

M.P.s Who Restart Party Strife Are Britain's Enemies.

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THEY ALL WANT TO FOLLOW THE V.C. "ZEP." WRECKER.



Some of the men who enlisted in the aviation services yesterday.



They all wanted to know how and where they could join.



Mr. F. Warren Merriam, the airman who taught Warneford to fly.

Off to one of the aviation camps. Inset Flight-Sub-Lieut. Warneford, the airman hero.

The wonderful exploit of Flight-Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, who destroyed a Zeppelin with bombs, has won for the daring aviator the coveted V.C., which the King conferred upon him, by telegram, yesterday. The "Zep" wrecker has caused a boom in recruiting, for yesterday the Hendon Aerodrome was besieged by crowds of men all anxious to join the Flying Corps.—(Daily Sketch and Birkett.)

KING CONFERS V.C. ON ZEPPELIN DESTROYER.

Lieutenant Warneford's Well-Earned Reward.

HONOURED BY TELEGRAM.

Single-Handed Feat Described As "This Gallant Act."

From the Admiralty.

The King has sent the following telegram to Flight Sub-Lieut. Warneford:—

I most heartily congratulate you upon your splendid achievement of yesterday, in which you, single-handed, destroyed an enemy Zeppelin. I have much pleasure in conferring upon you the Victoria Cross for this gallant act.—George R.I.

This is a sequel to the deed that all the world was talking about the day previous—the feat of destroying a Zeppelin and its crew at a height of 6,000 feet.

Nor did the feat that has earned Lieut. Warneford the V.C. end there, as, indeed, Mr. Percival Phillips shows below.

He was forced to descend through trouble in his petrol tank, and notwithstanding that he was in a German-infested area he righted his machine and got well away in the very teeth of the enemy.

HOW THE HONOUR WAS WON.

Pursued And Caught The Zep Despite Its Efforts To Escape.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, Tuesday. British naval airmen made daringly successful raids on Zeppelin aircraft in Belgium early this morning, and it is believed that two dirigibles which took part in the recent bomb attacks on the English coast have been destroyed.

Details of these exploits, which I have obtained from unofficial sources in the field, again emphasise the helpless mess of these unwieldy gasbag machines against well-aimed explosive bombs.

One Zeppelin dropped to earth in flames between Bruges and Ghent, and the second was bombed in its shed at Evere, near Brussels.

The airman (Lieutenant Warneford) who attacked the first-named Zeppelin had an extraordinary experience. He pursued the dirigible which tried hard to escape, and, manoeuvring directly above it, dropped a bomb which penetrated the gasbag. The airship was instantly enveloped in flame; there was a tremendous explosion, and the mass of blazing wreckage fell into a field.

In order to drop his bomb accurately the airman had dived suddenly, and at the moment of the explosion he was rapidly ascending again, when the blast shook his machine with terrific violence, and he "looped the loop" without warning.

The aeroplane righted itself again, and the pilot found it intact, but his involuntary somersault emptied the forward petrol tank, and he was forced to descend.

Although he came to earth in a region supposed to be swarming with German troops, the airman was able partially to fill his front tank from the rear tank, and reascend before the enemy surrounded him. He made his way safely back to the coast.

The attack on the aerodrome at Evere, four miles north-east of Brussels, was equally successful, a bomb falling through the roof and causing a tremendous explosion of such a nature that it is considered certain that a Zeppelin was housed there at the time, with its gas reservoirs filled.

Although anti-aircraft guns opened a furious bombardment on the attacking aeroplane it escaped undamaged.

SEEN THROUGH DUTCH GLASSES.

Zeppelin's Crew Mangled Or Burned, And Only Airship's Frame Left.

Another account is given by the correspondent of the Amsterdam *Tyd*, who says:

Yesterday at dawn a Zeppelin appeared above the station at Eecloo and the Waes country, near Ghent, pursued by two Allied airmen.

The German guns posted on the parade ground and at other points in the town opened a terrible fire on the aeroplanes which were trying to cut off the Zeppelin's return.

The airship was flying over Amandsberg, and attempting to escape the airmen by descending. A great number of civilians witnessed the fight.

Obviously the Zeppelin had already had a skirmish with its pursuers, as it was listing slightly to the left side. Shots were exchanged with the pursuers, of whom one was daring enough to approach close to the dirigible in an attempt to fly over it.

After a sudden bold swoop this airman was seen to drop some explosives on the Zeppelin, which was at once enveloped in flames.

The balloon covering was burning fiercely, and after some minor reports and one big explosion the dirigible dropped on the convent school of Amandsberg.

Of the Zeppelin, the members of the crew of

which were all burnt or mangled, the framework only remained. The English airman who made the successful attack disappeared in a northerly direction.—Reuter.

THE MAKING OF A FLYING HERO.

Service In Which Brains, Nerve, And Skill Are Chief Assets.

The splendid achievement of Flight Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, R.N., has caused a great rush of men to the Admiralty. They are eager to join either the Royal Naval Air Service or the Royal Flying Corps.

The air service has for some considerable time been the most popular of the services, and many budding "Samsons" and "Courtenays" have been sorely disappointed by the reply of the Admiralty to the effect that there are no vacancies and that there will not be any for some months.

The applications during the last few days, the *Daily Sketch* was told yesterday, have touched the high-water mark. It is not, however, quite as simple to join the air service as might be supposed, and it is extremely difficult to obtain a commission as a competent pilot.

A prospective flying man has to undergo a more searching examination and test to pass the doctor than for any of the other services.

There are three essential qualifications which the recruit must possess. These are sight, nerve, and hearing.

He is subjected to rough examination on education, and has all sorts of tricks played on him to test his nerves. In fact, he is only passed if he is absolutely in perfect condition, with all his faculties at their best, particularly his nerves.

He is then put on probation, and taught to fly at one of the Naval Air stations. His progress and conduct are scheduled and reported upon.

At first he is given trips as a passenger with an expert pilot. After a while he takes flights in a machine with dual control driven by an expert.

Later, the pupil is allowed to control the craft alone, with an expert still by his side. That is when the great question of success or failure as an aviator arises.

If a pupil is successful he may obtain a pilot's certificate in eight weeks. Before obtaining this, however, he has to accomplish several difficult evolutions in the air which are severe.

SOME OF THE PERILS.

At present the worst peril is that of flying at night. In conversation with Mr. Buyver, of *Flight*, the *Daily Sketch* was told yesterday that quite recently one of our airmen made a night flight, and when he was 6,500 feet up and the night was quite dark an inlet valve flew out and flames went to his stomach.

He had no alternative but to shut off his engine and glide down to earth.

"He was 25 minutes coming down," said Mr. Buyver, "and during that time speculated how he would meet his death. He landed safely, however, and, by sheer luck, in a field."

"There is no doubt that it is the ambition of all our airmen to destroy a Zeppelin, but it is a very difficult thing to attempt, especially at night. A Zeppelin carries four huge 180-h.p. motors. An aviator must consider before he drops his bombs where the Zeppelin will fall if he destroys it."

"The damage done by a falling Zeppelin loaded with bombs and with its four motors would be terrible, and a pilot moving in the dark and attacking such a vessel has very little chance of landing safely afterwards."

WHEN THE NEW V.C. ENLISTED.

Facts gathered from the new V.C.'s attestation form in connection with the 2nd Sportsman's Battalion, in which he enlisted, show that his age is 23 years, and that he was educated at King Edward's Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon.

In reply to the query as to previous military experience appears the answer: "Officer in H.M. transport Somali"; and in answering the question "Are you willing to serve abroad for three years or the period of the war?" Lieutenant Warneford replies emphatically, "Yes, certainly."

As to whether he could shoot, ride, or was a good walker there appears to be no manner of doubt, for an emphatic "Yes" is appended to all of these.

Lieutenant Warneford stands 5ft. 10½in., his chest measurement is 37, and he scales 10st. 6lb.

THE OUTER FORTS OF LONDON.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

Count Reventlow, in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, explains that the Zeppelin attacks against London were directed only against the outer fortifications of London.—Exchange.

H.A.C.

AT THE FRONT.

Exclusive Pictures in
the DAILY SKETCH
To-morrow.

MUSICIANS AS MUNITION WORKERS.

How Middle-Aged Mechanics Can Help Their Country.

MR. THOMAS BEECHAM'S SCHEME.

Are you a skilled man?
Are you a mechanic, a fitter, or turner, or engineer of sorts?

Have you ever worked in a machine shop?
And are you too old to work hard, but are you wanting to help the country?

If so, send your name and address and your qualifications to Mr. Donald Baylis, Aldwych Theatre, Strand, London. He is the business manager for Sir Joseph Beecham, of St. Helens. Every day the *Daily Sketch* receives letters from middle-aged men who are burning with zeal and want to do something.

This fact was stated by the "Man in the Street" yesterday; in the afternoon Mr. Thomas Beecham, the well-known conductor, came to the *Daily Sketch* office and explained a scheme which he and his father, Sir Joseph Beecham, are inaugurating for the benefit chiefly of musicians who will shortly be thrown out of employment.

300 VIOLINISTS WANT WORK.

To work that scheme successfully old skilled men are required.

"Three hundred violinists alone will have no work to do next Monday," said Mr. Beecham. "More theatres will close down as the summer advances, concerts will cease, restaurants will cut down their bands, and seaside places—especially on the East Coast—will engage fewer musicians."

Sir Joseph Beecham, with his son, believes that musicians will be able to make certain munitions as well as anybody. Their fingers are supple and sure and suitable for doing delicate work—making fuses for shells, and so on.

Large premises have been secured on the outskirts of London.

Here a start is at once to be made with about 500 volunteer musicians.

A skilled managerial staff is to be engaged, but foremen and other instructors are wanted.

Middle-aged and old men who think their working days are done will be able to perform this kind of work successfully; they will earn a living, and at the same time have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing Englishmen's work.

MEAT PORTERS ON WAR WORK.

Thousands Willing To Do Four Hours Per Day On Munitions.

Between 3,000 and 4,000 men at Smithfield, London's greatest meat market, are willing to give four hours a day to help in the work of turning out munitions.

The idea is that some of the tenants at the market should form an association, and organise the meat porters and others for that purpose.

A committee has been formed, and meetings are to be held in the four chief markets to-day, at which various members of Parliament have been asked to come and speak.

WORKING 100 HOURS A WEEK.

During the hearing of a charge at the Thames Police Court a man told Mr. Leicester he had been working 100 hours a week on war stores.

WHAT WAR MEANS TO WOMEN.

Call For Display Of Courage And Exercise Of Abilities Hitherto Neglected.

What does the war mean to women?

Many things. Sacrifices innumerable; recognition such as they have never had before of their real place in the scheme of things that matter; the entrusting to them by the nation of many duties which, in what we were wont to call normal times, we derided their ability to accomplish.

Beyond all, the war means to women the display of a courage in the face of frequent bereavement such as has never been demanded of them before.

One of the inevitable results has been the amount of space which is being devoted to the doings of woman by the newspapers.

On Sunday next the *Sunday Herald* will contain some especially interesting things for its women readers. There will be pictures—pages of them—which will tell what women are doing for men and men for women in this time of stress and strain.

There will be articles and chatty paragraphs touching all phases of women's activities and interests.

The *Illustrated Sunday Herald* always gets to know things which other papers never know until it tells them.

WOUNDED SOLDIER'S VERSES TO SHIRKERS.

In order to try to bring home to the shirker the need of bearing arms for his country in this the world's greatest war, Private J. Crowe, a London Territorial in the Post Office Rifles, who is now lying wounded in the French hospital, has sent home some verses upon the subject. Lines written in such circumstances should have a special appealing force.



PREMIER TROUNCES MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

M.P.'s Who Are Putting Politics Before Patriotism.

PETTY PARTY SPITE.

Mr. Asquith's Plea For "Decencies Of Public Life."

(From Our Lobby Representative.)

The acidity being shown by a number of Liberal M.P.'s is due almost entirely to the resentment, which seems to be still general, at the fact that the Prime Minister has not summoned a meeting of the party and explained to them the reasons actuating him in suggesting a change of Cabinet.

It is true he delivered a speech, but that was at their request, and this is not regarded as equivalent to a voluntarily convened gathering.

In other words, there are several members who are not prepared to put the country first, and who are still full of political zeal.

There have been gatherings of considerable sections of the friends of the Government, at which it has been decided not to do anything either by question or otherwise to embarrass them until at all events, they have had a fair chance.

After the debate on the policy of the Government—against which a division now seems almost certain—it is expected that the sittings of the House will be reduced to periods of two hours or so unless there are topics of paramount interest.

