

We Have Had Our Shake-Up—Now To Beat The Germans!

DAILY SKETCH.

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

No. 1,939.

LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

FROM ETON TO THE BARRACK ROOM AND OFFICERS' MESS



Patrick Sandeman, who was at Eton in August last, is now a subaltern in the R.G.A.



Mr. A. Sandeman, their grandfather. Mr. W. Sandeman, their father.

Mr. Gerard Sandeman as a boy and (inset) as he is to-day. Still another link has been added to the chain which binds Eton to the Army. Three brothers (Etonians), whose photographs are given above, are all serving the Empire. They are the sons of Mr. Walter Sandeman, also an Etonian, and the grandsons of Mr. Albert Sandeman, one of the old Volunteers and a director of the Bank of England. Gerard and Christopher joined as privates. The former is now a 2nd lieutenant in the Grenadiers, the latter is a lieutenant in the Intelligence Corps, and has been mentioned in dispatches. Patrick is a subaltern in the R.G.A.—(Elliott and Fry, Bullingham, Laf. ette.)

LADY RANDOLPH'S PET.



Lady Randolph Churchill is immensely proud of her little granddaughter. This is a new photograph of Lady Randolph and the little girl.—(Swaine.)

FALLEN.



Captain the Hon. J. N. Bigge, only son of Lord Stamfordham, Private Secretary to the King, killed.—(Langfieri, Ltd.)



Captain J. N. Guthrie, Irish Guards, has been killed. He was twice wounded.—(Langfieri, Ltd.)

NOT LIKE PETER PAN.



Elise Crayen, the girl actress, unlike Peter Pan, is growing up. This is her latest portrait. She is going with George Edwardes' concert party to the training camps.—(Sarony.)

NOT AN ACCIDENT.



This gown has not been torn asunder in a riot. It was made this way in Paris from taffeta and striped tulle.—(Manuel.)

FIANCEES OF THE CHURCH AND ARMY.



Miss M. de L. Champneys.



Miss Geasson.

Miss Margaret de L. Champneys, the only daughter of Sir Francis Champneys, is marrying the Rev. E. G. Southam, vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerston, on July 3. Miss Geasson is the fiancée of 2nd Lieut. Cecil Gamage, R.E.—(Sarony and Hoppé.)

GONE TO NURSE OUR WOUNDED.



These members of the 2nd French Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital have just gone to France. They are Miss Carswell, Miss M. Laird, Miss A. M. Burt, and Mrs. Wilson.

A
NEW BENEFIT
under the
National Insurance
Act
FREE
DENTISTRY

THE
DOMESTIC SERVANTS'
INSURANCE
SOCIETY

(An Approved Society under the National Insurance Act for Female Domestic Servants only.)

This Society, formed by Lady St. Helier and others in 1912, has now made arrangements by which its members will get, without any extra charge,

Free Dentistry
Free Employment
Bureau

and a
Convalescent Home
No Entrance Fee

No additional
Contributions

ONLY the ordinary 3d. a week you are paying now but the above privileges, as well as the benefits you would get through any other Approved Society. If you are just entering insurance join your own Society and get free dentistry. If you are only insured through the Post Office you are wasting your money; you should join the Domestic Servants' Insurance Society at once and get free dentistry. If you are already a member of some other Approved Society, you can easily transfer to the Domestic Servants' Insurance Society if you wish, and get free dentistry.

No other Society
gives this benefit

Fill in the Coupon
and send to-day

TO THE SECRETARY,
Domestic Servants' Insurance Society,
439 & 441, Oxford Street, London, W.
Please send me full particulars of the Society
and how I can become a member.

Name _____
(Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____
(Permanent)

FEMALE
DOMESTIC
SERVANTS



JOIN
YOUR OWN
SOCIETY

AND NOW TO WORK.

THE public and the partisan Press are rather puzzled how to take the new Cabinet. There is the strong suspicion that it possesses the mixed characteristics of the historic egg supplied to the legendary curate. But there is difference of opinion as to which are the good parts and which the bad parts of the Cabinet, whereas, with the famous egg opinion was undivided on that point. The circumstance indicates that a mixed Cabinet is more complicated than an addled egg.

BEARING in mind, however, that the war is the supreme issue before us we must regard this new Cabinet in a special light. Undoubtedly the safest plan is to separate its domestic policy entirely from its war policy. The domestic policy is of only very minor importance as long as the war goes on, and we may reserve the right to criticise it in our spare moments as a form of recreation which will relieve the terrible strain of the war. It may not be exactly comic relief, but it will afford variations of light and shade in the grim tragedy before us, and it may help to keep up the broad view which it is essential that we maintain, war or no war.

ON the war policy of the new Cabinet it is our bounden duty now to act loyally and helpfully to the men who have undertaken the task. We have had our shake up. Now to work. A great crisis produces a shake up in every country. Germany conceals her disturbances, but she has had many changes and discoveries, scandals and retirements since the searchlight of war was turned on her men.

IN the mass, the politicians and diplomatists of Germany have proved to be blockheads. The mere fact of making enemies all round for their country is in such striking contrast to the policy of Bismarck that it reveals a complete decadence in German statecraft. The mascot General von Moltke has been retired, and the heir to the German throne has fallen from his place as a public idol. These are tremendous changes, and the dirty linen in connection with them would make a big washing. It is well to bear this in mind, for there are hysteric people in this country who imagine that our Cabinet crisis is in sharp contrast with the smooth war administration in other countries.

IN one matter criticism of the new Cabinet is legitimate. The curse of England is the committee habit, wherein large bodies of talkative men are appointed to carry out a certain work. Before a road can be swept or a parish pump repaired, some solemn committee must discuss the affair in detail. I should like to see every committee registered and taxed. The committee habit divides authority and turns work into debating. The weakness of Parliament is mainly due to its being a huge committee in which everlasting talk by axe-grinders and incompetent amateurs hampers progress.

THE new war Cabinet has the unwieldiness of a big committee, and I hope from the Cabinet will be evolved a little group of war experts who will say little and do much. Discussion carried beyond a certain limited point leads only to dissension. One good man who knows his subject is far better than a large committee, even if that body has several experts on it, for when a number of experts get on a committee they air rival theories and sink to hair-splitting and excessive detail.

EACH war department should have its head, and from these departments the Cabinet should form a little inner council of men to outline the main course of the war. We shall not beat the Germans by talking. Hard, united and prompt work is essential. There must be clear and swift decisions made by men who know their work, and these decisions must be quickly given out to and acted upon by the men who are actually conducting the war operations.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

Out Of The Hat.

MR. ASQUITH has confounded all the prophets, and it seems to me that he must have put McKenna at the Exchequer and Buckmaster on the Woolsack for the express purpose of dishing the real journalists who have been making forecasts. Yesterday I heard various expressions of surprise at these two appointments, also at others—Businessman Bonar Law for the Colonies, ex-Chancellor Chamberlain for the India Office, and Mr. Henderson for the Board of Education. But the idea was that it didn't matter what these men were supposed to do so long as what they actually did was to get on with the war. It seems to me that a lot of valuable time would have been saved by the old expedient of putting the names in a hat.

Winston's Sacrifice.

THE greatest come-down, superficially regarded, is that of Winston Churchill. But surely this brilliant man has never done anything finer than to sink all personal considerations and agree to do his bit right out of the limelight. Incidentally, he sacrifices £2,500 a year in salary. If the National Government as a whole gets to work in that spirit something will have to move before long.

A Big War Rise.

IF CHURCHILL has come down the balance is preserved by Buckmaster, who has gone up some!



A few years ago few people knew who he was; he only came into Parliament on the Liberal tidal-wave of 1906. Now he has got the biggest prize in the legal profession. He will not have the ponderous dignity, the soothing voice, and the philosophic calm of Lord Haldane, for he is of the small and somewhat fiery type.

The office of Censor, too, has tried his temper. *Suaviter in modo* is most decidedly the motto of the Woolsack.

Expensive Hobby.

THIS MAKING of Lord Chancellor is an expensive hobby. Now there are three ex-Lord Chancellors with pensions of £5,000 a year each, and when Mr. Asquith retires to that comfortable woolly seat there will be another.

Money And Men.

