

MORE ARRESTS IN DUBLIN: 2,000 REBELS DEPORTED.

DAILY SKETCH.

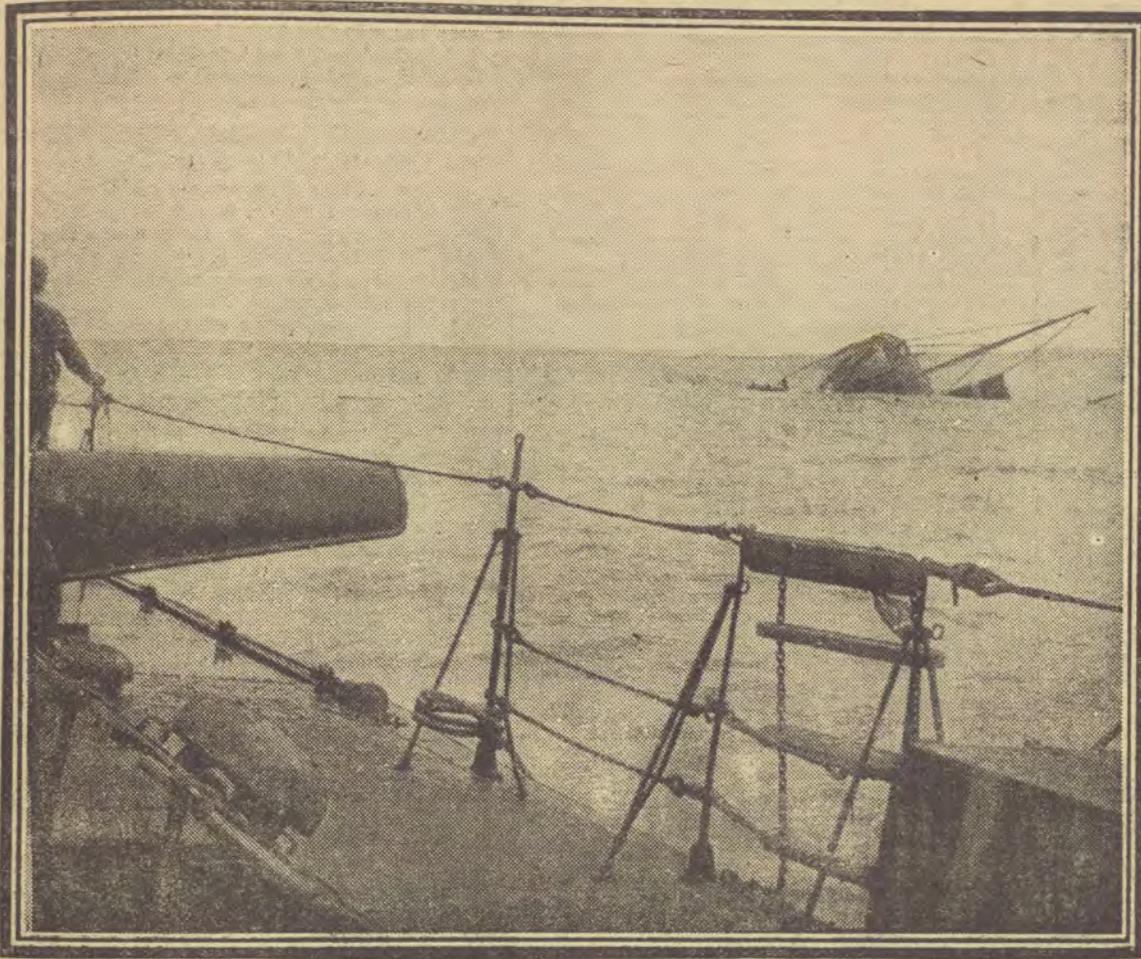
GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 2,235.

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 8, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

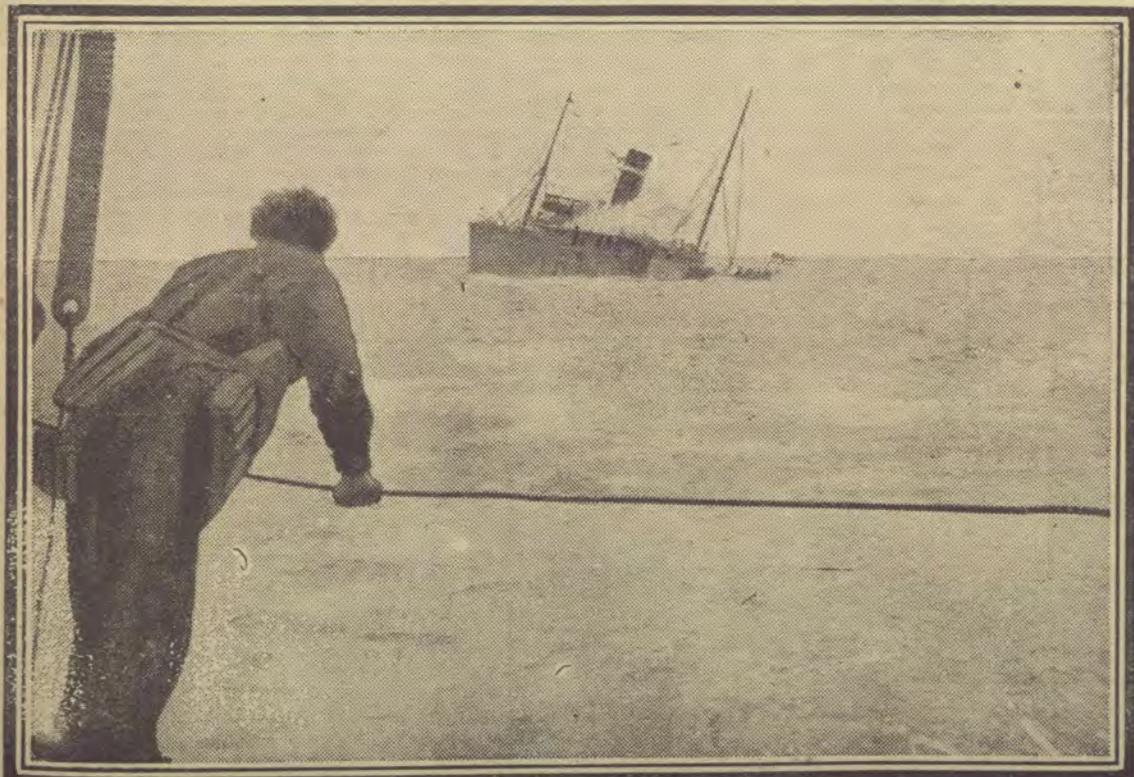
CAMERA EXPOSES HUN LIES TO AMERICA.



A British vessel goes to the help of a steamer which, flying a neutral flag, was sunk without warning in the North Sea.



The crew of the sinking neutral swimming to the British vessel.



The rescuers taking off the last of the crew of the sinking vessel.

These striking photographs of the fate of yet another neutral vessel at sea provide a cynical commentary on Germany's professed concession to American protests that its submarines will not sink neutral ships without first giving warning. How does President Wilson, who is now preparing his reply to the latest German Note, propose to deal with the "accidents" which Hun perfidy will still contrive? —(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographs.)

DANGERS OF "DRIFT" IN OUR WAR FINANCE.

Practical Men Instead Of Mere Theorists Wanted.

PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED.

Suggestions Which Mr. McKenna Will Do Well To Consider.

By Our Financial Editor.

Now that the military question has been solved by the Compulsion Bill, there remains the equally difficult problem of the financing of the war to be faced.

We have done well so far as a nation in adjusting our finances to the new conditions, but we might have done better; and it would be a pity if, from some neglect, we failed in the future to make the best of our available resources.

Mr. McKenna is a very clever Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he is not a practical financier. On several occasions recently he has shown a tendency to ignore advice from quarters deserving of more serious attention.

MEN WHO COUNT WANTED.

He has his own advisers, and is apt to too slavishly follow them, forgetting that the question of financing the war is one that cannot be dealt with without the co-operation of practically all the men who count in the financial world.

Necessarily this must be so because it is they who have to find the money.

It cannot be long before we have another War Loan. Treasury bills cannot be issued indefinitely. It is not advisable they should be, having regard to the fact that a big proportion are purchased by foreign countries—neutrals—who may at any time withdraw the money which they have invested.

Nor is it likely that the sales of Exchequer Bonds will continue on a scale sufficiently large to meet the growing expenditure, as the bait of an option to convert into a new Loan is losing its attractiveness by being dangled before the investor for too long a time.

MUST HAVE A NEW ISSUE.

We must have another issue of stock, and since the Government have so unwisely decided to deduct income tax at the flat rate of 5s. in the pound from the dividends on all investments—whether or no the recipient is entitled to pay—it will be extremely difficult to issue it unless some concession is made in respect of tax.

Either the interest on the Loan must be subject to a lower rate of income tax, or it must be paid absolutely free of tax.

The better course, and the only possible one in our opinion, is to pay the interest free of income tax.

No matter the loss of revenue from the tax; it is the principal sum that is required.

FULL INTEREST TO BE PAID.

Big investors will willingly subscribe for a loan on a 4 per cent. basis if the interest is paid in full. The smaller public who do not pay income tax, and whom such a rate of interest would not attract, can still be catered for by the issue of Exchequer Bonds through the Post Office.

The option of exchange from Exchequer Bonds to the new issue would still be available to those who pay tax, and if they did not wish to exercise it they would be under no obligation to do so, and the Government could not be accused of any breach of faith in bringing forward a loan at a lower rate of interest.

MOBILISE OUR RESOURCES.

No time should be lost in publishing the intentions of the Government in respect of future loans, and no time should be lost in mobilising our resources in anticipation of the issue and the calls of our Allies. The task is too great a one for the Treasury; it should be entrusted to a special War Finance Council, composed of practical financiers—not mere theorists.

The trade of the country cannot be carried on without finance, and while an endeavour is being made to keep all our industries going, no serious attempt has so far been made to organise the banking resources of the country and those of our Allies.

RIGHT MEN CAN BE GOT.

We realise difficulties in the way of getting the right men to constitute the Council—and conflicting interests are bound to arise; but the war has done so much in other respects to bring men of violently opposed opinions into unison with the common cause that we feel confident it would not be impossible to get together a body of financial experts whom the country would trust, and to whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer might quite well leave the task of solving the many problems which he cannot possibly face alone, or with the advisers upon whom he now relies.

NO RISKS TO BE TAKEN.