MR. ASQUITH ANGRY.

Ministers' Right To Pool Their Official Salaries.

It was over the arrangements by which members of the Cabinet pool their salaries that the mischief-makers got into trouble, and they had a bad quarter of an hour.

As was first explained in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, Ministers holding the better-paid offices have generously agreed to share salaries with those occupying the less remunerative posts.

It was Sir Henry Dalziel who raised the question. He asked if there was any truth in the report that Ministers were pooling their salaries.

"SHARING THE SPOILS" TAUNT.

Sir John Simon, who replied, said he was as anxious as anyone that Parliament should have control over the salaries that Parliament allotted to Ministers, but if any such arrangement was made it was entirely a domestic one, and he thought it was invidious to inquire into this matter. (Cheers and cries of "No, no.")

Then Mr. Percy Alden asked whether, if an assurance was given that Mr. Lloyd George would get the £5,000 proposed for the Munitions Minister, it would be in order to discuss the salaries of other Ministers.

The Speaker said it was not a question of whether the new Minister received the £5,000, but what he would do with it after he had received it. (Loud laughter.)

Sir A. Markham said it was a question of the division of spoils. He strongly protested against an arrangement of this character.

PREMIER'S SHARP REBUKE.

This brought up the Prime Minister, who said he had listened to this discussion with surprise and pain. (Cheers.) There was one question before the House, and it was whether the new Minister was to receive a salary, and whether that was to be £5,000.

If, he added, they were to ask how members spent their salaries there would be an end to the decencies of public life. (Cheers.) So long as he was a Minister of the Crown he absolutely denied the right of the House of Commons to discuss how Ministers should spend the money they received. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Kellaway said it was deplorable that when men were dying in hundreds a man who had been dignified by the Crown (Sir Henry Dalziel) should come there and raise such a petty question. "For God's sake," exclaimed Mr. Kellaway, in conclusion, "let us be Britons."

A GEM IN MIXED METAPHOR.

"We are living in a fools' paradise, we are burying our heads in the sand," declared Sir Richard Cooper, protesting against the carping attitude of some members in the face of grave emergencies.

Rocking with laughter, the House forgave Sir Richard his mixed metaphor. Unconsciously he had relieved a somewhat strained situation.

Later Mr. Asquith accepted with gratification an assurance from Mr. Handel Booth that the House need not be alarmed at the "outbursts of temper" from the part of the Chamber where he was sitting—the Opposition benches.

Afterwards the Bill went through its remaining stages and was sent to the Lords, where it will be passed to-day, so that by this evening Mr. Lloyd George will once more be a member of the Cabinet, in fact as in name.

One interesting point was made clear by Sir Edward Carson. The Attorney-General, explaining the legal aspects of the Bill, said that Mr. Lloyd George would be responsible for the production of aircraft.

Earlier Mr. H. W. Forster, the new Financial Secretary to the War Office, stated that the number of British firms whose offers to make munitions had been rejected was 300.

WILL THE LAST GREAT NEUTRAL POWER JOIN US NOW?

FRENCH TROOPS SCORE FRESH SUCCESSES.

Trenches Captured And Advance Made On 1,200-Yards Front.

HEAVY ASSAULTS REPULSED.

British Airman Brings Down A German Machine.

DUEL IN THE AIR.

Again the French official news is a record of a series of successes.

In the region of Hebuterne, which lies to the south-west of Arras, the captured enemy lines and farm were held against four furious German attacks. The enemy rushed up reinforcements in automobiles, only to have them driven back by the French fire.

North-east of this position the French made a fresh advance and took two lines of German trenches on a front of 500 yards. After violent fighting at Neuville substantial gains were made by our Allies.

Near the sugar refinery of Souchez they have made further progress.

Comparative quiet prevails on the British front, but Sir John French reports that two of the enemy's aeroplanes have been brought down.

The parapets of 30 yards of German trenches were destroyed by British mining operations.

From Sir John French.

Tuesday Night.

The situation on our front is unchanged since my last statement of June 4, and there has been less activity on the part of the artillery.

On Sunday, in front of Ploegsteert Wood, we successfully exploded a mine under the German trenches, destroying 30 yards of parapet.

We have brought down two German aeroplanes, one opposite our right by gunfire, and the other in the neighbourhood of Ypres as the result of an engagement in the air with one of our aeroplanes.

GERMANS IN AUTOMOBILES.

Frantic Efforts To Recover Lost Ground From The French.

French Official News.

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

In the region of Notre Dame de Lorette the artillery duel was to-day very severe.

Our infantry everywhere consolidated the positions previously won, and made fresh advances.

At Neuville St. Vaast we carried the whole of the western island of the village, as well as more houses in the principal street (northern island).

In the "Labyrinth" our troops repulsed a violent counter-attack, and slightly accentuated our progress.

To the south of Hebuterne we maintained the gains of yesterday and last night, notwithstanding a strong attack led by two German battalions hastily brought up in automobiles from the region east of Arras.

We then pursued our advance eastward on a front of about 1,200 yards.

The enemy violently bombarded the trenches we captured from him yesterday to the north of the Aisne, near the mill "Sous Tout Vent."

This bombardment, to which our artillery made a lively reply, was not followed by any counter-attack.—Reuter.

FRENCH WINNING "BIT BY BIT."

PARIS, Tuesday Afternoon.

In the sector north of Arras a number of infantry actions took place during the evening and the night on the slopes east of the plateaux of Lorette.

The enemy replied to one attack by three violent counter-attacks.

The positions were not changed in any quarter. North-east of the Souchez sugar refinery we have made further progress.

At Neuville St. Vaast we took, after very violent fighting, another group of houses in the region of the "Labyrinth."

A German counter-attack was repulsed.

South-east of Hebuterne (south-west of Arras) the Germans sought to retake the positions which they had lost.

Four times were they repulsed.

We have extended our gains north-eastward, capturing two lines of German trenches on a front of 500 yards as far as the Hebuterne road.

At Serre we made 150 prisoners, a hundred of whom were not wounded.—Reuter.

KAISER'S COOL RECEPTION BY AUSTRIAN TROOPS.

No Appreciation Of Imperial Call "To Conquer Or Die."

HEAVY LOSSES ADMITTED.

PARIS, Tuesday.

A message from Zurich says it is rumoured that the German Emperor will shortly review the German troops fighting against Italy.

He will on that occasion deliver a speech which will amount to a declaration of war.

The Kaiser is just back from the Eastern front, where he addressed the troops, admitting that the losses at Przemysl were very heavy, but that this was unavoidable, as the German troops must either conquer or die.

The Kaiser was very coldly received by the Austrian troops.—Exchange Special

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR IN A RAGE.

ROME, Tuesday.

Owing to the sudden and unexpected Italian offensive the Austrian Emperor is exasperated, and has decided to relieve General Conrad von Hotzen-dorf of the supreme command at the front.—Exchange.

"WE ARE SUFFICIENT."

Significant Italian Hint To Undecided Balkan States.

ROME, Tuesday.

Discussing the Balkan situation, the *Tribuna* says that, while the intervention of one or more Balkan States is desirable, it is well to recognise that the Quadruple Entente has no need of further armies. "For the final victory we are sufficient."—Central News.

KING'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Shell Bursts Within Fifty Yards Of Him, But He Takes No Notice.

PARIS, Tuesday.

A message from Milan to the *Matin* says during one of the recent encounters with the Austrians a shell burst within fifty yards of the King of Italy. His Majesty paid not the slightest attention to the occurrence.

The King is living the ordinary life of his troops, and often goes into the firing-line.—Exchange.

ITALIAN RAID ON POLA.

Airship Drops Bombs On Austria's Chief Naval Base.

Italian Naval News.

ROME, Monday.

This morning one of our destroyer flotillas bombarded Montfalcone (at the head of the Gulf of Trieste) for the third time.

Three batteries of artillery placed near the Castle of Duino opened a well-maintained fire against our warships, which replied in such a manner as to reduce the guns to silence and set fire to the castle. Our destroyers returned safely.

The previous night a fresh raid over Pola (the Austrian naval base on the Adriatic) was carried out by our dirigible airship, which dropped several bombs, all of which exploded on military positions.—Central News.

AIRSHIP DESTROYED.

Austrians Claim That An Aeroplane Brought Down Italian Raider.

Austrian Official News.

VIENNA (via Amsterdam), Tuesday.

The naval command states that the hostile airship *Citta di Ferrara*, while returning from Fiume at six o'clock this morning, was shot at and destroyed by naval aeroplane L 48 (Pilot Naval Lieutenant Glasing and Observer Naval Cadet von Fritsch) south-west of Lussin.

The two officers and five men of the airship crew were captured.—Reuter.

AUSTRIAN BOMBS ON VENICE.

ROME, Tuesday.

An official report states that an enemy aeroplane flew over Venice this morning, throwing bombs and causing slight damage to a number of houses. A woman and a young girl were slightly hurt.

Several bombs were also thrown on points inside the coast line, one person being killed and a number of others injured.—Central News.

COMING EVENTS.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Tuesday.

Important developments in the general situation are awaited during the next few days.

Either the Germans must reduce their front voluntarily or they will be forced to do so; this, at any rate, is the generally expressed opinion, and, in either case, it will not be the fault of the rank and file if they escape a decisive mauling.—Central News.

HOW A NERVOUS SERGEANT REDEEMED HIMSELF.

Inspired To Heroic Deeds By Prussian Guard Attack.

WILL HE GET HIS V.C.?

An excellent story of the effect of an enemy attack on a soldier's nerves was told at University College, London, yesterday, by Professor J. H. Morgan, who has spent five months with the British Expeditionary Force at the front.

A sergeant who had lost his nerve was sentenced by court-martial to five years' penal servitude for cowardice.

Before the sentence could be carried out the Prussian Guard made their attempt to break through our line, and the sergeant, in the fighting which ensued, fought with such bravery that, but for being nominally under arrest, he would probably have been awarded the V.C.

As it was, his sentence was quashed, and the incident was responsible for the passage of a new Act of Parliament, the Army Sentences Suspension Act, by which a sentence on a soldier may be suspended and the man given an opportunity to redeem his character.

"GO ON A PILGRIMAGE."

The Sultan Pays No Heed To A Plain Hint From Germany.

ATHENS, Monday.

Fearing the forcing of the Dardanelles, the Germans are advising the Sultan to proceed to Koniah on the pretext of a pilgrimage to the Convent of the Mevlevi Dervishes in order not unduly to alarm the population.

His Majesty, however, declines to leave the capital, and suggests sending the Heir Presumptive, Prince Yussuf Izzeddin, to Koniah. In view of the situation in Constantinople, German families resident there are reported to be leaving en masse.—Reuter.

WOUNDED DIE LIKE FLIES.

Lack Of Medical Attention Causes An Epidemic In Constantinople.

PARIS, Tuesday.

A message from Rome to the *Echo de Paris* states that the situation is getting worse at Constantinople. The wounded continue to arrive in great numbers, and there is no room for them left in the hospitals.

Lively irritation reigns among the population against the Germans, who are held responsible for everything.

If the Allies gain a decisive victory a revolution would appear to be inevitable.

A message from Constantinople records the sufferings of the wounded. The number of wounded there at present exceeds 40,000, among them being about 250 German officers.

The wounded are dying by hundreds every day for want of proper attention. A result of the congestion at the hospitals and the lack of medical assistance is that contagious diseases, like typhus and smallpox, are assuming the magnitude of an epidemic, and creating great ravages among the people.—Exchange.

THE TURKS' "EXHAUSTED ENEMY."

CONSTANTINOPLE (via Berlin), Tuesday.

On the Dardanelles front our artillery at Ari Burnu destroyed an enemy trench.

At Seddul Bahr the exhausted enemy shows no activity.

Enemy cruisers bombarded Ajanos, opposite Mytilene, and sent an auxiliary cruiser into the harbour. The auxiliary cruiser was bombarded and ran ashore.—Wireless Press.

SHE WILL FIGHT FOR RUSSIA NOW.

ODESSA, Tuesday.

The Turkish cruiser *Medjidieh*, which was sunk recently by a mine in Odessa waters, has been refloated and brought into port. She will be placed in dry dock with the object of being repaired.—Reuter.

GERMANY'S "NEW FRONTIERS."

The King Of Bavaria Lets The Cat Out Of The Bag.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.

A Munich telegram states that at a banquet of the Canal League the King of Bavaria made a speech which is interesting, as the King was apparently giving away the real intentions of Germany concerning Belgium. He said:—

When the English declared war, I said: "I am glad, because now we can settle accounts with our enemies, and because now at last we may hope to get more favourable communications with the sea for Central and South Germany."

