

Munition Workers Sent To The Front To See For Themselves.

DAILY SKETCH.

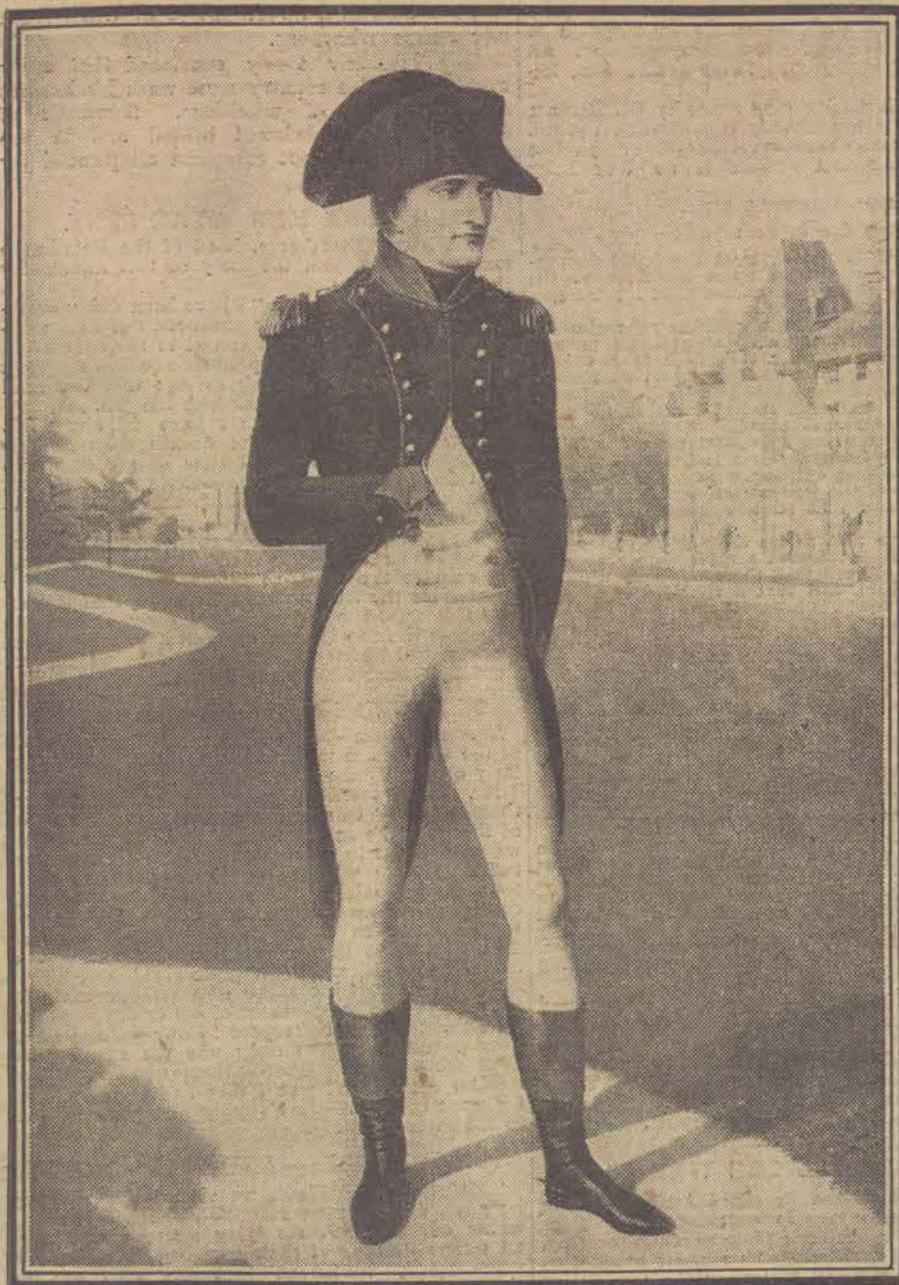
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No. 1,958.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

1815—Britain And France For The Peace Of The World—1915.



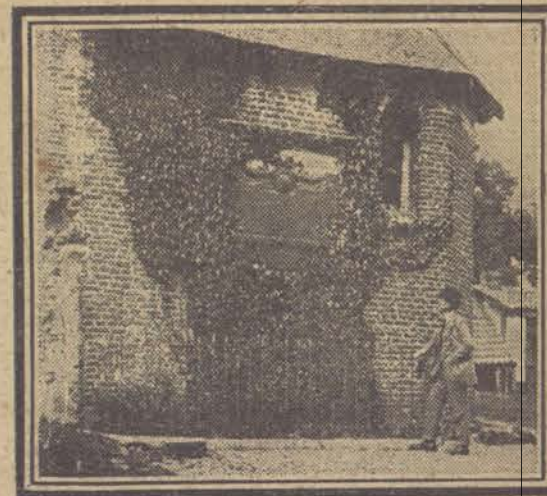
Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul. From the famous portrait by Isabey in the Museum at Versailles.



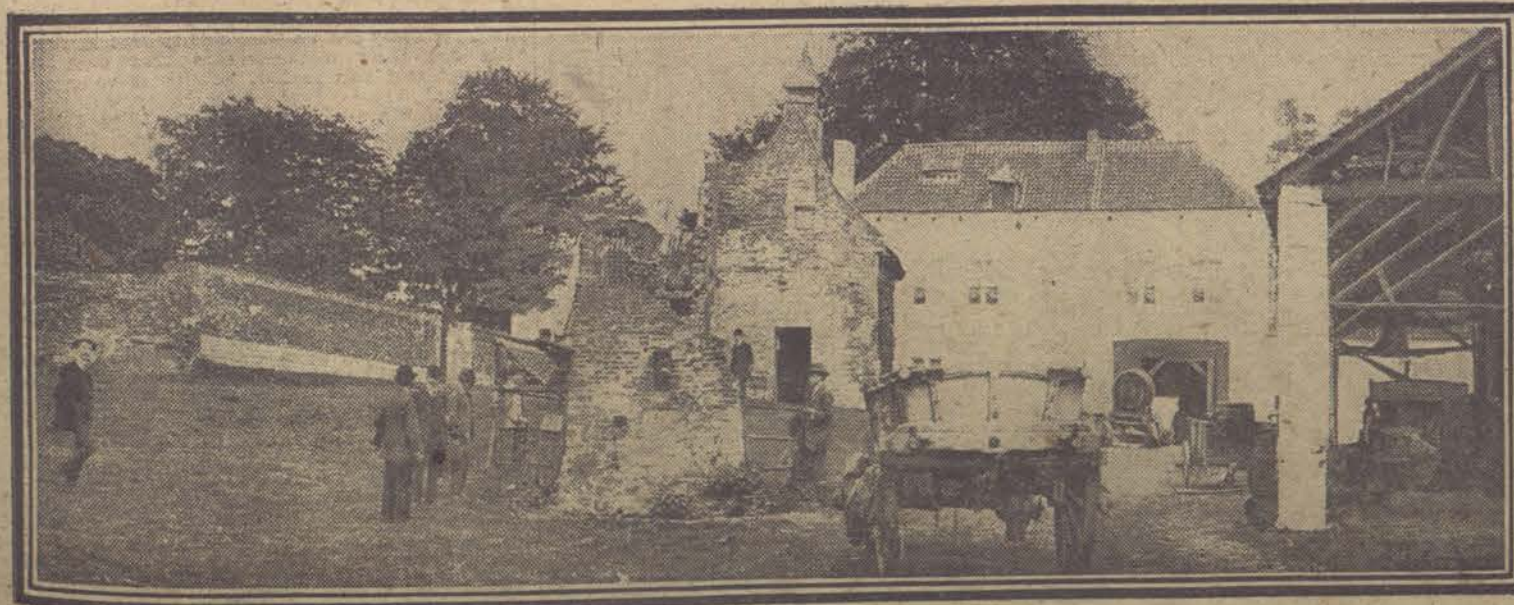
The charge of Ney at Waterloo. From the painting by L. Sergent.



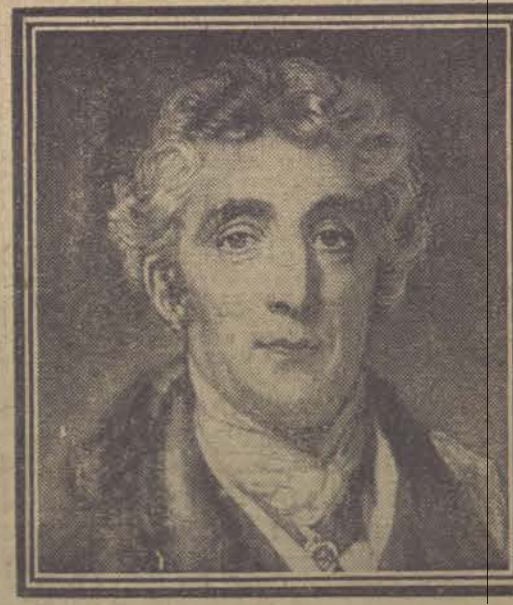
A monument to Napoleon's gallant army.



Guards' memorial tablet at Hougomont Chapel.



The farm at Hougomont which the British held against great odds at the Battle of Waterloo.



The great Duke of Wellington.

To-day Britain and France celebrate the centenary of the Battle of Waterloo by presenting a united front against Germany in the greatest of all wars. They are fighting under the banner of civilisation against the most terrible form of military despotism recorded in history—a despotism which observes no law except the old barbaric rule that might is right. One hundred years ago the French and British fought against each other as soldiers—to-day they fight side by side against poisoners, torturers and murderers.

WHEN BRITONS FOUGHT AT FESTUBERT & HOOGE

Children Romp With A Dog While Battle Rages.

INVISIBLE WARFARE.

Only Sign Of The Fighting In The Column Of Red Cross Cars.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, Wednesday.

After some days of inactivity along our front we have again taken the offensive at two points—near the ruined chateau of Hooge, in the Ypres salient, and at Festubert, near La Bassée.

Operations at these points are still in progress. At the time of writing we have gained the enemy's first-line trenches near Hooge, for two-thirds of a mile, with a section of his second line, and taken at least 150 prisoners, while at Festubert repeated infantry attacks have given us new ground east of that village.

The first attack on Festubert was made about six o'clock last night, after a heavy artillery preparation. Our infantry took the first and second line of enemy trenches, but were forced to fall back at certain points during the night.

BIRDMEN HAD BEST VIEW.

Fighting at Hooge began early this (Wednesday) morning. After our initial success the Germans attempted a heavy counter-attack from their trenches north of the Belleward lake, behind the chateau ruins, but they were quickly repulsed.

Only the aeroplane observers had anything like a real "bird's-eye view" of the Festubert attack. I was permitted to look over the area of operations from a point which gave ample facilities for observation as any other, but the result was, as usual, disappointing.

I do not know of any point along the British front where it is possible to watch an infantry attack or to see more of warfare than the apparently aimless discharge of shells above apparently deserted fields.

The men in the trenches are equally limited in their view of a fight. Frequently they never see a German—save the dead.

All they can tell you of any charge is of a wild rush across a meadow or through a wood, a scramble into a noisome excavation far dirtier than their own trench, and, maybe, a brief hand-to-hand struggle which is sometimes necessary in order to effectually silence the enemy.

The unreality of it all is borne in upon you when you attempt such a view as mine over the Festubert battleground this morning.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Violence looked warm and deceptively alive in the sunshine; one could not tell that it was only the shell of a town—inhabited by Bavarians and their machine guns. The red-roofed cottages seemed in no wise different from those close to me, where children were romping with a dog. I could not tell where the zone of death began. I do not think any resident of that district who stood there could have told me.

The only sign of war was the inevitable column of Red Cross ambulances rolling silently towards me over the road from the front. I went down to meet them, and as they passed I had a glimpse of the different ways a newly wounded man accepts his hurt, for these men were fresh from the trenches.

A bandaged "Tommy" sat beside each driver. The first was a Highlander, gloomily nursing his left hand. He seemed to be more angry than hurt, and he talked steadily to the driver, who was nodding sympathetically over his steering-wheel. He reminded me of a man who had been fighting with a friend and suffered the misfortune of being stopped too soon by the police.

Another wounded man on a driver's seat had his head wrapped in such a thick layer of bandages that I thought at first he was wearing a turban. He, too, was rather dirty and touselled, as though he might have been playing football—and he was reading an illustrated London paper! Straight from the jaws of death, but not in the least concerned.

WHAT THE FACES TOLD.

I could learn more of the fighting at Festubert from the faces of the wounded who passed than from my view towards the Aubers ridge.

I learned a little, too, from an ordnance officer at an ammunition railhead, who worked throughout the night sending fresh supplies of shells to the front. He has taken possession of a certain railway station with his staff, and it is full of only one kind of goods—high explosives.

The ordnance officer was as pleased with the sudden demand for his goods as a manufacturer who has suddenly been given a large contract.

"Kept us on the rush during the night," he said. "It's a pity you are just too late to see the show at full pressure; there's a lull just now."

WHY THE HUNS ARE SENSITIVE

No Loss Too Heavy If It Ward Off Menace To La Bassée.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Thursday.

Fighting was resumed during the night on the British front, both in the La Bassée region and to the north of Ypres, the Belgian troops co-operating at the latter point.

It is reported that the British have made new progress in both sectors.

Full details of the fighting around La Bassée have not yet reached me, but I understand that the Germans rushed up large reinforcements from

Lille for their successful counter-attack, which was carried out after a terrific artillery fire.

The trenches we captured and afterwards evacuated were situated on raised ground, difficult to hold, and the German counter-attack was launched before the gain could be consolidated.

The battle for the captured trenches was a very bitter one, and the oncoming Germans suffered heavily.

However, La Bassée is a position about which the Germans are very sensitive, covering as it does such a great centre as Lille, and they have given evidence previously that they consider no loss too great if it enables them to ward off a serious menace to this "little Gibraltar."

The British troops fell back to their original line to avoid heavy losses, realising that it would be impossible to maintain the position owing to the numerical superiority of the attackers.

Yet there are increasing indications that the Germans are relying more and more on material, as against men, to hold their front line.

Meanwhile, the effect of the British efforts in this direction has been to relieve the pressure on the French around Souchez.

A daring exploit was carried out recently near the Chateau of Hooge by two men of the Rifle Brigade.

Creeping up under cover of darkness, they exploded a quantity of important enemy stores and ammunition by means of bombs fitted with a time-fuse. The fuse they hid in a narrow channel which they dug with trowels.

On the return journey to our lines one of the men was shot in the leg, and was carried into safety by his companion.—Central News Special.

"THE FATHERS OF THE FUTURE."

A Striking Social Problem Raised By Debate In The Commons.

There is bravery in the home as well as on the battlefield. The woman's sacrifice is harder; she has to endure without having any part in "the Great Adventure." Baroness Orczy has paid a glowing tribute to the courage of British women in the course of an article, "The Triumph of Love," written for next Sunday's issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*.