We cannot afford to take any risks in regard to our finances. We must set to work as quickly as possible to establish our position on a war basis.

There is too great a tendency at the moment to carry on as if times were normal. Our big financiers know the danger of a policy of drift, and their combined assistance should be invoked in preparing against eventualities.

In this way millions may be saved the country, and our credit maintained at a high level.

NOT SO BAD AS IN WATERLOO DAYS.

Mr. W. E. Nicholls, chairman of Spillers and Bakers, Ltd., millers, speaking at the annual meeting at Cardiff on Saturday, said the price of flour had not exceeded 50s., whereas it was over 150s. in the 20 Years' War a century ago.

PLOT AGAINST THE BABIES OF LONDON.

Milk Trust May Raise Prices To Eightpence A Quart.

CORNERING THE SUPPLY.

When London householders protest vainly against being compelled to pay 6d. a quart for milk they are met with the answer that is supposed to excuse everything: "It's the war!"

This is what a frank and honest milk-dealer tells the *Daily Sketch*—

"The price of milk should never be more than 4d. per quart in summer and 5d. a quart in winter. At that price there is profit both to the farmer and retailer."

"Some traders have been trying to sell the milk at 6d. a quart, but I have absolutely refused to do so."

Talk Of Eightpence A Quart.

"Milk retailers have come to me and persuaded me to make the price 6d., their argument being that if we don't all raise the price the farmers will lose money, and milk will be as much as 8d. a quart in the winter."

"I have refused to sell at 6d., and now I find that my competing retailers are going to their customers who refuse to pay 6d., and telling them that they can have milk at 5d. if they don't tell anybody!"

"That is a fairly good test as to whether milk can be sold at 5d., I think."

"The essence of the whole thing is, I am told, that a milk combine is in course of formation. The trust is going to all the farmers who supply milk to several retailers and says to them: 'We will give you such-and-such an amount for all your milk.'"

Squeezing Out The Small Man.

That price is more than the farmers are now receiving from the small retailers, and the consequence is that the farmers, as soon as the contracts which exist fall in, are accepting the prices of the combine.

"Gradually this combine will get hold of all the farmers who supply London, and then the trade will be in their hands."

"In effect it is a plot against the babies. The men who are engineering this combine know that the infants must be fed on milk, and that milk must be bought, whatever the price, and so out of the necessities of child-life they hope to make a profit."

REV. W. H. SAVILE'S NEW LIVING.

War Office Revelation Recalled By A Change Of Vicars.

The employment of a lady of German birth in the War Office is recalled by the fact that her husband, the Rev. W. H. Savile, has now left Beverley, Yorkshire, and will be inducted as vicar of Buckingham next Thursday.

It was also announced yesterday that the Rev. F. W. Pigott, one of the curates at St. Mary's Church, Beverley, will shortly leave that town in order to assist Mr. Savile at Buckingham.

The case of Mrs. Savile was the cause of several interesting questions to, and answers by, Mr. Tennant in the House of Commons towards the end of last year.

She was born in Brunswick in 1860, and is the daughter of Count Hippolyt Viktor Alexander von Bothner and his second wife, Minnie Young.

Her father, however, was a Hanoverian, and was a naturalised British subject before she was born.

Mrs. Savile's work at the War Office was sorting the effects and kits of British officers killed in the war. In an interview at the time, Mrs. Savile declared that she was English through and through, and had not an atom of German sympathy.

Moreover, she explained that she had not been in Germany for 30 years, and then only as an ordinary tourist in the Black Forest.

WOUNDED HELP WOUNDED.



PTE. F. MILBURN.



PTE. C. BELLINGER.

Private Bellinger, having held up the enemy with bombs, helped back a wounded officer, though he was himself wounded. Private Milburn also rescued a comrade after being wounded. Both men are in the Lincolnshire and have been awarded the D.C.M.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SOLDIERS?

Among the battlefield relics that have recently been sent to the *Daily Sketch* is a pocket testament. On the fly-leaf is the inscription, "Pte. Crosland, from H. W. Fox, C.F." It was found in France.

Mrs. West, 34, Wenlock-street, New North-road, London, N., writes the *Daily Sketch* that she has a testament which was found near Ypres. This was evidently lost by Corporal F. E. Head, Somerset Light Infantry, and she is desirous of returning it either to him or his relatives.

THE RECRUITING GIRL APPEARS AGAIN.

Thousands Busy Despite The Service-For-All Bill.

HOW YOU CAN HELP.

It must not be imagined that because the Government has introduced complete compulsion proposals the business of the recruiting officer is at an end.

On the contrary, this particular work is as necessary as at any time since the war began, and one of the notable features is the remarkable revival of the recruiting girl. Thousands of her are busy.

But the revised version has learned lessons from the mistakes of her early-days-of-the-war predecessor. She carries no white feathers, nor does she clamber on the tops of 'buses to make herself objectionable to the best-looking young men.

Enlisting Her Own Sex.

Her activities are being confined to members of her own sex. Not that she is asking them to get into khaki. Her endeavour is to enlist them in another army—the legions of *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competitors.

A page from the experiences of one of her number is worth quoting. In an enthusiastic letter she writes:—

I am getting on splendidly. Your Loyal League of Timely Talkers has added a new interest to life.

Directly after breakfast I commence tackling any girl I come across—on the way to the station, and then in the tube on the journey to the office where I am employed as a typist.

I always carry entry forms for your Needlework Competition with me, and the minute I spot a likely victim, out comes a form, and I open the attack.

What Helps Immensely.

What helps immensely is that nine girls out of every ten know far more about needlework than they like to admit. I suppose it isn't considered the thing to know much about things of a domestic character these days.

But what I notice is that the girls are really awfully fond of it, and are longing for a decent excuse to indulge in an occupation which is in danger in these warlike times of being considered old-fashioned. When I show them how they can enjoy it and do something to help the war along at the same time they are as delighted as can be.

I have made lots of members at the office and elsewhere.

One of the great advantages of the competition is that it is helping to prevent the valuable practice of artistic needlework from falling into desuetude. The best of it is that it is done without any charge of frivolity being possible, for the proceeds of the exhibition which will be built upon the competition are all to go the Red Cross funds.

Entry forms may be obtained at once by sending to—

Needlework Competition,

Daily Sketch Offices,

46-47, Shoe-lane, E.C.,

and enclosing a large stamped addressed envelope.

MR. BIRRELL'S SUCCESSOR.

Mr. Lewis Harcourt Said To Have Been Appointed.

It seems to be taken as granted in Dublin that Mr. Lewis Harcourt is Mr. Birrell's successor as Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The *Irish Independent* says:—

Mr. Lewis Harcourt is the new Chief Secretary. Personally he enjoys a great deal of popularity in the House of Commons, but that in itself, as we know too well, is not conclusive evidence of his fitness for the office he now assumes. On at least one occasion, however, when he was Colonial Secretary, he showed himself capable of holding his own against attempts at intimidation by supporting General Botha in deporting the Syndicalist agitators from South Africa. Mr. Birrell would never have made such a stand.

Mr. Harcourt would probably prove an acceptable Chief Secretary to the Nationalist majority in Ireland, by whom he is regarded as a consistent friend of the Home Rule cause.

He is not a spectacular administrator, but it is believed that in emergencies he can, like Mr. McKenna, reveal unsuspected administrative gifts and display a will-power that should fit him for such a trying post if the state of his health would enable him to stand the strain.

LUSITANIA DAY IN PARIS.

PARIS, Sunday

The anniversary of the torpedoing of the Lusitania was commemorated this morning at the Chapel of the British Embassy, a particularly large congregation attending the service. The sermon was preached by the chaplain, the Rev. Stanley V. Blount, who denounced the crime that had left an indelible blot on the honour of the German Navy.

Prior to the service a memorial tablet was unveiled to Lieutenant Archibald Ramsay, who enlisted in the Foreign Legion and was killed in action.—Central News.

A BIG ADVERTISING CONTRACT.

The *Daily Sketch* has secured from Selfridge and Co. one of the largest advertising contracts ever placed with any daily newspaper.

The admirably designed and helpful announcement, placed by Selfridge's will not only give an added interest to the columns of the *Daily Sketch*, but no doubt prove useful to our readers in making their necessary purchases.

The portraits on Page 12 of Patrick H. Pearse, The O'Rahilly, and Thomas McDonagh are from photographs by Lafayette, and the portrait of the Countess Markievicz is by Brooke Hughes.

COMPULSORY SERVICE FOR IRELAND?

This Week's Question For The House Of Commons.

EFFECT OF THE REBELLION.

Some Nationalists Would Welcome A "Home Defence" Clause.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

Is compulsion to be applied to Ireland or not? That is the most important question which the House of Commons has to consider this week.

The issue will be raised on an amendment extending the Military Service Bill to the whole of the United Kingdom, notice of which has been given by prominent members of the Unionist War Committee.

A debate of considerable interest is certain, and it is not improbable that another difficult political situation may be the result.

THE REBELLION HAS ALTERED THINGS

The Irish rebellion, it is claimed, gives force to the contention that no armed body should exist in Ireland which is not subject to the military authorities of the Crown; and this end would be best achieved, it is felt, by simply bringing the sister country within the scope of the measure now before Parliament.

An important meeting of the Irish Party is to be held to-morrow, when this new situation will be considered.

FOR HOME DEFENCE ONLY?

It is not likely that Mr. Redmond and his followers will, as a whole, acquiesce in any proposal of this kind, although there are individual Nationalists who would welcome the institution of military service, with certain qualifications, in Ireland. For instance, they would not object if the service were for home defence only.

In any case the question of the inclusion of Ireland is far more real and practicable than it was when the first Military Service Act was before Parliament, and the decision of the Government in the matter may have more serious results.

LABOUR LEADER'S WILD WORDS.

Compulsion "Infamous"—Starvation Before Many Months.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., speaking at a Labour demonstration at Derby yesterday, said he believed conscription had been engineered not for the purpose of winning the war, but by a section of the Press which realised that it would be a good thing to get the working classes enchained.

If he had to go into the lobby alone he would vote against this monstrous, infamous, iniquitous measure.

He believed the military situation to-day was less serious than the shipping problem, and unless something was done before many months it would not be a question of what food would cost, but whether they could get any at all.

Referring to after-war problems Mr. Thomas said Labour leaders were asking the Government not to demobilise the Army at a greater rate than men could be absorbed in the labour market.

He hoped that once the war was completed the workers of all countries, including even Germany, would combine in the defence of their liberties and their interests.