Ten months have elapsed, and much precious blood has been shed, but it will not have been shed in vain.

The strengthening of the German Empire and its extension beyond its frontiers as far as this is necessary, so that we may be secured against future attacks—that will be the fruits of this war.—Reuter.

Sir Charles Seely, father of Brigadier-General Seely, died worth £1,052,070.

One of the results of the war, said Mrs. Pethick Lawrence last night, will be that women will get the vote and wage political war against war.

5 a.m. Edition.

MR. BRYAN RESIGNS.

America's Foremost Peace Advocate.

STRONG NOTE TO GERMANY.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, has resigned.—Reuter.

The reason for his resignation may be found in this earlier message:—

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.

It is learned that Mr. Bryan was bitterly opposed to the Note to Germany, and left the Cabinet meeting.

He is determined, if possible, to prevent the Note from being sent in its present form. He believes it savours too much of an ultimatum, and he wants the U.S. to seek arbitration.—Exchange Special.

DR. WILSON ACCEPTS.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

The President confirms Mr. Bryan's resignation, and announces that the resignation has been accepted.—Exchange.

NO MORE EQUIVOCATION.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

The *Evening Sun's* Washington correspondent denies, apparently on authority, that the American Note to Germany contains any suggestion to Germany that the United States will take up with the Allies the food blockade question.

The correspondent declares that it "may positively be asserted that the United States will deal with Germany alone, and will not this time give an opportunity for extraneous discussion."—Reuter.

American cartoonists usually depict William Jennings Bryan in company with the Dove of Peace. He is a bimetalist, an enemy of trusts and Imperialism, and an Illinois lawyer.

LADS OF LONDON PROVE THEIR WORTH.

Charged The Huns "Like Bulldogs Released From The Chain."

Our Territorial battalions have been playing a part in the fighting in France and Flanders that would be creditable to the smartest line battalions.

Londoners have done their full share of the work, and a realistic description of the recent fighting is given in a letter written by Sergeant F. Singfield, 1/23 Batt., London Regiment (Clapham Junction).

With a few characteristic touches the sergeant expresses his feelings after witnessing the results of the furious battle, but we can easily guess that it is men like this, whose modesty puts braggarts to shame, that do the effective work which stiffens the British lines. He writes:—

"There were plenty of souvenirs in the German trenches—helmets, kits, and all sorts of things—but the only souvenir I thought of was my own life.

"It was awful. I have never seen so many dead and dying men in all my fighting career, both Germans and our own poor fellows lying in the communication trenches.

"Some of the wounds our chaps got were awful, and I am sure they were not from ordinary bullets.

"I don't want to be in another bayonet charge again, or see the 'sights' either. No one can realise what it is until one has been through it.

"I used to read about those charges, and have longed to be in them. I am not afraid of the Germans, and if I were ordered to attack again, I should do it, but I sincerely hope I am spared those awful 'bumpings,' as they are called.

"The beauty of the whole thing was we were not aware that our battalion was attacking; we were simply taken from a billet, marched through the long communication trench, and over the parapet we went.

"By jingo, you should have been there. Our boys didn't want telling twice to charge. Over they went like bulldogs released from the chain, and I believe the Germans are still running.

"But they had the range of the trench, and shelled it heavily all the night and the following day, and the 'dogs' shelled our wounded as they lay in the open field.

"Well, I don't want to say so much about this little charge of ours, but I wanted you to know that the lads of London are as brave a crowd as I have seen, and those who have fallen are worthy of all praise."

WEE NANCY.



Little Nancy Allan, aged 3½ years, spends her days collecting money for the Mayor of Camberwell's Red Cross Fund.—(U.S.A. Studios.)

DANCED FOR CHARITY.



Miss Betty Spottiswoode performed a graceful dance at yesterday's matinée at the Court Theatre in aid of the Actors' and Artists' Benevolent Association.—(Hoppé.)

LITTLE NORAH.



Norah, daughter of Lieut. R. J. McEvoy, who is fighting in the Cameroons, is assisting Belgian Refugees by dancing at entertainments.



BABY FORBES ROBERTSON.

"It is indeed a wonderful body builder"

Beaufort House, Park Row, Bristol. December 28th, 1914.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to let you know the great benefit I derived from taking Virol. I think it is indeed a wonderful body builder. I myself have gained eight pounds in two months. My baby daughter was fed on Virol and is now fifteen months old and weighs two stone and is the picture of health, as you will see by her photograph, which was taken at the age of five months.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) FRANK FORBES-ROBERTSON.

P.S.—I might add that my wife has induced many of her professional friends to give Virol to their babies, with splendid results.

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Nervous exhaustion is a sure sign of low physical condition and is overcome by the wonderful food power of Virol.

In Jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

VIROL, LTD., 152-166, Old Street, E.C.

SCOTTISH WOMEN HAVE RAISED £30,000.



A busy scene in the office of Mrs. Laurie, at Greenock. She is the hon. treasurer of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and already over £30,000 has passed through her hands. With her helpers she is anxious to at least double this sum.

"WATCH YOUR STEP."



This is a new portrait of Cyllene Moxon, who is appearing in "Watch Your Step" at the Empire.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

THE PET OF THE WOUNDED.



Baby's father is serving in West Africa, while he is the pet of the wounded at the Princess Christian Hospital, Weymouth. The Tommies are very fond of him.

CHOIR BOY HERO.



Sydney Weekes, R.N.V.R., an Eastbourne choirboy, attended his wounded major under a sniper's fire.

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to make you feel fit and fresh. It comes in the nick of time. No—no messy cooking. Boiling water, milk and sugar to taste, one teaspoonful of 'Camp', and you can enjoy in a minute this most wholesome and refreshing of beverages.

Ask your grocer for 'Camp' to-day. R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

NATIONALISE MUNITION WORK.

THE first debate in Parliament on the munitions problem was not very illuminating. A regrettable feature was the element of suspicion revealed. Leaving aside political tactics, local interests and private piques, the discussion showed that there is a strong feeling against compulsion either for soldiers or for workmen. At the same time, however, it was evident that many of the speakers failed to take the national view. Having made their objection against a certain point or principle they ceased fire, as if their business was done. They omitted to give alternative schemes, and, as usual, Parliament proved itself poor at constructive work.

NOW in this crisis the Germans will not let us drop the matter. We must find men and shells, or go under as a nation. How we are to get these men and shells is secondary to the vital fact that we must get them. It is no use for the political man to raise this or that objection if he is not ready with as good a scheme for carrying on the war supplies.

BUT having established this point firmly that we must have men and shells to the full extent which Lord Kitchener calls for, we come to the real problem how best to supply them. It is all very well for frothy politicians to talk about compulsion, but they must show first that they understand the problem involved. By force of arms the Government could barrack the whole nation to-morrow. But it would only obtain a useless and dangerous mob. We shall not win this war with mobs of men at the front or mobs at the factory gates. Primarily, we require a well-planned system, which will select suitable workers and apply them to suitable tasks under the best possible conditions. For present purposes we may leave the Army alone. Lord Kitchener is the man to decide there. So far he has trusted to the voluntary system. If it fails he will be the first to know. The order for conscription must come from him and not from the Northcliffe Press. When Kitchener gives the word that he must ask for conscription the country will submit cheerfully.

THE munition problem is different and more difficult. For this we want factories and machinery, as well as men; and behind them must be an intricate system of raw material supply, transport, etc. It is useless to call out for men and women workers in munition supply if the factories are not ready for them. We cannot wait to build new factories, and so we must make full use of every existing premises adaptable to munition production.

HERE it is that a nationalising scheme will work. The Government has taken over or will take over every suitable factory. This should have been a cut-and-dried plan before the war. But we are making amends now, and if the State acts in a business-like way it can make splendid use of the country's facilities.

NEXT is the supply of workers, and this is the critical part of the whole affair. Firstly, skilled workers are needed. They must come back from the Army or elsewhere. To add to their numbers we next require to tap the vast field of semi-skilled labour. From the garages and small engineering concerns all over the country a vast army of men can be drawn who can soon be fitted into munition work, and to supplement them we have an unlimited supply of willing men and women to do the unskilled work.

SO far the real trouble with the best workers in the war supplies and allied industries is the suspicion that the employers and shareholders were earning abnormal profits whilst the men were overworked and exploited. To remedy it the State must for the term of the war nationalise the essential industries. Strikes and lock-outs will be criminal offences against the nation. Hours of work, rate of pay and scale of profit will be fixed by the State. Here you have a system which is not compulsory in the Prussian sense, and yet it provides that discipline which is necessary for a great national enterprise.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

The Sun And Clothes.

LONDON gasped, melted and sizzled in the heat of yesterday. I know nothing about the scientific figures, nor what the temperature actually was in the shade or out of it. But there was plenty of evidence in the West End that it was summer—the real thing—"flaming June" with a vengeance.

Man's Green Parasol.

THE sunny side of Bond-street was almost deserted; on the other side people jostled against each other, the women in white frocks, the men, except those in khaki, invariably straw-hatted. Light summer suits abounded, and I saw more than one man in "ducks." An elderly gentleman, obviously military, although in multi, carried a green parasol, and I envied him.

Black Straw Top Hat.

BUT I DIDN'T ENVY the other elderly gentleman, who wore a tall hat made of black straw. It was horrible. I remember someone a few seasons ago trying to introduce a white straw tall hat. This was bad enough, but the horror I saw yesterday was almost unbelievable.

Cool In A Black Mantilla.

I CAUGHT SIGHT OF Mrs. Despard, Sir John French's sister, in the Strand. She was hatless, but wore a black mantilla over her beautiful white hair, and she looked refreshingly cool and dignified.

How The Negro Took It.

IN HOLBORN in the afternoon I saw an old negro take off his hat—not to enjoy the genial warmth, but to mop his bald, black head.

Women In White.

WOMEN have been slow in bringing out white frocks this year, and it wasn't till Monday that they really blossomed out into billowy, gossamer things with open necks. The new fashion suits white very well, gives a sort of foamy effect, which reminds us of ice and things to put ice into, the swish of siphons; and "How like a man," I hear the women say.

Lord Wimborne's Recreation.

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of course, is not always in Ireland. A friend tells me Lord Wimborne was playing lawn tennis in the next court to him at Roehampton Club the other day. As Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, of course, he was a constant disciple of polo; and indeed it is just about a year ago that his English team gained such a splendid victory over the Americans. This man was gossiping to me about Lord Wimborne. He knew him at Cambridge when he was the Hon. Ivor Guest, and president of the University Carlton Club. He was always a great success in the chair at the club "Smokers," a position requiring a great deal of tact and diplomacy, especially towards the early hours of the morning! This is an impression of him on the courts. Hot work this weather.

Dinner In The Open Air.

MOST people who are fortunate enough to have gardens are dining in them. I dined with some friends in St. John's Wood on Monday under a chestnut tree hung with Chinese lanterns. Leaves, bits of stick, and insects fell into the soup, and the lamb was half cold; but it was great fun—and ever so peaceful.

German Music.

AFTER dinner, to the Queen's Hall, which was hotter than the St. John's Wood garden. But the concert was miraculous—miraculous, that is, in that the programme was solely composed of German music, including a symphony of Beethoven and one of Schubert, and that there was a good audience to listen to it. No, we are not good haters; we have too much sense. Fancy an all-Elgar or all-Sullivan programme in Berlin just now!

A Miserable Young Enemy.

IF I have ever had a spark of pity for a German it is for a young alien enemy who is housed at a certain concentration camp. He was born in Germany, brought to England when he was one year old, and was educated at English schools. Now he is twenty, and finds himself amongst compatriots with whom he can't speak a single word!

Warneford's Descent.

I HAVE found out something now about Reginald Warneford, the Zeppelin destroyer, on whom the King has bestowed the V.C. by wire. Unlike Nelson, he is not the son of a clergyman—but he is the descendant of a long line of parsons. Here is his male line of descent:—

Rev. Henry Warneford, rector of Freshford (flourished in the seventeenth century)—Rev. Richard Warneford, the Archdeacon of York—Rev. John Warneford, of Dorling—Rev. John Warneford, vicar of Llanellan and Domestic Chaplain to Lady Arden—Rev. Thomas Warneford, vicar of Sotley, Tow Law, Durham—Mr. E. W. H. Warneford—Reginald (of the Royal Naval Air Service).

It is only fitting that a man who made such a great ascent should have so long and honourable a descent.

The Man And The "Crisis."

THIS is the gentleman in regard to whom we are threatened with yet another political "crisis."

