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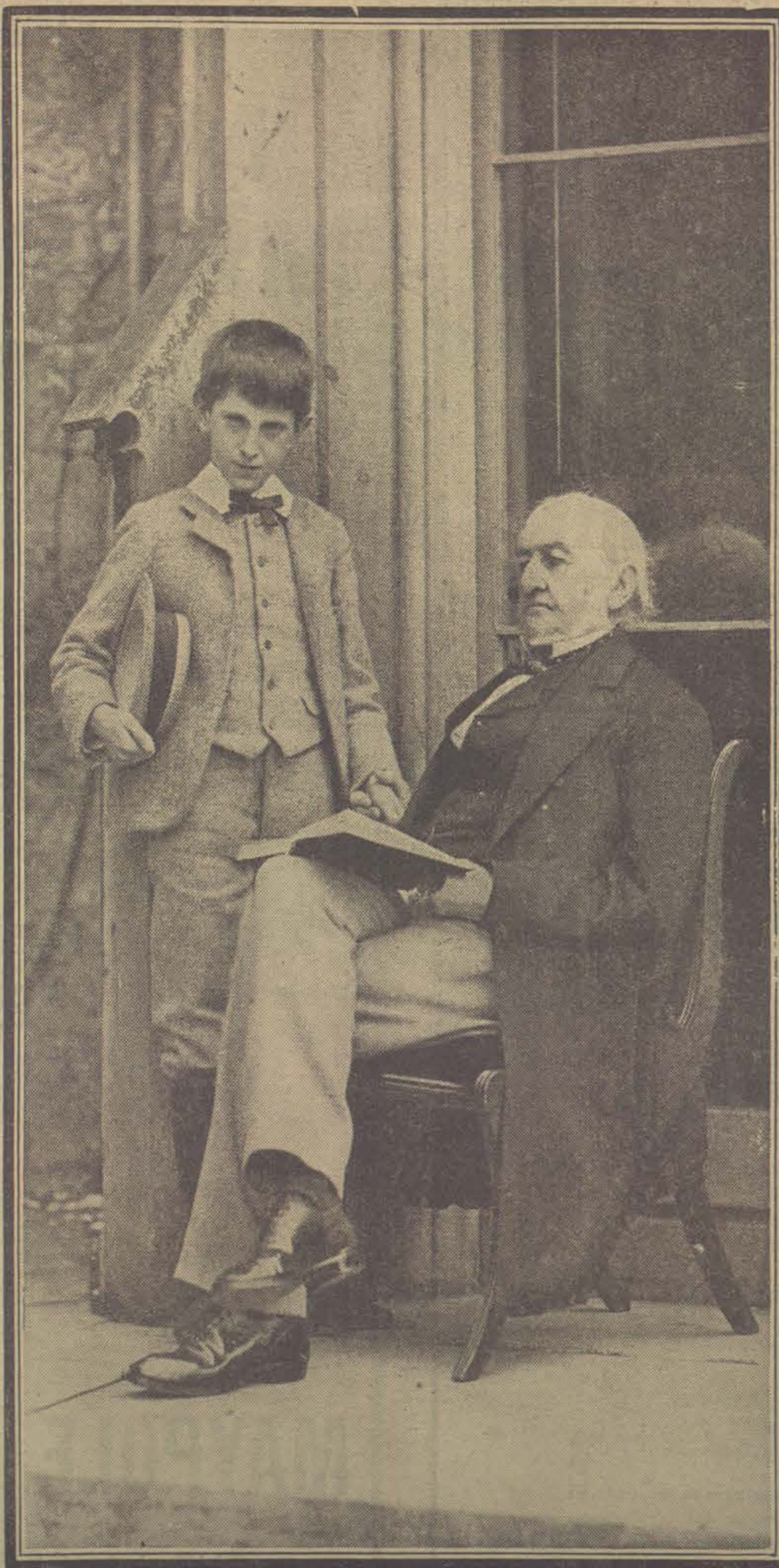
LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

GLADSTONE'S GRANDSON DIES FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY.



He had his grandfather's mannerisms.



With the Grand Old Man. He had his grandfather's high ideals.



He was Lord-Lieutenant of Flintshire.



He was the young Squire of Hawarden.



Asquith was his political godfather.

The death in action of Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., thrills the whole world to-day with a sense not merely of sorrow for the premature close of a career of brilliant promise, but also of the extraordinary fitness of the fate of Gladstone's grandson. For the young Squire of Hawarden has literally given his life for liberty—the cause to which the great leader of British Liberalism had consecrated his own political life. Mr. W. G. Gladstone had all the earnestness and lofty ideals, and many of the personal characteristics and ever physical mannerisms, of his famous grandfather.—(Lafayette and Chidley.)



If your paint were *clean* it would not want repainting. So before you get the painters in see what "ZOG" will do.

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2. Then wipe off *all* the "ZOG," using a clean wet cloth or sponge—the dirt will come with it.
3. Finish off with a *damp* leather, and your paint will look like new.

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No. 244

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UNDERGROUND

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29A	Victoria	Hadley Woods (Cockfosters) Every 7 minutes	Finsbury Park
84	Golders Green	St. Albans (via South Mimms) Every 10 minutes	Golders Green
142	Kilburn Park	Watford (via Stanmore & Bushey) Every 10 minutes	Kilburn Park
155	Golders Green	Hatfield (via Potters Bar) Every 15 minutes	Golders Green
167	Charing Cross	South Harrow (via Harrow Weald) Every 10 minutes	South Harrow
21	Crouch End	Sidecup Every 12 minutes	Boro'
21A	Crouch End	Shooters Hill Every 12 minutes	Boro'
47	Shoreditch	Farnborough Every 8 minutes	London Bridge
178	Camberwell Green	Lower Kingswood Every 10 minutes	Clapham Com.

The Company hope to maintain services on the routes set out above during the summer season, but certain routes may have to be discontinued at any time without notice.



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849 BRANCHES now open.

ZEPPELIN'S RETURN.

FULLY a month ago there appeared a statement in a German-American technical paper that the next Zeppelin raid on England would take place in mid-April. The bombastic Count Zeppelin has faithfully kept to his time-table. And we may expect several return visits.

COLOSSAL ignorance prevails both in official quarters and in the public mind as regards the powers of the Zeppelin airship. One school of experts had held the opinion that Zeppelins could never cross the sea and raid England; the other school is obsessed with the fear that the German airships can devastate England at any time and cause appalling loss of life. The idea has even appeared in print that German soldiers could be landed in this country by a fleet of Zeppelins!

DURING the last ten years aeronautics has been one of my hobbies, and I have made special journeys to Germany to follow up the study of the Zeppelin. In many respects I believe that the rigid airship has great potentiality in war. But its utility will not be found in this war. The Kaiser struck too soon.

IN its present form the Zeppelin is too crude, too bulky, too slow, and too vulnerable for it to prove effective. By day it cannot undertake any offensive operation, as it can be easily destroyed either by guns or by aeroplanes. But contrary to general belief the Zeppelin does a great deal of useful observation work for Germany in the North Sea and behind the fighting lines.

FOR offensive work the Zeppelin must attack at night, and by reason of this fact it creates terror in the public mind. The airship has the insidious manner of the submarine in that it can make surprise attacks, but, of course, the Zeppelin is very imperfect and limited in power as compared with the submarine.

