

# BRITISH HEROISM ON THE SINKING LUSITANIA.

# DAILY SKETCH.

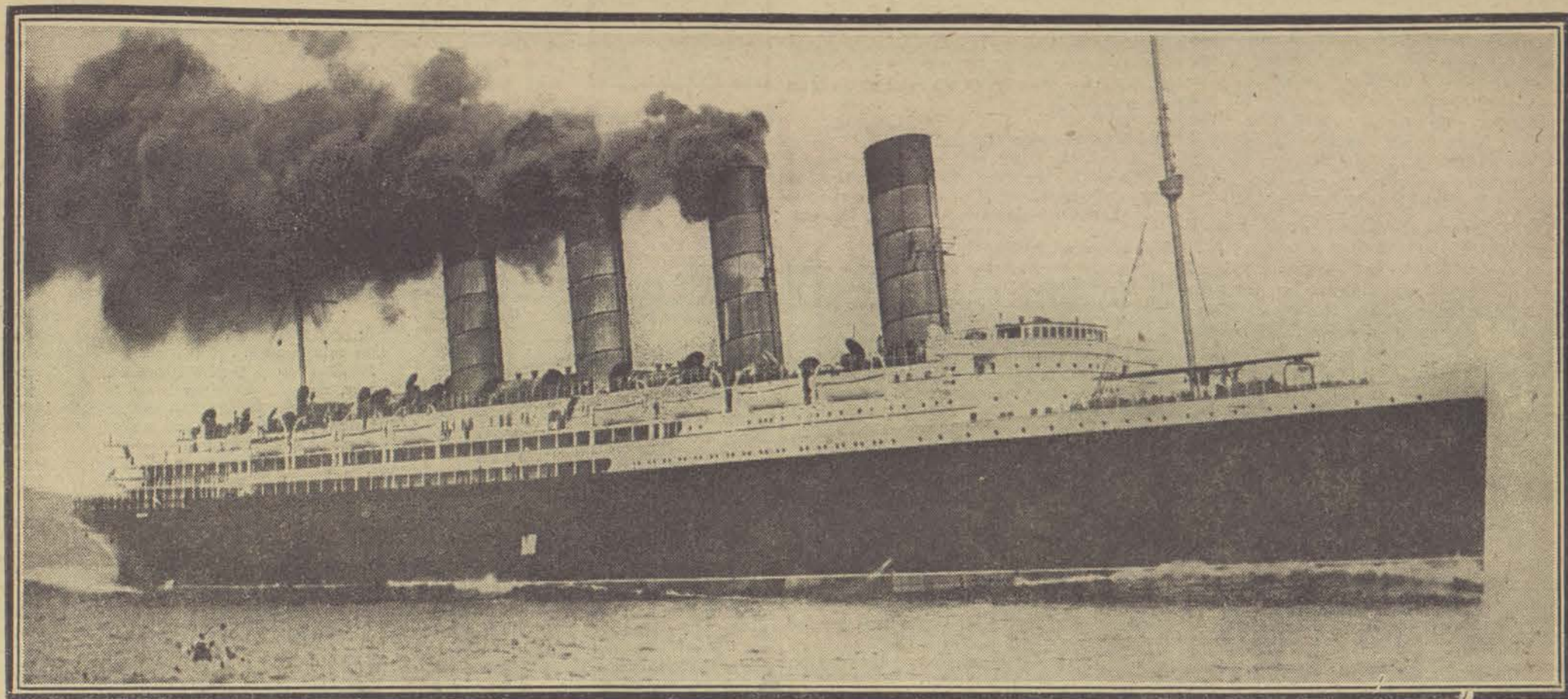
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[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

## LUSITANIA SUNK : AWFUL DEATH ROLL.



The Lusitania is the largest vessel sent to the bottom by the pirates. The Germans had boasted she would not reach the English coast.



Charles Frohman was among the passengers.



Another passenger was Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire. He is seen leaving Hyde Park to take part in a coaching Marathon.



Sir Hugh Lane, another of the Lusitania's passengers.

It was officially announced yesterday that the German pirates had torpedoed and sunk the giant liner Lusitania off the Irish coast. There were nearly 2,000 souls on board, including many prominent American citizens. As we go to press with this edition every telegram indicates an enormous loss of life. The Admiralty report says that many wounded have been put ashore, and that between five and six hundred survivors have been landed at Queenstown.



## A GERMAN "VICTORY."

If anyone in the British Isles has not realised that his country is engaged in a war of life and death, he will be undeceived this morning. The sinking of the Lusitania by a German torpedo will bring it home to the dullest mind. In cold blood the Kaiser's Navy has deliberately plotted the death of 1,900 innocent persons. Whether the actual deaths were one or many hundreds makes no difference to the devilish character of the crime. The Kaiser is morally guilty of the blood of every soul on board. The killing of non-combatants is part of the German system. The Imperial Embassy in Washington had advertised the murder in advance. The Lusitania passengers were warned not to enter the Kaiser's "war-zone." Herr Dernburg will be able to claim a German "victory." German drawing-rooms will be able to add another verse to their Hymn of Hate. The Wireless News-Faker will be able to add a truthful paragraph to his lying bulletins. "We sank a great passenger liner. We have won a glorious victory."

YET the loss of this vessel is only a small incident in the history of the war. It is not more dreadful for a first-class passenger to see his vessel sink beneath his feet than for a sailor or humble fisherman. These have been hitherto the chief victims of the new piracy. We have read of their deaths without a shudder, almost without interest, so common are the unconsidered sacrifices of poor men for their country. Then one day death stalks suddenly across the path of some hundreds of average citizens. It startles our slumbering imaginations for the first time into a comprehension of the horrors of war.

FROM this point of view the men and women—I do not yet know the numbers—who have lost their lives will not have died in vain. Many young men in England will see their way clearly for the first time this morning. Every life lost or put in jeopardy will yield its full harvest of revenge. It is impossible henceforth that excuses should shelter any healthy youth in Great Britain who stays away from the recruiting office. He will become an outcast from his companions.

WHAT of America? America had it in her power to put bounds to this bloody war, perchance to stop it. America stood by. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, distant countries and differing races, felt it in their blood to come and fight for the land which most of them had never seen. America knew England better than any of them—as a tourist resort. She was content to watch. Belgium was ravished and torn limb from limb. America still watched. Ancient places of learning were destroyed, immemorial monuments of the past were scattered to the winds. America took note of them and passed by. She did nothing? No, that would be a libel. She proclaimed her "neutrality" in mellifluous accents to the universe.

WHAT is the use of President Wilson's woolly sentiment in a world where real things happen? The only right use of neutrality, as Mr. Roosevelt has pointed out, is to be strong and to employ your strength in the punishment of wrong. Dr. Wilson has now an opportunity of showing that it is worth while to be the President of the United States. He could make the voice of America heard even by the Assassin of Europe. He could shorten the career of the tyrant by daring to lead free America to her place beside the Allies.

ON the other hand, he may do as he has done before, and utter empty platitudes about the beauty of neutrality. This would be to abdicate the honour of the United States. It would be to shame her in her own eyes and in the lasting memory of posterity. This is his choice. Britain does not care which way it goes. We win, with America or without. But their fathers were ours, too. We would not wish our children evermore to despise their kinsfolk.

THE MARCH THE STREET.

## Echoes of Town and Round About

## The Lusitania.

THE ILL-FATED Lusitania, I hear, had booked a heavy list of passengers for her next trip to New York, so little did they fear the German threats. Among them were to be the golfers, Harry Vardon and Edward Ray. As there were well-known influential Americans on board the liner when she sank, perhaps the Washington Government will now do something more than protest.

## The Bursting Buds.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY in town after the terrific storm of the previous night. In the parks and the squares of which I did a tour you could almost hear the little flower buds bursting in the clear but still warm air. Squares in the heart of the town will soon be a blaze of lilac.

## Man Who Watered His Garden.

IT IS CURIOUS how local such storms are. I met a man from the wilds of Herne Hill who knew nothing of the rain until he opened his morning paper, just after he had watered his 13 by 6 garden.

## Flowers—And Paint.

THE GROUNDS at Hampton Court just now are looking particularly fine, with their masses of tulips and wallflowers. There is, however, one bit of colour missing—the attractive uniform of the Hussar who used to be seen on duty just over the moat. The authorities seem nevertheless to have done their best in the way of keeping things bright-looking; they have painted all the barrack windows light blue.

## Better Than Removing It.

THERE IS A HOUSE not far from the Palace, by the way, that used to strike me because of its figure of an eagle over the porch. The poor bird now hides its glories under the folds of a Union Jack!

## Censor's Microscope On Revue Clothes.



LORD SANDHURST must be getting jealous of all the attention and criticism the other Censor, the Press Censor, is attracting just now. Perhaps that is why he has just bestirred himself and issued a warning about the tendency for clothes in certain revues to become more and more scanty. I wonder what revue, or what particular lady, he can be referring to? Lord

Sandhurst is, as a matter of fact, a very courteous and reasonable man, and, seriously speaking, he wouldn't have taken this step without good reason.

## "Neutral" Advice.

AN INTERESTING comment on the question of reprisals was made to me yesterday, with a nasal twang, by a member of the staff of a neutral Embassy in ——. He said: "If you starved all the Germans in England to death the German Government wouldn't depart a hair's breadth from its attitude; nor would it if you confiscated German property in England. The German Government is influenced only by the aristocracy, and it doesn't care for its rich men or its common people."

## Aristocrats Their Only Care.

WHAT we ought to do, according to this diplomat, is this: "Get hold of the German officers, now at Donington Hall and one or two other places, find out how many of them belong to old and noble German families, and announce definitely that unless the thirty-nine imprisoned British officers are released, and the conditions of the British prisoners generally improved, those noble and aristocratic Germans will be sent to Wormwood Scrubs to pick oakum. If you do that you'll have the German Government kow-towing right away." Among our "aristocratic" prisoners there is, I believe, a prince of the House of Pless.

## The Tireless Hand.

RECENTLY I happened to walk in the wake of one of our youngest generals—I suppose generals have wakes; it sounds more like the trail of an admiral. We started from Knightsbridge, and long before he had reached his club in Piccadilly I had given up as hopeless the task of attempting to count the number of times he returned the salutes of officers and men. Only once two shirkers made a pretence of tying their bootlaces. But if they escaped their duty they certainly did not evade the general's eye.

## M.P. A D.A.Q.M.G. In Six Months.

PROMOTION in our Army nowadays is indeed rapid. There are now hundreds of young officers holding captain's rank years before they expected, and captains and majors suddenly commanding regiments. One of the most notable cases is that of Mr. W. Astor, M.P., who joining the Army last October is now Inspector of Administrative Services in the Southern Command,



and graded as Deputy-Assistant Quarter-Master General.

## Well Played!

THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA, who has just given a further splendid contribution to the war fund, captained the All-India cricket team which played in England a few years ago. He rules over a trifle of 5,400 miles, with a population of a million and a half. When he moves about in British India he is accorded nearly Royal honours, and is received with salutes of seventeen guns. He isn't yet 24.

## Sportsman And Magnate.

HIS HIGHNESS succeeded his father when a lad of nine, and was educated at the famous Chiefs' College at Lahore. He had an English tutor, of course, and very early in his teens developed a great love of sport. Besides being a good cricketer, he is a mighty hunter, and but for his great weight would be a fine polo player.

## A Private Hansom.

ECHOES and memories of the smart world of the eighties and early nineties! They all surged up yesterday afternoon when I saw in Shaftesbury-avenue a private hansom. Hadn't seen one for years. I always associated private hansom with the wicked Sir Marmaduke, with his frock-coat and pink carnation, driving a young lady in balloon sleeves to the Star and Garter at Richmond. But in this one was an elderly lady wearing a little black bonnet.

## What They Learn In The Army.

THEY ASKED the 2nd lieutenant of three months' experience what he had learnt of modern warfare. It was not much, but it spoke volumes. "Take no notice of a German's signal for surrender, until he hangs out a whole week's washing."

## Cockney.

THE Cockney dialect is one of the most wonderful things outside the Tower of Babel. A school-mistress in the West-End tells me that recently she had three girls who joined her school straight from Bethnal Green. One gave the name of Mary Yobbs, the second as Jane Nobbs, and the third as Ada Robbs. They were really, all three, the daughters of Mrs. Hobbs the lady who started the green-grocer's shop at the corner.

## Corkage For Roses.

A MAN AND A GIRL dropped into a hotel for breakfast the other morning. They had been to Covent Garden market and the girl asked the waiter for a glass of water in which to put a beautiful bunch of white roses. But the man was nervous. "Don't you think they'll want to charge us corkage?" he inquired.

## A "Growler" With Some Bite In It.

I HAVE RECEIVED a copy of the *Growler*, the organ of the 16th Service Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, Alnwick. It is one of the brightest of its kind. I am sorry to hear that this is its last number. It appears to have been too bright for somebody. Listen to its swan song:—

Our short reign is ended, and we climb from our throne hugging a heavy cash box, containing the proceeds of our nefarious work, to our venomous breast.

## Alphabet Mobilised.

IT CONTAINS a clever "Alphabetical mobilisation of military terms," as thus:—  
J—"Jam." False hair for bald bread.  
O—"Officer." An attachment for the end of a swagger cane.  
W—"Water." A great military necessity. So is beer.

## The "Z" Problem.

THE "Z" PROBLEM in these alphabets always interests me. I am making a collection of them. This is how the *Growler* gets over the difficulty:—  
Z—Held over until our next issue

## The Rain.

THE RAIN on Thursday night was like myriads of bath-taps turned on simultaneously, and I had great fun the next morning counting the number of real journalists who called it a "tropical down-pour." A bolt across the pavement from a cab to a restaurant or theatre made one wet through instantaneously, in spite of the efforts of the uniformed giants with comic umbrellas.

## Tragedy Of A Hat.

ONE VERY smart girl, emerging from the Piccadilly Hotel, carefully took off her hat before making a dash for her car, hid it under her coat, and—dropped it. No good picking it up; it was a sodden, ruined mass in ten seconds.

## Thunderstorm "Off."

ALL THROUGH "Nobody Loves Me," which I managed to reach perfectly dry, inside and out, the deluge continued. The play was interrupted, at times most appropriately, by bursts of thunder, while all the time you could hear the steady down-pour on the roof of the theatre, accompanying the voices of the players like the drone of the bagpipes.

## The Play.

I WAS SERIOUSLY thinking of asking if I might spend the night on a sofa at the Kingsway when the rain stopped, and one could walk home comfortable through the fresh, cool, streets. As to the play, well, it wasn't up to much. There was a contest between a beautiful mother who wasn't too terribly in the wrong, and a plain and priggish daughter who was terribly in the right. Then we had a stage grandmother and a few other stock figures, none of whom did very exciting things or said very amusing ones.

## Thames v. Mersey.

THIS LIVERPOOL COMPANY deserves every encouragement, and it is obviously composed of an enthusiastic band of men and women. But they must show us better stuff if they are to set the Thames on fire in any degree. It is perhaps a less inflammable river than the Mersey. There is no reason why they shouldn't do well, given the proper material, for in addition to clever Estelle Winwood, they have that fine actress



Madge Mackintosh, whose picture this is, to supervise their productions, and act in some of them.

## Kiddies At The Club.

YOU COULDN'T imagine a merrier or prettier scene than that which Murray's offered on Thursday afternoon. That room downstairs was packed with children—smartly-dressed kiddies all of them. The little tables at which the languid nut was wont to discourse to a siren from the Gaiety or Alhambra were swarming with tiny chatterers, supremely happy in the revues which Jack May was for the time being arranging for children of a smaller growth.

## "Toyland" Indeed.

THE PLACE was "Toyland" indeed. On the walls were the famous nursery friezes of Cecil Aldin, as well as Hilda Cowham kiddies, both originals and wooden models. Each child had a toy, and balloons floated in the air, crackers cracked, squeakers squeaked, and Teddie Bears, Gollywogs, bunny rabbits and dolls of all kinds lay about literally in heaps. On the dancing floor, usually occupied by serious tango dancers, was an old-fashioned Punch and Judy show, and behind a crowd of children well-known actresses became spectators for a bit, and a few dramatic critics added one more play to an unusually crowded weekly list.

## The "Grown-Ups."

EDNA MAY was one of the "grown-ups," and Lady Edward Fitzgerald brought her little son, who may be the Duke of Leinster one day. Nobody minded the terrific heat, but romped and revelled to their hearts' content. All sorts of theatrical celebrities were present, but they were well in the background this time, and the touch of the child was all-conquering. The Actors' Benevolent Fund, to which the proceeds are to be given, will benefit considerably; and Murray's has become more respectable than ever.