It is Mr. J. H. Campbell, K.C. Under the Coalition scheme he was to have had the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland, but the Nationalists have mobilised their fighting strength and say they won't have him, because he was so active during the Ulster campaign. The situation is a little awkward for the Prime Minister, who, I understand, has already given his word to the Unionists that Mr. Campbell shall have the job. Unless Mr. Campbell gracefully retires of his own accord, there is bound to be trouble. Personally, he is a very charming and an awfully learned man. He was Attorney-General for Ireland in the last Unionist Administration.



—(Barony.)

A Candid Critic.

MR. W. M. R. PRINGLE, the member for North West Lanark, is one of the men who are out to be candid critics of the new Coalition. There is a tradition that all the Pringles in Scotland descend from the "Peregrini," who came into Scotland centuries ago to build its noble abbeys. Like John Buchan and the lamented author of "The House with the Green Shutters," Mr. Pringle is a Glasgow University man. He did splendidly there, carrying out the Clark Scholarship and the Gladstone Prize for history, history being his strongest subject. He is a Lowland Scot, with a strong sense of humour.

Belgians In Khaki.

MONTHS ago I was able to tell you that the Belgian Army was going to be put into khaki. I saw two wounded Belgian officers in khaki yesterday, although, curiously enough, they were still wearing the old-fashioned dark caps.

His Pipe: Almost A Tragedy.

HERE'S a pretty little story, straight from an officer at the front. "I had a bit of luck," he writes, referring to the journey out, "for at one station I dropped my only pipe between the train and the platform, and as my only hope asked a porter to give it to our second trainload when it arrived. I never expected to see the pipe again, but on the boat one of the officers gave me my pipe, and in it I found a little note: 'Good luck to you, sir, from the porter.' Nice of him, wasn't it?"

Cornstalks!

SINCE THEIR ARRIVAL at Wellington Barracks the other day the Welsh Guards' badge—an attenuated leek on the cap—has become more familiar to Londoners. It is guesswork sometimes, though. "Look! They're the Australians!" said one Cockney to another in the Mall; "they've got cornstalks on their caps!"

Not Another Uniform!

WHY CAN'T members of Parliament leave us alone? "Us" means the special constables. Here is the member for Oldham wanting apparently to dress us up in some sort of a travesty of the constable's uniform—in this weather, too—and the Government "considering" the serving out of "special headgear." Some of us think that what with volunteers and what with Red Cross units there is quite enough "dressing-up" already. We are doing our best at it; we don't want to be turned into "comic opera coppers." Hasn't Parliament anything else to attend to?

The Man Who Had To Wait.

IN a certain camp is a man who was unable for over a week to obtain a uniform owing to his huge size. The Army regulation forbade him leaving the precincts, save "out of mufti," so the unfortunate one had perforce to possess himself in patience.

The Works Moving.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is putting in some hard work for our Allies. Yesterday he had with him for two hours the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, two of his staff, Sir Vincent Caillard (a director of Vickers), and several of our chief staff officers. It is understood that the provision of munitions of war for Russia was under discussion.

The Wrong Uniform.

THERE is at least one wealthy lady in London who does not fully realise that we are at war. I saw her yesterday in Pall Mall riding in her Rolls-Royce. Not satisfied with one chauffeur, she had two—both young, and wearing smart summer uniforms. There should be no flunkeys in war time.

Where Men Are Useful.

THE girl railway official habit is likely to spread, I am told. Maiden Vale having made the experiment, it is likely that all the tubes will be so manned, or, rather, "womanned." But the actual train staff will still consist of men. Not that girls could not announce the stations and open the gates, but the late night traffic is sometimes a little "difficult," and the companies generally place their most able-bodied men in charge of the trains run "just after the houses close."

Hard On Cooks.

I HAVE just heard some rather grave news. It appears that there are no bachelors in the City of London Police Force. They have all enlisted. This will be sad tidings to many an aspiring cook. Let them take heart, however. There will be great rejoicings—and great mutton pies—in the kitchens of London when Bobby comes marching home again.

"Gamblers All."

MISS HILDA MOORE, who will appear to-night in Mrs. Martindale's four-act play at Wyndham's Theatre, "Gamblers All," is a young actress who has come to the fore during the past few years in a style of part that she has made all her own. She is tall and dark, with a very distinct personality. Perhaps her most striking success was at the St. James's Theatre, when she succeeded Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the most unpleasant "poisoness" in "Bella Donna." Miss Moore has acted with Charles Hawtrey in several of his plays, and recently appeared with Gerald du Maurier in the revival of "Raffles." Although she has usually had to portray women of an unattractive type—in fact, she is a favourite female "villain"—Miss Moore herself is a most charming and, needless to say, quite unvillainous person.



—(Hoppé.)

Baccarat In Bohemia.

RECENT GAMING RAIDS have identified Mayfair with baccarat parties, but I hear that the purlieus of Soho know the game quite as well, too. Actors and other persons of a Bohemian type find *chemin de fer* just as engrossing as anyone else. One, to my knowledge, won £25 the other Sunday.

An "Occident."

"HER VOICE, with its quaint, Occidental quality, quite won over her audience." Thus a jaunty journalist in a popular contemporary of Mme. Tamaki Miura, the Japanese prima donna. Quite an "Occident," no doubt. Unless they have rechristened it the "Land of the Setting Sun."

"Silly Meddlings."

YOU know my views on the "White Feather" girls. Now listen to this letter from a woman reader:—

Re "Girls' Silly Meddlings," allow me to quote the words spoken to me by an officer:—"If I were a civilian, and a girl gave me a white feather, I should have her arrested." I am a patriotic Englishwoman, but I should be ashamed to show it by presenting, indiscriminately, white feathers to men who, in most cases, have done, or are doing, their bit. Surely girls can show their patriotism in better and more useful ways than by resorting to such utterly senseless methods.

Military Lecture In Theatre.

THE series of lectures to be given by Colonel Maude, C.B., the military expert, at the Shaftesbury on "certain interesting and little-known phases of the war" is no novelty for this theatre. I remember some few months ago, when Mr. Benson was running "Henry V.," General Sir Francis Lloyd, in khaki, and displaying a picturesque collection of medal ribbons, stepped on to the stage, and made a most eloquent recruiting appeal.

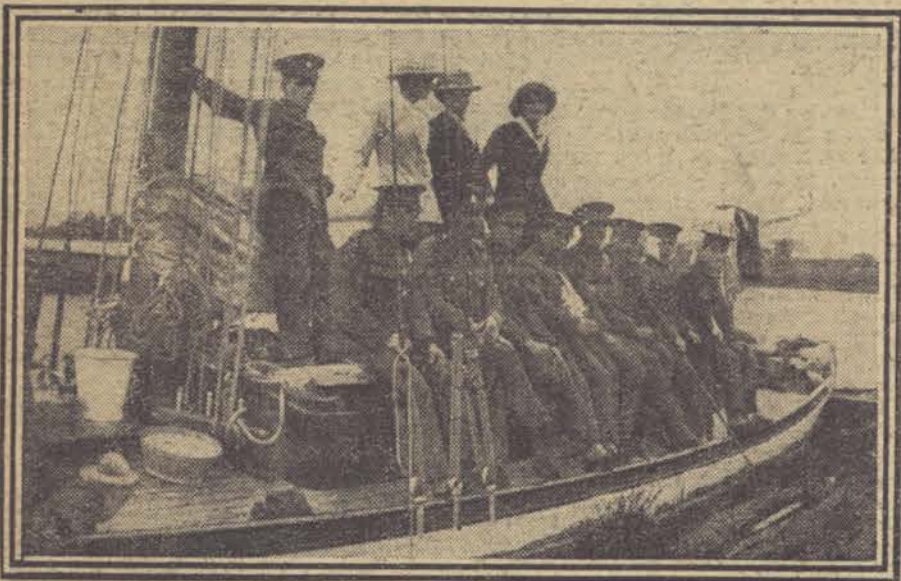
MR. COSSIP.

THEY ARE NO WEAKLINGS.



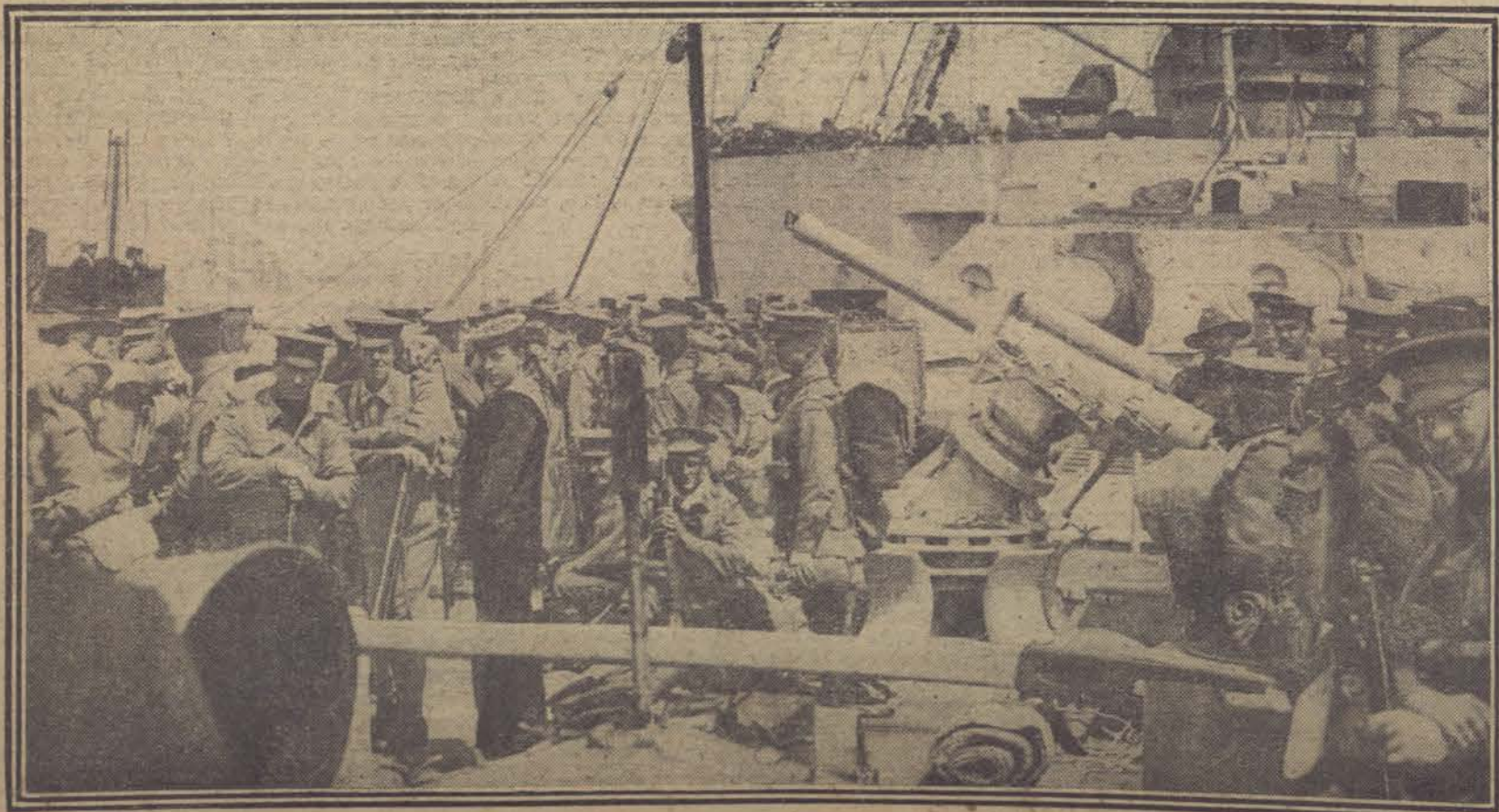
Our new soldiers are no weaklings. This recruit of the Kensington Rifles (13th County of London Territorials) gives an ocular demonstration of the fact. He can support three of his comrades with ease.

A WATERWAY TO CONVALESCENCE.



