

ONE BRITISH AIRMAN ROUTS OVER 2,000 SUDANESE.—See Page 3.

# DAILY SKETCH.

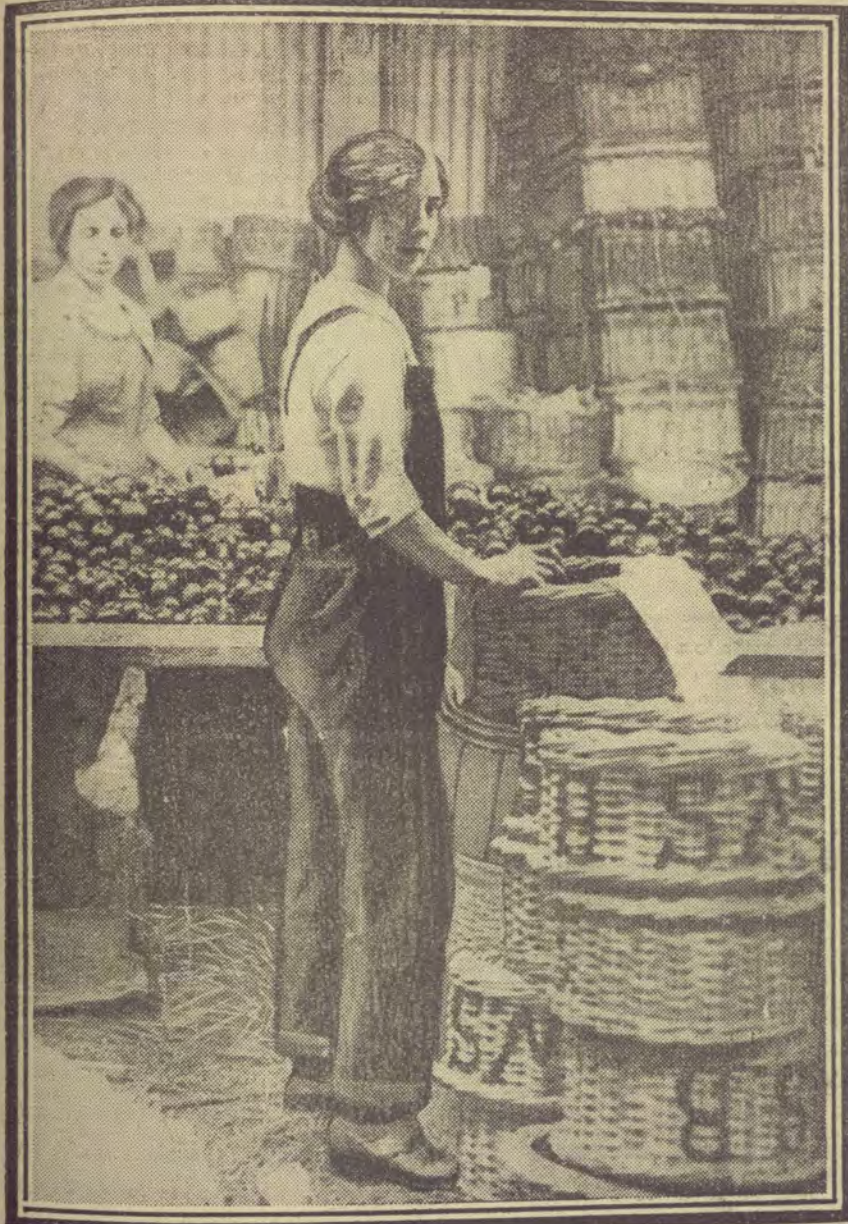
GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 2,252.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

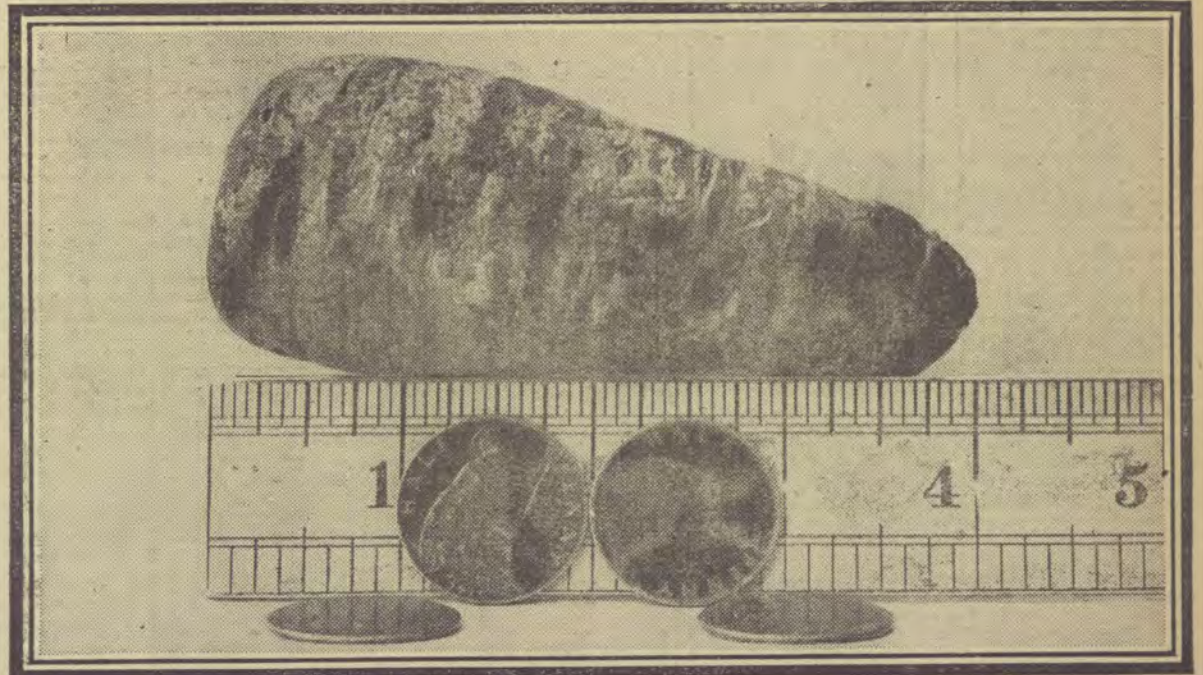
## THE SCANDAL OF DEAR FOOD: WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RISE IN PRICES?



Although girls are now being employed by the market gardeners, the substitution of female labour fails to stem the rise in prices.



Even with soldiers in training putting in their spare time at work on the land, as these lads of the East Surreys are doing, prices of home-grown produce are rising.



This carrot was bought in London yesterday for twopence—exactly a halfpenny an inch.



The old pensioners at Chelsea Hospital used to earn a few pence by selling onions and other produce of their plots, but their gardens are being cleared away.



Tomatoes cost a shilling a pound to-day. Yet they are so plentiful that the gardeners' girls load up basketfuls and wheel them away in truckloads.

Meat remains at such high prices that many people have become involuntary vegetarians. Now vegetables are



# BRITISH AIRMAN'S SURPRISE FOR SUDANESE SULTAN.

5 a.m. Edition.

## SULTAN ALI DINAR IS SORRY NOW.

Sudanese Army Of 3,000 Defeated By British Force.

### AIRMAN'S GREAT FEAT.

Compels Over 2,000 Cavalry And Infantry To Flee In Disorder.

### ENEMY LOSE 1,000 MEN.

From The War Office.

Friday Night.

The attitude of Ali Dinar, Sultan of Darfur, towards the Government of the Sudan has for some time past been unsatisfactory and truculent.

Early in February he commenced concentrating a force on the Kordofan frontier at Jebel-el-Hella.