IN being compelled to attack under cover of darkness the Zeppelin must overcome many difficulties. The darkness is at once its enemy and its friend. If a raid is to have a military value some definite object must be aimed at and struck. To find this object it must be illuminated at night, either by its own lights or by the searchlight of the Zeppelin.

BY the simple expedient of reducing coastal lights and putting the town lights under military control a great deal can be done to baffle the Zeppelin, and the prompt action of the Tyneside authorities shows how effective the plan is. When the towns are plunged into darkness the Zeppelin must use its own lights to find an object, and this act of lighting up exposes the ship to destructive gun fire.

WE must not run away with the idea, however, that every Zeppelin raid must be a failure. Under certain conditions and on certain nights towns cannot hide their identity, and a fleet of Zeppelins dropping large bombs over a selected area might do immense damage.

IF aeroplanes could be safely used at night we could rely on them to beat off Zeppelin raids in the best manner, for they could readily destroy the ships. It is very bad policy when we suffer raiders to escape, even though their attempt has been futile. We should have the means to bring down every Zeppelin that visits England; and if the authorities had grasped the problem some years ago we could by this time have wrecked every Zeppelin that raided this country, and in addition we could have made night attacks on Essen, Kiel, and other places.

THERE will be more Zeppelin raids. They may effect some damage and kill civilians. But the ships are too crude and too few to produce any serious effect. For important centres like London we have now evolved very effective forms of defence which give the Zeppelin little chance of success or escape.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

Young Gladstone's Death.

YEARS have passed since members of Parliament sustained such a shock as they received when the sad news came to hand of young Gladstone's death at the front. The intelligence, I am told, stunned everyone, and to men in all parts of the House it came as a personal blow. It seemed to bring the war home to all of them more tragically than anything that has yet happened.

Far-Reaching Effects.

THE last in the line of direct succession of his illustrious grandfather, and his mother's only son, the event will have an effect in every home in the land, and it may have far-reaching results in Greece and Italy, where the name of Gladstone is held in affectionate reverence. It will mean thousands of recruits here at home, and though all will lament the sad termination of a brilliant and promising career, it is certain that he will not have died in vain.

Fatalistic.

THE poor fellow had a presentiment that such would be his fate, and made no secret of it to his friends. It is but a few weeks since he left for France, and in the train on his way to Southampton he wrote to one of the Government Whips conveying a request for a service which he wished to be rendered to one of his constituents. "It is probably the last favour I shall ask," he wrote. And so, alas! it was to be.

Doing His Bit.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, who, with another duke—of Devonshire—is, announced to be speaking to-day at a patriotic meeting at Eastbourne, has done his "bit" in many ways since the war began. Recently he has been helping his sister, Lady Mary Howard, in assisting some of the tragic cases of Belgian women and girls who have sought sanctuary on our shores. As you see from this picture, he is not clean shaven.

The Chancellor's Postbag.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S postbag on the drink question, in addition to many thousands of pledges, contains humorous scrawls of an abusive character. I hear that quite a number of people have sent him pledges promising to continue drinking beer until the end of the war. It is a pity these humorists haven't something better to occupy their time.

Whisky Fears.

THE FAR-SEEING whisky drinker is laying in a stock for home consumption in case of—anything that may happen, while the retailer, I am told, is pinning his faith on a rise in spirit duty and filling his cellars. The wholesale dealers also are busy, one well-known firm to such an extent that all the side streets in the neighbourhood have been crowded for days with its vans, giving one an impression that London existed on whisky alone.

Spooks in Piccadilly.

I BLEW INTO a psychic show yesterday. Strictly speaking, I should have been waited in. It is a weird exhibition in Piccadilly of goblins, beasts, glimpses of heaven and angels. I am not quite clear what is "Psychic Inspiration" or who is "Atlantis," but, anyhow, the latter painted the seventy odd pictures on view under the influence of the former.

Pains and Paint.

THE PICTURES give the impression of a child-artist obsessed by indigestion and a new box of paints. I, a normal individual, received quite a shock when first gazing on these attempts at whatever it is the Occult Club term them.

An Enterprising Youngster.

AT 8 O'CLOCK in the morning there was a loud knock at a suburban front door. On opening it the householder found standing there a very diminutive boy, who carried a bucket half filled with whitewash and perkily inquired: "Will yer 'ave yer kerb whitewashed, sir?" Asked what he meant, the small boy explained that the War Office recommended all householders to white-wash their kerbs.

Where is The Cuckoo?

THE WAR seems to have rid us of one evil, at any rate. I have not yet met any of the numberless people who at this time of the year listen for the cuckoo, in order to tell you that they have each been "the first to hear it." The poor old cuckoo is left without an audience in these days.

No "Frightfulness."

EVEN a real Zeppelin raid does not instil that "frightfulness" on which the Kaiser—relying on Count Zeppelin's word—counted.

A Dream.

THE ONLY approach to "frightfulness" I have heard of was the case of a man who had a Zeppelin dream. Of course, it may have been lobster.

Rain Of "Zeps."

HE DREAMT of a perfect rain of "Zeps." He thought he got out of bed, loaded a gun and blazed away at them as at a flock of wild duck. He couldn't understand why the noise didn't wake his wife.

Probably Lobster.

HE ALSO dreamed he was a dart, one of those tiny steel spikes that aeroplane pilots drop through Zeppelins to let the gas escape. He dreamed that he, the "human dart," was about to strike his wife, when he pulled himself together with, "No, No. I am the stuff of which V.C.'s are made!" Clearly lobster.

Rose Record.

THERE IS A "ROOM" in roses, particularly red ones. At every street corner men and girls are selling them. Yesterday I bought a magnificent bloom for a humble penny, and the man who sold it me said: "It's a record for 25 years."

"Busy in The Graveyard."

HERE'S a funny newspaper yarn, if you'll excuse "shop" for a minute. Things were slack one day in the office of a contemporary, and one reporter was told to "get busy in the graveyard." This, let me explain, consists in writing biographies of celebrities advanced in age or liable to die. In fact, obituary notices in advance.

Your Obituary By Post.

SOME half-dozen of these were duly done, and the scribe put each in an envelope, with the name on, and placed the envelopes on the editor's table. An enterprising office boy, "thinking for himself," added addresses and stamps, and posted them.

"Beau-Street" Police Court.

IN VIEW OF THE gilded Society flocking to hear the brides case, there is a suggestion that the name of the Court should be spelled "Beau-street."

Some Cambridge Men.

I HEAR P. J. Baker, the Cambridge athlete and orator and Whewell scholar, is doing wonders at the base hospital in France, where he is in charge. As a member of the Society of Friends, he is debarred from fighting, except with the weapons of mercy. Philip Vos, the economics coach, who was made secretary of the Union last term, has now taken a commission in the Yorkshire Regiment. He has a little brother interned with the R.N.V.R. at Groningen.

A Foolish Girl.

LATE the other night I boarded a tramcar in some northern wilderness outside London, where my friends the taxi-men are scarce. Soon a pretty girl got in. She carried a bag, and when the conductor came up produced a ticket from it. In doing so she disclosed to me the fact that the bag was full of loose banknotes, gold, and silver. She got off at the corner of a street as dark as Erebus. The chances of her being murdered were about two to one against, but she would probably have been deeply offended if I had called her a silly young idiot.