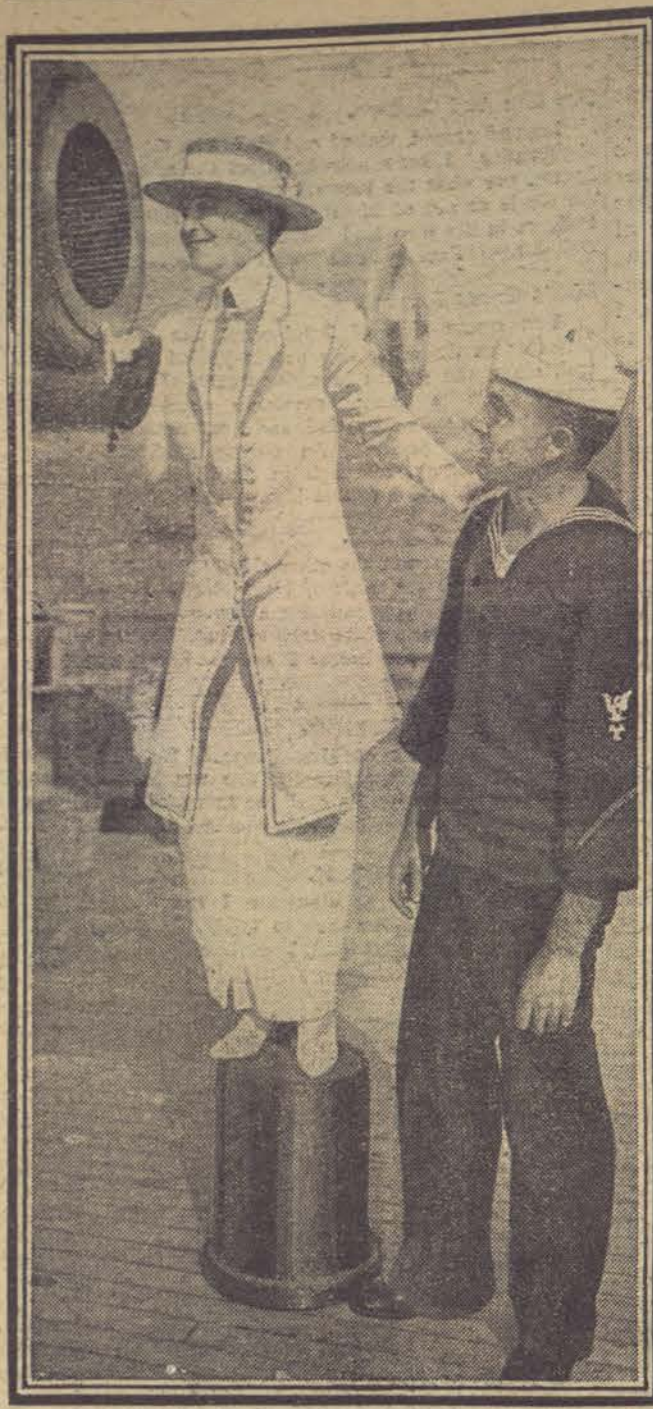
Wounded Tommies find a jaunt on a wherry down the breezy waters of the Norfolk Broads a pleasant aid to convalescence.

BRITISH BOYS IN KHAKI AND BLUE WHO ARE ON THE TRACK OF THE SULTAN.



Australians and bluejackets on one of the ships in the Dardanelles. The Sultan is being urged to fly while there is yet time, for his German advisers recognise that the Turkish capital is in danger. "The British are coming." is the cry that shakes the confidence of Constantinople.

AMERICA'S BIG GUN.



Mrs. Grenville F. Waterberry peeps into the muzzle of a 12-inch gun on the American flagship Wyoming. The big gun may yet speak to Germany.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

THERE'S NOT



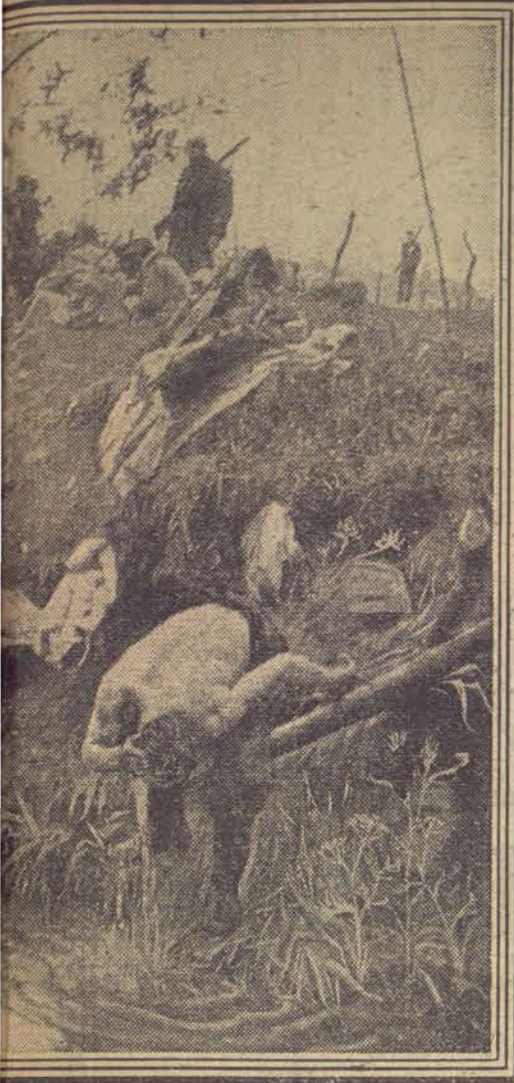
A good wash in one of the streams that turn

HE STARTED THE WAR.



Wogo Tancositsch, the man who hatched the plot for the assassination of Prince Ferdinand, which started the war. He is now a Serbian officer.

ING LIKE WATER.



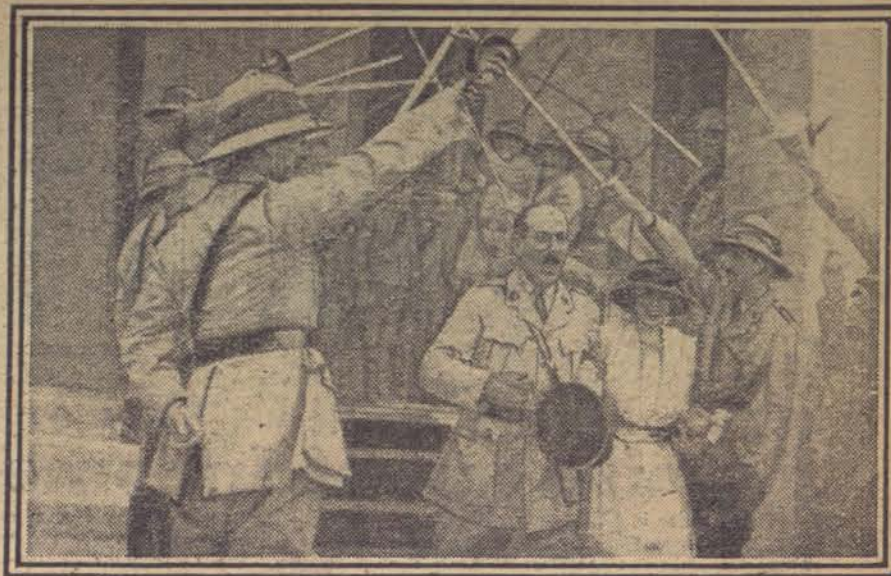
ow behind the firing-line is a fine tonic after a
n the trenches.

BABY'S SYMPATHY.



A pretty snapshot taken yesterday in one of our London parks.
The heat wave was responsible for the baby's sympathy—and
the picture

A WAR WEDDING IN CAIRO.



Captain R. W. Oppenheim, adjutant of the 1st Westminster Dragoons, leaving the
garrison church, Abassie, Cairo, with his bride, Lady Girouard. Lord Howard de
Walden is the officer on the left.

SMILING BRIDEGROOM OF THE SCOTTISH HORSE.



Another military wedding took place yesterday in London, when Mr. T. R. C. Cowan,
of the Scottish Horse, was married to Miss Gillian Lee Warner. The bridal pair
leaving St. Mary's, Bryanston-square.

MARIE LOHR AS A NUN.

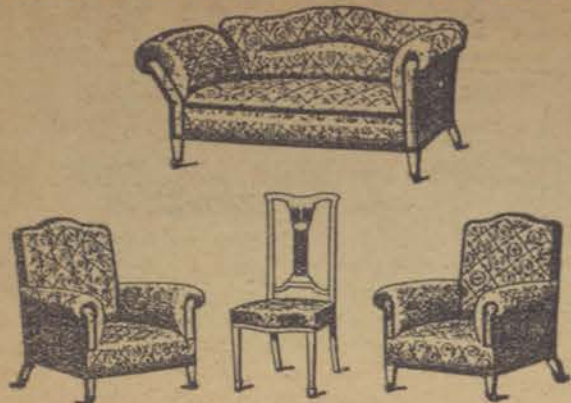


Marie Lohr as Sister Saint Marie-Odile in
"Marie-Odile," produced last night at His
Majesty's Theatre.—(Eoulsham and
Banfield.)

GERMAN VANDALS TAKE THE TOMBSTONES OF THE DEAD TO BUILD THEIR TRENCHES.



The German war-gospel holds nothing sacred. During their operations in Poland the Huns, not content with desecrating the altars and demolishing the
churches, rifled the graveyards of the very tombstones, which they used in the construction of their trenches.



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WIMBLEDON, S.W.—8, Meriton Road, Broadway.
HOLLOWAY, N.—49-51, Seven Sisters Road.
CHISWICK, W.—58, High Road.
NORTHAMPTON—27, Abington St.

STRATFORD, E.—196-8, The Grove
LEICESTER—18, High Street and 13, Silver Street.
SOUTHEND ON SEA—195-7 Broadway, High St., and Queen's Rd.
DERBY—11, London Road.
BRISTOL—48, Castle Street, & Tower Hill.
SHEFFIELD—101-103, The Moor.
COVENTRY—9 & 10, Burges.
WOLVERHAMPTON—35, Dudley Street and 13, Central Arcade.

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Don't Let Summer Heat Ruin Your Complexion!

THE SUN is responsible for many ruined skins and complexions. Whether the annoyance takes the form of Tan, Freckles, or Chafe, it can now be speedily removed, and, in fact, warded off by the regular use of that wonderful new Face Cream—Ven-Yusa



Ven-Yusa is specially prepared as a sort of balancing influence which every lady should take advantage of in order to prevent the skin from losing its velvety softness and from becoming dry and irritable during the trying summer season.

Ven-Yusa is not only most cooling and refreshing because of the purifying oxygen which it contains, but it counteracts any excessive perspiration and keeps the skin from acquiring an unpleasant greasy or shiny appearance.

After a round of golf, a game of tennis, or a spin up the river Ven-Yusa is not only delightful, but absolutely necessary to the lady who would preserve her skin's beauty and youthful appearance.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream (Non-Greasy).

Ven-Yusa has rapidly won the favour of ladies of refinement and discrimination. It is an ingeniously contrived non-greasy preparation of exceptional purity. 1/- per jar of all Chemists, Stores, and Perfumers, or direct by post from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.



Are you Worried about Baby?

How to Feed Baby is often a great worry to mothers who are unable to nurse their babies themselves. Ordinary cow's milk—however prepared at home—is not a suitable substitute for the mother's milk. It is acid in reaction, contains harmful germs and forms dense curds in the stomach that cannot be digested. Decide to use the 'Allenburys' Foods which are the only series of Foods scientifically adapted to the growing requirements of the child. You will be delighted when you see how well your baby thrives on this Method of Infant Feeding. The 'Allenburys' Foods are free from all dangerous organisms; they are portable, being in powder form and packed in sealed tins. The Milk Foods Nos. 1 and 2 require the addition of hot water only to prepare them for use.

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CRITERION. Tel. Ger. 5344. At 3 and 9, MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILARYS". At 2.30 and 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers". Mat. (both plays), Weds. and Sat.

DAILY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production. **BETTY.** TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee Sat., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

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

GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. Matinee To-day at 2.30. **MIS LAURETTE TAYLOR** in "PEG O' MY HEART". Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. Sir Herbert Tree will produce.

MARIE ODILE. By Edward Knoblauch. The scene is laid in a Convent in the Mountains. **MARIE LOHR.** **BASIL GILL.** Helen Hays. A. E. George. Mollie Hylton. O. B. Clarence. **FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, June 12, at 2.30,** and every following Wednesday and Saturday. Box-offices 10 to 10. Tel., Gerrard 1777.

LYRIC. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.15. "ON TRIAL." **MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.**

NEW. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY. TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. **MATINEE TO-DAY and WED. and SAT., at 2.30.** ARMAGEDDON, by Stephen Phillips.

