

DAILY SKETCH.

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No. 1,941.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

“NOW, LADS, COLD STEEL!”

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW BRITISH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS COMING TO GRIPS.



ADVANCING GERMANS.

No photograph yet published has so strikingly visualised the moment for which every British soldier longs, as this wonderfully vivid picture. In their trenches near Ypres the King's Liverpools, a regiment that has already won innumerable honours in the war, are waiting with the bayonet for the Germans, who are seen (in the left hand corner) advancing in mass. Behind the British line the officer is ready to leap forward to lead his men with the most stirring word of command—"Charge!"

—("Daily Sketch" Exclusive Photograph.)

AN ARMY BRIDE



Miss Bee St. George Fouberton, the bride of Lieut. Harvey Cochrane, Royal Scots.—(Lallie Charles.)

THE LAST FAREWELL.



Mrs. Michael O'Halloran, of Ennistymon, Co. Clare, has received news of the death of her son, a Connaught Ranger. He is here seen saying good-bye to his wife and mother.

TO WED IN JULY.



The Hon. Alethea Gardner, Lord Burghclere's second daughter, is to marry in July Mr. F. J. Fry.—(Val L'Estrange.)

"CAPTAIN" LADY CLARE.



Lady Clare Annesley is a captain of the Church Army Troop of Girl Guides. She is the eldest daughter of Priscilla Countess Annesley.—(Sarony.)

TWINS WHO ARE PROUD TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY.



John J. Arkwright and Godfrey W. Arkwright, of Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex, are twins. They are naval cadets and are keen to play their part in the great war.—(Bassano.)

HUSBAND TWICE WOUNDED



Mrs. Algernon Bonham-Carter's husband, a captain of the 60th Rifles, has been wounded twice. He is now in hospital.—(Olga Baswitz.)

WILL CROOKS, M.P., AND HIS FAMILY RALLY TO THE FLAG



Private W. Crooks (58), brother



Sergeant A. Crooks, Privates W. and R. Crooks.

The family of Will Crooks have rallied splendidly. His brother and three nephews are serving, and his two sons are on Government work.

JEROME K. JEROME'S DARING SATIRE

Few writers have contributed more sane, well-balanced criticism of the series of "sensations" through which Britain has recently passed than Mr. Jerome. "Let's get on with the war" he has urged steadily and emphatically. This week-end he hits at the nation in novel manner

Mr. Jerome pictures "A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS IN GERMANY: THE COUNTRY REDUCED TO A BABEL OF CLAMOUR." It is a brilliant fantasy with a most serious moral for England. Everyone should read it in this week's ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD.

OTHER NOTABLE FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE THE FOLLOWING:

WOMEN & WAR FOOD

An expert article on the question of rising food prices, showing where domestic economies can be effected readily.

MR. ASQUITH

A character sketch by "ONE WHO KNOWS HIM." One of a series of political sketches that is attracting widespread attention.

SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

On "THE STIFF UPPER LIP"; a picture of England of to-day.

W. PETT RIDGE

On "A QUEST FOR A WIFE." The well-known humorist on family influences in war-time.

YOU SHOULD SECURE THE

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

and thereby get the best and brightest of Sunday picture papers. PAGES OF EXCLUSIVE WAR AND GENERAL NEWS PICTURES APPEAR WEEKLY.

Last week the SUNDAY HERALD was the ONLY Sunday paper with pictures of the terrible railway tragedy at Carlisle.

IN ADDITION THERE IS A COMPLETE NEWS SERVICE AND THE LATEST GOSSIP OF LONDON.

BE OF GOOD HEART!

DISASTERS have fallen thick and fast of late. On land and sea brave lives have ended. By rail and air, by poison gas and murderous bomb death has come, until at times it seems as if the whole fabric of civilisation has collapsed, and we have been hurled back to the primitive days when life had little security and less value.

WE must fight against that depression. Nothing can break down civilisation. This war is carrying us forward even though it destroys so much. Man has the power of directing his evolution to some extent, and if we but apply the lessons and morals of the great war, and carry on the work of humanity, democracy and justice, much good will arise from the evil. Terrible as this war appears to us, it will be, in its true perspective, but a small incident in history, and even in our own lives it need not be given too high importance. Least of all should we put excessive value on the disastrous part of it.

THE supreme compensation is that it is the grandest war in our history. We can put it to cancel out the various sordid and brutal events which mar our past record. So, too, for France, Russia, Serbia, Italy, and Belgium it is a war of purification and atonement, which will advance their national glory. After this war the Allies will have won a higher standard of political and international morality. They will be the accredited trustees of civilisation, humanity, and progress, and the leaders and the peoples will work to higher ideals.

THESE may be far off and abstract compensations just now, but there are immediate consolations also, the most notable being the proof of our sons' bravery and vitality. The sacrifices of our soldiers and sailors have won for Britain a higher esteem throughout the world than she has ever previously enjoyed. To us it proves that the British race will not die until the world dies. Every Britisher's death is a hero offering; every German's death is the execution of a criminal or the elimination of a mad brute. We can look to the end of the war for a period of friendliness with the races of the world. The surviving German will have the brand of Cain upon him, and thick as his skin may be he will feel his outlawry. The Allies are making a clean and manly fight. The Germans are fighting in a way which will disgrace them for ever.

YET another reason why we should keep in good heart is that we are winning! Have no doubt about that. It is a mathematical certainty. Moreover, we are winning at a lower cost than Germany's penalty for losing. On an average it can be taken that for every Britisher's death at least five Germans die. The task of killing off the mad Germans is shared by Britishers, French, Russians, Belgians, Serbians, and Italians. Each ally does his work heroically, and each takes heavy toll of German life. Germany is bleeding to death more rapidly than any one of her Allies. She has a strictly limited and irreplaceable supply of first-class soldiers. They are being steadily wasted, as well by the skill of the Allies as by the savagery of the German commanders who have no hesitation in squandering German lives in the most reckless fashion. The boys, the old men, the women, and the cats and dogs of Germany cannot replace the vigorous soldiers, for they will be opposed by Allied soldiers who have proved superior to the best of the Germans. The security of Germany depends alone on her first-grade soldiers, the young and vigorous fighters. When they fail in spirit and in numbers Germany is doomed.

IT may be slow work, for we are dealing in millions. There will be many dark days of disaster, many horrors, many blunders in this mad conflict. There will be days of doubt, there will be days for croakers and pessimists, and traitors and skulkers, but we can look beyond all these incidentals of war. A stout heart will carry us to victory.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

Lord Haldane's Retirement.

I HEAR that Lord Haldane, despite his philosophic exterior, has felt very much the attacks which have indirectly led to his retirement into private life. The Prime Minister was loth to part with him, but Lord Haldane made his resignation final.

When Pitt Gave Up His Salary.

TALKING OF Pitt (writes a correspondent)—I wasn't—you may remember a very interesting precedent set during his great War Ministry. England was then financing (as usual) the rest of Europe, including Prussia, as well as fighting. Pitt and all his Ministers voluntarily surrendered their salaries. King George the Third gave up part of his Civil List, and the example was followed by many high officials.

His Debts.

IT IS true those were the days when nobody but an aristocrat, a Whig, or the protégé of one or the other, had the least chance of preferment. It would not be a great hardship to a Duke of Newcastle or Portland to miss a pay-day or two, as it were. Still, Pitt was, and remained, a poor man. I forget what his debts were, but I think the figure was in the region of £50,000 when he died.

Paying His Bill.

A GRATEFUL NATION paid the bill with pleasure. An equally grateful, but more chartered-accountant-minded generation, may wonder if it would not have been cheaper for Pitt to have taken his salary "as usual."

Bishop's Way With Slackers.



"SHOOT 'EM!" says that fiery prelate, the Bishop of Hull, of the war shirkers. This bloodthirsty advice doesn't make the Bishop any the less a kindly man or a good Christian. Stern times call for stern measures, and, as he rightly argues, when a soldier is shot for desertion it is only fair that men who refuse to work on war business should meet with the same fate. I think most sensible people will cordially agree with his lordship, and admire his courage for putting forward views which, from a Bishop, are somewhat unconventional. The Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Francis Gurdon, was a well-known London parson before he took higher ecclesiastical duties up North. He was Vicar of Limehouse, and afterwards, in violent contrast, of that ultra-fashionable church, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate.

Julian Grenfell.

POOR JULIAN GRENFELL's death is very sad, and must have been a severe blow to his mother and father, for the Desborough family was a very united one, and Taplow Court has always been in every respect the ideal English home. Julian was the eldest son, and, of course, the heir to the barony, which is just ten years old. He was a big, strong, genial young fellow, who went in for boxing a good deal when he was at Balliol, where he spent a year or two before joining the 1st Royal Dragoons. There are two remaining sons, and two daughters. Monica Grenfell is a strikingly beautiful girl, and very popular.

Lawyers' Regrets.