"ON A WAR FOOTING."



The Italian boot makes the Kaiser suffer terribly.

The St. James's Audience.

IT WAS like old times at the St. James's on Wednesday night. The old times, I mean, of peace, when a new play was an important social function, and not a half-pathetic attempt at "business as usual." But nothing seems to alter the atmosphere of the St. James's, and the audience which assembled to see Hartley Manners's new play and to see Peg o' My Hartley taking a night off was really brilliant.

Interesting Crowd.

NEARLY every stall was occupied by some well-known figure, and all sorts of professions were represented. Sir Claud Phillips, the art critic, Sir Alfred Fripp, the surgeon, Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, Sir Kenneth and Lady Matheson, Sir Arthur and Lady Lever, Lady Laking, Sir Malcolm and Lady Morris, Lady Brynmor Jones, Sir Albert Seymour and Mrs Jopling Rowe—an interesting crowd.

The Law And Laurette.

THERE HAS always been, I don't quite know why, a close connection between law and first nights, and, sure enough, Marshall Hall was there. So, too, was Mr. Justice Horridge, who long after the rest of the audience had departed was chatting in the foyer to Laurette Taylor, and telling her how much he had enjoyed her husband's play.

The Stage.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, who never seems to alter in the least, was in a box opposite that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Butt and "Peg o' My Heart." Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were in the stalls, and other theatrical celebrities present were Marion Terry, Lady Tree, Lilian Braithwaite and Courtice Pounds.

Hartley Manners.

I HAD a terrible job in tracking down Hartley Manners himself after the fall of the curtain. For one thing I had Tom Titt with me, who wore his wonderful hat, and insisted on displaying a business-like notebook. Eventually he was run to earth in a box, and I almost forcibly detained him while Titt evolved what you see here. He was really very patient. "Why, it makes Hartley look like Cyril Maude," said "Peg," when she saw it. I don't know whether this was intended to be a compliment. As a matter of fact, it is rather like Hartley.



"Peg's" Pluck.

"PEG" is always getting ill, and I'm afraid the English climate doesn't suit her. She doesn't let ill-health interfere with her work, and hasn't missed a single performance, but this is pluck. Early Wednesday morning, she told me, she awoke with a bad chill, and doctors had to be sent for, who quashed any idea of getting up. But no doctors could keep "Peg" from seeing her husband's new play, and appearing at a matinee as well.

Is The Censor Satisfied?

I PRESUME that All's Well with regard to the Play-Licenser and "To-night's The Night," the play with which the Gaiety is to reopen. I say this because "Pink Dominos"—the French original of which has been utilised for the Gaiety play—came in for much criticism from the "goody good" years ago. I have reason to think that "Pink Dominos," as originally adapted by the late James Albery (husband of Miss Mary Moore), would not be licensed just now.

Look Out, All, For The Licenser!

AND, believe me, I have a good, strong personal reason for believing that the play licensing authority and its strong advisory board are watching to snipe all ultra-sultry plays, sketches, songs, and "business." I am not altogether out of touch with these authorities. Moreover, I have found during the last few days—and nights—that sundry censorial officials have been calling at or sending to certain theatres and variety houses. Also that they have made a good, clean sweep—with the accent on the "clean"—of all sorts of theatrical and musical "wheezes," dances and dresses. And not before they wanted it.

The Verdict.

I SHOULD think they will give this play "the bird," I remarked to my neighbour at a recent and very trying first night. "The bird?" was the reply. "They ought to (something) well give it the (something else) double-headed eagle!"

SMITH'S OWN STORY OF MISS MUNDY'S DEATH.

Noisy Advice to Hesitating Witness.

"GO ON, INVENT SOMETHING."

How Am I To Listen To Such Lies When I'm On Trial For My Life?

George Smith (43), charged with murdering three of his six wives, again noisily interrupted the evidence at Bow-street yesterday, and sharply advised one witness who was pausing before replying to a question, "Go on, invent something."

The evidence given yesterday had reference to the death of Beatrice Constance Annie Mundy at Herne Bay in July, 1912, and Smith was remanded until to-day.

SMITH'S HERNE BAY STORY.

He And Miss Mundy "Had Been On Good Terms Together."

The first witness called yesterday was Mr. Rutley Mowll, of Dover, who is the East Kent coroner. He gave evidence as to holding an inquest on Bessie Constance Annie Williams at Herne Bay on July 15, 1912, and said he recognised Smith as the first witness called. Smith gave evidence in the name of Henry Williams.

Mr. Mowll produced the original depositions, which were read by Mr. Bodkin. According to these Smith stated that his wife was 35 years of age and they had been married two years. After stating that his wife had nervousness and fits, and that he consulted Dr. French, the depositions continued:—

"On Saturday morning we both got up about 7.30. I went for a stroll and bought some fish. I returned about eight o'clock. There was no one in the house except my wife when I went out. I went in the dining-room and called out for my wife; then I went upstairs to the bedroom, then to the bathroom. She had said the previous night that she would have a bath in the morning.

"I saw she was in the bath; her head was in the water, submerged. She had a piece of soap in her hand. I pulled her head out of the water and rested it outside the bath. I at once went for Dr. French, then hurried back to the house. Dr. French arrived soon after. When I returned I went back to the bathroom.

"Her head had sunk down again in the bath, her mouth being on a level with the water. The doctor felt her pulse, and said he was afraid she was dead. We got her out of the bath, and the doctor tried artificial respiration. After ten minutes he said it was hopeless.

"The bath was three-quarters full, and the water was tepid. There was a bucket in the bathroom. We slept downstairs, and the bathroom was upstairs. I had not been upstairs that morning previous to my finding her in the bath. We had been on good terms together. I had bought a lot of new things and clothes for her. Her life was not insured. She had private means. I have never seen any of her relatives. I communicated the news of her death to her uncle and her brother soon after the doctor left."

MISS MUNDY'S £2,500.

Herbert Mundy, auctioneer, of Trowbridge, and uncle of Bessie Mundy, said she had inherited nearly £2,500, which was in investments. Bessie was certainly not a business woman, and had no idea of money matters at all. Her money was placed in voluntary trust, and he gave his niece £8 per month.

He received a letter dated August 26, 1910, signed "Henry Williams," giving an intimation of the marriage, and on August 29, 1910, another letter signed "H. Williams," asking him to forward his niece's allowance in postal orders and not by cheque.

Mr. Mundy then came to July 13, 1912, when he received the following telegram: "Bessie died in a fit this morning. Letter follows."

After evidence as to Miss Mundy's will had been given, Miss Carne Esther Rapley spoke in reference to the letting of the premises in High-street, Herne Bay. On the question of references Smith said he had between £60 and £70 in the bank, and she replied, "If you are going to furnish the house it won't leave much to live on." To that he said, "My wife has a private income. I have nothing, but I dabble a bit in antiques." He next said, "I might as well tell you that my wife is a notch above me."

At this point Smith uttered a protest, this being the first time he had spoken during the day. "A good boy," he declared.



MISS RAPLEY.



MISS MUNDY'S UNCLE.

Mr. Bodkin: Did he say how he had met her?—Yes, he said he met her in a boarding-house.