A mixed force of all arms under Colonel Kelly assembled at Nahud, and at the end of March occupied Um-Shanga and Jebel-el-Hella, and subsequently moved forward to Abiad, where preparations were made for the advance on El-Fasher, Ali Dinar's capital. On May 15 the advance began.

A report from the Sirdar (Sir Reginald Wingate), dated Thursday, states that Colonel Kelly's force defeated the enemy and successfully occupied El-Fasher at 10 a.m. last Tuesday. The fighting is described as follows:—

#### THE BATTLE DESCRIBED.

The main action took place near the village of Beringia, 12 miles north of the capital, where the enemy, numbering between 2,000 and 3,000, held a strongly entrenched position on Monday morning.

The Camel Corps successfully induced them to leave this position. They then attacked our troops with the utmost intrepidity and desperation. The enemy's attack was met with withering fire, but some few penetrated to within 10 yards of our line.

Our troops then counter-attacked, totally defeating the enemy, whose minimum losses are estimated at 1,000.

Sultan Ali Dinar is reported to have fled with a small following early on Tuesday.

Our casualties amounted only to five killed and 23 wounded.

ONE AIRMAN ROUTS OVER 2,000.

Before and during the action a valuable air reconnaissance was carried out by an officer of the Royal Flying Corps, who succeeded by means of bombs and machine-gun fire in forcing first a large body of hostile cavalry and then a body of some 2,000 infantry to retire in disorder.

The officer was himself wounded by a bullet in the thigh, but returned safely to Abiad.

[Darfur is a mountainous country of the East Sudan, forming the watershed between the Nile and the large basin of the Central Sudan regions. It has a population of about four millions, the Arabs dominating the negroes.]

## SMUTS FORGING AHEAD IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

Renewed Fighting: Three Enemy Positions Occupied.

From The War Office.

Friday Night.

Telegraphing on May 25 (Thursday) Lieut.-General Smuts reports that his advanced troops have occupied the following localities without opposition, viz.:—

- (1) Ruwu Lager (on the Pangani River, 26 miles south of Kahe railway station on the Usambara railway)
- (2) Lembeni (on the same railway 20 miles south of Kahe).
- (3) Ngulu (in the Ngulu Pass, between the Northern and Central Pare mountain groups, 8 miles south-east of Lembeni).

In the Kondoa Irangi area, where the enemy suffered a severe check during the fighting on May 9-11, there are reports of renewed hostile activity.

The German forces in Ruanda are in retreat before the converging Belgian columns, which hold Kigali, Niansa, etc.

Mr. James John Parfitt, K.C., has been appointed Recorder of Northampton, in place of the late Mr. E. P. Monckton, and Mr. John Gibbard Hurst has been appointed Recorder of Warwick, in place of

## GERMAN ATTACKS ON THE VERDUN FRONT.

Reserve Divisions Flung Into Fiercest Battle.

### 9th DAY'S RESULTS.

### Double Offensive By Both Chief Commands.

Yesterday was the 9th day of the new and fiercest phase of the battle for Verdun.

It began on Thursday week with an organised attack by new German divisions over the whole region on the Paris side of the Meuse.

By Monday the French had passed to the offensive on the other side of the river.

The present position is that both offensives have had considerable success, but have fallen back beyond the line reached in the first onslaught.

So far as can be judged, the French attack on the right bank was unexpected by the enemy, and has compelled him to alter his dispositions, thereby weakening the strength at his disposal on the left bank and diminishing his reserves.

But the situation at Cumières remains an anxious one.

## POWERFUL GERMAN ATTACK AT DOUAUMONT.

Repulsed With Heavy Losses By Withering French Fire.

### French Official News.

Paris, Friday Night.

On the left bank of the Meuse the activity of the artillery was especially evident in the region of Avocourt and of Hill 304.

There was an intermittent bombardment of our second lines.

On the right bank the enemy delivered a strong attack in the course of the afternoon against our trenches in the vicinity of Fort Douaumont.

He was completely repulsed with heavy losses by our machine-gun and infantry fire.

Our artillery shelled and dispersed German troops which were changing position in the Chaffour Wood.

In the Vosges (Alsace) the fire of one of our batteries caused the explosion of a munitions depot in the direction of Chapelotte, north-east of Celles.—Reuter.

## ENEMY STOPPED ON DEAD MAN.

Paris, Friday Afternoon.

In the Argonne we successfully exploded a mine at the Dead Maiden.

On the left bank of the Meuse there was a very violent artillery struggle in the sectors of the Avocourt Wood and the Dead Man.

In this latter region a German attack which was preparing to debouch was rendered abortive by our curtain fire, which was opened on them immediately.

On the right bank a counter-attack left in our hands a trench element occupied yesterday by the enemy between the Haudromont Wood and the Thiaumont Farm.

North of this farm we advanced with grenades in the course of the night, and took some prisoners.—Central News.

### THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

To a congratulatory message from the Lord Mayor the Queen sent the following reply:—

I desire to offer to your lordship my heartfelt thanks for the congratulations and good wishes you have been good enough to convey to me on my birthday on behalf of the citizens of London. I am deeply touched by the kind reference you make to the work which the King and I have done in the interests of our beloved country, and I warmly appreciate the assurance of loyalty and esteem that you express for us both.

MARY, R.

It was reported at a meeting of the Essex War Agricultural Committee that 3,500 women had registered for farm work.

The London Gazette announces that the King, on Wednesday, May 17, at Buckingham Palace, conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Herbert Holmwood, who was unable to attend at the ceremony.

## SHARP SKIRMISHES NEAR YPRES AND MAMETZ.

British Enter German Trenches And Bomb Occupants.

### MANY MINE EXPLOSIONS.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Friday, 11.5 p.m.

Activity during the last 24 hours has been confined almost entirely to mining and artillery operations.

The enemy blew up a large mine at Fricourt last night without damaging our trenches, and exploded a camouflet in the same sector.

About the Loos salient underground operations continue, and minor explosions took place during the night.

Mutual bombardments have taken place at many points on the front, notably at Thiépval, at Monchy, on the Vimy ridge, between Neuville St. Vaast and Souchez, and in the St. Eloi sector.

In the last two zones there was considerable shelling by night.

Opposite Serre we dispersed a large working party with a long-range gun to-day.

Two minor affairs took place last night.

At Mametz we raided the hostile trenches. Our party entered without difficulty and maintained a spirited bombing fight before withdrawing at the end of 25 minutes.

On the northern flank of the Ypres salient an encounter took place in No Man's Land with a hostile covering party which was driven back to its trenches.

Rain during the night, but fine to-day.

## THE KING AND THE Y.M.C.A.

### "Everything Conducive To the Comfort And Well-Being Of The Armies."

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein were present last evening at a meeting to further the work of the Y.M.C.A. at the headquarters, Tottenham Court-road.

A message was received from the King, in which occurred this passage:—

His Majesty congratulates the Association on the successful results of its war work, which has done everything conducive to the comfort and well-being of the armies and the supplying the special and peculiar needs of men drawn from countries so different and so distant. It has worked in a practical, economical and unostentatious manner, with consummate knowledge of those with whom it has to deal. At the same time the Association, by its spirit of discipline, has earned the respect and approbation of the military authorities.

Lord Derby, who presided, said the Y.M.C.A. had now spread its work over every field where British troops were earning undying glory. Anybody who was worth his salt was doing something during the war, and the Y.M.C.A. was doing, perhaps, more than its share.

"Believe me," said Lord Derby, "the work of the Y.M.C.A. has sunk so deeply into the lives and minds of our fellow-countrymen that in future years it can never be diminished, and must be extended.

"It is going to be a bond between this country and the great Englands beyond the seas, and bring those nations—for they are nations—closer and closer together."