SOME London lawyers will, I think, be rather sorry to hear the news of the dashing French air raid on the Ludwigshafen chemical factory. The Badische Anilin Aktiengesellschaft, which owns the works, has provided the fattest series of commercial disputes that has ever delighted the hearts of the British Bar. Indeed, the "Badische cases," as they are affectionately called, fix several of the most important points in our tricky patent law.

Who Was Ballila?

THE STONE-THROWING BOY is usually more than a bit of a nuisance, but there was once an exception. That was Ballila, the Genoese boy who threw the stone at the French which began the revolt against Napoleon's domination in Italy. He is mentioned in Mameli's hymn, which every London Italian has been singing this week. This patriotic hymn is more popular even than Garibaldi's hymn. Garibaldi himself preferred it of the two.

Vanity.

I HEAR that the latest fashion is to be a bayonet-shaped vanity bag, worn in a girdle on the left-hand side. It contains the whole armoury of Cupid.

Conciliation.

A SPECIAL CONSTABLE put on street duty was told by the inspector that he must try to settle any rows that he came across by adopting a conciliatory attitude. Very soon he met a man and his wife quarrelling. "What's the trouble?" asked the special. "Why, my ole woman won't give me the price of a pint," said the man. "Oh, that's easily settled," said the special, recalling the inspector's advice. "Here's sixpence, and just you go off and spend it on another beat."

Monkey Tricks.

I'M AFRAID it isn't true, but it's a lovely story about the nervous young subaltern. It was his first parade, and the order he gave was, "At the halt—facing left—form close column of baboons."

A Long Way From Tipperary.



AN exceedingly interesting and appropriate exhibition of pictures opens to-day at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester-square. In connection with the Waterloo Centenary, and in aid of the Officers' Families' Fund, Lady Butler is exhibiting her paintings of the Waterloo campaign, as well as the famous "Scotland for Ever" (lent by the Leeds Art Gallery), and other works, all of which except "Scotland for Ever" will be for sale. Lady Butler's most famous work is "The Roll Call," which dates from 1873, and she has mostly confined herself to military subjects ever since. She is the widow of Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler, who died in 1910, and (another appropriate touch) lives in Tipperary, which is, as you know, a long, long way from the Leicester Galleries.

The Barmaid's Position.

THE BARMAID, who just before the war was threatened with extinction, is now taking the place of the barman in many hostelleries (so I am told by people who go to such places). This is not because "the trade" is putting pressure on its male employees, nor is it entirely from the latter's pure and undiluted patriotism, but the men have been such a target for sarcastic remarks that many have enlisted, or sought work in other occupations, in self-defence—and the defence of their country.

"Common Sense About The Shaw."

I HOPE I may never offend Harold Owen, for he has "some" epithets which he can apply to anyone he doesn't like. He doesn't like Bernard Shaw. In that of course he is far from being alone. Even the disciples are deserting. Shaw wrote a pamphlet which he called "Common Sense about the War." Harold Owen replies with "Common Sense about the Shaw," which George Allen and Unwin, Limited, have just published.

Some Epithets.

ONE by one he deals with Shaw's "facts" and "arguments," and exposes misquotations. But the epithets and things interest me chiefly. I will quote you some:—

There is no more reason to doubt his own belief that he is a genius than his own belief that he is "a Socialist, atheist, teetotaler, vegetarian, fanatic, and a fluent liar," as he has also described himself, even though one statement be a matter of opinion and the others matters of fact.

A man whose blatant vanity would bring a blush to the cheek of the most hardened Press agent.

And Others.

And while I am about it I will quote you some more:

Mr. Shaw had asked, "Am I mad? Possibly." The answer is not as conclusive as could be desired, but the introspection of the question is both significant and hopeful.

He would no more allow himself to be moved by it [the war] than he would think of standing reverently before, say, the tomb of Lord Roberts. ... He has no emotions common to the rest of us, and heroes—especially dead heroes—don't appeal to him.

His mind is as non-national as a Berne Postal Congress.

Shaw puffing Shaw whilst Europe is ablaze!

A Few I Daren't Print.

Only a mind essentially petty, only a person with some of the least desirable mental characteristics of the feminine gender; with the mind of a nagger and the voice of a shrew, could possibly pen a passage like that.

He might remember that he is sheltered by our laws, and that he is not only "a fluent liar," but has become an affluent liar under their protection.

You must read the book yourself for others which I daren't print.

Hilda Bayley.



—(Vandamm.)
She was in that delightful Chinese fantasy, "The Yellow Jacket," and she was "the cause of all the trouble" in "Mr. Wu." She played so charmingly that it made one regret that she was put out of the way by her terrible father after the first act.

Opera To-Night.

TO-NIGHT is a busy night in the theatrical and musical world. In addition to the new play at the Prince of Wales's, there is the re-opening of the London Opera House with Tschalkowsky's "Pique Dame," to be sung in Russian, and never before heard in this country. I spent a fair amount of Thursday listening to a dress rehearsal, and it was pleasant to find the fine house, after a varied career of music-hall entertainment, revue, cinema pictures, religious services, pantomime, prize-fights, and political meetings, resuming that for which it was originally intended.

"Pique Dame."

I THINK "Pique Dame" will prove an excellent show. It is certainly full of exquisite music, and the rehearsal I saw was not more chaotic than most rehearsals usually are. The uniforms of the "nuts" of Petrograd in the time of Catherine the Great were very gorgeous, and they made the bowler and black overcoat of M. Vladimir Rosing, who is not only director of the season, but sang the chief tenor part in this costume, seem very dingy as he moved in and out among them.

Russian Sylphs.

RUSSIAN SYLPHS flitted in and out among the stalls and the musical critics, practising their pirouettes, munching sandwiches, or being photographed in the foyer. It was all very Russian, and everyone seemed to be talking Russian at the same time, too. When certain symptoms reminded me that, with intervals (mainly intervals), I had had about four hours of "Pique Dame," it seemed only natural that the eminent conductor who was with me should whisper, "Come and have a vodka!"

Music In The Distance.

NO DOUBT a lot of music-lovers will find their way to the Albert Hall, too, to-night, where the Beecham-Ronald season of non-German "proms" starts. When I have to make an expedition to the Albert Hall I always feel as if I'm going down to Dorsetshire, or somewhere in the far, far country. But such fascinating musical fare is being provided that the concerts should be highly successful. Give the public good stuff, and they will go anywhere for it—even to the Albert Hall.

Vicar And Variety.

STEINWAY HALL—there is nothing German about it nowadays except part of its name—will to-night show an example of the Church Militant in the person of the Rev. A. J. Waldron. No need to explain who he is. He will explain there what he saw of the war on his recent visit to the front. These lectures of his are for the excellent object of raising funds for the equipment of the first British field hospital for Serbia. Mr. Waldron leaves Avonmouth in charge of it next Wednesday. Brixton will miss its energetic vicar during his temporary absence. So, too, will the variety stage.

"The Gypsy."

"THE GYPSY," the new quarterly which Henry Savage is editing, is causing quite a stir in literary and artistic circles, in spite of the war and the fact that the present is a particularly inopportune moment for any new enterprise of this type. But not since the days of "The Yellow Book" (with which it has some affinity) has any publication been so intrinsically interesting or so full of promise.

Oddie's Work.

WITH Edmund Gosse, Watts-Dunton, Arthur Symonds, and Richard Le Gallienne among the literary contributors, and an even more dazzling list for the next number, the thing can't be very bad, can it? But what is attracting even more attention is the black-and-white work of Alan Oddie. Oddie is a curious youth, with long hair and a Café Royal appearance, but he is not a loafer or a poseur, in spite of his comic make-up. He combines the fantasy of Beardsley with the merciless realism of Hogarth.

MR. GOSSIP.

AN AUSTRIAN BIVOUCAC IN THE TYROL.



These Austrians at bivouac in the Tyrol will soon be in contact with their new foes. The Italian troops are nearing their outposts in these rugged mountain regions.