Prisoner (indignantly): Is it likely I should tell you my business? It is an invention.

The Magistrate (to Smith): You must be quiet.

SMITH'S OUTBURST.

Miss Rapley heard of Mrs. Williams' death on the morning of July 16. Smith came into the office, put his arms on the top of the desk and sobbed very much indeed. She asked him what was the matter, but he made no reply at first. Then he sobbed, "She is dead."

"What happened next?" asked Mr. Bodkin. Miss Rapley: He looked up and said, "Wasn't it a jolly good job I got her to make a will!"

Smith rose excitedly from his seat when this statement was made. "It is all lies," he shouted. "It is all very well to be expected to sit quiet under this, but how is a man on trial for his life to keep quiet when such things are said?"

"Do remain quiet," said Sir John Dickinson. "You don't know my feelings, Sir John," retorted Smith. "It is all very well, but how can I sit here and listen quietly to such lies when I am on trial for my life? It is characteristic of her; it is all invention. As if I would tell a woman that!"

Miss Rapley was pausing before replying to another question when Smith ejaculated: "Go on, invent something."

While more evidence was being given about Smith having written a list of documents such as his wife's certificates of birth, marriage and death, her will, and so on, Smith interrupted: "It's all a waste of time—pieces of paper," he said with scorn. "There's some more here," indicating the reporters' table.

MARIE WHEATLEY'S REVOLVER.

Landlady's Story Of An Old Weapon And Cartridges In An Attache Case.

At the adjourned inquest at Islington yesterday on Annie Josephine Wootton (30), wife of a lieutenant in the Bedfordshire Regiment, who died from a bullet wound, a servant named Violet Rosaline Thorne said on March 18 Marie Wheatley, or Lanteri, the barmaid, who is charged with murdering Mrs. Wootton, engaged a room at Ecclebourne-road, Canonbury. Next day Mrs. Alland, her mistress, looked into Wheatley's attaché case, and showed her a revolver and cartridges which she had found in the case.

Mrs. Alland said she told Wheatley she would like the money for the room in advance. Wheatley told her she would have to draw money out of the Post Office Savings Bank.

Later Wheatley went out with the attaché case, and Mrs. Alland followed to find her. Overtaken outside the Agricultural Hall, Wheatley said she had lost her purse and bankbook, and offered Mrs. Alland 1s. 6d., all the money she had in her bag. Mrs. Alland said she did not want to take her last penny.

Wheatley then gave her a ring which bore the initials M. W. and the attaché case to keep until the money for the room was paid. As Wheatley was late in returning to the house Mrs. Alland opened the case and found in it an old 6-chambered revolver with a wooden handle, and a box of cartridges.

Sergeant Hewitt, to whom Mrs. Alland afterwards took the case, said the revolver was rusty and of the pinfire type. There was one spent cartridge in it and about 50 rounds of ammunition in a box. He did not, in the circumstances, detain the case or its contents.

Mrs. Margaret Connor, at whose house in Shepherd's Bush Wheatley was lodging, said Wheatley went out on March 23, the day of the tragedy. She was back in the house about 8.40 p.m.

The inquest was adjourned.

TRAGEDY OF AFFECTION.

Unusual Story Told In Charge Of Killing Housekeeper.

Miss Violet Granville Layard, aged 33, was committed to the Assizes yesterday by the Bromley magistrates upon a charge of murder arising out of the death of her housekeeper, Miss Mary Summers. She was also charged with attempting suicide.

Miss Layard was accompanied in the dock by a wardress, and was dressed in black. She is of short stature and wears glasses.

It was stated that Miss Summers had been in the Layard family for 30 years, and that Miss Layard conceived the idea of killing Miss Summers and taking her own life in order, as she said, that it might be avoided that Miss Summers should be left alone if Miss Layard were put under restraint and Miss Summers be unprovided for and die a miserable death.

Miss Layard, it was said, attacked Miss Summers with a hammer, and afterwards inflicted wounds on her wrists with a table knife. Then she tried to cut her own throat and wrists.

An uncle of Miss Layard's said the women were more like mother and daughter than mistress and maid, and his niece waited upon the elder woman hand and foot. There was the most intense affection between them. He also stated that Miss Layard's father died in an asylum, and that his sister was still there.

In committing her for trial the chairman said, for the benefit of relatives, that every kindness and consideration would be shown her during her detention.

Miss Layard replied faintly "Thank you very much."

"LIB-LAB" FOR MID-DURHAM.

The candidature of Alderman W. House (Labour) for Mid-Durham has been withdrawn. Alderman S. Galbraith (Liberal-Labour) will consequently be elected unopposed.

"THE USEFUL TRADE OF MOTHERHOOD."

Some Suggestions For Solving A Great Problem.

BRITAIN'S PERIL OF THE FUTURE.

Will the overthrow of the British Empire, against which our men are so gallantly fighting in France and Flanders and in the North Sea, be achieved in a few years by the selfishness and cowardice of our women, backed by the usual shortsightedness of our rulers?

Such a question has to be faced in view of the facts recorded in the book compiled by Miss Ethel Elderton, under the direction of Professor Karl Pearson and the Galton Laboratory.

Mr. Alex. M. Thompson faces the question in an article written for the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* on "The Useful Trade of Motherhood." He points out that the mightiest State is that which possesses the greatest number of healthy little citizens, and discusses means by which the State can apply its resources to the promotion of marriages. Mr. Thompson's striking suggestions in his article in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* will greatly interest you.

A leading feature of the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* will be a remarkable pronouncement by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome on the subject which is being discussed, to quote one authority, "more than the war itself"—the question of restrictions on the sale of drink. Mr. Jerome will write on this great problem under the title of "Drinking as Usual."

"The Necessity for Conscription" will be argued in the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* by a notable authority, who will give a mass of striking facts.

A character sketch of Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, written by a prominent politician, will appear in the next issue of the *Herald*.

Another series of fascinating caricatures by Miss Kate Carew will be given in the *Herald* on Sunday. The week-end paper with the finest pictures is the *Herald*; there will be a splendid series of exclusive photographs next Sunday.

With these and many other special features, the *Herald* next Sunday will be better than ever.

D.S.O. FOR NINE BRAVE OFFICERS.

Canadian Officer's Reconnaissance Helps To Secure Victory.

The following nine officers have been appointed Companions of the Distinguished Service Order for bravery and devotion and duty in the field:— Major Henry William Newcome, 47th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.

For the excellent work performed throughout the campaign, especially on March 10 and 11 at Givenchy.

Major Andrew Hamilton Gault, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

For conspicuous gallantry at St. Eloi on February 27, in reconnoitring quite close to the enemy's position and obtaining information of great value for our attack which was carried out next day. Assisted in rescue of wounded soldiers under heavy fire.

Major Baptist Barton Crozier, 56th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.

Conspicuous gallantry and coolness under fire throughout the campaign.

Major William Henry Denne, 2nd Battalion, The Bedfordshire Regiment.

For conspicuous gallantry at Neuve Chapelle on March 12, when he led a party of 20 men in a counter-attack under the most severe fire. All the 20 men were shot down, and he himself seriously wounded.

Captain Wilfred Edward Nicol, 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards.

Captain (temporary) William Arthur Cecil Saunders-Knox-Gore, 1st Battalion, The King's Royal Rifle Corps.

