Defence of the Realm Act, of publishing information which might be directly useful to the enemy was dismissed on Saturday by Sir David Burnett at the Mansion House. The basis of the charge was contained in a letter from Major Richardson. This was headed "The Need for Compulsion," and appeared in the Times of May 21. It contained the following passage:—

The last of the French reserves are out, and at the present moment young raw recruits are being called up. The defence, as submitted by Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., M.P., for the Times, was that whatever was contained in the letter was common property to Germany, or anyone else, long before its publication. He gave the months of August last year and April of this as two dates in point upon which similar information had been commented upon by the German newspapers.

MADE TO SINK HIS OWN SHIP. Belgian Skipper's Story Of Submarine's Bungling Methods.

How the commander of a German submarine compelled a skipper to sink his own boat was related yesterday by the captain of the Belgian trawler Delta B, which was sunk in the Irish Channel on Wednesday. The submarine opened fire without warning. Shell after shell went through the cabin and engine-room as the captain made vain efforts to get away.

An officer in the conning tower of the U boat waved his hands as a signal to the crew to take to their boat, which they did. Then the submarine fired four more shells at the Delta B, without effect, and her commander ordered the skipper to take two bombs and place them in the middle of the ship, saying, "You can have half an hour to take off anything you want."

- EDNA MAY: Steam drifter, Peterhead. GORTES: Trawler, Aberdeen. EVENING STAR: Fishing liner, Aberdeen. KATHLEEN: Trawler, Peterhead. EBENEZER: Trawler, Aberdeen. DUNNET HEAD: Steamer, Leith. DOGBERRY: Trawler, Hull. STRATHBRAN: Fishing liner, Glasgow. GEORGE AND MARY: Schooner, Glasgow. BOY HORACE: Smack, Lowestoft. ECONOMY: Smack, Lowestoft. SALVADOR: Schooner, Denmark. PERSIMMON: Trawler, Grimsby. PENFELD: Steamer, French. BARDOLPH: Trawler, Hull.

Before the crew of the Economy was cast adrift in the small boat the captain of the trawler asked the submarine commander to supply him with some bread and water. He was given a war loaf which "resembled newly-cut cork," and some water in an apparently oily can.

THE PRUSSIAN HEATHEN.

"Christianity never had a fair chance in Prussia," said Dean Hensley-Henson at Westminster Abbey last night. "Before the Reformation the people were mainly pagans, and since then they have been almost constantly subjected to the hardship and degradation of wars."

A.A.A. MILITARY MEETINGS. Oxford "Blue" Carries Off The Mile At Brighton.

Khaki-clad spectators predominated on Saturday, at Preston Park, Brighton, at a military sports meeting, under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Association. Well-known athletes, who had figured successfully on the track in their civilian days, competed. Among them was the old Berkhamstedian and St. John's College (Oxford) "Blue," Sec.-Lieut. D. N. Gaussen, of the 8th Bedfordshire Regiment, who scored an easy victory in the mile in 4min. 40.1-5sec., and the quarter-mile race was won by that prominent Ashcombe Athletic Clubman, Private A. W. Britton, of the 22nd Royal Fusiliers, by six yards from Private W. J. Gray, of the same regiment, in 56.4-5sec.

INTER-COMPANY CONTEST AT EPSOM. The inter-company cross-country team race held under the auspices of the Southern Counties Cross-Country Association on Epsom Downs had attracted 14 entries. Of this number, however, only 11 teams took part. For the second time in this series of races against the watch, promoted by the S.C.C.A., the last team to start made the latest time.

MILITARY AND PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET. Westminster School 38 (Mead 7 for 12) and 96 (Mead 7 for 59, King, Leicestershire, 3 for 21), M.C.C. 202 (F. R. Oliver 4 for 40). Rugby School 148, M.C.C. 139. Bedford Grammar School 111, Dulwich College 122. Spencer 121, Veteran Athletes Corps 63. Army Officers in Oxford 130, Isis 102. Southend 152 for 6 wks. declared, 1st Sportsman's Battalion 178 for 4 wks. (Sandham, Surrey, 86). H.A.C. 128, Officers' Training Corps 137. Royal Naval Division 235 for 5 wks. (Lieut. Betts 78, C. P. O. Clark 62), St. Bartholomew's Hospital 130 for 9 wks. (Powell 46). Paddington 151, 17th Battalion Royal Fusiliers 234 for 5 wks. (Pte. Chapman 72, Sergt. Adams 67, Lieut. Beaufort 46). Lieut. E. Cawston's XI. 209 for 9 wks. declared (Rev. J. du V. Brunton 112 not out), Charterhouse School 145 (Clarke 7 for 45). National Physical Laboratory 44 (Lance-Corpl. Mison, Middlesex 4 for 22, Rev. C. M. Burroughs 6 for 21), Infantry Record Office 79. Derrick Wanderers 246 for 8 wks. (Brown 100 not out), R.A.M.C., Woolwich, 106. C Company, 1st Sportsman's Battalion 109 for 8 wks. A Company, 2nd Sportsman's Battalion 48. 2nd Sportsman's Battalion 128 for 5 wks. dec., Mill Hill Park, 81 for 5 wks.