I DON'T KNOW whether the curious disparity in Cabinet salaries has struck you. Take the Lord Chancellorship, for instance. Sir Stanley Buckmaster will get £10,000 a year, and from the monetary standard is therefore supposed to be worth as much as Kitchener and Lloyd George together. Sir Edward Carson, as Attorney-General, gets £7,000 and fees, which are very large. He should be worth Bonar Law, Chamberlain and Churchill, with the Prime Minister thrown in. Nobody has ever been able to understand the principle on which Cabinet salaries are based, but the lawyers get the lion's share all the time.

A Non-Jewish Cabinet.

WITH the exclusion of Mr. Edwin Montagu and Mr. Samuel from the Cabinet, the supreme Council of the nation now contains no Jew, a state of things which has not existed for many years. The Cabinet is now entirely Anglo-Saxon-Celtic. Some people, judging from his name, suppose Sir John Simon to be of Jewish origin. He is the son of a Welsh Congregational minister.

A Trip in "Black Maria."

A FRIEND who has been spending a few days in Salisbury tells me that he hired a charabanc—every motor in the neighbourhood was booked—to take him and a party to the New Forest. The next morning he saw his charabanc conveying prisoners to the assizes! Apparently he had hired the local Black Maria.

Kipling's Discoveries.

LIKE EVERYONE who goes to Salisbury, my friend drank beer at the Haunch of Venison, the thirteenth-century inn now kept by Mr. Firmin Bradbeer, a clever local playwright. Some time ago Rudyard Kipling visited the inn and made no end of historical discoveries. One thing that Kipling found was a Judas window, a mediæval contrivance that enables one to spy without being seen. Another was the existence of one of the first iron door-hinges ever made in England. Kipling, although he had never been inside the Haunch of Venison before, knew more about the house than the landlord himself.

Queen Mary's Birthday.

BY QUEEN MARY'S expressed wish the anniversary of her birthday yesterday was spent very quietly and was totally devoid of any public celebrations. Firing the salute in St. James's Park was entirely dispensed with, though many forgetful people assembled in the Park, and the Horse Guards even turned out at the appointed hour to "keep the ground," until one of the officers remembered the order.

Message From The Front.

HER MAJESTY received quite a lot of presents, but mostly from members of the Royal Family. The Prince of Wales, who is at the front, and Prince Albert sent messages of congratulation. Their presents were negotiated through another member of the family. The King gave a luncheon party, at which Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria were present.

A Kindly Thought.

I AM TOLD that one of the primary reasons for dispensing with Royal salutes is in consideration for the wounded soldiers who were lying in hospitals and private houses in the vicinity.

The Undealt Card.

A GOOD MANY "tall" stories come from the front, but the following one I believe, because the man who told it me is one of the few people who I know are not liars. He arrived at an evacuated German trench, most of the occupants of which had been killed. Four Germans had been playing cards when death came to them, and one was in the act of dealing a card. "I couldn't resist turning the card over to see what it was," said my friend. "It was the ace of spades!"

The English Waiter.

THE growing habit of providing us with English waiters is entirely patriotic and excellent—it would be still more excellent if the English waiter could contrive to drop a fork without making a noise like a Zeppelin fleet—but it is giving rise to occasional difficulties with menus. I was lunching, and chose a glacé framboise. The waiter made me repeat it twice, and then went away staring at the menu as if I had asked for elephant steaks, or something like that. And the young thing with me said it was my French accent. Of course, the explanations made me so hot that the ice melted—when it did come—almost before I had opened fire.

Frederic Harrison's Loss.



MR. FREDERIC HARRISON will receive a good deal of sympathy on the death of his younger son, Lieutenant C. R. Harrison, of the 2nd Leinster Regiment. Lieutenant Harrison, who was formerly an architect, and in the office of Sir Thomas Jackson, R.A., died of his wounds at Boulogne. Mr. Frederic Harrison is the most famous of all the well-known Frederic Harrisons (some are Fredericks). For five-and-twenty years he was President of the English Positivist Committee, and was a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, in the 'fifties. He is equally an authority on law, history, political economy, literature and philosophy generally, and for half a century he has written authoritative books on these subjects.

Entrance Fee For The War—After June 1.

HERE IS THE latest bright idea of members of the Stock Exchange: That an entrance fee should be imposed on any Power which comes into the war after June 1. Rumania is expected to get in before that date.

Concrete.

VON BUELOW says he hoped to bring about an Italo-Austrian rapprochement on a concrete basis. He will get it now on the concrete basis for a siege gun or two.

Not Permissible.

ONE paper still writes about Przemysl. Surely that is hardly Permissible.

Woolsack.

SO THE CENSOR has got the sack.

A Pretty "High Brow."

NO, THIS IS NOT the member of a beauty chorus or a sylph from the Alhambra revue. It is Miss Estelle Winwood, who is the leading spirit, with Miss Midge Mackintosh, in the Liverpool Repertory Company, whose season at the Kingsway Theatre I have talked about several times. It was she who conceived the idea of running the company on a Commonwealth basis when the war started, and the success of her scheme has been remarkable. Miss Winwood, besides being one of the most capable actresses on the English stage, has solved the problem of being connected with an essentially "high-brow" enterprise and looking (and being) charming at the same time.



(Elwin Neame.) Miss Winwood, besides being one of the most capable actresses on the English stage, has solved the problem of being connected with an essentially "high-brow" enterprise and looking (and being) charming at the same time.

Galsworthy's New Play.

MISS WINWOOD played the leading parts in "The Kiss Cure" and "Nobody Loves Me" a week or two ago, as well as Avonia Bunn in the revival of "Trelawny of the Wells." On Tuesday night I went to the Kingsway once more—to see John Galsworthy's new play, "A Bit o' Love," and found Miss Winwood, true to the communistic ideals of her company, in quite a subordinate rôle.

Mysticism And "Zider-r-r."

THE FLAX is a strange piece of work, not without its attraction. It is far more mystic and less problematical in the concrete sociological style which Galsworthy at one time seemed to have adopted permanently. The action takes place in a remote part of the West Country, and there is a very realistic crowd of rustics, who call at the village inn for their "Zider-r-r," and dance at a barn by the light of the moon.

The Curate.

IN MANY WAYS they are an unpleasant lot, for they persecuted the Rev. Michael Strangway, the meek and mild curate, just because, their own morals being, presumably, above those of the average country village, he had omitted to divorce his wife when she ran away with another man. "A Bit o' Love" is full of rather mystic poetry, and Mr. William Armstrong, as the curate, gives a wonderful performance.

Gaby's Lunch.

I CAUGHT SIGHT of Gaby Deslys yesterday morning, driving along in that big black and white car of hers to rehearse at the Alhambra. She takes these rehearsals very seriously, and wild horses, or, rather, wild men, cannot get her out to a meal. She just bolts a few sandwiches out of a luncheon basket whenever there is a minute to spare.

As Recruiting Officer.

I GATHER that Gaby has been inundated with "resting" professional callers anxious to appear with her. To each youthful male applicant she says: "I have no job for you myself, but you could get one down the road. Where? At the nearest recruiting station." Last week, I hear, she was the means of enrolling over fifty recruits.

Three Arts.

THE Three Arts Women's Employment Fund is an excellent institution, and I hope it gained suitable benefit from the matinee at the Little Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. But it was a glorious afternoon outside, the theatre was rather empty, and the plays more than rather dull. There were two of them, each in one act, and the author of both was Mr. Robert Vansittart, who wrote some plays a short time ago for the beautiful Ethel Warwick.

Sir Herbert In The Moonlight.