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

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

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

SAVOY. MR. H. B. IRVING. To-day at 3 and 8.45, in "The Angel in the House," by Edouard Philpote and Mardouald Hastings. At 2.30 and 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR. DAILY, 2.30, THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. NIGHTLY at 8.—BRITONS' DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN. TO-DAY at 2 and 8. **MATINEES, WEDS., at 2.** Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. **ALFRED LESTER** "ALWAYS Merry and Bright." Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 6666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8. **JULIA NEILSON** and **FRED TERRY.** Matinee Every Wed and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE. **ARTHUR BOURCHIER.** FRIDAY NEXT, at 8.30 (other evenings 8.45), in "THE GREEN FLAG," by Keble Howard. Also **CONSTANCE COLLIER.** **LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.** At 8 (other evenings 8.15), "April Fools." Matinee Wed. and Sat., at 2.30, commencing June 16.

WYNDHAM'S. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. **GERALD du MAURIER** and **LEWIS WALLER** in "GAMBLERS ALL." First Matinee Saturday Next, at 2.30.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard" (new version). **GABY DESLVS,** Harry Plooy, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renee Gratz, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and **ROBERT HALE.** Revue, 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee Every Saturday, 2.30. (Reduced Prices).

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. **PHYLLIS DARE,** **ETHEL IRVING** and CO. in "THE CALL." **GEORGE ROBEY,** **RINALDO,** **JULIEN HENRY** and CO., **JACK PLEASANTS,** 4 SWIFTS, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.35. **MATINEE, Sat., 2.15.** **GEORGE GRAVES,** **ETHEL LEVEY,** **JOSEPH COYNE.** Dorothy Minko, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedella, Lupino Lane, etc. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

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

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

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

PALLADIUM.—8.10 and 9.0. Matinees, Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. **ZONA VEVEY** and **MAX ERARD,** **GEO. ROBEY,** **BILLY MERSON,** **ELLA RETFORD,** **ALBERT WHELAN,** **CLARICE MAYNE** and "THAT." **BABY LANGLEY & SISTERS,** **LEO STORMONT & CO.,** etc.

EXHIBITIONS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street Station. Heroes of the War on Sea and Land. Unique Relics from the Battlefields, including an Iron Cross, Zeppelin Raid on London, Incendiary Bomb on view. Lectures Daily. Free Cinematograph Performances. Open 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

HEALTH RESORTS.

A BEAUTIFUL Holiday Guide to Southport post free from Town Clerk, 39, Town Hall, Sale Sea Bathing Lake.

BUXTON.—the "cure" for Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. Radio-active Waters. All Continental Spa Treatments available. Golf, Tennis, Boating, etc. Theatres and Concerts. Guide Free.—**SECRETARY,** Information Dept., Y., Buxton.

CAMPING.—Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review Free.—**K. PATTIE,** The Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick.

MONEY TO LEND.

LOANS granted daily on Note of Hand; repayments 6d. in £1. Actual lender, M. D. Benjamin, 89, Clapham-rd., S.W. **£5 TO £5,000** Lent; interest, 1s. 6. Special-Ladies' Dept.—Call or write B. S. LYLE, Ltd., 89, New Oxford-st., W.

£5 TO £3,000 on Note of Hand in a few hours, no sureties; easy payments.—**ARTHUR G. WHITEMAN,** 229, Sovereigns-road, Finsbury Park, N. Distance no object.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

SMART Respectable Boy wanted for office. Apply, stating age and wages required, to Box 10 Daily Sketch, 45-47, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

Trust the "Skipper"

Though you don't see his smiling face in the papers, because the demand for Skipper (Norwegian) Sardines exceeds the supply, you will find the dainty little fish stocked by all good grocers. They are ideal "war-time" fare—delicious, nutritious, and inexpensive; ready to serve at any meal, and welcome under all conditions. But they must be

Skipper Sardines

(Norwegian)

ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED

Very Painful. Decidedly Unsightly. Caused Loss of Sleep. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Effected Cure.

1, Talbot St., Stourbridge, Worcester, Eng.—"I had suffered from skin trouble since a child. It finally developed into eczema. It was very painful, burnt and itched severely. It was decidedly unsightly. It caused me great irritation in the daytime and loss of sleep at night. A friend suggested using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After a few washes with the Soap and applications of the Ointment I experienced a great soothing. Cuticura Soap and Ointment effected a permanent cure." (Signed) Mrs. M. R. Bourne, Aug. 15, 1914.



Sample Each Free by Post

With 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse sq., London. Sold throughout the world.

The Sports and Seaside SHOE

Dr. HOGYES Hygienic Rubber Shoe far surpasses the Ordinary Rubber Shoe. Having an asbestos insole, it cannot draw heat, or blister the feet. Perfectly flexible, smart shape, the ideal shoe for keeping the foot cool and comfortable. Try a pair for sports, or seaside.

	Children's Maids & Boys	Ladies & Gents
White	4 to 9 2/0	10 to 12 2/9
Grey	2/5	2/9
Brown	2/6	3/0

Post free. Abroad extra.

DON'T BUY ONE OF THESE

MAKE IT AT HOME
Sets of underworks ready to fix. Rubber Tyre Wheels, Axles and Fittings, Brackets, Cranks, Pedals, Chain Wheels, Chain, Spring System, Steering complete. Practical, Smart, Ingenious—not a rubbishy toy. Per Set, complete, 15/9. With Diagram and Bolts, 16/9. Diagram only, 6d. (complete details for building). Rubber Tyred Wire Wheels, complete with Axle, Brass Caps and Fittings, 1/9 per pair. Pram Tyres to fit at home, 1/3 pair, post free. Price Lists free. Phone Hop 2329 (Dept. P.)

THE WHEEL WORKS, 65, New Kent Rd., London.
(Est. 1860.) 8.30 till 6.30; Saturdays 1 o'clock.

Child's Pedal Motor.

W. J. HARRIS & Co. Ltd.
The MASCOT. Complete with OVER-END APRON. 49/6

Wired on tyres. Carriage Paid. Crate free. No extras whatever. All Kinds on Easy Terms.

Catalogue No. 6 Post Free.

51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.
323, EDGWARE RD., W.; 59, WOODGRANGE RD., FOREST GATE, E.

663, GREEN LANE, HARRINGAY, N.; & Numerous Branches.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH (OLD BOUGHT). We pay highest bona-fide prices. No deduction. On Vulcanite up to 6s. per tooth; Silver 10s. 6d.; Gold 14s.; Platinum £1 15s. Immediate cash or offer. Call or post, mentioning *Daily Sketch*.—**MESSRS. PAGET, THE LEADING FIRM, 219, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. ESTABLISHED 150 years.**

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post; utmost value per return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-street, London. Estbd. 100 years.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.
FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; list free; combing purchased.—**J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.**

GASLIGHT POST CARDS, 20 5/6d., 50 8d., 100 1s. 3d. Photo Papers and Developers half-price. Enlarging from photo, 6d. Catalogue samples free. Works, July-road, Liverpool.

After The Twenties: Frocks For The "Summer Woman."

"ONE is always hearing of the Summer Girl," complained a woman in her late thirties, "but what about the Summer Woman? Isn't she supposed to have any existence at all?"

The grumbler has reason on her side. The 'teens and twenties can get very charmingly through a summer with a few well-washed muslins, but the older woman, who feels the heat just as much as they do, and is just as anxious to look nice, hesitates to adopt this simple scheme for fear of emphasising her own maturity or being accused of "trying to look young," and she seldom gets any advice about her warm-weather wardrobe.

Avoid The Kittenish.

Women can wear white and delicate colours longer now than formerly, because they take greater care of their figures and complexities than their grandmothers did of theirs. The Parisienne of any age is always able to wear dainty white lingerie collars, chiefly because she doesn't neglect her skin. The summer woman's frock, however, must be cut on different lines from those of the girl. They must not suggest negligence.

How Paris Serves Maturity.

A girl may achieve success merely because she looks "a good sport." The woman of thirty-something is expected to suggest that she is more than that.

Her summer gowns should not look as though they were too easily put on.

The costume in the sketch is an excellent example of how cleverly



A coat of white linen worn with a black, white and green checked linen dress.

Paris serves the summer woman. It could be cool enough for the tropics, yet there is no hint of inappropriate kittenishness, no suggestion of the tom-boy. The small hat with a matching parasol are a wiser choice for most women than a sweeping girlish hat.

Cool Schemes For Taffeta.

Very attractive taffeta frocks are being made for town wear on hot days. The taffeta is cut away very much on the sides to show transparent sleeves of tulle. These frocks are cooler (and look cooler, which is perhaps more important) than many fussy muslins.

Suitable Fabrics.

Foulard is both chic and comfortable in summer, and is economical in that it is opaque and so does not demand that several layers of fresh lace and chiffon must be arranged for underneath it. Always, of course, there must be the neat cut of lingerie or net at the throat and wrists to give the note of freshness.

Shantung and tussore are among the fabrics that serve for all ages and never become "common," no matter how much they are exploited in cheap styles, and there are no better "stand-bys" for the summer woman.

S. H.

A Chance For Every Needlewoman: £1,000 In Prizes.

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

All the work sent in will be exhibited, after the prizes have been awarded, in a suitable hall in London, and, except in cases where the competitor desires its return, will be sold in aid of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association. A charge will be made to visitors to the exhibition, so that all competitors, whether their work is sold or not, will be helping the wounded to some extent. It is hoped, however, that as many as can will give their work to the cause. At present the proportion of competitors who wish their work to be returned is very small.

Send For An Entrance Form.

All who wish to enter must send a large stamped and self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full particulars and an entrance form.

Unless this rule regarding the stamped envelope be followed, no notice can be taken of the application, or of subsequent inquiries.

Those returning forms for registration should write "Needlework Dept." outside the envelope. Thirty-three classes have been arranged, so that every competitor may send in her best work, and those who have little to spend on materials may stand an equal chance of being prize-winners with those who can afford to do expensive work, such as church embroidery.

The classes are as follows:—

- 1) Church embroidery.
- 2) Embroidered bedspread.
- 3) Chair seat cover in petit point or gros point.
- 4) Drawn thread work tea-cloth.
- 5) Cut work tea-cloth.
- 6) Fillet or crochet border for tea-cloth a yard square.
- 7) Crochet corners for tea-cloth (4).
- 8) Crochet chair back.

- 9) Embroidered and initialled handkerchief.
- 10) Lingerie blouse (no lace to be used).
- 11) Set of embroidered lingerie (no lace to be used), consisting of chemise, knickers, camisole and nightgown.
- 12) Hand-made lace collar.
- 13) Sofa back in linen appliqué.
- 14) Casement blind in darned net.
- 15) Cushion cover in coloured embroidery.
- 16) Embroidered panel for fire screen.
- 17) Portière in Old English embroidery.
- 18) Footstool cover in tapestry work.
- 19) Embroidered house-gown.
- 20) Embroidered and painted picture.
- 21) Painted dessert d'oyleys (set of 6).
- 22) Doll dressed as a child.
- 23) Doll dressed in character.
- 24) Theatre bag in bead work.
- 25) Lady's dressing gown, material not to cost more than 10s.
- 26) Set of first garments for an infant. Ease in washing and putting on to be taken into account.
- 27) Knitted sports coat, wool.
- 28) Smock to fit a boy of three.
- 29) Spray of silk or satin flowers, suitable for decoration of evening gown.
- 30) Set of 6 artistically threaded bead chains.
- 31) Work basket in bass work.
- 32) Set of buttons.

For Girls under Fifteen—

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

For Boys under Nine—

- Class 33e. Best piece of stitching.

COUPON for
DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

HAIR BEAUTY FREE TO ALL!

Will You Accept This Triple "Hair Drill" Gift to make Your Hair Luxuriant and Abundant.

HOW TO STOP ALL HAIR AND SCALP TROUBLES.

Nine out of every ten men and women in this world suffer from hair troubles of some sort or another, and provided the simple but scientific plan recommended here is carefully followed, there is no reason why these nine men or women should not regain all the hair beauty and abundance that they desire.

If you will only accept the generous offer made here, and test for yourself the scientific "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of growing hair, you will find that no matter whether you are troubled with:—

1. Scurf or dandruff.
2. Loss of colour and lustre.
3. Hair thinning at the temples.
4. Over-greasiness of the scalp.
5. Over-dryness of the scalp.
6. Splitting hair.
7. Total or partial baldness—

you will be able to regain all your lost hair beauty and possess an abundance of healthy hair that will keep you always looking young.

More particularly now than at any time does the hair require attention, and, as the inventor of "Har-



Write for this FREE



Why should you longer worry about the condition of your hair? This free gift will enable you to commence a home course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" and so regain all the natural healthy abundance of hair that should be yours.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" points out, the longer you neglect your hair trouble, the more difficult it is to restore it to its natural beautiful condition of healthy, lustrous abundance.

