

LLOYD GEORGE TELLS THE WORKERS THE TRUTH.

DAILY SKETCH.

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“SHOULD GERMANY WIN—GOD HELP LABOUR.”
LLOYD GEORGE TALKS AS A MAN TO MEN.



James Sexton, one-time strikers' leader, and Lloyd George.



Lloyd George, with Lord Derby on his right, confronts the working man in khaki.



Cheering Lloyd George. The British workman only needs the magic of the Ex-Chancellor's eloquence to inspire him to heroic self-sacrifice.

IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY BRITISH CITIZEN, WHETHER EMPLOYER OR WORKMAN, TO READ LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL, REPORTED ON PAGE 2.

'WE WANT MORE SHELLS AND LESS RED TAPE'—LLOYD GEORGE.

NO TRADE UNION BARRIERS TO VICTORY.

Mr. Lloyd George Declares They Must Go.

NATION'S RIGHT TO EVERY MAN'S BEST.

"No One Would Object To Legal Compulsion To Duty."

There is no room for slackers. I don't want to get rid of slackers. I only want to get rid of their slackness, and we really must.

In this war, every country is demanding as a matter of right, not as a matter of appeal, from every one of the citizens that he should do his best, and that is one of the problems with which we have to deal in this country.

It ought to be established as a duty—as one of the essential duties of citizenship—that every man should put his whole strength into helping the country through, and I don't believe any section of the community would object to it if it were made a legal right and duty expected of everyone.

There must be no deliberate slowing down of work.

With these words, spoken to a meeting of employers and workers at Liverpool yesterday, Mr. Lloyd George made it clear that nothing must be allowed to interfere with the supply of munitions of victory.

Not merely must Government regulations be suspended during the war, but also "many trade union regulations and practices," which, important as they are in days of peace, are "inappreciable in a time of emergency."

The first of these rules were those—set for very good reasons—to make it difficult for purely unskilled men to claim the position and rights of men who had had a training.

"If all the skilled engineers in this country were turned on to produce what is required, if you brought back every engineer who had been recruited, if you work them to the utmost point of human endurance, even then you have not enough labour to produce all that we are going to ask you to produce during the next few months. Therefore, we must appeal to the patriotism of the unions of this country to relax their particular rules in order to eke out, as it were, the skill so as to make it go as far as possible, so as to enable us to turn out the necessary munitions of war to win a real and speedy triumph for our country in this great struggle."

The same thing applied to the working of women in factories. There was a good deal of work now done by men, and men only, in this country which in France in the shell factories, was being done by women. He hoped that during the war rules which prevented this here would be suspended.

"SLOWING DOWN" INTOLERABLE.

On the question of "slowing down," Mr. Lloyd George said:—

"I have had two or three painful cases put before me. One was from an arsenal upon which we were absolutely depending for material of war. There was a very skilled workman there who worked very hard, and who earned a great deal of money. He was doing his duty by the State, and he was not merely warned that if he repeated the 'offence' he would be turned out. I am not quite sure that he was not actually turned out. The same thing happened in another factory."

"Now in a period of war this is really intolerable. (Hear, hear.) We cannot do this; we cannot afford it. There may be reason; there might be very good reason that a policy of that sort should be adopted in the period of peace—I am expressing no opinion about that—but I am sure that the only thing in this emergency is that everybody should put forward all his strength in order to help the country through." (Cheers.)

It was as much the business of the workers as of every other class "help pull the old country through in this great emergency and crisis."

"Should Germany win—God help Labour!" Mr. Lloyd George exclaimed. "It will come out worst of all. The victory of Germany will be a victory of the worst form of autocrat that this world has seen for many a century. There is no section of the community that has anything like the interest in overthrowing this military caste which labour has. (Hear, hear.) The more that they realise it the more will difficulties vanish, obstacles will go, and bickerings and slackness."

"SHELLS—NOT RED TAPE."

Earlier in his speech Mr. Lloyd George made a similar appeal to business men.

"It is my intention," he said, "to utilise as much as I possibly can the business brains of the community. I hope to get their assistance—some of them—at my elbow in London to advise, to counsel, to guide, to inform, to instruct and to

direct, but I also want the help of the business brains in the localities.

"This is no time for the usual methods of doing business with the Government. (Hear, hear.) This is no time for the usual roundabout methods of Government business. (Hear, hear.) We have got to trust the business men in the localities to organise, to undertake the business in the particular locality on our behalf.

"We want rifles, we want guns, we want shells, fuses, chemicals, explosives. There is one thing we want less than usual, and that is red tape. It takes such a long time to unwind, and we cannot spare the time."

"YOU ARE THE GOVERNMENT."

"Therefore the first thing I am going to ask you to do is to organise for yourselves in this locality and in every other locality the engineering resources for the purpose of assisting the Government. You know best what you can do. I know the resourcefulness of the engineers of this country; I know their adaptability. I want you to come together and form your own committees of management, and having done that organise among yourselves the engineering resources of the locality with a view to producing the greatest results in the way of helping our gallant forces at the front.

"Whatever is done has got to be done with promptitude, and that involves our trusting to the integrity, to the loyalty, to the patriotism of the business men to do the best for us in these localities and do it on fair terms.

"I want you to regard this as your business as well as ours. This is not a Government entering into negotiations with you. You are the Government, and you have got an interest in this concern. It is your concern as much as it is ours, and I want you to help, as this is a business for all of us."

"Nothing can pull us through but the united efforts of every man in the British Empire."

said Mr. Lloyd George at another point.

GERMANY'S REAL STRENGTH.

"What makes Germany a formidable enemy? It is not merely its preparation for war; it is not merely its organisation, potent as that is; but it is the spirit of every class, and section of its population.

"You have only got to look at the papers to see that, as far as they are concerned, they and all of them subordinate everything to the one great national purpose of winning victory for their Fatherland.

"This is the least we can do in this country for our land. I never doubted whether the victory would be ours, never for a moment, nor have I ever underestimated the difficulties.

"But, although I have never doubted where the victory would rest, all the same I know that victory will come the sooner for recognising the difficulties there are. You cannot remove difficulties without looking at them, and you cannot look at difficulties without seeing them. That is why the business of a Minister is to point them out and to appeal to every section of the community to assist the Government in overcoming the obstacles in the way."

WORKERS IN KHAKI.

"The fact that you have put yourselves in uniform, and that you have submitted yourselves to military conditions, shows that you at any rate are prepared each and everyone of you to do your duty to your country in the greatest crisis and emergency that has ever befallen it."

With these words Mr. Lloyd George paid high compliment yesterday to the Liverpool Dockers' Battalion.

"I had heard," he said, "a great deal about your battalion, and everything I had heard had encouraged me to have a great opinion of the possibilities which you disclose.

"There never was a war in which labour at home counted so much. If labour gets disorganised—if labour does not pull with the Government and the State—the result will be that the whole machine of war upon which we depend for victory gets clogged, broken, disorganised, and demoralised, and the end will be that we shall be defeated not because our soldiers are not valiant—they are as brave as ever—not because our men are not fighting skilfully and well, but because they are not getting the necessary support at home."

WAS IN THE LONDON REGIMENT.

Private F. W. Frenciam, of the gallant London Regiment—13th Battalion—who is reported missing. An old Bluecoat School boy, young Frenciam is the son of a well-known London detective. The latter would be grateful for any information concerning the lad.



DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, CIVIL LORD

Last night's Gazette announced the appointment of the Duke of Devonshire as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, the position held by Mr. George Lambert ever since the Liberals came into office at the end of 1905.

PREMIER SPENDS FOUR DAYS AT THE FRONT.

British Lines Seen From A Hilltop.

SCENES IN A BATH-HOUSE.

Soldiers Jump Out Of The Water To Cheer Their Visitor.

Mr. Asquith has spent four crowded days with the British troops on the Flanders front.

Between Sunday evening and Thursday afternoon he visited a large part of the British lines by means of fast motor-cars and gained an insight into the perfect organisation necessary for the successful prosecution of the war.

One of the most entertaining incidents of the visit occurred at the inspection of one of the big bathing-places behind the firing line.

As soon as the Premier appeared the soldiers, who were romping in the baths like happy schoolboys, leapt from the steaming water, naked and dripping, and crowded round to cheer him.

THE ASTONISHED BATHERS.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Thursday.

By the use of fast motor-cars a large portion of our front was covered, and everywhere the Prime Minister was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

As the visit lacked an official character, however, there were practically no speeches or addresses, and consequently but little opportunity was given for demonstrations of any kind.

Monday's tour began with a visit to a certain high eminence whence a splendid view is obtainable of a large stretch of the British front.

The Premier, who was accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Bonham Carter, Captain the Hon. F. Guest, A.D.C. to Sir John French, Colonel Hankey, and Colonel Swinton, drove as far as the bottom of the hill by motor-car, and then walked up the winding path leading to the summit.

A wonderful panorama was unfolded before him. The day was very clear, and the various points marking the British line from Messines on the extreme right of the horizon to Boesinghe on the left were clearly distinguishable.

In places the winding line of the opposing trenches, marked by a line of thrown-up earth, could be seen, while a few miles in front of where the Premier was standing the shattered ruins of Ypres gleamed in the sunshine.

A heavy pall of smoke hung over the place, amid which occasional shells burst with a flash and a dull boom.

Here and there a cloud of dark smoke marked the spot where a howitzer shell had burst.

After spending about half an hour on the hill the Premier proceeded to a certain town, where he lunched with General W. P. Pulteney and his staff.

GOOD LUCK TO TOMMY ATKINS.

On leaving the headquarters, where the luncheon was held, the party proceeded to a large field outside the town, where one of the brigades in General Pulteney's command was drawn up.

Mr. Asquith went down the ranks and was introduced to several of the officers. The troops then formed a hollow square, and the Prime Minister, standing in the middle of it, spoke a few words to them.

He said he was glad to have the opportunity of addressing the brigade, which contained men from all parts of the British Isles, South and North, East and West.

He wanted to assure them that all they were doing at the front was being anxiously watched and deeply appreciated by those at home, and warmly congratulated the men on their splendid performances in the war.

In conclusion he wished them the best of luck in whatever sphere of activity they might be engaged during the future.

The speech, which was quite impromptu, was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the men, who gave three very hearty cheers for the Premier and waved their caps and rifles in the air.

On the way back he stopped at a bathing station, where men on a few days' rest from the trenches can enjoy the luxury of a hot bath and a change of clothing.

Formerly a brewery on the waterside, the building has now been converted for the use of the men, and the enormous vats previously used for brewing the beer have now been turned into giant tubs, each accommodating some twelve men.

When the Premier arrived a long row of men, dressed only in their underclothing, were waiting their turn for a bath.

The sight was an amusing one, and Mr. Asquith

could not restrain a smile as the long line of Tommies, their military dignity gone with the loss of their uniforms, filed along the courtyard, and entered the bathing-house.

Here they tore off their clothes, which were plunged into hot water for cleaning and disinfecting, and, shouting like schoolboys, plunged into the steaming tubs, where, except for the tops of their heads, they were entirely lost to view.

Such was the scene that met the Premier's eyes as he entered the hall.

Tub after tub stretched in seemingly endless array into the far corners of the immense room, and the whole place was thick with steam.

On the Premier's entry many of the men jumped out of their baths, and, crowding round the Prime Minister, raised cheer after cheer.

Intense enthusiasm prevailed, and Mr. Asquith was greatly touched, though such was the humour of the scene that he could not help breaking into hearty laughter, in which all present joined.

The programme for Tuesday was a more detailed one.

From the flying ground Mr. Asquith went to Colonel Bate's Home for Convalescents, where soldiers temporarily unfit for service in the firing line are given a fortnight's rest amid ideal surroundings.

A CONVOY OF WOUNDED.

Just as Mr. Asquith reached the home, a convoy of wounded arrived from a hospital near the front, and the Prime Minister had an opportunity of seeing the organisation of the establishment in actual operation.

As the Red Cross cars discharged their cargo the men were formed up in a line before a couple of clerks who took their names and regiment.

Many of the men were half-dressed, some wearing pyjamas with a great-coat thrown over them, while others were in slippers and minus puttees.

After lunch on Wednesday General Joffre, General Foch, and M. Millerand, the French Minister of War, met Mr. Asquith at the Commander-in-Chief's house, and a conference of half an hour ensued.—Reuter.

PREMIER'S BROAD-BRIMMED HAT.

French Children Interested In The Benevolent White-Haired Man.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, Thursday.

A plain, old-fashioned house hidden among other solidly respectable mansions in a side street of a little French town was the scene of a historic meeting yesterday afternoon.