For gallantry and conspicuous ability throughout the campaign. On February 27 he photographed the enemy's position at Givenchy and made an important reconnaissance—the enemy's snipers being only 150 yards distant.

Captain Dick Macdonald Porteous, 1st Battalion, Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).

Lieutenant Gerald Arthur Cammell, 44th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.

Lieutenant (temporary) James Robertson Campbell Greenlees, M.B., 22nd Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps.

BLYTH'S 6-YEAR-OLD HERO.

Blyth, the scene of the latest Zeppelin "raid," boasts of a six-year-old hero in little John Harris, who at the peril of his own life pluckily attempted the rescue of his three-year-old playmate, Walter Morris.

Morris fell into the River Blyth while playing on the jetty near his home. Without a moment's hesitation Johnny Harris jumped into the water and caught hold of his companion.

Both children were in danger of drowning when Sergeant Turnbull, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, came upon the scene and pulled them both safely ashore.

Steps are now being taken to bring the bravery of little Harris to the notice of the Royal Humane Society.



LIEUT. GLADSTONE, M.P., KILLED IN ACTION.

Young Squire Of Hawarden Dies In The Fighting Line.

HEIR OF THE "G.O.M."

Prime Minister's Note Causes Sensation In Parliament.

It is announced that Lieut. William Glynn Charles Gladstone, M.P., grandson of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and heir to the famous Hawarden estates, was killed fighting at the front on Wednesday morning.

News of the young squire of Hawarden's death was circulated yesterday in the House of Commons, but not publicly.

Late in the afternoon the Prime Minister passed a note across the floor of the House to Mr. Bonar Law. The note contained the brief intimation that "young Gladstone" was reported to have met his death in France. It caused a sensation.

The news flew round the House; in a few minutes every member knew that one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in the Westminster assembly had ended what promised to be a brilliant career.

Mr. Gladstone left for the front only about a month ago. Early in the war he received a commission, being gazetted to a battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Still on the right side of 30, he was M.P. for the Kilmarnock Burghs, and Lord Lieutenant of his native county of Flint. Mr. Gladstone made a reputation as an orator and a brilliant young politician at New College, Oxford, when he was for a year that important official, President of the Union.

After he left the University he made a tour of the world with the object of closely studying political and social conditions in the colonies, Japan, China, Russia, and America.

He had a fair experience of America, being some time Honorary Attaché at the British Embassy at Washington.

DIED FOR FREEDOM.

A Character Sketch Of Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone.

By One Who Knew Him.

Young Gladstone died as the old Gladstone would have wished, carrying out the Gladstone tradition, doing battle for liberty.

In the homes of the people, where the name of Gladstone is an emblem of all that is highest in religious and political life, there will be found men not ashamed to weep. And this will be true not only in England, but in Rumania and Italy, in Greece and Bulgaria, whose peoples a Gladstone helped to free.

That simple cross which will mark the grave of a young British officer may indeed call to the colours of freedom the grandsons of the men whom Gladstone helped to free.

LIKE HIS GRANDFATHER.

To us who knew him in the House of Commons young Gladstone was well fitted to carry the old banner. He always impressed me as being exactly like his grandfather in the fact that he was a young man meant by destiny for the Church who had strayed into politics by accident.

For this reason one can readily understand that he found little with which he really sympathised in the House, especially in the rather cynical atmosphere prevailing just before the war, and I had a strong suspicion that only a keen sense of duty kept him at, or ever brought him to, Westminster.

We know he chose to delay his coming merely to make himself more fitted for the work when he did enter, and from the outset we saw the old spirit was there, the same high ideals, the same devotion to truth, and the same determination to suffer for the cause in which he believed, as the G.O.M. always showed. Probably he lacked the passion of his famous forebear.

A DISPLAY OF EMOTION.

Indeed, at the beginning of his political career I was certain this was the case, but as time went on I wavered in this opinion, and in the very last speech he made in the House he showed a fineness of spirit and emotion which in full maturity might have exercised powerful influence.

The occasion was the placing of the Welsh Church Act on the Statute Book. Young Mr. Gladstone believed that a promise had been broken, and that was sufficient. We knew he had voted against the finance of the Bill—he had been true, of course, to the great principle it contained—but it was not that which moved him now.

TRUE TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

It was the breaking of a sacred promise. Friends thought it bitter; opponents wondered, hoping against hope, what it portended; but what impressed me was the noble ideals animating the young man. A wrong had been done, and it ought to be righted.

It is difficult to imagine this young man as a soldier. He was meant for cloisters rather than for camps. But we know the spirit in which he went forth to war. He was a Gladstone and he had to fight—and die—for freedom.

To-day's weather:—Cloudy to fair or fine; slight local showers; moderate temperature.



Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

"WORKING CLOTHES" FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.

WORKING clothes are the demand of all women nowadays. Those who are not spending much of their time in packing comforts for soldiers, lending a hand in the voluntary hospitals, or serving tea and minding babies at Tipperary clubs, are at least captured by the claims of the spring clean or are having busy times "grubbing" in their gardens.

As all of these activities, save perhaps some phases of the spring-clean, are carried on more or less under the public eye, an overall, if it is to be worn with comfort, must be as becoming and smart as an overall can be.

Gaily-embroidered peasant blouses make useful protective garments. When they really retain their peasant character they are so big and loose that they may be easily slipped over a fine blouse while work is being done. In these busy days no woman has time to be repeatedly running home to change, so that it is a great advantage to be able to go straight on from a workroom to a meeting or tea without feeling soiled and shabby.

Chintz Overalls.

For gardening overalls the very newest thing is chintz—the gayest, most flowery chintz that can be found. Some women would feel incongruous among real flowers thus garbed in conventional ones, but for present wear, while the garden is still bare and brown, these overalls look delightful. They are provided with enormous pockets for seeds, string, labels, gloves, and all the other things that one loses in a garden.

"It all depends on whether you want people to know whether you are there or not," said a famous woman gardener when discussing the choice of an overall. This particular woman likes to be left in peace in her garden, and so she has her overalls made of silvery green linen, and in one of these and a brown straw sun-hat she merges invisibly into her background and interruptors cannot look out from a window and say instantly: "Oh, there's So-and-So down in the raspberries."

For flower-picking an apron is advisable, for

thin frocks and blouses are easily stained and torn even during this idealised form of work. Pretty ones are being made from very coarse brown linen with conventionalised birds embroidered on them.

Many women like to work bare-headed until the sun gets stronger, but this is not really ad-



A peasant blouse, from La Belle Alliance, Clifford-street, of geranium pink cashmere, with hand-stitchery in black and white wool, fastened by crystal links. The belt is of white cashmere with roses embroidered in black wool.

visible, as hair gets sadly pulled and broken in encounters with bushes. A Dutch cap of lace permits ventilation and gives one the nice bare-headed feeling while protecting the hair.

Another Dutch article to borrow is the sabot. Keep a pair near the garden door, and they will enable you to enjoy many a "potter" along wet paths that would otherwise be impossible.

S. H.

PICTURES FOR SUNDAY

SPECIAL ARTICLES BY LEADING WRITERS

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ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.

PAGES AND PAGES OF PICTURES. ONE PENNY.

£1,000 FOR WOMEN TO WIN.