1,000 WOMEN WANTED.

Call Of The Land For Help In Food Production.

The need for women on the land is still urgent, and an appeal for 1,000 educated women to undertake agricultural war work is being made by the Women's National Land Service Corps.

Miss Franklin, secretary of the corps, explained to the *Daily Sketch* that the work is open to every woman, and it covers a wide field from milking to driving.

Short trainings of from four to six weeks are provided for those women who can afford to pay maintenance fees ranging from 15s. to 25s. a week.

"There is also a limited number of free trainings obtainable, applications for which should be made at the headquarters, 50, Upper Baker-street, London," she explained.

"The principal need is for women who are willing to work at anything, and particularly pressing is the call for skilled milkers and those used to farm work," she added.

£1 A WEEK FOR UNFIT SOLDIERS.

A new Army Order provides that a special temporary allowance shall be granted to a soldier discharged as "no longer physically fit for war service" for any period that may elapse between the date of his discharge and the announcement of the decision of the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital regarding his claim to pension.

The rate of the allowance will be 20s. a week for men in respect of whom separation allowance, dependants' allowance, or family allowance was issuable up to the date of discharge; for other men the rate will be 10s. a week. Payments will be made weekly in advance.

COUNT PLUNKETT AND WIFE ARRESTED: 2,000 DEPORTED.

PENAL SERVITUDE FOR COUNTESS: 56 REBEL SENTENCES.

Death Penalty Commuted To Imprisonment For Life.

COUNT PLUNKETT ARRESTED

Father Of Young Rebel Who Was Married In Gaol.

Dublin had a sensational surprise yesterday, when a report was circulated that Count Plunkett and his wife, the father and mother of Joseph Plunkett, who was married in prison a few hours before his execution on Thursday, had been arrested.

A party of about 1,000 prisoners has left Dublin for England, bringing the number of deportees to about 2,000.

Some 100,000 persons in Dublin are receiving relief tickets enabling them to obtain food.

Additional sentences on Irish rebels announced yesterday are as follows:—

Sentenced to death, but commuted to penal servitude for life by the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief:

Constance Georgina Markievicz, Henry O'Haurahan.

Sentenced to death, but commuted to 10 years' penal servitude: George Plunkett, John Plunkett.

Sentenced to death, commuted to 5 years' penal servitude, Philip B. Cosgrave.

Sentenced to death, commuted to 3 years' penal servitude: R. Kelly, W. Wilson, J. Clarke, J. Marks, J. Brennan, P. Wilson, W. Meehan, F. Brooks, R. Coleman, T. Peppard, J. Norton, J. Byrne, T. O'Kelly.

Sentenced to penal servitude for 20 years (10 years remitted): James T. Hughes.

Sentenced to penal servitude for 10 years, duly confirmed: Peter Doyle.

Sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour, duly confirmed: J. Wilson.

Sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour (one year remitted): E. Roach.

PRIEST ARRESTED.

A Galway message received last night states that Father Fee, a curate in an outlying district, was arrested.

Three members of the Plunkett family, all brothers, have now been sentenced—Joseph

56 Rebels Sentenced.

Sentences on 56 rebels have now been announced:—

Shot	8
Life sentence	4
10 years	21
8 years	1
5 years	1
3 years	19
2 years	1
1 year	1

The sentences of penal servitude and hard labour are those the rebels will actually serve—that is to say, commutations and remissions have been taken into account.

(shot); George and John (sentenced to death, sentence commuted).

They are said to be the sons of Count Plunkett, whose title was conferred by the Papal Court. Count Plunkett has been foremost in promoting the Irish literary, artistic and industrial movement.

Major John McBride, reported on Saturday as shot, took part in the Boer War as leader of the Irish Brigade against the British. In 1903 he married Miss Maud Gonne in Paris, but she got a separation from him two years later. He returned to Ireland after the general amnesty, and was appointed a water bailiff by the Irish Corporation at a salary of £150 a year.

CIVILIAN DEATH ROLL 200.

Up to the present 169 bodies of civilians who met their death in the rebellion have been found. Of these, 112 are males and 20 are females, and 28 are unidentified.

Over 200 burials have taken place since the outbreak, and certificates of death from shot wounds

MARRIAGE BEFORE DEATH.

Girl Wedded In Prison Cell To Rebel Shot At Dawn.

From A Correspondent

There is one woman who bears the name of an Irish rebel to whom the hearts of patriots and rebels alike turn to-day; a newly-married wife in widow's weeds, she who on Wednesday last was Grace Gifford and on Thursday was the widow of Joseph Plunkett, the rebel leader, shot at the dawn of that day in Richmond Barracks, Dublin.

The world was first told the news with cruel brevity in the "Births, Marriages and Deaths" column of the *Irish Times*:—

PLUNKETT AND GIFFORD.—May 3, 1916, at Dublin, Joseph Plunkett to Grace Gifford.

When that announcement appeared the husband was dead, and the wife was a widow. . . . Mr. Stoker is a Dublin jeweller. His shop is in Grafton-street.

On Wednesday evening, just as he was thinking of shutting up shop, a young lady, well-dressed and wearing a veil, hurried in and asked in an agitated voice to see some wedding rings. Her eyes were red with past weeping. It was plainly with difficulty even now that she kept back her tears.

Mr. Stoker is a kind-hearted man, and he proffered his sympathy. Then the lady quite broke down and told her tale.

MARRIED AT MIDNIGHT.

Taking the best ring to be had she hurried away to the dismal barracks.

There at midnight, while the clock ticked away to the inexorable dawn, she was married to the doomed rebel. We cannot bear to think upon that scene, we dare not lift the veil from it, and the feelings of the young wife and widow from that moment to this are sacred.

It was only 24 hours before that the husband of her sister Muriel—Thomas McDonagh—had been shot.

"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL."

A few years ago there was a portrait-sketch of a young girl in a well-known gallery. It showed an unmistakable Irish face, of intelligent, piquant features, with a touch of blended humour and melancholy in the fine eyes. It was the portrait of Grace Gifford.

Mrs. Plunkett is one of a group of pretty and clever sisters, daughters of a Dublin solicitor (a Unionist and Protestant), who have been for long noted figures in the social and artistic life of the capital—not less for their good looks and smart dressing than for their many gifts. Grace studied for a time at the Slade School in London, and drew well, though in a very modern style. She had a talent for caricature, and contributed frequently to the *Irish Review*, of which her late husband was the editor.

But she played other parts in that witty circle, and acted frequently in the plays of Count Markievicz and others.

A DANGEROUS ATMOSPHERE.

How far it is true that Countess Markievicz was responsible for drawing her and her sisters into the revolutionary set I should not like to say; but it is certain that Connie Gore-Booth, as she was then, knew them well, and that one of the sisters spoke much on suffrage and wrote for Nationalist papers under the name of "John Brennan." It was anyhow a fascinating and dangerous atmosphere for these brilliant girls.

Of all that we prefer to say little now. All other thoughts are swallowed up in the thought of that mournful figure in black, so tragically married, so tragically bereaved.

LED BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

How The Connaught Rebels Prepared For The Rising.

The Connaught insurgents had armed for the occasion for two years and upwards, drilled and encouraged by a captain who had the reputation of being a soldier as well as an Englishman.

They rallied at the appointed hour to the revolutionary standard at Athenry with their guns and their pikes, their staves and their pitchforks, bravely proclaiming an Ireland rid of the Saxon thralldom.

There was little of the detailed preparation that characterised the Dublin rising. Indeed, after their first military successes, the capture of Moyode Castle from the caretaker, his wife, and daughter, the storming of one or two isolated and undefended police barracks evacuated in favour of the central

FRENCH YIELD GROUND NEAR DOUAUMONT.

Germans Penetrate Trenches On Both Sides Of The Meuse.

ENEMY HEAVILY PUNISHED.

A Reuter Bukarest telegram asserts that the German General Staff has concentrated near Constantinople 80,000 Turkish soldiers and 40,000 Bulgarian infantry for dispatch to the French front.

The first trainload is expected to leave towards the end of May.

The new German attack on the Paris side of Verdun is described as being of a fury unknown since the opening days of the general offensive on Verdun.

Its objective is Hill 304, one of the two key hill positions on the west of the Meuse.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday, 11 p.m.

On the left bank of the Meuse the extremely violent bombardment which has continued without cessation for two days in the region of Hill 304 was followed to-day by a strong German attack, directed against our front between Hill 304 and the Mort Homme (Dead Man).

The enemy, after repeated efforts, penetrated a communication trench to the east of Hill 304.

Everywhere else he was repulsed with heavy losses inflicted by our machine-gun fire and the fire of our batteries which vigorously bombarded the German lines.

On the right bank of the Meuse, after an intense artillery preparation, the Germans delivered several successive attacks on our trenches between the Haudromont wood and Douaumont fort.

In the western part of the front attacked the enemy gained a footing on a length of about 500 yards in our first-line trenches.

In the centre and on the east all his attacks were shattered.

In the Woevre there was great artillery activity in the sector at the foot of the Meuse heights.

There was nothing of importance to report on the rest of the front apart from the customary cannonade.—Reuter.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

British Official News.

Sunday, 9.40 p.m.

Last night and to-day there has been artillery activity by both sides about Maricourt, Thiepval, Arras, Loos, St. Eloi and Ypres.

AIRMEN DROWNED AND MISSING.

False German Story Of Sinking Of A British Submarine.

From The Admiralty.

Sunday.

With reference to the official German report published to-day, it is the fact that two of our naval aeroplanes are missing.

The body of Flight Sub-Lieut. H. R. Simms, R.N., has been picked up at sea, and the observer, Sub-Lieut. C. J. Mullens, R.N.V.R., is missing, his lifebelt having been picked up in the same vicinity.

As regards the aeroplane reported captured by the Germans, the names of the officers concerned in this case are Flight Sub-Lieut. Arthur T. N. Cowley, R.N., and Sub-Lieut. Ronald M. Inge, R.N.V.R.

The German claim that the British submarine E31 was sunk by gunfire is untrue, that vessel having returned safely to her base.

THE GERMAN VERSION.

German Admiralty Report.

VIA AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

On Friday afternoon a hostile aeroplane was brought down in the course of an air fight off the coast of Flanders, one of our torpedo-boats assisting. The approach of British forces prevented the rescue of the occupants.