During the course of the debate in the House of Commons on the War Office appeal to men of forty, Sir Leo Chiozza Money pointed out that most men of forty were married, and he urged that the Government should take single men first.

A question has been put to Sir Leo as to whether the nation cannot better afford to lose married men with families than to lose unmarried men. It is pointed out that the nation would have to maintain the orphans for a limited number of years. This would be a financial burden, but it would take the country much longer to recover the loss of the potential fathers.

The question raised is an interesting social problem, and Sir Leo Chiozza Money will deal with it in the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*.

One of our statesmen who has built up a reputation during wartime is the Right Hon. H. J. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War. When the new Ministry was formed Mr. Tennant, by common consent, remained at the War Office. Mr. Tennant's personality will be discussed in a *Sunday Herald* character sketch.

A humorous sketch, "Khaki Comfort," by Vincent Ems, and a splendid short story will be among the many interesting things in the *Sunday Herald*. And there will be another fine array of exclusive war photographs.

PASTOR'S SON WINS THE D.C.M.

Primitive Methodist pastors, in conference at Reading yesterday, passed, with cheers, a resolution congratulating Sergeant Lomas, son of the Superintendent of the Silchester Circuit, on receiving the D.C.M. for holding with a few men a German trench for 15 hours, nearly 40 of his platoon being killed or wounded.

HE FOUGHT AT YPRES, NEUVE CHAPELLE, AND HILL 60.



Private E. King, of the Highland Light Infantry, was buried in London yesterday. King (inset) was only 18 years of age. He fought in three big battles—Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, and Hill 60. He was wounded in the latter fight, and died in Woolwich Hospital.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

LOST: "THOUSANDS OF WAR BABIES."

Official Report Kills Slander On Our Soldiers.

UNFOUNDED STATEMENTS.

The great War Baby myth may now safely take its place along with the other remarkable rumours that have agitated the country from time to time since the war began.

A special committee was appointed by the two Archbishops and other big people to investigate the truth of the circumstantial statements made that thousands of "war babies" were expected all over the country. This committee has failed to find confirmation of the reports, which, they add (with reason), "reflect unfairly on the characters of our soldiers and our girls."

The committee made searching inquiries in 57 big towns and 14 important military districts. All reports of a specially sensational nature were followed up.

In addition inquiries were made by Dr. Barbara Tchaikovsky, by the Charity Organisation Society, and by the Local Government Board. All lead to the same conclusion. There is no War Baby Problem.

SOME SAMPLE LIES.

Says the committee in its report:—

We were told in many places the Local Government Board was making large additions to the lying-in wards of the infirmaries. Not a single new bed has been ordered.

We were told that in a well-known maternity hospital preparations were being made to add fifteen new wards, and that fifty beds had been placed at the disposal of our informant. We learned that the additions being made to the hospital were begun in 1913, and that it had received no more illegitimate cases than usual.

We heard that in an important place the lying-in ward of the infirmary was full, and that they were contemplating opening a new ward. On inquiring in wards of the infirmaries. Not a single new in the ward and that no new ward was contemplated.

In a northern city, where the wildest statements had been made, inquiry at a manufactory employing 3,000 girls showed that there was only a single case among them, and that a doubtful one.

In another place, where it was said that 500 cases were known, and that 200 had already been received into homes, investigation has shown that there are not more than three.

In another it was stated that forty girls had already been discharged from one department of a factory on account of their condition. This proved to be entirely false.

Of those individual cases reported to us very few are under 16; many are girls known as having already borne a bad character and as having had illegitimate children previously.

EXISTING AGENCIES SUFFICIENT.

Everything that we have learned points to the need of providing opportunities for wholesome recreation for the irks and for the sailors and soldiers. We have learned nothing to oblige us to pass a harsh judgment upon them or to distrust them in the future.

For those, and we know there must be some, who will need special help, we believe that existing agencies are amply sufficient.

So the War Babies disappear to join the army of half a million Russians, who were rushed across England in trains with drawn blinds, the Crown Prince who was safely buried several times, the Japanese Navy that was seen in the North Sea, and the member of the Royal Family who was imprisoned in the Tower for high treason.

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

The President of the Board of Agriculture has appointed a committee to consider what steps should be taken for the sole purpose of maintaining, and, if possible, increasing the present production of food in England and Wales, on the assumption that the war may be prolonged beyond the harvest of 1916.

SHELL-WORKERS SENT TO THE FRONT.

Learning The Truth From Our Wounded Soldiers.

"AT THE MERCY OF THE MEN AT HOME."

Determined Now To Work Their Hardest For Tommy.

Eight engineers and shell-makers sent out to the trenches for three days by Sir William Beardmore returned to Glasgow yesterday.

They have come home to tell their fellow-workers that it must be a case of shells, and no stoppage of work from any cause whatever.

They are now firmly convinced that every workman in this country must work his hardest at the output of munitions. Hundreds of the soldiers were interviewed behind and in the trenches, and without exception all pleaded for more shells.

WHY THE MEN WERE SENT.

Sir William Beardmore, head of the Beardmore armament firm, told the story of this missionary journey last night.

"Personally," he said, "I have been doing everything possible towards the production of field artillery and shell; but I was forced to the conclusion that I was not getting the production out of my plant which it was capable of yielding; that the men were not putting their back into the job."

"I felt quite certain—as I have all along felt convinced—that if only the working-men in this country realised the actual state of affairs at the front they would ere now have done their bit, and given us the output of which the machinery is capable."

"I approached Lord Kitchener, and asked him if he would allow me to send a certain number of my men to the front, so that they might see for themselves the true position, believing that if they had this opportunity they would come back determined to work to the utmost, and fired with an infectious zeal which would permeate the workshops. Lord Kitchener readily acquiesced."

ELECTED BY THEIR COMRADES.

The men were drawn from various departments of the Beardmore munition works, and were popularly chosen by the men themselves.

Mr. Brodie acted as spokesman for the party on their return. "Our first introduction to the horrors of the war," he said, "we had at Boulogne, where we were taken to a hospital. There we saw men suffering from all manner of wounds, and some from gas-poisoning. With some of the less seriously injured we spoke of our mission, and asked their opinion as to the supply of ammunition. The answer we invariably got was, 'There is a scarcity of shell and high explosives.'"

"Next we met an ambulance train coming in with a pathetic complement of 400 or 500 wounded soldiers. Some of these poor fellows we also questioned, and again the story was the same. 'We need more shells.' One of them was a Garrison Artilleryman, and he said they had been held up for want of shells—their supply had gone forward to the Field Artillery."

MORE SHELLS—AND STILL MORE.

"Motoring to Bailleul, we visited the clearing hospital, and here we saw the same heartrending sights of brave soldiers lying maimed and torn, all uncomplaining of their own bad luck, but all, when asked, convinced that the need was for shells."

"Then we set out for the actual front. We were given facilities to stop and question any bodies of troops we met en route. The first party we interviewed had just come back from the trenches. The burden of their story, too, was 'More shells.' One of them estimated that the Germans fired ten shells for every one we were able to send in reply. 'It's not their marksmanship that does the damage,' said this soldier, 'it's sheer volume of shell fire.'"

"The shortage of munitions was likened by a gunner to a lad fighting a man with knuckledusters on."

"Going forward to the Yser Canal, we entered the trenches and passed along questioning the men of several regiments. We also interviewed officers in their dug-outs. Again the replies we got were the same. 'There is undoubtedly a shortage of shells.' Through a communication trench we passed to the second line of trenches, and from them through the peep-holes we saw the German front line 800 to 1,000 yards off. We spent two hours here pursuing our inquiries, and there was no variation of the tale: 'We want more shells.'"

POWER OF THE MAN AT HOME.

"The following day (Sunday) we spent at an air base on our way back. Here a high officer joined in the view that until we have tons of high explosives to blow up the entanglements and entrenchments there will not be the advance we all hope and expect."

"In all we covered 400 miles, and we questioned men of eight or nine different regiments, including artillery and Territorials. When one sees what they have to go through well may the men at home work their hardest."

"The men at the front are at the mercy of the men at home. We are going to Glasgow to let the country know that, and we want all the workmen of the country to realise it, and if they do we are certain that there will be an end to the shortage of shells and a beginning of the end of the war itself."

THREATENED GERMAN AIR RAID ON WEST END OF LONDON

RAGING HUNS WANT REVENGE FOR KARLSRUHE

“Ruthless Reprisals For This Foul Attack.”

“DROP HUMANITARIANISM.”

Vivid German Description Of The Allies' Bombardment.

200 REPORTED KILLED.

Germany is apoplectic with anger at the complete success of the raid of the Allies' airmen over Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden.

Threats of “ruthless reprisals” are being shouted by the Huns, who cannot understand why the assailed should repay in kind, and the authors of the murder raids by sea and air on unfortified English East Coast towns are raging because our aircraft have attacked a city which the Germans disingenuously declare “has no connection with the theatre of war, and is without the slightest fortifications.”

The comments of the Berlin *Deutsches Tages Zeitung* (quoted by the Exchange) are characteristic of the general feeling. The journal says:—

Germany's answer to this foul attack must be ruthless reprisals, not only on military cities and fortresses — as the Germans have done thus far — but on civilians.

The best place for such reprisals to be executed is in the West End of London rather than Paris, which is fortified.

An air raid on the West End of London would make the profoundest impression throughout the whole world.

In addition to that Germany must drop all humanitarian considerations in pursuance of submarine warfare.

It will be observed that the Germans now recognise that London is, unlike Paris, an unfortified town (and presumably “unconnected with the theatre of war”), though on a previous occasion they said they had bombarded “the outer fortifications of London.”

BLIND PANIC IN KARLSRUHE.

Pitiless Bombardment Of City For An Hour And A Half.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

The great air raid carried out by French aviators on Karlsruhe last Tuesday appears to have caused far more serious damage than has been admitted on the German side.

The appearance of the machines seems to have been the signal for a display of blind panic among the population.

The Karlsruhe correspondent of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, describing the raid, says:

“The first sign of an attack occurred at 6.30 in the morning when a single airman appeared in the clear air. He was seen by a passer-by, but no attention was paid to him.

“All of a sudden a buzzing and humming was heard on all sides, and more aeroplanes were seen approaching, flying at high speed.

“Crowds had gathered by this time and stared at the bodies of the aircraft gleaming against the cloudless sky, but no one thought of danger as the machines were assumed to be German.

“Soon, however, motor horns and steam syrens began to hoot out danger signals, anti-aircraft guns opened fire, and all electric cars were stopped where they stood.

“The fleecy balls of the shrapnel began to creep closer and closer. The aeroplanes got to work quickly, and dropped bomb after bomb on to the city, no part of which was spared.

“One nerve-shattering crash followed another, and the smoke of the explosions began to rise north, south, east and west.

“The inhabitants, seized with blind panic, took refuge in houses and cellars, leaving dead and wounded lying where they had fallen.

“Bombs were dropped quite close to the Grand Ducal Palace. Many also fell in the eastern and southern quarters of the city, but the greatest havoc of all was wrought near the Hotel Germania in the Rondel Platz, and in the Karl Friedrich Strasse, where seven persons and several horses were killed.

“The airmen disappeared at about eight o'clock.

“Slowly the inhabitants began to venture out of their houses again, and dense crowds gathered round the spots where people had been killed or where the explosions had done particularly serious damage.”—Reuter.

200 PEOPLE KILLED.

Military Headquarters And Shell Factories Destroyed By The Raiders.

A neutral traveller to Rotterdam from Karlsruhe states that the damage caused by the Allies' air raid there was greater than newspaper correspondents have been allowed to state.

Fifty bombs were dropped, one almost destroying one of the ducal palaces used as the headquarters of the Karlsruhe commander. Three officers and two soldiers were killed.

The people of Baden declare that Zeppelins are sure to bombard London and Paris as a measure of reprisal.

Altogether the bombardment killed over 200 people and destroyed a number of factories engaged in the making of shells.

NEW ALLIED AIR RAID.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

Between ten o'clock and midnight last night Allied aeroplanes dropped bombs on the German coast positions in the vicinity of Zeebrugge, Heyst, and Knoeke, causing serious damage.

The airmen were subjected to a heavy fire, but were not hit.—Central News.

FRENCH RAID OVER BRUSSELS.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.

The *Handelsblad* learns that at four o'clock yesterday morning two French airmen attacked Brussels, apparently intending to destroy the balloon sheds. The bombs missed their mark, and the sheds were not damaged. The correspondent of the *Handelsblad*, who had taken lodgings in the Place Rogier, was awakened by a heavy cannonade, and found that the Germans were firing shell after shell against the airmen from all directions.

“It was an exciting spectacle,” says the correspondent, “to observe the tiny white clouds of the shells rising above the houses in the clear morning light. At 4.15 a.m. one of the shells burst above the Place Rogier.”

The correspondent followed the French attack and the German defence from the roof of his hotel. At 4.30 a.m. the French airmen were out of sight.—Reuter.

SIX TAUBES OVER NANCY.

PARIS, Thursday.

Yesterday six German aeroplanes flew over Nancy, dropping several bombs. Five people, including two women, were killed and twelve others wounded.

WHAT TO DO IN AIR RAIDS.

Advice To The Public By The Chief Commissioner Of Police.

Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police, yesterday issued a notice from New Scotland Yard advising the public what to do in case of air raids.

The notice points out that an air raid will probably take place when most people are in bed, and the only intimation the public are likely to get will be the reports of anti-aircraft guns or the noise of falling bombs.

Among the chief points in the notice are these:—
The public should not go into the streets, where they might be struck by falling missiles; the streets, being required for the passage of fire engines, etc., should not be obstructed by pedestrians.

A supply of water and sand might be kept on the upper floors of houses, so that any fire breaking out on a small scale can at once be dealt with.

Everyone should know the position of the fire-alarm post nearest his house.

All windows and doors on the lower floor should be closed to prevent the admission of noxious gases; these may be detected by a peculiar and irritating smell following on the dropping of a bomb.

The Commissioner is advised by competent experts that in all probability a pad of cotton-wool contained in gauze to tie round the head and saturated with a strong solution of washing soda, would be effective as a respirator, and could be improvised at home at a trifling cost.

It should be damped when required for use, and must be large enough to protect the nose as well as the mouth, the gauze being so adjusted as to protect the eyes.

Gas should not be turned off at the meter at night; this would involve risk of fire and explosion from burners left on when the gas was turned off.

Persons purchasing portable chemical fire extinguishers should require a written guarantee that they comply with the specifications of the Board of Trade, Office of Works, Metropolitan Police, or some approved Fire Prevention Committee; no bomb of any description should be handled unless it has showed itself to be of incendiary type

THREE RAIDS IN BRIEF.