### MUNITIONS IN S.P.C.K. HOUSE.

The premises of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in Northumberland-avenue, will shortly be taken over by the Ministry of Munitions, it was stated yesterday.

## LLOYD GEORGE'S BROAD HINT

"Special Effort At All Costs During Next Few Months."

### NO WHITSUN HOLIDAY: APPEAL TO MUNITION MAKERS.

Mr. Lloyd George had a conference at the Ministry of Munitions yesterday with representatives of the engineering and shipbuilding employers on the Clyde and the Tyne with reference to the question of Whitsuntide holidays.

In the course of his speech the Minister of Munitions said:—

The Easter holidays had a deplorable effect upon output. I need not tell you that; you know it just as well as I do. Nominally they were two or three days—really it was a week, and our output of ammunition during that fortnight went down exactly one half.

The fact of the matter is we cannot afford these holidays at the present stage of the proceedings in France. The fighting is very hot in some parts; it is getting hotter and hotter on the British front—the demand for ammunition is getting greater and greater, and, in these circumstances, that a holiday should be declared, which may have the effect of further reducing the amount of ammunition we send to our gallant fellows at the front, is to me unthinkable.

I think the least that could be done would be that at any rate during the present year—because we are straining our utmost to increase not merely our ammunition but the number of our machine-guns, guns, rifles and naval equipment—there should be a sacrifice of what would be legitimate relaxation under ordinary conditions.

### "GIVE UP HOLIDAYS."

All I am able to tell you as Minister of Munitions, knowing exactly what the Army wants and what I am able to supply, is that a holiday at the moment when perhaps the fight will have developed into its hottest is a holiday which will compel me to write to the Commander-in-Chief and say: "I am very sorry, but this week I cannot send you half the ammunition which I sent you last week," and that is a letter which I should be ashamed to write.

I cannot help thinking that there is sufficient patriotism in those who are engaged in industry in this country to make a special effort at all costs during the next few months—I emphasise that—and to give up holidays which in time of peace everyone would feel to be essential.

That is the appeal which I have to make. It is not merely a question of ammunition, but of guns. They are clamouring for big guns.

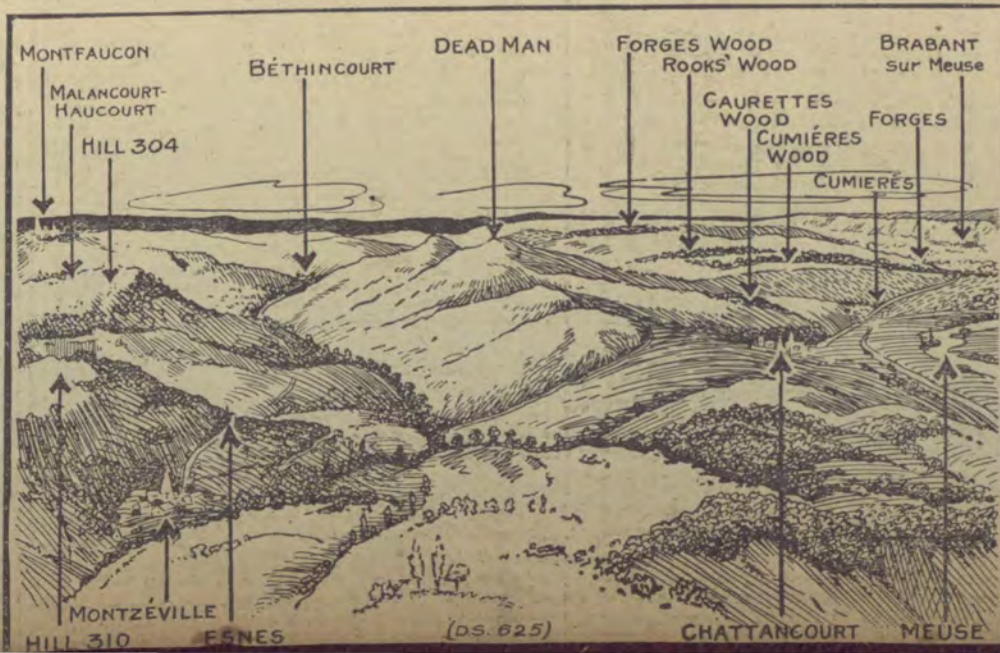
The effect of the Easter holiday has been that these guns will be at least one week later in their delivery. That might be a critical week. In addition to that we should be short of hundreds of machine-guns.

It was decided to call a meeting of representatives of the workmen on Monday, after which it is hoped that a statement will be made in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister.

### SIR MARK AND MARK TWAIN.

Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., M.P., addressing his constituents at Hull last night, alluded to the report that he had been made Chief Secretary for Ireland. As Mark Twain said when asked if a report of his death were true, he replied, "It is grossly exaggerated. I am temporary lieutenant-colonel in the regular army, and a private Member of Parliament, and as such I speak, and probably shall continue to do so for some time to come."

Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankau) died worth £34,068. She left an annuity of £400 to her sister, Mrs. Aria.



(DS. 625)



Captain C. D. Leyland, 1st Life Guards, who is marrying Miss S. Cotterell, daughter of Sir J. Cotterell, Bart.—(Mrs. Albert Broom.)

TO WED A NAVAL OFFICER.



Miss C. M. Eardley-Wilmot, daughter of the late Colonel Sir Assheton Eardley-Wilmot, is engaged to Lieut.-Com. I. Chichester, R.N.R.—(Swaine.)

EVELYN THAW MARRIES FOR LOVE.



This *Daily Sketch* photograph of Evelyn Thaw, Harry Thaw's former wife, was taken during her last visit to London. Her marriage is now announced to Jack Clifford, her dancing partner, who is a nephew of the Italian Minister of Marine.



Miss Sylvia Taylor, the fiancée of Major C. M. Peacock, 2nd Sherwood Foresters. She is a daughter of Lady Elizabeth Taylor.—(Val L'Estrange.)

AUSTRALIAN'S IRISH BRIDE.



Miss Eva Hayes, of Rathkeale, Co. Limerick, the bride of Captain E. MacMahon Wall, R.A.M.C., of Melbourne, Victoria.

THINGS I HAVE SUFFERED

Rev. R. J. Campbell ON "EPISODES OF MY LIFE."

"I cannot look back on memories of certain times without a shudder.

"The wonder to me is that I was able to survive them at all.

"I say to myself, 'How did I ever stand it? How did I come through it alive and unbroken? I am sure I could not do so now.' In this I may be mistaken, as we generally are about our capacities for endurance and endeavour.

"Still, I admit that my chiefest surprise is that I was able to keep on to the end without giving in.

"I don't know how I did it, and above all I don't want to have to do it again."

These are a few phrases in the Rev. R. J. Campbell's remarkable article to appear in To-morrow's "Illustrated Sunday Herald."

THE GIPSY STYLE.



Like a gipsy fête attire is this picturesque blue taffeta gown with the new long gauntlet cuff.

IT WAS A GREAT JOKE.



These sisters in one of our hospital ships enjoyed their joke before the lifeboat drill commenced.

NEW YORK'S PRIDE.



This little chap—John Ryan—has won the gold cup as being New York's finest baby.

KILLED.



Brig-Gen. C. G. Morrison, president of the Claims Commission, B.E.F., has been killed in a motor-car accident in France.—(Elliott and Fry.)

TO PLAY FOR TOMMY:



The Hon. Mary Portman, youngest daughter of Viscount Portman, is giving a concert for the Star and Garter Building Fund. She is a clever violinist.—(Lafayette.)

A VISIT TO AN EAST COAST BASE.

Our Navy at work in the air, on the sea, and under the sea.

A writer who has been afforded special facilities for investigation will describe the diverse activities at an East Coast base. His article will enable the public to realise more adequately the debt we owe to the Navy.