VICTIMS OF THE SHIP



G. Slade, shipwright, killed.



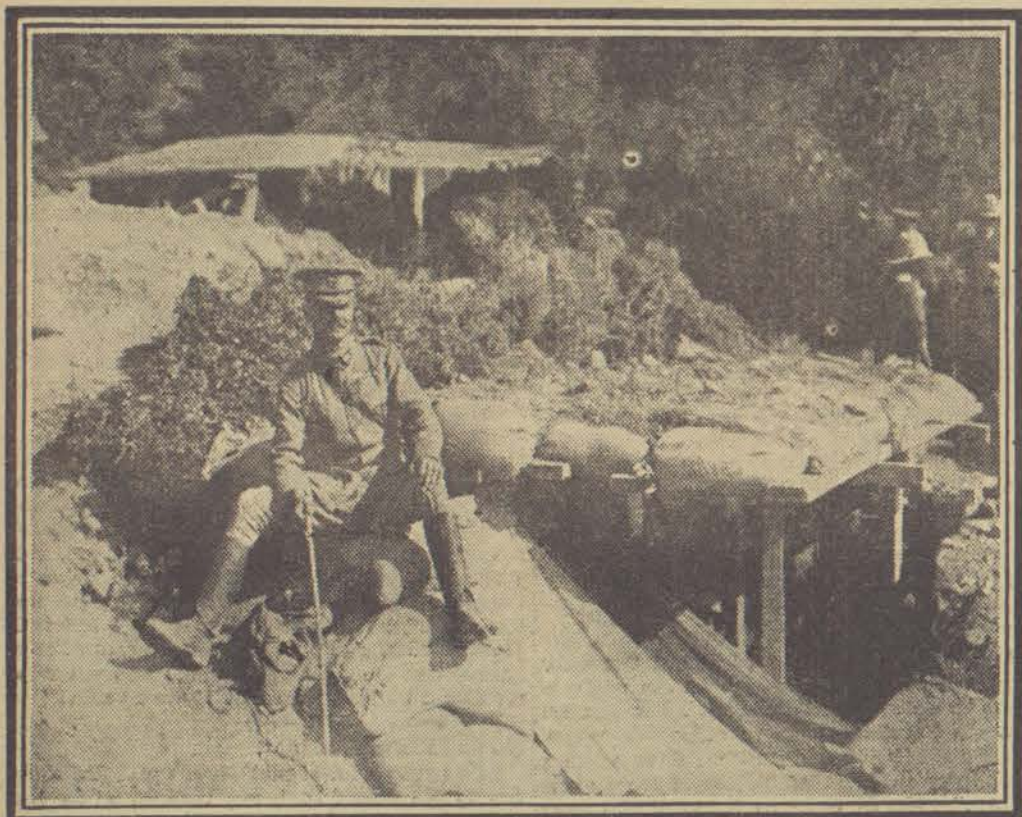
A. H. Grout (27), a ship-wright, killed.



Top row (right to left), Thomas escaped; Sam Clay left the explosion. Bottom row (right), Harry Charles Clay, injured by splinters.

Some of the victims who perished in the explosion on the Princess Irene. Most mourning. In many parts of the town whole streets have been

THE AUSTRALIANS' LEADER.



General Birdwood, the commander of the Australian contingent in the Dardanelles, outside his bomb-proof hut. He was wounded, but has since recovered from his injuries.

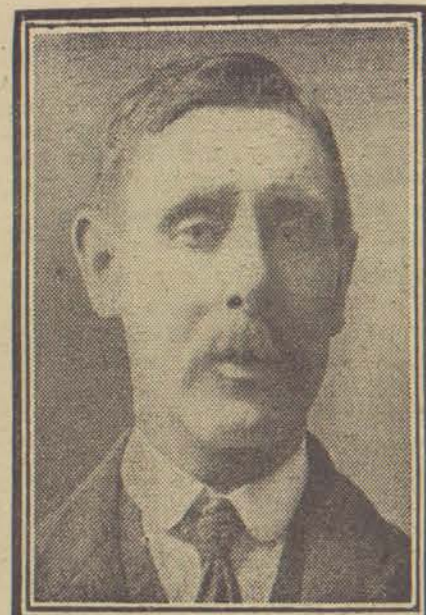
THEY ARE RESTING BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.



They take their dangerous duty with the lightheartedness that characterises our soldiers. Their gun, screened from aircraft, is on Belgian soil.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)



Fuller, a shipwright, left two minutes before the explosion.



T. J. Stead, killed, leaves wife and five children.



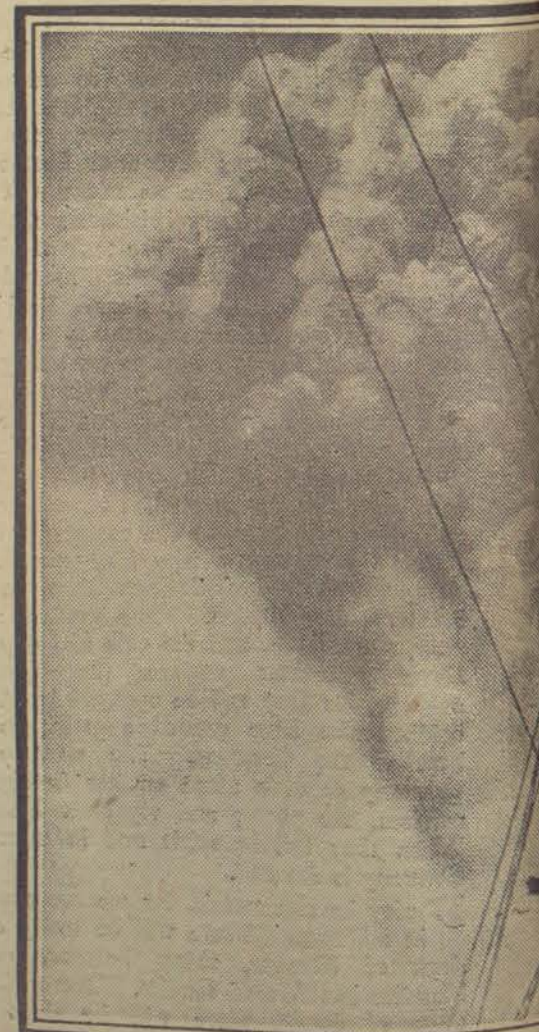
R. Burroughs (28) well-known

TORPEDOED.



Captain Greene, of the Nebraskan, the American ship torpedoed by the Germans, which fortunately was able to reach Liverpool.

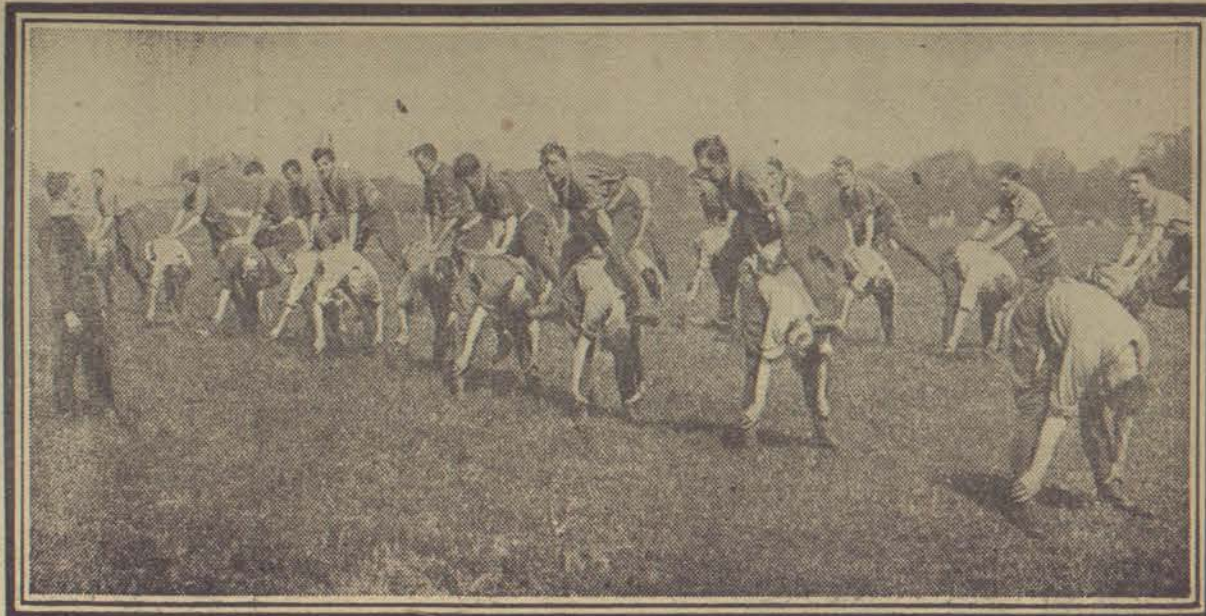
THE LAST OF THE



In a phenomenal cloud of smoke that rose then rapidly vanished from view in Sheerness Harbour

SHEERNESS EXPLOSION.

LEAPFROG FITS THE RECRUITS FOR FIGHTING.



Clay, who was off duty and two minutes before the explosion, killed. Top row (left), while on a ship close by.