	Killed	Injured
June 6.—East Coast	24	40
June 15.—North-East Coast	16	40
June 15.—Karlsruhe	200	—

FRANCE IN LIKE CASE.

PARIS, Thursday.

The Chamber to-day discussed the Bill submitted by M. Dalbiez ensuring the proper distribution and better utilisation of men already mobilised or liable to be mobilised. General Pedoya, President of the Army Committee, urged the passage of the measure.—Reuter.

DUBLIN FUSILIERS' DEADLY BAYONET WORK.

Gallant Recapture Of Trenches Lost In The Dardanelles.

USELESS TURKISH BRAVERY.

From Sir Ian Hamilton.

On Tuesday night a party of the enemy, led by a German officer, made a gallant attack on the trenches occupied by one of the British brigades.

A few of the enemy were killed on the parapet; but the majority fell before reaching our trenches. Fifty dead were counted, including the German leader and his Turkish subordinate.

The trenches captured by us on Saturday night were also attacked. The attack was preceded by strong parties.

Here we were forced back some 30 yards until daybreak, when the vacated trench was enfiladed by our machine-guns from right and left, the Dublin Fusiliers attacking with the bayonet.

The trench was re-occupied, and found to contain 200 dead Turks. Twelve prisoners were also taken. Our casualties were very slight.

BRITISH SUBMARINE SINKS STEAMER AND 2 BOATS.

Brilliant Feat At Constantinople In Face Of The Enemy.

ROME, Thursday.

The *Giornale d'Italia* learns from Constantinople that a British submarine, penetrating into the Sea of Marmora, reached Constantinople, and sank two boats and a large steamer in the Golden Horn.

All the forts and warships opened fire on the submarine, but without hitting it. The greatest alarm prevails at Constantinople.—Central News.

[Three weeks ago the E12 penetrated the mine-fields of the enemy and reached the neighbourhood of Constantinople. The E12 upon that occasion sank a transport and did damage to other craft right in the teeth of the enemy. The above appears to be a repetition of that daring feat.]

SUBMARINE SINKS SUBMARINE.

Italian Official News.

ROME, Thursday.

One of our airships, passing over the enemy's entrenched camps, last night dropped powerful bombs on the important railway junction at Divaca, causing great damage. The airship returned unharmed.

The submarine *Medusa*, which had carried out useful and daring reconnaissances, was torpedoed by an enemy submarine. It appears from Austrian reports that one of the officers and four of the crew were rescued and taken prisoners.—Reuter.

KAISER'S VILLA OCCUPIED.

ROME, Thursday.

The magnificent villa of Falconieri, near Frascati, which is the private property of the German Emperor, was occupied to-day by Italian gendarmes.—Exchange.

BUNGLING PIRATES.

Bombed Steamer Puts Into Port Under Her Own Steam.

The London steamer *Turnwell*, disabled by a German submarine, put into Milford Haven yesterday under her own steam.

She was outward bound from Liverpool to New York, and had reached a point 30 miles from the Smalls when a submarine appeared and ordered the crew into their boats.

A bomb was then exploded in the *Turnwell*'s forehold, and the submarine made for the Manchester collier *Trafford*, which was in the neighbourhood. The collier's crew took to their boat, and their vessel was sunk by shell fire.

When the submarine dived the *Turnwell* was still afloat. Her crew boarded her, and worked at the pumps until Milford Haven was reached. The steamer was badly damaged. All her cabins were ransacked by the Germans, and everything of value was taken away.

The crew of the *Trafford* was picked up by a patrol boat.

WOUNDED AT HILL 60.

Lieut. Herbert Pickard, B.A., of the 2nd Cheshires, who was wounded in the hand and knee in the memorable fight for Hill 60. He is the fourth son of Mr. J. L. Pickard, F.R.H.S., of the staff of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, who also has three other sons wearing the King's uniform.



THE QUEEN AT M.P.'S' TEA-ROOM.

The Queen visited the House of Commons yesterday and inspected a new tea-room. Subsequently her Majesty paid a visit to Captain Lowther, the Speaker's son, who has returned from the front wounded.

GERMAN ADMISSIONS OF ALLIES' ADVANCE.

“Attacks Conducted With Great Expenditure Of Ammunition.”

“ATTEMPTS TO BREAK THROUGH.”

“Terminated In Defeat Of The French And The English.”

German Official News.

BERLIN, Thursday Afternoon.

In the Western theatre of war, north of the pond of Bellegarde—near Ypres—the sections of trench which we lost the day before yesterday were recaptured for the greater part.

The English and French continued their attempts to break through our lines yesterday.

North of the canal of La Bassée the English were overpowered by the Westphalians and Saxons after a hand-to-hand fight, and were forced to beat a speedy retreat into their own positions.

Against the front stretching from west of Lievin (near Lens) to Arras the French continued to direct fresh attacks.

In the Lorette Hills a completely demolished trench was abandoned to them.

South of Souchez—on the road from Arras to



Béthune—they succeeded in penetrating into our positions over a width of about 600 yards, and in obtaining a foothold.

Fighting still goes on there. On all other points they were repulsed with sanguinary losses.

Consequently the attacks, conducted with a great expenditure of ammunition and regardless of the very heavy losses, have again terminated in the defeat of the French and English.

The victorious hand-to-hand fights furnish us with fresh proofs of the brilliant bravery and imperturbable endurance of our troops.

VICTORY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

French Official News.

PARIS, Thursday Afternoon.

In the Vosges (Eastern France) our progress in the course of yesterday rendered us entirely masters of the line of heights which dominates the valley of the Fecht, north of Steinebruck and Netzeral.

To the south we have also gained ground between the two branches of the Upper Fecht and on the heights which separate the valley of the Fecht from that of the Lauch.

On the rest of the front there is nothing to add to yesterday evening's statement.—Reuter.

IMPENDING BATTLE FOR LEMBERG

Previous Movements Only Affairs Of Outposts By Comparison.

PETROGRAD, Thursday.—The culmination of the Galician fighting is approaching. Three great enemy forces are advancing from the Saxon towards Lemberg.

It is hardly an exaggeration to describe movements which have hitherto occurred costing thousands, indeed tens of thousands, of lives, as mere affairs of outposts compared with what is to come.

The Russians have had none the worse of the exchanges, and Mosciska, from which they have retired, served the purpose of staying the enemy's direct advance pending the final concentration in positions further eastwards.

So far as can be foreseen, the decisive battle is likely to be fought around Grodek (about 15 miles east-south-east of Lemberg), where the Russians will benefit by the lake country.—Reuter.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH GAINED ANOTHER RECRUIT FOR THE ARMY.



Corpl. Edward Armstrong, 1st Lincoln Regt., was killed in action.



Mrs. Armstrong and her four youngest children. They are proud of their soldier brothers.



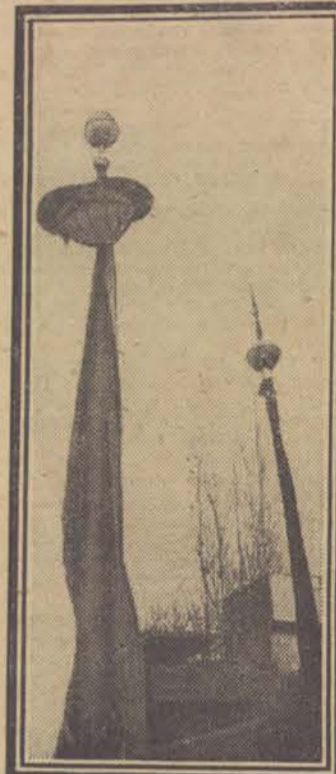
Pte. Cecil Armstrong at once enlisted on hearing of his brother's death.

THE MAJOR'S BRIDE.



Miss Marjory Dymock, the bride of Major H. S. Windham, 3rd Bedfords.—(Sarony.)

THE TURK'S TROPHY.



An officer's pith helmet is regarded by the Turks as a great trophy. It has been placed on one of their standards.



Joseph has been invalided home. John, a private in the Yorkshire L.I. Sidney is in the 4th Bedfords.

"I will take his place," was the remark of Cecil Armstrong on hearing of his brother's death in action. He is now in the 3rd Bedfords. Four other brothers, the sons of a Stevenage ganger, are serving.

TOMMY'S RIVIERA IN THE HEART OF THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE.



The stone-paved terraces of the famous church that fronts Trafalgar-square have been made a garden lounge, where our convalescent soldiers may sun themselves within sight and sound of London's ceaseless traffic. The King and Queen sent the tropical plants that make of the grey old churchyard a miniature Riviera. Charing Cross Station is in the background.



IDEAL MILK is the purest and best milk that it is possible to get. Town milk is never really fresh, because it takes so long to reach you, and all the time germs are multiplying in it. If you want the best and purest milk, buy "Ideal"—quite free from germs. Try "Ideal"—just as it is, fresh from the can—with your stewed fruits, tarts, etc. Diluted with water, it is better and more reliable than dairy milk both for table use and for baking purposes.



Large tins 6d., of all Grocers. Write for a copy of the interesting booklet—"Two Milkmaids and an Ideal"—post free on request. Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 6-8, Eastcheap, London. Contractors to the British Army and Navy.



FACE BATHING WITH CUTICURA SOAP MOST SOOTHING TO SENSITIVE SKINS. TRIAL FREE.

Especially when followed by little touches of Cuticura Ointment to red, rough, itching and pimply surfaces. Nothing better for the skin than these fragrant super-creamy emollients.

Sample Each Free by Post. With 32-p. book. Address F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C., Eng. Sold throughout the world.

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12ft by 6ft 40/- Carriage Paid. direct from the factory, and with the Maker's guarantee. You get better value and save money. This Tent is the best ever offered at 40/-. We are prepared to send it on approval. Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. Send Postal Order to-day. ILLUSTRATED LIST of other designs and Samples of Canvas on application. PAULL'S ORIENT TENT WORKS, MARTOCK. NO CENTRE POLE. GUARANTEED RAIN PROOF. Write Now.



A.A.—Loans, £5 to £5,000, sent by post secretly, either sex, any distance; no interview or public inquiries. Interest 1s. in £. F. COWLING, 113, Park-lane, Leeds.

ABSOLUTE private advances to all employed at Banks, Insurance, Civil Service, Clerks, etc. No sureties or delay. Compare my terms with any other office. Phone Bank 812. W. H. WHITEMAN, 42, Poultry, Cheap-side, E.C.

£5 TO £5,000 Lent; interest, 1s. 2. Special Ladies Dept.—Call or write B. S. LYLE, Ltd., 89, New Oxford-st., W. £5 TO £5,000 on Note of Hand in a few hours, no sureties; easy instalments.—ARTHUR G. WHITEMAN, 229, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury Park, N. Distance no object.

WITS CURED by Trench's Remedy. Simple home treatment; 25 years' success; 1,000 testimonials in one year. Pamphlet Free.—TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LTD., 338, South Frederick-street, Dublin.

A GRAND ARMY OF INDUSTRY.

A GREAT step forward has been achieved by Mr. Lloyd George and the trade unions. If we are to rely on the forecasts of the results following from the deliberations between the Minister of Munitions and the trade unions, a most satisfactory arrangement has been reached, and its effects on the production of war munitions will be very great.

IN general, the lines follow those sketched out by various clear thinkers on the problem of organised labour, while at the same time the special characteristics of British labour conditions are not destroyed. The fact cannot be denied that direct compulsion is repugnant to the British people. The misfortune is that they so frequently confuse compulsion with the salutary discipline necessary for organised effort. Nobody wants to see the Prussian drill sergeant in this country; but we require leadership, organisation and discipline when it comes to a great national effort. This control when it is fully developed will be as harmonious as the control of the brain over the muscles in our bodies.

BY the new arrangement the trade unions waive certain rights and customs during the war, so that increased output and the ready employment of extra labour may be brought about. It is not the time to discuss these labour rights and customs, and suffice it to say that the unions are to be complimented on sacrificing positions which they have won by hard fighting. As there is, or should be, a truce in domestic politics, so there should be a truce during the war between the rival forces of capital and labour.

IT is on the honourable observance of this truce that the new working arrangements must depend. Both parties agree to compulsory arbitration, so that strikes and lock-outs become controllable. There is a suggestion for the limitation of war profits, and there is a clause giving employers the right to fine slack workers. Yet another excellent point is the proposed establishment of a special reserve of labour, a kind of flying column which is to be ready to act in any direction as a reinforcement.

FOR this body there is a special discipline, and the rules may be similar to those adopted by the industrial force raised by Lord Derby. This picked reserve of workers can be thrown into any position where there is shortage or crisis. The industrial reserve, if necessary, can help to break down a strike, just as seasoned soldiers can avert a panic of raw recruits. But I feel sure that the British workers now coming to the nation's aid will stand to their work just as loyally as their comrades in the trenches stick to their guns.

DEMOCRACY will score a grand triumph if the new scheme of organised labour works well. It will prove that we can discipline ourselves without being made slaves. The voluntary system is not destroyed. Its best features are retained and improved, and its weak points eliminated. The effects of this development cannot be over-estimated. Our eyes have been opened to the follies of our old-fashioned muddling methods, in which discord and divided authority were always weakening forces. Germany by a rigid organisation ruthlessly applied accomplished greater material success, but by her brutality and political immorality she produced evil from good. She made her people strong and prosperous and disciplined for the one sinister purpose of extending her tyranny over other races. The very measure of this successful training of her people is now the measure of their suffering. We must avoid this while seeking to defeat Germany, and we can do so by a healthy self-discipline in which we still preserve our national rights. If all goes well we shall have a Grand Army of Industry which will give us the power to crush the enemy.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

Waterloo

ONE hundred years ago to-day was fought the most famous battle in the history of our country. But for many obvious reasons there can be no official centenary celebrations, and, I should imagine, very few unofficial ones either. In the first place we are up against a far greater proposition than ever we were at Waterloo. It would be a little ludicrous to indulge in wild rejoicings with that historic battlefield in the hands of the enemy.

Besides, we have to consider the susceptibilities of our gallant Allies, although it was the militarist ambitions of one man rather than the French nation that we were out to crush on June 18, 1815.

Celebrations Abandoned.

NATURALLY, the many regimental Waterloo Day dinners will not be held, and various projected festivities at the Royal United Service Institution have also been abandoned. At Wellington College, which was founded in honour of the great Duke, a commemorative service is to be held, as well as a memorial service for the Old Wellingtonians who have fallen in the war. These number close on two hundred. I suppose the Huns will claim that they were the sole victors of the battle and hold high revel accordingly.

War Then And Now.

WAR is always a horrible hell, but it was a more picturesque hell in those days. Drab khaki, weeks of waiting in sodden, filthy trenches, 17-in. shells which annihilate a company have taken the place of gold-braid and scarlet, flags and drums, and of flashing sabres. Besides, Napoleon, although he drenched Europe in blood, had about him the glamour of stupendous genius. We cannot underrate the fighting powers of Germany, but that pinchbeck Bonaparte of Potsdam...