## NEW DRINK TAXES ALL DROPPED.

Mr. Redmond Makes Chancellor Change His Mind.

### BAN ON FIERY SPIRITS.

None Under Three Years Of Age To Be Sold.

Mr. Lloyd George last night issued the following statement:—

After prolonged negotiations a settlement has been arrived at on the question of spirits.

The White Paper shows that a good deal of mischief, especially in the northern yards, comes from the drinking of raw, cheap spirits of a fiery quality.

### RAW SPIRIT TO BE INTERNED.

The Government propose now, after consultation with representatives of the spirit trade, to substitute for their taxing proposals a complete prohibition of the sale of spirits under three years of age. This will be accomplished by compulsorily bonding all spirits under three years of age.

As there will be some difficulty for a short time in finding adequate accommodation, an inquiry is to be instituted immediately on that subject, and should it be found that the accommodation is not sufficient for storing supplies beyond two years, time will be given the trade to provide storage.

Meanwhile all spirits up to two years will be compulsorily bonded and a surtax of 1s. will be placed on all spirits between two and three years of age taken out of bond.

Arrangements will be made for extending the same principle to all imported spirits.

In order to meet the case of the gin distillers who use raw spirit as an ingredient rectifiers are to be allowed to receive spirits under two years of age for rectifying purposes at 16s. 9d. duty, of which 6d. would be refunded on certificate of rectification.

### LIGHT BEER SCHEME "GOES WEST."

As to beers, a scale which would have the effect of encouraging the brewing of light beers was agreed upon by the representatives of the brewers.

The Irish representatives, however, could not see their way to accept it, and as the Government is pledged not to press forward any controversial proposals it has been decided not to proceed with this scale. The beer duties are therefore withdrawn without any modification.

The wine duties were presented as a corollary to the increase in the spirit duties, and now that another arrangement is proposed in respect of spirits the wine duties will not be proceeded with.

### "THIS MAY GO ON FOR EVER."

Man Of Many Brides Gets Tired Of Hearing So Much Evidence.

Not a single seat was vacant at Bow-street yesterday, when the "Brides in the Baths" case came on for hearing.

For the 19th time George Joseph Smith faced the magistrate. He looked ill. His face was pallid, his manner less bold, and in his eyes was a strained, nervous expression. He was well dressed as usual, in a tweed Norfolk jacket, with fancy vest and tweed trousers.

Behind the dock was a long stool, on which sat a number of professional men, lawyers, etc., who had been called to give evidence as to the various transactions they had had with Smith at one time or another.

#### SMITH GROWS IMPATIENT.

One by one they went into the box and said on such and such a date they acted in the sale of property in which Smith was interested. As evidence what they said was very dull, but according to the prosecution it was essential to the case.

Smith seemed to get tired of these staid, methodical legal gentlemen, and more than once made a gesture of impatience.

At last he broke out in a tirade. He jumped up and in a voice vibrating with passion, penetrating but not loud, addressed the magistrate: "Sir John, what has all this to do with the charge of murder? It is only wasting public time and money. I am not a lawyer, but I know enough to know that!"

Sir John Dickinson answered, in a patient and even voice: "I think it has to do with it. Besides, your counsel will watch your interests for you."

#### MAGISTRATE CONTRADICTION.

Smith appeared to have heard nothing of what the magistrate said, and repeated in a more excited manner: "What has this to do with the charge of murder? There is no common sense in it at all!"

Sir John: It is relevant to the charge.

Smith (sullenly): It is not.

Sir John: I think it is, and you must remember that your counsel is watching this case on your behalf.

Smith reluctantly sat down again, muttering: "There is no sense in all this; it will go on for ever."

## PEERESSES AND WORKMEN'S WIVES TO HELP IN ARMAMENT FACTORIES.

Novel Reform Schemes Outlined By Social Workers—Home Comforts For The Dinner Hour—2,000 Women Ready To Help

All the Government investigators into the conditions in the munition factories agree that the greatest need of the men is the organisation of canteens, where well-cooked food and suitable drink can be supplied at cheap rates. Lady Lawrence, who is carrying through a scheme to meet the needs of the workers, and Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., the well-known social reformer, discuss the subject in special contributions given below:

By Lady Lawrence.

A great deal of talk has been flying around about the drunkenness of the men who are engaged in manufacturing munitions of war. Much of it is grossly exaggerated, and in outlining for the *Daily Sketch* my scheme for establishing canteens in workshops I want to make it perfectly plain that I do not believe the British working man is a drunken person.

What he undoubtedly is, is a man who, under present conditions, has not fair opportunities for obtaining food and drink at the times he needs them and under conditions which make for sobriety.

That is settled then.

Now for what I propose to do.

In many a workshop there are thousands of men who would appreciate the provision of places where meals can be obtained without their having to go somewhere where intoxicants are the most usual form of liquid sold. I know that they want something else, because they tell me so. I have received letters from numbers of them, in which they point out the immediate necessity for the canteen which no one seems inclined to provide for them.

Their wives are asking for it, too. They don't want their men, in this time of national need, to be subject to conditions which impair their working power. So they are writing, too, offering to help me in any way they can.

I want to see put up in every Government factory and every other workshop where men are doing something to help our Army in the field and our Navy on the seas a properly equipped canteen. It should be clean, comfortable, and in every respect fit for them to take their food in. It should be open by night as well as day.

#### WHAT THE FOOD WILL BE LIKE.

The food should be wholesome and appetising, well cooked, well served, and sold at moderate prices. I do not propose that it shall be given away, or retailed at exceptionally low prices, for two reasons. The canteen, if the self-respect of the worker is to be maintained, must be self-supporting. And I am not out to compete unfairly with people already in the catering trade. Still the prices will be the lowest possible.

So far as the drink is concerned, that will be indeed, must be non-intoxicating. Whatever thoughtless critics may say, men engaged in laborious toil must consume a good deal of liquid to replace the perspiration which their work entails. But it need not always be beer or whisky. Lemonade or barley water would be taken by many a man if it were easily obtainable, and at night tea, coffee, and cocoa are the things which that kind of man would prefer.

I am glad to be able to say that my idea has caught on with the women of Britain tremendously. From peeresses to wives of the humblest workmen they are writing to me by every post and by the hundred, offering their services. It is only a few days since I first launched the scheme, and already 2,000 ladies have offered to go anywhere I care to send them, and do anything I wish them to do, entirely at their own expense! Their response is simply splendid.

I am not going to wait for the erection of buildings which might not be ready until the war is nearly over.

Send your letters and donations to me at 58, Victoria-street, S.W.

### GREEK EX-PREMIER RETURNS.

M. Venizelos Suddenly Recalled For "Approaching Events."

PARIS, Friday.

The *Echo de Paris* learns from Rome that M. Venizelos has been suddenly recalled to Athens in view of approaching events.—Reuter.

M. Venizelos was Prime Minister of Greece at the beginning of the Dardanelles bombardment and had advised the immediate participation of Greece in the struggle. A difference with the Court compelled him to resign.

M. Venizelos is the strongest man in Greece, and his recall at this moment is extremely significant.

### "TO SEE THE WAR THROUGH."

Mr. Massey, the New Zealand Prime Minister, in a speech at Auckland, referring to the casualties of the New Zealanders in the Dardanelles, said that right through the Dominion there was a determination to see the war through, and secure victory at whatever cost.

He appealed to the manhood of the country to register their names and be ready when wanted.—Reuter.

By Percy Alden, M.P.

In view of the serious nature of the crisis with which we are face to face, it is of the utmost importance that we should do everything that lies in our power to secure the very best and most efficient workmanship.

The men who are employed in making munitions of war or in our shipbuilding yards have been largely recruited from the outside, and among them are many who have not the same standard of discipline of work as prevailed among the old workers.

Therefore every inducement should be offered to these men to be regular. In addition, an attempt should be made to strike at the roots of irregular habits, and one of these most conducive to irregularity is drink, which nearly always implies insufficiency of food, because when a man is drinking heavily he will not eat much. As a result he is very soon exhausted.

#### MEN MUST HAVE GOOD FOOD.

Physiologists and doctors working on this in Germany came to the conclusion that if men were to be kept fit for work for long hours at a stretch they must be supplied with food and drink in a scientific manner. Investigation was made into the nutritious value of certain drinks and foods, and these are supplied within the works themselves.

I understand that Messrs. Krupp's in this matter are taking every step to see that a man works as long as he is capable, and to that end drinks, both hot and cold and non-alcoholic, and even light beers, and food are supplied at fairly frequent intervals with most successful results in point of work—in fact, a man becomes really effective as an instrument of war.

I believe that Krupp's supply both food and drink practically free, every man being really on the footing of a soldier. In America, too, this system has produced the finest results when advised by physiologists, who have made much arduous study of the relative value of certain foods and drinks.

I would suggest that the Government should begin by starting canteens inside all works, arsenals, and factories engaged in the production of munitions of war and repairing or constructing ships; that these canteens should be run by skilled and experienced people; and I strongly advise that women should be placed in charge of them, or at any rate given the opportunity to assist.

#### SUPPLIES AT COST PRICE.

Physiologists and doctors should be consulted as to the right kind of drink and food, and this should be supplied either at cost price or absolutely free. I have not the slightest doubt that this food could be supplied so cheaply in large quantities that the workmen would be only too glad to avail themselves of it.

As it is you blame a man for going outside the works to the nearest public-house, although it is essential he should get the food and drink you fail to supply him with inside the works.

I would go a step further, and would make it compulsory on the private employer who is manufacturing for the Government to do the same thing. While this war lasts we must imitate the Germans in their organisation and scientific thoroughness. They believe in efficiency and they secure it. We could do the same thing if only we were willing to be a little less conservative in our methods.

### BREAD DEARER AGAIN.

Price To Go Up To Ninepence In London Next Week.

London has to face another rise in the price of bread.

Mr. Finch, the secretary of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, stated yesterday that the cost per quarter next Monday would be ninepence—a rise of a halfpenny. He explained that it was due to the continued advance in the price of flour and the increased wages paid to the operatives as a war bonus.

### MINERS ASK FOR 20 PER CENT. MORE.

Mr. Asquith's letter to Mr. Ashton, the secretary of the Miners' Federation, in which the Premier recognises that a case has been made out by the miners for an advance of wages as from May 5, came before a private meeting of the Miners' Federation, which was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel yesterday.

The following resolution was passed:—  
The Prime Minister, having decided that the special advance owing to the increased cost of living shall be determined by existing conciliation boards and sliding scale committees, we recommend that all districts shall at once put forward the claim demanded by conference, namely, a 20 per cent increase on current earnings.

## CITY CLERK DIES A HERO'S DEATH.

Though Fatally Wounded Brings Message From German Trenches.

### PRESENTIMENT OF TRAGEDY

Officer Says: "I Never Hope To See A Braver Action."

Through a letter written by the captain commanding the 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment a wonderful story of a City clerk's heroism has been brought to light.

Francis Alexander Wood, together with his brother Basil, joined the colours on September 3. They were both City clerks, Francis was a shorthand-typist, Basil a shorthand-typist and French correspondent.

At the end of last month Mrs. Wood received a letter from the captain of the 1st Royal Berks announcing her son's death and telling of his gallantry. This is what he writes:—

"Dear Mrs. Wood,—

"It is with deepest regret that I write to tell you of the death of your son, Private F. Wood, who was killed in action. It may help to soften your grief if I tell you that he died in the performance of an act of very great gallantry. My company, to which your son belonged, had orders to assault a German trench on the afternoon of March 10 if a gap sufficiently wide could be found in the barbed wire protecting it.

Just before the time for the assault, while our guns were heavily bombarding the German trench, I sent out two men, of whom your son was one, a little way in advance, so as to gain a clearer view, and to find out whether there was a gap in the wire or no.

#### WENT UP TO THE TRENCH.

"Your boy, to make assurance doubly sure, advanced alone right up to the German trench, looked well round the wire, and then came back with his report. On his way back he was shot twice, but managed to report to his friend that there was no sign of a gap in the German wire, and that the trench was full of Germans.

"His friend returned safely to me with the news, which was of such importance that the assault was countermanded, and the lives of many men were thereby saved, as in those circumstances the assault could not possibly have succeeded. Your boy was brought in at dusk, but died that night. I shall never hope to see a braver action, and I thank you as his mother from the bottom of my heart for the sacrifice, whilst I pray that the memory of his very gallant death may prove to be some slight consolation to you in your great sorrow."

#### THE BOYS WHO ENLISTED.

Mrs. and Mrs. Wood have ten children—seven boys and three girls. One boy has not been heard of for several years. Of the other six boys there are three of military age, and they all enlisted at the commencement of the war. The three younger boys are too young, being 4, 7 and 9. They are all anxious, however, to do something, and especially the youngest, little Johnny.

"Johnny and Francis were very fond of each other—in fact, Francis idolised little Johnny," said Mrs. Wood, "and Johnny only wanted his brother Frank. Even now he runs about with his toy revolver and says, 'I want to help Francis kill the Germans.' I cannot tell him of his brother's death—I haven't the heart—they were so fond of one another."

In the last letter Frank sent to his mother, received two days after his death, he wrote: "We captured and blew up a German trench—it was ripping! but we don't want any more of them, it's an awful sight." He concluded his last letter as if he had a presentiment of his death—"Keep on praying for me. I shall need it all."

A few days ago Mrs. Wood heard from the commanding officer of the regiment announcing that the Field-Marshal commanding-in-chief would have awarded the D.C.M. to her son, had he lived, for his very gallant act.

#### FALL IN "GILT-EDGED."

New Issues' Prejudicial Effect On The War Loan.

The many new issues now being made are having a prejudicial effect on existing gilt-edged securities, and the War Loan yesterday was quoted at scarcely more than 94, while India 3½ per cents. dropped to 81½.

There was not much doing in other markets yesterday, but American securities made a good recovery, led by Amalgamated Copper shares, and there was an improvement in Canadian Pacific shares to 166½.

Kaffirs held their ground fairly well, Geduld improving to 22s. 3d. and Modder Deep being firm at 4 3-16. New Goch, on the excellent return for last month, were bid for at 15s. Modders and Rand Mines lost a small fraction.

British and Argentine Meat shares were a little dull in the absence of any dividend. Trading profits for 1914 amounted to £67,237, and after paying interest charges and preference dividend there remains £15,714 to be carried forward. The results are quite as good as anticipated.

The dealers were again very loth to bid for Chinese and Japanese bonds, though there now seems a better chance of a peaceful solution of the trouble between the two countries.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American 3 to 4 up; Egyptian 3 to 6 down.



# GERMAN PIRATES SINK THE LUSITANIA: 1,918 ON BOARD.

## SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.—Official.

### Torpedoed Off The South Coast Of Ireland— 1,918 Persons On Board—Cynical Warning To Passengers Issued By German Embassy.

The *Daily Sketch* is officially informed by the Cunard Line in Liverpool that the Lusitania was torpedoed and sunk yesterday afternoon by a German submarine off the Old Head of Kinsale, South of Ireland.

No definite news of the fate of all the passengers and crew, numbering 1,918, had been received up to a late hour, though it was known that rescue work had been carried on.

The attack was made at 2 p.m., and the vessel sank shortly afterwards.

A wireless call for assistance was sent out.

"Come at once. Big list," was the message received at Land's End.

The Lusitania sailed from New York last Saturday. Many of the passengers were warned by a mysterious telegram of a possible peril to the vessel through German submarines once she entered the "war zone."

Since she sailed the Germans have openly boasted that they would get the Lusitania.

In last Saturday's American papers an advertisement was printed stating that the zone of war included the waters adjacent to the British Isles, and that travellers sailing in the war zone in ships of Great Britain or her Allies do so at their own risk. (This advertisement was issued in the name of the Imperial German Embassy, Washington).

The Lusitania was provided with "boats for all."

Among the passengers was Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the millionaire, who was one of the passengers to receive a warning.

The Lusitania's tonnage was nearly 31,000 gross. She was built in 1907 by John Brown and Co., Glasgow. She was 762 feet in length, and was a four-turbine-screw boat, with a speed of about 25 knots.

In the normal course the Lusitania would carry nearly 3,000 persons, of whom over 2,000 would be passengers.

The Lusitania was commanded by Captain Turner, who had a life-long association with the Cunard Company.

The lounges were decorated in the late Georgian style. Fine inlaid mahogany panels, a modelled dome ceiling, beautiful marble mantelpieces, constituted a luxurious ensemble.

The accommodation for second-class passengers was upon a scale of luxury to which, only a few years ago, the first-class passengers did not aspire. The third-class accommodation was characterised by commodiousness and comfort.