PHENIX PARK WINNERS. 2.30 (2.55 English time)—Moderate Plate.—Outrage, 4 to 6. 3.0 (3.25)—Inchicore Plate.—Bonnahon, 8 to 1. 3.30 (3.55)—Blaks Plate.—Melmond, 2 to 1. 4.0 (4.25)—Lucan Plate.—Sailor's Lassie, 7 to 1. 4.30 (4.55)—Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate.—Sospello, 8 to 1. 5.0 (5.25)—Weight-for-Age Plate.—Florenza, 6 to 1. Mammiello, Lobiska, Monthretia (Whalley), Ginaria, Crestaa Swell and Fanarons finished as given in a trial over five turfs at Newmarket on Saturday. Mammiello best Lobiska two lengths, and a neck separated second and third. DESMOND (Cappie)—*17 22 18 12 7 3 17 9 11 23—23 12 11 14 10 13 18 14.

RAILWAY STATION 'MANNED' BY WOMEN.

Why The Men Went To Maida Vale Yesterday.

AN 'UNDERGROUND' INNOVATION.

Possibly more than one little romance of the Underground had its origin yesterday. There is reason for presumption of this kind. The opening of an additional Underground station suggests little of a romantic nature, but Maida Vale Underground Station, which yesterday came into active existence as one of the links of the Underground electric system, is something more than an ordinary station. It is entirely staffed by women, which perhaps in some measure explains the briskness of male bookings during the day. The inauguration of a new Underground station is not, in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances, of such vital interest to the average Londoner as to induce him to devote the major portion of a hot Sunday afternoon to a trip with just that station as his objective.

NOT A MUSICAL COMEDY. A year ago a station staff such as Maida Vale possesses was a presentable idea for a musical comedy. As an actual fact, it is pretty and practicable. The bevy of business-like girls were gowned in a manner which suggested a compromise between the recognised uniform of the Underground staff and the garb of the superior woman worker.

SUSPICIOUS INQUIRIES. The day staff—there were about a dozen in evidence—worked through their ten-hour shift with exemplary courtesy. Inevitably the inauguration of a new point of travel involves innumerable queries, but there was more than a suspicion of indirect motives about the inquiries made by many of yesterday's passengers. They wanted to learn so much about the movements of lifts and trains. But the girls were ever patient.

"NO FUNNY MEN." "Any other questions?" "Oh, no, the funny or facetious man has left us alone. He seems to have appreciated the fact that this is a serious undertaking. "No one has even attempted the obvious and called it Maiden Vale station."

AIR GIRL WOUNDED IN ACTION.

One of the most daring Russian aviators of the Galician front is a girl from a Petrograd High School. She recently arrived at Kieff wounded in the arm and leg, having been hit while flying over some Austrian positions. She, however, kept control over her machine until she landed safely in the Russian lines.—Reuter Special.

The fortnight's match at Thurston's, Leicester-square, ended as follows: Inman, 18,000; Stevenson, 17,770. At the Ring on Saturday night Herbert Hall (late City of London Police) beat Lucien Humbert during the second round of a contest scheduled for ten rounds. Fred Delaney, Bradford, meets Eddie Elton, St. James', this afternoon, and the Dixie Kid will be opposed by Louis Verger, France, to-night at the Blackfriars Ring. The 100 yards handicap for the "J. B. Joel" trophy, decided in the Serpentine Lake on Saturday morning was won by T. Bradshaw, 83sec. start, by a foot from D. L. M. Golan, 31sec. start. A baseball match between the Duchess of Connaught's Red Cross Hospital, Taplow, team and Mr. J. Gibson Lee's London-American team, at Stamford Bridge, resulted in a win for the Canadians by 10 runs to 6. Walter Mead took 14 wickets for 71 runs (7 for 12 in the first innings) for M.C.C. against Westminster School, on Saturday; while Clark, the Middlesex "googy" man, performed the "bat trick" against Charterhouse School.

Face Powder. Pros and Cons.

It will be difficult in the small place allotted to do justice to this very debatable subject, but one fact stands out prominently above all others, and that is that women find it absolutely impossible to dispense with this very necessary toilet preparation. In its favour there is apparently only one argument, viz., that it temporarily disposes of that hot, moist, and greasy condition, which so detracts from a woman's appearance. Against the use of powder there are many unkind things which one might mention, but it will be sufficient for the writer's purpose to point out only the most serious ones. It is common knowledge that many powders have a far from beneficial effect upon the average complexion, clogging the pores and causing other troubles too numerous to mention. Now any chemist will tell you, that is of course providing that you take the trouble to ask him, that pulverised barriagar forms quite an efficient substitute for the most expensive face powder, possessing, as it undoubtedly does, all its advantages, and none of its disadvantages, besides which, it is most economical and lasting, one ounce is usually sufficient to carry one through the season. The outstanding feature, however, is that it creates, through some unaccountable reason, quite an original and delicate perfume when coming in contact with the skin.—Adv.

THEATRES. LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.—RUS- SIAN, FRENCH and ITALIAN OPERA, directed by Vladimir Rosing. To-night at 8.—"LAKME" (Delibes, in French). Mignon Nevada, MM. Strosoco, Bouffies, Marechal; the Persian Dancer, Arman Ter-Ohanian; Inayat Khan. Prices 10s. Gd. to 1s. Tele. Holborn 6840.

Fluffy Ruffles On Midsummer Gowns.