TWO important alterations have been made in the Daily Sketch Patriotic Needlework Competition, in which £1,000 is offered in prizes.

By the original scheme all work entered for this big competition was to be exhibited and sold for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, but it has been realised that many women are not in a position to give valuable pieces of needlework, however anxious they are to help on the work among the wounded. Under the new conditions, therefore, though the exhibition and sale will still be held, the presentation of the work is optional.

Competitors who do not wish to have their work sold may have it returned to them at the close of the exhibition.

Work of which the return is requested will, of course, be judged on equal terms with that which is given for the cause of the wounded.

The second important alteration is that of the closing date of the competition.

The competition closes towards the end of November, not at the end of May, as previously announced. The extension of time has been arranged in response to the appeals of hundreds of readers who wished to compete, but were unable to complete their work in time.

There is no entrance fee in connection with this competition, but all entries must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the Daily Sketch.

These coupons will appear in each issue until November 6. More than one entry may be sent by any competitor, provided that each entry is accompanied by the correct number of coupons.

In order to compete in this big competition readers must send a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, Daily Sketch, London, E.C. The envelope will be returned containing an entrance form, with full particulars and rules.

A Northumberland correspondent, in expressing her regret that the conditions of the competition should be changed, writes:—"How can needlework, however beautiful, however long the hours of toil spent on it, be compared with the lives of husbands and sons so freely offered to their country?"

We quite appreciate our correspondent's point of view, and would point out in reply that no competitor is prevented by the re-arrangement of the scheme from giving her work to swell the funds for the care of the wounded.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

H.M.S. OCEAN CHAPLAIN'S BREEZY EVIDENCE.

"All Through The Stunt," As The Sailors Say.

LADIES IN LIBEL ACTION.

The Rev. Richard Swann-Mason, who was formerly chaplain to H.M.S. Ocean, which was sunk in the Dardanelles, gave evidence yesterday in the case in which he is sued, together with his wife, Lady Susan Milman, and her daughters, Miss Violet Milman and Miss Rosalind Milman, for alleged libel and conspiracy, by Miss Victoria Poulton.

Mr. Swann-Mason said he offered for the Navy in September, was accepted at once, and joined the Royal Arthur in the North Sea. He picked up H.M.S. Ocean at Aden, and went with her through the Suez Canal. As the sailors said, he was "a through that stunt." (Laughter.) He added: "was in the Dardanelles, and in the whole lot of the until we were scuppered, but I am going on Sunday to join my new ship."

"AS A MAN OF THE WORLD."

Asked as to the Milman's attitude to Miss Poulton, Mr. Swann-Mason replied: "Why, bless my soul, kindness was not the word. Miss Rosalind was a slave to her. (Laughter.) I have seen postcards lying in the tray, and as a man of the world"—here the witness raised his voice, amid laughter—"I say those postcards were not written by a person who was normal."

He told the West London magistrate he was afraid plaintiff would throw things or shoot, and Mr. Fordham replied: "You are a clergyman. Do you want a summons for attempted murder?" (Laughter.) Witness answered: "Good gracious, no. I should be sorry to drag the poor girl into Court. I want protection for my wife."

Cross-examined: I did not see Miss Poulton carrying a bag of powder. I wish I had. If she had directed her attack towards me I should have dealt with her. (Laughter.) I went to Mr. Fordham, because in the course of my education I have had no law, and I confess the less I see of it the more I like it. (Laughter.) Nobody regrets more than I do that out of the 14 days' leave I have got from the ship I have been in this court three days now. (Laughter.) He added that he had not the least feeling against Miss Poulton, who had conceived a violent dislike for Rita (witness's wife), and said she would "curse her and ruin her life," as she was rather good at cursing. (Laughter.)

After Miss Milman had given evidence, the hearing was adjourned.

The gravediggers of Aldershot successfully applied yesterday for an increase of wages.

WORK FOR THE WOUNDED.

City Of London Branch Of The Red Cross Society Makes An Appeal.

MORE RECRUITS WANTED.

The City of London Branch of the British Red Cross Society, of which the Lady Mayoress is president, is asking for at least a hundred more recruits.

Each man must be in a position to give one whole day to the work in every fortnight, and, while instruction and training will be provided free, members are required to find their own uniforms.

Since the City detachments were first called up for duty last August they have carried out the removal of 20,000 wounded arriving in London by the various Red Cross trains. The men have attended at the trains with ambulance cars and



COL. P. BROOME GILES. COMMANDANT GUY.

have transported the wounded to the hospitals, their work only being finished when every soldier has been gently placed in his bed in the care of doctors and nurses.

This work has grown to such a great extent, and the demands in connection with a new hospital to be opened shortly also add to the requirements so considerably, that more Red Cross workers are urgently needed, and applications should be made personally to Commandant Guy at the headquarters at Guildhall.

The City branch also appeals for the loan of a small motor-car for use in the work, and for a larger chassis on which an ambulance body may be fixed. Offers of this nature will be gratefully received by Colonel P. Broome-Giles, C.B., at Guildhall.

The Church Army Kitchener Car for the British troops in France, which was recently inspected by the King and the Queen and Queen Alexandra, served over 6,000 cups of tea to soldiers behind the trenches in one week.

"A Seeker After Pleasure"

By OLIVE WADSLLEY, Author of "The Flame," "Reality," &c.

Lady Pat's Death.

There was a flash of white face, a web of golden red hair spread in a wave for an instant, and then Lady Pat disappeared under the water.

"Shove the boat off," yelled Dacre. Rendlesham had already dived from the yacht. Dacre hung over the side, his face livid, his lips working.

Again there was a glimpse of a white face and a white form. Dacre sprang into the water, and swimming strongly caught Lady Pat at the instant that Rendlesham's head appeared. Catching a rope thrown to him by the sailors Dacre wound it round Lady Pat and himself and was swept through the water to the yacht.

Two sailors carried Lady Pat on board. Dacre sprang up the steps, careless of his drenched clothes. Rendlesham, blowing and laughing, hurried up after him.

"Come aboard, you lot," he called. "I should think that Pat will be all right in a bit. Shaken, I dare say, but she'll come round quickly."

The men rowed the dinghy to the steps, and the others got out. Rendlesham was shaking himself and talking to the captain, waiting for a match to light a cigarette. He burst into a song as he went off, puffing contentedly. The women had gone below to see Lady Pat.

Richard and Savage waited on deck.

"Got a doctor, I suppose?" Richard jerked out.

"On board?" Savage said. "Oh, sure to have. I know Dacre ships a mate who was once a Navy doctor."

He called a sailor.

"Is Mr. Brian on board?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he attending to her ladyship?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry her ladyship's so bad, sir."

"What do you mean?" Richard asked quickly.

"Hurt her head, I believe," said the sailor.

"Hurt her head," Richard repeated aimlessly.

Savage said nothing. His face was inscrutable, and his eyes were steady.

"I say," Richard said, "can't we go and see, or do something?"

"If Lady Pat's really bad, I expect Rendlesham would rather we all kept out of it, except Dacre," Savage replied.

"Yes, but—" Richard began, and lapsed into silence.

There came the sound of steps, and Dacre appeared, still in his wet clothes. His face was ghastly and his mouth hung open.