His Grace The Duke.



THE present Duke of Wellington is himself, in all fitness, a soldier, and the father of gallant soldier sons. For some years he was Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and he lives, of course, at Apsley House, that gloomy old mansion at Hyde Park Corner which a grateful nation gave his illustrious ancestor, and then threw stones at because in

—Photo: Swaine.

after years he became politically unpopular. Apsley House has now a semi-military character, for it is the headquarters of several members of the Anti-Aircraft Corps, to whom the Duke dispenses hospitality.

Hougmont.

I SHALL NEVER forget the thrills of my visit, seven or eight years ago, to the field of Waterloo. It was a stiflingly hot August afternoon, and with a map and a friend (who, by the way, has since been killed in action at the Dardanelles) I walked over mile after mile of the sacred ground. The memorial monuments are about as hideous a collection as you could find anywhere.

But if you have a touch of imagination, Hougmont, the scene of the greatest slaughter, which on this particular afternoon looked the most peaceful spot in the world, with its sights and sounds and smells of a farmyard, would have given you to think.

Bad For The Tourist Agencies.

THE war has knocked on the head a deal of business activity with regard to the battlefield. More than a year ago various tourist agencies were seething with plans of visits there, boarding-houses and hotels in Brussels and elsewhere in the neighbourhood were anticipating the harvest of their lives, and it looked as if Waterloo would be as crowded to-day (but with a more peaceful crowd) as it was a century ago. Another of the minor troubles of war.

Where The Duke Slept.

AND SPEAKING of trips to Waterloo, I wonder if the electric trams still run from the Midi station at Brussels to the battlefield. It was a delightful way of reaching the spot, for the line skirted the great forest of Soignes and passed by the inn at Waterloo where Wellington slept the night before the battle. They have still the bed there on which he reposed.

When Peace Is Declared.

THE end of the war seems as far off as ever. In the circumstances, I can't help admiring the enterprise of a certain big firm in Cheapside, in whose windows the following notice is prominently displayed: "When Peace is Declared, Come to Us for your Decorations!"

A Waterloo Family.

AMONG the famous "Waterloo" families now represented at the front is that of Lord Anglesey, for the first Lord Anglesey held a cavalry command in the battle and lost his leg. Years afterwards he told a friend how the subsequent occupants of the house near Waterloo to which he was conveyed "have made the Lord knows what by people coming to see the grave of my leg which was buried in the garden."

The Wrong Leg.

LORD ANGLESEY had two wooden legs, one for riding and the other for walking, and this led to a curious contretemps at George IV's Coronation Banquet. As Lord Steward he imagined that his duty was done once the dinner was on the table, and rode away to rest. Presently came a messenger in hot haste to say that by tradition the King could not dine till Lord Steward came and took the covers off the dishes. But the walking leg was not available, and at last he had to be carried to the hall that the King might dine in due order.

Another Poet.

I SUPPOSE some sort of apology is needed for publishing a photograph of a poet two days running. Poets usually aren't popular. At the best they are ignored. But Henry Savage is a good deal more than a poet. He is running that new and deeply interesting quarterly "The Gypsy," the first number of which created a genuine sensation in the literary world, as well as some discussion, too. Anyway, it was talked about, which is the great thing. I have just been reading his latest volume of poems, "Escapes and Escapades." It is difficult to describe or criticise poetry without quoting it, and that I cannot do here. But I can say quite sincerely that "Escapes and Escapades" contains much that is exquisitely beautiful.

"Georgian Politeness."

A "POSTER-MAN" who has been red-taped to the point of despair, tells me that a few days ago he wrote to Mr. Lloyd George, explaining that he had a particularly smart aid-to-recruiting sketch to offer. At most he expected to receive the push-and-go in official terms; but there came by return of post a polite little personal note of thanks from the Minister for Munitions, saying that the offer would receive immediate attention in the right quarter. And now he feels he cannot do less than offer to make shells himself.

50 Years Of Mystery.

ONE OF THE greatest mysteries in "England's Home" of them is the fitness and the wellness and the general all-there-ness of the founder of that domicile of darkness, J. N. Maskelyne, who is just about to realise that he has been mystifying and mugging since June 19, 1865! When I met him in Regent-street the other day he nearly walked me off my feet. (By that I do not mean that he attempted to make me float through the air.)

"The Greatest Impostor In History."

WHEN PEOPLE get on to the subject of the humbugs of occultism they usually connect the name of Maskelyne solely with the exposure of the notorious Davenport Brothers. But Maskelyne, in his day (which is not by any means over yet), has wiped away scores of "spiritual" frauds from the path of credulous women, and perhaps his most useful victory was his complete exposure of the theosophical impostures of the notorious Madame Blavatsky.

A Horrid Necessity.

YOU would hardly credit it, but it is a fact as positive as it is unpleasant, that the controllers of a certain popular and successful West End hotel find it absolutely necessary to have the following notice engraved over every bedroom basin: "To avoid overflow please do not place hair, paper, tea-leaves, etc., in the basin." What ages it takes to civilise some people!

"On War Service."

IF THE authorities decide to issue "Exemption from military service" badges, as has been suggested by certain people, it is to be hoped that a certain amount of discretion will be exercised. I met a man in the "tube" yesterday who was emphatic in his condemnation of "slackers." He himself sported the blue and gilt "On War Service" button. He eventually admitted that he had obtained this in connection with a small but remunerative War Office contract for sardines, secured by his employer!

A Brilliant Pair.

IT is tragic that Sub-Lieutenant Denis Browne, whose death is reported from the Dardanelles, should have fallen within a few weeks of his intimate friend, Rupert Brooke, the poet. The two were at Cambridge together, and both of them brilliant boys, although Brooke was really more than brilliant. He was great, another Chatterton.

Music.

DENIS BROWNE's tastes lay more in the direction of music, for he held a musical scholarship at Clars, and later became organist of Guy's Hospital. As a musician he was too far from maturity to be judged, but undoubtedly he was full of promise, and wrote, I believe, a ballet as well as some church music. He acted for some time as musical critic for a weekly review, and his musical criticisms had all the interesting violence of youth.

A "Special" Story.

TWO OR THREE nights ago a "special" on duty on the banks of a reservoir stalked a man who seemed to be walking very stealthily. In the eagerness of the hunt, the special fell into the water. When he was fished out he looked into his rescuer's face. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing on this side?" The stalked was also a special, and had been stalking the stalker. A bit mixed, perhaps, but true nevertheless.

Reading The War News.

I HAVE BEEN greatly impressed by the very serious interest children are taking in the progress of the war. A friend of mine who has a young daughter tells me she would rather miss breakfast than go to school without having skimmed the morning paper. "You feel so stupid if you don't know what's happening," she argues. But sharing a paper at the breakfast table has its disadvantages, and now my young friend has a copy of the—well, never mind—all to herself every morning.

"More."



AFTER many postponements, the new Ambassadors' revue, "More," really is to come off to-night. Here is little Betty Balfour, the clever little child-actress, who made such a hit in "Odds and Ends," and will, I've no doubt, make as big a success, or a bigger one, in the new show. She is extraordinarily clever, is a fine mimic, can dance,

can act, and can talk French. Not bad for a little 'un? I hear great things of "More," particularly of a burlesque revue, with scenery painted by the call boy. But roll along to the Ambassadors and see for yourselves.

Houghton In Rubleben.

THEY are going strong in Rubleben. The cricket season has begun, and the Amateur Drama Society has produced one of Stanley Houghton's comedies, "with great éclat," as one of the cast writes to me.

Explanation.

IT was a new squad, and the sergeant-major was very patient. "The left hand," he explained, "is so called because it is the one that is left when you lose the right. The right hand may always be found on the right-hand side of the left."

A Descendant Of The Late Adam.

How long must a man have been dead before he forfeits the prefix "late"? The question occurred to me on reading a certain newspaper advertisement, in which Wick House, Richmond, is referred to as "the home of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds." When one considers that the great painter was buried as long ago as 1792—well, it does seem as though his lateness is so pronounced as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

Submarine Trials.

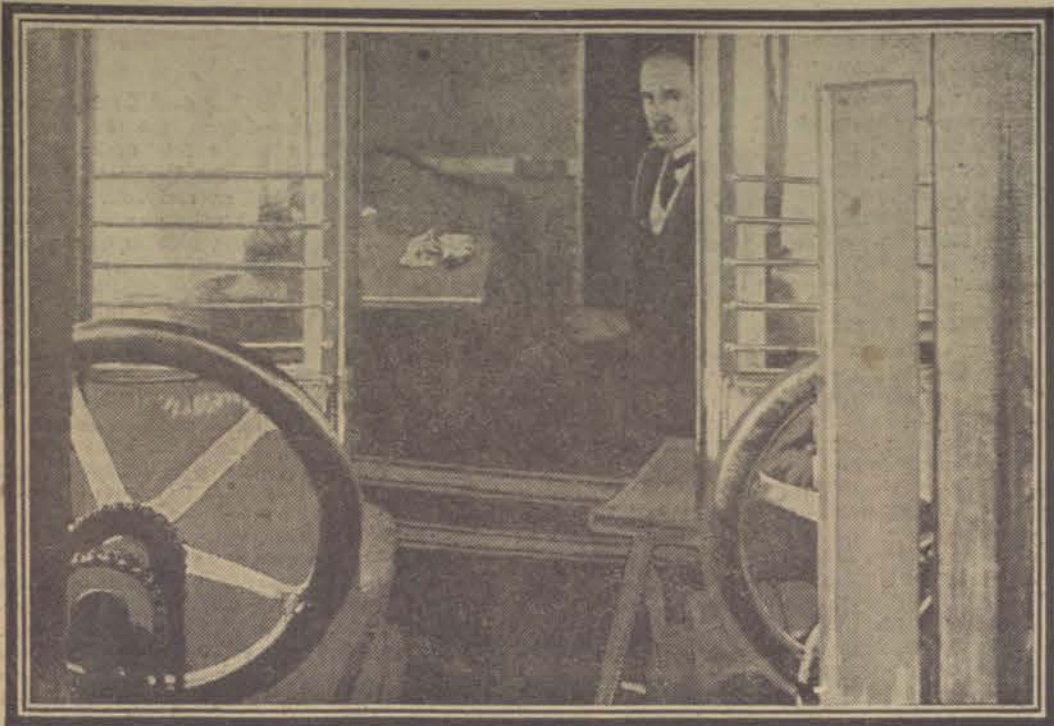
TALKING to a lieutenant of a submarine yesterday, I was told that on trials a submarine does a nine hours' run below the surface. I was assured that the time passes very quickly, seeing that as often as not one's greatest concern was to retrieve one's losses on a game of nap!

The Wise Conductor.

I SHOULD have thought that Downing-street was one of the best-known streets in London. Apparently it isn't. I was in a bus yesterday, one of the brand that go down the Charing Cross-road, and eventually find themselves Westminster way. "Downing-street," said a lady next to me, dealing out a penny to the conductor. "Downing-street?" replied the man. "Dunno it." Then he turned to me and suggested timidly, "Kensington way, ain't it?"

MR. GOSSIP.

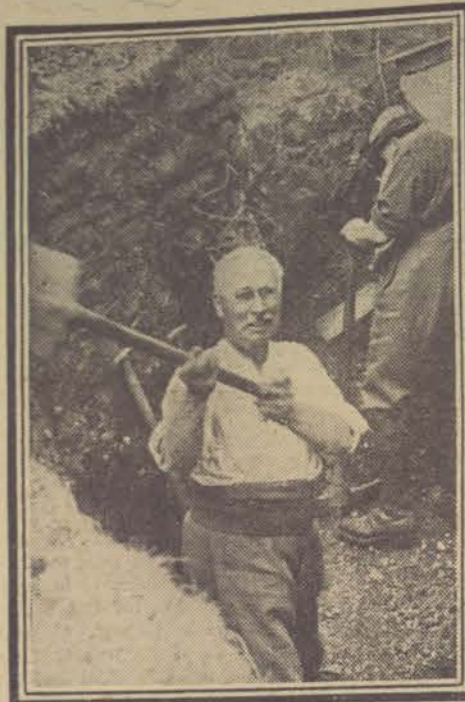
RUSSIA'S GIANT BIRD OF WAR.



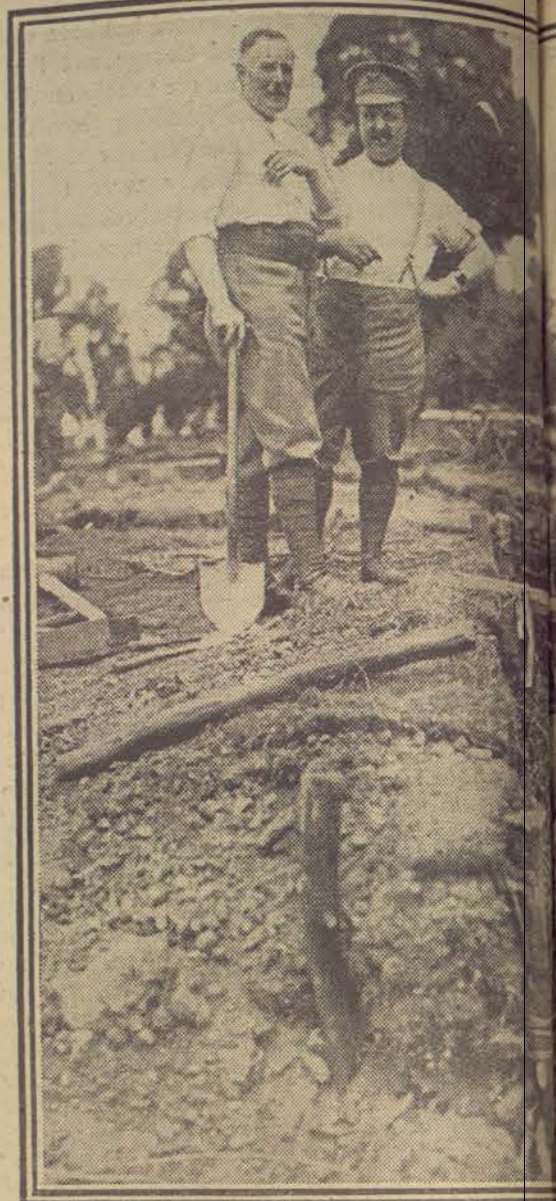
The British Government are engaged in producing a giant aeroplane similar to that which is being used by the Russians. This is a view of the interior of our Ally's huge machine.