One of our torpedo-boats yesterday captured a British aeroplane off the coast of Flanders undamaged, the occupants, both officers, being also captured. West of Hornsuff the British submarine E31 was sunk on Friday morning by gunfire from one of our ships.

The airship L7 has not returned from a reconnoitring flight. According to an official statement by the British Admiralty the airship was destroyed on Thursday in the North Sea by the British naval forces.—Reuter.

PORTIA AND LADY MACBETH.

The closing performances of the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Tercentenary commemoration took place on Saturday night amid great enthusiasm.

Scenes were given from six of the most popular plays, among the leading artistes appearing being Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Lillian Braithwaite, and Sir Frank and Lady Benson.

Miss Terry appeared as Portia in the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice," and Miss Ander-

5 a.m. Edition.

LL. GEORGE DEFENDS "THE TWENTY-THREE."

Freedom Of Speech But No Quarrel In The Cabinet.

STRENGTH IN VARIETY.

"What Use Should I Have Been Without An Opinion?"

Two remarkable week-end speeches by Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Derby have dispelled the atmosphere of suspicion and personal bitterness with which the last stage of the compulsion controversy has been surrounded.

Mr. Lloyd George admitted that he thought the necessity for compulsion had arisen last September, and that he had strongly urged this view in the Cabinet; but he destroyed the myth of a Cabinet intrigue and handsomely acknowledged his personal debt to the Prime Minister.

Lord Derby gave the clue of the apparent Government hesitation in a phrase:

In March the military authorities were not prepared to say that compulsion was a military necessity.

"COMPULSION IS ORGANISATION."

Mr. Lloyd George's chief points were as follows:—

There is no indignity in compulsion. Compulsion simply means that a nation is organising itself in an orderly, consistent, resolute fashion for war. Taxes are compulsory.

I thought the necessity for compulsion had arisen in September. I still think so.

In September it was heresy, in January it is the true faith. Why is the heresy of September the orthodoxy of January? I do not know, except that in January it had the redeeming feature of tardiness and inadequacy.

"LET THEM THINK."

We are a country that has produced millions of fighters, but we very rarely in history produced an assassin. They found one at last, and I am glad of it.

If any man believes the testimony of the person who publishes or invents private conversation in order to malign a friend, if any man believes that I am capable, amid such terrible surroundings, of engaging in a base and treacherous intrigue to advance my private ends, let him believe it.

There are twenty-three of us—(laughter)—and if we all came together with exactly the same mind, exactly the same plan, exactly the same proposals and schemes, what a marvel it would have been, and how worthless would it have been.

In the Council Chamber you want free expression of opinion, you want a variety of opinions expressed, and the height of wisdom is in knowing not what counsel to give, but which counsel to take.

HONEST DIFFERENCES.

It is said I have some difference of opinion with my Chief. I have worked with him for ten years; I have served under him for eight.

If we had not worked harmoniously—and we have—let me tell you here at once it would have been my fault, and not his. I never worked with anyone who could be more considerate, and I disdain the things they have said.

But we have had our differences. Good Heavens! What use should I have been if we had not differed? I should have been no use at all. He has shown me great kindnesses during the years I have worked with him. I should have ill requited them if I had not told my opinions freely, frankly, independently, whether they agreed with his or not.

PEACE TALK IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Sunday.

Monsignor Bonzano, the Papal Delegate, has paid a visit to the White House. He did not see the President, but left a note for him with Mr. Tumulty, Mr. Wilson's private secretary.

The communication was of a confidential character, and is naturally the subject of much speculation. A Washington correspondent understands that it urges the United States Government not to break with Germany.

It is, however, further suggested that, in the belief of the Pope, peace might be concluded if the United States could only induce the Allies to consider terms which might be acceptable to Germany. The Pope is said to have been advised that Germany would enter upon the consideration of peace terms immediately.—Central News.

The crew of a Hull trawler fishing in the North Sea last week reports that nine Zeppelins were engaged in the raid on the English and Scottish

Lusitania Sunday And The German Note.



"Smash the British blockade for us and we will stop murdering Americans."—German Note summarised.
 The U-Boat Murderer (to American victims): "It's your own fault—your Government wouldn't make it worth our while not to do it!"—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

**LAMP DAY
 FRIDAY
 MAY 12th**

On this day, or before if you please, you are asked to help women's service in War time by sending a little money to be used for the organising expenses of
 The Women's Service Bureau
 The Women's Emergency Corps, and
 The British Women's Hospital
 (Star & Garter).
 SEND PLEASE TO
 The Honorary Treasurers, 58, Victoria St., London SW

**BUY A
 LAMP ON
 LAMP DAY**

ASK
 your baker
 the name of
 the best bread
 he bakes—
 the bread that con-
 tains the greatest
 nourishment—that
 keeps fresh and moist
 the longest—that is
 most delicious to taste
 and is the least
 wasteful.

He will say
Turog
 Bread of Health

"All of the Wheat that is fit to eat."
 Guaranteed absolutely pure and un-
 adulterated by the Turog Brown
 Flour Co., L'd., Cardiff.

SERGT. TO CAPTAIN.



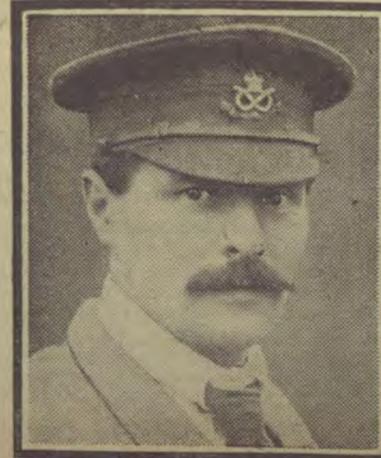
Sergeant J. Bollington, North Staffs Regt., won the D.C.M. at Anzac, and has since been promoted to a captaincy.

ENGRAVING A MEMORIAL CROSS.



French soldiers engraving with the point of a pickaxe a cross they are placing on the grave of a fallen comrade.

BRAVE TERRITORIAL.



Sergeant-Major J. Duggan, a Wolverhampton Territorial, won the D.C.M. for digging out three men under shell-fire.

QUACK ECONOMIES.

THERE is no economy so pleasant to man as vicarious economy. You remember the good wife's New Year's good resolution to dock her husband of cigars! He resolved to dock her of Paris hats. Of course, they arrived at a working compromise. We are all like that. Upon such lines have been conducted all discussions upon war economy. Vegetarians have told us to refrain from meat, non-smokers from tobacco, teetotalers from beer, and gentlemen with private cellars from frequenting public-houses.

I, MYSELF, having neither a motor-car, nor hordes of servants, nor indeed any of those things which come out of the automatic machine when you put a fortune in the slot, have told the rich to refrain from motor-cars, flunkies, jewels, the feasts of Lucullus, and the dress of the strange woman. Human nature being what it is (as people say who do not realise that human nature always was and always will be), this is not surprising.

BUT I have this advantage over other neighbour-sacrificers. My schemes would bring in pots of money, and the people who deprived themselves of motors and such would not be and could not imagine themselves to be any the worse for their economies. Now, the giving up of meat, or tobacco, or beer means a radical alteration of the habits of a lifetime; the results to mind and body would be doubtful, and might be disastrous. The saving would be NIL.

I TRIED the vegetarian diet a little while ago in a spirit of mad adventure, and gave it up, not because it was loathsome—which it was—for I am prepared to suffer much for my country, but because it was so damned expensive. It also made me extremely ill, but I expected that at the start, and fondly hoped it would pass. It was the weekly bill for nuts, fruit, vegetables, cheese, eggs and margarine which brought me back to meat with a glad sigh.

THE same is true of beer. As a weekly paper points out, beer is now the cheapest drink on the market. Tea is dear, coffee is a gross extravagance; I have almost made up my mind to take beer with my breakfast in the interests of national economy. And of all stimulants beer is the least harmful (tea and coffee are drugs). That we must have some stimulants, especially at this time of crisis and nervous strain, is obvious. Chemists will tell you what people take when they cannot get beer. I do not think I need argue in favour of tobacco—that faithful friend of man and unfailling solace of Tommy in the trenches!

WHAT will you think, then, of honest gentlemen who propose we should economise by giving up sausages? Or by abstaining from meat and beer on Thursdays? (They say alcohol, but they mean beer.) What will you think of honest gentlemen, non-smokers to a man! who propose (one moment, while I fill my pipe!) that we should only smoke immediately after meals, and all the rest of the time chew the cud of bitter reflection? How much do these sages expect to save? Tuppence three-farthings a year at the outside!

A FRIEND of mine started his war economy the other day by writing all his notes in pencil instead of ink. He saved 10d. in two weeks, he lost two jobs, and he alienated five bosom-friends.

NONE of these quack economies will help us, nor can people earning less than £500 a year, which is a bare living wage nowadays, stand any more economy without physical and mental loss. We must find where the big money is, on what extravagances it is being spent; we must stop those extravagances, and pocket the big money.

HOW to do that is another question. Those writings on the wall advising the evil-doer to abjure joy-motors and joy-rags do some good, no doubt; but sharper means are necessary. Either the extravagances should be taxed and taxed and taxed, or the people who can afford them should be taxed and taxed and taxed. I think the theatre-tax, which starts clicking to-morrow, is a good one, but fancy a pittite having to fork out his threepence while the owner of six flunkies does not pay a penny for them!



The "Assassin" Speech.

THE two outstanding speechifiers of the past few days (and speeches are, of course, the most important things in the world when there's a war on) have been Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon. The "little wizard from Wales" let himself go in true Celtic form. But, "assassin"!

Whirligig Of Political Friendships.

ONE of the most amusing results of the two speeches has been their effect on the ultra-partisan Press, each side of which hates the other as much as it hates the Hun, or even more. What a crashing down of idols! Here you have violent Radical journals straining Lloyd George, their superman of pre-war days, and giving Lord Curzon nice little pats on the back. And the violent Tory journals are correspondingly angry with his lordship.

Man Who Turned His Back.

MR. ALFRED GARDINER, before he turned his back on Mr. Lloyd George, was that statesman's greatest personal friend on the Liberal Press, though Mr. Massingham was also a keen political admirer before he began to regard him as "a lost soul." Sir William Robertson Nicol and Sir Henry Dalziel are, on the other hand, Liberal journalists who now regard Mr. George with more admiration than ever.

His Parliamentary Followers.