The Lusitania was fitted with electric light, a wireless telegraph apparatus, and the latest submarine signalling apparatus.

Her port of registry was Liverpool.

#### NEARLY 27 KNOTS.

During a trip eastward across the Atlantic early in March last year the Lusitania broke the world's steaming record by making nearly 27 knots. From noon on Thursday, March 12, 1914, to noon on Friday, the 13th, she covered 618 knots, giving an average of 26.7 knots, which beat the previous record set up by the *Mauretania* when she steamed 614 knots in 24 hours on an eastward trip.

#### "UNSINKABLE AS A SHIP CAN BE."

In all the Lusitania had 175 watertight compartments, so that the Cunard Company claimed that she was as "unsinkable as a ship can be."

In their brochure concerning the Lusitania and her sister ship, the *Mauretania*, the Cunard Company state that everything that human skill and forethought could do had been done in the case of the vessel.

Watertight doors, bulkheads of immense strength, double bottoms, side bunkers, wireless telegraphy, submarine signalling—all these are of proved value.

She carried passengers and crew amounting to 3,000, and her size allowed her builders to provide passenger accommodation on a most generous scale. She was, in fact, a floating palace.

The design and decorations of the state rooms and saloons were very rich and elaborate, and the state rooms allowed more room than is usual in such vessels.

#### THE WORK OF ARTISTS.

Artists who knew how to combine luxury with the most admirable taste were employed to decorate the interior of the great ship.

There were lofty domes fashioned and painted by expert decorators; panellings prepared by skilled workers; charming tapestries, curtains and carpets. Several dozen different kinds of wood were used in the furnishing of the public rooms.

The first-class dining saloon was a vision in white and gold. The style was Louis Seize, and the predominating colour vieux rose.

High above towered the dome, with painted panels after Boucher, while underneath was a wide balcony on which tables were arranged.

#### NOT A SHIP, BUT A PALACE.

Wonder Succeeded Wonder On First Voyage Of The Lusitania.

#### IMPRESSIONS OF A TRIP ON THE LOST OCEAN GREYHOUND.

By A Saloon Passenger.

She was a wonderful ship! I have sailed a lot in my time, but never under such pleasant conditions as on the Lusitania.

When I first saw her I was standing by the quayside. I was astounded at her size. When I boarded her I was even more astonished at the magnificence I beheld. It was not a ship; it was a palace.

As my acquaintance with her grew my wonderment increased.

#### DAILY SURPRISES.

Every day there were fresh surprises, each more astonishing than the last, until in the end the magnificent management could not give me any more surprises—I was beyond them.

If they had given me the moon, I should have taken it as a matter of course.

It was beautiful October weather, and when we got well out to sea I was obsessed with the belief that nothing in the shape of bad weather could affect her.

#### DID NOT MIND THE GALE.

On the trip out the weather was glorious, but coming back we had what some people would call a gale. The waves were so high that they smashed a portion of the dome of the drawing-room. The vessel, however, was wondrous easy.

The social life was most attractive. I was travelling first class, and we had on board two American millionaires.

#### AFFABLE MILLIONAIRES.

They were very decent fellows, and they laughed and chatted with everybody. There was very little class distinction.

Another thing which fascinated me on the outward voyage was the tremendous speed at which that mass of iron and steel was being rushed through the waters.

The engines seemed alive; palpitating with anxiety, as it were, not to disappoint the engineers. Every day we spun off 600 knots.

#### NOVEL SPORT.

There was a curious custom in connection with the days' records of speed. Every day there was a sovereign sweepstake. You paid your coin and drew a number, and the number which corresponded with the day's run in knots won the prize.

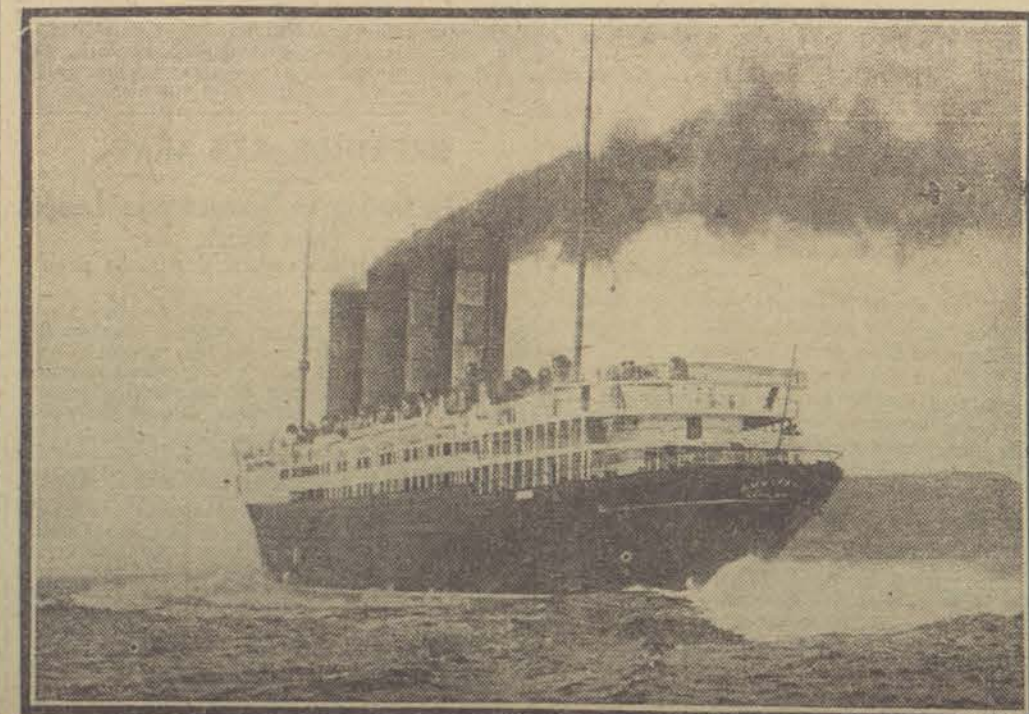
When the numbers were drawn they were put up for auction, and sometimes were bought for £50.

#### "NO STORM CAN SINK ME."

We were given a glorious welcome when we got to New York. The Americans were extremely good, but at the back of my head, all the time, both coming and going, in fair weather and foul, I felt the fascination of the sense of security which that wonderful vessel gave.

She said to me: "No seas can engulf me; no storm sink me," and I believed it.

**For Latest  
War News,  
See Page Thirteen.**



The Lusitania steaming at full speed.

#### HOW THE NEWS CAME TO LIVERPOOL.

A Rumour That Spread Like Fire But Was Not Believed.

#### THEN THE TRUTH.

The Liner's Distress Call: "Come At Once; Big List."

From Our Special Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Friday.

It is difficult to convey how great was the shock in Liverpool when it was reported that the Lusitania had been sunk.

The pride of the port in this crack liner has been remarkable. From the day she made her first trip to New York her career had been a source of greatest pride to everyone in the city.

The news of her loss created the greatest excitement and was the one topic of conversation in every part of the district.

A small knot of women assembled outside the offices of the Cunard Line in Water-street. They were the wives of members of the crew, and with drawn faces they waited anxiously for news.

Every few minutes the little crowd was added to, and occasionally the relatives of passengers on board would rush into the offices.

#### "SUNK BY SUBMARINE."

The first hint of what had occurred came in the form of a rumour, which spread like wildfire, and was not at first credited.

Then, regretfully, the Cunard Company had to confirm the rumour.

They received a wireless message from Kinsale, which stated:—

Lusitania sunk by submarine, 2.33, eight miles south by west.

Another telegram which followed stated:—

Torpedoed at two o'clock, and sunk at 2.30.

Then came a message from the Lizard:—

Land's End report distress call made by Lusitania: "Come at once. Big list. Position 10 miles south of Kinsale."

Meanwhile the greatest anxiety was felt as to what had happened to those on board. They numbered in all 1,918, made up of 1,253 passengers and 665 crew.

#### 20 SHIP'S BOATS.

A message to some extent reassuring was sent from Queenstown at 5 p.m.

Old Head wire that 20 boats, all sorts, belonging to the Lusitania are in vicinity where sunk. About 15 boats are making for the spot to render assistance. Weather here beautifully fine; wind S.E., light.

In charge of the Lusitania was Captain Turner, who had taken the place of Commander Dow, in consequence of the latter's absence on holiday.

Captain Turner is one of the most popular figures on the North Atlantic. A Liverpool man, he is a skilled navigator, and rose from a cabin-boy to command of the *Aquitania*.

#### BOATS FOR 3,000.

Probably Carried Bullion In Addition To Her £12,000 Cargo.

The Company's officials stated that the liner, which probably had bullion aboard in addition to her general cargo of about £12,000 value, was equipped with boats with capacity for 3,000 persons.

Captain Turner, who was in command of the Lusitania, is the second senior officer of the Cunard fleet. He began in the service as a boy, and has grown up with the line.

Before commanding the Lusitania Captain Turner had commanded the *Mauretania* and the *Aquitania*.

Several inquiries were made as to whether the sailing of the Cunard liner *Ascania* from Liverpool on Sunday will be interfered with, but the Company said nothing had been decided.

## THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.

£10,000 FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE PICTURE CAN WIN £700.

The *Daily Sketch* is offering £10,000 for the best photographs illustrating incidents in the great war.

One picture can win a fortune—even if it is only a snapshot with a five-shilling camera.

Films or plates will be developed free at the *Daily Sketch* offices, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

Remember that a news picture loses value with every moment of delay.



# DARING RESCUERS FEARLESS OF GERMAN

PAULL'S SPLENDID OFFER.

# BY SU T ENT

Factory, and with the Maker's

NO

## RUSH TO THE RESCUE FROM IRISH PORTS.

Liner's Boats Had Accommodation For All On Board.

### WHAT HAPPENED?

## Uncertainty As To Number Of Lives Saved.

In spite of the German warning news of the torpedoing of the Lusitania caused surprised excitement, especially in the seaport towns.

At a late hour last night no announcement of the actual number of lives saved had been made officially, though a hopeful message from Queenstown says it is believed there that the number is considerable.

At the London offices of the Cunard Company the officials posted up the messages from the head offices at Liverpool immediately they were received, but in the absence of names the numbers announced provided no comforting information for the crowds of anxious inquirers.

Reports of what had actually happened were being continually received. Some said the great liner sank in half an hour after she had been torpedoed, and others more alarming said she went down in eight minutes.

One hope-inspiring fact was the knowledge that the liner's boats had accommodation for 1,000 more persons than were on board.

Along the southern Irish coast excitement at the news did not for a moment interfere with prompt and courageous action.

From Queenstown, Kinsale and other places boats of every description rushed to the rescue, and for the rescued who were landed the doors of hospitable Irish homes were opened wide and such homely comfort as could be provided was freely and cheerfully offered.

At eight o'clock last evening a Cork message said 65 survivors had been landed there.

A Greek steamer towed a boatload into Kinsale, and other vessels were sighted making for Kinsale and Queenstown.

As we go to press a message comes from a Dublin correspondent:—

"Believed whole of passengers have been saved. Some hundreds landed at Clonkilty. Steamers with several hundreds more are on way to Queenstown."

## LANDING THE RESCUED AT SEVERAL IRISH PORTS.

## Queenstown's Hospitality To The Submarine's Victims.

From Our Special Correspondent.

QUEENSTOWN, Friday, 9.15 p.m.

A number of Lusitania passengers are being landed here by three tug-boats.

Other rescued passengers are being landed at Kinsale and probably at other places along the coast.

It is not officially known whether any lives are lost, but the number of passengers saved is apparently considerable.

The three landing places at the various ports are besieged by anxious people, and at Queenstown a strong force of police lined the quay to keep the crowds back.

The Irish people, with their characteristic sympathy, have been anxious to render all the assistance in their power, and many of those able to do so have thrown open their houses to the rescued passengers.

The fishermen and other seafaring men along the coast have shown splendid devotion in the work of rescue, and as soon as the call came there was an immediate rush to the spot where the liner sank of all kinds of craft.

Fishermen vied with the owners of tugs and speedier craft in the race to give assistance.

Every available motor-boat was pressed into service.

No one gave a thought to the danger they themselves ran of being sunk by torpedoes from the German submarine.

## 'COME AT ONCE.'

## Cunard Company's Official Story Of The Disaster.

### RESCUE VESSELS RETURN.

The following message was issued from the Cockspur-street offices of the Cunard Company about 9.15 last evening:—

Old Head, Kinsale, wires 8.55 p.m.:—

Motor fishing boat is towing two boats, probable number of passengers thus about 50. Tug Stormcock is also taking passengers and boats from motor fishing boat. Proceeding Queenstown. Majority rescue vessels are now apparently making Queenstown.

Another message from Liverpool stated that the Company had great hopes that many lives were saved.

About 5.30 yesterday afternoon the Cunard Company made this official statement in Liverpool:—

We received a telegram this afternoon at about three o'clock from the Old Head of Kinsale to say that the Lusitania was sunk by a submarine at 2.33, eight miles S. by W.

Later we had another message to say that she was torpedoed at two o'clock and sank at 2.33.

Subsequently we had a wireless message from the Lizard to say that she was sending out distress call: "Come at once. Position 10 miles south of Kinsale."

At 6.30 the officials of the Cunard Company at Cockspur-street announced that they had received information that 16 of the ship's boats were engaged in the work of rescue, and that 20 boats from the adjacent coast were also on the scene. The weather is fine. The ship was afloat 40 minutes.

### THE CAPTAIN'S LAUGH.

When the Lusitania left New York the captain laughed at the threats of the Germans to get the vessel. "We are too fast for them," he said.

### ASQUITH'S SON WOUNDED.

## Badly Hurt In The Fighting In The Dardanelles.

The announcement that one of Mr. Asquith's sons has been wounded was made by Mr. Lloyd George at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner last night.

Mr. Lloyd George said they would, he was sure, hear with regret that the Premier had learnt that one of his sons had been severely wounded in the Dardanelles.

He was glad to learn that he was not dangerously wounded, but he was sure they would join with him in an expression of deep sympathy that at such a time such anxiety should be added to his lot.

## NOTABLE PASSENGERS.

## Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, Mr. D. A. Thomas And His Daughter.

Many well-known persons were among the passengers, including:—

Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt.

The young American millionaire was extremely popular in England and English Society, principally on account of his enthusiastic support of coaching. His coach the Venture, which he drove personally from London to Brighton, was one of the events of 1913, and excited much admiration at the time. Mr. Vanderbilt was fond of England, and spent a great deal of his time here. A son was born to him in Wimbledon in 1912. Every year he carried off valuable prizes from the Olympia Horse Show, for his stables are unequalled by any in the world.

Sir Hugh Lane

Has been the director of the National Gallery, Ireland, since 1914. He is 40 years of age, and has taken a leading part in the revival of Irish art. Presented a collection of modern art to the city of Dublin and organised municipal collections at Cape Town and Johannesburg. He lives at Lindsay House, 100, Cheyne-walk, S.W.

Lady Allan,

Wife of Sir Hugh Allan, of the Allan I., and president Merchants' Bank of Canada. Lady Allan before her marriage, was Miss Margaret Ethel Mackenzie, of Montreal. She has one son and three daughters.

Lady Mackworth

Is the wife of Sir Humphrey Mackworth, Bart., of Llansoar, Caerleon, Monmouth. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P., and was married in 1908.

Charles Frohman

Started life as a clerk in a newspaper office. His first connection with the theatrical profession was in the box office at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn; subsequently joined Haverley's Minstrels as business manager, bringing them to London. From that time he kept pegging ahead until he produced shows both in America and England with big success, and made himself the head of the largest theatrical business in the world.

Mr. D. A. Thomas.

The coal king of South Wales. He is 59 years of age, and has made an immense fortune. He sat as M.P. for Merthyr from 1893 to 1910, but revolted against the Welsh Liberal Party and later left the Commons. Has figured in many stormy scenes in coal trade disputes, in which his chief interest is the Cambrian coal combine. His London address is 122, Ashley-gardens, S.W.

Dr. F. S. Pearson.

An American financial magnate.

Commander Foster Stackhouse.

Organiser of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1914 to determine the coast line of King Edward VII Land.