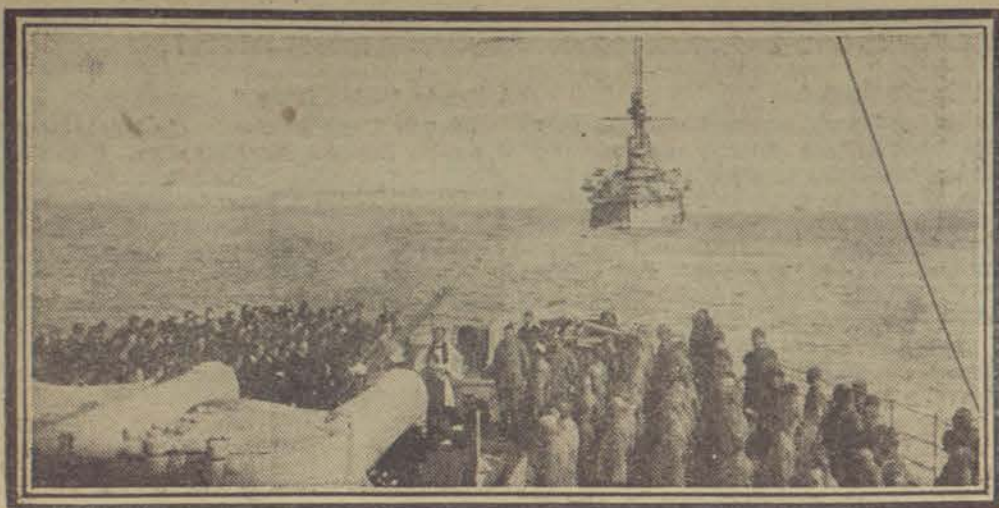
SIR HERBERT TREE works very hard and very late. I happened to be walking along Charles-street last night enjoying the cool night air and "mooning" myself hoarse after the audience had left His Majesty's. A familiar figure emerged from the stage door, and the tones that thousands imitate hailed a taxi. It was Sir Herbert. By the way, the last weeks of "The Right to Kill" are announced. A bad, bad play, my friends!

Ikons In Tooley-Street.

MANY of the produce merchants of Tooley-street, who deal so largely in Siberian butter and eggs, are now putting little ikons of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of merchants in the corner over the bureau where the calendar used to stand. It pleases their Russian patrons, and may possibly be a serviceable mascot.

MR. COSSIP.

THE SOLDIERS' LAST CALL TOPRAYER



The Australians before landing in the Dardanelles paraded for Divine service for the last time aboard one of the British warships. It was a singularly impressive scene.



The passengers in the tender have come back from the Dardanelles, where they were wounded. They have benefited by the sea voyage.

GREECE'S POPULAR STATESMAN HAS AN OBJECT LESSON.



M. Venezelos (in the centre), the Greek statesman, snapped at the Pyramids during his recent visit to Egypt. The troops assembled there provided him with a striking lesson as to the unity and might of the British Empire.

THEIR NEW STAGE.



French actors who are now soldiers produced a "revue" in a barn just behind the firing line. The sergeant was quite a captivating Gaby.

WINSTON ENJOY



Freed of responsibility for the Fleet, Winston is seen center in the Row.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT.



James Tinsley, the signalman, who admitted at the inquiry on the train disaster that he forgot the local train was on the line.

SWORD OF HONOR



Lieut. Orwin, of the Buffs (with his wife), who was yesterday presented with an engraved sword from his old division for 1

AN OXFORD BLUE.



Lieut. G. W. Titherington, who has been wounded, was in Oxford's crew last year. He is in the Oxford and Bucks L.I.

THE CHANGE.



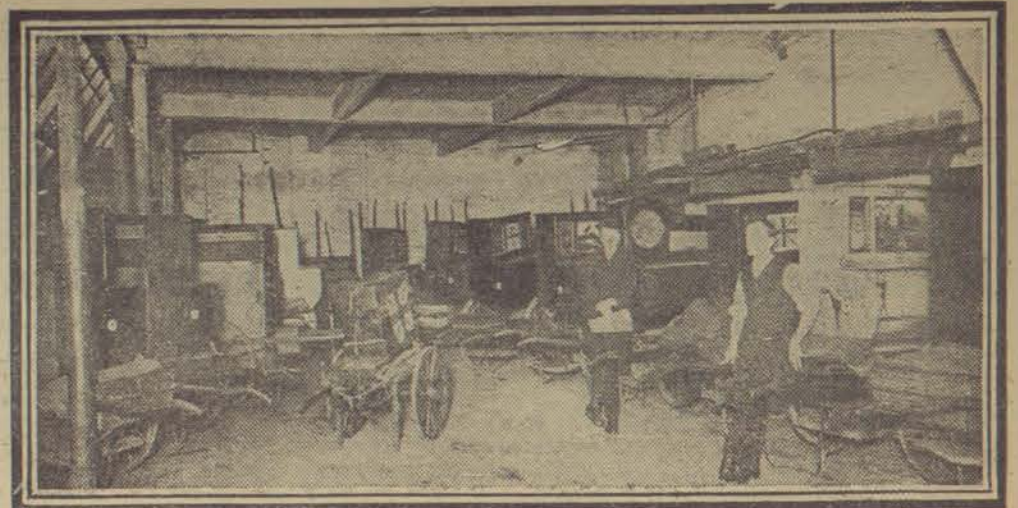
Churchill accompanied his wife for a pleasant ride. He wore his favourite hat.

PARSON'S SACRIFICE



The Rev. Robert Skene, though married and with four children, has exchanged his Norfolk vicarage for a driver's post in the motor transport service.

ITALY'S FLEET IS READY TO FIGHT.

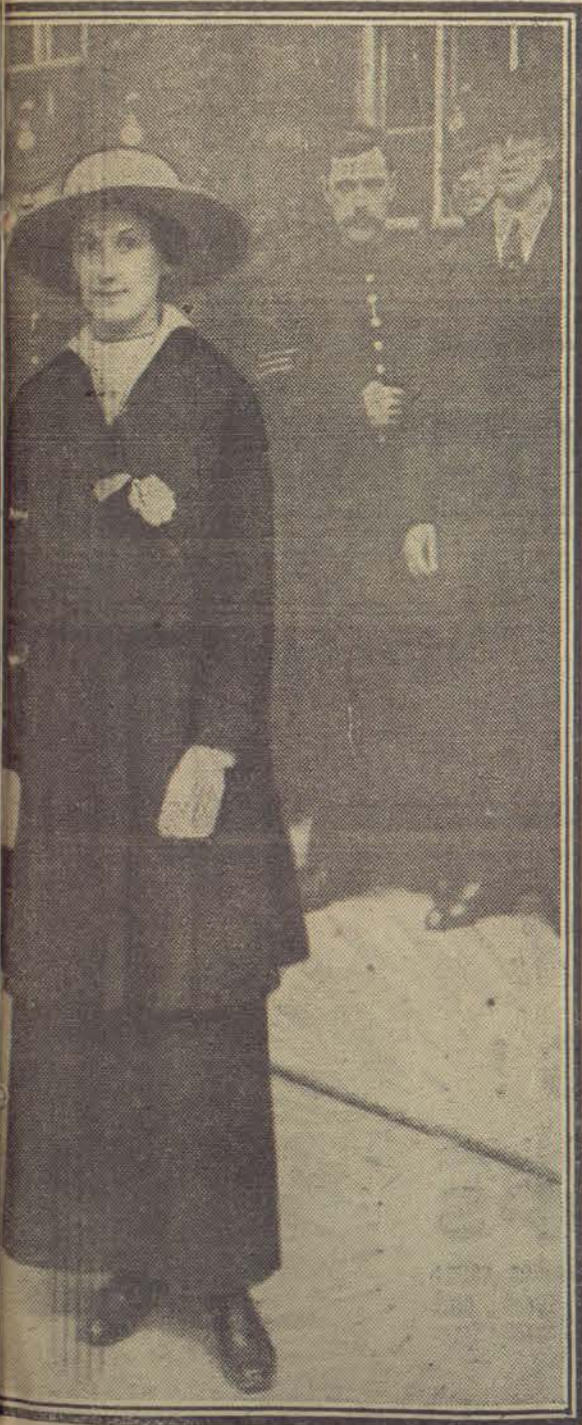


The barrel-organs are housed in silence instead of making music in London streets. The men who turn the handles are now playing another tune in distant Italy.



The Italian sailors revel in the prospect of a fight. Here they are taking supplies to a torpedo destroyer on the Grand Canal at Venice.

FOR EX-CONSTABLE.



Formerly a police constable in the E Division at Bow-street, he was awarded a revolver by Sir Edward Henry as a mark of esteem for his conspicuous bravery in action.

THE COLOURED BRIGADE.