Five men sat around a table in the drawing-room, and some little children were playing in the otherwise silent street.

The children were mildly interested in one of the five men behind the window curtains. They always recognised "Sir John" and "Papa Joffre," and even the grave General Foch, but the man who came with "Papa Joffre" on this occasion was a stranger, and the man who had lived with "Sir John" for three days puzzled them very much.

The man, at that moment engaged in earnest conversation in the House of the Union Jack, was an elderly, white-haired personage of rather benevolent aspect, with a broad-brimmed hat not unlike that of the children's own "curé," and loose-fitting clothes of blue serge—quite a semi-ecclesiastical figure suggesting a bishop in disguise.

The fifth man of this party, likewise a civilian—a keen-eyed individual with a decisive manner—was obviously a Frenchman, just as the benevolent individual with the silver locks and ruddy face was obviously an Englishman.

The children chattered and danced about in the sunshine, while inside the old mansion weighty issues were being discussed by the three soldiers and two civilians—the British Field-Marshal, the French Generalissimo, M. Millerand, General Foch, and—Mr. Asquith.

This meeting might be described as the climax of Mr. Asquith's visit to the British Army in the field.

He arrived last Sunday, as the guest of the Commander-in-Chief, and remained until to-day.

During this time he was busy visiting our lines, studying the organisation and administration of the Field Force, and talking with the distinguished Generals who are serving under Sir John French.

When Mr. Asquith viewed the scene of operations from a hill on Monday morning, the faint outline of a building among the distant trees, south-east of Ypres, showed the position of the Hollebeke chateau, where a desperate hand-to-hand struggle took place a few months ago.

A party of British prisoners captured at this chateau were afterwards executed at a village behind the German lines by order of the Crown Prince of Bavaria.

The Premier ended one eventful day by going into some of the second line defences. Accompanied by engineer staff officers he examined the trenches and dug-outs carefully, and looked at the trench mortars and other ingenious devices designed for the discomfiture of the enemy.

ETON'S LOSSES IN THE WAR.

Of the 2,210 Old Etonians serving in the Army and Navy, 321 have been killed in action or died of wounds, 20 are missing, 432 wounded, 21 prisoners, 31 wounded and prisoners, and 261 have been mentioned in dispatches.

BRITISH GAINS AND LOSSES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS.

BRITISH RECAPTURE LOST POSITION.

Continuous Sharp Fighting For Chateau Hooge.

NIGHT ATTACK AT GIVENCHY

Germans Claim Two Successes Over The Allies.

British troops have been engaged in lively fighting around the ruined Chateau Hooge, three miles east of Ypres.

They were obliged to retire from some out-buildings they had captured there, but returning to the attack on Thursday night they recaptured them.

At Givenchy, less than two miles west of La Bassée, they drove the Germans from 200 yards of trenches, but the enemy's fire rendered the position untenable.

The German official report states that the chateau and village of Hooge were stormed by the enemy, and that British counter-attacks were "repulsed with great bloodshed."

It is possible that this "storming" was the movement that compelled the temporary abandonment of the position referred to in Sir John French's message below.

Near Givenchy, also, the Germans claim that not only did they repel the British troops who entered their position, but they took three of our machine-guns.

They also claim that they have again recaptured the sugar refinery at Souchez, which was wrested from them twice by the French, but the last Paris report of this phase of the fighting said our Allies were in possession.

From Sir John French.

Friday Night.

During the last few days fighting has been mainly confined to artillery engagements.

On the night of May 30-31 we seized some outbuildings in the grounds of the ruined chateau at Hooge, three miles east of Ypres.

Since then our trenches there have been subjected to a heavy bombardment, and fighting on a small scale has been continuous.

At one time we were forced to evacuate the buildings we had taken, but last night we recaptured them.

North-east of Givenchy last night we expelled the enemy from his trenches on a front of 200 yards, taking 48 prisoners.

Our infantry, however, were unable to remain in occupation of these trenches after daylight, owing to the enemy's fire.

GERMANS CLAIM DOUBLE VICTORY IN THE WEST.

Chateau Hooge Stormed: Souchez Sugar Refinery Occupied.

German Official News.

BERLIN (via Amsterdam), Friday.

The chateau and village of Hooge, east of Ypres, except for a few houses on the western side, have been stormed by us.

British counter-attacks were repulsed with great bloodshed.

East of Givenchy British troops yesterday evening succeeded in entering our positions.

Counter-attacking, we ejected them with severe losses, capturing three machine-guns.

The position is completely in our possession.

The sugar refinery of Souchez, after fluctuating fighting, has been occupied by us.

On the railway west of Souchez fighting is proceeding.

A strong hostile attack on our positions near and north of Neuville collapsed under our artillery fire.

South of Neuville, since last night hand-to-hand fighting has been proceeding.

In the Bois le Pretre (St. Mihiel region) the fighting has concluded. We have succeeded in recapturing the greater part of the lost trenches.

—Reuter.

WHY MR. ASQUITH VISITED THE ARMY IN FRANCE.

Delegated By The Cabinet To Study The Situation On The Spot.

LORD KITCHENER'S APPROVAL.

From Our Lobby Correspondent.

It is understood that when the full Cabinet meets Parliament the Prime Minister will be prepared with a full and authoritative statement as to the whole position.

His own visit to France, which has just concluded, was carried out at the express wish of the Cabinet as a whole, which practically delegated to him the task of inspecting the situation on the spot and learning from personal inquiry what the Army requires and how it is fitted out.

In undertaking this visit the Premier had the entire concurrence of Lord Kitchener.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S WORK.

On the other hand Mr. Lloyd George will be ready with a report for the Cabinet as to the condition of things in the industrial world, and the statements will be considered at a meeting of the Cabinet which will precede the announcement in the House.

There is no difficulty in laying the position of affairs so far as the Navy is concerned before the Cabinet, since not only Mr. Balfour but Mr. Churchill is familiar with it.

The Cabinet, in short, has during the past week been "taking stock," so that in view of the lessons it has learned it may be the better able to decide upon policy.

COMPULSION OR NOT?

Plain Questions To Be Put To The Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister is to be asked on Monday in the House of Commons whether the policy of the Coalition Government is to rely on the present recruiting facilities being continued, and whether the Government is satisfied with the response being given to the last appeals for more men.

Major Hunt will also ask whether the Government have decided to bring in compulsory military training for all healthy young men who are not required for other Government work.

The Prime Minister is also to be asked when he proposes to make a statement in regard to the policy of the new Coalition Government.

FRENCH STILL ADVANCING.

Capture Of Fortified Inn On Road To Souchez.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday.

To the east of the sugar refinery of Souchez our troops made some progress in the direction of the village of Souchez, and carried an isolated inn which the enemy had organised.

We made about 50 prisoners and took three machine-guns.

We made fresh progress in the "Labyrinth" (near Neuville).

On the remainder of the front only artillery fighting took place.—Reuter.

A GALLANT CONNAUGHT RANGER.



Captain Montague Hill Clephane di Christoforo de Bouillon Wickham, of the 2nd Connaught Rangers, attached to the 2nd Royal Irish Regiment, son of the Princess Paleologue and the late Colonel Edmund Hill Wickham, Royal Artillery, who after being wounded three times is now reported as wounded and missing and believed to have been killed at Ypres. He fought in South Africa—receiving a medal and three clasps.

PRUSSIAN LOSSES: 1,388,000.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.

The *Telegraaf* says that according to the German casualty lists hitherto published the losses of the Prussian army alone amount to 1,388,000.

Besides this are published 151 Saxon, 190 Wurtemberg, 185 Bavarian, and 31 naval lists.

The five last lists published contain the names of 56 airmen, of whom 11 were killed, 35 wounded, and 10 missing.—Reuter.

SUCCESS IN THE CAMEROONS.

A telegram has been received from General Dobell, commanding the Expeditionary Force in the Cameroons, to the effect that on May 29 the Allied force, under Colonel Mayer, drove the enemy from a strong position at Njok. Our losses were not heavy.

MORE AUSTRALIAN RECRUITS.

Mr. Pearce, the Australian Minister of Defence, has appealed for more recruits to reinforce the Australians fighting in Gallipoli. The height standard has been lowered by an inch.—Reuter.

HAS VIENNA ABANDONED HOPE FOR TRIESTE?

Shops And Public Buildings Closed And Austrian Officials Withdraw.

BOLOGNA, Friday.

According to the statements of fugitives, Trieste is a city of the dead.

There is not a single shop left open, not a theatre, picture-palace or cafe. The streets are deserted, and no trams or cabs are running.

Only the police are in evidence; the general population remains within doors, preyed upon by anxiety and by hunger.

It no longer cherishes hope of assistance from Vienna, and sends no further appeals in that direction.

The Austrian officials have withdrawn to Adelsberg; the troops occupy the high plateau of Carso, and have mounted several guns there which, it is significant to note, could destroy Trieste if necessary.

The harbour is thickly strewn with mines, but many of these have been mysteriously exploded during the night hours.

Public report has it that the principal buildings, the railway stations, barracks, palaces, theatres, quays and the offices of the Lloyd Navigation Company have also been mined, and that in the event of the arrival of Italian troops the mines will be exploded by means of electric wires which have been led up to the Carso.

Meanwhile, in view of the possible fall of Trieste, the Hungarian Government is fortifying Fiume, which will be put in a state to offer a desperate resistance to an Italian invasion.

Pola is believed to be provisioned for three months at the outside.—Central News Special.

HEAVY FIGHT ON WAY TO TRIESTE

AMSTERDAM, Friday.

A message from Vienna states that heavy fighting is developing in the region of Goerz (Gorizia, 26 miles north-west of Trieste). The Italians have attacked the front of the Austrian infantry.

The heavy Austrian guns are also in action.—Central News.

MR. MCKENNA'S MISSION.

NICE, Friday.

Mr. McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Signor Carcano, Italian Minister of Finance, arrived here to-day, and this afternoon discussed financial questions arising out of Italy's entry into the war. Both Ministers will leave Nice to-morrow.—Reuter.

A CHURCHMAN IN KHAKI.



As a motor ambulance driver the Rev. E. P. Greenhill, M.A., rector of Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, is another of the many clergymen to-day working in khaki. His services will be very valuable, as he possesses the reputation of being one of the most fearless and expert motorists in the country.

"UNSCRUPULOUS SCOUNDRELS."

Dutch Newspaper Says It Would be Criminal To Side With Germany.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.

The *Telegraaf* to-day prints a remarkably outspoken editorial article in which it bluntly announces that it stands on the side of the Allies, and warns the country that, should Germany win, the independence of Holland would be at an end.

After saying that its action is directed, not against the German people, but against their leaders, the paper adds:—

It is criminal to range oneself on the side of the unscrupulous scoundrels who has misled a noble people and plunged them into a slough of misery.—Central News.

"THE FOURTH" AT ETON.

The 4th of June was celebrated very quietly at Eton yesterday.

Speeches were delivered in the Upper School as usual, and the cricket eleven played the Eton Ramblers, but the customary procession of boats and the fireworks display were abandoned. The number of visitors was small, and many boys went home for the day.

AN HONOUR WELL DESERVED.

Corporal B. Whittington, 3rd Batt. Worcestershire Regiment, mentioned in dispatches. It was at Spanbroek Molen he earned the distinction. Under heavy machine-gun fire, and with the enemy only 30 yards off, he crawled through a gateway and, regardless of the danger, busied himself in bandaging the wounded.



THE BARREN VICTORY OF PRZEMYSL.

Russians Retire To Take Up New And Stronger Line.

POISON GAS FIASCO.

Cloud Returns And Drives Enemy Out To Be Slaughtered.

As Przemysl was recognised as incapable of defending itself, its maintenance in our hands only served our purpose until such time as our possession of the positions surrounding the town on the north-west facilitated our operations on the San.—Russian Official News.

The capture of Przemysl is a barren victory to the Austro-German forces.

Petrograd shows that the Russians left the fortress in good order, taking their last batteries with them, because the position had become incapable of defending itself.

Przemysl was held only long enough to enable the Russians to concentrate on the east of the fortress and shorten their line, which had been lengthened dangerously by the occupation by the enemy of Jaroslav and Radymno to the north.

Austro-German forces are advancing rapidly on Lemberg, the fortified town on the main railway line 60 miles to the east of Przemysl and 45 miles to the north of Stry, which they have already captured.

On the Bura in Poland a change of wind swept a great cloud of poison gas back on to the German trenches and drove them out to be slaughtered by the accurate Russian fire.