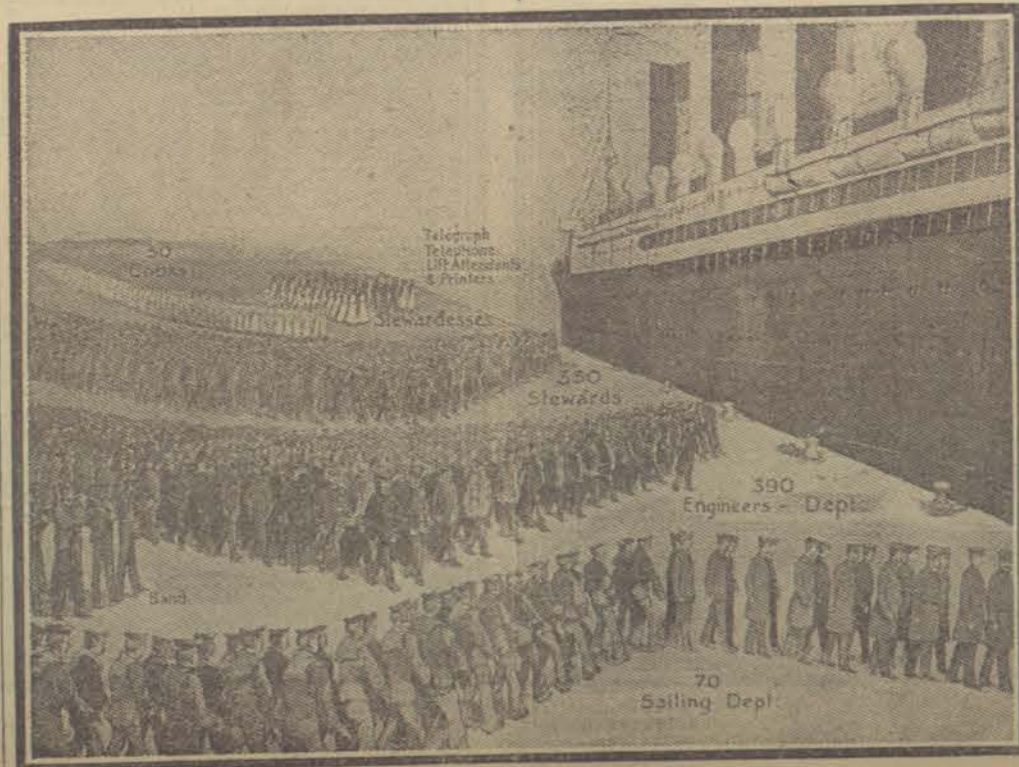
Mr. Herbert Stone was the son of Mr. Melville Stone, general manager of the Associated Press of America.

Others supposed to be on the vessel include Miss Jessie Taft Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu T. Grant, Lady Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Crompton, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hodges, Dr. J. O. Orr, Major and Mrs. F. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. Billicke, Mrs. G. W. Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Samuel Knox (a steel magnate), Mr. G. A. Keffler, Mr. J. F. Jeffrie, Mr. H. B. Baldwin, Mr. Schwartz.

## COLLAPSE OF THE STOCK MARKET.

NEW YORK, Friday.

As soon as the intelligence became known the market collapsed, all stocks falling from five to ten points.—Central News.



The crew of the Lusitania make quite a small army. This diagram is reproduced from an album issued by the Cunard Line.

## Extra Late Edition.

## DEATH ROLL : PROBABLY 1,300.

Between 500 And 600 Survivors Landed At Queenstown.

### MANY WOUNDED.

## Submarine's Victims Die After Coming Ashore.

From the Admiralty.

The following message has been received from the Admiral, Queenstown:—

Survivors from Lusitania are being landed.

Those wounded are being sent to naval and military hospitals.

Later.

The following message from the Admiral at Queenstown has been received:—

Between 500 and 600 survivors from Lusitania now landed.

Many hospital cases.

Several have died.

Also some have been landed at Kinsale; number not yet received.

## A LONG VIGIL.

## Sad Gathering Of Weary Women And Whitefaced Men.

The Lusitania has been torpedoed!

With appalling suddenness the news that the Germans had made good their threat to sink the greyhound of the Cunard fleet of Atlantic liners reached London last night, as the thousands of City workers were going home.

So staggering was the effect of the information that people received it without comment. Nowhere was incredulity expressed; the warning which was given to passengers as they embarked at New York last Saturday, and which was regarded as a mere piece of bluff, was quickly recalled.

It was arranged to keep open the offices of the Cunard Company all night for the receipt of information for relatives of the passengers.

It was in the City—in the heart of the shipping quarter—that the sinking of the huge liner first became known and caused intense excitement.

The information was brief, but too complete. A message posted at Lloyd's ran:—

"The Admiralty report that the Lusitania was sunk off the Old Head of Kinsale at 2.15 this afternoon."

Before long the offices of the Cunard Company in Palmerston House, Bishopsgate-street, were besieged by inquirers, and the telephone bells rang frantically. To one and all the officials made the same reply, that all they knew was contained in the Admiralty report.

One of the most pathetic sights in the offices in Cockspur-street was an elderly clergyman and his wife, who sat composedly in a corner waiting for news of their son, who was returning on the Lusitania after a lecture tour in America.

Before midnight there was a large crowd gathered in Cockspur-street, and it showed signs of growing rather than dwindling. It included many sobbing women and white-faced men, whose friends or relatives were on board the torpedoed liner.

### WHAT MISS ELLEN TERRY SAID.

Miss Ellen Terry, who is returning from a visit to America, was not in the Lusitania.

It was learned last evening that she left New York by the American liner New York last Saturday, and is expected to arrive in London this week-end.

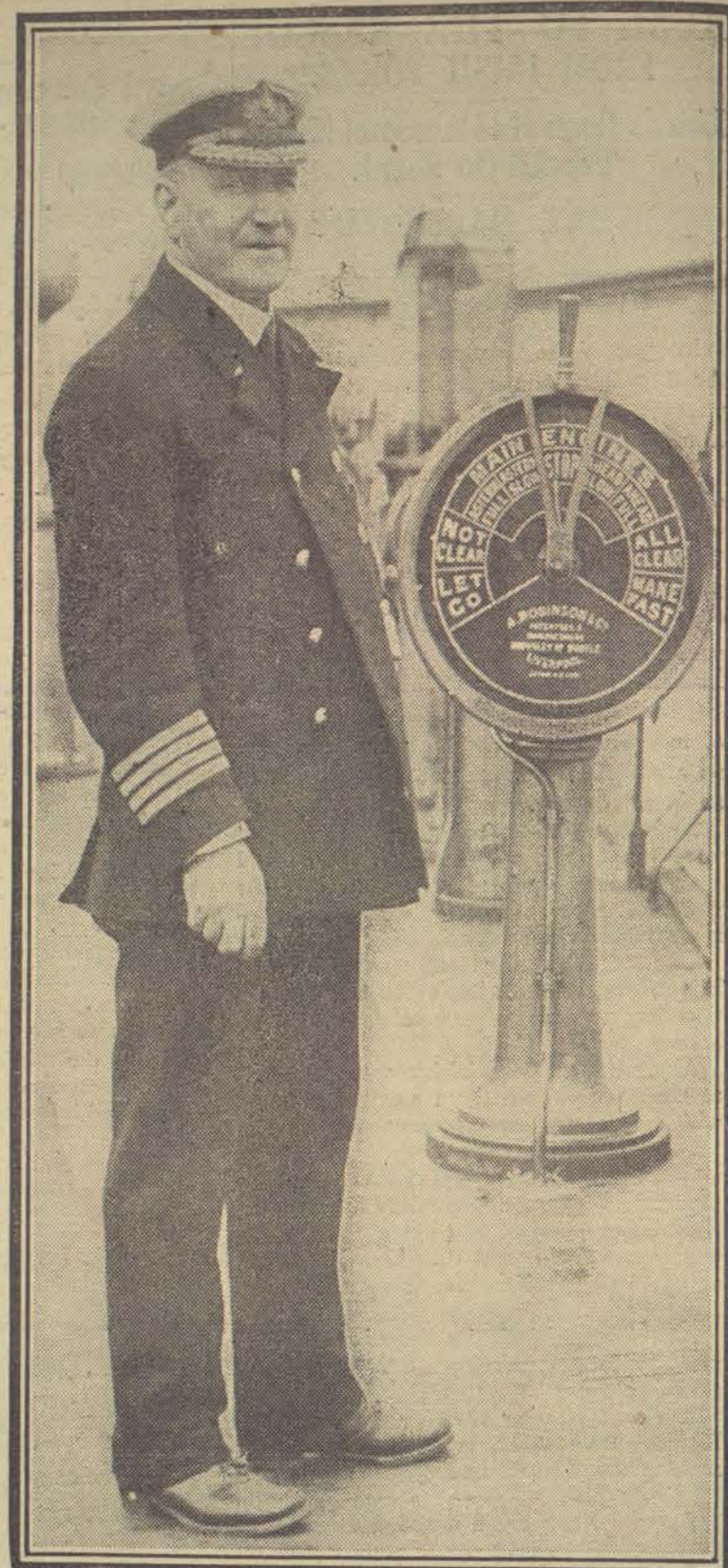
It has been reported that before leaving New York Miss Terry said she was travelling by the New York, and told her friends that she would "feel quite as safe aboard the Lusitania."



# GERMAN PIRACY THE LUSITANIA'S CAPTAIN AND HIS WONDERFUL SHIP.



The first-class saloon of the Lusitania—a striking photograph which gives an idea of the magnificent apartments of the giant liner.



Captain Turner, of the Lusitania. His first thoughts, like a true British sailor, were for the safety of his passengers.



Policemen had to control the crowds outside the London offices of the Cunard Line.



The promenade deck of the Lusitania was like an esplanade at a seaside town.

To Captain Turner the loss of his magnificent vessel must have been a terrible blow. For years he had piloted thousands of passengers in safety across the ocean, and had never lost a life.



# THE WOUNDED OFFICER'S SCRIBE.



The British officer is one of those posted "prisoner and wounded." He is unable to use his arm, and the German Red Cross nurse writes home for him.

# HE DIED FOR US.



Lieut. F. W. Croucher, West Kents, who has been killed. The fearlessness shown by his regiment caused a German to speak of them as "God-like fools."



Lieut. R. W. H. Empson, a Royal Marines officer, wounded at the Dardanelles.



Lieut. Cecil Brook-Short, Royal Marines, has been wounded at the Dardanelles.



Lieut. A. D. Coates, 4th Staffordshire Fusiliers, has been killed.



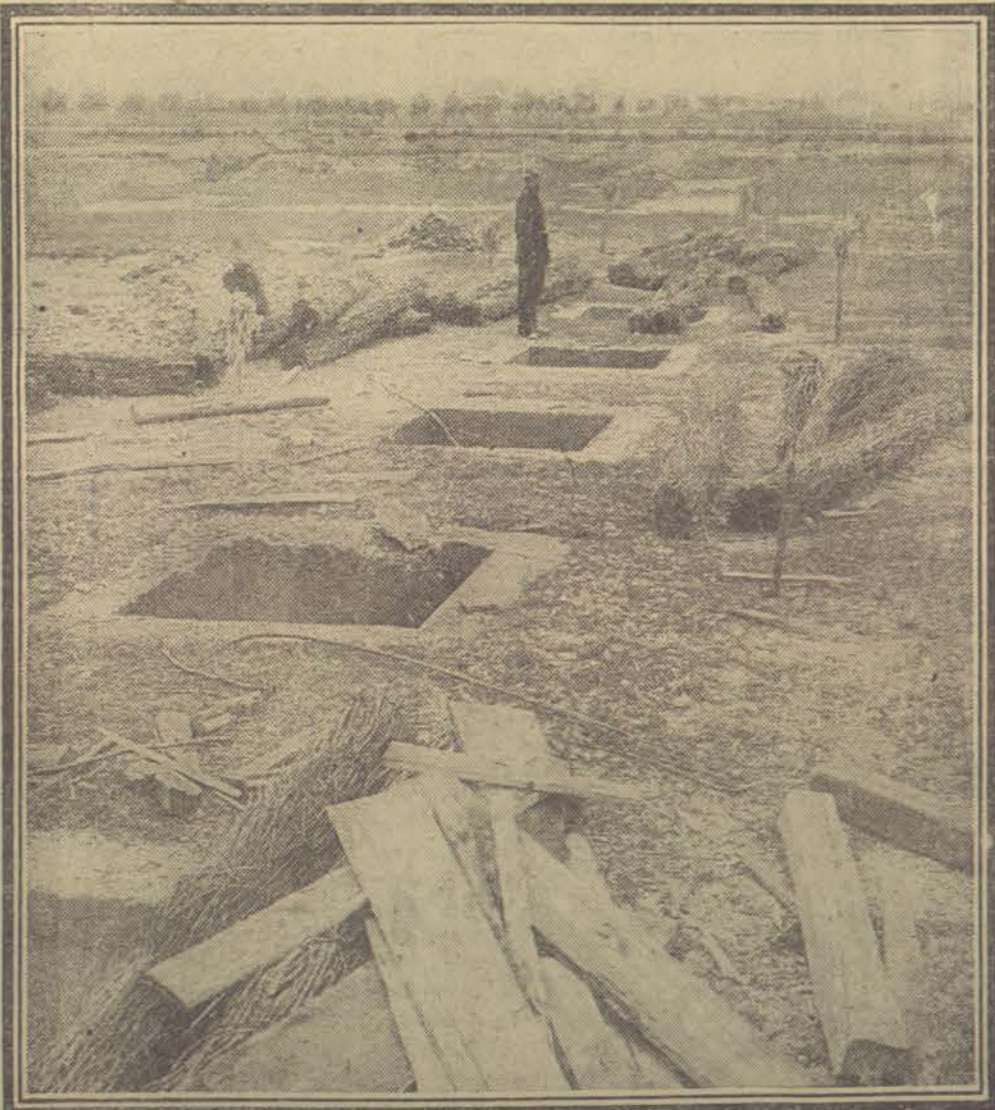
Lieut. J. O. Payne, 4th Royal Warwicks, killed at Hill 60.



2nd Lieut. F. A. Coffin, of the 4th London (T.F.), is wounded.

(Photographs by Lambert Weston, Lafayette, Russell.)

## GERMANY HAS LONG PREPARED FOR WAR.



Germany entered the war fully prepared, despite all her protests to the contrary. This photograph, taken at Munich, shows where the German authorities had experimented with some new explosives.

## ANOTHER MAN FREE.



This London girl has freed another man for the trenches. On her dispatch carrier tricycle she is working for the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund.

## PAULL'S SPLENDID OFFER. BUY YOUR TENT

direct from the Factory, and with the Maker's guarantee. You get better value and save money. This Tent is the best ever offered at 40/- We are prepared to refund on approval. Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. Send Postal Order to-day. White Canvas Tent, 35/- Design as illustrated. ILLUSTRATED LIST of other designs and Samples of Canvas on application. **PAULL'S ORIENT TENT WORKS, MARTOCK.** **NO CENTRE POLE.** **GUARANTEED RAIN PROOF.** Write Now.



**ONLY 1/- Each. Post 1d.** **REGIMENTAL BADGES AND BROOCHES** **EVERY REGIMENT IN STOCK.** Only **1/- Each.** As sold at 2/- Best quality Gold-Cased, 2/- each. Sterling Silver, 3/6 each. 9-ct. Solid Gold, £1 1s. each. **MAY & Co., 25, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.** Trade Supplied.

**SHOPPING BY POST.** DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), 26, DENMARK HILL, LONDON. UNREDEEMED PLEDGE SALE. SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF THIS MONTH'S UNREDEEMED PLEDGES NOW READY. Sent Post Free List of 5,000 Sensational Bargains. Don't delay. Write at once. Guaranteed Genuine Items. **IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.** A REVOLUTION IN PRICES—ASTOUNDING VALUE. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

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

**32/6**—POWERFUL BINOCULAR FIELD or MARINE GLASSES, great magnifying power (by Lumiere); 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.; beautifully 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.

**8/9**—(Worth £2 2s.) LADY'S 18-ct. Solid Gold Half-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-Hoop Ring, claw setting, large lustrous stones, 8s. 9d. Approval willingly.

**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. Approval.

**21/-**—(Worth £4 4s.) LADY'S Solid Gold English Half-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s. Approval.

**14/6**—(Worth £2 2s.) Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 6s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**19/9**—LADY'S Trouseau; 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; sacrifice, 6s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**49/6**—(Worth £10 10s.) GENT'S Solid Gold English Half-marked Chronograph Stop Watch (R. Stanton, London); jeweled, timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 49s. 6d.

**21/-**—(Worth £4 4s.) Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent parcel, 40 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 free trial; approval willingly.

**8/6**—Gent's Handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, with fully radiused 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.

**22/6**—(Worth £4 10s.) Solid Gold English Half-marked Keyless Watch Wristlet, with luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.