AMONG the half-dozen Welsh M.P.s who are prepared to follow Mr. George through thick and thin is the wittiest man in the Welsh Parliamentary Party, Mr. Ellis Griffith, who was on the platform at Conway. And here is a sample of his wit: A bootblack mentioned that his father was a farmer in the country. "Ah, I see," said Mr. Ellis Griffith, "he makes hay while the sun shines." I thought this sort of humour had been assassinated years ago.

Parson Bridegroom.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Rev. William Temple, son of the Archbishop and rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, on his engagement to Miss Frances Anson, and congratulations to the bride, for the rectory of St. James's is one of the nicest houses within reach of Piccadilly-circus. Her mother was Miss Agnes Acland, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas, 11th baronet of Columb John, sister of the present baronet, and aunt of "F. D." the "Boy Scout M.P."



(N. H. and Fry.)

M.P.-Corporal's Rapid "Promotion."

WHILE Lance-Corporal Lees-Smith, M.P., was being correctly described in this column the other day, he was being rapidly promoted in other papers. The Parliamentary correspondent of a contemporary referred to him as captain, while the leader writer in an evening journal advanced him to colonel. Lance-Corporal Lees-Smith is the only non-commissioned officer in the Commons at present, but possibly the new Service Bill will deprive him of this distinction.

Casement Case In Camera?

WILL Sir Roger Casement be tried in camera? This is a question very much discussed whenever two or three lawyers are gathered together. The general opinion is that legally he cannot be tried in camera, as his case is not on all fours with those cases of spies and others who have been tried under the Defence of the Realm Act. This Act, however, is so wonderfully comprehensive that I wonder.

T.C.D.—O.T.C.

FROM all sides I am beginning to hear what wonders the Trinity College O.T.C. did in the Dublin riots. They are said to have saved the situation, and it was nothing but straight discipline that did it. They are the only O.T.C. that has ever been in action.

Women Competition Again.

THERE is a strange rivalry going on in Hyde Park at the present time. For a long while it has, apparently, been the particular privilege of three or four somewhat faded-looking old gentlemen to feed the sparrows with crumbs. Latterly—and I can hear the old gentlemen say it, "The growing influence of those women again"—these precious paths have been invaded by girls, who, in the most bare-faced way, actually get the

Echoes of the Town.

Lloyd George And His Friends—A Few Americans Doing London—A Hassall D.C.M.



John Hassall's Young Brother.

ARTHUR HASSALL has just won the D.C.M., the first gained by the South African Contingent in German East Africa. On the night of April 11 his men made a bayonet charge in the dark, and running short of ammunition, Arthur Hassall went back to fetch up a further supply, which he brought back on three mules. This enabled the party to hold the position till the morning. Arthur Hassall is the youngest brother of John Hassall, the poster-painter.

Lady Greville's Final Touches.

I FOUND Lady Greville terrifically busy at Drury Lane on Saturday morning preparing for her Serbian matinee to-morrow, which is going to be a great show, in which several great ladies are going to have a great time. All the same, I should loathe to be described publicly as a "Society blonde," supposing I was one. Lady Greville had just received a wireless, sent in mid-ocean, from Mrs. Vernon Castle to the effect that, after all, she would be able to join her husband in some dances, which will form a special attraction.



—(Alice Hughes.)

Nut-Brown Maids At The War Office.

THE War Office now has a bevy of girl messengers, clad in becoming overalls of nut-brown linen, and with their pretty hair tied with nut-brown ribbon. They conduct the visitors—majors, captains, and people—along the corridors, and do it energetically and well. I asked one of them if she liked her job. "I love it," she replied. "I wouldn't go back to doing nothing for worlds, the work is so interesting, and one meets so many nice, kind people."

Our Best Buyers.

I WAS ASKING the waiter at a famous old hostelry how trade had been going in the almost entire absence of Americans, and he told me that it was surprisingly good on the whole. For if there are no Americans there are a good many thousand Canadians in and out of town, and good customers they are. But his next confession surprised me. "A little earlier in the war," said he, "the people who spent most on their lunches here (and the figures he gave me were surprising) were—Belgians."

Americans In Dickensland.

THERE ARE, however, a few venturesome American tourists doing England in quite the orthodox way. I met a party taking an uncondemned ramble in Dickensland. They had just done Mr. Tulkinghorn's house in Lincoln's Inn, Fields, and the "Old Curiosity Shop" close by, and were entering the sacred precincts of Lincoln's Inn to see the court where Jarndyce v. Jarndyce dragged its weary length for so many years.

"Wallerers."

CLOSE BY is another "Bleak House" association, Chichester Rents, where Krook, the rag-and-bone merchant, met his horrible death by spontaneous combustion. And any time if you stroll by in term you can see the "wallerers"—unattached copying clerks, so called because they prop the old wall which faces the "Rents," waiting for a Mr. Snagsby of Took's Court to employ them, just as they did in Dickens' time.

The Leave King.

ASKED the other day if he could not get home for a certain week-end, a young subaltern replied: "It's quite impossible for any of us to get away. Not even the Leave King could do it." It transpired, when he was asked to explain his quaint phrase, that the Leave King was a certain officer well known throughout the division for his success in wangling things whenever he wanted to get home.

I Heard This, Really.

A LITTLE old lady scuttled up to a street news-vendor, bought a paper, stood scanning it feverishly, and then demanded indignantly, "Where's this about a Zeppelin over London Bridge?" The newsman looked at her with the sort of look that only a newsman can give. "Somebody bin pulling yer leg, lidy," he suggested brutally.

"Temporary Ladies."

THE women clerks at a certain great Government office are more or less amused to see themselves described on the paysheets as "Temporary

How To Look Wise.

THEY TELL me that in some departments in Whitehall there is a great run on tortoiseshell-framed spectacles. No, it's not (or not always) because eyes are wearing out under the pressure of business. But, as the irreverent juniors say, the most ordinary-looking person assumes with the "tortoiseshells" a look of preternatural wisdom.

The Penguin Club.

WILLIAM FORSYTH tells me the Penguin Club is not defunct, but has been "resting" owing to the situation created by the absence of some of its chief members. Sir Ernest Shackleton, with Frank Wild, George Marston and Captain McIntosh, has been away for over 18 months. V. Steffanson is exploring in the Arctic, and James Murray and Dr. Mackay, who started out with him, have not been heard of for nearly two years, but it will surprise no one who knows them if they turn up at any moment, both being experienced explorers and men of resource.

At The Front.

DONALD GILL has long been at the front, and his old chum, Captain Goodwin, has left for active service. Henry Yates is with the Royal Flying Corps, and has won the Military Cross. Captain Jack Francis was killed by a sniper last summer. Any meeting held now would be very quiet indeed compared with the ever-to-be-remembered ones which took place two years ago. But John Wilson, Frank Hobbs, Guy Drew, Broadfoot Carter, and William Forsyth have forgotten a few times so as not to feel that the club has lapsed.

Pachmann.

TOM TITT has been to see Pachmann (as you see here); also he has been to hear him. Listen to this: "After Mazurka I was among the first in the rush made by Pachmann's enthusiasts—fortunately, because with my nose glued to the platform I could conceal my tears as they came when Pachmann played two waltzes by Chopin—but when he started the "Marche Funebre," by our beloved national composer, Poland's fate and her



glorious past came to my eyes—and I listened breathlessly to these immortal strains played immortally. I was alone unconscious of the immense crowd that surged behind me in great silence—like silence before the storm. And the storm came of thundering souls clapping for more priceless interpretations of Pachmann. People forgot that 5 o'clock was long gone—forgot their tea—an unusual thing." A nasty dig at England, that.

Dukes.

THE Grand Duke Michael was at the Alhambra the other night, laughing away in the stalls at Robey and Lester, and smoking cigarettes innumerable. Another Duke was there, too, less "Grand," but still, a Duke—his Grace of Manchester. "Kim's" long, brushed-back hair is quite grey now, and he still seems to be far from well.

Musical Merit.

"MUSIC that reminds one of Offenbach," runs an advertisement of "Half-past Eight," the new revue at the Comedy. Poor Paul Rubens! He is probably murmuring "save me from my friends" by this time. The majority of composers of light music exist by taking in each other's washing, as it were. But this is the first time I've seen it admitted in print by a management. And claimed as a merit, too!

The New Army.

HE WAS A Tommy—not an O.T.C. man but a plain Tommy—and was doing himself most uncommonly well in one of those places where long-haired men used to foregather. He finished up with coffee and liqueur and a Turkish cigarette taken from a gold case, lit from a patent gold match-box, and smoked out of an amber and gold holder. Shades of Kipling's "Soldiers Three"!

A Grievance—And The Ground.

I GOT A FAIR statement and explanation yesterday of the fact that so many men back from the front speak of the French country people as hard in their dealings. It is the usual story. When T. A. first went over, he got everything free, and nothing was thought too good for him. Then one or two of a certain type of man started abusing the kindness. The French farmer is a thrifty soul, and couldn't see any fun in it at all. So he started charging for his supplies, and I don't blame him, even though he does overdo it somewhat nowadays.

Parson's War Drama Of Hun "Kultur."



A German officer gloating over his English victim at Louvain—a scene from a remarkable play, "The Wages of Hell," written by the Rev. A. J. Waldron, formerly vicar of Brixton, and to be produced to-night at the Camberwell Empire.



A photograph that leads to the death of the Hun villain—another striking scene from a dramatic story of German "Kultur" in Belgium.

WHERE IT IS NOT BAD TASTE TO DRESS SMARTLY.



There are no posters in Atlantic City to warn people that to dress smartly in war-time is bad taste. Here are some of the belles.