THE SLIGHTLY-MARRIED WIFE.

A woman's reply to Mr. H. G. Wells' prophecies.

Will the prophecies of Mr. H. G. Wells, as to marriage after the war, be hailed with satisfaction by the average woman? A clever woman writer discusses the question and deals very vigorously with Mr. Wells' ideals of "emancipation."

MYSTERY OF ALLIES' SUMMER PLANS.

A military writer discusses the tactics of the Allies, indicating why the public expectation of a combined offensive in the early spring was not fulfilled, and dealing with the importance of the utmost preparation for the supreme effort.

These and many other Striking Articles will appear in To-morrow's

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

In addition will be found PAGES AND PAGES OF PICTURES—ALL THE LATEST NEWS—"GOSSIP" AND FASHION-PAGES.

Ask your Newsagent to deliver you

## A SUGGESTED BOYCOTT.

YOU know the title of the London girl, in the country for the first time, who refused to drink milk coming from a dirty cow—she so much preferred to have it from a nice clean dairy. Grown-up Londoners of several generations have laughed at that girl, and yet they do not seem able themselves to trace the steps between the milking of the cow and the fleecing of the public. And even I cannot for the life of me understand who it is or what it is that, coming in between the dairy farmer and the consumer, puts the price of milk up to 6d. a quart.

"MILK," said the schoolboy, "is something you put in your tea." But it's something that babies and young children live on and housewives cannot do without. If a young child does not get enough milk it dies, and IF THE PRICE OF MILK IS UNNECESSARILY RAISED SOMEBODY HAS DONE MURDER. THAT it has been unnecessarily raised there seems little doubt. And, in fact, in the East End milk may still be had for 5d. a quart. Grass is plentiful and good this summer, and you would naturally assume that the supply of milk must be exceedingly plentiful too. As a matter of fact, it is. Dr. D. J. Thomas, the Medical Officer of Health for Acton, states that there is more surplus milk at the railway stations than ever before. If under these conditions 6d. a quart is charged, what will be the price in the winter?

DR. THOMAS told a Pressman that "there was a large combine in the milk trade, and that dairymen state they have no option but to sell at the prices now decided upon."

THE wholesaler, on the other hand, shifts the blame on to the backs of the farmers, who have, at any rate in certain cases, combined to raise prices or to maintain them. They contend that the cost of production has vastly increased, and this was true in the winter, but not now. The present price of milk has been artificially inflated.

DAIRYMEN say that if the price is lowered farmers will sell their cows for the meat market. Will they? It seems improbable when we read this in the "Essex County Chronicle" of May 26:

Chelmsford, Friday.—"A good supply of milch cows sold very dear up to £36." It is evident that dairy-farming is exceedingly profitable just now.

THEN why 6d. a quart? Who is doing it? And why do we allow them to do it? There is certainly good ground for a Board of Trade inquiry.

BUT we must not wait for official action, for the matter is really in our hands. Let the householders of the various districts meet together and arrange a boycott. That is to say, let all those who have not young children in their charge agree to go without fresh milk for a certain definite period, or even until the price is reduced.

IF the Government will not act on the advice of the Acton U.D.C. and take steps to control the price of milk, we must. We are in no mood to stand the monkey-tricks of unpatriotic profiteers. We mean to have our milk at the proper price or not at all.

IF we make a start here we may presently be able to exercise some control over the prices of all necessities. A strong union of consumers in each district would soon bring the profiteers to their senses.

THAT profit-mongers should take such a mean advantage of us is bad enough, but that we should allow them to take advantage is far worse. It is intolerable that while most of us are suffering more or less severely from the war a minority of merchants, traders, farmers—whatever they are—should make money out of it.

IN conclusion, I want to ask one very serious question. Is it a fact that a certain combination of big milk-buyers has actually offered farmers more than they asked with the deliberate purpose of squeezing out the small retailer? And since the allegation of this conspiracy has been made in many quarters, is it not time the Board of Trade tested the truth of it?



# Echoes of the Town.

L. G.'s Chance To Climb Back—Sinn Fein Rebellion Stamp—Brave Employer Of Girls.



## The Irish Problem.

OF COURSE, unkind people are already hinting that Mr. Asquith has "dished" Lloyd George, and pushed him, with many compliments, into what Lord Morley once called the Serbonian bog; but there's no need to be uncharitable. Mr. George has great qualities for the work. He is a Celt; he is the only member of the Cabinet on friendly terms both with Carson and Redmond; and he understands the importance of Devlin.

## Don't Shout Yet.

BUT DON'T let us assume that the thing is settled. Redmond, Devlin, O'Brien and Carson are not Ireland—they are leaders of Irish parties. There is no man who speaks for the majority of Irishmen; there is no certainty that what is agreed between these four will bind the whole of Ireland—Ireland in America as well. I hope to see the day when Ireland will strike a medal bearing on the face the words: "Lloyd George—Pacifier"; but I'm not shouting yet.

## "All Will Be Forgiven."

AS I SAID last week, if L. G. does pave the way for a settlement, his old Liberal friends will forget, if not forgive, and he will be restored more or less securely to his former pedestal.

## Countess Markievicz.

IT IS pretty freely rumoured in Dublin that the Countess Markievicz is at present under instructions prior to being received into the Roman Catholic Church. It is rather curious that the most perfervid Irish patriots and agitators were of English descent and non-Catholics. Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Thomas Davis, and John Mitchell come under this category. Also Sir Roger Casement!

## F. E.'s Opponent.

THE NEWS that Serjeant Sullivan is to defend Casement will bring another pile of demands from people with more or less of a pull for seats in Court, for the Serjeant is a very lively barrister, and he will give nothing away to "F. E." He is a year older than F. E., so that youth will have its say in this trial.

## Off To France!

BY NO means an amateur, in the worst sense of the word, is Lady Bathurst, who takes her nursing duties very seriously. *Si sic omnes!* She leaves to-day for a military hospital in France, and will be away for some considerable time. Lady Bathurst is a woman of great ability and business acumen, and a born organiser. This is not surprising, since she is a daughter of the late Lord Glenesk, better known as Sir Algernon Borthwick, and has inherited much of her father's brilliance. She was married in 1895, and has three sons and one daughter.



(Lalayette.)

## Ample Time To Train Substitutes.

THE PLEA that 27,000 eligible Civil Servants are indispensable, as the Government return implies, will not hold water. The public might well ask, What have the authorities of the various offices been doing for twenty-one months that they couldn't find and train substitutes? The Government knew better than anyone else that the war was going to be a long one, and should have put their own house in order at least as soon as they enjoined other employers to do so.

## Drastic Action Needed.

EVEN NOW it is not too late to "comb out" the Civil Service. But it cannot be left to the Civil Service to do. Some sort of impartial body or tribunal must be set up to decide how many of the eligible clerks are really indispensable. While large and important businesses have had their staffs ruthlessly cut down by tribunals, any clerk in charge of a branch in a Government office appears to be his own tribunal, and, sooner than have the trouble of training a few substitutes, and have the trouble of training a few substitutes, and have the trouble of training a few substitutes, he "stars" his eligible men, and things go on as if there were no war.

## Independence.

THIS IS not usual, surely? Yesterday morning a stylishly-dressed girl climbed on to the top of a 'bus, and the first thing she did on sitting down was to take off her hat and let the breeze blow through her hair. It presently assumed a most unruly appearance, but she did not seem to care. Perhaps it is another form of feminine independence.



THE SETTLER.

## Rebellion Souvenir.

I HAVE JUST had it sent me from an officer friend in Dublin, who picked it up in the ruined Liberty Hall. "It" is a stamp of the Sinn Fein rebellion. Very interesting. About two inches long and nearly one inch wide. Colours green, white and buff stripes. Two black shamrocks in outline (was it a premonition in colour?), and in each section of the trefoil a drawing of the Manchester martyrs—Larkin, Allen and O'Brien.