20 MILES OF POISON GAS.

Change Of Wind Catches Germans In Their Own Trap.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Thursday Night.

On June 1 the battle in Galicia continued with undiminished desperation on the whole front between the Vistula and the Nadvorna region.

On the left bank of the Lower San our troops, after a powerful advance, finally on the 2nd pierced the enemy's line and captured an important position which the enemy had fortified in the region of Roudnik, where we took about 4,000 prisoners, guns, and numerous machine-guns.

The Central News says the effect of the poisonous gas was experienced to a distance of about 20 miles from the Russian entrenchments.

West of Roudnik we almost completely annihilated the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Tyrol Regiments.

Our offensive on the whole front as far as the mouth of the Wisloka continues to develop successfully.

A VERY DIFFICULT FRONT.

As Przemysl, in view of the state of its artillery and of its works, which were destroyed by the Austrians before the capitulation, was recognised as incapable of defending itself, its maintenance in our hands only served our purpose until such time as our possession of the positions surrounding the town on the north-west facilitated our operations on the San.

When the enemy captured Jaroslav and Radymno and began to spread along the right bank of the river, the maintenance of the said positions forced our troops to fight on an unequal and very difficult front, increasing it by 22 miles and subjecting the troops occupying these positions to the concentrated fire of the enemy's numerous heavy guns.

Consequently we had for some time been proceeding with the gradual removal from this point of the various material which we had taken from the Austrians.

This having been completed we removed on June 2 the last batteries, and the following night, in conformity with orders received, evacuated on the north and west fronts the positions surrounding Przemysl and formed on the east a more concentrated force.

The attacks which the enemy delivered between Przemysl and the Dniester on June 1 were repulsed.

PROGRESS AT A HEAVY LOSS.

In the region beyond the Dniester the enemy, who had concentrated in the vicinity of the town of Stry very large forces, succeeded in making progress on the Tisemenitza-Stry front, sustaining, however, very great losses and leaving us in the course of our counter-attacks a thousand prisoners.

On the Switza-Lomnitsa front on June 1 we pressed the enemy, and on the Bystritsa we repulsed with success their attacks.

On the Bura (Poland) on June 1 the enemy sent out a large cloud of gas which at first reached the river, but, owing to a change of wind, was blown back and spread in the enemy's trenches.

A large number of Germans had then to leave the trenches and run in a crouching position along the wide front, where our exact fire decimated them.—Reuter.

PROUD OF DADDY'S PROMOTION.



Mrs. Aspinall and her children. Her husband, Captain C. F. Aspinall, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, has just been promoted brevet-major. —(Kate Pragnell.)

PROSPECTIVE SISTERS-IN-LAW



Miss C. Hallowes, youngest daughter of the late General Hallowes, engaged to Mr. E. W. Brodie.—(Langfrier, Ltd.)



Miss E. D. A. Cargill, engaged to Mr. A. B. Hallowes, son of the late General Hallowes.—(Langfrier, Ltd.)

LADY JELICOE AND THE D.C.M.



Meeting him at a club for soldiers' wives, Lady Jellicoe heartily congratulated Sergt. H. Harvey, 2nd West Riding Regiment, on receiving the D.C.M.

A LESSON TO SHIRKERS.



He is a married man with five children and a comfortable London business, but Private Tom C. Wheatley, as he now is, of the East Yorkshire Light Infantry, gave his first thoughts to patriotism and determined to do his bit. —(Daily Sketch Photo.)

MOBILISED AS AN ARMY OF HOUSEKEEPERS.

Remarkable Organisation Of German Women For War.

"A CUPBOARD CAPTAIN."

The immense popularity of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* with women readers is not surprising, for no other paper provides them with such entertaining reading and wonderful pictures at the week-end.

To-morrow's issue will instantly grip the attention of women readers. There will be a woman's vivid description of life in Berlin to-day. Catharine Van Dyke, an American lady, and has just arrived in England from Germany, and she has written an article on the side overlooked by men writers—the astonishing social whirl in Berlin. She will draw a remarkable contrast of the city's gaieties and grimness.

"The German women," states Miss Van Dyke, "are mobilised as an army of housekeepers, making the same fight in their kitchens as soldiers are in the battlefield. . . . A loaf of bread is as necessary as a gun," says a Government war poster, and meine Frau boasts of herself as a cupboard captain."

Miss Van Dyke will give further instances of the remarkable organisation prevailing amongst German women.

There will be many other features which will make a powerful appeal to women—special photographs and sketches, chatty articles on home life and fashions, etc., and a splendid short story, "A New Soldier," written by Beatrice Heron Maxwell.

EXTRAORDINARY WAR PICTURES.

Some of the most extraordinary photographs of the war will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Herald*. There will be an exclusive picture showing how infantry advance under the protection of shell fire. The troops will be shown dashing forward, with vast columns of smoke rising in front of them. The photographer showed great daring in obtaining this picture.

There will also be an exclusive photograph of French and Joffre, just taken at the front, and a picture of one of the most thrilling incidents of the war, the pipers of the Black Watch playing their comrades right up to the German lines at Festubert amidst a hail of fire from rifles, machine-guns and big guns.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc will write in to-morrow's *Sunday Herald* on "Shells and Men." Thousands of people will be anxious to see what the foremost war writer of the day has to say on these vital questions.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has written a stirring article on "The Voice of the Young Men"; Mr. Balfour will be the subject of the *Sunday Herald* character sketch; and there will be many other things which you must not miss reading.

SHARP RISE IN STEELS.

The Corporation Which Obtained A Victory Over Anti-Trust Party.

The feature in the Stock Exchange yesterday was the sharp rise in American securities, and more particularly in the shares of the United States Steel Corporation, which has just obtained a victory over the anti-Trust Party.

It is over three years since the Government instituted proceedings for the dissolution of the Steel Trust, and the Federal Court has just decided that the case for dissolution has not been made out.

It is possible, of course, that the matter will be carried to a higher Court, in which case the final judgment may not be delivered for another year or two.

Meantime the shares, which only a short time ago were being dealt in under 40 yesterday, rose to 64, while in New York the opening quotation was still higher.

Contrary to expectations, the profits of A. W. Gamage, Ltd., for the past year show an increase of over £9,000 as compared with the previous twelve months. The dividend is maintained at 6 per cent., and the extra profit is applied to strengthening reserves.

Holbrooks, Ltd., the sauce and pickle bottlers, are paying a dividend of 20 per cent. for the past year, but there will be no bonus. The profits show a decrease of about £1,000.

The annual report of the General Mining and Finance Corporation makes a very bad showing, there being a loss to carry forward of £2,213, increasing the debit at profit and loss account to £45,629. This, however, does not make any allowance for depreciation in investments, which totals nearly a million sterling!

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American 5 to 10 up; Egyptian 5 to 10 up.

CIGARETTES FROM "DORIS AND WILLY."

Among to-day's donations for Tommy's cigarettes is 7s. 6d. from two little people who have sent us the following letter:—

Dear Mr. Editor.—We collected 7s. 6d. on May Day, and we are sending it of you to buy cigarettes for our brave Tommies at the front. Please send them our love, and tell them we are going to try and collect some more money.—From Doris and Willy. Thanks, kiddies. We wish there were a lot more like you.

Here is to-day's list:—
£2 4s.—E. Wollendon and E. Arrowsmith, Oldham. 12s.—Mrs. Durston, Southsea. 7s. 6d.—Doris and Willy Rycroft, Birkenhead. 6s.—Employees, Lanchester Motor Co., Birmingham (30th cont.); Miss Campbell, Liverpool. 5s.—Mrs. Burnell, Eggleston. 3s.—Penzance Nationalist (3rd cont.). 2s.—Miss Nilon (7), Armath; G. Clarke, Dundee. 1s.—A Sailor's Wife, Enfield (2nd cont.); Anon.; "Tyke," Doncaster; Tommie's Friends (3rd cont.); Mrs. Stott, London, N.

THE DAY WILL LIVE IN THE V.C.'S MEMORY.



Corporal Fuller, the Grenadier Guardsman who won the honour at Neuve Chapelle, proudly displays the V.C. which the King has presented to him at Buckingham Palace.

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

IF Mr. Lloyd George had made his Manchester speech last August he would deserve to be acclaimed as a statesman of extraordinary genius. In delivering the speech ten months later he yet merits high praise for his clear-sightedness and courage. His statements should sink into the brain of every Briton who has a brain; and the brainless ones, instead of kicking like mules, should put themselves under the guidance of the men who are now controlling national affairs.

IT comes to this. We are fighting for all we hold dear against a nation of highly organised and devilishly equipped criminals. Individually we are powerless against these millions. But jointly, as a nation, well equipped and organised, we can protect ourselves, and even beat the enemy. So far we have not been well enough prepared or organised to do that. Grievous blunders have been made in the past by the people who were paid to look after our safety. The State blundered, the politicians blundered, the diplomatists blundered, and the permanent officials blundered. It is no wonder that the public have blundered also.

THE war has opened our eyes. We are all beginning to realise that a new state of affairs must be provided for, and the changes necessary will affect every one of us. In common sense and common fairness we must see that the new burden is evenly distributed and, still more important, we must see that the strain is scientifically distributed, so that each citizen does the work for which he is best fitted.

TO win this war, or even to save ourselves from destruction, we need men, munitions and money. And unless we provide these as and when required we cannot triumph. We entrust our safety to the State, because only by State action can we combine our efforts in the right way. Thus, we agree that the State as our leaders must have all the men, munitions and money which they require. Equipped with this necessary power the State must be free to obtain its supplies with the highest possible expedition.

SO we come to the simple but immensely important decision that *in this time of national crisis the individual of every class and type must subordinate his powers and his rights to the requirements of the State.* The men best fitted for soldiering must be soldiers; the men best fitted for making guns and shells must make them; the manufacturers with suitable factories must use them primarily for State purposes.

IN effect this is being done, but the work has been so haphazard, so ill-organised, and so dispersive that we have done nothing like our best. We have engineers in the firing-line; we have slackers and idlers and luxury workers at home. We have men striking, and masters locking-out over trifles as if we were not at war for our lives. We have trade unions and employers' associations squabbling on points of order, or haggling over halfpennies.

NOW, the State is to have the power to say "Get on with the work!" In the common cause the people empower it to say so. Every decent and intelligent man will need no compulsion. He will understand and act as heroically as our soldiers in the trenches. But instead of wasting time arguing with the mules, the asses, the shirkers and the slackers the State will say "Get on with the work!" Refusal will mean sharp punishment.

IN effect, all this is but national organisation, and it is from its practice that Germany has obtained that widespread system which has given it so much power. There are manifest evils in the German system, and these we must avoid quite as determinedly as we mean to avoid conquest by Germany. It might be more accurate to say that the whole British nation has decided to play a great game, the stakes for which are life and liberty. We have selected our Captain. The cry is now—*Play up, Britain!*

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

A Real Birthday Gift.

THE KING saw many officials on his birthday, among them being a special messenger from the British headquarters, who bore a loyal and dutiful message from the gallant soldiers and, I am told, an optimistic prophecy with regard to the progress of our troops. It is safe to say that no address of congratulation and no gift was more valued by his Majesty than the simple and hopeful tribute paid by his fighting subjects.

Lloyd George Methods.

A FRIEND who heard Mr. Lloyd George's Manchester speech tells me that he and a companion were much struck by a little trick of the speaker's. Whenever there was a burst of applause or "laughter," the Munitions Minister took the opportunity of expanding his chest and taking in a good deep breath. This is a well-known and most useful help to any public speaker, just as it is to the prize-fighter and to the swimmer. Another point noticed was that, despite the terrible seriousness of his theme, everybody left the building in a much more cheerful frame of mind than when they entered it.

A Chance For Compulsion.

I HOPE Lloyd George's speech will put a stop to this sort of thing. If not, perhaps some other way will be found. A whole engineering shop downed tools a few days ago, because, according to strict trade unionism, a newcomer, a "turner" by trade, did another man out of a job by making some slight repairs to his slightly-damaged lathe!

More Room For "Push And Go."

AS WAS expected, the staff of the newly-created "Push and Go"—the Munitions of War—Department at 6, Whitehall-gardens, soon outgrew the premises. Every corner has been utilised; even

the corridors are partitioned off. The large balcony overlooking the Embankment has now been requisitioned, and yesterday the beautiful growth of ivy and privet over a large trellis-work was devastated. Two new temporary offices are to be erected for the munitions staff. This is Sir Hubert Llewelyn Smith, the Permanent Secretary of the new department.