THIS IS YOUR HAIR BEAUTY GIFT.

To test exactly what "Harlene Hair Drill" will do in your case, post the coupon below and you will receive:—

1. A liberal trial bottle of "Harlene" for the hair—the wonderful hair- tonic stimulant.
2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest hair cleanser in the world.
3. A free book, scientifically yet simply written, explaining how to carry out the "Harlene Hair Drill" method.

When you have yourself been completely convinced of the splendid hair-growing properties of "Harlene" and the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method you may always obtain further supplies of everything necessary to continue your hair-growing plan from your chemist. "Harlene" is sold at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 packets, single packets 2d. These may also be obtained post free to any address in the British Isles direct on remittance from Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Foreign postage extra.

POST THE SPECIAL "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" GIFT FORM TO-DAY

To Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.
Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Daily Sketch, 9/5/15.

NINETY IN THE SHADE.

Cromer Four Degrees Warmer Than London Yesterday.

PEOPLE WHO WANT RAIN.

The Censor does not like us to say much about the weather, because forecasts and things like that help the Zeppelins to choose favourable nights for baby-killing; but he does not mind you knowing that yesterday was one of the hottest days since that grilling gorgeous summer of 1911.

London is usually the hottest place in the Kingdom when heat waves are about, but yesterday Cromer achieved the record with 90 in the shade against London's 85. This is the official score compiled by the Clerk of the Weather:—

	Hours of Bright Sunshine.	Temp. Degrees.
Cromer	12.1	90
Margate	8.3	88
Skegness	11.2	87
London	11.0	86
Southend	7.7	85
Tunbridge Wells	10.1	82
Dover	8.8	82
Ramsgate	7.1	81
Leamington	12.7	80

Already the farmers and suburban gardeners are crying out for rain.

"English fruit will be very plentiful this season," said a well-known fruit grower to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday.

"Death from syncope due to a heat stroke" was yesterday's verdict at Cardiff on Elizabeth Stecqueler (51), wife of a master weaver.

A PLAY THAT MAY OFFEND.

The Story Of "Marie-Odile," Produced At His Majesty's Last Night.

After the war-play, the war-baby-play. It was inevitable, and it duly turned up last night at His Majesty's Theatre. A successful dramatist, Edward Knoblauch, had written it, and it was called "Marie-Odile."

The play lasted for three acts, in the course of which amazingly little occurred. It just deals with the visit of "the enemy" to a convent, the flight of all the nuns except one novice, Marie-Odile, familiar debauches with the convent wine and sacrilegious pranks with the sacred vestments, and a love affair between Marie and a nameless corporal with an ethereal profile.

Months pass, peace is declared, and the nuns return. Marie-Odile is still at the convent, but no longer alone. So innocent is she that she refers to the contents of the cradle as a miracle, a mystery, and a surprise. The nuns, led by a glacial Mother Superior, are shocked, and Marie is turned out into the world with a sum of money and her own assurances that she and her baby will not suffer.

What might have been a pretty play at other times becomes in this case a tedious piece of conventional emotionalism. Moreover, it contains points likely to offend several people.

To an audience of sentimental pagans it might make a strong appeal. Tact, which was lacking in the religious portions, was displayed otherwise to the extent of dressing the invading soldiers, drunk and hoarse of voice, in French uniforms.

The American version was different, but to offend one's friends rather than an enemy is an important point of belief in some sections of the community. Miss Marie Lohr was Marie-Odile, and on one else mattered much.

THREE TROOPERS DROWNED.

Three men of the Scottish Horse (the Marquis of Tullibardine's regiment) were drowned at Chapel St. Leonards, a seaside village seven miles north of Skegness, Lincolnshire, yesterday.

A squadron was on bathing parade, and about twenty were disporting themselves in the hot sun on a sandbank unaware of the fast flowing tide. On returning they all found themselves out of their depth.

Several were got ashore in a very exhausted condition, and artificial respiration had to be resorted to in four cases, but only one came round. The dead are Corporal Millie and Troopers Maconachie and Simpson. Three others are in hospital in a serious condition.

Next Tuesday at 11 the Lusitania inquiry opens in Central Hall, Westminster. No tickets of admission are necessary.

Taunton, Cardiff, and Carlisle town councils yesterday passed resolutions deprecating the attacks on Lord Kitchener, and expressing absolute confidence in him.

ACID FAT REDUCERS ARE DANGEROUS.

AN EXPERT OPINION.

"The reduction of superfluous fat by means of introducing acid into the system is recognised by medical experts as distinctly harmful, yet it is the secret process of many well-known treatments. In fact, the writer only knows of one exception, and this treatment is applied externally. It has, however, been wonderfully successful, in many cases reducing weight to the astonishing extent of twenty-three pounds in fourteen days. Here is the prescription for the benefit of those interested. Purchase one dram of quassa chips from your chemist, also three ounces of cirola bark extract. Pour a cupful of boiling water over the chips, and let them stand in it for a minute, then strain the liquid through a cloth, and add to it the cirola bark extract. When well mixed the lotion should be rubbed freely into the skin for ten minutes night and morning wherever fat exists, so that it is thoroughly absorbed. After a few applications it will begin to dissolve the fat tissue underneath, and so increase the elasticity of the outer skin that it will be left perfectly smooth.

OMAR KHAYYAM—VERY MUCH UP-TO-DATE.



"How sweet is mortal Sovereignty"—think some: Others—"How blest the Paradise to come!"



Ab! take the cash in hand and waive the rest: Oh! the brave music of a distant gun!



With me along some strip of herbage strown That just divides the desert from the sown.



Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough A flask of wine, a Book of Verse—& Thou Beside me singing in the wilderness— And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

STOCK EXCHANGE DULL AGAIN.

War Munitions Firm Announces Substantial Dividend.

Arrangements have been concluded for the issue of £5,000,000 New South Wales Government 4½ per cent. Debentures repayable 1922-27. The price of issue, we believe, will be 99½ per cent., and there will be an option of conversion into stock, thus making the loan eligible for trustees.

Stock Exchange business yesterday remained on a very small scale, but there was a little activity amongst several low-priced mining shares.

Brazilian Traction shares remained firm, and there was no further decline in Underground Electric Income Bonds. American securities were easier, and Canadian Pacific shares fell to 161. There were dealings in Grand Trunk Railway Notes at 1½ discount.

J. Lyons shares were inclined to be dull, it being reported that the company is about to increase its capital to the extent of £350,000.

The Kings Norton Metal Company, which is largely employed in the manufacture of munitions, announces that the dividend for the past year will be 12½ per cent., compared with 7 per cent. in 1913, when the profits were £37,000 compared with £131,000 last year. A special reserve of £50,000 has been created for buildings and plant for war purposes.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American 4½ to 2½ up; Egyptian 4 to 5 up.

OUR APOLOGIES ARE DUE.

We regret that our acknowledgment of 10s. sent by the Tap Room Lads at the Railway Hotel, Littleborough, on June 1, was not quite to their liking, but we trust they will bear in mind that even the *Daily Sketch* is not faultless.

To-day's subscription list is as follows:—
 £1 1s.—L. F. Bellast; Mrs. Freedman, Hotel Cecil, London.
 £1.—H. Turpin, Maryboro', 15a, 3d.—Barrell Mill Dept., London Small Arms, London (4th cont.), 10s.—Card, A. B. York (4th cont.); Tommaso Friends, Colne (42nd cont.), 8s. 10d.—Staff, Coburn and Co., London, per Sergeant Watts (5th cont.), 5s.—Four Little Goodwins, W. Kirkby, Ash Ville, Ashton-under-Lyne; D. McFarlane, Great Crossly, 2s.—Masters E. Baron and F. Tyler, Kennington; May Dennett, Carlisle; Mrs. Holdship, W. Bromwich, 1s. 6d.—Sunbeam, 1s.—Erith Reader.

A useful addition to the growing number of books dealing with aspects of the cancer problem is made by the publication of "The Prevention and Treatment of Cancer" by the Medical Association for the Reduction and Prevention of Cancer. The author is Dr. Robert Bell, M.D., F.R.S.

CASUALTIES STILL IN THOUSANDS.

Scottish And Irish Regiments Again Figure Prominently.

The casualties among warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Expeditionary Force under date May 23, and of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force under various dates, which are published to-day total 2,692.

Under date May 23.

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE.

Killed	290
Died of wounds	49
Died of gas poisoning	1
Died	4
Wounded	1,610
Wounded and suffering from gas poisoning	5
Suffering from gas poisoning	12
Wounded and missing	8
Missing believed killed	4
Missing	22
Unofficially reported died as prisoners of war	2

MEDITERRANEAN FORCE UNDER VARIOUS DATES

Killed	38
Died of wounds	33
Accidentally killed	1
Wounded	470
Wounded and missing	1
Missing	42

A CONTESTED BY-ELECTION.

Two candidates were yesterday nominated for the College Green Division of Dublin.

The official Nationalist candidate is Mr. John D. Nugent, secretary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and he is opposed by Mr. Thomas Farren, president of Dublin Trades Council, who is the official Labour candidate.

Mr. J. M. C. Briscoe had threatened to stand as an Independent Nationalist, but withdrew at the last moment.

Polling takes place on Friday. There are 9,100 voters in the division, which has a strong Labour element.

MARKET MOVEMENTS.

THE NEW DERBY.—11 to 10 Pommern (t and o), 100 to 12 Vaucluse (t and o), 100 to 8 Let Fly (t and o), 100 to 8 Le Mellor (t and o).

DESMOND (Wanted)—*10 11 3 3 19—23 15 11 26 18 4 13 16 9-9 7 19 3 18 11 15 9 13

'BURN LESS COAL.'

Patriotic Duty That Coincides With High Prices.

That it is the patriotic duty of the public to economise in their use of coal is one of the recommendations of the departmental committee inquiring into our fuel supply.

With coal at its present prices, inclination will be the spur to duty.

The recommendation is prompted by the shortage in colliery production due to the fact that up to the end of February 191,170 miners had enlisted, with the result that there was a net decrease in the number of pit workers of 134,186, and output of 3,044,320 tons, or 13½ per cent.

If further labour is withdrawn from the mines the committee declare that the output will be so reduced as seriously to affect the industrial position, and they suggest that the question of whether recruiting among miners should be further encouraged should be considered.

THREE NEUTRAL SHIPS SUNK.

Belgian Steamer And 17 Lives Lost Off Margate.

As the result of the sinking off Margate yesterday, by a German submarine, of the Antwerp steamer Menapier 17 lives are reported to have been lost.

The vessel, which was of 1,886 tons and was bound from Algiers to Middlesbrough with iron ore, was torpedoed about 3½ miles off the North Foreland, and sank in half a minute.

Two officers and six men escaped. Among the lost are the captain, his wife and daughter and the pilot.

Three more Norwegian vessels were yesterday reported destroyed. They were:—

Glittertund (717 tons), steamer, of Christiania, torpedoed off Whitby; crew picked up.
 Superb (1,393 tons), barque, shelled by U4 50 miles west of Fastnet; crew landed.
 Trudvang (1,040 tons), steamer, of Bergen, sunk off Welsh coast; crew picked up.

Another Hull trawler, the Pentland, has been destroyed by the pirates. The crew was rescued. So was the crew of the Grimsby trawler Saturn, sunk off Spurn by U18.

The French barquentine La Liberté was shelled and sunk by a German submarine yesterday. The crew of 11 was landed at Milford.

OPERA HOUSE DOORS SHUT.

Last-Minute Abandonment Sends Waiting Audience Away.

The sudden illness of M. Vladimir Rosing, who was billed for the chief rôle in the Russian opera "Pikovaya Dama," necessitated the abandonment of that performance at the London Opera House, Kingsway, a quarter of an hour before the curtain was to have risen last night.

A number of people had been admitted to the gallery, and queues awaited admittance at other doors when a notice was posted outside expressing the regret of the management that owing to the illness of M. Vladimir Rosing the Opera House would not be open that night, and apologising to intending visitors for the inconvenience to which they had been put to attend.

M. Vladimir Rosing was, the *Daily Sketch* learns, able to be present at the theatre during the afternoon superintending the final arrangements for the production.

It is announced that the theatre will reopen on Saturday with "Carmen."

Captain Horace Wyndham has just written and published through Eveleigh Nash a handy little vade mecum for soldiers about to go to the front. It is called "Soldiers on Service," and compresses many useful hints into very small compass.

HOW TO END ALL STOMACH MISERY.