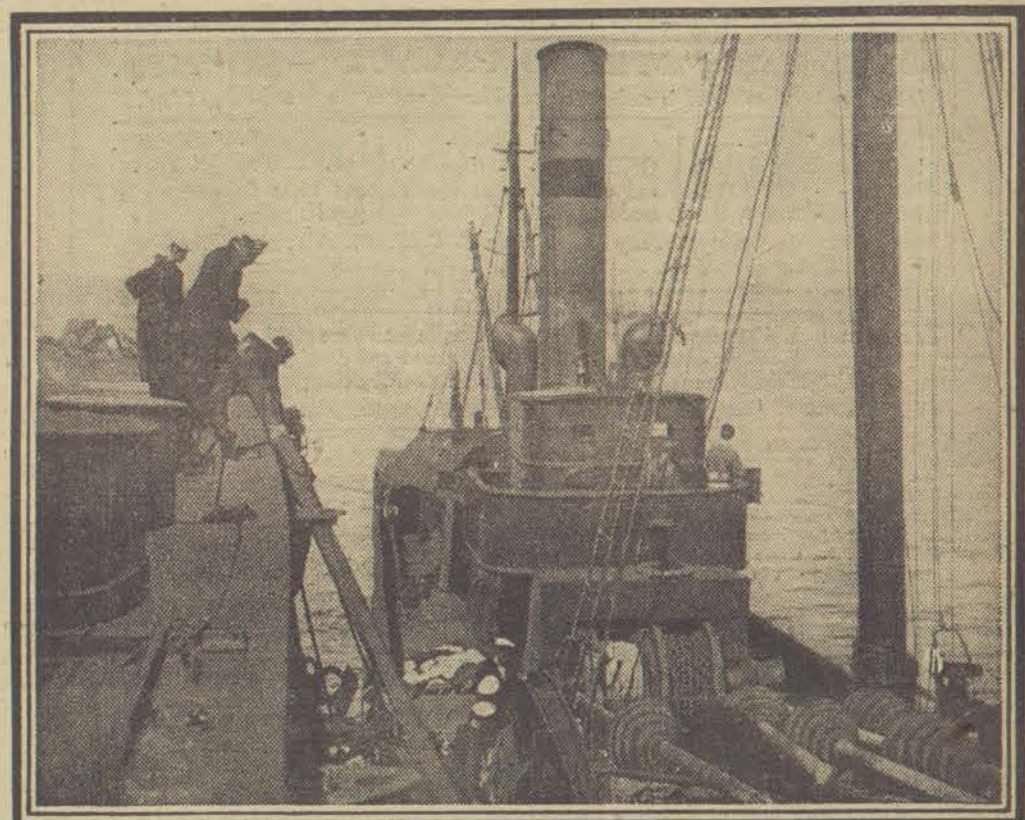
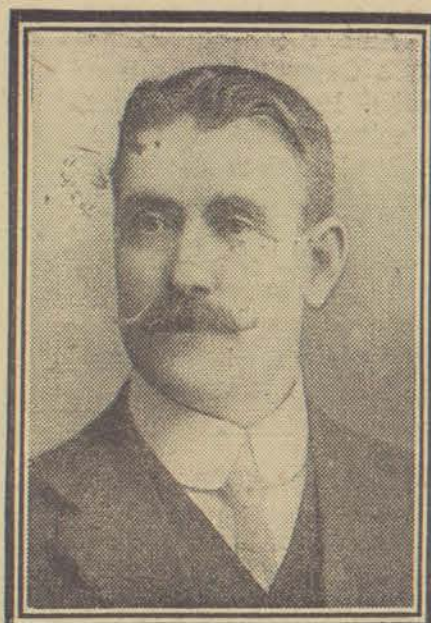
W. Päck, killed, leaves widow and children.

Albert Akhurst, killed,

The old schoolboy game of leap frog finds favour with the Army instructor, who knows that it brings all the muscles into play and is a useful addition to the physical drill.

the unfortunate men were married and leave widows and children. Sheerness is in drawn in respect for the dead.

THE SEA MUSIC IS THEIR REQUIEM.



killed, the son of a Westcliff man.

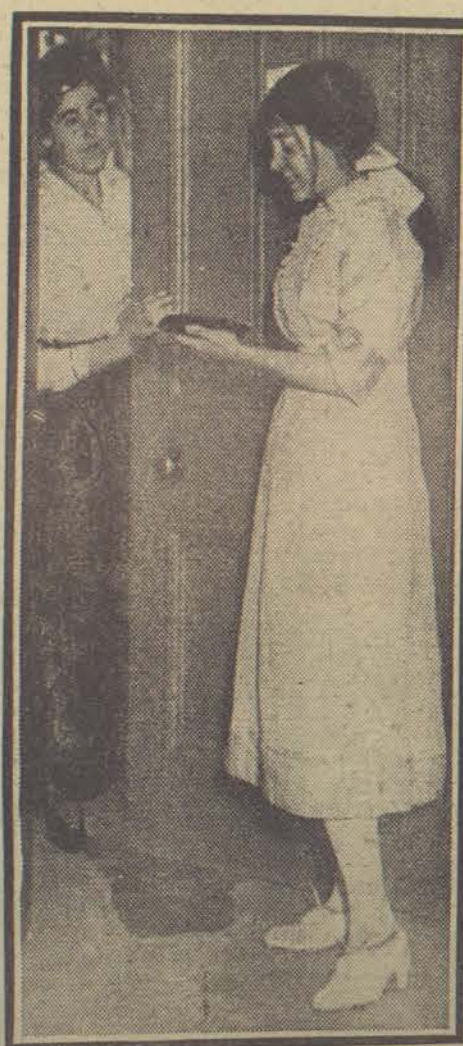
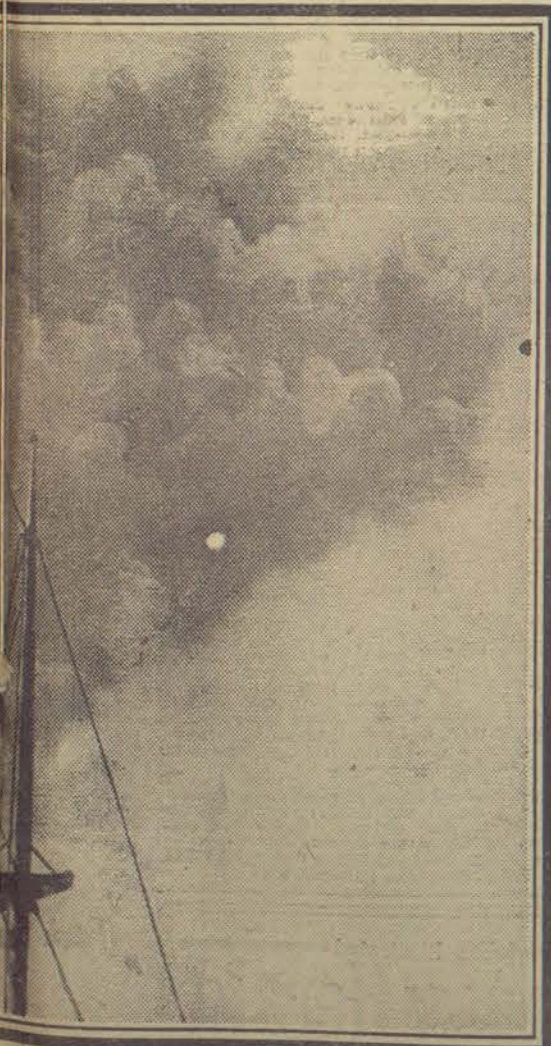
G. Killpartrick was returning to the ship when it was blown up.

G. English, killed, leaves wife and child.

Very sorrowfully and reverently do the bluejackets lower their dead comrades to the trawler's deck, in readiness for burial at sea.

PRINCESS IRENE.

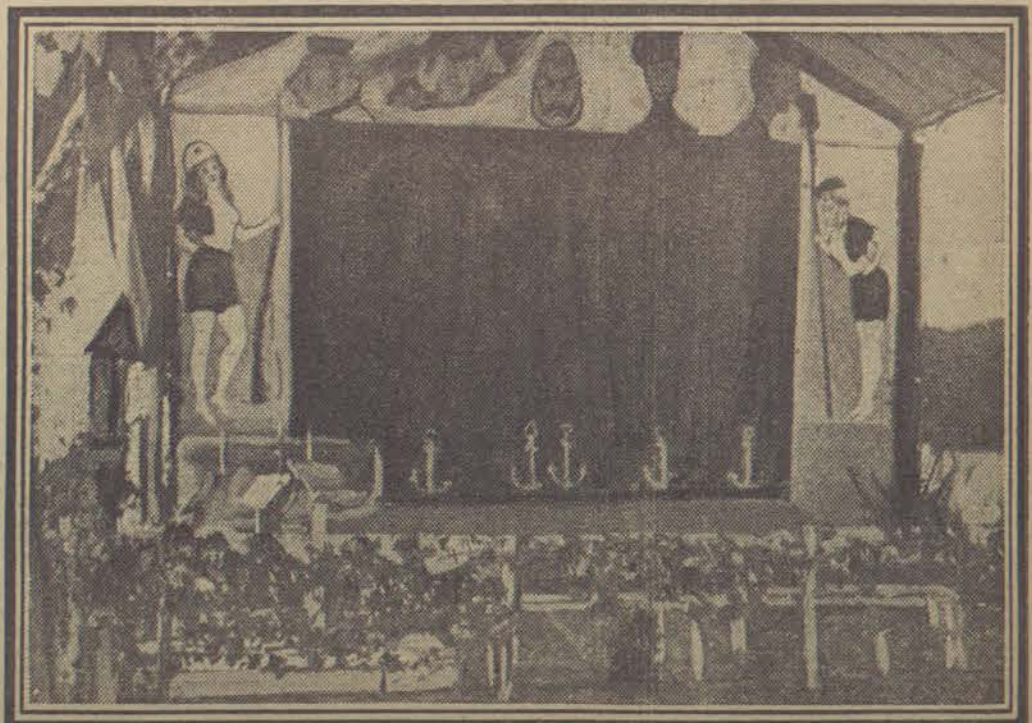
FIRST CALL-GIRL.