He has been Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade—why do they call these posts *permanent?*—and is a great mathematician, some scientist, and an authority on Labour matters. He sat on—or, rather, with—the railway strike conference, you remember.

M. Thomas.

THE young French Social Democrat, to whose work Mr. Lloyd George referred in such eloquent terms, is M. Thomas, who for his wonderful organising powers has been appointed by the French Government to the Under-Secretaryship for War. He is one of the many "discoveries" of the war. It is quite possible, I heard yesterday, that the meeting between M. Thomas and Mr. Lloyd George, foreshadowed in the speech, will take place in London.

The Fourth.

YESTERDAY must have been one of the most curious "Fourths" in the history of Eton. There were no celebrations of any sort whatever, and the funny fancy costumes, cocked hats, and so on, used in the time-honoured aquatic carnival remained in camphor and moth-powder for what I hope will be only one more year. No admiring and reminiscent fathers, smartly-dressed mothers, and silk-stockinged little sisters crowded the streets, convoyed by *blasé* youngsters.

The Light Blue And Black.

AND YET Eton was not entirely normal, for it was practically deserted. A certain amount of leave was granted, and Etonians flocked to town. Elderly men sported the light blue and black of the Old Etonian tie, and the West End was full of the type of small boy that is unmistakable. I met one I know, all alone, buying ties in the Burlington Arcade. He was going to spend the afternoon at the Hippodrome, and was due back at Eton at half-past eight.

Railway Tickets From Guinchy.

I WAS SHOWN yesterday some interesting war relics. They were a set of unissued railway tickets sent by an officer to his father-in-law. The sender had evidently been billeted in the booking-office at Guinchy, the junction held by our troops. The tickets were for the journey from Guinchy to Lille (return 2.50 francs), Bethune (single 0.45, return 0.70), Haisnes (single 0.45), and, last but not least, La Bassée (single 0.30). One day our troops will make those journeys.

Versatile Winston As Viceroy?

IN INDIAN circles in London Mr. Winston Churchill is still spoken of as the man who has been selected to succeed Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, when the latter retires next November. How many people remember, I wonder, that Winston once served in India as a subaltern, that he fought through three campaigns on the North-West Frontier, and that in the Tirah Expedition he was the late Sir William Lockhart's orderly officer? Put him into uniform and he is entitled to wear four war medals and about a dozen clasps. Very versatile, is he not, for a youth of 40?

Forgot The Mace!

I WAS sure some complication would arise with the Coalition Government. They don't know yet how to distribute themselves on the benches of the House, and yesterday the new Serjeant-at-Arms forgot the Mace! Vice-Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, of course, has spent more time on the quarter deck than on the floor of the House of Commons, and I suppose it is easy to overlook a little thing like a Mace, which, however, is the symbol of so much. I am glad to see that his forgetfulness was purely temporary, and that by hurrying back for it he was able to overtake the Speaker on his way to that "other place" they talk so much about. This is Sir Colin.



Lord Milner's Hospital Visit.

LORD MILNER paid a surprise visit to the Lewisham military hospital on Thursday, I hear, and after a few words of sympathy to the wounded soldiers presented them with cigarette-cases, filled, and inscribed with "Good Luck," a horseshoe, forget-me-nots, and "For a brave man."

K. of K. "At Ease."

LORD KITCHENER spared himself from the War Office for a little while on the King's birthday. Late in the afternoon he was motoring in the West End, and even did a picture show—the still variety, of course—somewhere in Bond-street. He was looking splendidly fit and serene. A little incident which impressed me particularly was the extra tremendous salute of the commissionaire who closed the door of his car. If ever an old soldier experienced the moment of his life, I am certain it was when this one turned the handle for K. of K.

The Geranium Season.

THE GERANIUM season has set in with tremendous severity in the West End this week, and all the square gardens and all the window-boxes have their usual show of the eternal red or pink flowers. I remember remarking on it to a woman last year. She vowed then that she would have something original this year—but I was passing her house the other day and glanced up at the men filling the boxes with—white daisies and pink geraniums. She caught my eye and laughed, then looked serious. "I hadn't the heart to bother about it," she confessed.

The Tragedy—

HERE IS a little tragedy of the battlefield, one of the most touching I have heard of. A young lad had gone out to avenge the death of his brother, a year older than himself. On account of his youth his parents had tried to dissuade him, but the youngster would have his way, and his mother let him go.

Of A Bunch Of Violets.

THIS IS the news they received of the first son's death: "He happened to pop his head up out of a trench," wrote a comrade, "and he fell back, with a sob in his throat, dead. We all loved him more than a brother. He was the life and soul of the company. We laid a little bunch of violets on his grave, and have now taken half of them away, and are enclosing them in this letter. You will know that the flowers have been lying on your boy's grave."

Where You Can Get A Suit For Nothing.

AN EMPLOYEE in a certain works—which shall be nameless—was telling his mates how he had just bought a suit of the very latest cut and cloth for under £2. "Oh, that's nothing," remarked a precocious young assistant, "that's nothing. I know where you can get a suit of the very latest fashion, much more up-to-date than your suit, for nothing!" "Don't be a young fool!" ejaculated the other. "I'm not," was the answer. "Well, where do you get the suit, then?" "Why at the recruiting office!" (This from a safe distance.)

"Mater."

THERE is something rather soothing about a dull play, if you can watch it from a pew as comfortable as those which they provide at the Play-house. I sat, more or less in a state of torpor, through three acts of "Mater" yesterday afternoon. No, I wasn't asleep. If I had been I would have the common honesty not to say that "Mater," by Mr. Percy Mackaye, who was, I believe, educated at Harvard, is rather poor stuff.

Clever, But—

It might have been better had Mr. Mackaye been less clever. But he made everyone talk too much, and in a hopelessly unnatural fashion, veiled allusions, poetry, metaphors, epigrams by the yard, and so on. Miss Winifred Emery made "Mater" herself, through her wonderful art, as charming as Mr. Mackaye allowed her to be. But it was all very dull.

"Peg" And The Zeps.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, inveterate playgoer, was in a box, and Hartley Manners, with his wife, was in the stalls. He told me that he has just taken a house at Maidenhead, as "Peg" doesn't like the idea of London o' nights. Zeps, you know.

Made First-Nighters Laugh!

WHETHER chief praise is due to Eden Phillpotts or Macdonald Hastings, or whether it's a dead-heat I know not, but "The Angel in the House" is certainly one of the most amusing plays produced for a long, long time. It made the audience at the Savoy howl with laughter on Thursday—that is, if critics and first-nighters do howl. But there was nothing here of the extravagance of the old-time farce.

H. B. And Lady Tree.

THE play is a farce, of course—a wildly impossible piece of fooling. But it is the lines, and the way H. B. Irving and Lady Tree say them, that make it go. "The Angel" is just a valetudinarian *poseur*, with a sense of humour and a gift of the gab. He walks about explaining things, shutting doors, and putting more coal on the fire. Also, he is a Futurist, and discoursing on a portrait of his mother, all angles and cubes, he dismisses the fact that only one eye and one ear are visible with the remark that the other eye and ear are exactly similar, and that true art dislikes vain repetitions.

In A Flannel Petticoat!

POSSIBLY some people won't like "The Angel," or Harry Irving, scholar, criminologist, and a fine Hamlet, prancing round in a flannel petticoat. But everyone seemed to on Thursday.

Gaby And Pilcer.

AS I WAS busy with "The Angel in the House" I wasn't able to see the angel in the other house—Gaby at the Alhambra. But I hear she and Harry Pilcer had an immense reception—prompted, no doubt, partly by sentimental reasons—and that "5064 Gerrard" is better than ever.

Renee Gratz.

HERE IS another newcomer to the Alhambra—not quite so famous as Gaby perhaps, but a charming little person withal. Her name is Renee Gratz, and she is singing, as I told you the other day she would sing, many of the songs sung by Lee White. Miss Gratz has an excellent voice—a rare thing in a revue artiste.

She has had considerable musical comedy experience, notably in "The Belle of Mayfair," "The Waltz Dream," and "The Merry Widow."

How Many Lbs. Per £?

FROM a variety theatre comes a typewritten *communiqué* to the effect that there will appear shortly "the great —, the famous pianist, organist and author-composer, with his gigantic cathedral organ. This tremendous instrument weighs eight tons and was built at a cost of £2,000. Some idea of the enormity of this instrument may be gathered when it is said that few organs in any building in the country weigh more than five-tons."

Why Not Music By The Yard?

I LIKE this idea of judging a musical instrument by its weight almost as much as I like the word "enormity" in this connection. It reminds me of the *parvenu* who, to get a reputation for culture, bought his books by the yard. Sorry, but this comic announcement was "asking for it."

MR. CCSSIP.

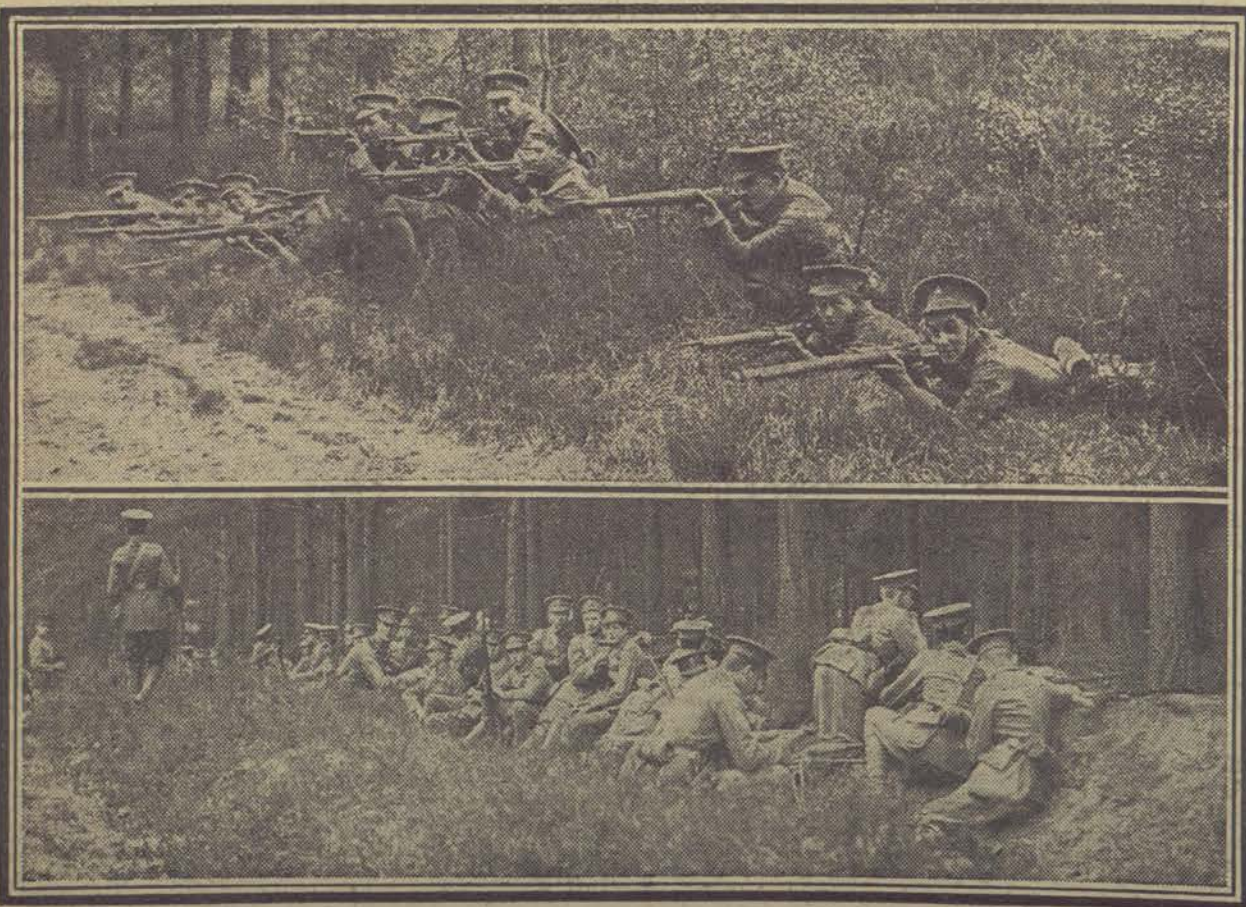
THE ETON JACKET—THE KHAKI COAT.



Eton boys in the familiar top hat and jacket.



Some of the boys who will lead British soldiers.



Instead of the traditional Fourth of June celebrations Eton boys had a field-day in the country.