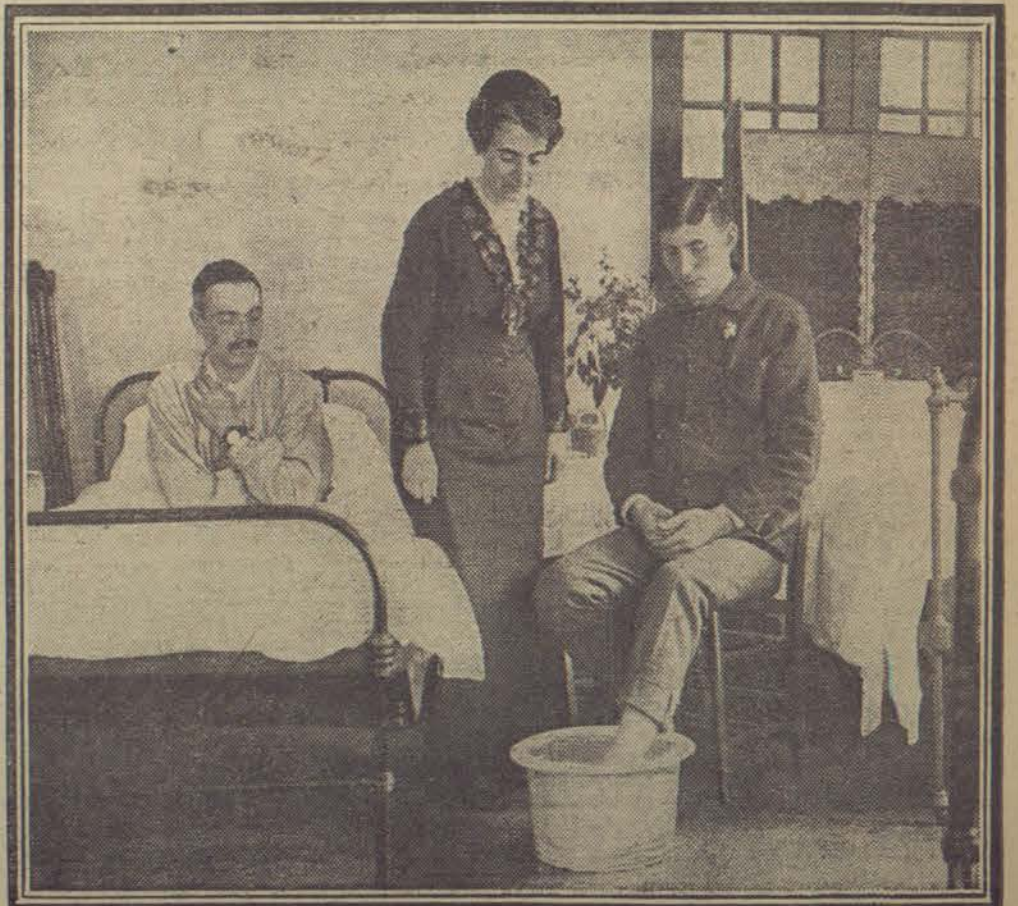
A coloured man who is going to join the black battalion organised by Edward Wiltshire, a native of Barbados.

CHANGE BRINGS TITLE.



Mrs. F. E. Smith, whose husband has been made Solicitor-General. The appointment carries a knighthood.

TOMMY THINKS A LOT OF HIS LADY DOCTOR.



Dr. Mary Ritchings is attached to the Welsh Red Cross Hospital. Her patients have a great admiration for her ability, and she finds them very obedient.

Simple Appliance Replaces Truss!

SENT ON TRIAL TO PROVE IT.

Brooks' New Scientific Appliance—Adjustable to Any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief—Made for Men, Women, or Children.

Ruptured People Should Read This Generous Offer.

For something over thirty years we have been treating Rupture. It has been a great and useful work, and we are proud of our success. We have something different in the way of a Rupture Appliance from anything you have ever had. It makes no difference what you have used, it is not like this appliance. Please remember that it does away with all those things that you



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

find annoying, irritating and uncomfortable in the truss you are now wearing. This appliance holds the rupture securely and comfortably, allowing perfect freedom of every movement of the body. It has cured hundreds of people in all parts of the world. It is light, yet strong, weighs only a few ounces, but it cannot slip out of position, and it is as easy to wear as a coat.

We make it for you—to your measure—and send it to you to try, and if for any reason it is not satisfactory, you can send it back and your money will be refunded. Do you know of any other firm or person in the United Kingdom making an offer of this kind?

We can offer the appliance to you on this basis, because we know what it can do. There is no uncertainty—no guesswork—about it at all. You have the RIGHT to get rid of your truss. Because you are ruptured at present are you willing to stay ruptured? Would it not pay you to investigate the statement that we have something better—vastly better—than any common truss you have ever used?

If you have been wearing common "made-by-the-thousand trusses" ever since you were ruptured, if you have been trying to get rid of your rupture by using salves, oils, or liniments, if you have been discouraged and disheartened and led to believe that there is no help for you, or think that a cure is impossible, then write to us.

If in London, call at our consulting rooms, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C., corner of Portugal Street. Capable attendants for ladies and gentlemen.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

Brooks Appliance Co., 851E, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, (Corner of Portugal Street), London, W.C. Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, the Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 Please write plainly.

ALDWYCH. THE DAIRYMAIDS. Nightly at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. Musical Comedy at Popular Prices. Gallery 6d., Pit 1s. Booked Seats from 2s.

AMBASSADORS. Nightly at 9.0. ODDS AND ENDS Revers, by Harry Grattan. (Last 5 performances.) At 8.30, Mme. HANAKO in "OTAKE." Last 2 Matinees To-day and Saturday at 2.30.

APOLLO. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. Charles Hawtrey's Production. "STRIKING!" By Paul Rubens and Gladys Unger. At 8, Mr. Charles Cory. Matinee Sat., at 2.

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. TO-NIGHT at 8 Matinees Sats., at 2. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

DUKE OF YORK'S. To-day at 3.15 and 9 (Last 5 Performances). CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mlle. GABY DESLYS in ROSY RAPTURE. Preceded at 2.30 and 8.15 by THE NEW WORD Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. LAST MATINEES TO-DAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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

GARRICK (Ger. 9513). YVONNE ARNAUD. To-day at 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.37. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." YVONNE ARNAUD as "Susanne."

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

HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. To-day at 5 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. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. THE RIGHT TO KILL. Last 2 Weeks. From the French of M. Froidard. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyser. HERBERT TREE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. IRENE VANBRUGH. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 1777.

KINGSWAY. Liverpool Commonwealth Co. To-night at 8.15 (Last 4 Performances). A BIT O' LOVE. By John Galsworthy. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway.—Russian, L. French and Italian Opera, directed by Wladimir Rosing. Saturday next, "PIKOVAYA DAMA (The Queen of Spades). (First time in England). Prices 10s. 6d. to 1s. Box Office now open. Holborn 6840.

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

NEW. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY presents THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday, 2.30.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. Nightly at 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. Box Office (Tel Ger 3905) 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. Sir George Alexander. Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. A New Drama. THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY. By Chester Bailey Fernald. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR. DAILY, 2.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. Including Neve Chapelle, Battle, The Italian Army. 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. Prices 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.

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

VAUDEVILLE. BABY MINE. Evenings at 8.45. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. WEEDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOBY. AT 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones.

VARIETIES. ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard!" THE New Revue. LEE WHITE, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, A. Austin, B. Little and ROBERT HALE. Revue 8.35. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.30. (Reduced Prices.)

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. MARY MOORE and CO. in "MRS. GORRING'S NECKLACE"; ALFRED LESTER, ROBERT OBER in "A REGULAR BUSINESS MAN"; ALBERT WHELAN, Jas. A. WATTS, STONE and KALISZ, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

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

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

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

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," at 8.35, with ELSIE JANIS. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL BALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, etc. Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—8.10 and 9. Mats. Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. LITTLE TICH, RUTH VINCENT, TOM CLARE, FRID EMBRY and CO., MAIDE SCOTT, DAISY JAMES, DERRA DE MORODA, etc.

EXHIBITIONS. ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset. Admission, Sundays, Fellows and Fellows' orders only; Mondays and Saturdays, 6d.; other days, 1s. Children always 6d.