CAT'S WAR TRAVELS



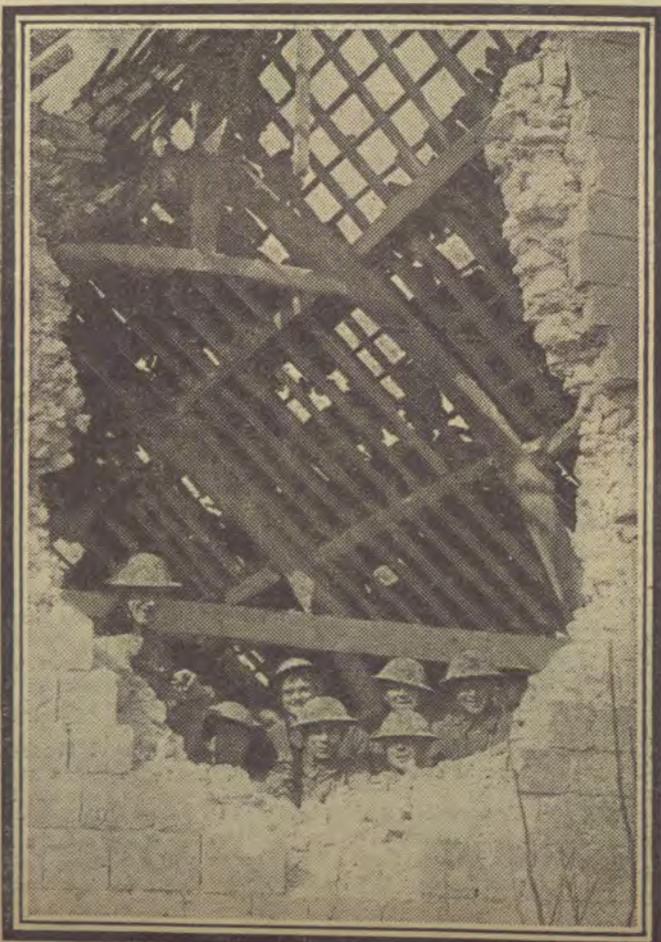
This cat has travelled 5,000 miles on her master's pack. She has been to Greece, Salonika, Lemnos, Gallipoli, and Alexandra. She is now in Port Said.

DUBLIN'S WAR POST.



The pillar-box suffered in the rebellion, so now the Dublin postman stands waiting with a bag.

NOT A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.



A merry party of steel-helmeted Tommies peer through a shell hole in the wall of a house.

FROM MESOPOTAMIA



It was in a listening post at Ypres that this portrait was found.



"From Jessie, Bessie, and picked up in"



"Mother." A Harringay man came on this portrait "somewhere in Egypt."



Baby is from a photo in Mesopotamia



Sent home from France by one of the Inniskillings.



"May." This portrait was left in a dug-out in France.

An artillery driver a communicat

GAVE THE U-BOATS



Capt. Millar (inset) and the officers of the Clan X submarines which attacked them in the Bay of Biscay. The gunners are seen in the background.

MA AND YPRES.



"Queenie." It was found in the wallet of a Canadian soldier.

This picture was found in the wallet of a Canadian soldier.



After the Fusiliers' charge at St. Eloi this portrait was found.

ograph picked up in Romania



"Beattie." Found just behind our front line in France.



ked this up in trench. Left in a ruined house near Ypres.

NASTY SURPRISE.



adyen, who successfully beat off two German... They believed one of the U-boats was in front.—(Daily Sketch.)

THE RETURN OF THE RAIDERS WITH THEIR SPOILS.



These cheery faces of the lads who are winning the war ought to make the croakers at home hide their heads in shame. The photograph was taken after the group had made a successful raid on the Huns' trenches.—(Official Photograph.)

KIDDIES AT THE COOKER.



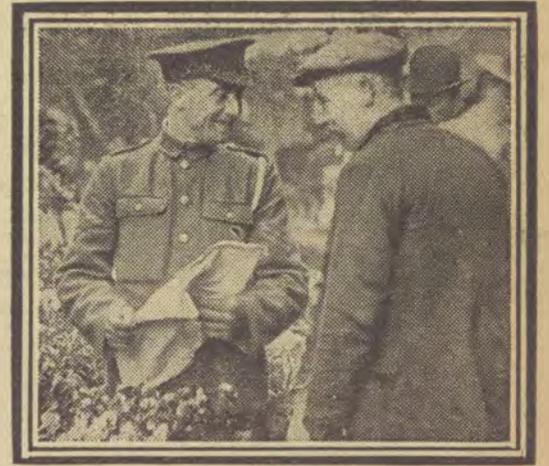
Children practising for the cooking demonstration they will give at the Hygienic Exhibition, which opens in London to-day.

A HUN LOVE TRAGEDY.



Clair Haecker, a Berlin opera singer, who attempted suicide with her lover, Count von Schlieffer.

WORKING ON HIS HOLIDAY.



Corpl. F. Irons, A.S.C., home on leave, helps to sell flowers at his wife's stall in Farringdon Market.

WATCHING ENEMY AIRCRAFT.

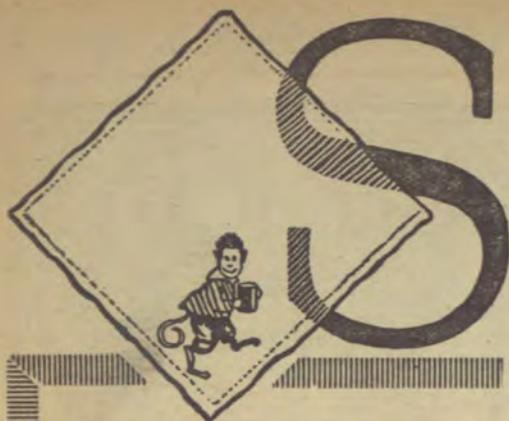


General Sarraill and General Mahon watching the effect of the Allies' fire on enemy aircraft at Salonika. Our men there have bagged a Zepp.

FRENCH CHIVALRY TO THEIR HUN CAPTIVES.



German prisoners gratefully accepting wine offered to them by the French immediately after capture. A timely lesson this in the chivalry of war which the Huns should remember.



SELFRIDGE'S

OWING to the greatly increased demand for Ladies' and Children's Corsets, this Department is now removed to new and more spacious Salons on the First Floor. Call and see the New Models.

SOME of the Reasons for the ever-growing throngs at SELFRIDGE'S:

The great departments (216 in number) are the completest in range and variety in England. The price on every article is—quality considered—always the lowest. The accessibility of Selfridge's from everywhere is well recognised. The courtesy is famous wherever the business is referred to. The Spirit of Accommodation permeates the entire establishment.

The popularity of the House as a great "Buying Headquarters" is enormous. The Confidence of the entire Public in every statement is absolute. The brightness of good cheer fills every floor of the building. Merchandise is returnable if not entirely satisfactory. Every novelty, as quickly as it is produced, is displayed here. The House strives to make every casual visitor or customer a friend, a permanent, regular patron, and considers no transaction as finished which does not carry with it absolute satisfaction to the customer.

SALE of HANDKERCHIEFS



No. 1. 6 for 3/9

Enormous selection of Ladies' All-linen hemstitched HANDKERCHIEFS, 12-in. square, with 1-in. hems. Sale prices, a dozen, 4/6, 10/6, 8/6, 6/6 and

Ladies' Sheer Linen HANDKERCHIEFS, with narrow Armenian Lace Edgings, dainty and charming. Sale price, Six for 4/3

No. 1. Delightful HANDKERCHIEFS trimmed with Princess lace. Sale price, 6 for 3/9

150 dozen Children's Lawn coloured bordered HANDKERCHIEFS, assorted designs. Very useful for school wear. Sale price, Six for 1/6

51 dozen Men's Very Fine All-linen HANDKERCHIEFS with 2-in. hems. Beautiful quality for best wear. 9/9 Sale price, half-dozen

25 dozen Finest Sheer Lawn HANDKERCHIEFS for men. Very light and soft. Suitable for evening wear. Sale price, half dozen 11/3

350 dozen Fine Hemstitched All-linen HANDKERCHIEFS with a beautifully executed monogram or two letter combination. Sale price, half dozen 7/3

No. 2. A Beautiful Initial HANDKERCHIEF for men, in fine all-linen. Every initial in stock. 9/9 Sale price, Six for 9/9



No. 2. 6 for 9/9



No. 3. 18/11

Blouse Robe Display.

No. 3. TENNIS FROCK, in plain zephyr, has low collar of muslin, set-in sleeves, and smart deep cuffs. Very full skirt has neat patch pockets, finished at waist with gauging. In Grey, Sky, Pink, Navy, Helio or Saxe. Price 18/11

Charming BLOUSE ROBE, of figured voile in Black and White or Navy and White. Has spotted net vest, turn down collar and Magyar sleeves. The front and cuffs are trimmed with merve silk. The full skirt is made in two tiers, bound with merve silk and swathed at waist with same. The robe is lined throughout. Price 42/-



No. 5. 21/11

Business Frock Bargains.

No. 5. Useful Sleeveless FROCK of good quality all-wool coating serge, practical and essentially business-like in every detail. Stocked in 18 sizes. In Black or Navy. Special price 21/11

Smart Model Sleeveless FROCK, made of all-wool Botony Coating Serge, cut with hip-yoke and wide pleated skirt, very full, trimmed braid. Stylish and practical for any business wear. Stocked in 18 sizes. Black only. Record value. Price 30/-

Practical DRESS of all-wool coating serge, with a very full skirt and a dainty vest and collar of white silk. It is specially designed for hard business wear. In 34 sizes. In Navy or Black. Special price 31/6

BARGAIN BASEMENT COSTUME DEPT.

Spring Coats.

No. 6. A coat of distinction in fine Gab. cloth, cut on full lines with bands of Black Taffeta on collar, cuffs and skirts of coat. Stocked in Black, Navy and few colourings. Price 94/6

Matrons' Black Alpaca COATS in useful designs, suitable for light summer wear, stocked in small, medium and large sizes. From 45/6 to 25/6

Natural Shantung DUST-COATS in 3/4 and full lengths, well tailored, trimmed Black and self colours. Stocked in all sizes. From 6 1/2 CNS. to 33/6

Taffeta COATS, with ruchings or frills of self, in many good shapes. All sizes. In Black, Navy and few colourings. Great variety. From 7 1/2 CNS. to 52/6



No. 6. 94/6.



No. 4. 70/-

Gowns.

No. 4. Charming Afternoon GOWN in Navy Chiffon Taffeta. The bodice is tastefully arranged with Ninon, and has a high collar and vest of White. The long Ninon sleeves have a deep-pointed silk cuff. The skirt is very full and corded at waist and foot. Stocked in Mauve, Navy, or Black. 70/- Dainty coloured Cotton Voile FROCK, charmingly embroidered in White, with large ball buttons down front. The neck is threaded with Black Moire ribbon. Stocked in Pale Pink, Sky, Mauve, or White. 55/-



No. 8. 6/-

Children's Overalls.

No. 8. Girls' SmartWear "TUB-TUNIC-OVERALL." Made in Check Zephyr, and trimmed plain casement cloth; well cut and finished and excellent fitting. Pockets in belt. In Navy and White, or Scarlet and White. Sizes 25, 27, 30, 33 and 36in. All sizes, each 6/-

Attractive PLAY APRONS for children, fashioned with straps which cross-over and fasten on shoulder. Made of strong White twill and bound plain Blue Zephyr. "Blue Bird" embroidered on pocket in front of apron. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26in. All sizes, each 2/-

Boys' Clothing.