While it may not be true that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it is true that a large percentage of the officers of the British Army received their first training at Eton—which is praise enough for any school.

WAR'S "FRIGHTFULNESS" INS...

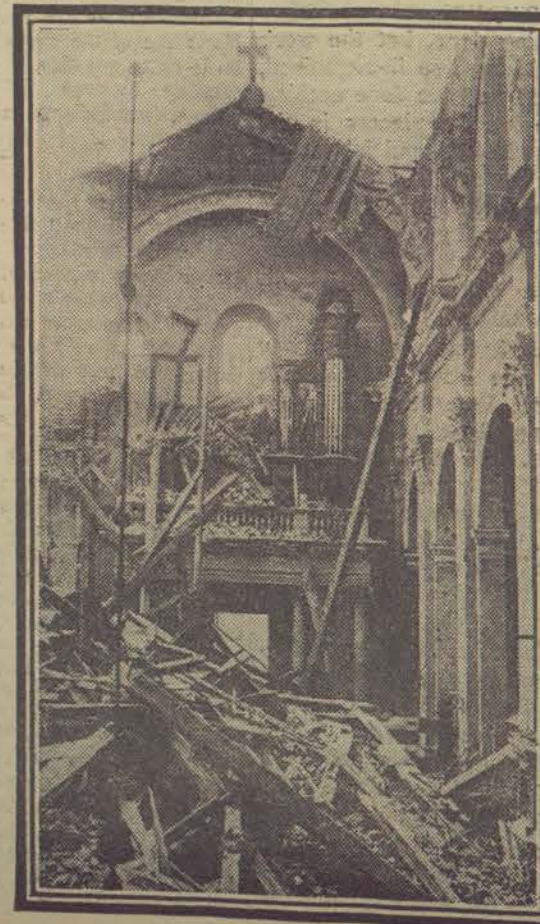


Mr. Martin Harvey as General Murdoch protests against the policy of vengeance.



The most impressive scene in "Armageddon," Stephen Phillips's new war shades of Attila, Moloch, Belial, and other allies of the Kaiser, and sends them Arch Fiend, is seen seated on his throne with Beelzebub (J. Fisher White).

BUT THE CROSS REMAINS.



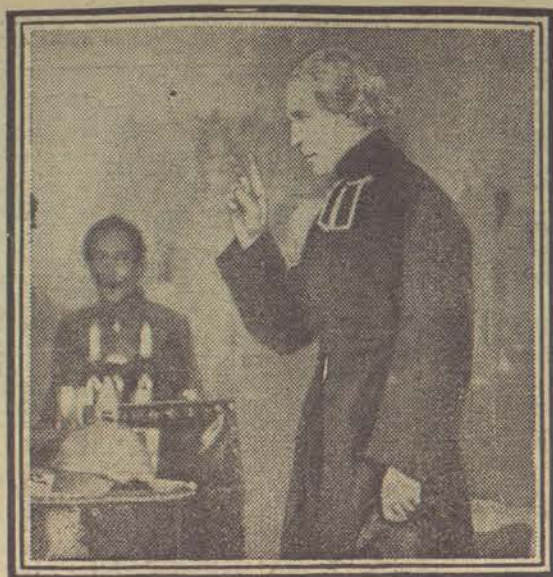
This ruined church in Gabera was destroyed by the Germans to prove their kultur.

GERMAN WO...

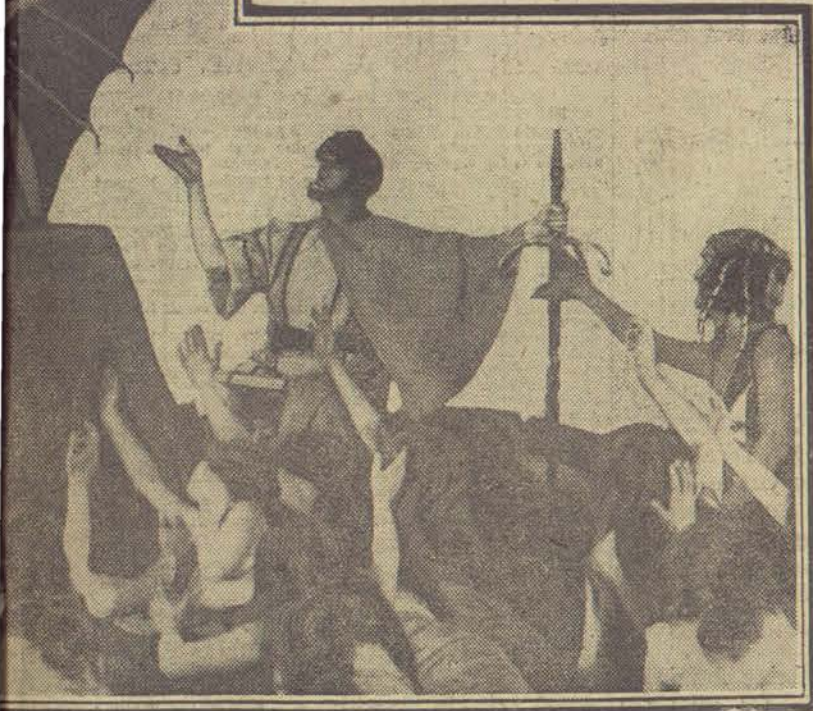


The Rev. Gertrude pastor of a Bir...

ED BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF.



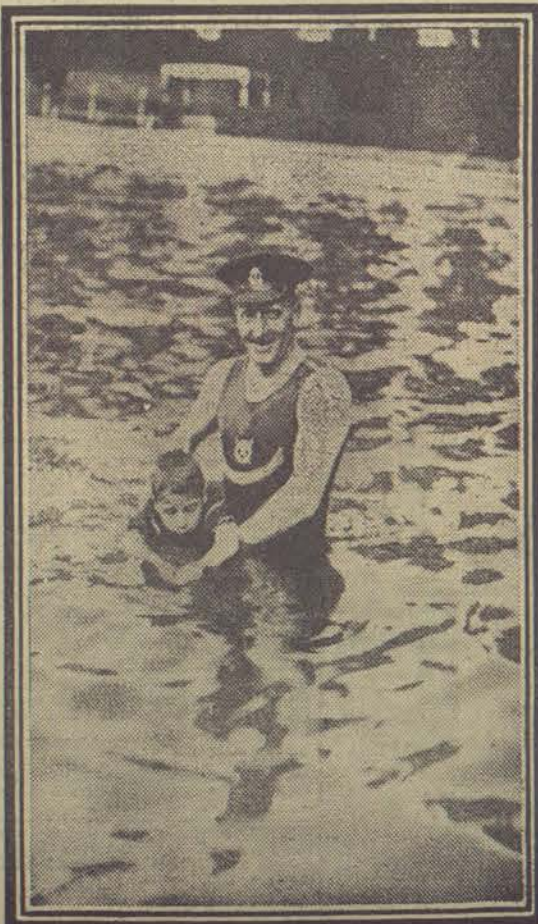
As the Abbé of Rheims he pleads with the chief Hun to spare the Cathedral.



is laid in Hell itself, where Martin Harvey as Satan nightly invokes the to win back an Earth "already half won." Above Martin Harvey, as the (Edward Sass), and Belial (Frank Forbes Robertson) on either side.

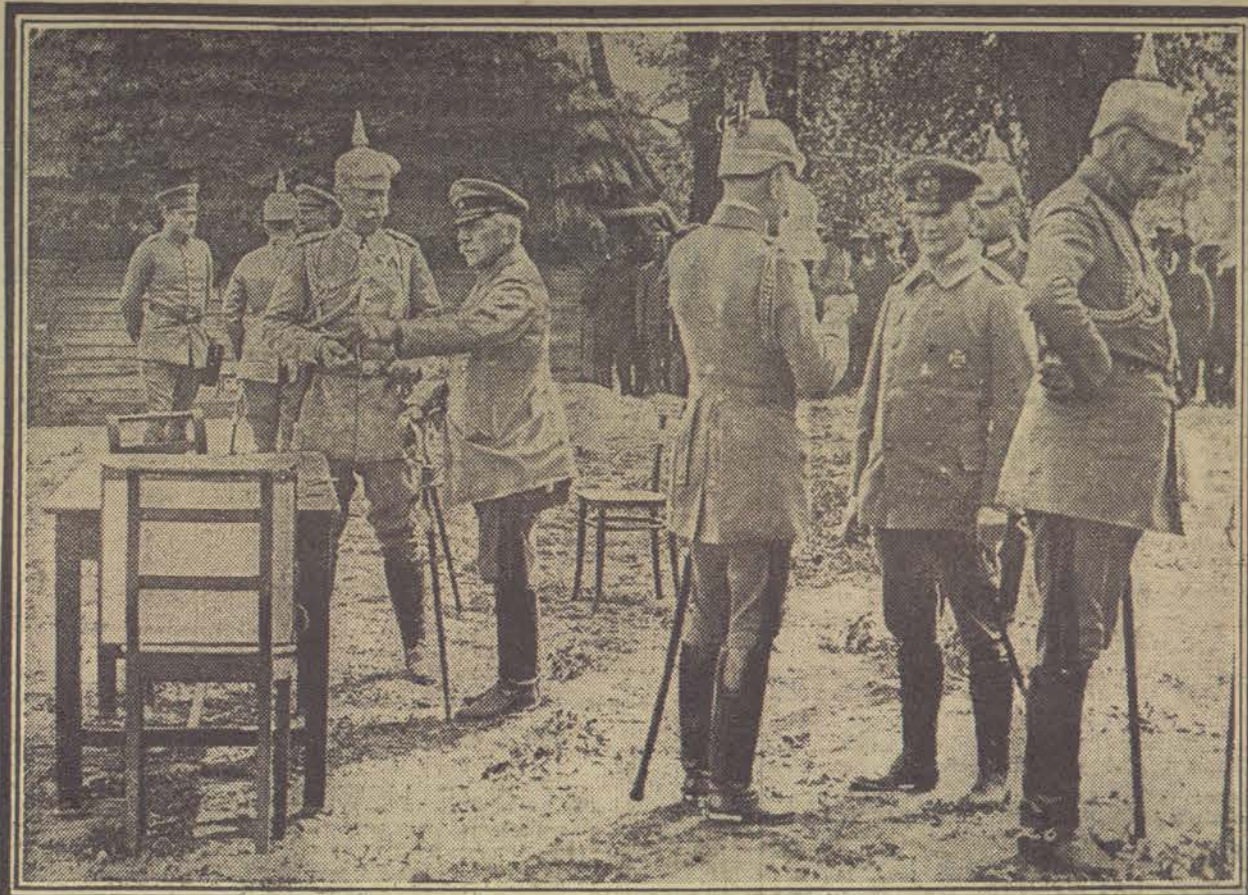
N PASTOR.

TOMMY'S HOLIDAY.



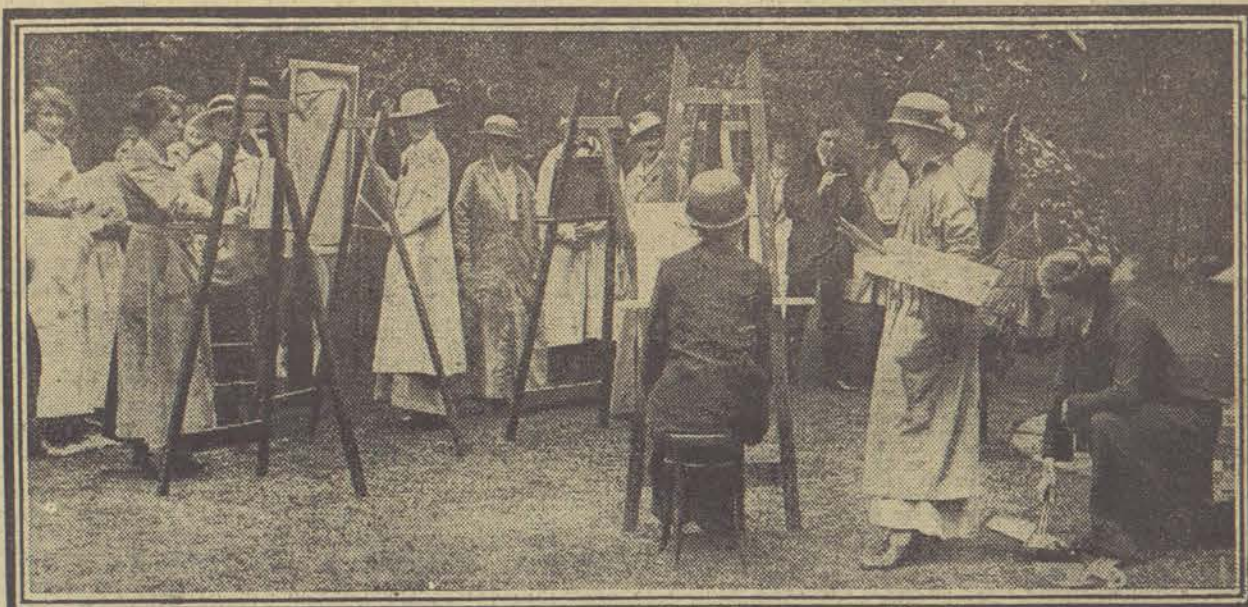
A soldier back from the front takes his little boy for a dip in the Chiswick open-air bath.