**21/-**—(Worth £4 4s.) Lady's Solid Gold English Half-marked Keyless Watch, jeweled movement, richly engraved, 15 years' warranty; week's free trial, 21s.; also Lady's Handsome Solid Gold Long Watch Guard, worth £4 4s.; sacrifice, 21s.

**24/6**—Gent's superior quality Fawn Mackintosh. Best Twill lined, high cut, large Pockets. Tailor-made, racque shape, perfectly new, worth £3 3s.; sacrifice, 24s. 6d.; approval.

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

**49/6**—(Worth £10 10s.) POWERFUL BINOCULAR FIELD or MARINE GLASSES, as supplied to the British Government; perfect in every mechanical and optical detail; great magnification power; fitted with hinged parts for accurate adjustment; times by church clock can be distinctly seen three miles away; finest workmanship throughout; in solid leather case; week's free trial; sacrifice, £2 5s. 6d.

**DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), PAWNBROKERS, 26, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.**

**MONEY TO LEND**

I AM prepared to make IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES, £10 to £5,000, upon personal security at a reasonable charge. Special Terms for Short Periods. No Fees or Expenses. Apply in confidence to **RODNEY F. BLOCH, 103, Regent-street, Piccadilly, W.** Phone Regent 4584.

**£5 TO £5,000 on Note of Hand in a few hours, on simple easy payments; distance no object.—ARTHUR G. WHITEMAN, 229, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury Park N.**

**£5 TO £5,000.—LOANS SENT PRIVATELY BY POST (either sex), any distance without interview. Interest 1s. in £. Repay BY POST from 1s. month. No public inquiries. Apply T. Cowling (Ld.), 113, Park-lane, Leeds.**

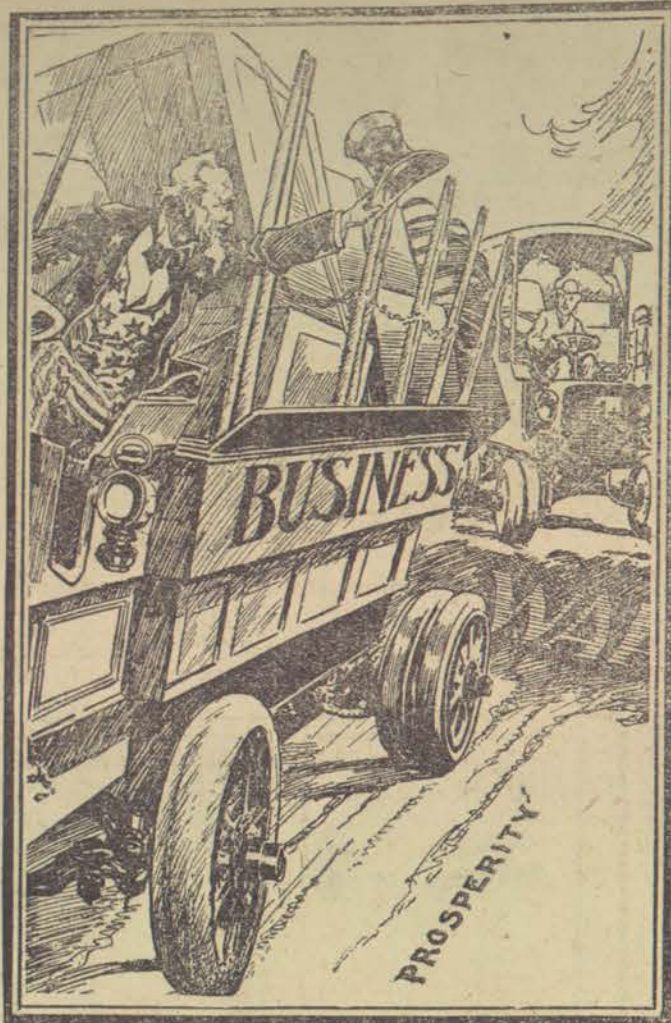
**KINGSTOWN**—Ireland's Loveliest Seaside Resort. Beautiful situation. Two miles of pier. Unrivalled facilities for enjoyment. Boating, golfing, fishing. Hot Sea-water Baths. Guide free.—Dept. R. Town Clerk



# WHAT WILL AMERICA SAY TO THE DELIBERATELY-PLANNED D



The shelter on the second saloon deck of the Lusitania.



"Getting over the Depression." Carter in *New York Evening Sun* in December. What would he draw to-day?



"Food for Thought." Darrin when it would be Amer



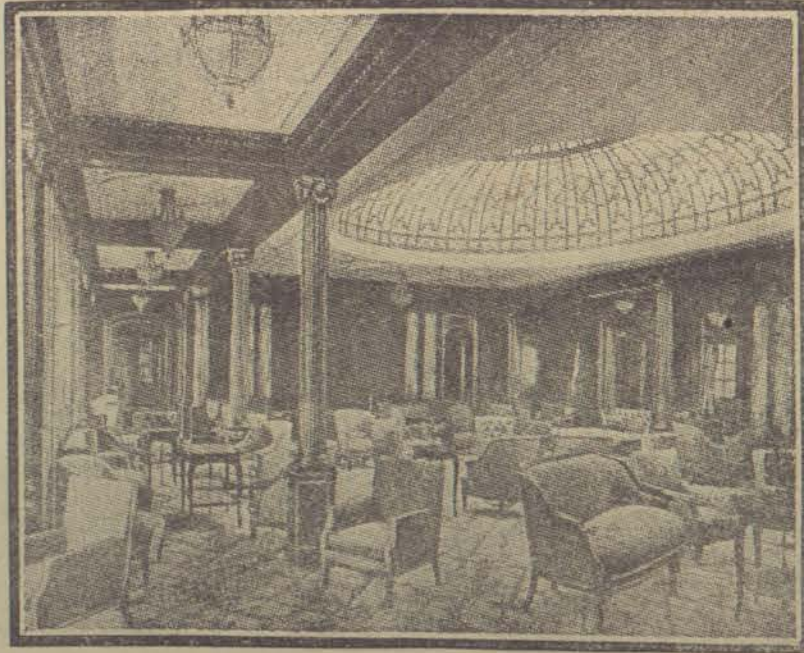
... was off the Old Head of Kinsale that the giant vessel was sunk.



An English tie. How *Volk*, a German comic paper, jeered at President Wilson's policy of po



... some French perfume.



The Lusitania was magnificently appointed as these photographs of the saloon lounge and verandah café show

The Lusitania was the fastest of the Atlantic liners. She regained from Germany for the British flag the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. Germany's sea-pride was badly hit then, and she had never forgotten it.



Mr. J. Foster Stackhouse, one of the passengers, organised the Antarctic Expedition of 1914.



Lady Allan, the wife of Sir a prominent Canadian



# DESTRUCTION OF A LINER CARRYING HER WOMEN AND CHILDREN?



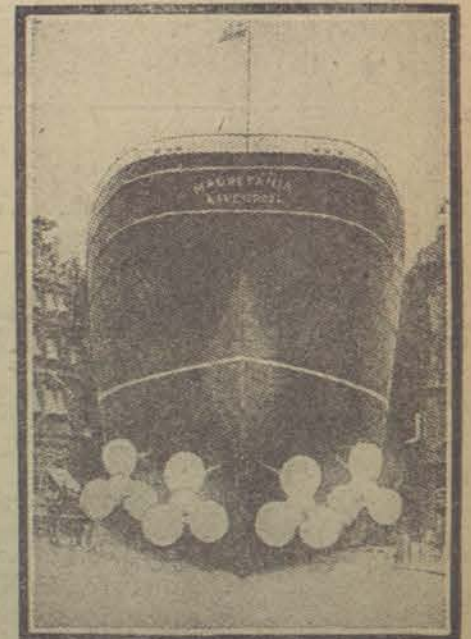
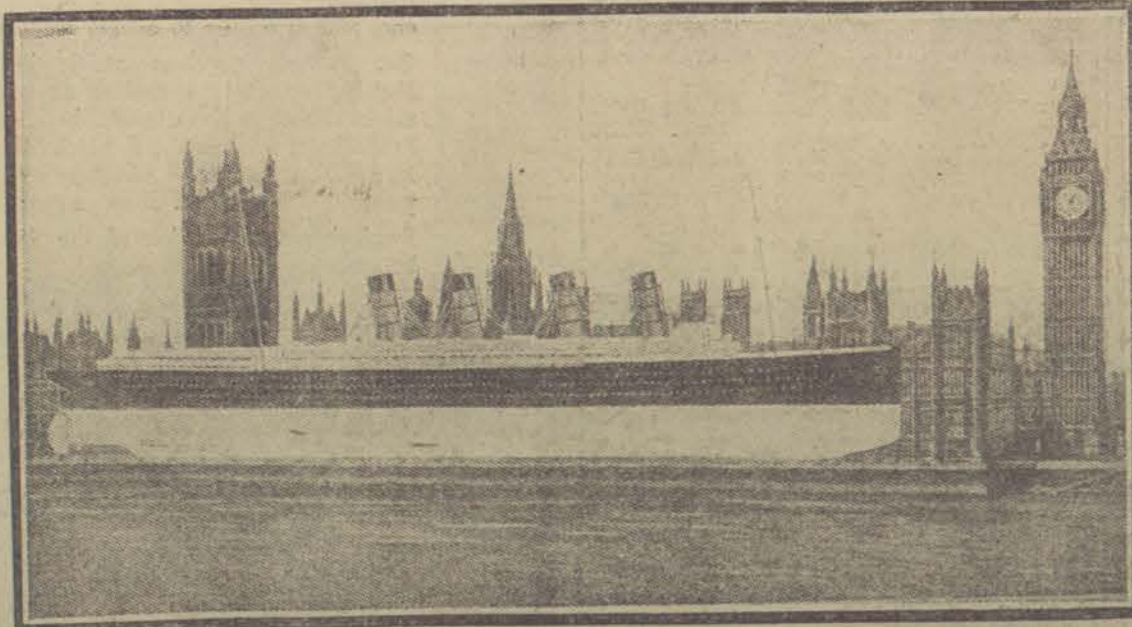
There was plenty of room on the upper promenade deck of the Cunarder.

ing in *Des Moines Register*, wondering "Thinking it over." Green in *New York Evening Telegram*.  
a's turn. He knows now. America must be thinking of action now.



A big crowd gathered round the company's London offices when the news became known.

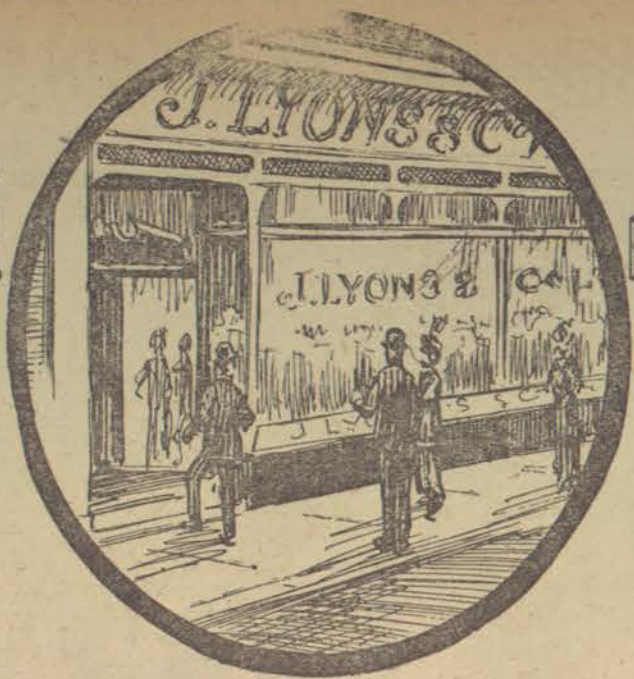
Some elegant gloves. A few violets and "a spirited protest."  
neutrality. America to-day will ask: "Wilson, when are you going to move?"



These diagrams give a striking idea of the size of the Lusitania. They compare the width with Northumberland-avenue and the length with Westminster.

another passenger, a Mr. P. L. Jones, who was on board, is one of the London staff of the *New York American*. The Lusitania was the last word in luxury. Her vast dining halls, reception rooms, and cabins de luxe gave a feeling of absolute safety to the most nervous passengers. Huge public buildings were dwarfed by her immense size.





"We Invite You."

If you would know real Tea satisfaction walk into the nearest "Lyons" and test for yourself the flavour and goodness of

Lyons' Tea

In over 200 "Lyons" Tea-shops in every part of London dainty afternoon teas are served—the World-renowned Lyons' Tea, with choicest pastries or light crisp rolls.

Buy a Packet of Lyons' Tea on your way home to-night.

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., Cadby Hall, London, W.

THE ORIGINATORS OF THE 2d. CUP OF TEA.

THEATRES.

DELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-DAY, 2 and 8. Mr. George Edwards' Revival, VERONIQUE. A Comic Opera. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2. BOX OFFICE (2645 and 6885 Gerrard), 10 to 10.

LDWYCH. FLORODORA. Last 2 Performances To-day at 2.15 and 7.45. MISS EVIE GREENE as DOLORES. Gallery 6d., Pit 1s. Seats, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d.

AMBASSADORS.—To-night at 10.30. Mlle. Eve LAVALIERE. Preceded at 8.30 by Mlle. HANAKO in OYA OYA! ODDS AND ENDS Revue by Harry Gratton, at 9.0. Mats. To-day and Thursday at 2.30.

POLLO. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.30. Mr. Charles Hawtrey's Production. STRIKING! By Paul Rubens and Gladys Unger. At 2 and 8, Mr. Charles Cory. Mat. Weds., Sats., at 2.

COMEDY THEATRE, Panton-street, S.W. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. (Last 2 Performances.) Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS in "WILD THYME," by George Egerton. LAST MAT. TO-DAY, at 2.30.

CRITERION. Gerr. 3844, Regent 3565. THREE SPOONFULS. Nightly at 9 p.m. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 3. Preceded at 8.30 and 2.30 by Harold Mountague (Entertainer).

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production BETTY. TO-DAY at 2 and 8. Matinees, Sat., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

DRURY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. To-day, 1.45 and 7.30. Mats., Weds. and Sats., 1.45. MARIE ILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS. Box Office Gerrard 2588. Special Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY at 3.15 and 9. CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mlle. GABY DESLYS in ROSY RAPTURE. Preceded at 2.30 and 8.15 by THE NEW WORD. Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY THURS. and SAT., at 2.30.

CAIETY. TO-DAY, 2.15. TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT. New Musical Play. TO-DAY at 2.15 and 8.15. Mr. George Grossmith's and Mr. Edward Laurillard's production. Mat. Every Saturday at 2.15.

GARRICK (Ger. 8513). YVONNE ARNAUD. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne."

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

HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. To-day at 3 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats. At 2.30 and 8. FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE. Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffers, and Godfrey Tearle.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. TO-DAY at 2.15; EVERY EVENING at 8.15. A New Play, in Four Acts, from the French of M. Froude, entitled

THE RIGHT TO KILL. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyser. Scene—in Constantinople. HERBERT TREE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. IRENE VANBRUGH. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. Gerr. 1777.

KINGSWAY. Liverpool Commonwealth Co. To-day at 2.30; To-night at 8.15. NOBODY LOVES ME, by Robert Elton. Tel. Gerr. 4052. Mon., Tues., at 8.15. Wed. at 2.30 and 8.15. TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS," by Sir Arthur Pinero.

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

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-DAY, 2.45 and 8.45. "WHO'S THE LADY?" Preceded at 2.15 and 8.15 by "The Touch of Truth." MATINEES WEDS. and SATS. (both plays) at 2.15.

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

ROYALTY. VEDRENNE AND EADIE. DENNIS EADIE in THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office (Gerrard 3903) 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. LAST NIGHT. THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH. By J. Hartley Manners.

SAVOY THEATRE. MR. H. B. IRVING. At 3 and 9, SEARCHLIGHTS, by H. A. Vachell. At 2.30 and 8.30, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Weds., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 2602.

SCALA, W. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, in KINEMACOLOR, including The East Coast Air Raid, Sinking of the Blucher, North Sea Battle, Italian Army, etc.

SHAFTESBURY. Tel. Ger. 6666. Lessee and Manager, Mr. Robert Courtneidge. OPERA IN ENGLISH. TO-DAY at 2 ..... MADAME BUTTERFLY. TO-NIGHT at 8 ..... LA BOHEME.