## What Is There In It?

WE WERE DISCUSSING the old story of what would happen if you went into a restaurant, ordered and ate a good dinner, and then calmly said you could not pay. Most people would say that this constitutes an offence for which you can be sent to gaol. But the argumentative one said every subject of the King has a right to call for one meal in the King's name. He further claimed that he had done it. Of course, he did not call for the meal till he had eaten it. And they had to let him out of the police station as soon as the magistrate turned up.

## A Tube Idyll.

HATLESS, and with sheaves of tall iris and daffodils in their arms, several Tube booking-office girl clerks might have been seen in the early flower-marketing hours of Covent Garden. So even slapping down pence and tickets is not done without its breath of fragrance. And fancy any male "Underground" thing taking "five minutes off" to go foraging for posies to deck the dingy scene of his office hours.

## The High Horse Of Prosperity.

THE WAR is making the little foreign ladies' tailor into a regular tyrant. He has no competition to speak of, and as all the war economy posters will not prevent women from looking smart, he can afford to choose his customers. One smart woman, whose husband is using munitions, instead of making them, wanted to know why her coat and skirt were not finished. Sir Snip shrugged his shoulders, and said he was too busy, and when he was told she would take away her custom, he shrugged his shoulders again, and said, "Very well, madam."

## Munitions, Not Musicians.

THIS IS a true story. A munition maker in a Midland town recently walked with his wife into one of the local music shops. He looked at a piano, decided on it, planked down a wad of notes, and prepared to leave. The attendant called him back. "Hi, sir," he said, "there's £20 too much here." "All right," was the reply, "send along a couple, then." The wife interposed. "No, let's have an American organ with the balance," she suggested. Sure enough, a piano and an organ were dispatched that very afternoon. Neither the man nor his wife can play a note.

## The Soldiers' Vocabulary.

STILL ANOTHER word has passed into the soldiers' vocabulary. "Put a dash of 'jaldi' into it," one man back home from somewhere was heard to advise his pal, as they made a bid for a passing 'bus. Put a "dash of quickness" he might have said, for "jaldi" is the Hindustani word for "quick." A bit more picturesque, too, isn't it?

## A Man Of Courage.

THE HEAD of a City firm told his lady clerks he was not going to allow low-cut blouses and short skirts. His employees had spent their money on the things, and could not afford to discard them. Besides, they didn't want to look dowdy. So the head called in a dressmaker and had two overalls made for every girl, to be worn in the office. And so courageous was he that he dismissed two girls who declined to wear what they termed "prison garb."

## No Amusement Tax Grumbles.

Few people have any idea of the financial yield of the new amusements tax. It is interesting to know, therefore, that last week the Alhambra, or, rather, the public via the Alhambra, paid £311. "The remarkable thing is," Teddy Foster told me last night, "the cheery way in which people fork out the extra bob, or whatever the sum happens to be. I haven't heard of a single grumble."

## The Cult Of The Walking Stick.

HAVE YOU noticed how popular walking sticks are becoming with the ladies? Walking along Piccadilly yesterday afternoon I counted at least a dozen ladies carrying walking sticks of the military-cane type. The walking stick seems to have ousted the sunshade, the latter being "unsoldierly."

## Borage.

SEVERAL kind readers have answered my query as to the uses of the herb borage. According to one, "it infallibly raises the spirits, and gives life and cheerfulness to anyone who is weak or depressed." I'm ordering several tons of borage.

## Poet To Do His Bit.

ALTHOUGH not the first poet to put on khaki, there is something thrilling in the news that Alfred Noyes is about to sail from New York to take up military duties in the Mother Country, and subsequently over in France. Noyes is a really great poet, a little elusive and nebulous at times, but capable of big things. Curiously enough, his patriotic poems are his weakest. Not long ago I was reading his "Salute to the Fleet," here's good luck to him. He is 36, is married to the daughter of an American Colonel, and has been Professor of English Literature at Yale.



## In Camp.

I HAVE never seen a healthier lot of men than the soldiers who are lucky enough to be quartered at Seaford, whither I went for an hour or two this week. North Camp and South Camp, towns in themselves of "little wooden 'uts," are on the sunny, breezy Downs, and the sea gives just that punch to the air which would pour energy into the sluggish veins of the slackest slacker. But the boys at Seaford have more than mere atmosphere upon which to rely for the good of their souls and bodies. Which brings me to my point.

## Well And Truly Launched.

AT SEAFORD is the latest enterprise of the Soldiers' Clubs' Association, a splendid hut. After being shown all over it and admiring its billiard tables, cooking arrangements, etc., I attended the formal opening, which was conducted by Brigadier-General Collumb. The General, obviously hugely popular, spoke a few sensible words, a really good band (in khaki, of course) played some music, and the thing was well and truly launched.

## A Club.

"THESE HUTS are clubs in every sense of the word," Mr. Forde Ridley, secretary of the Association, told me. "They are run for the men, and by the men. They are not commercial enterprises, and have nothing to do with religion. As for the subscription, men much prefer it. It makes the places more their own." Mr. Ridley, by the way, has always been interested in social questions. A few years ago he was M.P. for Bethnal Green, and, later, for Rochester.

### FAIRY DANCERS HELP WAIFS AND STRAYS.



Some of the child dancers who appear in "The Magic Wood," a fairy play at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. A performance is to be given in aid of the Waifs' and Strays' Society.

### ON THEIR VERY BEST BEHAVIOUR.



Army mules are not always obstinate. These two were on their best behaviour when they won a prize at the horse show held by our men at Salonika.

### AIR FIGHTER.



Sub-Lieut. Mungester, the French airman, has brought down five Hun fiers.

### PUTTING THE BIRDS OF WAR INTO TRIM FOR ANOTHER RAID ON THE GERMAN LINES.



Aeroplanes which have been engaged in the air war round Verdun undergoing repairs. The wear and tear of aircraft on active service is enormous, and the machines are continually having to be overhauled. This is done a little way behind the firing line by a body of skilled mechanics.

### THE DEAF AND DUMB CHORISTERS.



The deaf and dumb choir of the Church of St. John of Beverley, Finsbury Park. The choir signal the responses to the congregation by the deaf and dumb alphabet.

### CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS AS ENGLISH FORESTERS.



A large number of our convalescent soldiers are now being employed in the New Forest felling trees and sizing them up for pit-props for use in the trenches.

# WINSTON WATCHES THE SEA—LIONS.



Colonel Winston Churchill, with his family, paid a visit to the Zoo yesterday. They are seen here greatly interested in the feeding of the sea lions.

# THE MAORI AND HIS ENGLISH BRIDE.



Private Poi-Poi, a Maori who fought in Gallipoli, with his bride, Miss Winifred Alderton, of Walton. The bridegroom became a patient of the Felix Hospital, Walton, eight weeks ago.

# QUEEN AMELIE'S THOUGHT FOR OUR WOUNDED.



Queen Amelie of Portugal watching an entertainment by wounded soldiers at the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, yesterday. The Queen has daily attended the wounded at the hospital since the outbreak of war.

# WHERE THEY SPEND THEIR HOLIDAYS FROM THE TRENCHES.



A peep at one of the rest places of the French Army. Here the fighting sons of France spend their leisure hours out of the trenches.

# PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

## Pure Virginia Tobacco

**10 for 3 1/2**  
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For wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home and for the Front at Duty Free Prices.

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Puddings made in a hurry generally "look like it" and always taste like it! But there is never a look or a taste of "hurry" about Bird's Custard.