THE KAISER IN ANXIOUS CONFERENCE.



The Allies' daring raids on the German Headquarters make the Kaiser uneasy. The War Lord wears a worried look as he talks with General Emmich while visiting the Western battlefield.

WHERE THE RECRUITING POSTERS ARE DESIGNED.



In a leafy garden the girl-students of the open-air art school evolve many of the clever recruiting posters which call young men to the colours.

THREE OF LONDON'S BRAVE TERRITORIALS.



Sec.-Lieutenant B. O. Moon, Post Office Rifles, killed, Lieutenant J. C. Stollery, reported killed, and Sec.-Lieutenant J. Ph. Simpson, reported wounded, both of the Royal Fusiliers. The casualty lists tell a silent story of the heroism of our Territorials, whose fighting in France has proved worthy of the highest traditions of the British Army. —(Weston and Lafayette.)

ALDWYCH. THE DAIRYMAIDS. Last Performance To-night at 8. Last Matinee To-day, at 2.30. Gallery 6d., Pit 1s. Booked Seats from 2s. Gerr. 2315.

CRITERION. Tel. Ger. 3844. At 3 and 9, MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS." At 2.30 and 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sats.

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production. **BETTY.** TO-DAY at 2 and 8. Matinee Sats. at 2. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

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

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

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. TO-DAY at 2.15 and 8.30. (Last 2 Performances.) THE RIGHT TO KILL. From the French of M. Frondaie. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyzer. HERBERT TREE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. IRENE VANBRUGH. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. Gerr. 1777.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.—RUSSIAN, FRENCH and ITALIAN OPERA, directed by Vladimir Rosing. Matinee To-day at 2.30, "LAKME" (Delibes), in French. To-night at 8, "MADAMA BUTTERFLY" (Puccini), in Italian. Mme. Tamaki Miura, Mons. Lafitte etc. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Tele. Holborn 6840.

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

NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.30. MATINEE TO-DAY at 2.30. ARMAGEDDON, by Stephen Phillips.

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

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

ROYALTY. VEDRENNE AND EADIE. DENNIS EADIE in THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

SAVOY. MR. H. B. IRVING. To-night at 8.45, in "The Angel in the House," by Eden Philpotts & Macdonald Hastings. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR. DAILY, 2.30 THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. Including Neuve Chapelle Battle, Italian Army, Dardanelles. NIGHTLY at 8.—BRITONS' DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN. TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEES WEDS. at 2. Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. ALFRED LESTER "ALWAYS Merry and Bright." Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger 6866. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

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

VAUDEVILLE. (LAST NIGHT.) BABY MINE. TO-DAY at 3; TO-NIGHT at 8.45. WEEDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOEY. At 2.30 and 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones.

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

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

32/6—POWERFUL BINOCULAR FIELD or MARINE GLASSES, great magnifying power (by Lumiere); most powerful glass made, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, brilliant field of view; in Solid leather case; week's free trial; worth £6 10s.—sacrifice, £1 12s. 6d.

12/9—(Worth £2 10s.) BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American Robes, etc.; beautifully made garments the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; sacrifice, 12s. 9d. Approval willingly.

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

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

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

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

14/6—(Worth £2 2s.) Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock BRACELET with safety chain; 14s. 6d. Approval.

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49/6—(Worth £10 10s.) GENT'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (R. Stanton, London); jewelled, timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 49s. 6d.

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8/6—Gent's Handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, with fully radiused luminous hands and figures; time can be distinctly seen at night; high grade lever movement, timed to minute month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 8s. 6d.

21/-—(Worth £4 4s.) Lady's Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Watch, jewelled movement, richly engraved, 12 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s.; also Lady's Handsome Solid Gold Long Watch Guard, worth £4 4s.; sacrifice, 21s.

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MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Much interest has been aroused by the intimation that Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty under the former Government, is to address a non-party meeting at Dundee to-day. For a full report of Mr. Churchill's speech get the ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC

A notable feature in this week-end's SUNDAY HERALD will be another article from the pen of HILAIRE BELLOC. For clear, sane, helpful writing Mr. BELLOC stands out, and everyone should read this week's important message dealing with "SHELLS AND MEN."

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ALL THE NEWS—BRIGHTEST ARTICLES—LATEST GOSSIP OF LONDON—POLITICAL—SOCIAL AND THEATRICAL—PAGES OF BEST AND EXCLUSIVE PICTURES.

OTHER ARTICLES THIS WEEK-END INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING— BERLIN OF TO-DAY.

ITS GAETIES AND GRIMNESS. By CATHARINE VAN DYKE, an American woman who has just arrived in England from Berlin. An astonishing picture of the present day social whirl of the enemy's capital and its war spirit, with some home truths for London.

THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG MEN.

A Stirring Article by JEROME K. JEROME. On what the sentiment and idealism of youth can do in this war.

MR. BALFOUR AS FIRST LORD.

A brilliant character sketch by "ONE WHO KNOWS HIM."

SPLENDID SHORT STORY. "A NEW SOLDIER" by BEATRICE HERON MAXWELL.

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What Women Are Doing:

Want A War Baby?
Escaped From The Germans
A Nice Recipe For You

BRIDGET, every inch an Irishwoman, was full of enthusiasm over the "at home" given by the London branch of the United Irishwomen at 20, Hanover-square, on Thursday night. Many prominent women interested in the success of the entertainment turned up, including Lady Clonmell, Lady MacDonnell, the Hon. Mrs. Percival and the Hon. Mary Spring Rice. Lady MacDonnell, who looked exceedingly well in sapphire-blue velvet and chiffon, made a very neat little speech, explaining the objects of the "at home," and called upon her husband, Lord MacDonnell, better known as the famous Sir Antony MacDonnell, who ruled India and afterwards Ireland with such success, to speak. The programme was a good one. There were Irish dances and war-pipes, a little duologue in Ulster dialect; also a harp solo and several Irish songs.

Let's Go And "Gamble."

Even if there were not some specially good people to see in it, we should all want to go to "Gamblers All" at Wyndham's. The title is so fascinating, for I suppose everybody but the kill-joys have that kind of instinct. I am extremely anxious to see Madge Titheradge again. Doesn't she look sweet in this photograph? And, as I happen to know, she is just as sweet as she looks, off the stage as well as on. With Gerald Du Maurier and Lewis Waller also in the cast, May Martindale's play should do especially well.



MADGE TITHERADGE.
—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

Appeal To The Childless.

Does anyone want to adopt a little baby? The War Babies and Mothers' League, 60, South Molton-street, W., are trying to find homes, either permanent or temporary, during the period of the war, for the poor little ones who are absolutely unable to provide for themselves. It is necessary that their lives should be preserved, and that they should be well cared for.

To Meet Princess Clementina.

The First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps are giving an entertainment and tea at the Carlton Hotel on Tuesday at three o'clock in aid of the Belgian Hospital Lamarck at Calais. Princess Clementina Napoleon has promised to be present, and Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, will preside. Mme. Tita Brand Cammaerts will recite "Carillon," and other artistes will be Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Thorpe Bates. I had the honour and privilege of meeting Mrs. McDougall, the head of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, who has been at the Lamarck Hospital in Calais since last October. Previously she was in the bombardment of Antwerp and taken prisoner by the Germans, but escaped in a motor to the frontier. Mrs. McDougall has had a high compliment paid to her organisation and wonderful capabilities by the military authorities, who have asked her to take over an English hospital. The Lamarck Hospital is staffed by English voluntary workers and nurses and takes Belgian wounded only. Gifts of pants, vests and socks are badly needed.

A Quiet War Wedding.

There will be an interesting quiet wedding to-day at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington, when Sir William Lorenzo Parker, Bart., 2nd Lieutenant, 9th Hampshire Regiment, marries Miss Ruth Margaret Hanbury-Sparrow, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bertram Hanbury-Sparrow, of Hillside, Church Stretton.

As the bride's two brothers are in the Army, one being wounded in action and the other now serving in France, the wedding will be as quiet as possible, and only immediate relatives and a few intimate friends have been asked to the church.

The bride, who is a very pretty fair girl, will have a very simple wedding gown of soft satin with silver lace on the corsage, and her simple tulle veil will be quite unadorned, save for a chaplet of myrtle and orange buds.

There will be no bridesmaids and no reception after the wedding.

Not What I Like.

On Wednesday evening I went to the Criterion Theatre and saw "The Hillarys," a play written

by the late Stanley Houghton and Harold Brighouse. The country house comedy seemed to me unreal: the characters were artificial. I have never met people like the Hillary crowd. I don't think I want to! The piece is well written—amusing at times—and the acting was good all round. It was well received by a friendly, if uninteresting, audience.

Still Another First Night.

Thursday evening found me at the Savoy Theatre to witness the production of a new comedy named "The Angel in the House," and Mr. H. B. Irving had a great reception when he came on the stage with three pet dogs—Shem, Ham and Japhet! The piece is very cleverly written and very laughable, at the same time very impossible. Mr. Irving—in a most un-Irving part—was splendid, and so was Lady Tree. To hear these two attempting to sing a well-known revue duet was most amusing. You must go and see "H. B." in his model highly scalloped flannel petticoat, a creation of Mme. Mauve's.

Amongst the audience I noticed the Duchess of Rutland with her daughter Diana, Mrs. Asquith, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford, and, in a box with her mother, Elizabeth Irving, "H. B.'s" eleven-year-old daughter, whose red gold hair and palest blue accordion-pleated frock was "the sweetest thing in the theatre."

Father And Son Going.

The Countess of Fingall is at Killeen Castle, County Meath, and is daily expecting to see her son, Lord Killeen, off to the front. It will be a great loss to Lady Fingall, as her husband is shortly going to Canada.

More Good Stories.

A very interesting concert, given by Miss Helen Mar, will take place on Monday at the Steinway Hall, when she will be assisted by several distinguished artistes, including Sir Herbert Tree. The concert is at 3.15.

Actresses And Charity.

Under the direction of the Actresses' Franchise League a series of four war relief matinees will be given at the London Pavilion. The first matinee takes place on Monday, June 21, in aid of the Era War Distress Fund. Lady Forbes-Robertson, the president, is interesting herself very much in the scheme. An attractive variety programme will be contributed to by well-known artistes, including Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Grace Lane and her husband, Kenneth Douglas.

A Great Singer.

Madame D'Alvarez is well known as the principal contralto of the world's leading opera houses, and is appearing at the Albert Hall Sunday Concerts. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Madame D'Alvarez sing, as I have, in her own house, can best judge of the beauty of her marvellous voice. This is by no means the only gift she possesses, as she has a wonderful personality and a charming nature. She is very clever at imitations. I have even heard her sing in rag-time!



MADAME D'ALVAREZ
—(Hoppe.)

Back To Work.

Captain Richard Wyndham-Quin, son of Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, has rejoined his regiment, the 12th Lancers, and is fighting in France. He was wounded in the early part of the war and since his recovery has been stationed in Dublin.

Good Food Which Costs Little.

Hot stuffed tomatoes are as delicious as they are sound, and form the basis of a delightful luncheon menu. Here is the recipe. Try it. Celery salt, 1oz. of breadcrumbs, 4ozs. of any cold minced meat or chicken, 1 dessertspoonful of stock, 1 half-pint of tomato juice, 2 tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, 1oz. of butter, pepper, salt, and a little chopped onion. Put the butter and breadcrumbs into a saucepan and add enough of the stock to moisten the bread. Stir over the fire until a light paste is formed, then add the meat, onion, celery salt, pepper and salt. Cut round pieces from the tops of tomatoes and with

the handle of a spoon remove the seeds and turn the tomatoes on a sieve to drain. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture, put in buttered pan and cook in quick oven and serve on toast very hot.

Do Remember This.