SHOPPING BY POST. BARYS LONG CLOTHES.—Sets, 50 pieces, 21s.; bargains of loveliness; home-made; garments delightfully full; instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

CYCLISTS! Big Cash Savings lie waiting for you on Every Page of our MAMMOETI GUIDE to cheaper Cycling. Secure this Monster Bargain Budget immediately. It's FREE for the asking, and will richly repay you. Consists of six profusely illustrated Catalogues, containing 290 pages, crowded with wonderful money-saving offers. Splendid range ROYAL WINCHESTER CYCLES (Manx Championship Winners), guaranteed for ever, carriage paid, on 7 days free trial. 24 styles in Tyres, all at actually less than last year's "peace" prices. Similar Bargains in Accessories. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write NOW, and if you enclose id stamp we will include FREE 1s. Packet Puncture Compound.—MOORHOUSE, LTD. 18, Padiham, Burnley.

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

ARE YOU LONELY? Friends either sex found through "Cupid's Messenger." Notices inserted free. Send 4/6 at first issue.—CAIUS PRESS, 3, Wise Office Court, E.C.4.



"Wincarnis' put new life into me."
 —(See the remarkable letter below.)

When you are WEAK, ANÆMIC, 'NERVY,' 'RUN-DOWN' 'Wincarnis' will give you New Health & New Life.

When Weakness clouds your life—when Anæmia undermines your health—when "Nerves" create untold misery—when that "Run-down" feeling saps your vitality—then it is that 'Wincarnis' proves such a blessing by creating new strength, new blood, new nerve force and new vitality. Because 'Wincarnis' possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve-Food—all combined in one delicious life-giving beverage. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.



Here is just one instance—out of thousands—of how 'Wincarnis' gives new health and new life.

Read this Remarkable Letter.

Dear Sirs, I feel in duty bound to write and thank you for the wonderful benefit I have derived from your splendid "Wincarnis." For months I have been depressed and nervous, and so weak that I could hardly walk, and felt I wanted to be always sitting or lying down. But your "Wincarnis" has put New Life into me. I can now go about my work with a new vigour that makes my household duties a pleasure, instead of a burden as before. I cannot properly express my gratitude for the grand health your life-giving "Wincarnis" has given me. It is splendid to feel so strong and well. I have told all my neighbours about your wonderful "Wincarnis," and I feel I want to tell the whole world what a splendid tonic and restorative it is.—Yours very gratefully, (Mrs.) C. B. Barnatt.

There! Does not that letter prove that 'Wincarnis' fulfils every claim made for it? Does it not suggest that you, too, would derive new health and new life by taking 'Wincarnis'? All Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

Goleman & Co. Ltd., W261, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____
 Address _____
 Daily Sketch, 27/5/15.

BANG!

Cyclists can't get rid of Zeppelins by fitting

DUNLOPS

but they can eliminate another cause of explosions, both of tyres and temper, i.e., the cheap and nasty tyre.

NATIONAL SERVICE IS THE W.S.P.U.'s DEMAND.

Mrs. Pankhurst Offers Organisers To The Government.

MARTIAL LAW NECESSARY.

"We are going to call upon our women to prepare for war service and to place themselves at the disposal of the new Government."

Mrs. Pankhurst, the head of the W.S.P.U., made this statement to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday in the course of an interview.

"I think the time has now come for national service, and when we have our War Babies Meeting at the London Palladium on June 3 I shall speak to that effect and call upon our women to prepare themselves for war service."

"I think the country should be roused to realise the importance of the situation by a declaration of martial law and the mobilisation of the whole country—men and women alike—for war service."

THE COUNTRY READY.

"I believe that the country is ready for national service, and all the people want is to be told what to do. Now we have a non-party Government with men in it of widely divergent views I think it will be possible for our union to do something to help. We are experts in organisation, and if the Government will give us any organisation work to do we will be pleased to undertake it."

"We can also help to create the right sort of feeling among the people. This is not the time for a feeling of criticism but for a feeling of readiness to help. When we, who in times gone by have been the implacable critics of the Government, say this, we hope the statement will have some weight."

THE STIFF UPPER LIP.

Why Britons Should Face Their Ordeal In The National Spirit.

The British people are continually being warned about the perils of undue optimism. As a nation we are told that we are not troubled enough over the war, and that in order to make us realise that the fate of the Empire is at stake, all places of entertainment should be closed and all kinds of amusement forbidden. Then, we are assured, the nation would realise it had serious business on hand.

Then, on the other hand, we are told there are dangers in pessimism, and that we must be more cheerful.

Sir James Yoxall, M.P., discusses both points of view in an article written for the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. He expresses his opinions very vigorously, for instance, on the question of whether the theatres should be closed, and whether the ordinary round of pleasure-making should be curtailed.

Sir James explains what he considers to be the national spirit; it is best expressed in his striking phrase, "The stiff upper lip—that can smile."

There will be many other articles of first-rate interest in the next issue of the *Sunday Herald*; the best pages for women, and the most readable gossip.

And there will be another wonderful series of exclusive war photographs.

THE TRAMWAY STRIKE COLLAPSE.

Several hundred more cars were running in London yesterday than any morning since the trouble began, and on practically all the routes there was some attempt at a regular service during the busiest hours.

London flour millers yesterday reduced the price of "town households" by 1s. to 53s.

DESMOND (*Empire*).—23 7 5 10 7 24 16 3 19 17 4 16 3
—5 12 2 7 15 25 7—20 7 11 10 11 5.

GENTS' SUITS AND £10 FREE!

You can have a Suit or Trousers absolutely free, readers, if you can wear a small hole in six months! Besides, £10 are being given away! There is a remarkable Holeproof Cloth that will not wear out or tear, and yet looks exactly as £3 and £4 tweeds and serges, discovered by the Holeproof Clothing Co., 56B, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. It is amazing, yet a Gent's Suit costs only 14s. 9d.; Breeches 6s., or Trousers merely 4s. 6d., guaranteed for six months' solid, hard, grinding wear, and if smallest hole appears another is given free! It costs readers only a postcard to send to them for free cloth samples, self-measure form, and fashions. Also particulars of free £10 notes! Send a postcard to-day before holiday rush, but mention *Daily Sketch*.—Advt.

EXHIBITIONS.

WAR EXHIBITION, 1915.

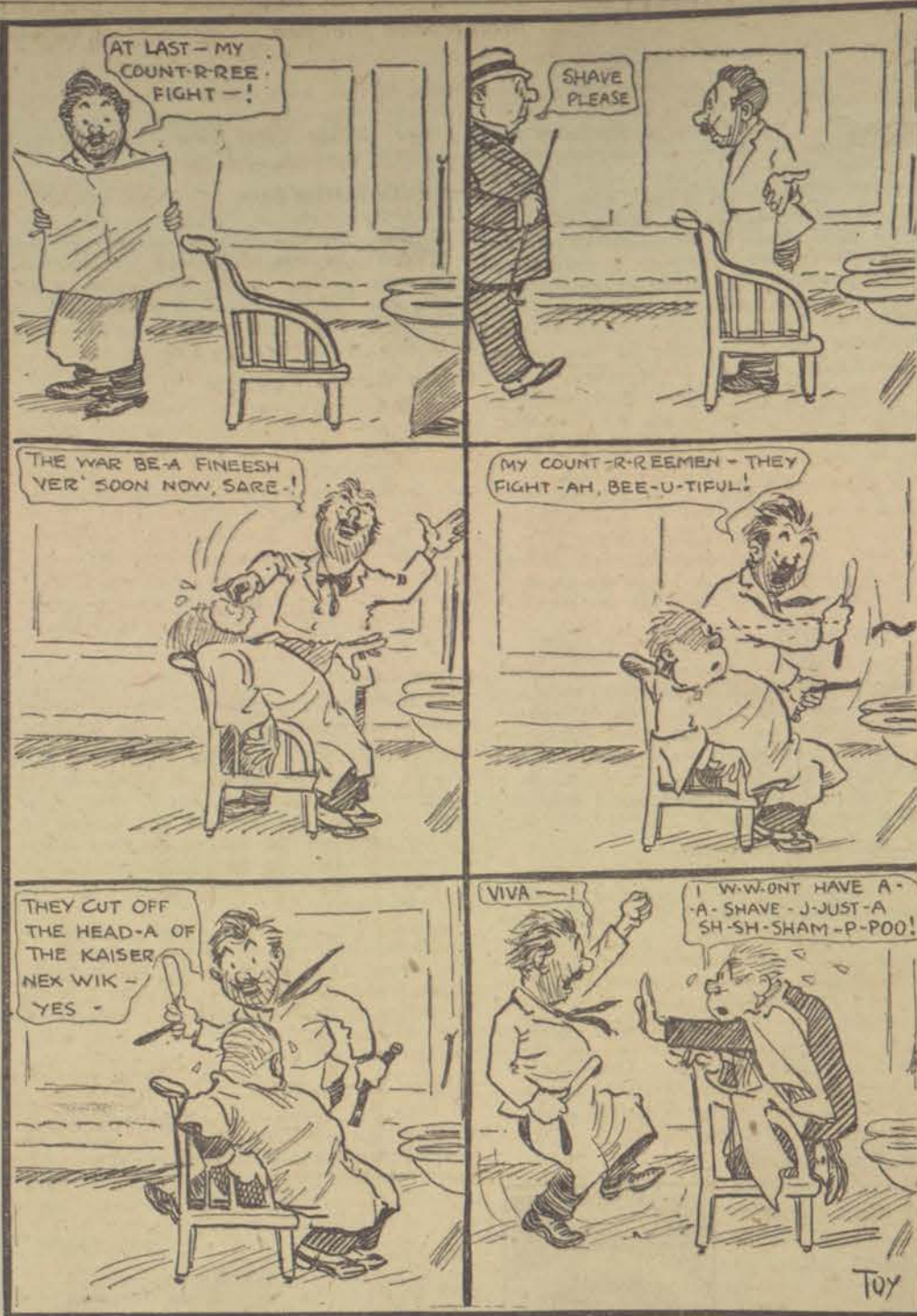
PRINCES SKATING CLUB,
Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