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**14/6**—FIELD, RACE, or MARINE GLASSES. Binocular (by Lelaier), as supplied to officers in the Army and Navy; 10-lens magnification power; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yds.; wide field; saddle made case; week's free trial; worth £5 5s. 6d.; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.

**36/6** (Worth £8).—MILITARY BINOCULARS, as supplied to the British Government; 5x magnification power (by Lumiere); extra long range, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; fitted in solid tan English leather case; week's free trial; sacrifice £1 16s. 6d. Approval.

**13/9**—LADY'S most handsome 5-stone, Half-hoop OPAL Ring, solid Gold, Government hall-marked; the opals are of the finest quality, full of scarlet, purple and green fire, and are intersected by 8 small diamond points; originally £3 5s. reduced to 13s. 9d.; approval before payment.

**11/9** (Worth £2 2s.).—NAVY BLUE SERGE, full 6 yds. LENGTH, double width, supreme quality; suitable for lady's costume or dress length; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; approval.

**13/9** (Worth £2 10s.).—BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, supreme quality, magnificent parcel, 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American robes, etc.; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work, never worn; sacrifice, 13s. 9d. Approval willingly.

**13/6**—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunting Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 3s. 6d. Approval before payment.

**3/9**—LADY'S 21s. Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 3s. 9d. Ap.

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

**12/6**—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled solid links, curb pattern, 12s. 6d. Ap.

**27/6** (Worth £5 5s. 6d.).—LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years warranty; week's free trial 27s. 6d.

**14/6**—BRACELET, with safety chain; 18-ct. Gold stamped filled in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

**59/6** (Worth £12 12s. 6d.).—Gent's Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (Exam. R. Stanton, London), timed to minute month; 20 years warranty; 7 days trial; 59s. 6d.

**14/6**—LADY'S 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

**9/9** (Worth £1 1s.).—Pair full-size BLANKETS; exceptionally choice, supreme quality; sacrifice, 9s. 9d. Appro.

**22/6**—Yorkshire TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality; latest West-End style and finish; never worn; breast 39in., waist 36in., leg 32 1/2in.; great bargain, sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), PAWN BROKERS, 28, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.

BABY looks like a Boy in her new crawlers.—Combinations knicker-overall, with pocket, sashes or rose casement cloth, keep ramping children clean; elastic at knee; 2 1/2 years and under. 2s. Post free; approval.—FENWICK LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CYCLISTS.—How MUCH you reduce your riding costs depends upon when you send that postcard for the Big Fitzpatrick's Guides. The locks are free for the asking. They offer you 30 separate "Captain" Cycle models, from £4 10s., 30 grades of Tyres from 2s. 9d., Puncture Proof Tyres 6s. 6d., Pedals, Bells, Handle Bars, Saddles, Wheels—every possible cycling; want at rock bottom prices. Safety Razors, Watches, Cutlery, etc. They also prove the value of my "Positive Satisfaction or money back" guarantee, and show the difference between honest fact and glowing statement. Before you give another order, get the Fitzpatrick's Guides, and compare prices. Send a postcard now—H. FITZPATRICK (Dept. 21), Burnley.

# 16/6

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More than 50 up-to-date styles, for ladies and gentlemen, in every possible variation of width and length, are still supplied at 16/6.

Manfield's stock, besides being the largest existing, indicates the highest point of current value which the supply of footwear to the public can reach.

This fact the public have long since recognised, but it is more than ever apparent and important in the practice of War-time economy.

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**MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W.** at 8 and 8.1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

**PALACE.**—"BRIC-A-BRAC" at 8.35. VARIETIES at 9 MAT WED. and SAT at 2.

**PALLADIUM.**—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Chas. Gulliver presents Albert de Courville's production, "FUN AND BEAUTY," featuring JOHN HUMPHREYS, IDA CRISPI, Elsie Spain, George Manton, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by BILLY MERSON. Versatile Four, Daisy James, Will Tyler.

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DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 110), 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON.  
GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of every description at less than one-third original cost price. WRITE FOR LIST OF 5,000 ABSOLUTELY GENUINE BARGAINS POST FREE.  
ALL GOODS SENT ON 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS PRIVATELY BY POST.

**13/6**—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome Seal attached. Week's free trial. Together sacrifice, 13s. 6d.; approval before payment.

**7/6** (Worth £2 2s.).—LADY'S Solid Gold Hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half Hoop Ring, claw setting, large lustrous stones; great sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval.

**35/-**—VALUABLE VIOLIN; magnificent Strad. model; lovely-toned instrument, in perfect condition, with fully-mounted bow, in fitted ebony case complete; sacrifice, 35s.; honestly worth £5; approval.

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

**12/6** (Worth £2 2s.).—EXTRA POWERFUL 3-draw Brass, leather-covered TELESCOPE, 50 miles range; achromatic lenses; perfect definition, great bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval.

**12/6**—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped filled), solid links, curb pattern; approval.

**4/9**—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxidised Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 5 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval.

**16/6**—ARMY SERVICE WRIST WATCH, solid nickel silver dust and damp-proof case, with luminous dial (time can be seen in the dark); reliable timekeeper, warranted 10 years; genuine bargain, 16s. 6d.; worth 42s.; approval.

**4/9**—PRETTY NECKLET, with heart pendant attached, set filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

**17/6**—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty, sacrifice, 17s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

**12/6**—LADY'S very handsome long NECKCHAIN or watchguard; exceedingly choice pattern; genuine 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet-lined case; great bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

**22/6**—GENT'S tailor-made DARK TWEED JACKET SUIT, superior quality; fashionably made; 38in. chest, 35in. waist, 31 1/2in. leg; never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.; approval.

**5/9**—GENT'S superior quality Nickel Silver KEYLESS LEVER WATCH; perfect timekeeper; dust-proof cases; 5 years' warranty; sacrifice, 5s. 9d.; approval.

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**A TROUSSEAU, 25/-** (worth £5), 24 Nightdresses, Chemises, Jacket, etc., easy terms.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., W.

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**CHINA.**—100 Perfect Pieces, consisting of Dinner Set for 12, Tea and Breakfast Set for 12, Teapot, 3 Jugs, Hot-water jug, etc. All to match, beautifully finished. Perfect delivery guaranteed. Catalogue Free.—Vincent Pottery, Burnley.

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**DRUNKARDS** Cured quickly, secretly, permanently, trial free, privately.—Carlton Chemical Co., 718, Birmingham.

**TO LET.**  
GOOD Stabling Accommodation to Let. Apply on premises, Doughty Mews, Guilford-st., Gray's Inn-rd., W.C.



# What Women Are Doing

By Mrs. GOSSIP.

With The Poets—Clara Butt's Travelling Hotel—Smokes, Smokes, Smokes!

THE Poetry Society held its gathering at Baroness d'Erlanger's lovely house in Piccadilly on Thursday. This charming lady is, by the way, the wife of Baron Emil d'Erlanger, not of Baron Frederic, the composer.

The great ball-room was packed from end to end, not an inch of space being anywhere. Being late I penetrated to the Eastern room, and while giving an ear to the discourse of Sir Herbert Warren, feasted my eyes on the riot of colour, the bronze leather-painted walls, the draperies of turmeric fabrics, the collection of glass of deep Chinese blue, the gold tissue mattress that serves as fender, and the Chinese curios.

### A Descendant Of Coleridge.

Lady Byron was unable to take the chair as arranged (you know Lord Byron has just lost his sister), and her place was taken by a descendant of the poet Coleridge, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, and all sorts of interesting folk spoke and recited.

Tea was served later in the great room looking across Piccadilly to the Green Park, and over the chimney-piece is a wonderful portrait of the hostess, her red gold hair wreathed with leaves, playing a lyre.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Derby, Lady Muir Mackenzie, Lady Evans and Mrs. Mallet were all there; Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal I saw, too, and men of mark were the American Ambassador, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Sir Henry Newbolt and Mr. A. C. Benson.