The full skirt of uneven lengths, the founce with a "heading" and the upstanding hat frill are features of this summer toilette.

MISS FLUFFY RUFFLES is the name of the Midsummer Girl of 1915, for delightful things are done with frills and flounces now that the general outline and the thin stuffs lend themselves so well to their exploitation.

The wide skirts are often of irregular lengths at the hems, which gives further scope to the designers. If flounces do not appear on the outside of the skirts they are sure to be underneath, even if the skirt is of dark linen. At a recent show of models a mannequin gave the beholders more than a hint that there were ruffled white pantalettes under her flowing skirt. And the skirt, moreover, was a serge one.

A favourite scheme is to have the skirt shorter at the sides to uncover soft white frills, while sometimes it is ankles themselves that the short

skirt-sides reveal, the sides being composed of the frills.

Frills Upside Down.

Even the upside-down frill has been introduced. Sometimes it is allowed to turn over naturally here and there, giving a pointed effect, but it is most startling when it occurs in taffeta and is lined with a contrasting colour.

White frocks have their flounces edged with a colour—not a very deep colour usually, for this is a summer of harmony rather than of contrast—and the edges are of every sort, from the scalloped to the battlemented.

Picot edges appear on the uneven skirt hems of fine lawn frocks. Many women who find the full round skirt unbecoming are welcoming the uneven hem as being more graceful.

The very high collars are likely to diminish

into flat, low ones on the Midsummer gowns, as they are so difficult to keep crisp and fresh, and, however thin they may be, are not cool. The collar that is high at the back is, however, kinder to the woman who is losing her youth.

A Fancy For Yellow.

There is to be rather a fad for yellow, which somehow seems to suit the new fluffy gowns, and is very cool-looking if chosen in the right shade. Who does not remember the yellow muslins of the romantic girls in Bret Harte's stories?

A yellow-edged white lawn frock can be very charming, especially when worn with a wide hat of yellow linen.

The yellow craze comes rather as a boon to the many women who have amber ornaments, for a chain of semi-precious stones is quite permissible with an elaborate lingerie frock. A very smart suit may be evolved from white linen and narrow white braid, while the white voile and crepe frocks with big blobs of yellow wool embroidery are very attractive.

Hats That Suggest Coolness.

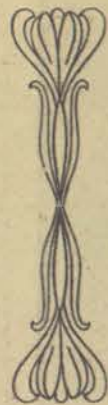
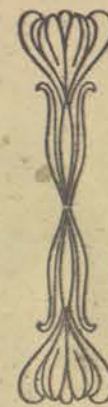
Some very attractive yellow hats are being shown. One of yellow crepe in a Romney shape had a second brim cut in yellow chiffon, and was adorned with two very large yellow daisies.

The Midsummer hat should be sparsely trimmed, otherwise the effect is not cool. Transparent hats are to have further success. Those of black net and chiffon are most becoming, and as "summery" as hats can be.

A new idea is the double transparent brim which presses bright coloured flowers between its two layers. A white crepe hat may show flint pink roses glowing through its white chiffon brim. An even more uncommon model showed sulphur-yellow butterflies in its double brim.

The thin frocks do not necessarily demand the petticoat, for they should each have their own attached and appropriate underslip, but the petticoat is coming back with a swirl. Negligée petticoats, which are not to be covered at all, but to be worn with houpou jackets, are seen. One of these, in thin white silk and chiffon, had little gilt baskets round the knee-line, joined with festoons of pearl beads and filled with chiffon and ribbon flowers.

Frocks for the younger folk are ample too. This school-girl's dress of white cotton voile is edged with lavender. The child's frock is of white washing silk.



Making Ready For Midsummer.

DISCOVERIES THAT MAY HELP THE HURRIED SHOPPER AND THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

HARDENED shopper's experiences are especially worth knowing in these days when no woman can afford to make mistakes or when the busy war-worker can only make an occasional dash to town, and desires to know just where to go for the things she wants.

Seamless Silk Stockings.

Silk stockings are now mercifully within the reach of us all, and what a difference they make in one's comfort and appearance! I had been searching for seamless ones (they look so much better with a short skirt and low-cut summer shoe than those which have a seam to come awry or undone), and I found them at Stagg and Mantle's in Leicester-square, which is such a good place to go for ready-made frocks. These stockings are artificial silk, but only 1s. 11d., and they wash and wear splendidly. They are in all colours. I laid in a store of white ones to wear with tennis frocks.

At the same shop I found very distinctive white voile blouses at 5s. 11d. They were absolutely and most successfully unadorned, and were gathered into a cute shaped band at the front.

The Fascination Of High Boots.

So many of us declared that we would never, never wear the new high boots that it is amusing to hear of the frequent capitulations to their charms. I defy any normal woman with an eye for smartness not to like a pair I found at Dickins and Jones in Regent-street. They are of tête-de-nègre suède, laced on the inside, and with heels that are not exaggerated. They cost two guineas, and the same sort of boots are to be obtained in black suède, too.

A group of handsome petticoats caught my eye in the same establishment, and set me wondering why well-to-do women ever allowed these attractive garments to disappear. These were not the gossamer kind, but dignified affairs of silk, such as the Pompadour might have worn, with blurred flowers over them and ruffles round the hem. They were marked 31s. 6d.