JUNE TO OCTOBER

In aid of the Belgian Red Cross Anglo-Belgian Committee.
Patrons: H.M. the Queen of the Belgians.

The Honorary Organising Secretary begs to inform the Public that anyone having War Trophies or other interesting Exhibits of any description and wishing to lend them should write at once to him at the London Chamber of Commerce, 97, Cannon Street. All loan exhibits will be well covered by Insurance Against Theft, Fire, etc. It is felt that everyone will be willing to lend any articles of interest in order to make the Exhibition a great success in view of the object for which it is organized.

WHY JONES DID NOT HAVE A SHAVE.



MONEY FOR CIGARETTES.

Appeal To Readers To Help Men At The Front.

Day after day the *Daily Sketch* receives letters from men of the Expeditionary Forces. There is never a lament that folk at home are forgetting them—or hardly ever. But there does run through them a real note of hunger for the one thing which more than anything else can keep our soldiers in the best of heart—his cigarette.

Every cigarette for Tommy means a smile. Every smile means that something nasty is going to happen to a German. Think of that—and act accordingly.

- To-day's list of contributions:—
 £1.—P. J. T., South Croydon. 17s. 9d.—Employees, J. and W. McNaught, St. George's Foundry, Rochdale. 10s.—M. M. M.: Staff, Coburn and Co., Ltd., per Seret, Watts, Commissionaire (3rd con.). 8s.—Hans Renold, Ltd., Burrage Auto Dept. (33rd con.). 8s. 6d.—Mech. Staff, W. Vernon and Sons, London. 8s. 5d.—Employees, Patent File and Tool Co., Ltd., London. 6s.—Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Colombo, Ceylon. 5s. 6d.—Valois, Machel. 5s.—Kitchen Staff, Swearing Club, Officers' Mess, 10th Cavalry Reserve, Curragh; J. Jones, Sheffield; Senior IV; Pupils, Grange School, Ailios. 4s.—Sophia James and Others, London, W. 5s. 2d.—Chadburn's Four Woodheads (19th fortnightly con.). 1s.—Mrs. Campion, Herne Hill.

MEN WHO WILL LIMIT THE DRINKS.

Central Board For Munitions And Transport Areas.

The Government announced last night the names of the gentlemen who are to compose the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) to deal with the drink problem in the munitions, transport and camp areas under the powers of the Defence of the Realm Amendment (No. 3) Act.

- They are:—
 Lord d'Abernon (chairman).
 Major Waldorf Astor, M.P.
 Mr. Neville Chamberlain.
 Mr. E. R. Cross (ex-president of the Justices' Association).
 Mr. John Denny, J.P. (of Denny and Co., engineers, Dumbarton).
 Mr. John Hodge, M.P.
 Sir William Lever.
 Sir George Newman (principal medical officer, Board of Education).
 Mr. John Pedder, C.B. (Home Office).
 Mr. R. R. Scott (Admiralty).
 Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P.
 Mr. W. Towle (recently manager of hotels, Midland Railway).

Lord d'Abernon, formerly Sir Edgar Vincent, M.P., is chairman of the Dominions Royal Trade Commission and a trustee of the National Gallery. He represented Exeter in Parliament as a Unionist in 1899-05.

FATE OF THE DERBY.

Epsom Grand Stand Association Denies Newmarket Rumour.

The *Daily Sketch* is informed by the Epsom Grand Stand Association that there is no truth in the rumour that the Derby will be run at Newmarket instead of at Epsom this year.

RACING IN IRELAND.

The Irish Jockey Club yesterday issued a statement to the effect that it had decided to continue racing in Ireland for the present. The members of the club authorise the stewards to suspend racing on any intimation from the Government that it interfered with the public service.

WELLS IN MINERS' BATTALION.

Remarkable Boxing Decision: Jeff Smith "Disqualified For Life."

Ex-Bombardier Billy Wells has joined the Second Rhondda Valley Miners' Battalion of the Welsh Regiment. He is at present training at Brighton for next Monday's match with Dick Smith at the Black Friars Ring.

Fred Delaney, the noted boxer, of Bradford, has also enlisted. His brother, Jerry, belongs to the Sportsman's Battalion.

"Mr. 'Snowy' Baker disqualified Smith for life" is an addition by the Central News to a message from Sydney concerning a contest between Jeff Smith, America, and d'Arcy, Australia, for the middle-weight championship of the world. D'Arcy won on a foul, and in addition to the above-mentioned remarkable decision, Mr. Baker handed Smith's share of the gate money, £500, to the Patriotic Fund.

GERMANY'S INSOLENT REPLY TO AMERICAN NOTE,

Another U.S.A. Steamer Torpedoed Off The Irish Coast.

WHAT WILL PRESIDENT WILSON SAY NOW?

Germany has made an unexpected reply to the U.S.A. Note of protest against the murder of American citizens by submarines.

An American steamer, the *Nebraskan* (4,400 tons), bound from Liverpool to Delaware, was torpedoed on Tuesday night off the Irish coast, adding one more to the list of outrages for which President Wilson said he will hold the Kaiser's Government to "strict accountability."

It is stated that the *Nebraskan's* crew was ordered to leave the steamer, but as she did not founder from the effects of the torpedo the men again boarded the steamer, and endeavoured to navigate her, with her forehold full of water, back to Liverpool, from which port she sailed two days ago.

THE FOURTH VICTIM.

This is the fourth American vessel attacked by the Germans. The first was the sailing ship *William P. Frye*, which was destroyed by the armed liner *Kronprinz Wilhelm* off the east coast of South America.

The second was the *Standard Oil* tanker *Cushing*, which had bombs dropped on her bulwarks off the Dutch coast on April 28.

Then followed the attack on the steamer *Gullflight*, which was torpedoed off Scilly, with the result that the captain afterwards died from shock.

STOCK EXCHANGE CLOSING.

Petition To Shut Up "House" On Summer Saturdays.

Members of the Stock Exchange were more occupied yesterday with a petition for closing the "House" on as many Saturdays as possible during the summer months than with ordinary business. The public are still shy, and the banks and finance houses are for ever turning out stock as opportunity arises.

American securities were all lowered, but there was practically no business doing in them. Canadian Pacific shares fell back to 167½.

The trend of Home Railway stocks was downwards, small offers finding no willing buyers. Brighton Deferred was lowered to 60½ and North-Western to 112.