Monday Evening at 8 ..... RIGOLETTO. Tuesday Evening at 8 ..... LA BOHEME. Wednesday Matinee at 2 ..... MADAME BUTTERFLY. Wednesday Evening at 8 ..... RIGOLETTO. Thursday Evening at 8 ..... MADAME BUTTERFLY. Friday Evening at 8 ..... LA BOHEME. Saturday Matinee at 2 ..... TALES OF HOFFMANN. Saturday Evening at 8 ..... RIGOLETTO. Box Office 10 to 10. Prices 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.

STRAND. THE ARGYLE CASE. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8. JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE. BABY MINE. To-day at 3 and 8.45. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 3. WEEDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOEY. 2.30 and 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones.

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

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

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mlle. GENEE in "Robert Le Diable"; JAMES WELCH and CO. in "JUDGED BY APPEARANCES"; LENA ASHWELL and CO. in "THE DEBT"; SUZANNE SHELDON; G. H. ELLIOTT, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings 8.35. Mat. Sat., 2.15. GEORGE GRAYES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COVNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bodella, Lupino Lane, etc. Preceded at 6.0 by "The Vine."

HIPPODROME, LONDON.—Closed for Rehearsals of the gorgeous new production "PUSH AND GO." Which will be produced Monday next, 10th, at 8 p.m., and then twice daily. Star Cast and Mammoth Beauty Chorus. Box Office, 10 to 10. Ger. 650.

MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Oxford Circus, W. DAILY at 2.30 and 8. BRILLIANT PROGRAMME. "THE CURIOUS CASE," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. (Mayfair 1945).

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," at 8.35, with ELSIE JANIS. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN (Variety) at 2. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

FOR FULLEST & LATEST STORIES OF THE LUSITANIA TRAGEDY

SEE TO-MORROW'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

HILAIRE BELLOC on WAR'S ALARMS.

THE WEEK has been one of some anxiety. British losses have been heavy, and the enemy is massing troops for a new effort to reach Calais. Hilaire Belloc's article on "War's Alarms: Exaggerated Hopes and Fears" is therefore a timely one, and is certain to attract much public attention. Mr. Belloc's previous article in the "Illustrated Sunday Herald," warning us against an insidious peace campaign we might expect in the enemy's behalf, was so notable that the Patriotic Association (of which the Premier, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery are the leaders) have requested permission to publish it in pamphlet form. Sunday's article, in view of the developments at the front, will be quite as important.

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND PICTURES. ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.



### RIVER GIRL'S GUESTS.



The river girl at Thorpness finds more pleasure in taking the wounded for a row than being a passenger.

### NURSE AND TEACHER TOO



A nurse in the West London Hospital teaching Corporal Timmis, injured at La Bassée, how to knit. Private Plymsol (on left), of the 2nd Devons, is an interested spectator.

### PRIEST HAS A PIPE WITH TOMMY.



A French priest enjoying a smoke and a chat with British soldiers outside their billet, where he is a welcome visitor.

### "SHELLED" BY ROSE-LEAVES.



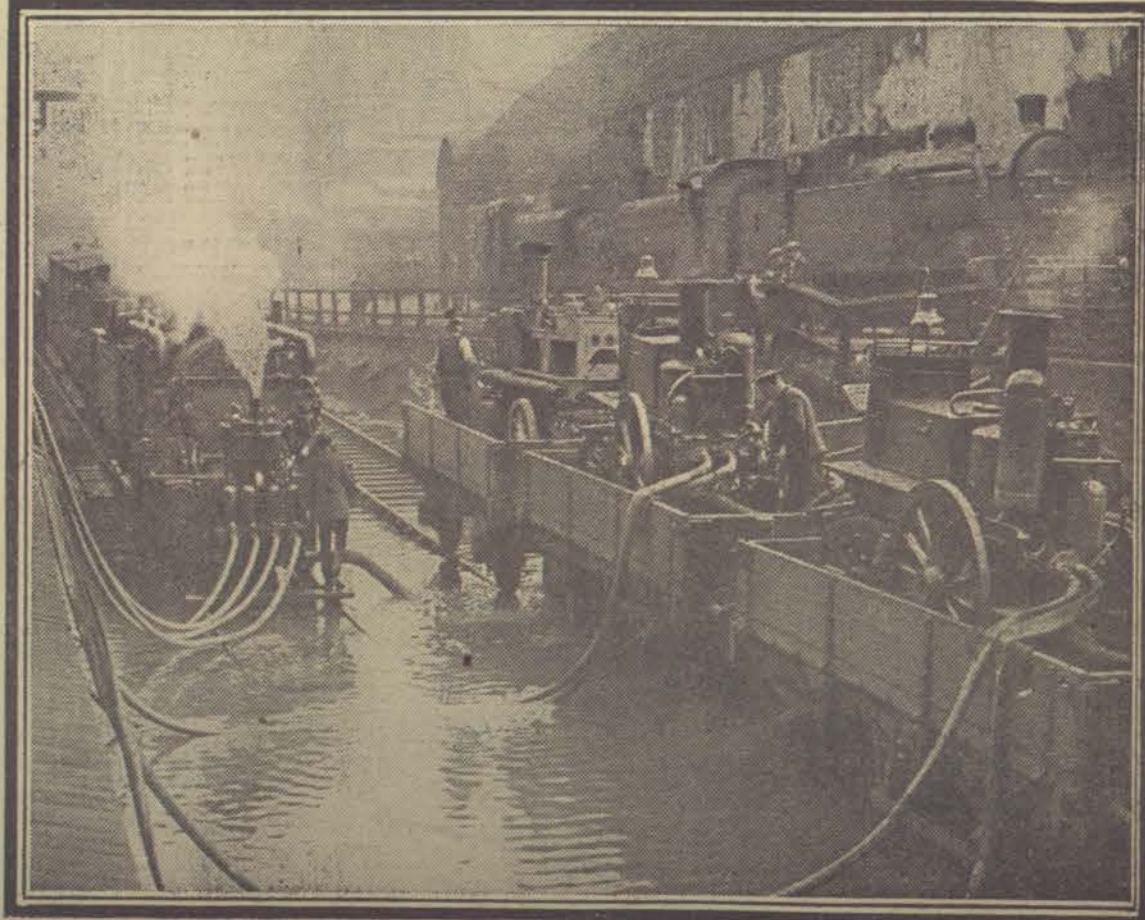
Lieutenant Hugh Palliser Barrow and his bride dodging the rose-petals with which their admirers pelted them as they left Old Saints', Finchley-road, yesterday.

### THE H.A.C.'s FERRY-BOAT IN FLANDERS.



Some of the Honourable Artillery Company crossing a stream on a raft made from waterproof sheets and gratings—a rough ferry-boat, but it serves

### A MAY THUNDERSTORM UPSETS LONDON'S TRAVELLING FACILITIES.



The railway between Farringdon-street and King's Cross was flooded during the thunderstorm that raged over part of London on Thursday night. Fire engines mounted on railway trucks had to be employed to get rid of the water.



# KEMPTON JUBILEE STAKES.

## The Pick Of The Handicap And The Probable Winner.

### COLOUR SYSTEM'S SMART SUCCESS.

The Kempton "Jubilee" is quite the best class of all the spring handicaps, but, unfortunately, Black Jester will not be sent to carry his penalty.

Some useful members of the handicap brigade will be seen in opposition, however, and the following are some of the probable starters and jockeys:

- CHINA COCK (Mr. Nelke), 5-8-11 (5lb. ex.).....Wing
- FLORIST (Mr. M. Singer), 5-8-9.....Clark
- WRACK (Lord Rosebery), 6-8-7.....F. Rickaby
- HONEYWOOD (Mr. S. B. Joel), 4-8-5.....Wal Griggs
- PETER THE HERMIT (Mr. H. King), 4-8-1.....Donohue
- MADUMENOS (Lord d'Abernon), 5-7-12.....E. Bullock
- CHEERFUL (Mr. Wilson), 6-7-12.....Trigs
- CARANCHO (Mr. E. Tannet), 4-7-12 (5lb. ex.).....C. Fox
- CARRICKFERGUS (Col. H. Walker), 4-7-9.....E. Huxley
- DAN RUSSEL (Mr. J. Buchanan), 4-7-9.....Fox
- LANIUS (Mr. L. Neumann), 4-7-8.....Spear
- MOUNT WILLIAM (Mr. R. Farquharson), 4-7-2.....S. Hill
- RIGH MOR (Mr. J. Daly), 4-7-1 (5lb. ex.).....Cooper
- DUTCH LADY (Col. Hall Walker), 4-6-12.....P. Alden
- WOODWILD (Mr. E. Hulton), 4-6-10.....Dick
- PRINT (Mr. Larnach), 5-6-7.....W. Collins

China Cock has done well in a good preparation, but I am afraid they will go too fast for him in the early stages, as was the case last year.

On the running in the City and Suburban Diadumenos has the best of the reckoning with Honeywood, Woodwild, Carancho and Florist, but he has nothing in hand of Dan Russel, who gets 1lb. for a head beating.

The general idea was that Diadumenos was unlucky at Epsom, but he is a very disappointing animal, and usually flatters only to deceive. If he would take hold of his bit a little earlier than usual he would no doubt win to-day, but I am afraid to trust him.

The Beckhampton stable will saddle Righ Mor as well as Dan Russel but I have more faith in the former. He won in good style over seven furlongs of the course on Easter Monday, and for that victory he only has a 3lb. penalty.

Righ Mor will be fitter now, and I think he is certain to render a good account of himself.

Some good judges at Newmarket prefer the chance of Lanius to that of the others trained at headquarters, and I have a wholesome respect for Giffin's charge, who is a good colt when at his best.

Peter the Hermit and Cheerful are the pick of the others, but I choose Righ Mor as a sound win and place investment.

#### WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY.

Berrilldon and Rangag dead-heated for the Fulwell Selling Plate, and Riseley Moss filly ran Kona out of the Sunbury Selling Plate.

Morton did not saddle either Golden Sun or Parhelion for the Norbiton Handicap, but a lot of speedy horses went to the post.

It is not often in such events that three-year-olds occupy the first three places, but that is what happened on this occasion, Colour System winning from Speedyfoot and Egretta.

It was a capital race, and at least half a dozen were shouted as likely winners in the last furlong, but Colour System had the speed of them all.

Last year Colour System showed himself to be a smart two-year-old, stringing together a series of six victories before he met with defeat, but he then seemed to go right off.

Robinson has coaxed him back to form, however, and he was well fancied yesterday.

The honours of the race really rest with Flying Orb, who was giving weight away all round, yet looked like doing the trick 100 yards from home.

The Boss, who was favourite, put a veto on his chance at the start, when he swung round and collided with Dropwort.

The Revenge had no difficulty in beating four opponents in the Kenton Maiden Plate, Marca colt upset the odds laid on Turpitude colt, and Draughtsman won the Waldegrave Handicap, after Early Hope had broken down when seeming to have a chance.

#### SELECTIONS.

##### Kempton.

- 2. 0.—PICKORIA.
- 2.30.—\*COMEDIENNE.
- 3.20.—RIGH MOR.
- 4. 0.—LONGTOWN.
- 4.30.—ZUIDER ZEE.
- 5. 0.—WISE SYMON.

##### Ripon.

- 1.40.—HUKM.
- 2.10.—AMANTINE F.
- 2.40.—MODUBEAUGH.
- 3.10.—BUCKLES.
- 3.40.—PORT CARLISLE.
- 4.10.—DORISDUAN.

##### Double.

COMEDIENNE and ZUIDER ZEE.

#### TO-DAY AT KEMPTON.

2.0.—SHEPPERTON SELLING HANDICAP of 150 sovs.; 1m.

Towyn	5 8 4	Cripples	3 7 8
Sardinia	4 8 4	The Crown	4 7 7
Put Fut	4 8 3	Roy Hamilton	4 7 4
Paulhan	4 8 3	Pickoria	3 7 4
Final Shot	5 8 0	Yardar	3 6 12

##### The above have arrived.

Diamond Stud	4 9 0	Sour Plum	4 7 10
Iron Orb	4 8 7	Cocuzella	4 7 9
Abelard H.	4 8 5	Gibberish	3 7 9
South Parade	4 8 4	Ida H.	4 7 8
Ouragan	4 8 1	Prompter	4 7 8
St. Alphonse	4 8 1	St. Beuve	6 7 7
Saron	4 8 1	Voie	4 7 7
Shell	4 8 1	Drucella	3 7 1
Lady Farman	5 8 0	Bonmahon	3 7 1
Flashedell	4 7 10	Sailor Joe	4 7 0
Sortilege	5 7 10	Owhen	3 6 4

#### 2.30.—KEMPTON PARK MAY AUCTION PLATE of 200 sovs.; 2 y. o.; 5f.

Jenestown c	7 8	Santicola	7 0
Sister Susie	7 5	Fairlady	7 0
Ardrwater	7 5	Queen's Bridge I	7 0

##### The above have arrived.

Disdain c	8 5	Shaw	7 3
Pitney c	8 5	Knight of York	7 3
Lock Stitch c	8 5	Wentover	7 3
Sly	8 2	Baromet c	7 3
Fireman	8 0	Bramble Twig	7 3
Comedienne	7 5	Bon Ledi	7 3
Landing	7 5	Lytham Hall I	7 0
Ladston	7 3	Zorra	7 0
Doola Castle	7 3		

# WHY TIRP HAS HAD HIS WHISKERS CUT.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR IT TIRP.—BELOW THE BELT?

DIFFICULTIES PRESENTED THEMSELVES WHEN HE WAS GIVEN THE IRON CROSS.

HE MIGHT HAVE WORN HIS DECORATIONS ON THEM.

THERE ARE NO BRITISH SHIPS AFLOAT.

PERHAPS THEY MADE THE CROWN PRINCE JEALOUS.

PERHAPS THEY WERE THE CAUSE OF HIS RECENT INABILITY TO FIND THE BRITISH FLEET.

TIRP, YOUR BEASTLY WHISKERS TICKLE AND ANNOY ME.

BEARD CUT PLEASE.

PERHAPS THE KIEL CANAL BREEZES MADE THEM ANNOY BILL.

ANYHOW, WE LEARN THAT THE WHISKERS WHICH WERE TIRP'S PRIDE, HAVE BEEN PRUNED.

# TWO OTHER LINERS SUNK IN THE IRISH SEA.

## Harrison Steamers Torpedoed; Crews Escape.

The Grimsby trawler Lord Allendale yesterday morning arrived at Milford Haven, having on board the crew of 40 hands of the Harrison Line (Liverpool) steamer Candidate, who were picked up on Thursday afternoon from their boats off Connibeg Lightship on the Irish coast.

The Candidate was a cargo boat of 5,858 tons, outward bound from Liverpool.

At Milford many of the crew, who were half-naked, were clothed and sent home by train.

Their story is that at 8 a.m. on Thursday morning the Candidate was 45 miles south-west of Connibeg lightship when a large submarine rose on the starboard quarter about 50 yards distant.

Without warning she commenced shelling the Candidate, which was going about nine knots.

The vessel was kept going, and the submarine followed, shelling all the time. She smashed two boats, blew away the funnel and bridge, and one shell passed through the cabin.

The boats were ordered away, and the Germans deliberately shelled the men while they were launching them, and wherever the men got into a group.

Thirty or more shells were directed upon the ship, and finally a torpedo finished her.

One hour and twenty minutes elapsed between the sighting of the submarine and the sinking of the Candidate.

The crew of 43 were in the boats six hours when picked up by the patrol drifter Lord Allendale.

An able seaman, barefooted and without a coat and vest, stated, in an interview, that as he was going on deck a ladder was blown to pieces two yards from him.

Two little messroom stewards, half-dressed, had a narrow escape.

They were below when two shells shot through the cabin and grazed one of them.

Seaman Robert Owen was getting one of the life-boats launched when a shell struck and sank it. His right hand was injured by the shell, but he managed to hold on to the rope until he was picked up by another boat.

# TWELVE HOURS IN OPEN BOATS

## Sufferings Of Sailors Who Left Sinking Ship Half-Clad.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WEXFORD, Friday.

At midday yesterday the Harrison liner Centurion, of Liverpool, was sunk by a German submarine off The Smalls.

Captain Kearne and the whole crew of 44 arrived safely at Wexford this morning.

The vessel was bound from Liverpool to Durban with 9,000 tons of general cargo. She was about 20 hours out, and there was a thick fog at the time she was attacked.

Alfred Smith, the chief steward, said, in an interview: "We got no warning. There was a dense fog, and we were at dinner, when we heard an explosion. The men ran on deck, and the captain ordered us to the boats."

"We got out the two boats in quick time, and were 200 yards away when the submarine came up at the stern of the ship. We could not make out the submarine's number owing to the fog."