... of feet in the sky the ill-fated Princess Irene morning. The explosion cost 200 lives.

Fourteen-year-old Mary Powell is the first call-girl in the theatrical world. She takes the place of a boy who has enlisted

A SOLDIERS' THEATRE AT THE FRONT.



In the Argonne Forest French soldiers built a playhouse and decorated the top of the curtain with grotesque caricatures of the Kaiser and Crown Prince.

What Women Are Doing :

London's Most Fashionable Spot—
Pathetic Frohman Letter—Concert
At Dorchester House.

THE most fashionable resort in London at the moment is London Bridge Station. Everyone who is anybody goes there to help the Countess of Limerick with her buffet. I went there the other night and found several willing helpers hard at it. The Duchess of Sutherland had been busy there, also her mother, Lady Lanesborough, Lady Bessborough, and Lady Newborough. Lady De Trafford was very busily engaged washing up at the sink with her daughter, who was also helping. The Hon. Mrs. John Ward and her sister-in-law, the Baroness de Brien, were other willing helpers. An endless stream of Tommies pressed forward to ask for a sandwich, a cup of tea or a cigarette, and it is more than amusing to hear a soldier say to some well-known Society lady, "Pass me a piece of cake, miss!" or to a countess with sleeves rolled up, "Give us a Woodbine and cup o' coffee!"

Royal Helpers.



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.
—(J. Russell and Sons.)

H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has been re-elected president of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. I thought her grey tailor-made costume and black hat with ostrich feathers so attractive at the annual meeting in the Knights-bridge Hall.

The vice-presidents are Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Connaught, and Georgina Countess of Dudley, Lady Audrey Buller and General Sir Neville Lytton were amongst those re-chosen for the executive committee.

"Amongst Those Present."

After the meeting I saw Princess Christian chatting to Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham (who was not in attendance, but sat in the front row beside Mrs. Theodore Stephenson, to whom Princess Christian also spoke). I also noticed Lady Borthwick, Viscountess Enfield, Lady Katherine Howard, Lady Colchester, Sir Frederick Milner, Lady Gilbert, Lady Stewart, Lady Denison-Pender, Lady Ollivant, General Sir William Knox and Lady Knox, Admiral Sir Frederick Inglefield, the Hon. Mrs. Fortescue, and many others interested in naval and military matters.

Waitresses At Ciro's.

I lunched yesterday at Ciro's with Launcelot and met many people very well dressed and equally well known. Sir Herbert Tree was there with his daughter Viola, who was striking in marine blue and a large hat with long hanging streamers. Miss Phyllis Monkman, who never seems to eat, but apparently enjoys a cigarette, was also there, and I admired a blue serge costume crowned by a small blue turban with two upstanding quills quite half a yard high! I suppose many Italian waiters are already off to their own country to join their regiments. At any rate Ciro's have started English waitresses!

A Memorable Concert.

There have been some wonderful parties given at Dorchester House, but the one that I shall remember longest was the concert given there this week to amuse the wounded officers who are being so efficiently nursed there. The house belongs to Colonel and Lady Holford, and was at the beginning of the war given over to the military authorities. It was turned into a hospital, staffed by fully-trained nurses, with the exception of Miss Muriel Wilson, who has helped with the work untiringly, and who looks charming in all-white nursing kit. Miss Ethel

Levey sang several songs, and looked extremely well in buff-coloured cloth and small toque to match. Miss Gwendolme Brogden, Mr. Basil Hallam, and Mr. Lupino Lane also came to help, and gave some excellent "turns."

Meet Me There, Will You?

I expect to see quite a number of distinguished people at the New Theatre on Tuesday. Stephen Phillips' war play, "Armageddon," is to be produced, and Martin Harvey being in it, that in itself makes an event. But, as the proceeds of the première go to the Wounded Allies' Relief Fund, I am sure it will be an important "house."

Hat-Hunting.

"What I need most is a black hat," exclaimed Kitty, who dragged me forth to Reville and Rossiter's, and, having made up her mind that one hat was sufficient during war time, finished up by selecting four! The hats at this famous Hanover-square salon are really works of art, and one is always amused by the interesting people who choose their clothes there. I admired Ethel Levey's very pale pink crêpe-de-chine large sailor-shaped hat, its only decoration being a mother o' pearl dagger stabbed in one side. A small navy blue turban with butterflies veiled by tiny ospreys to match was becoming to Miss Elizabeth Firth, who was in a long blue taffeta coat, edged with dull gold.

I caught sight—and such a pretty sight!—of Miss Marie Löhr in a hat of black varnished straw of patent leather effect, French sailor shaped and ornamented by two large aeroplane jet wings, which suited her fair hair and complexion admirably. Kitty selected a beautiful hat of black tulle, firmly blocked, but delightfully light and quite transparent, its only decoration being an enormous osprey, black sprinkled with white. Another hat to wear with a foulard frock was of white crêpe satin, mushroom shaped, lined with black velvet and possessing a wreath of old-world flowers in chintz colourings.

A river hat, light as a feather, in various colourings of rice straw, a ripe corn shade with gold and blue brocaded band and a bunch of wistaria coloured grapes, was wholly delightful; and another, in flame-coloured red, with a black band edged with gold and a small bunch of cherries at one side, made me not a little envious.

A Sister's Grief.

Deepest sympathy is felt for the whole of the Desborough family at the loss of the eldest son and heir, the Hon. Julian Grenfell, who died from wounds received in a recent battle. His sister, Monica, to whom he was so devoted, took up nursing seriously at the beginning of the war, being a probationer at the London Hospital. As soon as she completed her training she went over to France, and has been helping as a Red Cross nurse, and, although only 22 years of age, doing very serious and good work there. Miss Monica Grenfell is not only a very beautiful girl, but has a most charming personality, and is extremely popular with all who know her.

Divine, But Unusual.

I went to hear Sasha Votitchenko play on the tympanon at the Hotel Metropole on Thursday afternoon. He plays divinely. The old French melodies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were delightful. The Dowager Lady Anglesey, looking very picturesque in black, was an interested listener, as was also Lady Arnold and Mrs. Evelyn Morley. Miss Elsa Maxwell

accompanied Votitchenko in several of his pieces most brilliantly.

Her Ranch Baby.

This is a new photograph of the Hon. Mrs. Francis Grosvenor, wife of Lord Ebury's second son. She is at present staying in England with her little children. Her baby boy was born last year at their ranch in British Columbia. Her husband is serving with the 29th Canadian Battalion from Vancouver. Mrs. Grosvenor, who was married in 1902, is a daughter of the late Mr. Glasson.



HON. MRS. FRANCIS GROSVENOR.
—(Lillie Charles.)

Frohman's Child Friend.

I am told that Marlow - on - Thames, the lovely riverside spot which poor Charles Frohman loved so well, is taking steps to perpetuate his memory. There is ample evidence—so says Marlow—that one of the chief reasons for risking an Atlantic crossing was that he might pay his customary visit. It was only the day before he died that a sweet little girl friend of his in the town had a note from him saying: "Dear Muriel, I shall be seeing you in a few days." He always used to say: "When I die I want to rest in the little church opposite the 'Compleat Angler.'"

A False Alarm.

Frances writes: "I was much interested the other day when I called to see Dora to find her busily engaged at work making some exquisite little garments for an infant. 'Ah,' I thought, 'now I shall have some news to tell them at the club.' (I may say that Dora has been married for several years to the most charming of men, but, much to the disappointment of herself and her friends, such garments have not up to now been required.)

It was rather a shock to me, however, when, in reply to my tentative remark that at last she appeared to be about to do her duty, she said serenely, 'Yes, I don't think one can do too much for the poor dears nowadays.' I had but one dear in my mind at the moment, but I might have let it pass at that had she not added, 'And I hope you are doing yours.' This was too much for me, who as yet have not entered the holy bond, so I exclaimed, 'Dora! what do you mean?' 'Mean,' she said in what I thought was somewhat an unnecessarily severe tone, 'why, haven't you entered the Daily Sketch Patriotic Needlework Competition to help our wounded soldiers?' Then she told me all about your great scheme."

I don't want anybody else to wait for such roundabout ways of hearing about the competition. Will every woman who can handle a needle send a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Department, Daily Sketch, London, E.C., for full details of the scheme? £1,000 is to be given in prizes; there is no entrance fee and the presentation of work is optional.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. W. (West Kensington).—Write to the Red Cross, 83, Pall Mall, S.W. They will advise you.
J. P. (Birmingham).—Write to the Red Cross, address above.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

TOWN OF WAR WIDOWS

Rows Of Houses With Drawn Blinds In Sheerness.

WOMEN WITHOUT HOPE.

"Perhaps They Died For Their Country After All."

From Our Special Correspondent.

SHEERNESS, Friday.

Sheerness is a town of mourning widows. Practically all the dockyard hands who lost their lives in the explosion on the auxiliary cruiser Princess Irene were born and bred in Sheerness.