In the Miscellaneous markets Brazilian Traction shares fell back to 51. "Shells" were unaffected by the increase in the dividend of the Royal Dutch Company, which makes 49 per cent. for the year, against 48 per cent. for 1914.

Among Kaffirs Modderfontein further improved, closing at 14½ buyers, while Geduld were bid for at 28s. 6d.

Some distinctly satisfactory traffic returns were published by Argentine railways, but without affecting the prices of the companies' stocks.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet; American 8 to 11 down; Egyptian 10 down.

READY FOR THE ZEPPELIN RAID.

The City Police are taking the necessary precautions to protect their officers and men from the effects of poisonous bombs should London receive the unwelcome attentions of enemy aircraft.

Although the police are not being served out with respirators, each station in the district has been supplied with a large stock as a precautionary measure.

SILLY SEASON AS USUAL.

GIBRALTAR, Wednesday. During a thunderstorm in the vicinity yesterday a cloud belched forth millions of tiny frogs, which had evidently been sucked up from a lake 20 miles away. The ground was positively swarming with them.—Reuter.

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or head noises go to your chemist and get 1 oz. of Farmint (double strength), add to it 1 pint of hot water, and 4 oz. of granulated sugar. Take one dessert-spoonful four-times a day.

This will often bring instant relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stops dropping into the throat.

It is easy to make, tastes pleasant, and costs little. Everyone who has catarrh should give this treatment a trial. You will find it is just what you need.

FRAME FOOD

TRADE MARK

Makes Baby Strong and Mother Proud.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

THE ECONOMICAL FOOD FOR INFANTS.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

Andor's Errand Of Friendship.

"All right, Klara, I'll do my best. We can but pray that I shall find my lord at home, in which case I can be back in twenty minutes. I'll pick up a friend or even two when I return, as then we can all walk into the tap-room together. It won't be so conspicuous as if I came in alone. What is the time now?" he asked.

She went to the partition door, opened it and peeped into her father's room.

"Just ten minutes to nine," she said; "father will have gone by the time you come back."

"That'll be as well, won't it?" he concluded, as he finally turned to go. "If you are not in the tap-room when I come back, what shall I do with the key?"

She pointed to a small brass tray which stood on the table in among the litter of bottles, glasses, mugs and tobacco-jars.

"Just on there," she said, "then if I come into the room later, I can see it there at a glance; and oh! what a relief it will be!"

The colour had come back to her cheeks. Indeed, she felt marvellously cheerful now and reassured. She knew that Andor would fulfil his share of the bargain, and the heavy cloud of trouble and of terror would be permanently lifted from her within the next half-hour.

In her usual, light-hearted, frivolous way she blew a kiss to Andor. But the young man, without looking again on her, had already opened the door, and the next moment he had gone out into the dark night on his errand of friendship.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I Go Where I Shall Be More Welcome."

In the meanwhile, in the barn time had been flying along on the wings of enjoyment. Ever since six o'clock, when vespers were well over and the gipsies had struck up the first csárdás, merry feet had been tripping it almost incessantly.

It is amazing what a capacity the young Hungarian peasant—man or woman—has for footing the national dance. With intervals of singing and of gossiping these young folk in the barn had been going on for over three hours.

And they were not even beginning to get tired. To the Hungarian peasants, be it remembered, the csárdás is not merely a dance, though they enjoy the movement, of course, the exhilaration and the excitement of the music, just as all healthy young animals would enjoy gambolling on a meadow; there is a deeper meaning to these children of the plains in the sweet, sad strains of their songs and in the mazes and intricacies of their dance.

They put their whole life, their entire sentiment for country and sweetheart, in the music and in the dance, and the music and the dance give outward expression to their feelings, speak in the language of poetry which they feel well enough, but which their untutored tongue cannot frame.

A Hungarian peasant in sorrow or distress will probably, like his Western prototype, seek to drown his grief in drink; far be it from his chronicler's mind to suggest that his sentiments are more elevated than those of the peasantry of other nations, or his morality more sound. He will get drunk, too, like men of other nations, but he will do it to the accompaniment of music. The gipsy band must be there, when he is in trouble or in joy—one or two fiddles, perhaps a clarinet, always a cimbalom—just these few instruments to play his favourite songs. They don't ease his sorrow, but they help to soothe it by bringing tears to his eyes and softening the bitterness of his grief.

And in joy he will invariably dance; when he is in love he will dance, for the csárdás helps him to explain to the girl whom he loves exactly what he feels for her. And she understands. One csárdás will reveal to a Hungarian village maid the state of her lover's heart far more clearly than do all the whisperings behind hedges in more civilised lands.

The Bridegroom's Duty.

It was in the csárdás five years ago that Elsa had learned from Andor how much he loved her; it was during the mazes of the dance that she was able to overcome her shyness and tell him mutely that she loved him in return.

And now it was in the csárdás that she was bidding farewell to-day to her girlhood and to the companions of her youth; to Jenő and Mórítz, who had loved her ardently and hopelessly these past two years, and who must henceforth become to her mere friends. It was in the turns and the twirls, with the wild music marking step, that she conveyed all that there was in her simple heart of regret for the past and cheerful anticipation for the future.

Elsa was a perfect dancer; it was a joy to have her for a partner, and she was indefatigable this afternoon. It seemed as if living fire was in her blood, her cheeks glowed, her eyes shone like dark blue stars; she gave herself neither rest nor respite. Determined to enjoy every minute of the day, she had forcibly put behind her the sorrowful incidents of the afternoon. She would not remember and she would not think.

Andor was not here, and as the spirit of music and of dancing crept more and more into her brain she almost got to the stage of believing that his appearance to-day had only been a dream. Nor would she look to see if Erős Béla were here.

She knew that he had gone off soon after dancing began. He had slipped away quietly, and at first no one had noticed his absence. He had always professed a lofty contempt for gipsy music and for the csárdás, a contempt which has of late come into fashion in Hungary among the upper classes, and has unfortunately been aped by those whose so-called education has only succeeded in obliterating the fine national spirit of the past without having the power to graft more modern Western culture into this Oriental race.

Erős Béla belonged to this same supercilious set, and had made many enemies by his sarcastic denun-

ciations of things that were almost thought sacred in Marosfalva. It was, therefore, quite an understood thing that the moment a csárdás was struck up Erős Béla at once went to seek amusement elsewhere.

Of course to-day was a very different occasion from the more usual village entertainments. To-day he should have thought of nothing but his fiancée's pleasure. She was over-fond of dancing, and looked a picture when she danced. It was clearly a bridegroom's duty, in these circumstances, to stand by and watch his fiancée with all the admiration that should be filling his heart.

To-day Her Servant: To-morrow—

After the wedding, if he disapproved of the csárdás, why of course he could forbid his wife to dance it, and there would be an end of the matter. To-day he was still the groom, the servant of his fiancée—to-morrow only would he become her master.

But everyone was so intent upon enjoyment that a long time went by before gossip occupied itself exclusively with Erős Béla's absence from his pre-nuptial feast. When once it began it raged with unusual bitterness. The scandal during the banquet was being repeated now. Béla was obviously sitting in the taproom of the inn, flirting with the Jewess, when he should have been in attendance on his bride.

Elsa could not help but hear the comments that were being made by all the mothers and fathers and older people who were not dancing, and who, therefore, had plenty of leisure for talk. All the proprieties were being outraged—so it was declared—and Elsa, who might have married so well at one time, was indeed now an object of pity.

She hated to hear all this talk, and felt hideously ashamed that people should be pitying her. Vainly did she try to get some measure of comfort from her mother. Kapus Irma, irritated by the looks of commiseration which were being levelled at her daughter, dubbed the latter a fool for not having the sense to know how to keep her bridegroom by her side.

It was past eight o'clock before Béla put in an appearance at all.

A csárdás was in full swing. The compact group of dancers was crowded round the musicians' platform, for the csárdás can only be properly danced under the very bow—as it were—of the gipsy leader. The barn looked gaily lighted up with oil-lamps swinging down from the rafters above, and it had been most splendidly decorated for the occasion with festoons of paper flowers and tricolour flags. Petticoats and ribbons were flying, little feet in red leather boots were kicking up clouds of dust.