Baroness d'Erlanger had a little turban with ospreys on her lovely hair, and she wore a dark gown full and clinging at the same time.

### The Great Fair.

One of the busiest women in London without a shadow of doubt is Mrs. A. H. Scott, the originator and organiser of the Caledonian Market Fair, which will be held in that famous market on June 6 and 7.

A great deal has already been written about it, but there are a few interesting facts that have not, I believe, been talked about, and, after all, if the Caledonian Fair is to be a success the more one talks about it the better it will be.

It is to be the largest bazaar that has ever been held in Great Britain. There will be five miles of stalls altogether—imagine it!

It is also to be a democratic bazaar—duchesses

and charwomen will work side by side for one common cause, "our wounded Allies."

Other countries, I hear, are taking the greatest interest in the sale and are very much amused to think how "unpriggish" we English are becoming.

### Every Little Helps.

Although a vast amount of wonderful things have been collected, believe me, it is not nearly enough. You surely have something that you could spare tucked away in your top back rooms. Hunt it out and send whatever it is to Mr. J. R. Hayhurst, Caledonian Market, Islington, N., marked "Caledonian."

There will be variety shows; one organised by Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, which will go on all day. Three military bands, refreshments, luncheon and tea tents and thousands of other attractions, and the charge of admission is only 6d.

### A Unique Sale.

An interesting interlude will take place at Newmarket on Wednesday, when, between the races, the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton will put up for sale a "blank" canvas, presented to her by Mr. Lynwood Palmer, whose horse portraits are so well known.

### A Treat For The Miners.

I have been hearing about Mme. Clara Butt's wonderful tour through Wales, which starts on Wednesday. She will sing to the Welsh miners, with a concert party, including Miss Carrie Tubb, Mr. Squire, and Mr. William Murdoch.

As there are no hotels in the parts they are visiting, they will live on the train that the railway company have lent them—a large private car for night and day use, with every accommodation.

Mme. Butt has been having a short rest at her bungalow at Winchelsea, and her husband, Mr. Kennerly Rumford, who is home on leave from the front, has been there with her and their children.

### "Some" Fan.

The most enviable fan in London at the moment is the one used by Miss José Collins in the last act of "A Happy Day" at Daly's Theatre.

It has just arrived from Paris, and is of

enormous size and composed of pale green ostrich feathers.

### Play Bridge And Help.

Don't forget the bridge tournament on June 8 at the Vandyk Galleries, Buckingham Palace-road.

This photograph of Muriel Viscountess Helmsley helps to remind one of the wonderful work she has done for the National Society of Day Nurseries, for which the tournament is being arranged. Tickets for bridge tables can be had from the Countess of Clonmell, 67, Jermyn-street, or from Lady Helmsley, 4, Sidney-terrace, Fulham-road.



—(Vandyk.)

### A Duchess For Southend.

The Duchess of Portland is paying a visit to Southend on June 7 for the Gift Day at Queen Mary's Naval Hospital.

The Duchess has taken a keen interest in East Coast war hospitals ever since the war began, and, indeed, has made their case her chief work of charity. Lady Cavendish-Bentinck is to help her entertain the wounded at Southend in the grounds adjoining the hospital.

### Don't Mind The Fag Of Fag Flag Day.

Another Flag Day! Don't groan. It's "Fag" Flag Day this time, and must not be overlooked.

Many soldiers and sailors who have been out and come back again, a bit the worse, are lying in our hospitals to-day "just dying for a smoke." They would be allowed to have it if it were there, but it isn't there.

Help to send Tommy some smokes, and Jack too. Just by on June 7, and you will be helping a splendid cause.

### The Tommies Are Helping.

I am glad to be able to say that the wounded Tommies in the hospitals are taking a keen interest in our Needlework Competition. Some of them have already begun knitting for all they are worth.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLING (South Shields).—Write to Miss Crookenden, 50, Upper Baker-street, W.

W. SMITH (Brixton).—Write to Miss May Beeman, 10, West Bolton-gardens, S.W.

MISS A. K. RENSCHAW.—I have sent the slippers to Lady Ripon, who will no doubt let you know if they are the kind she wants.

MRS. GOSSIP.



HON. MRS. GEO. LAMBTON. —(Lallie Charles.)

## IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO BOIL.



The giant kettle was the source of much fun for these wounded Tommies during their visit to K... for them they didn't have to rely on it for their supply of...

## SIX FOOT ETON BOY.



Count A. de Caraman, an Eton boy, is 6ft. 1 1/2 in. tall, although only 17. He is seen with his...

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THE CENTURY POTTERY DEPT. D.S. BURSLEM, STAFFS.

## MACKINTOSH'S

The Supreme Triumph in Toffee-making.

TOFFEE de LUXE





# THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC. By LADBROKE BLACK.

Serial Story  
Specially  
Written  
for the  
Daily  
Sketch.

### The Spy.

"There was somebody there!" Jim Stratton exclaimed.

In the moonlight Hester's face looked strangely white. They had both heard the rustle of a branch and the quick pad of footsteps running across the lawn.

"I'd better see into this for you," Stratton went on, drawing himself up by his hands and throwing one leg over the paling.

She ran towards him instantly.

"No, go back, please," she begged. "Whoever it was has gone. . . . Probably it was one of the maids. . . . And, besides, you may miss your train."

She fastened on to any excuse that might keep him out of the garden. He drew his leg back and sank into his former position.

"All right, I'll be off. Good night, little lady. I'm going to show you I'm not the sort you think I am. Then you'll let me come and see you, won't you?"

She refrained deliberately from replying to his question.

"Good night," she said, and turned away up the path.

At that moment Gordon Kemp was speeding as fast as his car could carry him back to his own house.

He had called for Hester, intending to take her for a run in the moonlight, and, leaving his car in the road, had walked towards the house. Half-way there he had caught sight of Hester on the other side of the garden, her figure standing out clear and distinct in the moonlight.

He had followed her, the grass deadening his footsteps, and he had almost reached the spot where he had seen her when the sound of voices made him pause.

At once he recognised Jim Stratton's voice, and a passion of mad jealousy raced through his veins. What was that brute doing there? What was he saying to Hester? What was Hester saying to him?

He crept closer wedging himself into one of the cropp'd beech trees that edged the footpath. Then he halted and stood very still. He had heard Jim Stratton's warning voice. That quick ear had already detected his presence.

For a moment he was frightened, and half resolved to put a bold face upon it and stalk out on to the moonlit path. But Hester's next words reassured him, and made him alter his mind.

"There's nobody there. You were telling me about this woman. . . ."

Gordon Kemp listened with all his ears. Who was this woman they were talking about? He did not remain long in doubt.

"Eileen Marsh, 2, Mafeking-terrace, Gospel Oak." That name and that address sounded in his ears loud and distinct. There was a cold clutch at his heart, and for a second something seemed to keep him rooted to the spot, unable to move.

### Gordon Gets Busy.

Eileen Marsh. . . How had Jim Stratton discovered her name? And he was going up to London to see her.

In a flash Gordon realised all that this would mean to him. Stratton would see this girl, learn of her connection with Gordon, perhaps worm from her the whole story of the ruse she had practised, and then?

He knew how Hester would take it. There would be an end to their engagement at once. She would think of him with contempt. She would despise him—and the field would be left open to Jim Stratton.

But only for a moment was his capacity for action paralysed. Almost immediately his ready, alert brain began to devise a plot. There was a way to save the situation if he wasted no time. He would get into touch with Eileen Marsh first. . . .

Cautiously drawing back from the beech tree, he began to step quietly across the lawn, and then as Stratton's cry warned him that he was detected, he took to his heels, and ran as he had never run before.