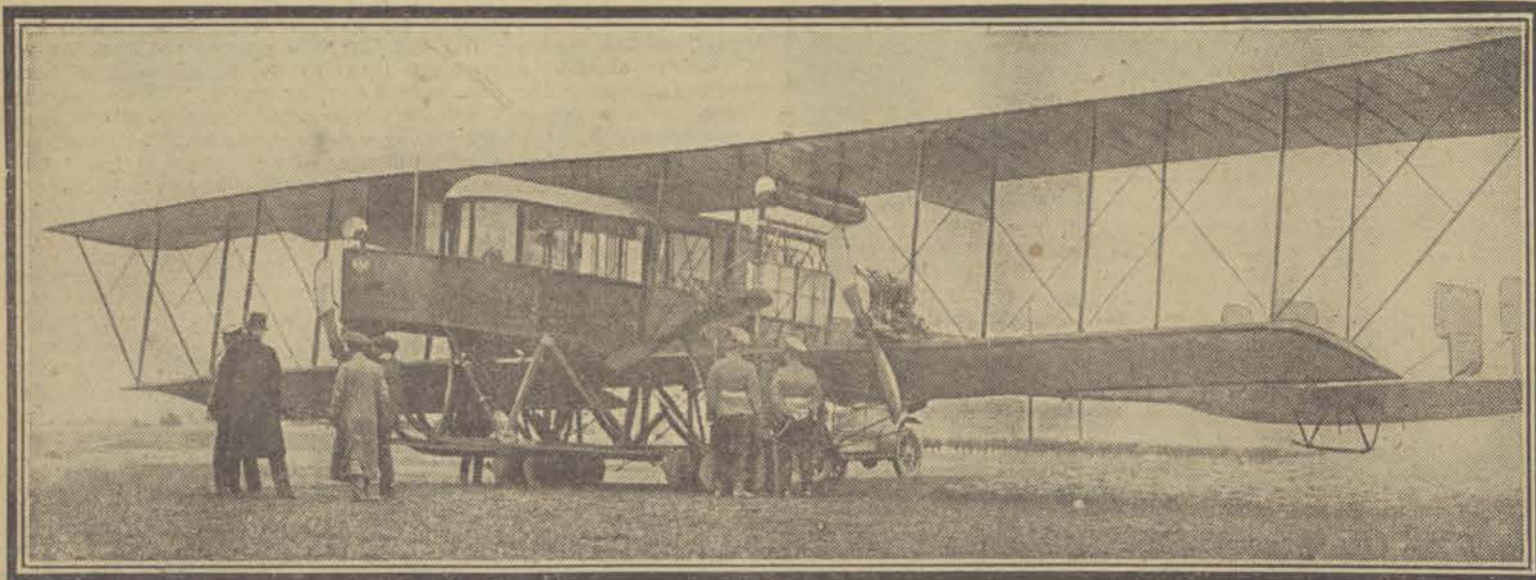
THE GENTLEMEN-NAVVIES HAVE



After his business day the National Guard is ready for manual toil.



For the middle-aged business men who fill the ranks of the occupation. But they are enthusiasts at the work of the soldier.



The Sikorsky biplane, which is helping Russia in the war, weighs 3½ tons and can carry a quarter of a ton of explosives. It is provided with steel cabins and has a normal crew of eight men, in addition to which there is accommodation for passengers.

DECIDING THE COLOSSUS WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.



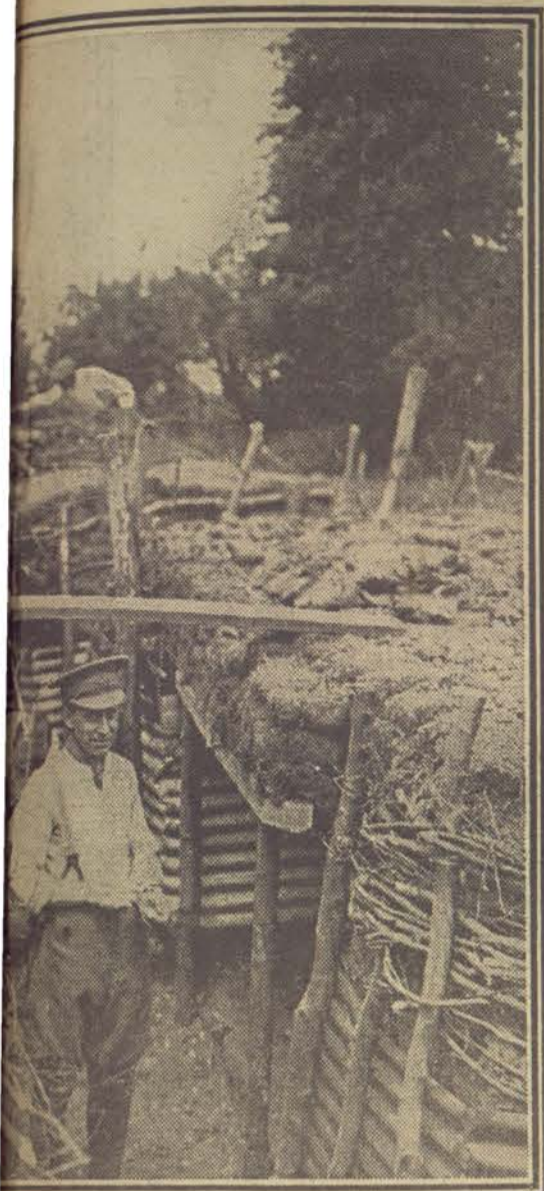
All kinds of manly sports are popular with our sailors. While waiting for the German navy to show itself the men of the Colossus decide their wrestling championship. Our photograph is of one of the final bouts.

OUTWITTING THE HUNS.



Sir Hiram Maxim, only a few years off the eighties, has been busy perfecting an invention to defeat the Hun's gases used by the Huns.

BECOME ADEPT TRENCH-DIGGERS.



The National Guards trench-digging is an arduous task. Their trenches and dug-outs would do credit to any front.



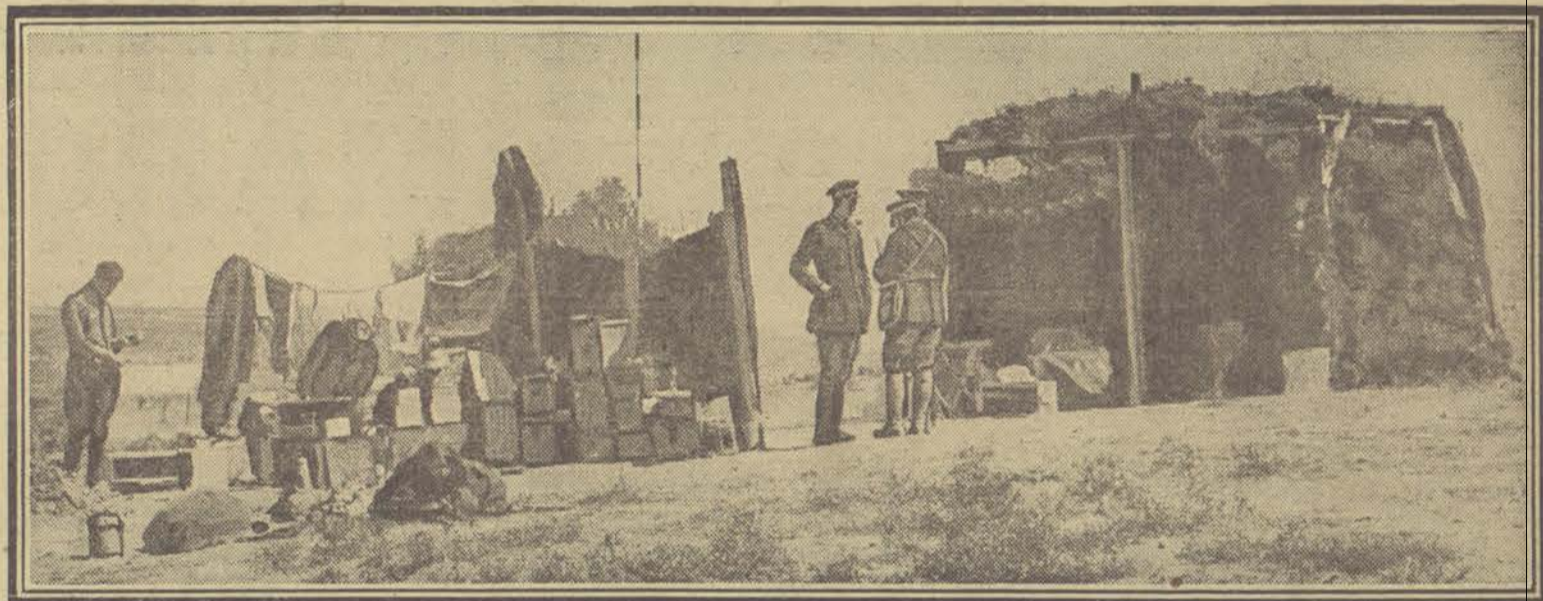
It is work for a navy's hands, but the National Guard likes it.

FASHODA IS A LONG WAY OFF.



Marchand, of Fashoda fame, is now a general. He is seen with his staff, superintending the departure of troops at a military railway centre in France.

THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS IS AN ABODE OF SEVERE SIMPLICITY.



As primitive as the country in which the operations against the Turks are being conducted are these divisional headquarters somewhere in the Dardanelles. No panoply of tented field surrounds an army commander in war to-day, only a businesslike simplicity that makes for efficiency.

THE BARGEE—EASTERN STYLE



Native women working barges in the Persian Gulf. All over the Empire men have rallied to the "call," necessitating women taking their places.

THE MAN OF PEACE HEARTENS THE MEN OF WAR.



In order to minister to the spiritual needs of the soldiers this French priest has for months shared with them their life in the firing line. He moves from trench to trench, and everywhere the brave Frenchmen give him a hearty welcome.

SPEND A HOLIDAY AT WEYMOUTH
 THE NAPLES OF ENGLAND.
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COMEDY. TO-NIGHT at 8.45. MR. AND MRS. PONSONBY, by Walter Hackett. Preceded at 8.15 by Mr. Ernest Hastings at the Piano. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.
CORONET, W. GRAND GUIGNOL CO. Colin Messer's French Season. FOUR PLAYS NIGHTLY at 8. MATINEE TO-MORROW (Sat.) at 2.30. Tel. Park 1273.
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DALY'S. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee Sat., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.
GAIETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. Geo. Grossmith, Jas. Blakeley, and full Gaiety Company. Evenings, 8.15. Mat. (full cast) Sat., at 2.15.
GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in "PEG O' MY HEART." Nightly at 8.15. Mat. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.
HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. Evenings at 8.30. Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. At 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. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30. MARIE-ODILE. By Edward Knoblauch. MARIE LOHR. BASIL GILL.
LYRIC. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ON TRIAL." MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.
NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY. To-night, 8.15, and To-morrow, 2.30 and 8.15. MR. MARTIN HARVEY in "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS" and "The Conspiracy." Monday next, "The Only Way."
PRINCE OF WALES. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. A play, in 5 acts, entitled "THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS." Matinee To-morrow (Saturday) at 2.30.
QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. Every Evening at 8.15. Mat. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. Box Office, 10.10. Phone Gerrard 9437.
ROYALTY. Vedrenne and Eadie. DENNIS STADIE in "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME." TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Mat. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 3855.
SAVOY. At 8.45. MR. H. B. IRVING. In "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE," by Eden Phillpotts and Macdonald Hastings. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mat. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEE WEDS., at 2. Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. ALFRED LESTER—"ALWAYS Merry and Bright." Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 6666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.
STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE. To-night at 8. (Last 3 Performances this Season.) JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY. Last Matinee To-morrow at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.
VAUDEVILLE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Nightly at 8.45. Mat. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30, in "THE GREEN FLAG." Preceded at 8.15 by "April Fools." Also CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE. 25 per cent. of profits to Allied Red Cross.
WYNDHAM'S. To-night at 8.30 sharp. GERALD de MAURIER and LEWIS WALLER in "GAMBLERS ALL." "A story packed with human interest." Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.
VARIETIES.
ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard" (new version). GABY DESLYS, Harry Pilcer, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renee Grata, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and ROBERT HALE. Revue, 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee Every Saturday, 2.30. (Reduced Prices.)
COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. TABLEAUX DE GUERRE, MILLS, DORZIAT, ELLALINE TERRIS, ETHEL IRVING and CO., PHYLLIS DAKE, OYRA and DORMA LEIGH, RINALDO, etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

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 Another Wonder-Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Mrs. L. Hanson, of 57, Macauley Road, East Ham, London, E., says:—"My illness came on with laryngitis. After a time there was a prickling sensation all over me; then my knees used to give way, and soon I was quite helpless. All use had gone out of my arms and legs; I could not move by myself; I could not even speak—I had no power at all. Everything was done to restore power; I underwent electrical treatment and massage, but not the least benefit resulted. I had been helpless for about six months when my husband got me Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They did what nothing else had been able to do. Gradually power returned to me; I learned to walk, and speech came back. Rapidly I became my old self again, and at the present time am well and strong."

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| NEURASTHENIA | WASTING DISEASES |
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EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.35. MATINEE, Sat., 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES. ETHEL LEVEY. JOSEPH COYNE. Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, 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'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall. 42nd Consecutive Year in London. DAILY, at 3 and 8. Seats 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. (Phone Mayfair 1546.)
PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," at 8.35, with ELSIE JANIS (her last week), ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM (last week), NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGREN, etc. Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.
PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0.—Matinee Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. ZONA VEVEY and MAX ERARD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT." ELLA RETFORD, COOPER and LAIT, etc.
EXHIBITIONS.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street Station. Heroes of the War on Sea and Land. Unique Relics from the Battlefields, including an Iron Cross, Zepplin Raid on London, Incendiary Bomb on view. Lectures Daily. Free Cinematograph Performances. Open 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.
CAMPING.
CAMPING.—Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review Free.—O. K. PATTIE, The Berwent Holiday Camp, Keswick.

ECONOMY

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1 1/2 DOUBLE WEIGHT,

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The Only Perfect Substitute for Butter, and all being made at SOUTHALL, near London, is fresher and far better than any foreign-made Margarine.

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 100 YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY.

Zam-Buk is to old-fashioned ointments what the quick-firers and the Maxim guns to-day are to the slow muzzle loaders of Waterloo. Old ways will not do to fight skin disease any more than old guns will do to drive the Germans out of France. Zam-Buk is acknowledged to be the greatest herbal healing balm known to-day.

Zam-Buk

Always keep a box at home, and remember to send fresh supplies of Zam-Buk to our men in the trenches. The 3/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1s.

After The "Little Frocks" Of Yester-Year.

MORE DIGNIFIED AFTERNOON GOWNS NOW IN DEMAND.

WHILE the little washing frock grows each day more perky in outline and more childish in design, another type of day-frock is being successfully developed. This is the afternoon house-gown, which while it is still short and simple, has an air of dignity and even of richness.