There was no moon to-night, the sky was heavy with clouds, so the village street had been very dark. Erős Béla blinked as he entered the barn, so dazzling did the picture present itself to his gaze.

His Guests' Indifference.

And there was such an atmosphere of merriment and of animation about the place that instinctively Béla's thoughts flew back to the dismal and dingy little taproom whence he had just come, with a few drunken fellows sprawling in corners and Leopold Hirsch's ugly face leering out of the shadows.

Here everyone was gay and good-tempered. The gipsies scraped their fiddles till one would have thought their arms would break, the young people danced, the men shouted and sang. It was a pandemonium of giddiness and music and laughter.

And Béla, as he blinked and looked upon the scene, remembered that he had paid for it all. He had paid for the hire of the barn, the music and the lighting; he had paid for the lavish supper which would be served presently. And as he had had more silvorum to drink in the tap-room than was altogether good for the clearness of his brain, he fell to thinking that he ought now to be received and welcomed with all the deference which his lavishness deserved. He thought that the young people should have left off dancing when he appeared, and should have greeted him, as they would undoubtedly have greeted my lord the Count, had the latter deigned to come.

And what, after all, was my lord on such an occasion in comparison with the donor of the feast?

Even Elsa—though she must, of course, have seen him—did not stop in her senseless gyrations. She was dancing with Barna Mórítz—the mayor's youngest son and a splendid dancer—and the two young people went on twirling and twisting and flirting and laughing just as if he—the real host—had not been there.

Enraged at all this indifference, this want of recognition of his dignity, he elbowed his way through the dense group of spectators which formed a phalanx round the dancers. The wide and voluminous petticoats of the women formed a veritable hedge through which he had to scramble and to push. As the people recognised him they gave him pleasant greetings, for the Hungarian peasant is by nature kindly and something of an opportunist: there was no occasion to quarrel openly with Erős Béla, who was rich and influential.

But he paid no heed either to the greetings or to the whispered comments that followed in their wake. He just felt that he was the master of this place, and he meant everyone else to know and acknowledge this fact. So he strode up to the czigány and ordered them peremptorily to draw this interminable csárdás to an end; it had lasted quite long enough, he said, and the girls looked a sight with their crimson, perspiring faces; he was not going to have such vulgar goings-on at any of his wedding feasts.

The gipsy leader never thought of disobeying, of course; it was the tekintetes or (honoured gentleman) who was paying them for their work, and they had to do as they were told.

(To be continued.)

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

SPRING-CLEANING is
easy with Old Dutch Cleanser
—makes all cleaning light—
Floors, Walls, Cupboards,
Paint, Metals, Glass, Sinks,
—everything.

FREE

"THE SPICKANSPAN FOLKS,"
a Funny Jingle Book with Coloured
Pictures, for Children, sent on request
to "OLD DUTCH," Peninsular House,
Monument Street, London, E.C.

Old Dutch Cleanser

Of all Grocers, Oilmen & Ironmongers.

In large
Sifter-Top
Tins.



CHISWICK, W.

Dear madam,
I am writing because I feel that you ought to know that for only 2d I can make your home look spick and span with my new Wax Preparation called Mansion Polish. In War time you must carefully look after your money and for 2d I can clean and polish lots of Furniture, Linoleum and Stained Floors, giving a lovely finish that will not fingermark besides preserving the Lino. Let me save you both money and work.
Yours obediently
Mansion Polly
(The Busy Bee)

Of all Dealers
Small Tins 1d., Medium 2d., Large 4d.
CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, W.
Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom
Boot Polish.

NO MORE PIMPLES, RASHES OR ECZEMA.



Zam-Buk

KEEPS THE SKIN HEALTHY.

Germans Repulsed In Furious Fighting In France.

DAILY SKETCH.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES.

The Picture Paper for the week-end is the **ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD**. It is there that you get the latest and the best. Be certain of your copy on Sunday by ordering it Now.

LONDON: Shoe Lane, E.C. MANCHESTER: Withy Grove. Telephones—8 Lines—Editorial and Publishing—Holborn 6512.

BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS, IS THE EMPIRE'S CALL TO-DAY.



Lieut. the Hon. A. G. Coke, second son of the Earl of Leicester, (killed in the Dardanelles). One of his uncles has been wounded, and another is a prisoner of war.



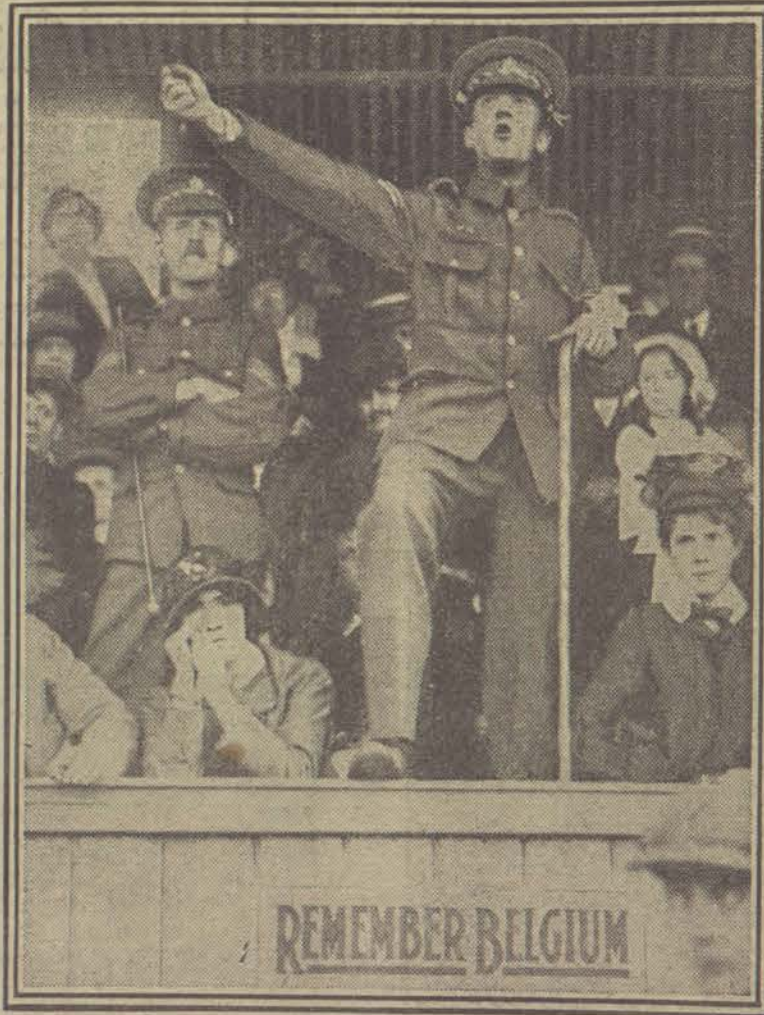
The young and the old—2nd Lieut. G. C. Stopford, of the Royal Irish—(wounded) and Sergeant J. Beverley, now a recruiting sergeant.



Major H. G. Spencer—(wounded)—of the North Somerset Yeomanry, who stuck to their trenches despite a desperate attack on the Ypres salient.



J. Pearson, 9th Batt. Royal Scots (killed). A famous Scottish Rugby International, who was capped twelve times.



"Tear off the white collar, throw away the straw hat, khaki is the only uniform for young men." Corporal Derry, a wounded soldier of the 3rd Welsh, at a Llanelly sports meeting.



Major J. Mackenzie, V.C., 2nd Bedford Regiment (killed). He gained the V.C. in Ashanti in 1900.



Lieut.-Colonel W. W. Burland, of the Royal Montreals—(wounded)—was an officer of the Canadian team that won many successes at the 1911 Bisley.



2nd Lieut. Geoffrey Leigh, 13th London Regiment (wounded).



Lieut. R. A. Banon, 1st King's Royal Rifles (twice wounded).



Lieut.-Colonel L. J. Wood, C.M.G.—(killed)—of the 2nd Border Regiment, who refused to give way under a tremendous fire.

Not words but action, not talkers but fighters, is the Empire's need to-day. Now that the politicians have re-sorted themselves the whole nation must throw itself unanimously and determinedly into the one and only object—beating the enemy and ending the war. These are some of the heroes who have given us the great example.