That Indispensable Linen Suit.

A smart linen suit that is cool enough for the hottest day, and yet smart enough to meet one's dearest enemy in, is not the easiest thing to come by, but is to be found at Robinson and Cleaver's.

I charmed a country cousin by taking her there, and so bringing about her possession of a sky-blue one, for which she paid five and a half guineas. It had a short little coat that was very becoming, and was trimmed with just the right amount of very narrow braid.

Ready-Mades That Fit.

One always thinks that there can't be anything more dainty in "undies" than those already evolved—and then the thing somehow appears. The other day it appeared at Peter Robinson's Regent-street house in the shape of a pink crepe-de-chine night-gown. It was quite a deep shell-pink, and was widely hemstitched at the feet. I had gone to Peter Robinson's to look at ready-made blue serge suits with a girl who complains that ready-mades never fit her because she is so small. Here we found chic little suits in many sizes, and seized on a black braided one at 79s. 6d.

A Dignified Tea-Gown.

Even now when so many houses are paying so much attention to the revival of the tea-gown it isn't always easy to get the tea-gown one wants. A friend complained that she couldn't find one that wouldn't make her feel either like an invalid

or a chorus girl, so I took her to Debenham's in Wigmore-street, and let her loose among the tea-gowns there, which are both dainty and dignified. She had soon chosen a soft yellow moire one which boasted a waistband, pointed skirt draperies, and a very becoming net fichu with long ends. The cost of this comfortable possession was just under four pounds.

Smart But Practical Swimming Suits.

The swimming girl often wants something smarter than the regulation stockingette swimming suit, and yet cannot be bothered with the elaborate trimmed gown. If she goes to Wooland's, of Knightsbridge, she will find the happy medium in the shape of a Canadian suit of black spun silk. The suit is composed of plain knickers with a jersey-like tunic, which is drawn in at the waist by a tasselled sash of gaily-coloured artificial silk. Two guineas buys both suit and sash. A smart suit of the more elaborate order in the same department had a short skirt of black and white plaid taffeta and a loose, long-waisted bodice of black taffeta, thus following the fashions of the day very closely. This suit was £3 9s. 6d.



There is more than a hint of the crinoline about this piped gown of green taffeta.

Good Looks In Hotter Weather: WHAT THE BEAUTY DOCTOR SAYS.



Transparent brims will have a mid-summer vogue. Francois.

apply to them an astringent lotion made from a dram of boric acid and four ounces of witch hazel. Dab this on very frequently with a bit of linen or absorbent cotton.

Summer Coiffures Must Be Smooth.

"Care of the hair is of great importance in summer. It must be scrupulously tidy, or one looks hot and fussy. If necessary, adopt a plainer style than that you followed in cooler weather and so leave more time for brushing and no excuse for not doing it again if it becomes disorderly.

"A very old beauty secret is that of simmering quince seeds in water until they make a stiff jelly and straining them through a fine sieve. Georgian beauties used to put a little of this

jelly on their hair to keep their stiff curls in order.

How Wrinkles Are Attracted.

"Frequent rubbing with lemon juice is good for hands that have a tendency to be damp and flabby in summer. A solution of alum is good for hardening and toning the hands of the sports girl or the gardener, and will prevent soreness.

"Don't be tempted to go out bare-headed in the sun. You may look picturesque from a distance, but you will be unable to help screwing your eyes up and so attracting a permanent frown and sets of little wrinkles.

"The bath, of course, is the foundation of summer good looks and should not be allowed to become a perfunctory affair. Many women who

gave up bath salts and toilet vinegars after the war began will find them now more necessary than luxurious.

"If you can't afford the old lavish supply in your bath, try spraying with your favourite vinegar or salts in solution after your tepid bath. This does not cost so much and keeps the body cool and fragrant.

"A good old-fashioned toilet vinegar is made by steeping equal parts of rosemary leaves, bruised cloves, garden sage and peppermint in vinegar for three days in a closed jar. It is ready for use after straining."

Needlework Not Wasting Time.

WIN PRIZES AND HELP THE WOUNDED TOO.

ARE you not just as fond of fine needlework as you were before the war? You are, of course, but you may have been feeling that it was a waste of time. It isn't, however, if you do it for the *Daily Sketch* Patriotic Competition.

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

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

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.

Read The List Of Classes.

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.



The pockets of this practical little frock by Groult are shaped like old-fashioned wall "tidies."



Short as can be is a Paris model of pale green linen, finely braided and embroidered. Manuel.

"WOMEN not caring about their looks during the war!" exclaimed Mme. Avril to a question put by the *Daily Sketch*. "Oh, but, of course, they are. Not care about looks when the man who matters most is making his memory picture of you to take out to the front, or has just come back to be nursed and petted? It would be impossible.

"And now the hot weather is here, making good looks more than ever difficult to achieve by accident. Lots of people imagine that it's easier to look nice on a fine day, but I, as an expert, know that it isn't. The shiny nose, the straggled end of hair, the strained expression and the tired gait, any one of which mean failure in themselves, may happen all together on a hot day.

Rouge Taboo During Hot Days.

"Women do not worry about the heat in its beginning. They rush out hatless and unprotected into the sunshine, and then have to worry the whole summer through to repair the disaster they have wrought on their delicate skins. It is at the beginning of hot weather that care should be taken, for after the skin has been seasoned, as it were, it may be allowed to tan becomingly and naturally.