I find that the function I mentioned on Thursday in connection with the Hon. Mrs. Craven's name is to be a café chantant and not a bazaar, and will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Tuesday.

My Needlework Competition.

"I must tell you how I put my foot into it the other day," writes Betty. "Vi, you know, always had a weakness for the Church. She has just returned from a visit in the country, where, I happen to know, a very fascinating vicar (a widower) has recently been appointed. When I looked in the other afternoon she was working on an elaborate piece of Church embroidery, so I immediately jumped to conclusions. 'When is it coming off?' I said chaffingly. Somewhat to my surprise, I must confess, she said, 'Oh, about the first week in December.'"

"At that moment the maid announced a visitor whom I didn't particularly wish to meet, so, hastily making my adieux and murmuring a few congratulatory words, I rushed away to communicate the news to the others. Imagine my consternation when the other day, on meeting Vi in Bond-street, she cut me dead. It appears that it was not her marriage at all to which she was referring, but the Daily Sketch Needlework Competition in aid of the Red Cross, in which Church embroidery is one of the classes. Of course, I am done for as far as Vi is concerned. All the same, I intend to make all my friends enter your needlework competition, which I think is just splendid.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NELLIE PHILLIPS (Aberdeen).—Write to the Red Cross Society, 83, Pall Mall, S.W.

LEAH DENNIS (Swansea).—Better write to the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.

M. G. (Tamworth).—Lady Massie Blomfield, B.P. Commissioner, West London, 35, Holland Park-avenue, W.

"WILLING."—Why don't you go into a hospital and train for a nurse?

M. A. (Galashiels).—Write to Mrs. Tyler, Linden House, Highgate-road, N.W., about sand bags. I shouldn't worry about conscription.

G. G. (Mount-street, W.).—Very glad you enjoy my page, and so pleased to have been a help to you.

EDITH (Nottingham).—Write to 83, Pall Mall, S.W.

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MUSIE implores one word of forgiveness for the past from D....

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MULLER AND HAHN GUILTY OF SPYING.

One To Be Shot: Seven Years For The Other.

OLD BAILEY TRIAL IN CAMERA.

The trial of the two alleged spies, Müller and Hahn, held *in camera* at the Old Bailey before the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Lush, was concluded yesterday.

The jury found both prisoners guilty.

Müller was sentenced to death by shooting, and to be handed over to the competent military authority for the execution of the sentence, subject to his right of appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal.

Hahn was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

PIRATES' MURDEROUS ATTACK ON BRITISH TRAWLER.

Five Men And Boy Killed By German Submarine's Shell Fire.

Von Tirpitz's campaign for the rule of the sea by the sinking of defenceless trawlers and the murder of their crews continues.

Five of the crew of nine of the Milford trawler Victoria and a 13-year-old boy were killed by shell-fire from the submarine, the cook was drowned, and another man was wounded.

The Cardiff trawler Hirose was also sunk after being fired on, but the crew was permitted to live by the kind indulgence of the pirates.

When the Hirose crew were taken aboard the submarine they found four men, one being wounded, of the Milford trawler Victoria. The men of both trawlers were afterwards set adrift in a small boat with half a dozen biscuits between 14 men. For 24 hours they rowed about in wind and rain, until they were picked up by the Cardiff steamer Ballater, which landed them at Milford Haven.

Of the Victoria's complement George Huddleston, deck hand, John Craig, third hand, Clem Franklin, boatswain, and George Scriven, of Yarmouth, second engineer, were the only survivors. The boy, James Jones, was on a pleasure trip.

BOY PASSENGER KILLED.

Huddleston said they were off St. Anne's Head on Tuesday evening when a shot came overhead smashing their small boat. The boy Jones was sent on the bridge, and the crew lashed some boards into a raft. A second shot killed the boy.

The skipper, Steve Stephenson, went forward, and was talking to the chief engineer, Albert Cole, in the fore-castle doorway, when a shell killed them both.

Huddleston was struck on the arm and hand by shrapnel, and fell down the fore-castle ladder. Yet another shot blew off the legs of the mate, Dennis McCarthy, and another broke both the legs of the trimmer, Frank Slade, of Haverfordwest.

Four survivors, with George Rudge, of Milford, the cook, got aboard the improvised raft, but Rudge was drowned. The other four were taken aboard the submarine and kept there throughout the night.

The trawler Vinilla has been officially given up as lost, together with her crew of nine hands. The trawler Fermo reported that on April 18 she saw a trawler torpedoed by a submarine, and it is conjectured that this vessel was the Vinilla.

Three neutral vessels, the Danish schooner Salvador and the steamer Cyrus, and the Swedish steamer Lapland (3,500 tons) have been sunk by German submarines.

PIRATES' WEEKLY TOLL.

The Admiralty weekly report shows that the arrivals and sailings of vessels to and from United Kingdom ports during the week ended June 2 numbered 1,382, and that eight British merchant vessels of 23,863 tons gross were sunk by submarines.

A NEW HAT FOR NOTHING.

The latest recruiting poster bears the words, "Which ought you to wear?" under a group of assorted headwear, which includes the khaki cap.

TO-DAY'S ATHLETIC FIXTURES.

At Preston Park, Brighton.—Amateur Athletic Association Military Sports.
At Epsom.—Southern Counties Cross-Country Association Military Inter-Team Race.
At Stamford Bridge.—Regular and Territorial Forces Sports.
At Colchester.—15th Cavalry Sports.
At Hatton Camp, near Wendover.—10th K.O. Yorkshire Light Infantry 5 miles road race.

DESMOND (Empire). *17 6 14 23—24 6 16 10 7 12 6 16—5 12 7 16 23 18 19 20 18 22 22 6 13.

SECRETS OF THE NATIONAL REGISTER.

NAME - ROBERT SMALL - AGE 24
OCCUPATION - HELPING FATHER
REMARKS - ENGAGED.

NAME - JAMES KWIVER - AGE 30
OCCUPATION - CLERK
REMARKS - MARRIED.

NAME - HAROLD BROWN - AGE 26
OCCUPATION - CHAUFFEUR
REMARKS - KNOWS JONES IS WAITING TO FILL HIS PLACE

NAME - ALBERT JONES - AGE 25
OCCUPATION - CHAUFFEUR (DISENGAGED)
REMARKS - WAITING FOR BROWN TO ENLIST.

NAME - PERCY SLACK
AGE - 27
OCCUPATION - NONE
REMARKS - CENSORED.

NAME - SAMUEL GRITT - AGE 45
OCCUPATION - BUILDER
REMARKS - THINKS AGE LIMIT SHOULD BE 50

RECRUITING OFFICE: I'LL SWEAR I DON'T LOOK MORE THAN FORTY

A few suggested illustrations to the proposed national register.

THE BAD BOY WHO DID WELL.

Ran Away To See War, Was Captured By Germans, And Now Recruits.

Our youngest recruiting speaker is George Harris, who is just 13 years old. Every day he can be seen in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's enjoining his audiences to come along and do their little bit.

George goes to school two days a week, and on the other four is allowed to go recruiting.

At present he is the mascot for H.M.S. Blonde, which ship he is going to join when he comes of age.

George is a bright example of the bad boy who ran away from school and did well ever afterwards. He wanted to join the Army, but, of course, was too young; but he was determined to see something of the front, so he got together a little money and made his way to Folkestone.

There he crossed on the Flushing boat and tramped to Antwerp, just when the Germans were entering the town.

He was captured and taken before a German lieutenant, who after questioning him sent him to Holland as a refugee, whence he was sent by the British Consul to Tilbury Docks.

When he arrived home he found that his father had been summoned for not keeping him under proper control, but the prosecuting solicitor had to admit that his actions showed the English spirit was not dead.

It was while with the Belgian refugees at Alexandra Palace that King George noticed him and heard his story. His Majesty was struck by the lad's pluck.

He is an effective speaker, and has a way of using quaint illustrations, which get home.

V.C.s FOR BRAVE SOLDIERS.

The King Decorates Heroes At Buckingham Palace.

The King yesterday decorated a number of officers with the Military Cross, and also bestowed two V.C.s, one on Corporal Wilfrid Fuller, Grenadier Guards, and the second on Private William Buckingham, of the Leicestershire Regiment.

The Victoria Cross was awarded to Fuller for most conspicuous bravery at Neuve Chapelle on March 12.

Seeing a party of the enemy endeavouring to escape along a communication trench, he ran towards them and killed the leading man with a bomb. The remainder, nearly 50, of the enemy, finding no means of evading the bombs, surrendered to Corporal Fuller, who was quite alone at the time.

Private Buckingham won his V.C. for conspicuous acts of bravery and devotion to duty in rescuing and rendering aid to the wounded whilst exposed to heavy fire, especially at Neuve Chapelle on March 10 and 12.

The heroes were each warmly congratulated by the King upon their gallantry. The King pinned the Cross to the tunics, and cordially shook hands with the recipients.

SOLDIER STEALS LETTERS.

At Windsor yesterday Private Doe, of the Coldstream Guards, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing postal letters and parcels belonging to other men in the regiment. When arrested over 200 packets and letters were found in his possession. Even the drummer boys lost letters containing postal orders sent by their mothers.

CROWN PRINCE VISITS THE TRENCHES.

Shell-Fire Interrupts The Singing Of "The Watch On The Rhine."

AMSTERDAM, Friday.

A Dunkirk correspondent reports that new German reinforcements have arrived between Arras and Lens. Activity has been limited here to violent artillery duels, in which the French artillery proved its superiority in many respects.

On Monday morning it was reported in the Allies' trenches that the German Crown Prince had visited the positions of troops under the command of the Bavarian Crown Prince. The "Wacht am Rhein" was sung, but was silenced by the French field artillery.

At Ablain Saint Nazaire all houses have either been destroyed or seriously damaged, and 83 inhabitants were killed.

At Gouy all the houses and the fine church were destroyed; 57 persons were killed.

Carency is completely destroyed, as is the greater part of Villers; 113 persons were killed.

Neuville is in ruins. Thirty-eight persons, including the curé, were killed at Ecoivres.

All farms and hamlets along the road have been burned down.—Central News.

LONDON ZEPPELIN RAID—7 DEATHS.

Inquests have already been held on five victims of the Zeppelin raid on London. Two more inquests were held yesterday on aged people who died from the shock of the raid—George Charles Bearfield (73) and Eleanor Willis (75).

Claims for personal damage sustained in the raids by German warships and airships on the East Coast number 504, of which 134 are for persons killed, and 370 for persons injured.

VIROL, LIMITED.

Its Advantages in Public Health Work.

Presiding at the general meeting of Virol, Limited, held yesterday, Mr. B. S. Straus (chairman) stated that the business done in the last quarter of the financial year established a record in the trade of the Company as compared with the corresponding period of any previous year. The business done with hospitals, consumptive sanatoria, and public institutions had shown remarkable developments, there being apart from the large number of hospitals that obtained their supplies through trade channels over 1,100 of those institutions on the books as regular customers.

In connection with the movement for the promotion of infant welfare, to which so much attention has been devoted in recent years, both by the Government and the Public Health authorities, he was pleased to find that Virol was playing an important part.

It had been widely adopted in the infant consultations and baby clinics that are now established in all parts of the country. The value of this movement had always been recognised by social reformers, and its importance could hardly be over-estimated in the present appalling wastage of human life. It was very gratifying to them to know that those responsible for this work so fully appreciated the value of the ideal combination of food constituents in Virol. It was of special value to adults in cases of nervous breakdown and in convalescence was also generally acknowledged.

VIROL AND THE RED CROSS SOCIETIES.

He was pleased to report that they were supplying Virol to Red Cross Societies and Military Hospitals, though on this department of their business they did not look for much profit. The special facilities afforded by the Virol research laboratories under the direction of Dr. Edward Burnet had been highly appreciated.

A large number of public bodies, hospitals and medical practitioners had availed themselves of these model laboratories, the admirable equipment of which had been highly commended by all the members of the profession who had visited them.

The extension of the Public Health Service, whether through the municipal authorities, the education authorities, or under the administration of the Insurance Act was a marked feature of the times, and had already had a considerable influence upon the public mind in matters of hygiene and dietetics.

Relying upon the high opinion of Virol held by public authorities and by the medical profession generally, he was confident that when the world got back again to regular everyday conditions of life the Company would experience still more striking developments in its business.

Mr. Arthur E. Canney, in seconding the adoption of the report, observed that satisfactory as the position of the Company was to-day, with the great increase of sales during the latter part of the year, which had continued up to date, it was necessary to emphasise the difficulties which had to be contended with in regard to the supply of raw materials for carrying on the business. That was common not only to the Company, but to all manufacturing businesses of their class. He was afraid that those difficulties would probably increase during the current year. He was very glad, however, that the results of the year's working had been so satisfactory in all the circumstances.—The report was unanimously adopted, and a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman and directors concluded the proceedings.