"The German officers shouted to us in perfect English to keep clear, and then fired another torpedo, which struck the Centurion, and she went down."

The crew rowed 12 hours in open boats before reaching the Barrels Lightship, off the Wexford coast. They went on board, and were taken by the steamer Flemish to Rosslare early this morning.

Many of the men were only half-dressed, and they suffered severely in the open boats.

The Centurion had a gross tonnage of 3,854.

# LATEST "JUBILEE BETTING."

9 to 2 Diadumenos (t and o), 8 to 1 Lanius (t and o), 100 to 12 China Cock (t and o), 10 to 1 Dan Russel (t and o), 10 to 1 Righ Mor (t and o), 100 to 3 Wrack (t and o), 100 to 8 Peter the Hermit (t), 100 to 6 Carancho (t and o), 100 to 6 Cheerful and Woodwild (o), 20 to 1 Mount William, Carrickfergus, Honeywood (o), 25 to 1 Dutch Lady (t), 100 to 3 Florist (o).

# IT'S A MOTHER'S DUTY

to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any Abdominal complaint send now for my FREE BOOKLET, ILLUSTRATED, FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

It contains priceless information on all Women's Ailments and will be sent, post free, on request. It also explains, with the aid of illustrations, how Ruptures of all kinds (Navel Umbilical), Displacement, Internal Weakness, etc., can be cured.

WITHOUT OPERATIONS OR INTERNAL INSTRUMENTS—the latter cause Cancer and Tumours and should be avoided at all costs. Write to-day to:

MRS. CLARA E. SLATER, Dept. F 114, Belgrave, Finsbury Park, London, N.

Established 25 years.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. MATINEES MON., WED. and SAT. at 2.30. MARIE LLOYD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, IRMA LORRAINE, BERT COOTE, BABY LANGLEY and SISTERS, etc.



## COLONIALS WHO DEFY ALL THE TURKS ALIVE.

They Fell Back Once And Then Refused To Budge.

### GENERAL'S PRAISE.

Their Courage, Endurance And Soldierliness.

By E. Ashmead Bartlett.

EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, April 28.

Throughout the night of April 26 the Turks harassed our lines, creeping up and endeavouring to snipe the Australians and New Zealanders in their shelter trenches, but never daring to press home an attack, although they were in overwhelming numbers compared with our force ashore.

At one section of the line they paid dearly for their temerity, for the New Zealanders charged them with the bayonet and drove them off in disorder.

It was obvious on the morning of the 27th that the Turks had not recovered from the terrible hammering they had received on the previous day. They had no stomach for another big attack on entrenchments now firmly established on a semicircular front.

The position of the Colonials had been immeasurably improved by the landing of some of our field guns and several Indian mountain batteries.

### DEATH RATHER THAN SURRENDER.

The Turks had evidently intended to drive us into the sea on the previous day by a great concentration of infantry, supported by an unceasing shrapnel fire, expecting to find a line thinly held by men exhausted by their losses and exertions on the day of the landing.

But they were soon disillusioned, for these Australians and New Zealanders were determined from the first rather to die to a man than surrender the ground so dearly won on April 25.

Every man knew that his only hope of safety lay in victory, as it would have been impossible to re-embark the whole army once the ring of hills commanding the beach had been lost.

On the morning and throughout the entire day of April 27 the enemy resorted to new tactics in hope of driving us off the shore and preventing supplies and reinforcements reaching the beach.

### A CURTAIN OF SHRAPNEL.

During the night he had brought up and got into fresh positions a great number of field guns, and with these he opened up a tremendous bombardment of the foreshore and sea in front, while at the same time he kept up an incessant rain of shrapnel on the trenches. He could no longer enfilade the beach, as every attempt to place guns for this purpose was immediately checkmated by a few well-aimed salvos from the warships.

The gunners tried to put a great curtain of shrapnel over the sea between the warships and transports and the shore.

This hail of lead made not the smallest difference to the gallant crews of the pinnaces, boats, lighters, and tugs manned by men of the Royal Navy, and in charge of our sublieutenants and midshipmen.

There was never any hesitation or delay for the storm to moderate. They took just as much notice of this hail of bullets as they would have taken of a tropical thunderstorm. Although the spectacular effect of this bombardment was extremely fine, the material damage inflicted was practically nil.

Throughout the day the warships kept up an incessant fire on any of the enemy's infantry who attempted to advance.

### "CHRISTIANS, ARISE!"

Every day the ship's gunners become more efficient at the indirect firing, and so great is their accuracy that nothing can live in a section fired at provided the target has been accurately spotted.

The Turks frequently fire guns of heavy calibre from the other side of the peninsula, hoping to hole a transport, but they have never yet succeeded. If these shots come from a ship in the straits she is speedily forced to fly up the Channel by a salvo or two from the big guns of one of the warships.

Our most persistent opponent is a ship with heavy guns. Every morning between six and seven she fires three or four of her huge shells right among us.

The scream they make passing through the air, the tremendous splash as the ybit the water, and the detonation if they happen to burst arouses everyone from slumber, and there is a rush to the deck to see where they have fallen.

Sailors generally find an appropriate name for everything, and this ship is now known throughout the fleet as "Christians, Arise!"

### SLEEPLESS ACTIVITY.

The stretch of foreshore and cliffs occupied by the Australian and New Zealand troops has been named "The Folkestone Leas," and the ground certainly does bear a resemblance to what Folkestone must have looked like before the town was built on the cliffs.

On going ashore through an avalanche of bursting shrapnel you land on a beach about thirty yards wide between the water and the cliffs, which then rise very steeply for several hundred feet.

Thousands of hardy New Zealanders and Australians are concentrated on this narrow shore, each engaged in some occupation, for no sooner does a man get out of the front trenches than he is required for fatigue work, and very few have had more than a few hours' sleep for days past.

The generals and staff officers fare no better than their men.

General Birdwood has a high opinion of his Colonial troops. He told me he could not praise their courage, endurance and soldierly qualities enough.

The manner in which they hung on to the position the first day and night was a magnificent feat which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed, considering their very heavy losses, the shortage of water, and the incessant shrapnel fire to which they were exposed without cover, not to mention the unceasing attacks of the enemy's infantry.

That night they were obliged to retire to a more contracted line, and when that line was reached they set their teeth and refused to budge another foot.

These Colonials are extraordinarily cool and callous under fire. They often expose themselves rather than take the trouble to keep under the shelter of the cliff.

One of the strangest sights of all was to see numbers of them bathing in the sea, with the shrapnel bursting all around them.

### THE ETERNAL SNIPER.

A kind of improvised town is springing up as the troops slowly dig themselves in and make themselves comfortable. We are now holding a semi-circular position. The trenches are well made, and provide ample cover; but if you show your head above the parapet for a second, you are certain to get a bullet in or close to it.

This incessant sniping is one of the great puzzles of the men in the trenches, and is the great problem of the present time.

Apparently, even when an advance post is thrown out to hold some commanding point, the enemy's sharpshooters remain behind, and continue to pick off any unwary man who, either through carelessness or indifference, exposes himself. Volunteers go out at night and hunt about for these snipers, but up to the present they have not been able to keep them under.

The cheerfulness of the men in the trenches is most marked; they feel they have overcome the initial difficulties, and have paved the way for success. These Colonial divisions now occupy a position, and have entrenched it so thoroughly that all the Turks in Thrace and Gallipoli will never turn them out of it.

## THE STRAIN OF THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

### Mr. Hilaire Belloc On Plain Truths We Must Bear In Mind.

"There are some plain truths we must bear in mind during the strain of the next few weeks," writes Mr. Hilaire Belloc in discussing the new German offensive. Mr. Belloc tells exactly what these plain truths are in an article he has written for to-morrow's *Illustrated Sunday Herald*.

Mr. Belloc's reputation as a critic of military operations is world-wide. His opinions are quoted everywhere. The Patriotic Association, which is under the leadership of the Premier, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery, asked permission to reprint in pamphlet form Mr. Belloc's last article in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*.

Mr. Belloc's views are just now of more value than ever, because we are passing through a period of great anxiety. Thousands and thousands of people will read Mr. Belloc's article in to-morrow's *Illustrated Sunday Herald* in order to get a better grasp of the new phases of the war.

Mr. Belloc will discuss, in language everybody can understand, the meaning of the German offensive, what the enemy hopes to gain by it, and what they would have to accomplish to make the movement really effective.

We have been told several times recently by well-known people that victory for the Allies is not yet won nor is it certain.

Mr. Belloc deals with these statements and has a note about the chances of victory. You must not miss this important article to-morrow.

There will be many other attractive features in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*.

## THE 24-MILE GUN

Snapshotted By French Airman, And Put Out Of Action.

PARIS, Friday.

According to the *Temps*, information has reached here that the big German 380-mm. gun which last week bombarded Dunkirk has been detected by French airmen.

One aviator came over within 150 metres of the spot where the guns were protected by concrete casemates in the neighbourhood of Dixmude, and took several pictures, which permitted the French artillery to deluge the guns with over 200 shells.

The exact result of the shelling is unknown, but the belief is that the German battery was destroyed.—Exchange.

## THE DAILY "NAVAL BATTLE."

AMSTERDAM, Friday.

According to the *Nieuws van den Dag* gun firing was audible between 10 and 11 o'clock this morning to the north of Schiermonnikoog.—Reuter.

Sounds of heavy gun firing attracted many people to the sea front at Southwold yesterday afternoon. The concussion was so great that windows all over the town were violently shaken.

A small weekly parcel containing a small loaf, home-made cake, biscuits, butter and cheese would be greatly appreciated by the British prisoners at Göttingen, Germany.

## ITALY READY FOR WAR.

The King's Cousin To Command The Fleet.

### GERMANS LEAVING ROME.

The war so often prophesied between Italy and Germany and Austria has not yet broken out.

Berlin nevertheless appears to take war for granted, and the following indications point in the same direction:—

Negotiations between Austria and Italy for the surrender of Austrian territory have been broken off.

Italian school teachers recalled from Constantinople.

The Vatican advises all German clergy and students to leave Rome.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, chosen to command Adriatic squadron (which would correspond to the British Grand Fleet) in the event of war.

German institutions in Rome closed; German journalists leave. Many passenger trains to be suspended last night. Many transports assembled in Italian ports.

## SERENELY GOING TO WAR.

Italy Waiting For The Order To March Against The Austrians.

PARIS, Friday.

The Rome correspondent of the *Temps* telegraphs that the Italian Government is standing firm, and that Germany is now believed to be making a last effort with Austria, though nobody believes it is likely to be successful.

The tie which still links Italy with Germany and Austria may break at any moment. Rome is waiting feverishly, but the whole of Italy displays admirable calm and surprising sangfroid.

In the words of the correspondent: "The Government and the people are going to war with marvellous serenity. Everything is ready; everything has been foreseen. Only the orders are lacking which will put a powerful and admirably-ordered machine into movement."—Central News.

## "ITALY WILL BE RUINED!"

COPENHAGEN, Friday.

The eight o'clock evening edition of the *Berlin* papers reports that negotiations between Vienna and Rome have ceased.

The German Government is now making a last effort, but has only slight hope of meeting with success, as the Italian Government wants to exact too much from Austria.

The papers declare that while war with Italy will be inconvenient for Austria and Germany, it will mean ruin for Italy herself.

Several of the newspapers insinuate that Italy has been conducting sham negotiations, as she has already bound herself to Great Britain, France and Russia.—Exchange.

## SAVED BY AN INDIAN.

Private Michael Davis, of Blackburn, who had his right leg blown off in the battle of La Bassee, is the fourth member of his family to be wounded. His father and brother, whom he met at the front, have both been injured, as well as a brother-in-law. It is to the heroic action of an Indian trooper that Davis owes his life. He was lying amid the ruins of a wrecked barn when the Indian heard his moans. Although the place was under heavy fire, the trooper dismounted, found Davis, and, lifting him on his horse, galloped with him to safety. Davis has now returned to his home in Blackburn.



## THE CANADIAN HAD REASONS.

Mr. Gershon Stewart, M.P., speaking in Liverpool yesterday, said he was told that the Germans the other day got two Canadians into their clutches and shockingly maltreated them. The Canadians got to know of this, and that was one of the reasons they repelled with such valour the attack made upon them.

## AEROPLANES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPE TOWN, Friday.

It is officially announced that a number of aeroplanes have arrived in German South-West Africa for the use of the Union forces.

The machines, it is added, will be operating in a few days.—Reuter.

## ESCAPED GERMANS SENTENCED.

Ernest Flach, Karl Hess, and George Sudmann, the three German prisoners who on April 30 were tried by court-martial for escaping from the Douglas (Isle of Man) detention camp, have each been sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

## NEARER AND NEARER TO YPRES.

Germans Claim Advance Beyond Hill 60.

### "HEAVY ENGLISH LOSSES."

Berlin Expert Expects No Decisive Success.

The Germans have not given up the attempt to break through the British line at Ypres, and there were further "violent cannonades" yesterday.

The continued use of poison fumes may compel the British to re-form their line, and even to evacuate the ruins of Ypres.

But it is now practically certain that the design of hacking a way through to the Channel coast cannot be carried out.

In the East of France the French are equally holding their own against a violent German offensive; and both on the Meuse and in Alsace are confident of holding their own.

## VIOLENT ARTILLERY DUELS.

Failure Of A German Attack In The Argonne.

French Official News.

Friday Afternoon.

On Thursday evening the Germans delivered an attack at Bagatelle in the Argonne. It completely failed.

On the rest of the front, notably to the north of Ypres and in the neighbourhood of Vauquois, there have been violent artillery duels.

## "SEVEN BRITISH GUNS TAKEN."

German Story Of "Heavy English Losses" Near Ypres.

German Official News.

BERLIN, Friday Afternoon.

All attempts of the English at Ypres to wrest away from us Hill 60, south-east of Zillebeke, which since April 17 has formed the focus of the fighting, failed.

We gained further territory there in the direction of Ypres.

During these battles the enemy lost there yesterday seven machine-guns, one mine-thrower, and a large number of rifles, with ammunition.

During the continuation of their attack this morning the English again suffered further heavy losses.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle (Eastern France) we maintained and fortified the territory gained in the Meuse Hills and south-west and west of the Forest of Ailly.

At Flirey a small portion of trench forming part of our position is still in possession of the French. Otherwise all attacks were repulsed.

## A GERMAN ADMISSION.

"No Question Of Breaking Through On Grand Scale In Belgium."

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

Major Moraht, the military expert of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, discussing the fighting near Ypres, says:—

There is no question here of breaking through on the grand scale nor of pressing back the enemy who, owing to the long front which he occupies, cannot construct sufficient echelons in his rear.

As I already explained, the English battle area is densely occupied by troops to a tremendous extent, and one position lies behind the other. Supplies of all army requisites lie near their front. The basis of operations which they have established on the Continent permits of their fighting front being supported in the shortest time at every point. We should in this northern war theatre in the west for the present expect no decisive successes, but we believe that one daily success following another will not fail to produce an effect.

For the moment it is only to the English that we can attribute unexhausted forces; but it is very questionable whether England can vivify her slumbering forces.—Reuter.

## BLOODHOUNDS SEEK ESCAPED MAN.

William Shrove, who was serving two months' hard labour for the theft of an overcoat at Haywards Heath, escaped from Lewes gaol yesterday.

While in the prison grounds he eluded the officers and scaling a high wall was seen running over the downs near Race Hill in his shirt sleeves. Police bloodhounds were put on the track, but last evening he was still at large.

## 2,000 MORE DOCTORS WANTED.

A doctor at the City Coroner's Court yesterday apologised for his late arrival, remarking that he was very busy with Government work. There was a shortage of doctors, he said, and the Government had issued an order to the British Medical Association to obtain 2,000 more medical men.

A Blue Book issued yesterday on the conditions of Indian immigrants in British colonies contains a report on "suicides and immortality on estates" in Trinidad.



# What Women Are Doing:

*Marchioness Townshend's Success—  
Lavalliere Says What She Thinks Of Us  
—Fashion On The Footway In Bond St.*

I ENJOYED the matinee yesterday afternoon at the St. James's Theatre, in aid of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild of Charity. There was an excellent programme, and many notabilities were present, amongst whom I noted Lord and Lady Desborough, the latter in black charmeuse, with beige lace tunic and beautiful pearls.