"Powder your nose very well during your first days in the country or at the seaside, is my advice. Otherwise you will have it redder or browner than your cheeks, and consequently look a fright all the summer. It's of no use trying to rouge your cheeks to match, for rouge should be left severely alone in summer. The palest woman will flush a little when she is over-heated, and it is impossible to get rouge that will exactly tone with that flush and not make her look desperately vulgar when it comes. If you are naturally very pale you must just resign yourself to being an ivory beauty during the summer.

To Retine A Coarsened Skin.

"If you are going out gardening or driving wounded in the strong sunshine, cream your face well before you go. A well-creamed skin will not tan. Pat on a thick layer of powder. Never mind if it shows when you are working alone in your garden.

"When you look in your glass on a bright morning you may be shocked to discover that there is a crop of enlarged pores on your skin, relaxed after a winter spent much indoors. To cure these you must never neglect the tonic douche of cold water after washing, and you must

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

£120 has been allotted to Classes 1, 2 and 3, divided into the following prizes in each class:—

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 g... 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.

£275 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.

£230 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's doll.

For Boys under Nine—

- Class 33e. Best piece of knitting.

The Chair that never looks old!

ARTISTIC—SERVICEABLE—SUPREME VALUE.

THE Berkeley Loose-Cover Easy Chair is specially designed for Bedrooms and the Drawing Room. It is dainty in appearance, yet strongly constructed upon a sound Birch wood frame. The sides and back are gently curved, giving extreme comfort, and the seat is sprung with best steel coiled springs. Upholstered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Loose Cover in Cretonne of your own selection. This Loose Cover easily slips on or off the chair for washing, and the chair can still be used without the cover. As a supreme guarantee every

Berkeley

Is Sold on the Money-back Principle

On receipt of 2/6 with order we send the Chair, complete with Loose Cover, without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at our expense, and we will refund your money in full.

27/6

COMPLETE WITH LOOSE COVER

2/6 with order and balance 4/- monthly



FREE Send a postcard to-day for patterns of Cretonnes and full particulars. You will be delighted with the beautiful range of designs and colourings.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.,
Specialists in Easy Chairs
(Dept. V), 70-78, Old Kent Road, London.
New West-End Showrooms:
133, Victoria St., Westminster.

MOTHERS NEED NOT SUFFER.

Mothers as a rule spend too much time "in harness" and overlook how much their good health depends on regular hours of rest and relaxation. It is all very well when duties such as nursing prevent a mother taking the necessary leisure, or on occasions when considerations of her health prevent her enjoying exercise that would be beneficial; but mothers must guard against putting an unfair tax upon their constitutions.

The humdrum of "house life" as a mother knows it, hurried meals, and family anxieties very quickly thin the blood and weaken the nerves; then arise those headaches, pains in the side and back, inflamed limbs, and painful indispositions which many mothers endure.

Whenever a mother finds her strength failing and household duties becoming more than she can comfortably manage; whenever extra demands are made upon her strength, she should adopt the safe and simple expedient of refreshing her blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new blood abundantly, will promptly restore full womanly health, and if a course of these pills is taken no mother need fear lapses of health interfering with her work.

So obtain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People from any dealer you like and refresh your system with the good blood of health; but remember, substitutes will not do.

Mothers write for the Free Health Guide, "Plain Talks to Women"; address, Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—Adv't.

HEIGHT INCREASED

IN 30 DAYS

5/- COMPLETE COURSE.

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS.

Full Particulars and Testimonials—Penny Stamp. MELVIN R. STRONG, 24, Southwark Street, London.



Maternity

Gowns from 22/6.

Perfect Garment for Prospective Mothers. Can be increased 1/2 in to 14 ins. Patterns sent free.

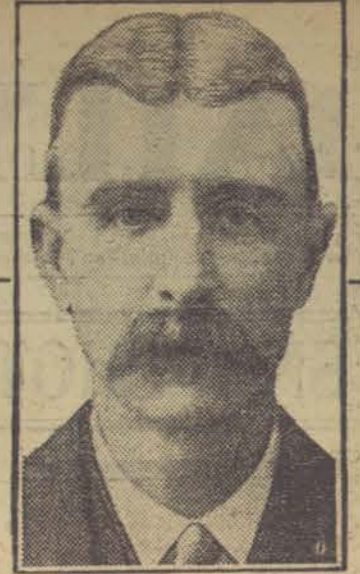
Skirts from 10/11.

Promotes Health, gives graceful appearance.

Maternity and Nursing Corset, 10/11. Well worth 2/6. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.

FINLAY & SONS, 18, Houldsworth Street, MANCHESTER.

FADED FRANK LAUGHS TOO SOON.



Our Portrait is of Mr. J. G. Vale, of 202, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., who writes:—

"It is with much pleasure I write to let you know I have been completely cured by your Clarke's Blood Mixture. I had been a **Great Sufferer** from **PILES** for Seven Years

and I tried several advertised cures without any benefit. Then I was advised to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and after taking five small bottles was quite cured. It is ten months since the cure, and there has been no return. I shall recommend it to all I know, and shall be pleased to answer any inquiries, as I cannot speak too highly of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"

Do You Suffer

from any disease due to impure blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, etc.?