The demand for this type of frock has risen with the decline of the magnificent evening gown, for which few women have much use in these days when formal dinner parties and dances are no longer held. Many women whose evening gowns used to cost more money and thought than any other section of their wardrobes now find that their most important occasions are all afternoon ones, while a simple tea-gown serves for the quiet evenings at home.

The sketch shows an example of the dignified yet simple house-gown as Paris contrives it. White gaberdine is the material, enriched with handsome embroideries of blue, green and gold, in peacock shades. The wide hem of the skirt is slightly stiffened, so that it stands out and gives freedom to the wearer, but is not so freakishly stand-offish as are the majority of taffeta gowns. The severely-cut corsage is, of course, one which would be successful only on a slim wearer.

Tub Fabrics Combined With Silk And Satin.

Sometimes the finer cotton fabrics are combined with silk or satin in these little frocks, and the result is much more charming than one would imagine from the description. The cotton voile or net gives the clear, cool suggestion that a summer gown requires, while the richer fabric gives the necessary air of importance. These frocks are, of course, not washable, but they are not intended for hard wear such as a tub-frock gets.

One such frock was of mauve organdie, the skirt in three tiers of gathered flounces, each flounce being headed by a ruffled piping of deeper mauve faille, while a deep belt of the faille was in turn edged by tiny gophered frills of the organdie.

The lace gown is coming back into favour, but is too costly a fashion to have a great vogue. A very beautiful gown recently designed for export to New York was of ivory taffeta and cream lace. Three flounces of lace composed the skirt, each flounce being edged with the taffeta and attached to the fuller one beneath. The lace on the corsage was piped by the taffeta.

Yellow taffeta and white net were used for another afternoon gown of distinction. The taffeta made a simple foundation, and over it was draped the white net, its wired, undulating edge bound with yellow.

A Collar Of Pink Roses.

A washing frock, which somehow does not suggest the tub, consists of a fine tunic of soft, white lawn, and an ample skirt of heavy, dull-finished, white linen, on which detached roses are embroidered in coloured wools.

A pretty fancy in neck finishings was seen on a pink chiffon house-gown. In front an oval opening was cut, and this was edged with a soft frill of fine lawn, but round the back, where the frill stopped, went a row of flat, pink roses.

"Petal" skirts, which look like a jester's costume when made in certain materials, are quiet and modest affairs when made in black tulle or net. Some of these are said to employ about thirty yards of tulle, which was the Early Victorian allowance for a ball dress.

Shoes and stockings, according to the latest decrees, must be just as plain as plain can be. With skirts so short, pretty feet and ankles require no advertisement, and the less fuss made over plain ones the better they will look. So there are no open-worked or embroidered stockings. Plain black silk, as thin as possible, are the favourite wear.

Did you ever hear of evening boots? There were such things in the late 'sixties, when voluminous white tarlatan dresses were worn. It is rumoured that they are coming again—in black and white satin, and laced at the side.



"All Domestic."

£1,000 TO BE WON BY THE WOMEN AT HOME.

"ALL my accomplishments are domestic," writes a *Daily Sketch* reader. "I never learned to drive a car or do anything of that kind, and I felt that I was useless for war work until your competition started. Now I can help with my needle, and if I win the big prize I am trying for, the money shall go towards an ambulance car."

There may be other women who have still found no war use for their special talents. The following paragraphs will appeal to them.

The *Daily Sketch* is offering £1,000 in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by its readers. This huge sum is to be divided into 1,546 awards, varying in amount from 2s. 6d. to £20. In order that the scheme should appeal to every needlewoman thirty-three classes have been arranged. Each competitor may therefore send the type of work in which she is most proficient. One class is for children only, others have been arranged for those who are unable to afford a big outlay on materials.

Cut Out To-day's Coupon.

There is no entrance fee in connection with this competition, but each entry must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons will appear in each issue from April 12 to November 6 inclusive. More than one entry may be sent by any competitor, provided that each entry is accompanied by the correct number of coupons.

After the judging (which is to be done by experts from the Royal School of Art Needlework) the work will be exhibited in a suitable hall in London, but will not be sold unless at the owner's wish. Proceeds of the exhibition and of the sale of such work as the owners wish to put to patriotic purpose will be handed to the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, but those who are unable to give their work may have it returned to them at the close of the exhibition.

How To Get A List Of Classes.

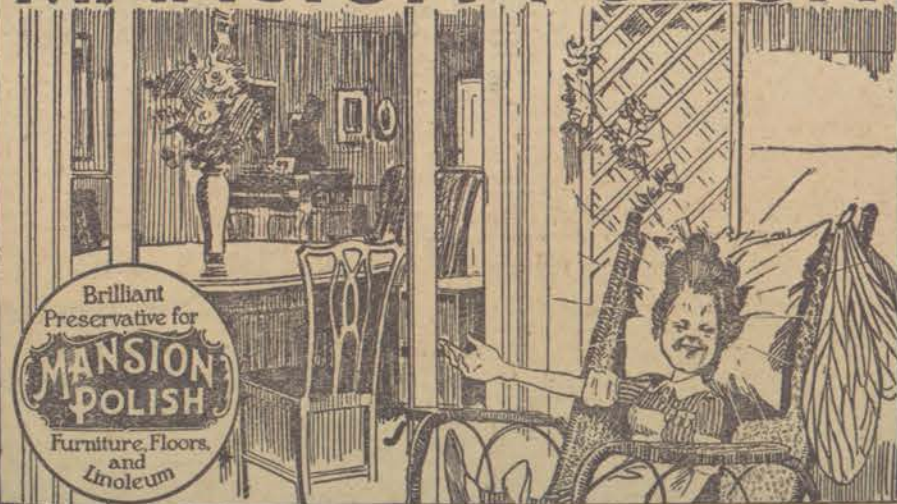
It is, of course, hoped that all who can do so will still surrender their entries, as it is hoped to raise a substantial sum by the exhibition and sale at the beginning of December next.

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

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

MANSION POLISH



WHY make a toil of life during the hot weather? MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee, will lighten your labours and lengthen your leisure hours! With her new and superior

MANSION POLISH,

the great modern labour-saver, she quickly imparts a lasting lustre to Linoleum, Furniture and Stained or Parquet Floors, making every room in the house look cheery and inviting. Mansion Polish also preserves, renovates and prevents finger-marking.

Of all Dealers. Tins 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., and 1s.

THE CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.
Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

PUBLIC ANXIOUS FOR RUBBER.

But Delay In Announcing War Loan Keeps Things Quiet.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday there continued to be a good business in rubber shares, which the public seem anxious to acquire, but other markets were in a very stagnant condition pending an official announcement regarding the War Loan.

The existing War Loan was offered down to 93 13-16, and the average trustee stock could not be sold at all except in very small amounts, as the minimum prices quoted are quite out of joint with existing conditions.

Home railway stocks continued to droop, and Brighton deferred, which, when the Stock Exchange closed in July last, was in the neighbourhood of 77, is now worth a little more than 57½.

American securities were all higher, but except in the case of Steel Common quotations did not reach the level of Wall-street prices. The shares mentioned closed at 63 11-16. Canadian Pacific shares recovered to 161½.

Forestral Land shares continued to advance, being dealt in at 35s. 6d., while the preference rose to 28s. 6d.

Kaffirs were a little dull, a section of the market having been over-sanguine regarding the dividends just announced. All things considered, however, the results must be regarded as very satisfactory.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Closed quiet, American 2½ to 3 down. Egyptian 3 down.

TO-DAY'S CIGARETTE LIST.

Latest contributions to the cigarette fund include:—

- £3.—Miss Gritta Holmes, Tipperary; £2 5s. 3d.—Chas. R. Stokes and Friends, Bridgetown, Barbados; £1.—*Daily Sketch* Machine Room Assistants, J. Bancroft, Lower Broughton (2nd cont.); 14s.—Staff, Haywood Bros., Builders, Farm Street; 10s.—J. E. K., Miss Fairholme, Kilmacthomas; 9s. 6d.—Bar Customers, Empire Hotel, Middlesbro' (5th cont.); 6s. 8d.—Patternmakers, McKie and Baxter, Govan; 5s.—A. L. Bellart; 4s.—Olive Winterbottom, Manchester; 3s. 6d.—Girls F. Dept., Reeves' (Artists) Colour Works, Dalston; 2s. 6d.—E. M. N.; 1s.—R. H. Wilks.
- 14s.—Glady's Sutherland, Willington. 10s.—Engine-room Artificers, Ship's Steward, and Electricians, H.M.S. Partolus (37th cont.); 9s. 6d.—Hans Renold, Ltd., Burnage Auto Dept. (35th cont.); 2s. 6d.—E. P., Sheffield; F. M. B., Luton. 7s. 6d.—Dockyardmen, Devonport. 1s. 6d.—Winnie Curtis, Harlesden. 1s.—Mrs. Golding, W. Ham.



After a hot, dusty and tiring day, mix an Icilma Shampoo Sachet thoroughly in a little hot water—then (but not before) add as much cold water as you like. Plunge the head into this (working the rich, creamy lather well into the hair)—then dry. This will remove all dust, grease and excessive perspiration—leave the hair clean and sweet—and prove wonderfully cooling and refreshing to the scalp.

Icilma Shampoo Sachets stimulate the hair to rich glossy beauty, and are the only wet shampoos that help the hair to grow.

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(For Wet Shampoo.)

2d. per packet, 7 packets 1s., every where.
Icilma is pronounced Eye-Sil-ma.

Send for FREE Packet and useful Beauty Booklet on the care of the hair, skin, hands and complexion. Address postcards to Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. K.), 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

NEW OAKS SURPRISE.

Snow Marten Beats Her Opponents In A Canter.

VAUCLOSE UNPLACED.

The concluding stage of the Newmarket meeting was decided in much cooler weather than either of the preceding days, and at one time it looked as if the much-needed rain was about to fall. Though the attendance was not so large as on Derby day, a capital crowd put in an appearance to see the race for the New Oaks, and there was much discussion as to whether Silver Tag would turn the tables on Vauclose.

Runners again turned out in force, and the number of competitors during the three days is perhaps a record for any meeting, though they do sometimes have very large fields in Australia.

There was only one absentee from the 13 coloured on the card for a Selling Plate, and backers found themselves in a bit of a quandary. At the finish Mofat, Conquering Hero, Swan Song, and Sea Voyage were in equal demand, and with others coming in for support layers could afford to offer 5 to 1 on the field. At that they would not lose, for Cheleken, who did not meet with much support, came to their rescue, and, leading all the way, won from Swan Song and Oversight.

SILLER'S VICTOR.

There were 87 entries for the Visitors' Handicap, and 75 names appeared on the card. Of that number 35 went to the post, and 100 to 9 was offered on the field. One of the joint favourites was Siller, and after Eager Eyes had promised to win for five furlongs, Siller went on and won comfortably, Jarnac II. running on into third place. The winner is one of the few horses Mr. Hulton has in training at Epsom.

There were several favourites before Happy Bird settled down with the call in the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, but he and Royal Bucks, who was the best backed of the remainder, were beaten out of a place. There was a stirring finish between Kona, Waynflete, and Somali, and they were placed in the order their names are written, separated by a head and a neck.

THE NEW OAKS SURPRISE.

There was a big surprise in the New Oaks, the 20 to 1 chance, Snow Marten, gaining an easy victory at the expense of Bright and Silver Tag. The winner had shown herself to be a useful filly when narrowly failing to beat Friar Marcus at Goodwood last year, but she failed to live up to the promise of that form, and in the One Thousand Guineas she was only a moderate fourth to Vauclose, Silver Tag, and Bright. She beat those without much effort yesterday, and she was perhaps the only genuine stayer in the field. It was thought that Snow Marten did not always give her true running, and yesterday she was more genuine.

Silver Tag had every chance to win, but she simply could not stay the distance, and she was caught in the last few strides by Bright, who beat her by a head for second place.

VAUCLOSE DISAPPOINTS.

Vauclose was a big disappointment, for after promising to take a hand in the fighting half a mile out she dropped away beaten a quarter of a mile from home and could only finish a moderate fifth.

The Ditch Stakes was a sort of two-year-old championship, some of the best juveniles in training going to the post. The unbeaten Duggie was thought to be the best of the lot, but he failed badly, and even a quarter of a mile away it could be seen that he had no chance of winning. The most prominent for a long way was Salandra, who had been unluckily beaten on Tuesday, but he was joined by about half a dozen others a furlong from the chair, and a great finish resulted in Star Hawk getting home by a neck from Ali Bey, who was the same distance in front of Salandra. Marcus and Tillywhim were well up, and Gilbert the Filbert and Nassovian each caught the eye favourably.

There was another capital finish in the July Course Handicap, for after Redwood and Hare Hill had looked like having the finish to themselves Troubadour and Lelio V. came on the scene in the last furlong, and the former won by half a length.

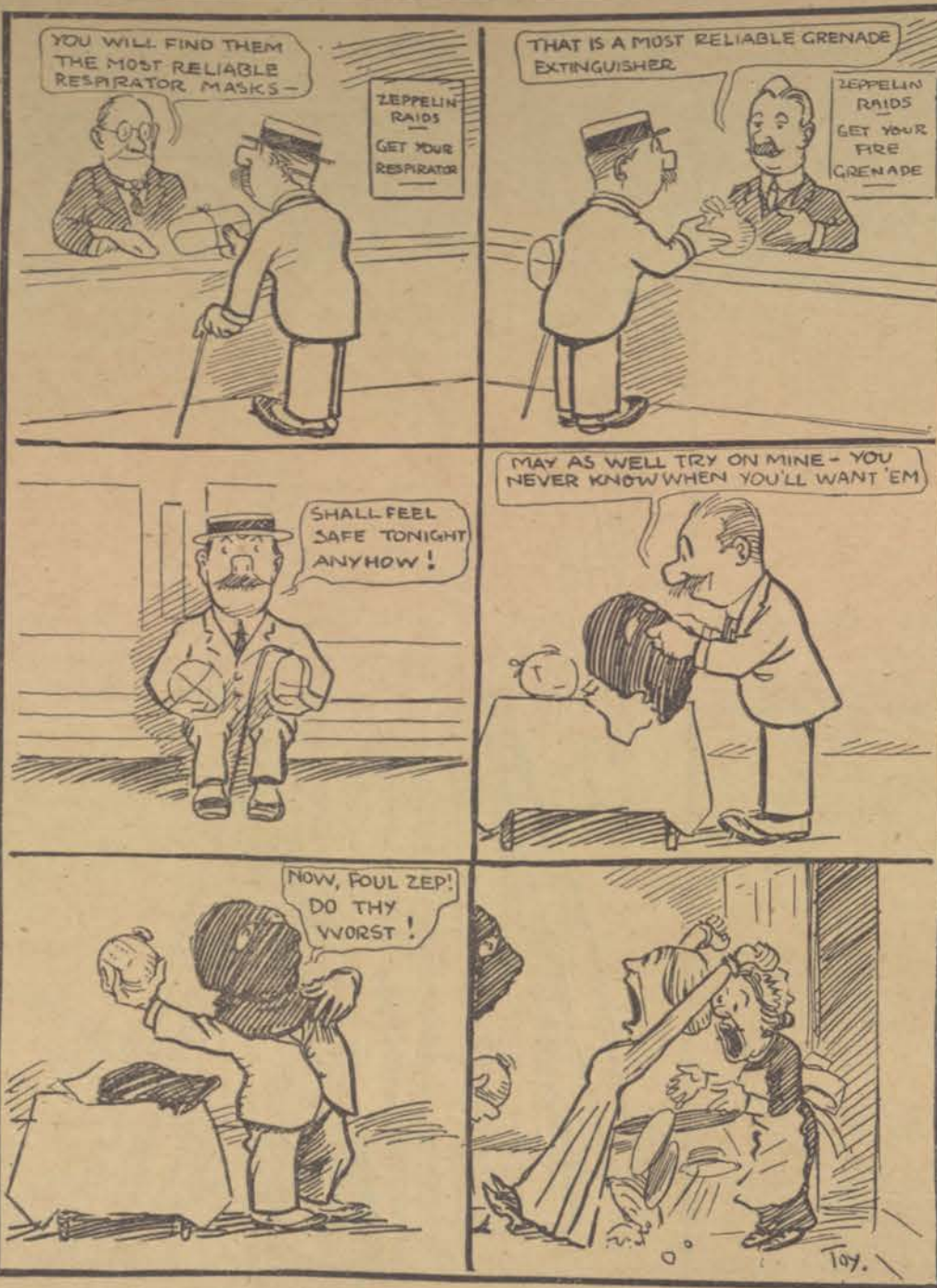
Billiards close: Smith (in play), 15,229; Newman, 15,191.