Some Good Advice by a Physician.

Here in England, where our damp climate compels us to eat heavy foods in order to keep our bodies warm, nearly everyone suffers with some form of stomach trouble. Many people take a little magnesia or pepsin when their stomach troubles them, and often they find no relief and wonder why. The truth is, said a noted specialist recently, that nine-tenths of us suffer from stomach trouble simply because our tired digestive organs are over-worked to such an extent that we cannot assimilate or digest the food we eat.

Magnesia or pepsin will sometimes give temporary relief, but they cannot effect a permanent cure. If you have a feeling of fullness after meals, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, sour stomach, gas, indigestion, pain in the Colon or Bowels, go to your chemist and get an ounce or two of ordinary carmarole compound, and take from 3 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a gentle yet invigorating action on the liver, which is excellent for those who are inclined to be troubled with constipation.

The first dose will promptly end the most miserable stomach distress, and in a few days' time your assimilative organs will be toned up and strengthened so that they will perform their work as Nature intended. Even a person with a very weak stomach can then eat a hearty meal and digest it without the least feeling of discomfort.

Hundreds of people who have been unable to find relief from the usual old-time stomach remedies have found a permanent cure for their trouble in this simple recipe.—Adv.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

At Peace With Their Little World.

The sexton threw open the doors, and slowly the little procession filed out. Outside a brilliant sunshine struck full on the whitewashed walls of the little school-house opposite. It was so dazzling that it made everybody blink as they stepped out from the semi-dark church into this magnificent flood of light.

In the street round the church a pathetic group awaited the appearance of the procession, those who were too old to walk two kilometres to the shrine, those who were lame and those who were sick. Simply and with uninquiring minds, they knelt or stood in the roadway, content to watch the banners as they swung gaily to the rhythmic movements of the bearers, content to see the holy relic in the Pater's hand, content to feel that subtle wave of religious sentiment pass over them which made them at peace with their little world and brought the existence of God nearer to their comprehension.

Slowly the procession wound its way down the village street. Pater Bonifacius had intoned the opening orisons of the Litany:

"Kyrie eleison!"

And men and women chanted the response in that quaintly harsh tone which the Magyar language assumes when it is sung. The brilliant sunlight played on the smooth hair of the girls, the golds, the browns and the blacks, and threw sharp glints on the fluttering ribbons of many colours which a light autumn breeze was causing to dance gaily and restlessly. The whole village was hushed save for the Litany, the clinking of the metal chains as the choirboys swung the censers and the frou-frou of hundreds of starched petticoats—superposed, brushing one against the other with a ceaseless movement which produced a riot of brilliant colouring.

Silence And Emptiness.

Soon the main road was reached, and now the vast immensity of the plain lay in front and all round—all the more vast and immense now it seemed, since not even the nodding plumes of maize or tall, stately sunflowers veiled the mystery of that low-lying horizon far away.

Nothing around now, save that group of willow trees by the bank of the turbulent Maros—nothing except the stubble—stumps of maize and pumpkin and hemp, and rigid lines of broken-down stems of sunflowers, with drooping, dead leaves, and brown life still oozing out of the torn stems.

And in the immensity, the sweet, many-toned sounds of summer—the call of birds, the quiver of growing things, the trembling of ripening corn—has yielded to the sad tune of autumn—a tune made up of the hushed sighs of dying nature, as she sinks slowly and peacefully into her coming winter's sleep. The swallows and the storks have gone away long ago. They know that in this land of excessive heat and winter rigours, frost and snow tread hard on the heels of a warm, autumnal day. Only a flight of rooks breaks the even line of the sky; their cawing alone makes at times a weird accompaniment to the chanting of the Litany. And the Maros—no longer sluggish—now sends her swollen waters with a dull, rumbling sound westward to the arms of the mother stream.

Silence and emptiness!

Nothing except the sky, with its unending panorama of ever-varying clouds, and its infinite, boundless, mysterious horizon, which enfolds the world of the plains in a limited embrace. Nothing except the stubble and the sky, and far, very far away, a lonely cottage, with its surrounding group of low, mop-head acacias, and the gaunt, straight arm of a well pointing upwards to the sun.

And through the silent, vast immensity the little procession of village folk, with banners flying and quaint, harsh voices singing the Litany, winds its way along the flat, sandy road, like a brightly-coloured ribbon thrown there by a giant hand, and made to flutter and to move by a giant's breath.

Presently the shrine came in sight; just a dark speck at first in the midst of the great loneliness, then more and more distinct—there on the roadside—all by itself without a tree near it—lonely in the bosom of the plain.

The procession came to a halt in front of it, and two hundred pairs of eyes, brimful with simple faith and simple trust, gazed in reverence on the naive wax figure behind the grating, within its throne of rough stone and whitewash. It was dressed in blue calico spangled with tinsel, and had a crown on its head made of gilt paper and a veil of coarse tarlatan. Two china pots containing artificial flowers were placed on either side of the little image.

The Threshold Of A New Life.

It was all very crude, very rough, very naïve, but a fervent, unsophisticated imagination had endowed it with a beauty all the more real, perhaps, because it only existed in the hearts of a handful of ignorant children of the soil. It made something seem real to them which otherwise might have been difficult to grasp; and now when Pater Bonifacius in his gentle, cracked voice intoned the invocations of the Litany, the "Salus infirmorum" and "Refugium peccatorum," and, above all, the "Consolatrix afflictorum," the response "Ora pro nobis" came from two hundred trusting hearts—praying, if not for themselves, then for those who were dear to them: the infirm, the sinner, the afflicted.

And among those two hundred hearts none felt the need for prayer more than Andor and Elsa. They had left affliction behind them, they stood upon the threshold of a new life—where happiness alone beckoned to them, and sorrow and parting lay vanquished behind the gates of the past. But in spite, or perhaps because, of this happiness which beckoned so near now, there was a tinge of sadness in their hearts, that sadness which always

comes with joy once extreme youth has gone by—the sadness which hovers over finite things, the sense of future which so quickly becomes the past.

From where Andor stood, holding the dais above Pater Bonifacius' head, he could see Elsa's smooth, fair head among the crowd of other girls. She had tied her hair in at the nape of the neck with a bit of blue ribbon, leaving it to fall lower down in two thick plaits well below her waist. She looked like a huge blue gentian kissed by the sun, for her top petticoat was of blue cotton, and her golden head seemed like the sweet-scented stamen.

Andor thought that he could hear her voice above that of everyone else, and when Pater Bonifacius intoned the "Regina angelorum" he thought that indeed the heavenly Queen had no fairer subject up there than Elsa.

When the little procession was once more ready to return to the village, the bearers of the dais were relieved by four other lads, and Andor found the means, during the slight hubbub which occurred while the procession was being formed, of working his way close to Elsa's side.

Ready To Give Her Answer.

It was not an unusual thing for young men and girls who had much to say to one another to fall away from the procession on its way home, and to wander back arm-in-arm through the maize-fields or over the stubble, even as their shadows lengthened out upon the ground.

Andor's hand had caught hold of Elsa's elbow, and with insistent pressure he kept her out of the group of her companions. Gradually the procession was formed, and slowly it began to move, the banners fluttered once more in the breeze, once more the monotonous chant broke the silence of the plain.

But Elsa and Andor had remained behind close beside the shrine. She had yielded to his insistence, knowing what it was that he meant to say to her while they walked together toward the sunset. She knew what he wanted to say, and what he expected her to promise, and he knew that at last she was ready to listen, and that she would no longer hold her heart in check, but let it flow over with all the love which it contained, and that she was ready at last to hold up to him that cup of happiness for which he craved.

One or two couples had also remained behind, but they had already wandered off toward the bank of the Maros. Elsa had knelt down before the crude image of the "Consoler of the afflicted"; her rosary was wound round her fingers, she prayed in her simple soul, fervently, unquestioningly, for happiness and for peace.

Then, when the little procession in the distance became wrapped in the golden haze which hung over the plain, and the chanting of the Litany came but as a murmur on the wings of the autumn breeze, she took Andor's arm, and together they walked slowly back toward home.

The peace which rests over the plain enveloped them both; from the sky above the last vestige of cloud had been driven away by the breeze, and far away on that distant horizon where lay the land of the unknown the sun was slowly sinking to rest.

The Land Of Love.

Like a huge, drooping rose it seemed—its rays like petals falling away from it one by one. Mute yet quivering was the plain around, pulsating with life, yet silent in its autumnal agony. From far away came the sweet sound of the evening Angelus rung from the village church—distant and soft, like a sound from heaven or like an echo of some beautiful dream.

And these two were alone with the sunset and with the stubble—alone in this vastness which is so like the sea—alone—two tiny, moving black specks with a background of radiance and a golden haze to envelop them. In this immensity it seemed so much more easy to speak of love—for love could fill the plain and find room for its own immensity in this vastness which knows no trammels. To Andor and Elsa it seemed as if at last the plain had revealed its secret to them, had lifted for them that veil of mystery which wraps her up all round where earth and sky meet in the golden distance beyond.

They knew suddenly just what lay behind the veil, they knew if it were lifted what it was that they would see—the land of gold was the land of love, where men and women wandered hand in hand, where sorrow was a dwarf and grief a cripple, since love—the Almighty King of the unknown land—had wounded them and vanquished them both.

And they, too, now wandered toward that land, even though it still seemed very far away. To the accompaniment of the Angelus bell they wandered, with the distant echo of the chanted Litany still ringing in their ear. The plain encompassed her children with her all-embracing peace, and she gave them this one supreme moment of happiness to-day, while the setting sun clothed the horizon with gold.

CHAPTER XXXI. A Presage Of Evil.

—And time slipped by with murmurings of words that have no meaning save for one pair of ears. Andor talked fondly and foolishly, and Elsa mostly was silent. She had loved this walk over the stubble, and the plain had been in perfect peace save for the rumbling of the Maros, insistent and menacing, which had struck a chill to the girl's heart, like a presage of evil.

She tried to swallow her fears, chiding herself for feeling them, doing her best to close her ears to those rumbling, turbulent waters that seemed to threaten as they tumbled along on their way.

(To be continued.)

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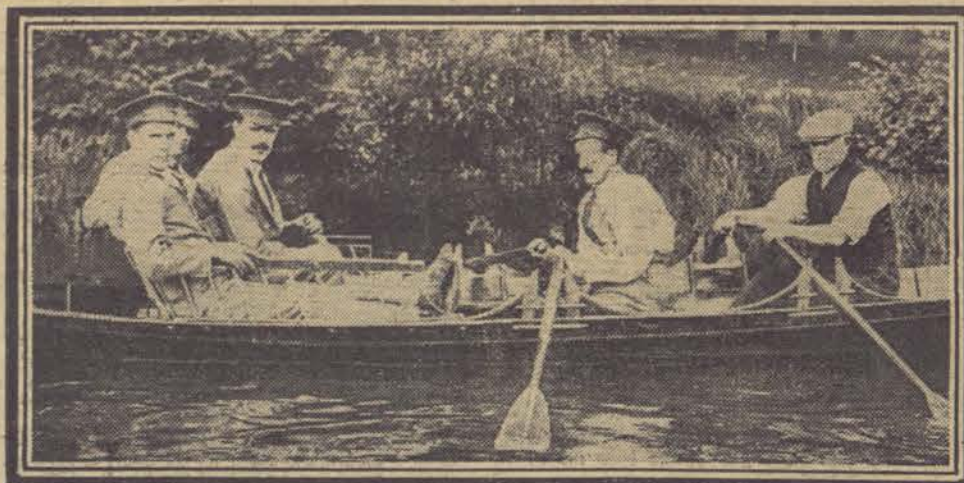


Lady Hillingdon with her son, who has been transferred from the Kent Yeomanry to the Scots Guards.



The Hon. C. T. Mills, M.P.—the "Baby" of the House of Commons—bidding his constituents good-bye.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

"HOLIDAY-MAKER" WHO HAS DESERVED A HOLIDAY.



Wounded soldiers from George's Hospital enjoying a row in the shade of the trees on the Serpentine yesterday.



Sir Edward Clarke, the veteran K.C., wishes God-speed to the soldier M.P. "Had I been younger!" he sighed.



Wounded soldiers from all parts of London photographed after a happy day as the guests of buyers and managers of Harrod's. It was a day they will remember—a day in the sunshine that made them forget their pain and suffering.—(Sarony.)

It is rubbed through a cloth, through a cloth, extract. When rubbed freely into the and morning where thoroughly absorbed. After a few will begin to dissolve the fat tissue so increase the elasticity of the will be left perfectly smooth.