In street after street the blinds are drawn in four, five or six houses standing side by side. Everywhere there are knots of women with drawn faces, wives and mothers, whose men folk have disappeared as completely as the fine ship in which they were working.

Two out of every three of the women to whom I have spoken made the remark, "If my man had only died in action! But to go like this—well, perhaps he died for his country after all."

DAZED BY THE SUDDENNESS OF IT.

Sheerness reminds me strongly of Southampton at the time of the Titanic disaster, with this one great difference, that the widows of Sheerness have no hope, not even hope deferred, to buoy up their spirits. They know there is no need to search lists of survivors; their men passed from them quicker than thought, and they still stand a little dazed by the suddenness of their loss.

Seven men were either going home or were returning to the Princess Irene with stores when the explosion occurred.

One of these, George Killpartick, told the Daily Sketch he could still hardly realise his good fortune. "I was on my way back to the ship. When I was about a thousand yards from her she blew up, and not a stick was left to mark the spot where she had been."

A man named Clay left the Princess Irene two minutes before the explosion. Another man owed his life to having worked extra late on the Wednesday night shift.

A Sheerness man, who saw the ship vanish, said it was a most wonderful and awful sight. A thick cloud of smoke shot high up into the air as the roar of the explosion was heard, and seemed to linger. When it began to disperse the spot where the Princess Irene had been was empty. There was no shouting or moaning after the explosion. The men who went down with the ship had a most merciful death.

PORT'S MOST SERIOUS LOSS.

The sinking of the Princess Irene is the most serious loss in the history of the port, though the Bulwark went down only half a mile away from where the Princess Irene was blown up, and the Hogue, Cressy and Aboukir, which were sunk in the North Sea, were Chatham ships.

It is estimated that the crew of the Princess Irene numbered 170, in addition to the 76 workmen who were lost at the time of the explosion.

An electrical fitter named Potter died in hospital to-day from injuries caused by being struck by fallen wreckage 1,000 yards away from the scene of the explosion.

On the Isle of Grain George Bradley (47), a labourer, dropped dead in a field on hearing the report of the explosion, and Hilda Johnston (9) was killed by being struck on the head by a piece of iron.

The body of George Turner, shipwright, has been recovered and identified.

GREAT CENTRAL'S NEW ISSUE.

Naval Disasters Make Things Dull In Stock Exchange.

The naval disasters imparted rather a dull tendency to dealings in the Stock Exchange yesterday, and the scrips of new issues were generally ½ per cent. lower. Exceptionally there was a demand for North-Eastern Railway new debenture stock, which was quoted at about ¾ premium.

The Great Central Railway is now offering its stockholders £750,000 3½ per cent. debenture stock, redeemable in 1925, at the price of 90. This means an immediate yield of 3½ per cent., but if kept until redemption the return is nearer 4½ per cent. There was a sharp fall in the shares of J. Lyons and Co., following on the reduction in dividend, these changing hands at one time as low as 95s., as compared with 108s. on the previous day.

The gross profits of Virol, Limited, for 1914 show an increase of nearly £4,000 compared with 1913, and the shareholders are again in the happy position of receiving a dividend of 12½ per cent.

B.D.V. THE SILK PICTURE CIGARETTE 3^D

NATIONAL SERVICE—NEW DEVELOPMENT.

Cabinet Examining The Whole Question In Light Of New Facts.

COMPULSION FOR CIVILIANS.

The second meeting of the new National Cabinet was held yesterday. It lasted for two hours.

It is believed that the Government is considering the question of introducing some form of compulsory service in the near future.

It is an open secret (writes a political correspondent) that Lord Kitchener has hitherto been opposed to compulsion—not from any objection to the principle, but because the voluntary system was supplying as many men as the country could usefully employ. There was also the objection that many of the most experienced leaders at the front have acquired the conviction that the high standard of the British troops can only be maintained by voluntary enlistment.

CHANGING CONDITIONS.

These considerations are still of great weight, but are no longer a final obstacle.

The Cabinet has decided that the question must now be examined afresh, without prejudice, in all its bearings, but especially from the following points of view:—

- (1) The voluntary system provides an irregular instead of a steady stream of recruits.
- (2) Thousands of men have enlisted who are needed in various war and other vital industries, such as agriculture.
- (3) The voluntary Army consists of a very high proportion of married men, a costly system to a country which pays higher separation allowances than any other belligerent.
- (4) The demand for constant drafts to the greatly enlarged Army makes it essential that the military authorities should be able to lay their hands on a specific number of men at a given moment.

THE COUNTRY WANTS IT.

Apart from all this, the moment is beyond doubt specially favourable, in view of

- (1) A universal national demand for the organisation of all the country's resources;
- (2) The obliteration of party in the Cabinet, and the disappearance of the need for consulting the views of small, unpatriotic political cliques;
- (3) The rapid spread of the resentment against "slackers," threatening to force the hands of the Cabinet at a possibly inopportune time;
- (4) The desirability of doing justice to the "slackers" themselves, many of them desirous of serving, but unable to do so on various grounds until the law compels them.

For these reasons the Cabinet has decided to put itself in accord with public feeling by examining the whole question in the light of the new facts. The Government does not intend, however, to allow itself to be rushed into premature decisions by injudicious agitation.

8,000,000 OF FIGHTING AGE.

Many Are Married, Others Work On Munitions. How Many Are Left?

If compulsory national service is enforced, how many men can Britain provide?

When the census of 1911 was taken there were in the United Kingdom 8,053,079 men of military age (that is between 19 and 40). England and Wales together accounted for 6,500,000 of them.

The unmarried men, who would naturally be called upon first, numbered 3,318,817.

Mr. Lloyd George has said that 2,000,000 men of all ages are employed in making munitions of war; and a proportion of these must be deducted from the 3,318,817 apparent eligibles. A further deduction of those already on active service must be made.

MR. ASQUITH TO HIS PARTY.

Mr. Asquith has written to the Liberal party saying:—

It was only because the conviction was forced upon me that a non-party Government would prove the most efficient instrument for the successful prosecution of the war that I have taken a step which has caused me infinite personal pain. I cannot, in the public interest, enter at present into any details, and I must ask my friends to rely for the moment on my judgment.

PATRIOTS AT A PRICE.

The L.C.C. were still taking on large numbers of new tram men over military age at the depots, and more cars were out yesterday.

At the Central Recruiting Office yesterday it was stated that only one batch of men had presented themselves and asked to be accepted as motor drivers.

"They were no use to us," said a recruiting official. "They have only been used to turning a handle and running a car on rails. They were after the six shillings a day, and wouldn't enlist in any other branch of the service."

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

Riveting squads on a Government vessel under construction in the Greenock and Grangemouth Company's yard at Grangemouth have struck work to insist that three squads of apprentices and riveters transferred from Greenock be sent back to Greenock.

WILL HE STILL BE TOO PROUD?



The only answer received by the U.S.A. to their Note of protest is the torpedoing of another ship by Germany.

ATLANTIC LINER WRECKED.

900 Passengers Taken Off Large French Vessel.

PARIS, Friday.

The French Transatlantic liner La Champagne, from Colon, as the result of an accident ran aground on a rock opposite the Boulevard de l'Océan, St. Nazaire, at 3 o'clock this morning.

In the course of the morning at low tide the vessel broke amidships, and she is considered lost.

The passengers, numbering 978, including the negro crew of 180, were rescued and brought into port at five in the morning by the steamship Rigel. Three stokers were scalded, one severely, by escaping steam. The liner carried a mixed cargo and a thousand tons of coffee.—Reuter.

KILLED BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.

Shell Fired At A Raiding Zeppelin Hits Southend Visitor.

At the inquest at Southend yesterday on May Fairs (35) and Marion Pateman (7), the victims of the Zeppelin raid, pieces of the shell which killed the former, a visitor to the town, were identified by Major Reginald Paul, of the Royal Artillery, as part of a shell fired from an anti-aircraft gun. Shots were fired that night, he said, at a Zeppelin.

In the case of Miss Fairs a verdict of accidental death caused by a shell fired from an anti-aircraft gun was returned.

Marion Pateman, the second victim, died yesterday morning. Dr. Maxwell said the child was severely burned, and the case was hopeless from the first.

A verdict of death from an incendiary bomb dropped from a hostile aircraft was returned.

The coroner and jury joined in expressing sympathy with both families and disgust and horror at German methods.

Unrest in Portugal continues, and there has been further bloodshed.

A lady whose husband is interned in Germany has received a letter telling her not to send cakes, fancy bread, biscuits, sweets or chocolates, as such commodities were to be confiscated by the authorities after May 12.

IDENTIFIED AS THREE MEN.

Clerk, Labourer, Or Commission Agent—Which Is He?

The body of a man recovered from the Mersey at Wallasey on Wednesday was identified yesterday as three different men.

A Liverpool woman said it was her husband, who left her 16 weeks ago. He was a clerk, and she identified him by marks on his legs, a peculiarity of his foot, and missing teeth.