If so, don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to effect a lasting cure.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

By reason of its Remarkable Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/6 per bottle (six times the quantity 11/-).

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

CABINET MINISTERS POOL THEIR SALARIES.

The Sacrifices Of Sir Stanley Buckmaster And Sir E. Carson.

Since the Coalition Cabinet was formed many people have been saying that the opportunity has come for something in the way of equalisation of salaries amongst Ministers.

The *Illustrated Sunday Herald* revealed yesterday that something sensational in that direction actually has been done.

"One of the most encouraging signs that the Coalition is really going to coalesce," it stated, "is to be found in the fact that the rank and file of the Cabinet have decided to pool their salaries.

"The proposal emanated from the Unionist side, and while it involves considerable financial loss to two members—Sir S. Buckmaster and Sir E. Carson—it means a substantial gain to people like Lord Selborne and Mr. Churchill.

"The Prime Minister was excluded, and, indeed, the affair was brought off without his knowledge. Mr. McKenna did the financial adjustments."

But it is the pictures which, after all, are the great feature of the paper. Undoubtedly the greatest picture of the week-end was that which appeared on the *Herald's* front page.

Entitled "Into the Jaws of Death," it showed Serbian soldiers actually forcing their way through the smoke from a bursting Austrian shell and using the smoke as cover for their own attack. When the photographer took this wonderful picture he was less than 50 yards away from the explosion and was able to snap the full effect of it—smoke-cloud and all.

Another remarkable picture depicted German chemists manufacturing the deadly "poison gas," and on a further page was seen a brave private of the Wiltshires rescuing a wounded comrade under heavy fire.

We are requested to state that the canteen at Woolwich, of which the *Daily Sketch* gave a picture, has been started by Lady Lawrence, and is being worked and financed entirely under the Munition Makers' Canteen Committee.

CHEAPER BREAD?

Wheat Prices Drop 4/6 A Quarter In A Week.

Shall we have cheaper bread? There was a big drop in quotations for wheat at Northampton market on Saturday, the top price offered being 60s. per quarter, a fall of 4s. 6d. on the week.

At Newcastle there was also a considerable change in most articles on offer. Wheat, for which there was only a limited demand, was quoted at a reduction of 2s. to 3s. on the week; flour was neglected at 1s. under the previous Saturday's prices.

At Taunton values showed a decline of about 3s. to 4s. per quarter, as compared with the previous week.

At Reading there was a drop in the price of the best quality wheat of 3s. per quarter.

At Cambridge wheat fell about 4s. on the week.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

"I try to make people change their habit of using somebody else's soap into a habit of using my soap. That is the science of advertising in a nutshell—changing the habits of the people."

That is an extract from Sir William Lever on "Looking Ahead," in "Success in Business, and how to attain it," a volume just published by C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, which compresses into 272 pages the whole art of making money. Other contributors are Sir Thomas Dewar, H. Gordon Selfridge, A. W. Gamage, W. E. Catesby, etc. Every "live" business man should have the book.

DON'T FORGET TOMMY'S SMOKES.

The following list of subscribers to the *Daily Sketch* Cigarette Fund for our fighters shows that our readers are not forgetting what a smoke means to the man behind the gun:—

£1 5s. 4d.—Collected, Social Board, Lodge of Integrity, No. 163, "Bacca from the Back o' Beyond." £1—Rev. H. Benis, Arlingtonham; Jessie Winifred Pollard, Padibam (11th and 12th contribution); 10s.—W. Chesworth and Co. Workers, Crewe; Mrs. Twist (7), Penarth, Cardiff, 5s.—Constant Reader, Fortishead (4th contribution); Miss Cooke, Peake-Low Lodge, Thurles; J. Appleton, Haslemere; T. White, Manchester, 2s.—E. Taylor, the Hospital, Newcastle, 2s. 6d.—St. Dunstan's-in-the-West Girls' School, per Miss Bye, 2s.—J. Aston, Triverton; G. H. Woolwich; Mrs. Meiler, Bourden (20th contribution), 1s. 6d.—Conscription, 1s.—A. Friend, Penarth; Ada Dawson, Cleator Moor.

£1,000 IN PRIZES FOR WOMEN.

ARE YOU DOING YOUR SHARE TO HELP THE WOUNDED? (See Page 14)