"She's dead," he said, stammering over the words. "Hit her head on one of the boats as she went down. Must have done. Just on the temple. Died instantly. Thank God, she didn't suffer."

He flung out his hand towards the shimmering, sunlit sea and flower-decked shore. "And—everything seems to go on," he said in a choked voice. He stared once again at the scene, then turned and walked away, staggering a little.

"Beware Of The Sun."

Savage, his face flint-like, went after him quickly.

"Look here, Henry," Richard heard him say, "you come with me. I'm going to look after you."

He passed his arm round Dacre's shoulders, and led him away.

Richard stayed alone on deck.

"It's not true she's dead," he heard a dull, expressionless voice say. He turned quickly, but no one was there. It was his own voice he had heard.

A tall, thin man, with a weather-beaten face, came lightly up the saloon stairs. Richard guessed him to be Brian, the doctor.

"Are you the doctor?" he asked.

"Yes," Brian said steadily. "What do you want?"

"I am one of the party," Richard said. "I—", his voice stumbled and he was ghastly pale.

"Look here," Brian said, "I'm going to say a few words to you if I may. That poor lady's death has upset everyone. Now, I don't know you, sir, and you may be offended with me for what I'm going to say. It's this. If you can leave the yacht this afternoon and get some of the others to leave with you, it would be the very best thing possible for Lord and Lady Dacre and Lord Rendlesham. I'm worried now about Lord Dacre. He's had a shock that'll take getting over, and Lord Rendlesham's pretty hard hit. So you see—"

"Yes, yes," Richard said, "I'll do my best. Can you order the boat for me, and tell the others? We could go now."

Brian went off, and a moment later the dinghy was lowered. Savage did not appear again, but Brian came back with Charlotta Brent, and Phyllis Waine followed them. Both had obviously been crying, but they spoke quite naturally to Richard.

Richard looked his last at the white yacht, clean cut against the dazzling sky. He did not see the beauty of her line; instead there seemed to be a web of golden-red hair floating on the waves that lapped her white side.

Charlotta Brent said suddenly: "It was the sun on the steps. Look how they glitter now. Pat—"

—her voice quavered—"Pat must have been dazzled and missed her footing."

The words crashed into the numbness of Richard's brain and stirred it to seething thought. He stood again on the sea walk, saw Lady Pat leaning over the marble terrace above, and heard himself calling to her to come and have her fortune told. The old woman's wrinkled, almost fleshless, face, with its blazing eyes and hooked nose, was as clear as if she were standing before him now.

"Beware of the sun," she had told Lady Pat only an hour ago. In spite of the heat Richard shivered violently.

A whispering hush fell over the people in the hotel as the party entered. The accident had been seen from the shore, but no one felt quite sure what had happened. A woman came up.

"I do hope poor Lady Patricia was not hurt," she said. "We saw the accident through the glasses."

Charlotta Brent replied very softly: "My cousin is dead."

Richard stumbled upstairs to his room.

Says Percy Pot,
"I now am not
As black as I've been painted,
I know as much
Because Old Dutch
And I've become acquainted."

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Tins.



A long time seemed to pass. The hard sunlight went at last, and darkness fell. Life seemed to have narrowed down to the one frightful thing. Lady Pat was dead.

There was a knock at the door, and a chambermaid handed him a note from Charlotta Brent:—

Dear Mr. Chard,—Miss Waine and I are leaving to-night for Italy to meet Miss Waine's people. We shall catch the 11 o'clock express at the Central Station, if you would care to come and see us off.—I am, yours very sincerely,
CHARLOTTA BRENT.

Richard scribbled a note in reply, saying that he would be there.

Another knock came at the door, and the manager entered. He bowed to Richard, and said quietly and sympathetically: "Lord Rendlesham sent for me this evening, Mr. Chard, and he asked me to deliver a message to you. The yacht has sailed for Boulogne. She left two hours ago. The English Ambassador will meet her there from Paris. All the room bills are paid, Mr. Chard; may I ask if you intend to remain on?"

"I don't know," Richard said listlessly. "I don't know what I am going to do yet. I'll let you know in the morning."

Evie's Farewell To Richard.

Still dressed in flannels, Richard went down to the station. He found Charlotta Brent easily. Phyllis Waine was in the carriage.

"What are your plans?" Charlotta asked.

Richard shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Rendlesham's gone, I hear."

"Yes. There's all the awful business part to be seen to. Fortunately, the Ambassador's a relation of the Dacres, and that will help matters."

Charlotta's big eyes filled with blinding tears.

"Oh, poor, poor Pat," she said.

Charlotta gave her hand to Richard and climbed into the train. Next moment the express glided out of the station, and Richard walked back to his hotel in the grip of a great loneliness.

Richard awoke next morning with a confused sense that something had happened. For a moment he wondered. Then memory came back to him, bringing all the anguish of the day before.

He would go back to England. His quarrel with Evie seemed a very little thing beside the tragedy that had come into his life. He would go back and take up the old humdrum thread again.

When he rose he went first to the hotel bureau and said he intended to leave by the night train.

"There is a letter for monsieur, I believe," the clerk in charge announced. A page went to the letter-rack, and handed Richard a letter, forwarded on from Paris. It was from Evie. A feeling of thankfulness welled up in Richard's heart. The letter was like a hand held out to draw him home again. He went on to the terrace and broke the seal. The letter bore the Dover postmark and began abruptly:—

I have had no letter from you. I think perhaps, even after everything, I did really hope for that.

I only write now to tell you that the money you sent me will be paid into your account to-day. That breaks even the commonest tie between us, though that matters least of all. It was the other ties which, when they broke, broke my heart, too. So now you are absolutely free.

If you ever try to see me again I shall appeal for protection. You have forfeited every right you ever had. Henceforth my life and all that it may contain belongs wholly to myself. I shall say nothing at home save that you had to travel. I shall only be there one day, to-morrow, and then I leave for a place where you will never find me.

Richard got up abruptly, the letter crushed in his hand, and walked from beneath the awning. There seemed to be no air to breathe.

Of course, Evie didn't really mean it. She could not mean it. She was angry and hurt. He had been a fool, but he was going to humble himself to the dust.

He swung round and went swiftly to the writing-room. Then he remembered that it was too late for him to write a letter, and he had no address. But he could wire. Evie was at Matcham to-day. He rushed to the telegraph office.

"How long does it take for a message to go to England?" Richard demanded.

"Three—four hours, perhaps," a liveried servant answered.

"Good-bye For Always."

Richard began to write, but he did not know what to say. At last he composed a fairly satisfactory message.

I have been a blind fool. Forgive me. Give me a chance to explain. At least see me. Wire me where. Shall await answer with deepest penitence and anxiety.—Your husband, RICHARD.

The man read it, ticking off the words with a stumpy pencil.

"How long must I wait before I can expect an answer?" Richard asked feverishly.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow."

Richard went upstairs. Perhaps he must wait till to-morrow for the answer.

The afternoon dragged on and, exhausted, he fell asleep. When he awoke he hurried down and asked if any wire had arrived for him.

"Nothing, m'sieu," said the page.

He went out on the terrace and dropped into a lounge chair. Surely Evie's answer would come to-night. It ought to arrive about six o'clock. At six Richard was at the bureau again.

By seven he had had no answer. He went aimlessly into the restaurant and sat down. The orchestra began to play. Richard sat with his eyes fixed on the door.