Boys' good quality worsted JERSEYS, made to button on shoulder. In Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Reseda or White. Sizes for ages 3 to 8 years. Many are made with pretty fancy collars and cuffs. Each 3/11

Boys' fine quality Ribbed Wool 3/4-HOSE with pretty fancy turnover tops and seamless feet. In Black, Navy, Tan, White, Saxe, or Heather. All sizes 4 to 10. A pair 1/9

Hosiery Values.

Women's fine plain Lisle Thread HOSE, with double soles. Dependable quality. In Black only. A Pair 1/6

Women's plain Cotton HOSE, with extra reinforced toes and heels. Soft and durable. Exceptional value. In Black only. A Pair 1/-

Women's plain Cashmere HOSE with double soles. Exceptional value. In Black only. A Pair 2/6

Women's plain Cotton HOSE with extra reinforced soles. Soft and durable. In Black only. A Pair 1/6

Women's Fibre HOSE, as bright as silk and most satisfactory in wear. Second quality. Very slightly defective. In Black only. Usually 2/11. NOW, a pair 1/9

Silk Materials.

LINGERIE CREPE. An all Silk Crepe stocked in the leading shades of this season. Double width. A Yard 3/6

FOULARD SILKS. An ideal fabric for Spring and Summer dresses. Fine selection of Navy and White and Black and White designs and spots. Full double width. 4/11 and 3/11

If you cannot call, write for patterns of materials.



No. 7. 8/9

Millinery.

No. 7. Delightful, soft, comfortable HAT, with quartered tammy crown of taffeta. The turned-up brim is lined with straw. In Pink, Navy, Nigger, Black, and Black & White. Price 8/9

Cottons.

Washing SHANTUNGS in a good range of all the leading shades for serviceable and smart summer wear. 40 ins. wide. A Yard 1/2 1/2

CANTON CREPE in 15 of the leading colours, also White, perfect washing and does not require ironing. 40 ins. wide. A Yard 1/3 1/2

REPP SUITING in over 20 shades, for good washing and serviceable frocks and overalls for women's and children's wear. 40 inches wide. A Yard 10 1/2 d.

Girls' Clothing.

PIQUE DRESSES for girls of 5 to 12 years, useful shapes for washing. In White only. Price for all sizes 8/6

Girls' WATERPROOF CAPES in Black with Tartan silk hoods. Stocked in lengths 27 inches, rising 3 inches each size. Price for 27 inches 10/6

(Rising 1/- each size.)

Summer Skirts.

Useful SKIRT in White Drill. This has a large patch pocket at side and wide belt at waist. In all sizes 12/11

SPORTS SKIRT in Navy Cheviot, perfectly cut and finished with two pockets in front, buttoned with bone buttons and hip yoke at sides. Also in Black. 27/6

Excellent TENNIS SKIRT in heavy linen. This has two large fancy pockets in front, finished wide belt at waist. In all sizes 25/11

Dressy SKIRT in finest quality Cream Coating Serge, buttoned in centre front, with flap pockets at sides, a wide patent belt threaded through slots at waist. In all sizes. Price 55/-

Useful SKIRT in White Pique, with flap pockets at sides fastening with bone buttons. In all sizes. Price 17/11

Dress Materials.

SANTOY. A serviceable fabric for Spring and Summer Dresses in Silk and Wool. Suitable for present fashions. 42 ins. wide. A Yard 4/6

SECILIAN, in cream grounds with Black check and stripes. Suitable for Spring Costumes and Coats. Width 54 ins. A Yard 2/11



No. 9 6/11

Lingerie.

No. 9. NIGHTDRESS in pale Pink or Blue Batiste, inlet with narrow veining at waist, neck and sleeves, and finished with dainty edging of 6/11 lace. Price 6/11

PYJAMAS in soft cream wool Taffeta, slightly open at neck and faced with Pink, Blue or Mauve, also down front, pockets and cuffs. Three sizes 12/6

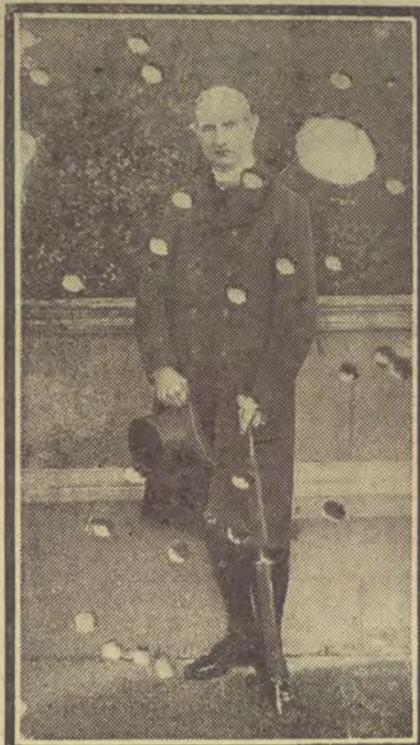
Useful and pretty PETTICOAT, the new wide shape, trimmed with frill of dainty embroidery and inlet insertion to match. Three lengths, 33 in., 36 in., and 38 in. 9/11

IN KHAKI NOW.

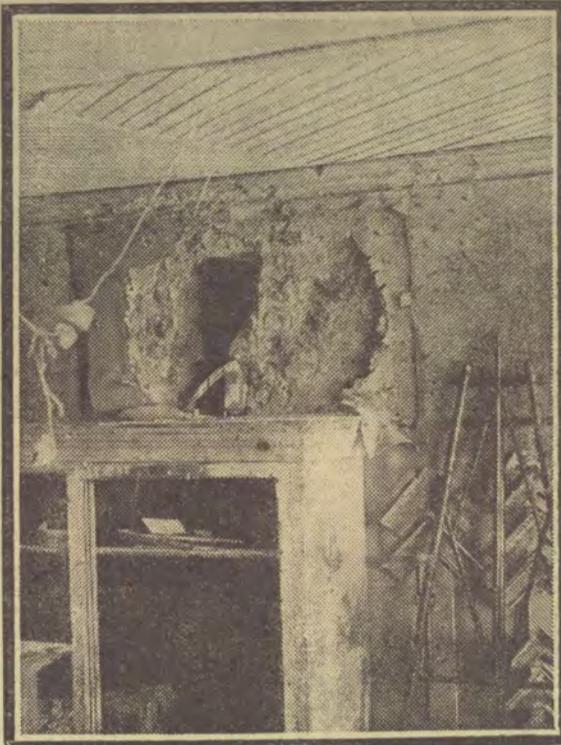


Drum-Major B. Wombwell, 3rd Grenadier Guards, in his state uniform, which cost £120. He is now wearing khaki at the front.

BULLET RIDDLED PICTURE OF A BISHOP.



Rifle fire damaged this picture of a bishop, and a shell struck this wall, in Messrs. Chancellor's shop in Dublin.



WHAT THE SCHOOLGIRL LIKES TO WEAR: A Jumper To Make At Home By Aid Of A Daily Sketch Pattern.

THE jumper style is to be a great favourite for the schoolgirl's summer wardrobe. It is easy to make. The veriest beginner in home dressmaking need not hesitate to try her hand on one if she is first equipped with *Daily Sketch* pattern 1,028.

In this design the skirt and bodice parts are cut separately and connected by an inch-wide band which, when the jumper is worn, is covered by a patent leather belt. The belt is supported by the pocket ends, which are buttoned over it. Full instructions for making up are given

with the pattern, and also a diagram showing the most economical way to place the six pieces of the pattern on 40in. material. Most of the best-wearing washing fabrics are 40in. wide.

How To Get Patterns.
Patterns may be obtained only from the Pattern Department, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., price 6d., or 7d. post free. The size is suitable for a girl of sixteen years. Applicants should ask for Pattern 1,028. Three and three-quarter yards of 40in. material will be required.

No more Facial Eczema

Accept Antexema Free Trial Offer End your skin trouble once for all

Are you suffering from eczema, either on your face, neck, or behind your ears? If so, there is only one thing in the world you want to know—how to get rid of your trouble so completely that it will never again return. To do this you must use Antexema. In tens of thousands of cases Antexema has cured after all other treatments, doctors, and hospitals had absolutely failed. To convince you of the extraordinary value of Antexema as a skin remedy we offer a Free Trial Bottle, knowing that, having once used it, you will recognise it as one of the greatest discoveries of medical science. It works wonders in skin illness and soon ends them once for all.

Angry-looking pimples, blotches, blackheads, bad legs, bad hands, chapped, cracked, or chafed skin, eczema, either dry, weeping, or scaly, baby rashes, skin irritation, slow-healing sores and all other skin ailments, whether slight or severe, are completely and permanently cured by this miraculous British skin-remedy.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows' at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.—Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also free Trial of Antexema, and Antexema Granules.

NAME

ADDRESS

Daily Sketch, 8/5/16.



Bournville

COCOA
MADE BY CADBURY.

OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE



Daily Sketch Pattern 1,028—a girl's jumper.

Guard Your Complexion.

Protect it from the changeable weather by regularly applying Beetham's La-rola to the face and hands before venturing out. La-rola acts immediately on the sensitive skin tissues and makes the complexion immune from the injurious effects of exposure.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

quickly removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, etc. It is neither greasy nor sticky, and is the most efficient preparation for keeping the hands white and attractive.

In bottles, 1/1½, of all Chemists and Stores

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

Pale Complexions may be greatly improved by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. IT GIVES THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/.

THEATRES.

A POLLO—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Fris., and Sats., 8.15.

COMEDY—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. Nightly, 8.30. Mat. Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," twice daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. LAST WEEK. No Mat. to-morrow. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Ger. 2588.

GLOBE—Every Evening at 8.30. "THE SHOW SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP." NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER. "Times." Matinee To-day, Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.—Daily, 2.15 and 7.45. Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "THE PEARL GIRL," and Harry M. Vernon's "JINGLE BELLS." Both attractions at all performances. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Sats. 1s. to 7s. 6d.) Holborn 6840.