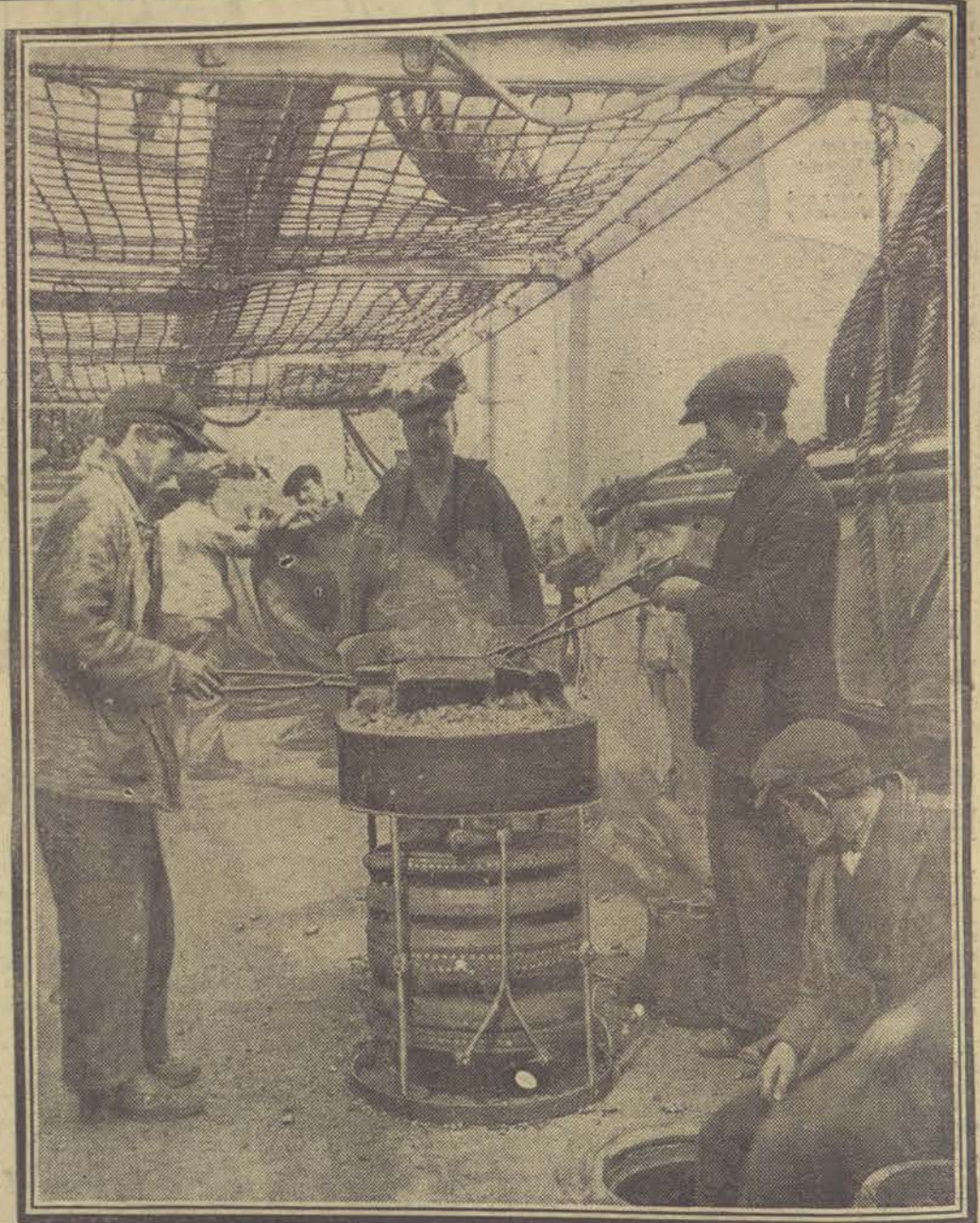
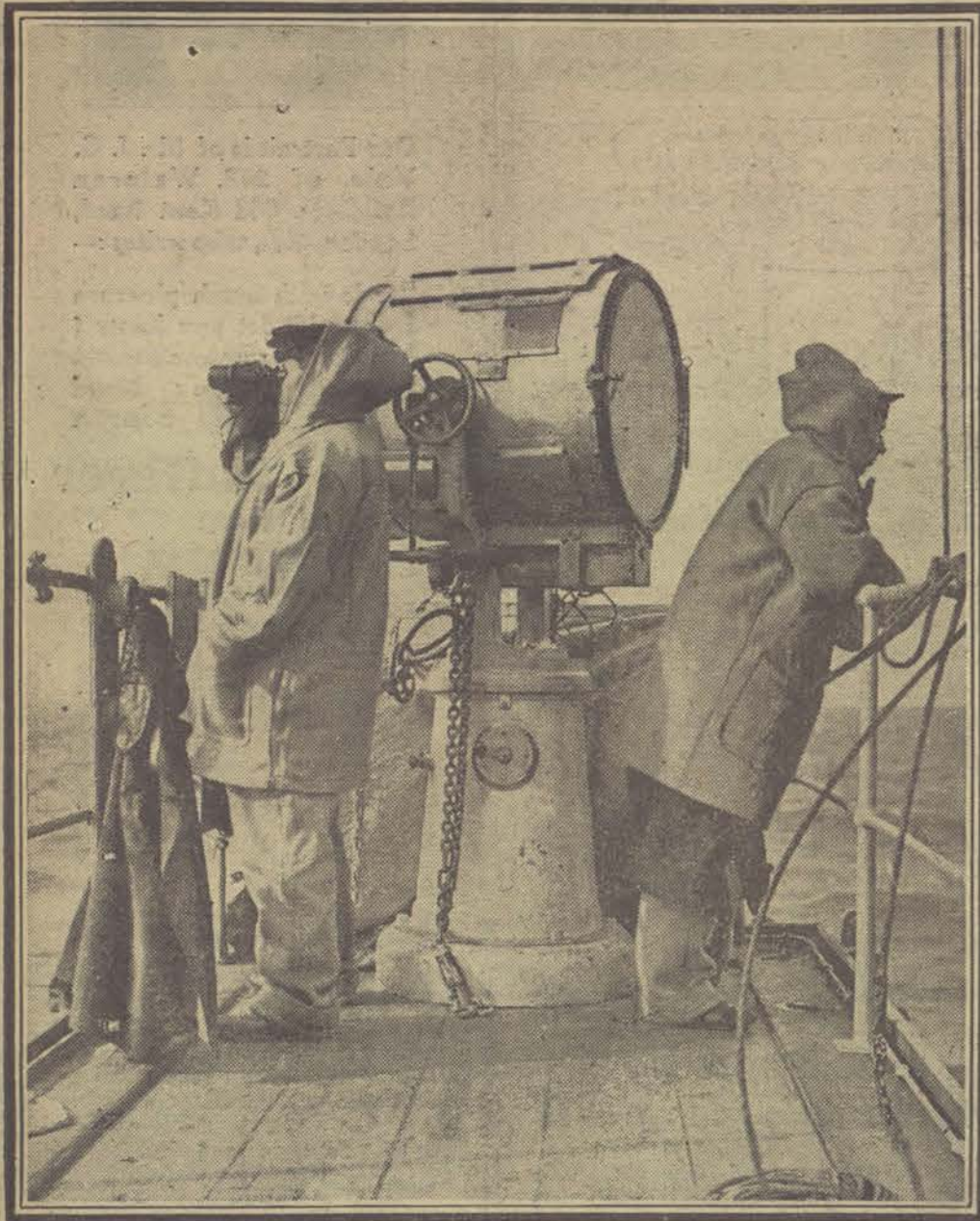
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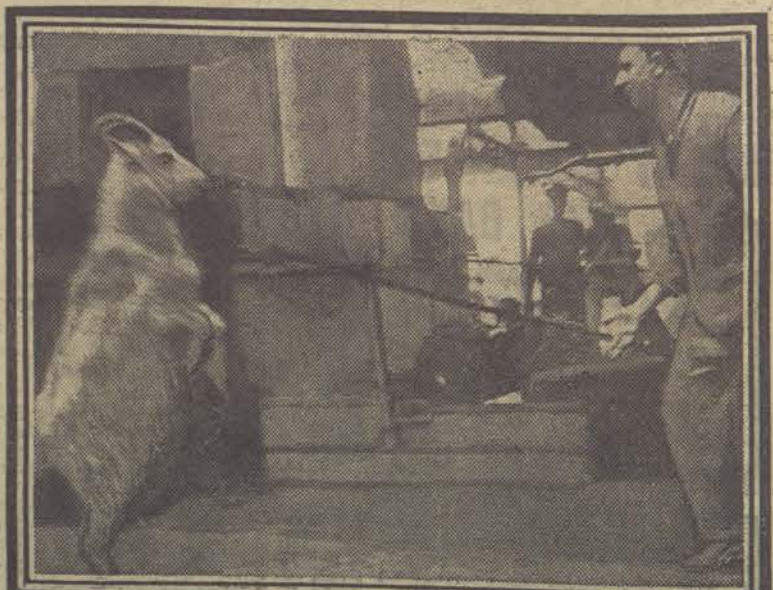
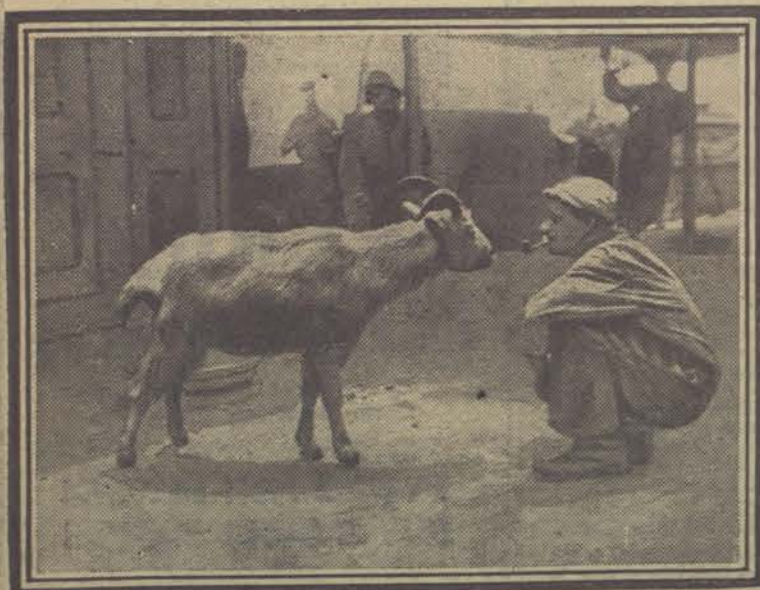
BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

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.

SNAPSHOTS OF LIFE ABOARD A BRITISH WARSHIP.



Watching for submarines. A duty that requires unceasing vigilance on the part of Rivetters at work. Each ship carries an engineering staff competent to effect minor repairs. The modern warship is a floating dockyard as well as fortress.



"Billy," the ship's pet, has already been in action.

He is a favourite with officers and men.

He will always beg for a bit of sugar.

Despite the hardships endured by officers and men of our Navy in their unceasing watch while guarding our shores life on a warship is by no means dull. Every ship carries its pets, and Jack's off-duty spells are enlivened by the antics of the animal mascots.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographs.)