In less than two minutes he had crossed the garden, and without being seen by a single living soul had regained his car. Five minutes later he stood in his library, with a telephone receiver to his ear.

At his office in the city he employed a night staff, who worked from four till midnight upon the American cables. He proposed to use one of the members of this staff for the purpose he had in view.

"This is Mr. Kemp speaking," he said presently, in his sharp, decisive voice. "Is that Martin? . . . There's something I want you to do for me, Martin. You're to go up to this address—2, Mafeking-terrace, Gospel Oak, at once. You are to ask for Miss Marsh, who was lately in my employ, and insist on seeing her. You can give her this message from me. You had better take it down to make sure you have it correctly."

### The Message On The Wire.

He paused while the man at the other end of the wire found a piece of paper and pencil.

"Ready, Martin? . . . well, this is the message. Mr. Kemp says that Mr. Stratton, whose name you will recollect in connection with some recent business, has obtained your address, and is going to call upon you to-night. It is important that you should not see him. Please make arrangements to leave your present address at once—to-night, if possible—to-morrow morning at the very latest. Mr. Kemp says that all your expenses will, of course, be paid, and he would wish you to communicate with him, giving the address to which you have gone, so that he can send you a cheque for the expenses."

"Is that all, sir?" said the voice at the other end of the wire as he paused.

"There's just this, Martin. You'd better take £20 from the petty cash and give it to her. See that you carry out my instructions absolutely. Some very important business negotiations de-

pend upon this, and I know I can rely upon your discretion. The matter, of course, is strictly confidential. . . . Good night, Martin."

He hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief. He had saved the situation.

A decanter of whisky and a syphon of soda-water stood on a side table. He mixed himself a glass with a hand that shook a little, and, draining it, sank down into a chair. It had been a close shave, but his luck had stood by him.

But how had Jim Stratton discovered the name and address of Eileen Marsh? It was an amazing thing. He set his brain at work to try and think out some explanation, but ten minutes' close cogitation brought him no nearer the solution of the mystery.

Then suddenly his eye lighted upon a bundle of papers bound with red tape that lay upon his desk. He stared at them for a moment thoughtfully and then, leaning forward, rang the bell.

"Who came down from the city with these papers for me to-night?" he asked the maid who appeared.

"Mr. Iredale, sir."

"Was he going straight back, do you know?"

"I don't think so, sir. I heard him say he was going to get a chop at the George and Anchor, and that he would catch the last train."

"Thank you—that will do."

Left alone, Gordon lay back in his chair, his lips pursed, and his brows drawn down. He had discovered the source of Jim Stratton's information. Iredale, his clerk, had gone to the George and Anchor for supper, and there must have got into conversation with the Anzac.

### Something Wrong.

"The old fool," he muttered. "I'll make him pay for this."

It was Iredale's fault, of course, though how the two men had met, or how the conversation had drifted on to the subject of Eileen Marsh, he could not conceive.

But it must have been Iredale—and he recalled with a sense of growing discomfiture that it had been Iredale who had drawn the cheque that he had paid to Miss Marsh as part of the price of what she had undertaken to do for him.

He rose and began to pace the floor restlessly.

He was unstrung and nervous; for the first time in his life he felt as if his hand were off the tiller of events, and that he was no longer the master and guide of his own destiny. He had been congratulating himself on the utter impossibility of either Stratton or Hester ever knowing who Miss Marsh was, or where she came from. Now, almost within forty-eight hours, they had become cognisant of all the facts.

It seemed like the hand of Fate.

Regarding the matter merely as a mathematical calculation, the odds against Jim Stratton ever finding Eileen Marsh were enormous—a million to one at least—and yet to Jim Stratton had come that one odd chance. Iredale had gone to the George and Anchor for a chop, had met the Anzac, and somehow or other the well-kept secret had been disclosed.

The coincidence was so remarkable as to appear to Gordon almost uncanny.

"Confound the man," he muttered. "I believe he must have the luck of the devil."

But his information had availed him little—Gordon smiled to himself as he reflected on this. Stratton would get to Mafeking-terrace either to be refused admission or to find Miss Marsh gone. . . . And Gordon was determined that he would keep the girl out of his way until after the day fixed for his own wedding. Threats, and a few judicious presents of money would suffice to keep Miss Marsh absolutely subservient to his will.

But although he was encouraged by these reflections, the discovery he had made that night had unhinged him. He tried to settle to a book, but the print became blurred and indistinct before his eyes. . . . He threw it aside and fell to his tireless pacing of the floor.

Supposing anything went wrong—supposing Miss Marsh were out when Martin called, and did not return until Jim Stratton arrived? . . . He harassed his mind with these and a hundred other similar questions, until at last he could bear it no longer.

He went to the telephone and got on to his office. . . . Martin was not yet back, he was told. . . . He had left the office immediately after Mr. Kemp's previous message.

"Tell him to ring me up as soon as he comes back," Gordon commanded, "and just see that he gets this message."

He seated himself, twisting his chair round so that he had a view of the clock. It was already nearly eleven; Martin must be back soon. It could not take more than an hour to get to Gospel Oak and return to the City. . . .

The hand of the clock slowly traced the circle of the dial. Half-past eleven. . . . quarter to twelve. Something must have gone wrong. Afar off he could hear the chimes of Heaton Chevill church, striking midnight. Then suddenly, as the last note died away, the telephone bell rang imperiously.

Gordon jumped from his chair. For a whole hour he had been consumed with anxiety, and now at last his patience was to be rewarded.

"This is Mr. Kemp speaking. Is that the office?"

A nervous, incoherent voice answered him from the other end. He could hardly make out what was said.

"Is that Martin speaking?" he said irritably. The voice grew louder and more clear.

"I've just rung you up to tell you, sir—there's been an accident. . . . Mr. Martin. . . . I'm afraid it's very serious. . . ."

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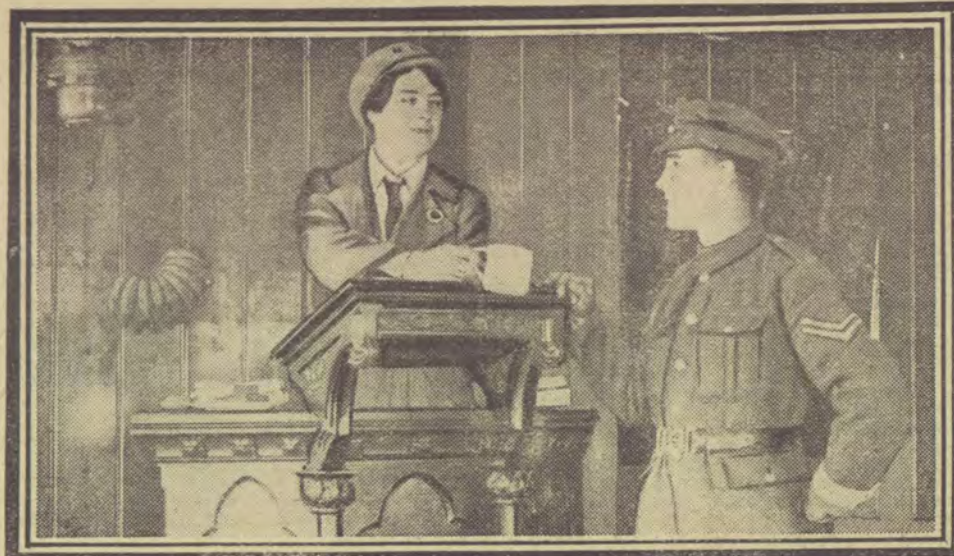
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Wounded soldiers at the funeral yesterday of Nurse Eliffe, who died at the Millbank Military Hospital. The nurse was buried with military honours.