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

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"We Shall Hear Of Another Tragedy By And By."

And so in Marosfalva there was no wedding on the festival day of St. Michael and All Angels; instead of that, on the day following, there was solemn Mass for the dead in the small village church, which was full to overflowing on that great occasion.

Eros Béla had been found-out in the open—murdered by an unknown hand. Fehér Károly and his brother, who lived down the Fekete-road, had taken a cut across the last maize-field—the one situated immediately behind the inn kept by Ignác Goldstein—and they had come across Béla's body, lying in the yard, with face upturned and eyes staring up sightlessly at the brilliant blue sky overhead.

It was then close on eight o'clock in the morning. The dancing in the barn had been kept up till then, even though the two most important personages of the festive gathering were not there to join in the fun.

The bridegroom had not been seen since his brief appearance an hour or two before supper, and Elsa had only just sat through the meal, trying to seem cheerful, but obviously hardly able to restrain her tears. After supper, when her partner sought her for the csárdás, she was nowhere to be found. Kapus Irma—appealed to—said that the girl was fussy and full of nerves—for all the world like a born lady. She certainly wasn't very well, had complained of headache, and been allowed by her mother to go home quietly and turn into bed.

"She had another two jolly days to look forward to," Irma néni had added complacently. "Perhaps it is as well that she should get some rest to-night."

Ah, well! it was a queer wedding, and no mistake! The queerest that had ever been seen in Marosfalva within memory of man. A bride more prone to tears than to laughter! A bridegroom surly, discontented, and paying marked attentions to the low-down Jewess over at the inn under his future wife's very nose!

The Discovery.

It was quite one thing for a man to assert his own independence, and to show his bride at the outset on whose feet the highest-heeled boots would be, but quite another to flout the customs of the countryside and all its proprieties.

When, after supper, good and abundant wine had loosened all tongues, adverse comments on the absent bridegroom flowed pretty freely. This should have been the merriest time of the evening—the merriest time, in fact, of all the three festive days—the time when one was allowed to chaff the bride and to make her blush, to slap the lucky bridegroom on the back and generally to allow full play to that exuberance of spirits which is always bubbling up to the surface out of a Magyar peasant's heart.

No doubt that Béla's conduct had upset Elsa and generally cast a gloom over the festive evening. But the young people were not on that account going to be done out of their dancing; the older ones might sit round and gossip and throw up their hands and sigh, but that was no reason why the gipsies should play a melancholy dirge.

A csárdás it must be, and of the liveliest! And after that another and yet another. Would it not be an awful pity to waste Eros Béla's money, even though he was not here to enjoy its fruits? So dancing was kept up till close on 8 o'clock in the morning—till the sun was high up in the heavens and the bell of the village church tolled for early Mass. Until then the gipsies scraped their fiddles and banged their cimbalom almost uninterruptedly; hundreds of sad and gay folk-songs were sung in chorus in the intervals of dancing the national dance. Cotton petticoats of many hues fluttered, leather boots—both red and black—clinked and stamped until the morning.

Then it was that the merry company at last broke up, and that Fehér Károly and his brother took the short cut behind the inn, and found the bridegroom—at whose expense they had just danced and feasted—lying stark and stiff under the clear September sun.

They informed the mayor, who at once put himself in communication with the gendarmerie of Arad; but long before the police came the news of the terrible discovery was all over the village, and there was no thought of sleep or rest after that.

Leopold Hirsch Hangs Himself.

Worried to death, perspiring and puzzled, the police officers hastily sent down from Arad had vainly tried to make head or tail of the mass of conflicting accounts which were poured into their ears in a continuous stream of loud-voiced chatter for hours at a stretch; and God only knows what judicial blunders might have been committed before the culprit was finally brought to punishment if the latter had not, once for all, himself delivered over the key of the mystery.

Leopold Hirsch had hanged himself to one of the beams in his own back shop. His assistant found him there—dead—later in the day.

As—by previous arrangement—the whole village was likely to be at Elsa Kapus' wedding, there would not have been much use in keeping the shop open. So the assistant had been given a holiday but he came to the shop toward midday, when the whole village was full of the terrible news and half the population out in the street gossiping and commenting on it—marvelling why his employer had not yet been seen outside his doors.

The discovery—which the assistant at once communicated to the police—solved the riddle of Eros Béla's death. With a sigh of relief the police officers adjourned from the mayor's parlour, where they had been holding their preliminary inquiries,

to the castle, where it was their duty to report the occurrence to my lord the Count.

At the castle of course everyone was greatly surprised: the noble Countess raised her aristocratic eyebrows and declared her abhorrence of hearing of these horrors. The Count took the opportunity of cursing the peasantry for a quarrelsome, worrying lot, and offered the police officers a snack and a glass of wine. He was hardly sorry for the loss of his bailiff, as Eros Béla had been rather tiresome of late—bumptious and none too sober—and his lordship anyhow had resolved to dispense with his services after he was married. So the death really caused him very little inconvenience.

Young Count Feri knew nothing, of course. He was not likely to allow himself or his name to be mixed up with a village scandal; he shuddered once or twice when the thought flashed through his mind how narrowly he had escaped Eros Béla's fate, and to his credit be it said he had every intention of showing Lakatos Andor—who undoubtedly had saved his life by giving him timely warning—a substantial meed of gratitude.

Eisa's Tears.

Of Klara Goldstein little or nothing was seen or heard. The police officers had certainly gone to the inn in the course of the morning and had stayed there close on half an hour; but as no one had been allowed to go into the taproom during that time the occurrences there remained a matter of conjecture. After the officers went away Klara locked the front door after them and remained practically shut up in the house, only going in the evening as far as the post, but refusing to speak to anyone and going past with head erect and a proud, careless air which deceived no one.

"She'll sing her tune in a minor key by and by, when Ignác Goldstein comes home," said the gossips complacently.

"Those Jews are mighty hard on their daughters," commented the older folk, "if any scandal falls upon them. Ignác is a hard man and over-ready with his stick."

"I shouldn't be surprised," was the universal conclusion, "if we should hear of another tragedy by and by."

"In any case, Klara can't stay in the village," decided the bevy of young girls who talked the matter over among themselves, and were none too sorry that the smart, handsome Jewess—who had such a way with the men—should be comfortably out of the way.

But everyone went to the Mass for the dead on the day following that which should have been such a merry wedding feast; and everyone joined in the requiem and prayed fervently for the repose of the soul of the murdered man.

He lay in state in the centre of the aisle, with four tall candles at each corner of the draped catafalque. A few bunches of white and purple asters, clumsily tied together by inexperienced hands, were laid upon the coffin.

Pater Bonifácus preached a beautiful sermon about the swift and unexpected approach of Death when he is least expected. He also said some very nice things about the dead man, and there was hardly a dry eye in the church while he spoke.

In the remote corner of a pew, squeezed between a pillar and her mother Elsa knelt and prayed. Those who watched her—and there were many—declared that not only did she never stop crying for a moment during Mass, but that her eyes were swollen and her cheeks puffy from having cried all the night and all the day before.

After Mass she must have slipped out by the little door which gave on the presbytery garden. It was quite close to the pillar against which she had been leaning, and no doubt the Pater had given her permission to go out that way. From the presbytery garden she could skirt the fields and round the top of the village, and thus get home and give all her friends the slip.

Buried in Secret.

This, no doubt, she had done, for no one saw her the whole of that day, nor the next, which was the day of the funeral, and an occasion of wonderful pomp and ceremony. Béla's brother had arrived in the meanwhile from Arad, where he was the manager of an important grain store, and he it was who gave all directions and all the money necessary that his brother should have obsequies befitting his rank and wealth.

The church was beautifully decorated; there were huge bunches of white flowers upon the altar, and eight village lads carried the dead man to his last resting-place; and no less than thirty Masses were ordered to be said within the next year for the repose of the soul of one who in life had enjoyed so much prosperity and consideration.

And in the tiny graveyard situated among the maize-fields to the north of Marosfalva, which is the local Jewish burial ground, the suicide was quietly laid to rest. There was no religious service, for there was no minister of his religion present; an undertaker came down from Arad and saw to it all; there was no concourse of people, no singing, no flowers. Ignác Goldstein—home the day before from Kecskemét—alone followed the plain deal coffin on its lonely journey from the village to the field.

It was the shop assistant who had seen to it all. He had gone up to Arad and seen a married sister of his late master's—Sara Rosen, whose husband kept a second-hand clothes shop there, and who gave full instructions to an undertaker whilst declaring herself unable—owing to delicate health—to attend the funeral herself.

The undertaker had provided a cart and a couple of oxen and two men to lift the coffin in and out. They came late on the Thursday evening, at about eight o'clock, and drew up at the back of the late Leopold Hirsch's shop. No one was about and the night was dark.

(To be continued.)

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I will send YOU one for 1/-

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A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY THAT PUTS NEW LIFE INTO YOUR TIRED BODY.



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12, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London E.C.
Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.
Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not return Belt within seven days I will pay you the balance of 4s., either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.
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Special War Pictures In To-morrow's Sunday Herald.

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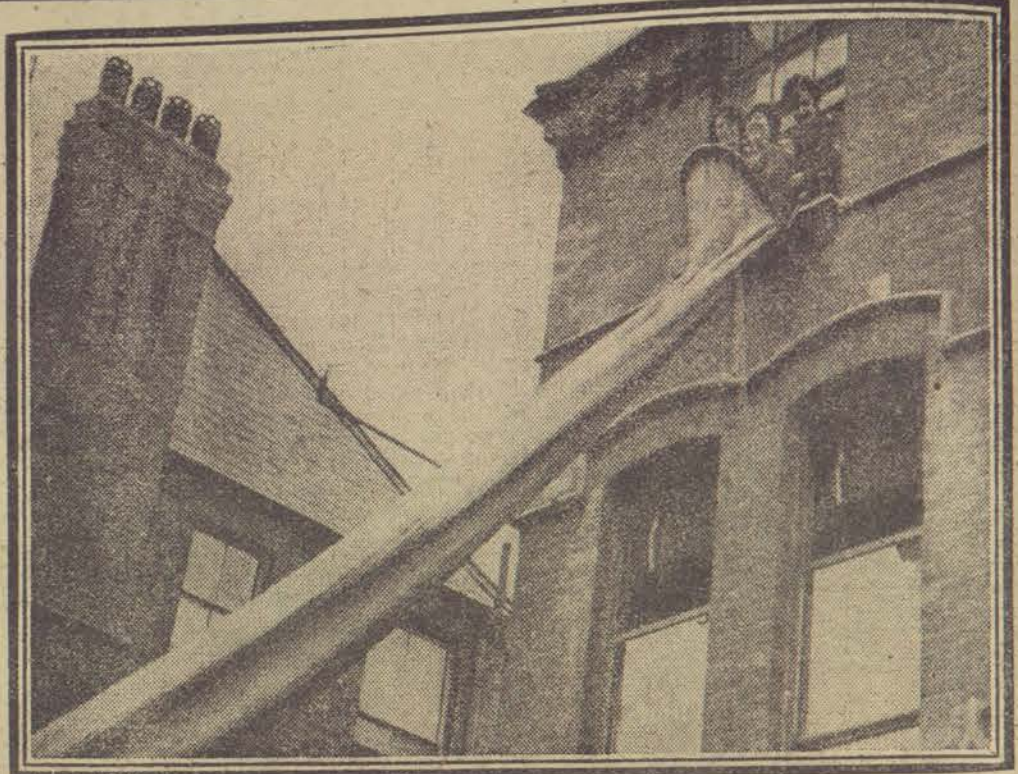
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A trip down the life-saving shoot they treat as a joy ride.



They aren't afraid of a soaking.



The call is answered with alacrity.



George Harris, H.M.S. Blonde, appeals for recruits.



Life-saving drill.



The lads whose places the girls took.

Will the slackers still hang back when even the boys and girls of Britain have realised that every strong young arm must be given to the task of beating the Empire's enemies? When the firemen in the private brigade of a London drapery firm wanted to enlist, and doubt arose as to whether they could be spared, the girls of the establishment volunteered to turn fire-fighters at home so that the men might fight at the front. A thirteen-year-old London lad who ran away to Belgium is now the "mascot" of H.M.S. Blonde, and doing his best to help recruiting. He means to be a Navy man when he is older.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)