A page appeared with a telegram in his hand.

"Here, here," Richard called. The boy came across, and Richard tore open the envelope. Inside was the brief message: "Good-bye for always."

(To be continued.)

A WAR PROBLEM FOR FATHER.



ZEPPELIN RAIDERS FILL UP RANKS OF THE VOLUNTEERS. How The Citizen Defence Force Is To Be Used In Case Of Invasion— Lord Kitchener's Inquiries.

The Zeppelin raid of Wednesday night on the North-east coast has already stimulated recruiting for the Regular Army; and it almost inevitably follows that it will bring about accessions to the ranks of the volunteers also.

It has just become known that the military authorities have assumed that it is a matter of certainty that the Germans will attempt a landing, if to do no more than effect as much mischief as they can and get away again. Lord Desborough stated this positively at Bradford the other day, and he followed the statement with an assurance of his belief that the danger is by no means past.

Volunteers recognise that the most important business of the moment is the fitting up and equipping of the new armies; but they are greatly encouraged in their own work of preparing to assist in home defence by the growing signs of a desire on the part of the Army Council to recognise them as a potential force of real value.

MORE RECOGNITION.

One striking factor in this direction is the definite appointment by the War Office of Lord Desborough, Sir O'Moore Creagh, Mr. C. J. Stewart, and Mr. Percy Harris as an executive committee of the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps to act as a channel of communication between the War Office and affiliated corps.

The placing of executive authority in the hands of four men of such standing marks a distinct advance; for this is a War Office appointment, and not a mere selection by the Central Association Committee of four of its members to represent it.

KITCHENER WANTS TO KNOW.

Lord Desborough states that Lord Kitchener has made specific inquiries as to whether volunteer corps as a body are ready and willing to undertake duties on and near the coast in the way of guarding important points—roads, bridges, and ferds.

Lord Desborough assured Lord Kitchener that the volunteers would be perfectly willing to undertake this work, and that a great many would be able to do it. The idea is not so much to hold any position for any length of time, as to prepare positions and delay the enemy until Regular troops and heavy guns can be brought up.

YOU WILL BE WANTED.

Thus real work is wanted from the volunteers. Get ready to be able to do it.

The forms which are being issued by the Central Association to all corps asking for specific information as to the time which members can give to patrol and other work should be promptly filled up and returned. The two last questions, as to whether, in addition to service near home, volunteers are prepared to go anywhere, firstly, in their own counties, and, secondly, in the United Kingdom, in case of invasion, should be answered with an unqualified "Yes!" The man who answers otherwise should have no place in a volunteer corps.

Lord Desborough also states that it is his opinion that when the Regular Forces of the Crown are armed it is the intention and the wish of the Government that arms shall be supplied to the Volunteer Training Corps, at any rate to those who have reached a certain stage of efficiency.

RIFLE AND THE PEN.

Colonel Dundonald Cochrane told the Fleet-street Company at their recent inspection that the dummy rifles with which they were provided were excellent for the purpose of learning the manual drill.

The Fleet-street Company (which is composed of men engaged in connection with newspaper work) has procured a small supply of rifles and will proceed to get regular practice upon an open-air range. There is room for many more recruits, and those desirous of joining should communicate with Mr. Harry Young, hon. sec., Press Club, St. Bride's-passage, E.C.

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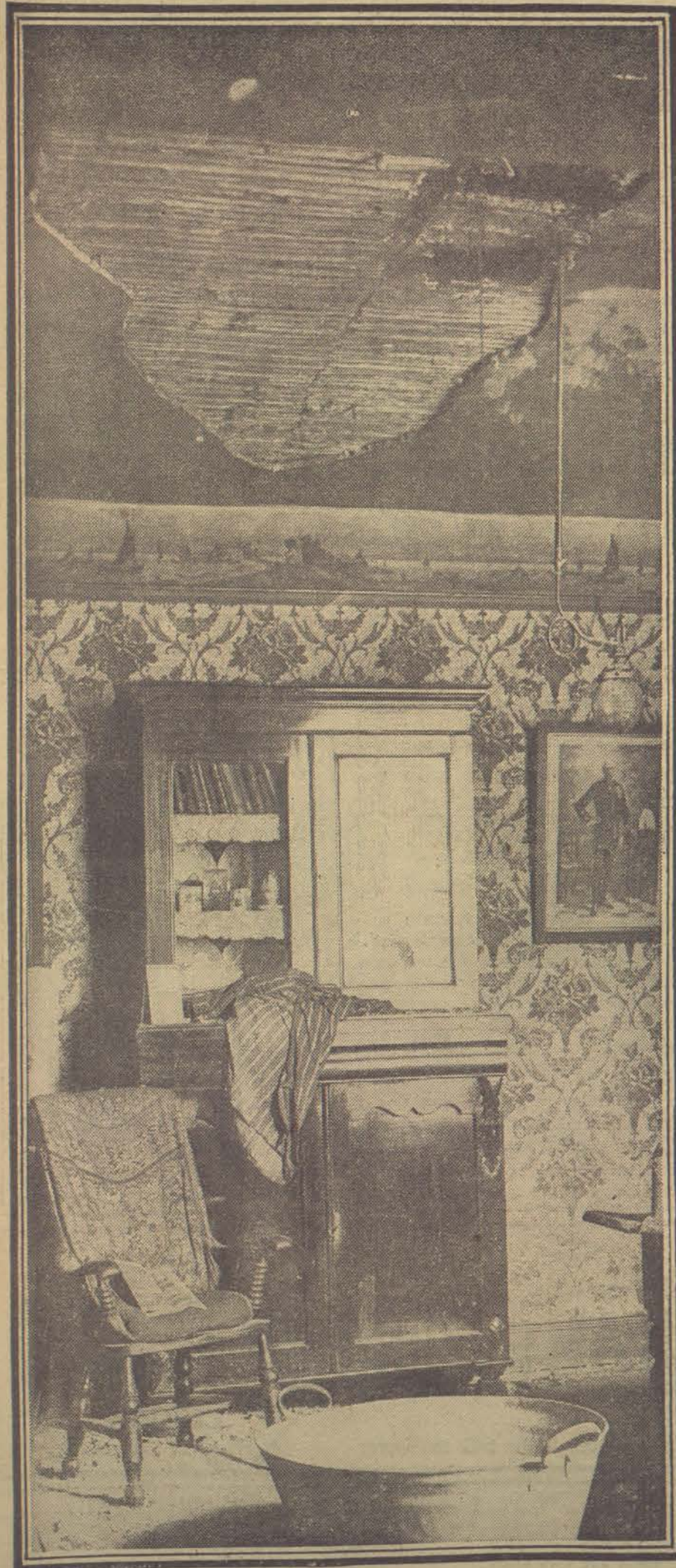
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The hole in the roof and the baby's bath.



Miss Taylor (holding the baby) and Mrs. Robinson, the mother.



One of the unexploded bombs found at Wallsend Station.

A hole in the roof of a house where the mother and a friend were washing baby before putting it to bed, some windows blown out and the ballast of a railway line disturbed were the only results achieved by the "great Zeppelin air-raid" at Blyth. Had the baby been killed, instead of not even frightened, how happy Germany would have been! (Daily Sketch Photograph.)