A New Home Treatment for Removing Superfluous Hair Permanently.

The very first experiment recorded was made over six years ago, when a patch of hair was removed from the leg of a gentleman who was extremely sceptical. The spot has been absolutely bare ever since. The hair never grew again. It is, therefore, fairly safe to assume—after a period of six years—that the removal is permanent. The process is very simple, and may be carried out with such ease and simplicity that it is sure to find favour with ladies who are troubled with disfiguring growths of hair upon the face and arms. Phelactine contains no drugs or chemicals whatever; it may therefore be used upon the most delicate skin, without fear of burns or scars. Phelactine is melted in the flame of a candle until it becomes of a syrup-like consistency, and in this state is applied to the objectionable hair growths. It is removed almost immediately and the hair comes away with it—by the root. That is the important point. Each root may be seen with the naked eye, and everybody knows that a hair cannot grow without a root. About 12 grammes should be obtained, from any chemist, and applied as directed.

Country orders may be sent direct to the Johnson Laboratory, 43, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C. Post free 5s. 6d. per 12 grammes—Advt.

WHEN HENRY TOOK HOME HIS ZEP MASK.



If you take home Zep masks inform the wife before you try yours on.

TWO MORE EXTRA MEETINGS FOR NEWMARKET.

Jockey Club Announces Plans To Assist The Smaller Stables.

At the annual meeting of the Jockey Club Captain Greer stated that the Jockey Club fixtures for Newmarket, etc., to take place two years hence, which are usually announced at the London meeting of the club, would not be given out at present.

Captain Greer explained that with regard to those extra meetings arranged to be held at Newmarket, for which added money was being guaranteed by a fund subscribed by other race meetings, it had been agreed that members of any other race club which have subscribed to the fund should be admitted free to the Newmarket private stand.

The meetings would probably be held on August 24, 25 and 26, and on September 7, 8 and 9.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club yesterday notified that at the August meeting at Newmarket it is intended to include races for horses not trained at Newmarket, and also races for horses that have not won a fixed sum, it being generally the intention to hold races suitable for the smaller stables.

Full particulars of the programme will appear in the next issue of the *Calendar*.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

- 12.45—Selling Plate; 7l.
- Mr. A. Sadler, jun's CHELEKEN, 8-4 Wing 1
 Mr. L. Michalinos's SWAN SONG, 8-1 Donoghue 2
 Mr. J. Ivall's OVERSIGHT, 8-1 Jennings 3
 Also ran: Conquering Hero, Mofat, Ouragan, Mint Master, Ellerslie, Van Der Hum, Almhalm, Sea Voyage, Prime Minister. Betting: 5 to 1 Mofat, Conquering Hero, Swan Song, Sea Voyage, 7 to 1 Almhalm, 19 to 1 Ouragan, Oversight, 100 to 8 CHELEKEN, 100 to 7 others. 3/4 length; head. Winner trained by A. Sadler, jun.
- 1.20—Visitors' Handicap; 6l.
- Mr. E. Hulton's SILLER, 8-4 Donoghue 1
 Duke of Westminster's EAGER EYES, 7-7 Dickens 2
 Mr. J. D. Cohn's JARNAC II., 8-4 Spear 3
 Also ran: Hornet's Beauty, Lord Annandale, Castleton, Jameson, Wise Symon, Aghloe, Sunny Lake, Grey Barbarian, Neville Holt, Clairvoyante, Dolabella, St. Antonio, Sandmole, Rinsford Grove, Arries, Mazobot, Pip Pip Pip, Valise, Rieur, Lavolt, Himalaya, Silver Beech, Sunbar, Margarita, Dincer Bell, Prepaid, Artist Squares, Elevator, Bird's Nest, Atherton, Encouragement, The Nab. Betting: 100 to 9 SILLER, Lord Annandale, Margarita, 100 to 8 Wise Symon, Hornet's Beauty, 100 to 6 Sunny Lake, Clairvoyante, 29 to 1 Jarnac II., Himalaya, Pip Pip Pip, 25 to 1 Eager Eyes, 40 to 1 others. 2 lengths; 1/4 Winner trained by E. Woolton.
- 1.55—Two-Year-Old Selling Plate; 5l. 140yds.
- Mr. B. C. Dawson's KONA, 8-11 Donoghue 1
 Mr. F. Curzon's WAYNFLETE, 8-11 Clark 2
 Mr. F. Phillips's SOMALI, 8-11 Gardner 3
 Also ran: Silver Hunter, Aquatint, Eaton Pilgrim, Playing Field, Fire Clay c. Sonnow, Runaway Match c. Bodenham,

Wild Laird, Benedi, Royal Bucks, Katak, Happy Bird, Russell Square, Carry On, Merry Idols, Scrutiny, Carolina, Ramrock, Wedlock, Grape Shot, Ardourlie, Chantarella, La Patrie, Motor Wrap. Betting: 4 to 1 Happy Bird, 5 to 1 Royal Bucks, 7 to 1 Ardourlie, 8 to 1 KONA, 10 to 1 Aquatint, Merry Idols, Bodenham, Eaton Pilgrim, 100 to 8 Waynflete, 53 to 1 others. Head; neck. Winner trained by Dawson.

2.30—New Oaks Stakes, sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, with 1,000 sovs added; three-year-old fillies, which were entered in the Epsom Oaks, 1915. 11m.

Mr. I. Neumann's b f SNOW MARTEN, 8-9 ..Wal. Griggs 1
 Mr. J. B. Joel's b f BRIGHT, 8-9 W. Huxley 2
 Mr. F. C. Stern's ch f SILVER TAG, 8-9 S. Donoghue 3
 Mr. F. J. Benson's b f Ciccomar, 8-9 C. Trigg 0
 Mr. A. Collins's b f Sweet Nell, 8-9 F. Bullock 0
 Mr. H. B. Duryea's ch f Flash V., 8-9 H. Jelliss 0
 Lord Falkmouth's ch f Rarity, 8-9 H. Buxton 0
 Sir R. Jardine's br f Charade, 8-9 E. Huxley 0
 Sir W. Nelson's br f Polynetta, 8-9 F. Rickaby 0
 Lord Rosebery's b f Vauclose, 11 to 4 Silver Tag, 7 to 1 Bright, 10 to 1 Flash V., 20 to 1 Ciccomar, SNOW MARTEN, 33 to 1 others. Place betting: Evans Bright, others in proportion. 4 lengths; head. Winner trained by Gilpin.

3.15—Ditch Two-Year-Old Stakes; 6l.

Mr. J. B. Joel's STAR HAWK, 8-7 W. Huxley 1
 Duke of Westminster's ALI BEY, 8-7 F. Bullock 2
 Mr. F. C. Stern's SALANDRA, 8-7 Donoghue 3
 Also ran: King's Day, Foxgrove, Duggie, Tillywhim, Marconi, Marcus, Dams d'Or, Clequot, King's Prize, Meyrick, Arnsley, Athlete, Clydeside, St. Patrick's Blue, Argos, Abanank, Nassovian, Booked, Gilbert the Filbert, Crystal Rock, Zolska. Betting: 2 to 1 Duggie, 9 to 2 Salandra, 7 to 1 Marcus, 10 to 1 Tillywhim, 100 to 8 Dams d'Or, Gilbert the Filbert, 100 to 7 Ali Bey, Foxgrove, STAR HAWK, 20 to 1 Meyrick, 33 to 1 others. Neck; same. Winner trained by Morton.

3.50—July Course Handicap; 2m. 24yds.

Sir E. Cassel's TROUBADOUR, 8-9 Lancaster 1
 Mr. C. de la Torre's LELIO V., 7-11 Southey 2
 Mr. V. Thompson's REDWOOD, 8-5 Ledson 3
 Also ran: Hare Hill, Rivoli, Greek, Rabbie, The Forest, Botted Earl, Aboukir, Ben Wyvis, Ean Claire, Swift, White Lie, Gondovar, The Policeman, Hey Diddle Diddle, Agnata, Gravelite, Naughty Girl, Grecian Maid, Harvest, Gordon Vert, Madrig, Masindi, The Pet, Plocon, Trident, Knight of Peace, Cheiba. Betting: 5 to 1 Rivoli, 8 to 1 Plocon, The Forest, 100 to 8 Hare Hill, 100 to 7 White Lie, Gravelite, 100 to 6 Grecian Maid, 100 to 7 Lelio V., TROUBADOUR, Hey Diddle Diddle, Botted Earl, 20 to 1 Naughty Girl, Ben Wyvis, Gordon Vert, 33 to 1 others. Half length; neck. Winner trained by W. Halsey.

4.30—Thursday Selling Plate of 150 sovs.; 5l.

Mr. H. M. Hartigan's SCOTCH DUKE, 8-11 Rickaby 1
 Mr. D. Stuart's SQUARE DEAL, 8-5 Trigg 2
 Mr. R. Tyler's KILGARRIA, 8-5 Prout 3
 Also ran: Lorwood, Domingo, Prince Rupert, Triple Alliance, Agnata, Mediator, Orbino, Prospero, Faine II, Cimolite, DUKES, 7 to 1 Prospero, 100 to 1 Castellon, 6 to 1 SCOTCH SQUARE DEAL, 100 to 6 others. Short head; neck. Winner trained by F. Hartigan.

Father Henry William Cator, Superior of the London Oratory, Brompton, since 1907, died yesterday, aged 58.

Mr. Justice Lush yesterday fixed the trial of George Smith, who is charged with the murder of three of his brides by drowning them in their baths, for Tuesday next.

A DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES.

Escaped Prisoner Found Wearing Them When Recaptured.

West Malling (Kent) police are investigating a peculiar mystery.

On Saturday an inquest was held on "an unknown man" whose body had been found in the Medway, between Waterinbury and Yalding, the previous Wednesday.

The dead man had a large bruise between the eyes, and was clothed in a shirt and tie. No clothing was found on the bank. An open verdict was returned.

About a week before the body was found, Ernest Cole (17), of Langton, near Tunbridge Wells, set out to cycle back to Tunbridge Wells from Sittingbourne, where he had been on a visit to his sister. He did not reach his destination, and the parents made inquiries, which resulted in them being shown the shirt and tie worn by the unknown dead man. They at once identified these articles as belonging to their son.

It was subsequently ascertained that an escaped prisoner from a well-known place of detention in the county, who had been recaptured between the time Cole was missing and the holding of the inquest, was wearing the clothing of the dead youth.

FOUR YEARS FOR A SPY.

How A Swedish Seaman Tried To Tempt A Fellow Countryman.

A Swedish seaman named Ernst Gustave Waldemar Olsson (31) was sentenced to four years' penal servitude at Lincolnshire Assizes yesterday for attempting to obtain information as to the disposition of his Majesty's naval and military forces and the defences of the Humber.

Another Swede, Eric Napoleon Erender, who is a marine store dealer at Grimsby, said Olsson told him the Germans were sure to win this war. He had some nice German friends at Rotterdam who were working hard for their country, and wanted information about the naval or military forces at Grimsby. Would Erender give information which he would send on to Rotterdam? Erender replied that this was the last thing he would do.

Franz Scheffel (34), a German subject, described as a traveller, was sentenced to 15 months' hard labour and recommended for deportation at the Old Bailey yesterday for making a false declaration to obtain a passport.

"USING THE VOLUNTEERS."

New Plan Under Consideration, But Details Not Yet Settled.

A statement has appeared in the *Times* that the War Office is "now at last favourably disposed towards a scheme of home service for volunteer corps under military conditions."

Inquiry at the Central Association offices revealed the fact that this statement was entirely unauthorised.

There is every prospect that as more and more men are drafted off to the front their places will be taken by volunteers; but no such elaborate scheme as that indicated by the *Times* article is in immediate contemplation.

LONDON'S FIGHTING SONS AT THE FRONT.

Because the *Daily Sketch* is the favourite paper of the soldier we are able to publish the best photographs of life at the front taken by officers and men.

We pay the best price for snapshots from the trenches.

Our £100 prize for the best photographs sent in last week has been divided among the senders of the photographs of the H.A.C. and the Queen Victoria Rifles, and others who share are the senders of the pictures of the submarine prisoners and of "Port Arthur" at Neuve Chapelle.

"LADIES ONLY."

"There are in St. Pancras," said Mrs. H. B. Irving at the annual meeting of the School for Mothers yesterday, "public-houses used exclusively by women. These public-houses are a curse and menace to the neighbourhood. The number of the women fighting in the streets far out-numbers the men."

Toilet Hints and Suggestions.

Powder should never be used by anyone with a tendency to wrinkle, for it fills up the lines of the face and tends to deepen and accentuate the wrinkles. Powder in fact is a false friend at any time, but apparently it is one of those necessary evils which women are unable to do without. It really is a pity that elementary chemistry is not included in the curriculum of the modern girl, as undoubtedly this would enable her in after years to apply such knowledge to the purchase of the actual ingredients and so save herself the very considerable sums which are spent annually on cosmetics and toilet preparations generally. For instance, pulverised barri-agar, a delightfully smooth and light powder which may be used with perfect safety for the complexion, is probably only known to the chemist, and represents so much double dutch to the ordinary lay mind. As regards colour, a delicate shade of pink hardly does it justice, but probably this indescribable tint would suit most complexions, and of course the natural odour of the agar is quite equal to the most expensive perfume. About one ounce should be sufficient to last many months.