Another Liverpool woman claimed the body as that of her husband, a dock labourer. She recognised a scar over his eyebrow, a dent in his ribs on the left side, and faint tattoo marks on his arm. Her daughter also identified the body as that of her father.

Two men from a Liverpool lodging-house identified the body as that of a commission agent who had lived at the lodging-house for 16 years, and had been missing since Wednesday morning. They declared that he was "ratty" when he heard that racing had stopped. They recognised his features, portions of clothing on the body, and also the boots.

THE WRONG WORK FOR WOMEN.

Addressing a meeting at the Women's Institute yesterday Mrs. W. L. Courtney strongly criticised some occupations women took up, which merely tended to people's luxury.

A great number of women, she said, had gone into such occupations during the last 10 or 20 years—beauty specialism, the breeding of toy dogs, and the profession which called itself "canine nursing." It was a luxurious and idle age which would elevate the breeding of toy dogs and the nursing of them through their illnesses into suitable professions for educated women.

WIFE AS CHAPLAIN'S DEPUTY.

Her husband having been appointed to a chaplaincy in the British forces in Flanders, Mrs. Kendall, wife of the Primitive Methodist minister of the Windsor circuit, is discharging all his ministerial and pastoral duties. She travels round the circuit, preaches at the Sunday services, and conducts weekday meetings.

NEWMARKET AND NEWBURY DO NOT SUFFICE.

Owners, Breeders And Trainers Ask For More Race Meetings.

A largely-attended meeting of owners, breeders and trainers was held at the Hotel Cecil yesterday to consider the effect of the stoppage of racing on breeding and kindred industries.

Resolutions were submitted expressing the opinion that the meetings at Newmarket and at Newbury alone did not suffice for the purpose in view, namely, the maintenance of the horse-breeding industry in the country, and the keeping in employment of thousands of persons not suitable for active service.

The meeting urged the Stewards of the Jockey Club to consider the desirability of holding race meetings in Sussex, Surrey, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and elsewhere, in places not conveniently accessible from either Newmarket or Newbury.

Another resolution, while appreciating the necessity for keeping the whole British railway system free from congestion of any kind for rapid and unimpeded transit of troops and munitions, expressed the opinion that race meetings could be held at places other than Newmarket without causing congestion.

At the annual meeting of the London Football Association a question was put with respect to the future, and whether or no it was intended to run the cup competitions next season. The reply was to the effect that nothing could be done until August; it was impossible to say what would happen.

TO-DAY'S ATHLETICS.

At Gosforth Park, Newcastle.—North-Eastern Counties Cross-Country Association: Military championship.

At Stamford Bridge.—Federation of Working Boys' Clubs sports.

At Halton Camp, near Wendover.—Southern Counties Cross-Country Association five miles military race.

At Bushey.—Royal Masonic School sports.

The Amateur Athletic Association is promoting a meeting open to military men at Brighton on Saturday next. There will be ten events at standard distances, including team and relay races. Men of units desirous of competing should send entries at once to the Association, John-street, Adelphi, W.C.

HOBBS' NEW ENGAGEMENT.

J. B. Hobbs, the well-known Surrey batsman, has accepted an engagement with the Idle Cricket Club, in the Bradford League, and he is to play his first match at Bradford to-day.

EARL'S ENGINEER SON KILLED.

Among the officers who perished in the disaster to the Princess Irene at Sheerness was the Hon. Cormac F. Deane-Morgan, third son of the Earl of Muskerry. He was 23, and an assistant engineer.

Another engineer, Lieutenant-Commander Reed, of London, was married only a week ago to Miss Grace Mills, only daughter of an ex-High Sheriff of Monmouthshire.

The Admiralty's list of 30 officers killed in the explosion includes Captain Mervyn H. Cobbe, Commander T. H. M. Maurice, and Lieutenant-Commander H. R. U. Cottrell-Dormer.

DIED FOR THE EMPIRE.

Private Albert Eedy is only one of our Canadian brethren who has given his life for the Old Country. He came over with the first Canadian Contingent and was wounded during their famous charge at St. Julien.

Altogether he was wounded in eight places, and a piece of shrapnel that penetrated his ribs caused his death, which occurred at King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill. His father lives at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.



WILL THE COALITION SUCCEED?

Some straight talking is indulged in by "John Briton" in to-morrow's Sunday Chronicle in an article on "The Alleged Coalition." He writes:—"The British people desired to defeat not merely the German Army and Navy, but the German nation. They desired to free England of German influence once for all, and to organise themselves not only for victory, but for everything. I might put the new spirit in a nutshell—Britain for the British. This spirit the Government has not so far expressed. Will the coalition express it? I have my doubts."

The issue will also contain a striking article by Mr. John Foster Fraser and the views of the best experts on the progress of events in the various theatres of war.

DAILY SKETCH CIGARETTES.

The latest list of subscriptions to our Cigarette Fund is:—

- £2 2s.—M. Mackenzie, Sydney, Australia. 12s. 9d.—Children, Moor Row, Cumberland. 10s.—J. H. Johnson, West Hartlepool. 6s.—Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindley (25th contribution).
- 5s.—Mrs. Shuldham, Gorey; Mrs. Gouling, Blackheath. 3s. 6d.—Miss Dobyn, Waterford. 3s.—D. Murgitroyd, Forest Gate; Mrs. Dennison, Notting Hill Gate. 2s. 6d.—Miss Baseley, Loughton. 2s.—Mrs. Miller, Beardon. (19th contribution). 1s.—6d.—Joan McGregor, Brixton. 1s.—Mrs. Stott, Watford; Mrs. Gee, Keighley; Tommie's Friends.

Regulars and Territorials find the longest march an easy matter when their feet, as well as their boots, are rubbed with CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN. It keeps the feet "fit" and prevents soreness. Manufactured by Makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.—Advt.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

"God Will Punish You."

Before Kapus Irma could detain him or utter another protest Béla was gone, and she turned savagely on her daughter.

"Elsa!" she said, "you are never going to let us all be shamed like this? Run after him at once, and bring him back!"

"He wouldn't come back, mother, if I begged him ever so..." said Elsa drearily; "and besides where should I find him?"

"On his way to Ignác Goldstein's, of course. If you run you can easily overtake him."

"I can't, mother," protested Elsa; "how can I?"

"You'll just do as I tell you, my girl!" said Irma firmly, and with a snap of her lean jaws.

"By the Holy Virgin, child! Are you going to disobey your mother now? God will punish you, you know, if you go on like that. Go at once as I tell you. Run out by this door here. No one will see you, you will overtake Béla before he is half-way down the street, and then you must just bring him back. That's all."

Long habits of obedience were so ingrained in the girl that at this moment—though she felt quite sure that all her attempts would be in vain, and though she felt bitterly humiliated at having to make such attempts—she never thought of openly defying her mother. Indeed, she quite believed that God would punish her if she rebelled so constantly, for this had been drilled into her since her earliest childhood's days.

Fortunately, for the moment everyone's attention was concentrated on a table of liquid refreshments in a remote corner of the barn, and Elsa and her mother were practically isolated here, and the last little scene had gone by unobserved.

A Child Of The Majestic Plain.

Irma picked a shawl from off her own shoulders and put it round her daughter; then she gave her a final significant push. Elsa, with her tear-dimmed eyes, could scarcely find the little side door which was fashioned in the wooden wall itself, and gave direct access into the street.

God would punish her if she defied her mother. Well, God's wrath must be harder to bear than the bitter humiliation to which her mother had so airily condemned her. To beg Béla's forgiveness, to assure him of her obedience, to stand shamed before him and before all her friends, surely God couldn't want her to do all that?

But already she had crossed the threshold and was out in the dark, silent street. She ran on mechanically in the direction of the inn; her mother's commands seemed to be moving her along, for certainly her own will had nothing to do with it. Her cheeks were aflame, and her eyes burned with all the tears which she would not shed, but she herself felt cold and numb, as she ran on blindly, stupidly, to where she had just seen a tiny speck of light.

The night was dark but exquisitely calm—perfectly still, yet full of those mysterious whisperings which come from the bosom of the plain, the flutter of birds' wings, snug in their night's lodgings amongst the drooping branches of pollarded willows, the quiver of the plumed heads of maize, touched by some fairy garment as it brushed by, the call of the cricket from among the tall sunflowers and the quiver of the glow-worm on the huge pumpkin leaves.

Elsa knew all these soft whisperings; she was a child of this immense and majestic plain, and all the furtive little beasts that dwelt within its maze were bosom friends of hers.

Bela Resolves To Be Revenged.

At other times, when her mind and heart had been at peace, she loved these dark, calm nights, when heavy clouds hid the light of the moon and sounds grew louder and more distinct as the darkness grew more tense; neither fluttering of unseen wings nor quiver of stealthy footsteps had the power to startle her; they were all her friends, these tiny dwellers of the plain, these midnight marauders of whom townfolk are always so afraid.

At first, when she perceived the tiny speck of light on ahead, she thought that it must be a glow-worm settled on the leaves of the dahlias outside the schoolhouse, for glow-worms had been over-abundant this late summer, but soon she saw that the burning speck was moving along, on ahead in the same direction as she herself was going—on the way to Ignác Goldstein's.