The Grand Duke Michael brought his daughters, the Countesses Zia and Nada. Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault came together. Mrs. Boucicault (Irene Vanbrugh) looking charming in white, with dark blue wings in a white satin toque. Miss Sarah Brooke, from whom I bought my programme, was smart as usual in tête-de-nègre. Miss Madge Titheradge, in crow-blue taffeta, was another programme-seller; so was Miss Felicity Tree, who wore a becoming white hat. Miss Edna May, in a very becoming black velvet hat, chatted with Elsie Janis, who was striking in black taffeta, and had brought her mother. I also noticed Miss Phyllis Broughton and Miss Isobel Elsom.

### Lady Townshend's New Play.

I want to congratulate Lady Townshend on "The Monk and the King's Daughter," which is a really clever and witty little play. Miss Laurette Taylor, as I predicted, really became a king's daughter for the occasion, and gave no hint of the madcap "Peg." There was enthusiastic applause at the end of the play, and Lady Townshend came on in black, with a flowing veil, to take her call, and went off again arm-in-arm with "Peg." Miss Ellaline Terriss looked delightful and sang charmingly.

Miss Ethel Levey was unable to be present, but Mr. Owen Nares took her place in the programme and recited most admirably.

### Lunch With Lavalliere.

I had the pleasure of lunching with Mlle. Eve Lavalliere, who appeared last evening in the new sketch at the Ambassadors, "Dieu! Que les hommes sont bêtes."



Mlle. LAVALLIERE.  
—(Hoppe.)

Ten years have gone by since London had the pleasure of seeing her, when she played at the Garrick for several weeks in "La Veine" and "Les deux Ecoles," in which she made such an enormous success. Mlle. Lavalliere, with her wonderful brown eyes and black hair, and wearing a saxe blue coat and skirt with wide black leather belt, welcomed me most cordially.

"I love the English, and I love your country, but I wish they would let me buy simple food for my inside and simple clothes for my outside. I do love neat clothes and plain food." I asked if she was glad to be playing in London again, and she replied: "Yes, but I would have preferred to play a three or four act comedy; a sketch is not enough."

Lavalliere, as she is called by her friends, wears a beautiful "Callot" gown in the new sketch at the Ambassadors. It is of Wedgwood blue and white taffeta stripes, delightfully simple, but possessing perfect lines.

### The Irish Lace Revival.

Mrs. Vere O'Brien, who spends most of her time in Ireland, has done a great deal for the Irish lace industry, being the pioneer of the revival of Limerick lace. She has established a successful lace school for that purpose. She also started classes for the pretty "Clare" embroidery, which makes such charming trimming for children's frocks, pinafores, etc.

Queen Mary, when Duchess of York, commanded Mrs. O'Brien to York House and gave her an order for frocks in "Clare" embroidery for Princess Mary.

Mrs. O'Brien was the niece and adopted daughter of the late Hon. W. H. Forster, and a cousin of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

### A First Night At The Apollo.

I went to see "Striking" at the Apollo Theatre, where a goodly company was engaged to adorn this farcical comedy by Miss Gladys Unger and Mr. Paul Rubens. I always like Charles Hawtrev, and with Lottie Venne, in some very chic frocks by Handley Seymour, and having Hilda Trevelyan as a Scotch lassie, for a new recruit, the evening passed very pleasantly.

There was the usual Hawtrev first night audience, the Hon. Mrs. Petre and Mr. Haddon Chambers occupying a first tier box, Lady Alexander with an upstanding green feather in her hair was with friends, Mrs. Pinto, in black and diamanté trimmings, looked well, as did Miss Marie Löhr, who came with her husband. I also caught sight of Lily Elsie, always lovely, and a lady whose brocade shoes and stockings, half yellow and half black, attracted my critical eye.

### Style In Bond-street.

Bond-street yesterday morning was full of spring costumes and sunshades. I have always wondered how every well-dressed woman is ready with just the right thing to wear the moment the weather changes.

I observed that blue serge and black charmeuse combined voiced the last word in smartness, and I went home to lunch thoroughly satisfied with my new gown.

I met Miss Constance Collier, attended by her West Highland terrier, and looking extremely well in blue taffeta and a little buff-coloured toque and hanging veil.

Princess Arthur of Connaught was driving, as was also the Duchess of Marlborough. Lady Curzon in black charmeuse, with black and white trimmings and wearing a small black hat having a wreath of coloured flowers and Nattier blue ribbons, looked very graceful as she chatted with friends.

I also caught a glimpse of the Marquis de Soveral and Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

### The Indispensable Blouse.

Blouses are always indispensable and at the moment wonderfully attractive. At Peter Robinson's I saw some very charming styles, and selected a high-neck blouse, suitable for wearing with a tailor-made, in ivory crêpe de chine, for 29s. 6d., perfectly cut. Another equally desirable blouse, but less expensive, was to be obtained for 18s. 11d., in all shades, fastening slightly on the side, finished with buttons to match, and having a new military collar with a silk moiré ribbon strap round the neck.

The striped cotton shirts in endless colourings, suitable for country wear with linen or serge skirts, are to be had for 4s. 11d. with detachable polo collar and silk tie in the same colour as the stripe.

### Viscountess Errington.

Viscountess Errington, whose husband has just been appointed A.D.C. to the Governor General of India, was before her marriage Lady Ruby Elliot, second daughter of the Earl of Minto. Lady Errington has two dear little girls, Rosemary, aged 7, and Violet, just 4.

She is president of the Church Army's Prisoners' Families' Relief department.

Viscount Errington is the eldest son of the Earl of Cromer, and is in the Grenadier Guards.



VISCOUNTESS ERRINGTON.  
—(Lallie Charles.)

### Economy In The Kitchen.

Lady Chance is shortly to speak at the Mansion House on the work of the Educational Campaign Committee of the National Fund. She is Hon. Organising Secretary of the Committee, the work of which consists in arranging lectures on kitchen economy at various provincial centres.

Most interesting demonstrations have already been given at Guildford and Brighton, and the County Councils have taken official notice of the work. The main theme of all the lectures and demonstrations is that in the British housewife's cookery book there is ample margin for economy and new ideas of management.

### From H.M.S. St. George.

I have received a letter from the Admiral of Patrols thanking the Daily Sketch readers for the very kind gifts to the men of H.M. ships, destroyers and torpedo boats under his command, which have been very much appreciated by the recipients.

### Many Thanks.

I am delighted to tell all those who so generously offered a seaside cottage as a health resort to the little delicate daughter of a curate in Kent that the home chosen is at Herne Bay, most kindly lent by Mrs. William Peek.

### An Appeal.

Would anyone continue the payment of the hire of the piano which Mme. Bourvain, the Belgian cotagee lady, has had hired for her for several

months? The generous lady who has paid for the hire these many months finds it impossible to continue to do so any longer.

### £1,000 Needlework Competition.

I get most enthusiastic letters about the Needlework Competition. Men, women and children are alike delighted to find a way of helping the wounded, to say nothing of winning one of the 1,546 prizes. All those who want to know all about the competition should send a large stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, Daily Sketch, London, E.C., for full details.

Competitors keep asking me what the word section on the entry forms applies to. It is so obvious to anyone reading the rules that it refers to the sectional division of the prize money that it seems hardly necessary to explain it here, but I do so in the hope that it may obviate unnecessary correspondence. The £1,000 to be awarded in prizes is divided into five sections. Section 1 includes classes 1 to 3; section 2 includes classes 4 to 24, and so on. I hope this is clear.

MRS. GOSSIP.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS SULLIVAN (Cork).—I am sorry I don't know of any such society.

M. C. W. (West-green, N.).—Write to the secretary of the Women's Volunteer Reserve, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.

ONE WISHING TO LEARN.—Buy the Daily Sketch Cookery Book. Sold at all booksellers, 6d., or at the Daily Sketch, Shoe-lane, E.C., post free 8d.

W. O. T.—Better address your letter Miss Laurette Taylor, Globe Theatre, Shaftesbury-avenue, W.

TROUBLED (Leeds).—Very sorry I cannot advise you.

MISS PAYNE (Monmouth).—Write to any London Hospital.

MABEL DAVIES (Liverpool).—I should write to the matron of the Salop Infirmary, Shrewsbury. You get an excellent three years' training there.

CLARA (County Kerry).—Only at a children's hospital. You can write to Great Ormond-street, London, W.C.

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# "A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

### "Will You Wait For My Return?"

"But, my darling love, do not think for a moment that I want to bind you to me against your will. God only knows how deeply I love you; during the last three years the thought of you has been the sunshine of my days, the light of my nights. If, when you have received and pondered over this letter, you send me a reply to say that you still love me, that you will be true to me and will wait for my return, then, you will change my world into a paradise. No work will be too hard, no difficulty too great to surmount, if it will help me the sooner to come back to you. But if, on the other hand, you tell me or leave me to guess that I am a fool for thinking that you would waste your beauty and your sweetness on waiting for a good-for-nothing scamp like me, why, then, I shall understand. I shall go out to America—or wherever that place called Australia may be—but maybe I shall never come back. But I should never curse you, dear heart. I should never cease to love you; I should quite understand."

"I have got one of the nurses at the hospital to write this letter for me, to put my rough words into good Hungarian and to write down my thoughts in a good, clear hand. That is how it comes to be so well written. You know I was never much of a hand with a pen and paper, but I do love you, my dove! My God, how I love you."

"The nurse says that Australia is not in America at all—that it is a different place altogether. Well! I do not care where it is. I am going there because there I can earn one hundred florins a month, and save enough in two years to marry you and keep you in comfort. But I shall not see you, my dove, before I go. If I saw you again, if I saw Hungary again, our village, our oldfold—Heaven help me! But I don't think I would have the heart to go away again."

"Fare vell, dear heart, I go away full of hope. We go off next week in a big, big ship from here. I go full of sadness, but if you do want me to come back just write me a little letter with the one word 'Yes,' and address it as above. Then will my sadness be changed to heavenly joy and hope. But if it is to be 'No,' then tell me so quite truly, and I will understand."

"Then, as now, may God protect you, my dove, my heart."

"Your ever-devoted,  
"ANDOR."

### Two Years Of Vain Regrets.

The letter fell out of Elsa's hands on to her knee. She took no heed of it; she was staring out into the immensity far away, into the fast-gathering gloom.

Two years ago! Two years of sorrow and vain regrets which never need have been. One word from her father or from the postman, the feel of crisp paper in her father's bunda when it was put away two years ago, and the whole course of her life would have been changed.

The village street behind her was silent now. Even the footsteps of belated folk hurrying to their homes sent up no echo from the soft, sandy ground. And before her the fast-gathering night was slowly wrapping the plain in its peace-giving shroud. Inside the cottage all was still; mother and father lay either asleep or awake, thinking of the morrow.

A great, heavy sob shook the girl's vigorous young frame. It seemed too wantonly cruel, this decree of Fate which had withheld from her the light of her life. How easy it would have been to wait! How swiftly these two years would have flown past. Her heart would have kept young waiting for Andor and for happiness, whereas now it was numb and unfeeling, save for a feeling of obedience and of filial duty, of pity for her mother and father, and of resignation to her future state.

Indeed, Fate was being wantonly cruel to her to the last in thus putting before her eyes a picture of the might-have-been just when it was too late. In a few hours from now the great vow would be spoken, the irrevocable knot tied which bound her to another man. Her troth was already plighted, her confession made to Pater Bonifacius—in a few hours from now she would be Béla's wife, and if Andor did come back now she must be as nothing to him, he as a mere distant friend.

But probably he never would come back. He received no reply to his fond letter of farewell, not one word from her to cheer him on his way. No doubt by now he had made a home for himself in that far distant land. Another woman—a stranger—revelled in the sunshine of his love, while Elsa, whose whole life had been wrapped up in him, was left desolate.

For a moment a wild spirit of revolt rose in her. Was it too late, after all? Was any moment in life too late to snatch at fleeing happiness? Why shouldn't she run away to-night, now, to find that unknown country, that unknown spot where Andor was? Surely God would give her strength! God could not be so unjust and so cruel as men and Fate had been!

Pater Bonifacius, turning from the street round the angle of the cottage, found her in this mood, squatting on the low stool, her elbows on her knees, her face buried in her hands. He came up to her quite gently, for though his was a simple soul it was full of tenderness and of compassion

for the children of these plains whom God had committed into his charge.

"Elsa, my girl," he asked softly, "what is it?"

## CHAPTER X.

### "The Best Way Of All."

Pater Bonifacius had placed his kindly hand on the girl's hunched-up shoulders, and there was something in his touch which seemed to soothe the wild paroxysm of her grief. She raised her tear-stained face to his, and without a word—for her lips were shaking and she could not have spoken then—she handed him Andor's letter.

"May I go in," he asked, "and light the candle? It is too dark now to read."

She rose quickly, and with an instinctive sense of respect for the parish priest she made hasty efforts to smooth her hair and to wipe her face with her apron. Then she turned into the room, and though her hand still trembled slightly, she contrived to light the candle.

The old priest adjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose and drew a chair close to the light.

He sat down and read Andor's letter through very slowly. When he had finished, he handed it back to Elsa.

"God's ways, my child, are mysterious," he said, with a short sigh; "it is not for us to question them."

### "I Only Wanted To Be Happy."

"Mysterious?" exclaimed the girl, with passionate wrath; "I call them cruel and unjust, Pater! What have I done, that He should have done this to me? Andor loved me and I loved him; he wrote me a letter full of love, begging for a word from me to assure him that I would always love him and that I would wait for him. Why was that letter kept from me? Why was I not allowed to reply to it? My father would not have kept the letter from me, had he not been stricken down with paralysis on the very day when it came. It is God who kept my happiness away from me. It is God who has spoiled my life and condemned me to regrets and wretchedness, when I had done nothing to deserve such a cruel fate!"

"It is God," interposed the priest gently, "who even at this moment forgives an erring child all the blasphemy which she utters."

Then, as Elsa, dry-eyed and with quivering lips, still looked the personification of revolt, he placed his warm, gentle hands upon hers and drew her a little closer to him.

"Are we, then," he asked softly, "such very important things in the scheme of God's entire creation that everything must be ordered so as to suit us best?"

"I only wanted to be happy," murmured Elsa, in a quivering voice.

"You only wanted to be happy in your own way, my child," rejoined the priest, as he patted her hands tenderly, "but it does not happen to have been God's way. Now who shall say which is the best way of being happy? Who knows best? You or God?"

"If the postman had given me the letter, and not to father," she murmured dully; "if father had not been stricken down with illness the very next day; if I had only had this letter two years ago, instead of to-day..."

And the sentence was left unfinished, broken by a bitter sigh of regret.

"If it all had been as you say, my child," said Pater Bonifacius kindly, "then you might perhaps have been happy according to your own light, whereas now you are going to be happy in accordance with that of God."

She shook her head, and once more her eyes filled with tears.

"I shall never be happy again," she whispered.

### The Book Of The "Might-Have-Been."

"Oh, yes, you will, my dear," retorted the kindly old man, whose rugged face, careworn and wrinkled, was lit up with a half-humorous, wholly indulgent smile; "it is wonderful what a capacity for happiness the good God has given to us all. The only thing is that we can't always be happy in our own way; but the other ways—if they are God's ways—are very much better, believe me. Why He chose to part you from Andor," he added, with touching simplicity, "why He chose to withhold that letter from you until to-night, we shall probably never know. But that it was His way for your future happiness, of that I am convinced."

"There could have been no harm this time, Pater, in Andor and I being happy in our way. There could be no wrong in two people caring for one another, and wanting to live their lives together."

"Ah! that we shall never know, my child. The book of the 'might-have-been' is a closed one for us. Only God has the power to turn over its pages."

"Andor and I would have been so happy!" she reiterated with the obstinacy of a vain regret. "And life would have been an earthly paradise."

"And perhaps you would have forgotten heaven in that earthly paradise. Who knows! Your happiness might have drawn you away from God, you might have spent your life in earthly joys, you might have danced and sung and thought more and more of pleasure, and less and less of God. Who knows! Whereas now you are just going to be happy in God's way; you are going to do your duty by your mother and your father, and, above all, by your husband. You are going to fill your life with thoughts of God first and then of others, instead of filling it with purely selfish joys. You are going to walk up the road of life, my child, with duty to guide you over the roughnesses and hard stones that will bestrew your path; and every roughness which is surmounted, every hardship which is endured, every sacrifice of self which is offered up to One who made the greatest possible sacrifice for us all, will leave you happier than before... happier in God's way, the best way of all."

(To be continued.)



Our Portrait is of Mrs. Manley, of 1, Crawley Road, Wood Green, London, who writes:

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Latest telegrams received show that the Germans fired on the Lusitania, and it is officially reported that many wounded were landed. Our picture, showing the giant liner listing over while the passengers were being transferred to the boats, was drawn by a *Daily Sketch* artist from descriptions by the survivors.