30 grammes of freshly ground barri-agar in airtight container 2s. 6d. post free in the United Kingdom from The Johnson Laboratories, 43, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.—Advt.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RAJAH'S PEARL.

An Anglo-Indian Romance Of Love And Crime. By Fred M. White.

The Midnight Guest.

"I must have lain there the best part of an hour and when I came to my chauffeur was leaning over me anxiously with the lamp in his hand. He had waited for me on the far side of the wood and, getting alarmed, had come to search for me. How he got me home I don't know, for I was shaken out of my senses, and in addition I could see nothing. For days after that I was more or less unconscious and quite incapable of thinking about anything, even a thing so important as the sword hilt; then the doctors told me that I was blind, that the blow I had received had injured the optic nerve, and that possibly in the course of three or four years I might recover my sight again. But there was nothing for it now but to take my chauffeur into my confidence and give him the best description that I could of the spot where the sword hilt was hidden.

"You see, it was no use asking anybody else; I was bound to allot the task to someone who had been over the ground with me on that adventurous night. Without my sight it was useless to try to locate the spot, for I had not the remotest idea what it was called. You can imagine my feelings when I was told that my chauffeur had disappeared. He had gone down to the village of the morning following my accident, and he has never been seen since."

"Then the great pearl is lost?" Enid cried. "Absolutely and irrevocably, unless it pleases Providence to restore my sight. Think of the grim humour of the situation. Those fiends are pursuing us, feeling convinced that they are certain to hunt the pearl down in time. They little dream that when we are all dead—ah, what was that?"

He pulled up alert and rigid. Enid was feeling the strain of the moment, too. Her listening ears caught the sound outside.

"A motor," she whispered, "coming up the drive. Do you often have midnight guests, Lord St. Julien?"

One Of The Few.

St. Julien threw up his hands with a gesture of despair. There was something touching in the spectacle of this brave, strong man rendered helpless and impotent by the loss of his sight.

"I am as useless as a little child," he said. "Before my accident I was a fighting force. If those people are not afraid of me, they certainly have held me in respect. After I lost my sight there was my bodyguard to be considered. But if these people have discovered that I am helpless and alone, then the end is near. They think that they will have me all to themselves; they will not scruple to torture me."

"It is only yesterday that I sent them money, it was only yesterday that I received the message that lies on the table there. Each of those seed pearls means a demand for one hundred pounds, but you know all about that. The letters are forwarded through a London newsagent's shop."

"I dare say you will think that we are cowardly, but that is the only way to purchase a little peace. A grim idea, is it not? This mysterious vendetta pursues us remorselessly and compels us to pay its expenses at the same time. But I am wasting your time. Get to a place of safety. Hide yourself at once. If you are suspected by these devils of being one of us—"

"I'm not afraid," Enid said quietly. "Besides, you may be entirely wrong. And may I suggest that you should keep in the background for the moment and allow me to interview the people in the car?"

St. Julien consented sorely against his will. For the motor had pulled up outside the house now and a voice was calling for assistance. All this did not sound very formidable, and Enid hurried through the hall with the feeling that there was not much to be afraid of. The broad band of light from the electric threw up in high relief a car, the outline of which appeared familiar to the girl standing on the doorstep. There was no chauffeur, the driver being a woman. Enid gave a little gasp of astonishment as she recognised the slim, graceful creature in the furs whom she had befriended an hour or so ago in the roadside inn.

The Injured "Friend."

"I thought you were never coming," she said imperiously. "We have had a nasty accident, and as this was the first place I came to where I saw a light I called here for assistance."

"What is the trouble?" Enid asked. "We ran into a timber cart in the road. My chauffeur and a friend of mine were sitting in front and a fork of the timber on the cart smashed the wind screen and seriously injured both of them. The car was not further damaged and I escaped without a scratch. I left my chauffeur in the cottage close by, and the labourers who lived there volunteered to fetch a doctor. I could not leave my friend there, so I had him placed in the car and—well, here he is. Help me to assist him into the house."

All this in the same level, imperious tone that Enid had heard before. This woman might have been a princess talking to a scullery maid. It was no time to resent this air and manner, for Enid had other things to trouble her.

"One moment," she said. "Fortunately, I am a nurse, and accustomed to these things. Unfortunately, I am practically alone in the house, and cannot command any assistance. I will fetch a mattress, and you and I between us must do the best we can."

With a contemptuous, insolent gesture the woman waved Enid towards the house. She flew into the dining-room, and closed the door hurriedly behind her.

"It is the woman I spoke of," she whispered, "the woman I encountered in the public-house. You will remember that I told you how I addressed one of those mysterious envelopes for her. It was her car I was following when I had my breakdown."

"Does she know where she is?" St. Julien asked. "I should say that she hasn't the slightest idea."

She tells me that she has had a bad accident, and that, though her car practically escaped injury, her chauffeur and a friend who was travelling by his side were seriously injured. She left her chauffeur behind, but she has brought her friend here to be looked after. She seems to have turned into the first likely place she came to."

"Very strange," St. Julien muttered. "Strange, not to say dangerous. My dear young lady, you seem to be getting very near the heart of the mystery. If I had my sight now I might see the way to salvation. But I am useless as a log floating on a stream. What can I possibly do to assist you?"

"You can leave it to me," Enid said. "Leave it to me, and keep out of the way. For the moment it will be best to assume that you are not on the premises. We are quite justified in deceiving that extraordinary young woman. I dare say I can invent some plausible story. And, any way, I am safe."

A few minutes later Enid was bending over an improvised bed in the dining-room, on which lay a young man in evening dress. In years he appeared to be little more than a boy with wonderfully regular features and dark curly hair. He was quite the handsomest youth Enid had ever seen; so perfectly chiselled was his face that he might have passed for a woman. It was only the brown, muscular hands that denoted the man who in ordinary health was an athlete and follower of outdoor sports.

Shot Through The Shoulder.

His white shirt-front was stained with blood, which appeared to flow from a wound in his shoulder. Dexterously and rapidly Enid cut away the linen and the fine silk underclothing beneath. She had contrived to find something in the way of a medicine chest and a plentiful supply of hot water, together with towels and sponges. There was a grave look on her face as she turned the patient over, and removed a mass of blood from behind the shoulder-blade.

"I have plugged the wound on both sides," she said coldly. "You are fortunate, indeed, to find me here. I suppose you can guess by the way I have done my work that I am a nurse."

"And quite a clever one, too," the woman said patronisingly.

"Now please don't adopt that tone with me," Enid said coldly. "And what do you expect to gain by deceiving me in this fashion?"

"In what way have I deceived you, nurse?"

"You told me a lie. A doctor would have found you out much quicker than I have. That story about the fork of a tree is all nonsense. Your friend has been shot through the shoulder, and he is absolutely exhausted from loss of blood. Fortunately, nothing vital is injured, and now that I have plugged the wound, we need not anticipate any complications. All your friend needs is careful nursing and good, nourishing food."

The woman heaved a deep sigh, a sigh which Enid interpreted as one of profound relief.

"Then we shall not want a doctor?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't think there is any necessity," Enid said. "But the responsibility of the case must be yours, not mine."

"Then I am ready to accept it. I am entirely in your hands and the people who own this house. I was bound to deceive you just now, or, at any rate, I would have done so if I could. Now will you be good enough to give instructions to the servants?"

"There are no servants in the house," Enid said quietly. "There is nobody in the house besides us three."

The Plot Thickens.

"Incredible," the woman cried, "absurd. Do you want me to believe that in an establishment like this—"

"I am telling you the truth," Enid went on. "I came down here on professional business, and when I got here I found the house empty. I make no attempt to explain. I have never been here before and the people who live here are entire strangers to me. As you know, I have not been here very long, and as my motor-cycle has broken down I am bound to remain here to await developments. Otherwise I should have ridden to the nearest village and given information to the police. If you doubt my story then search the house for yourself."

The woman laughed aloud. "I am not a stranger to romance myself," she cried, "but anything so extraordinary as this I have never heard. Do they suffer from the plague in these parts, and is it possible that the whole household has been murdered and buried in the cellars? Permit me to congratulate you on your courage in staying here at all. But do tell me the name of the people who have deserted this delightful house in so strange a fashion?"

Enid turned towards the door. "The patient first," she said. "I must go and get him a little milk and brandy. The owner of this place is Lord St. Julien."

As she passed into the hall she heard the fierce intake of the woman's breath and the smothered cry which broke from her lips.

The plot was thickening with a vengeance.

(To be continued.)

An Interesting Scotch Proverb.

"Bread is the staff of life, but the pudding makes a good crutch"—that is if made with ATORA Beef Suet. More digestible and economical than if you use raw suet. Ask your grocer for it; refuse substitutes. 10d. per lb. Carton, whether Block or Shredded, and 5d. per lb. Carton.—Advt.



Our Portrait is of Miss B. Davey, of Tapster Water, Luppitt, near Honiton, Devon, who writes:—

"It is with the greatest of pleasure I am writing to let you know the great benefit I have received by taking Clarke's Blood Mixture. For Six Months I was suffering from

Eczema

and my arms and face were nothing but a mass of sores. I went to three doctors, but they did me no good. Then I saw your advertisement in the paper, so I thought I would give Clarke's Blood Mixture a trial. I took seven bottles of it, and it has quite cured me. I should have written before, but I thought I would wait a little while, and see if it was a permanent cure. I am glad to say it is."

In a further letter recently received, Miss Davey's mother writes: "My daughter is in excellent health, and has never had Eczema since she was cured by Clarke's Blood Mixture."

Do You Suffer

from any disease due to impure blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, etc.?

If so, don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to effect a lasting cure.

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Auntie says:

No! I'm never without visitors—particularly young ones. You see I'm never without a tin of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe, and I dare say that has something to do with it! And it is so nice to feel that it cannot do them any harm, no matter how much they eat.

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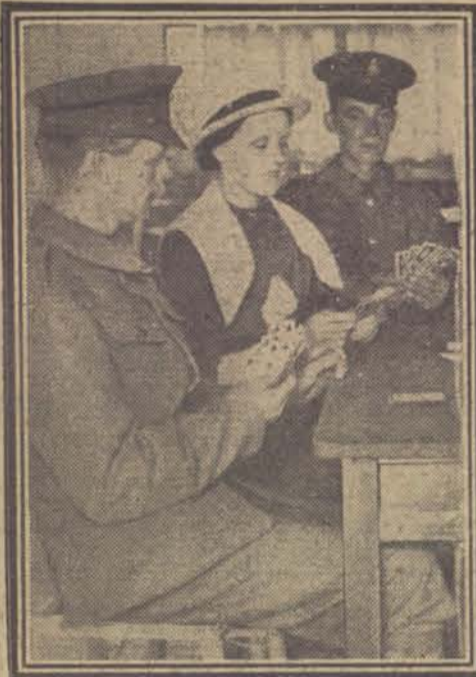
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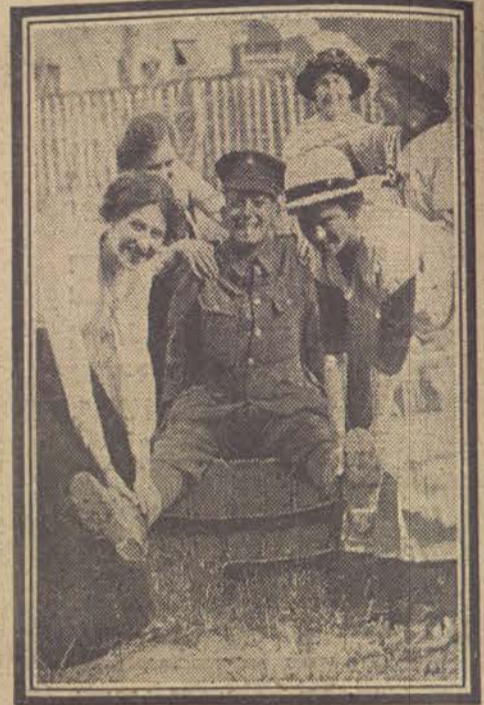
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Cards are allowed; but no gambling.



The guests give a hand at cultivating the garden attached to the club.



Tommy enjoys the joke.

IN FINE RAIMENT.

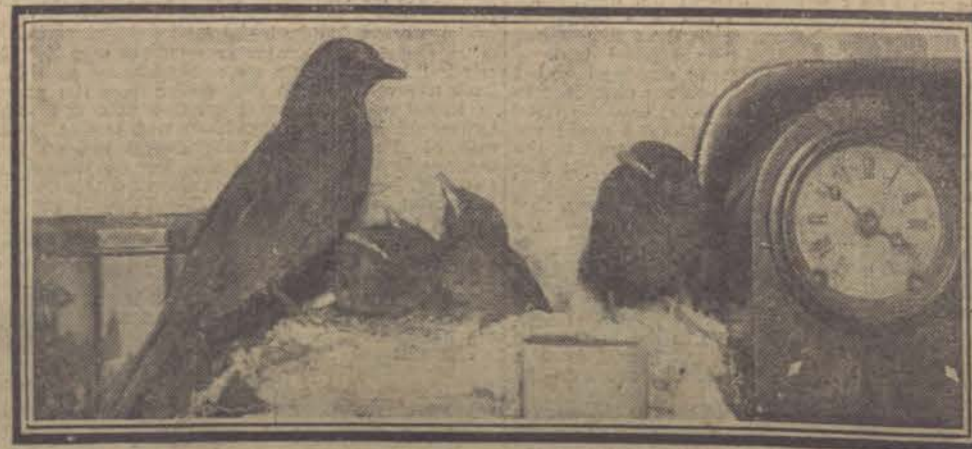


Lydia Bilbrooke in one of the beautiful dresses she wears in "Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby" at the Comedy.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



When the sun shines tea on the grass is very popular. At the Girls' Wartime Hut, Newhaven, our soldiers and their friends are sure of a cordial welcome. Everything is done to make them happy. This accounts for its great popularity with the troops.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

THE BLACKBIRDS HAD AN EYE TO COMFORT.



Between the clock and the tea caddy on the kitchen mantelpiece the blackbirds made their nest, and are now busy rearing a family of four.

SCORNED DANGER.



Private H. Ketteringham, of the Norfolks, gained the D.C.M. for rendering first aid to the wounded in the open at Sahil, Turkey.—(Bonas.)



Bombardier F. W. Bailey, R.G.A., won the D.C.M. for continuing to work the telephone under fire.