Béla had lighted a cigar when he left the barn; nursing his resentment, he had walked along rapidly toward the inn, his head whirling with thoughts of the many things which he meant to do in order to be revenged on Elsa this night.

Of course a long visit to Klara fully entered into those schemes, and now he paused just at the foot of the verandah steps breathing in the soft evening air with fully-dilated nostrils and lungs, so that his nerves might regain some semblance of that outward calm which his dignity demanded.

And thus, standing still, he heard through the silence the patter of small, high-heeled boots upon the hard road. He guessed at once that Elsa had been sent along by her mother to bring him back, and a comforting glow of inward satisfaction went and right through his veins as, after a slight moment of hesitation, he made up his mind to await Elsa's coming here, to listen to her apologies, to read her the lecture which she fully deserved, but nevertheless to continue the plan of conduct which he had mapped out for himself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"On The Eve Of One's Wedding Day, Too."

He could not see Elsa till she was quite close to him, and even then he could only vaguely distinguish the quaint contour of her wide-sleeved abito and of her voluminous petticoats.

But his cigar had gone out, and when Elsa stood quite close to him and softly murmured his name, he struck a match very deliberately and held it

to the cigar so that it lighted up his face for a few seconds. He wanted her to see how indifferent was the expression in his eye, and that there was not the slightest trace of a welcoming smile lurking round his lips.

Therefore he held the lighted match close to his face much longer than was necessary; he only dropped it when it began to scorch his fingers. Then he blew a big cloud of smoke out of his cigar straight into her face, and only after that did he say, speaking very roughly:—

"What do you want?"

"Mother sent me, Béla," she said timidly, as she placed a trembling little hand on his coat-sleeve. "I wouldn't have come, only she ordered me, and I couldn't disobey her, so I..."

"Couldn't disobey your mother, eh?" he sneered; "you couldn't defy her as you did me, what?"

"I didn't mean to defy you, Béla," she said, striving with all her might to keep back the rebellious words which surged out of her overburdened heart to her quivering lips. "I couldn't be unkind to Jenő and Károly and all my old friends, just this last evening, when I am still a girl amongst them."

"A Good Advocate In His Own Cause."

"You preferred being obstinate and wilful toward me, I suppose?"

"Don't let us quarrel, Béla," she pleaded.

"I am not quarrelling," he retorted. "I came to the barn just now looking forward to the pleasure of having you to myself for a little bit. There was a lot I wanted to say to you—just quietly, in a corner by our two selves. And how did I find you? Hot and panting, after an hour's gyrations, hardly able to stand, and certainly not able to speak; and at my simple request that you should give up a dance of which I wholeheartedly disapprove you turned on me with impudence and obstinacy. I suppose you felt yourself backed up by your former sweetheart, and thought you could just treat me like the dirt under your feet."

He certainly had proved himself a good advocate in his own cause. The case thus put succinctly and clearly before her appeared very black to Elsa against herself. Ever ready for self-deprecation, she began to think that indeed she had behaved in a very ugly, unwomanly and aggressive manner, and her meekness cost her no effort now when she said gently:—

"I am sorry, Béla! I seem to have been all queer the whole of to-day. It is a very upsetting time for any girl, you must remember. But Pater Bonifácus said that if any sin lay on my conscience since my last confession I could always find him in church at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, before our wedding Mass, so as to be quite clear of sin before Holy Communion."

"I Don't Want To Think Of Andor."

"That's all right, then," he said, with a hard laugh. "You had better find him in church to-morrow morning and tell him that you have been wilful and perverse and disobedient. He'll give you absolution, no doubt. So now you'd better go back to your dancing. Your many friends will be pining for you."

"Won't you... won't you come back with me, Béla?" she pleaded.

"No, I won't. I have told your mother plainly enough that I wasn't coming back. So why she should have sent you snivelling after me I can't think."

"I think that even if mother hadn't sent me I should have come ultimately. I am not quite sure, but I think I should have come. I know that I have done wrong, but we are all of us obstinate and mistaken at times, aren't we, Béla? It is rather hard to be so severely punished," she added, with a wistful little sigh, "on the eve of one's wedding day, too, which should be one of the happiest days in a girl's life."

"Severely punished?" he sneered. "Bah! As if you wanted me over there. You've got all your precious friends."

"But I do want you, Béla. All the time that you were not in the barn this afternoon I... I felt lonesome."

"Then why didn't you send for your old sweetheart? He would have cheered you up."

"Don't say that, Béla," she said earnestly, and once more her little hand grasped his coat-sleeve; "you don't know how it hurts. I don't want to think of Andor. I only want to think of you, and if you would try and be a little patient I am sure that we would understand one another better very soon."

"The Master, Not The Lover."

"I hope so, my dear," he rejoined dryly, "for your sake—as I am not a patient man; let me tell you that. Come, give me a kiss and run back to your mother. I can't bear to have a woman snivelling near me like that."

He drew her towards him with that rough, perfunctory gesture which betokened the master rather than the lover. Then with one hand he raised her chin up and brought her face quite close to his. Even then he could not see her clearly because of the heavy clouds in the sky. But the air seemed suddenly to have become absolutely still, not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the acacia trees, and all those soft sighings and mysterious whisperings which make the plain always appear so full of life were for the moment hushed. Only from far away came the murmur of the sluggish waters of the Maros, and from its shores the call of a heron to its mate. Elsa made vigorous efforts to swallow her tears. The exquisite quietude of Nature, that call of the heron, the scent of dying flowers which lingered in the autumn air, made her feel more strongly than she had ever felt before how beautiful life might have been.

(To be Continued.)

MANSION POLISH

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CAPABLE WORKER WANTED (over 30) for house work, and to wait upon invalid lady. Cook kept. Charwoman dress cleaning. Wages £20.—Write Box 764.

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Brilliant Preservative for
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In the Army and Navy Lime Juice is served regularly every day. And there is no finer—no healthier drink. The finest Lime Juice is "MONTSERRAT," which gives the delicious flavour of fresh lime fruit at its best. "MONTSERRAT" Lime Juice is a favourite beverage everywhere.

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

FATEFUL YEARS FOR WOMEN.

The most fateful years in a woman's life are those between forty-five and fifty. Many of the sex enter this term under depressing conditions, through over-work, worry or neglected bloodlessness, and so they suffer heavily. Still, variations of health at this time of life can be relieved by home-treatment.

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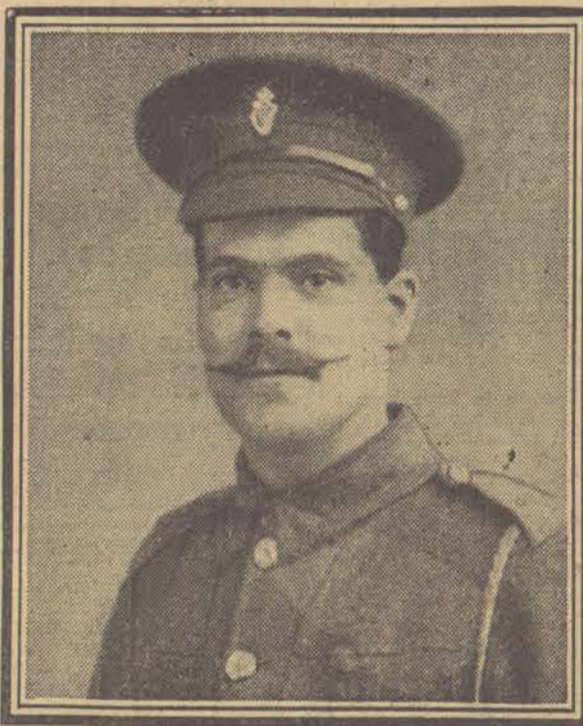
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"If His Death Helps Recruiting It Will Not Have Been In Vain."



*If his death helps on recruiting,
we shall feel our boy, will
not have died in vain
Yours faithfully
Mr & Mrs. Loveless.*

The parents' message to the mothers of England.



Hearing of his brother's death, Leonard Loveless immediately enlisted.



Mr. and Mrs. Loveless. The father is a special constable.

Sergeant Herbert Walter Loveless (sitting), killed. The Spartan spirit of the parents of Sergeant Herbert Loveless should inspire parents everywhere to similar sacrifice. When the news of the young soldier's death in action reached home, an elder brother, Leonard Loveless, an Edmonton scoutmaster, immediately offered himself, with three of his friends, for service at the front.

THE RAILWAY-GIRL WILL FREE MORE MEN FOR THE ARMY.



The L.B. and S.C. Railway have established a school at Croydon for training girls to become booking clerks and telegraphists, work at present undertaken by men, many of military age.

ACTRESSES WORK TO HELP MOTHERS AND BABIES.



Miss Constance Collier (in the centre) and other famous actresses yesterday sold souvenirs of the motherhood tableaux which Mr. Byam Shaw has designed for the matinee at the Haymarket on Tuesday next.