VARIETIES

ALHAMBRA—"THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." George Grossmith and Edward Langford's new Revue. GEORGE ROBEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORRAINE, etc. Evgs. 8.30. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.15.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mile, ADELINE GENEVE and Co. in "A PRETTY PRENTICE." CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Jack Hulbert. CLARICE MAYNE, MARK SHERIDAN, FRASER GANGE, SAM STERN, etc. Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, London—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, Charles Berkeley, and Super Beauty Chorus.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY. TWICE DAILY. 2.15 and 7.45 p.m. Both Robert Courtneidge's Co. in the Successful Musical Comedy, "THE PEARL GIRL." Per- Harry M. Vernon's Musical Burlesque, formances. "JINGLE BELLS." Box Office, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Saturdays and Holidays 1s. to 7s. 6d.) Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines).

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8. 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PALACE—"BRICA-BRAC," at 8.35. VARIETIES at 8. MAT. WED. and SAT., at 2.

PALLADIUM—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Chas. Gulliver presents Albert de Courville's production, "FUN AND BEAUTY," featuring JOHN HUMPHREYS, IDA CRISPI, Elsie Spain, George Mantou, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by WHIT CUNLIFFE, Hanlon-Charles Quartette.

PHILHARMONIC HALL, Great Portland-street, W. (Near Oxford-circus). Daily at 2.30 and 8.15, commencing May 10. PAVLOVA in the film version of "The Dumb Girl of Portici." Opening day proceeds to be given to "Lady Page's Blinded Soldiers' Fund," which is under the patronage of the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, King and Queen of Belgium, and President Poincaré. Special matinee prices 5s., 10s. 6d., and 2s. only. Evening and following days usual Philharmonic prices, 1s. to 5s. Special Orchestra of twenty. Mayfair 3003.

BEAUTY THAT INSPIRES.

The kind of beauty that inspires admiration is a clear and healthy-looking skin, and the way to obtain it is the OATINE way. Oatine is delicately scented and pleasant to use, and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Get a jar to-day.

In white jars, 1/1 and 2/3. Ask for—

Oatine FACE CREAM

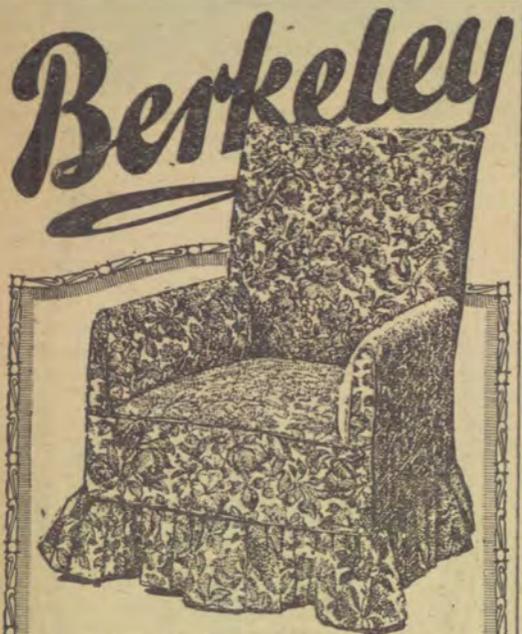
GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

"CROWN PRINCE TO GO."

To Be Given A Rest Or Another Command.

The Rome *Agenzia Libera* asserts that the German General Staff has decided, with the consent of the Kaiser, to remove the Crown Prince from his command on the Verdun front and give him another command, or a long rest.

The dispatch adds, that great discouragement prevails amongst the German troops engaged in the Verdun operations.—Central News, from Rome.



Berkeley

LOOSE COVER MODEL
Specially designed for Bedrooms and the Drawing Room. Dainty in appearance, yet strongly constructed upon a sound Birchwood frame. The sides and back are gently curved, giving extreme comfort, and the seat is sprung with best steel-coppered springs. Upholstered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Loose Cover in Cretonne of your own selection.

This Loose Cover easily slips on or off the chair for washing, and the chair can still be used without the cover. As a supreme guarantee every Berkeley

IS SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE

On receipt of 3/6 with order we send the Chair, complete with Loose Cover, without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at our expense, and we will refund your money in full.

35/- COMPLETE WITH LOOSE COVER. 3/6 with order and balance 5/- monthly.

Send a postcard to-day for patterns of Cretonnes and full particulars. You will be delighted with the range of designs and colourings.

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Manufacturing Upholsterers,
Dept. V, 70-78, Old Kent Road, London.
Our West-End Showrooms, 133, Victoria St., Westminster, are stocked with a magnificent selection of Berkeley Upholstery. Make a visit to-day!

HOW ZEPP CREW WAS TAKEN.

Search Through Marsh Land By French Cavalry.

From G. Ward Price.

SALONIKA, Friday.
If you can imagine the wreck of a gigantic winter garden lying in the heart of a desolate swamp of reeds, water and mud, you will have some idea of what the Zeppelin looks like which sailed so proudly over Salonika in the small hours of this morning.

The framework has been stripped bare by flames from her own petrol tanks, and a tangled mass of aluminium girders looks like the ruins of an East Coast pier pavilion hit by Zeppelin bombs.

Only just in time did the crew fling over their stock of bombs, which they had not yet begun to use. You can see the holes made by the explosions where they fell, the last being within a few hundred yards of where the airship grounded.

Though she stranded with sufficient force to crumple up the frail framework the crew were able to save themselves from being caught in the splintering cabin by dropping out at the last moment. They must have opened the petrol tanks and set the whole wreck on fire.

When day came they waded out on to drier ground inland, where they were not long before four officers and eight men fell prisoners to a patrol of French cavalry who were searching for them.

The commander was already a Zeppelin pilot before the war. He says he has taken part in raids on the English coast, and also commanded the Zeppelin which was destroyed at the station at Vilna.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.
LONDON COMBINATION.—West Ham United 2, Watford 0; Brentford 6, Crystal Palace 3.
CHARITY MATCHES.—Newcastle United 1, Sunderland 1; Birmingham 6, Leicester Fosse 3; Sheffield United 3, Sheffield Wednesday 0; Blackburn Rovers 9, Burnley 3; Notts County 2, Nottingham Forest 1; Manchester City 2, Manchester United 2; Grimsby Town 4, Army and Navy XI 1; English Players 4, Scottish Players 4; Arsenal 2, Rest London Combination 2; Bristol City 6, Bristol Univ. O.F.C. 3; Millwall 5, Scots Guards 1; Bristol Rovers 3, A.S.C. Remounts 0; Chelsea 2, Fulham 0; Clapton Orient 3, Tottenham Hotspur 2; Everton 3, Liverpool 1; Southampton 5, Royal Flying Corps 2; Chesterfield Town 3, Rotherham County 1.
GLASGOW CHARITY CUP: SEMI-FINALS.—Celtic 3, Glasgow Rangers 0; Partick Thistle 4, Queen's Park 0.
RUGBY UNION.—South Wales 12, South Africans 3.

Falkner is leading Gray by 6,328 to 4,854, and at snooker by 21 wins to 14.
The Garratt Walking Club's 11¼ miles handicap for the "Garratt" Cup, decided on Saturday, was won by E. C. Horton.
In a 15-rounds contest at the Ring on Saturday night, Harry Wood, Newcastle, beat Llew Evans, Darlington, on points.
Tom Noble, Bermondsey, knocked out Kid Davis, Newmarket, in the last round but one of a 15-rounds contest at the Theatre Royal, Woolwich, on Saturday.
George Clark and Bill Eynon come together at the National Sporting Club to-night, and at the Blackfriars Ring Rifleman Dal Roberts will meet Johnny Moran in the afternoon, and Sergt. Tommy Mack will oppose P.O. Jack Jones at night.
North of England athletes were very successful in the Royal Garrison Artillery sports, on the Rectory Field, at Blackheath, on Saturday. Gunner S. Rider, 145th Battery, a runner from the Manchester district, won the half-mile race in 2mins. 19.3-secs.
Winners at the Royal Garrison Artillery Sports at Blackheath were: 100 yards, Wheeler Walton, 151st Battery; half-mile, Gunner Rider, 145th Battery; 220 yards, Gunner Baughan, 155th Battery; mile, Driver Hughes, 156th Battery; 100 yards officers', Sec.-Lieut. Haslip; inter-Battery tug-of-war, 136th Battery; high jump, Gunner Munby; inter-Battery relay race, 151st Battery; Battery championship, 151st Battery.
Officers of the Royal Engineers ran prominently in short distance events at London Territorial sports, Captain A. Moncrieff winning the quarter-mile in 59.1-secs., and Lieut. Walker the half-mile in 2mins. 22-secs. Rifleman Hickey, London Irish, won the mile in 5mins. 14.4-secs., a mile relay race was won by the Army Service Corps, a marching order "Marathon" by the First Surrey Rifles, a cross-country race by the Royal Engineers, with Pte. Callard, R.A.M.C., first man home.

AMERICAN COTTON (close): New York firm, 22 to 27; and New Orleans, 22 to 23 points up.

THE IRISH RISING.

Continued from Page 3, Col. 2.

stations, and the kidnapping of five unhappy constables as prisoners of war, the rebel army appears to have led a rather aimless and indolent existence.

"GERMAN ARMY IN KERRY!"

Illusory Information Upon Which The Insurgents Relied.

Some light on the outside aid upon which the Irish insurgents relied may be thrown by the "information" which the Dublin rebels tendered to County Court Judge Johnston during the occupation of his house.

They stated that Ireland was completely surrounded by German submarines, that no military could get into Ireland, that the French had ceased to fight and were negotiating a separate peace, and that a German army had landed in Kerry.

TRAGEDY OF A HOUSE DIVIDED.

Husband And Brother Of Well-known Suffragist In Opposing Ranks.

The report of the shooting of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington on St. Stephen's Green (telegraphs the *Daily Sketch* special correspondent) is confirmed. The brother of Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington is one of the soldiers who helped to suppress the rising. He is a son of Mr. David Sheehy, Nationalist M.P. for South Meath.

MORE ARRESTS IN DUBLIN.

Count Plunkett And City Councillors In Detention.

"This city is not easily startled now," says the Exchange Dub'in correspondent, telegraphing on Saturday, "but a mild sensation was created by the news to-day of the arrest of Count Plunkett and his wife, parents of Joseph Plunkett, who was shot by sentence of court-martial on Thursday.

"The principal members of the Sinn Fein section—a small one—of the Dublin Corporation are now in custody. William Cosgrave, who was sentenced on Thursday to penal servitude for life, was chairman of the principal committee of the corporation, the estates and finance.

"Alderman Thomas Kelly is under arrest, and so is ex-Alderman Cole, as well as four or five councillors who had made themselves conspicuous in the Sinn Fein propaganda."

WOMAN WHO LED REBELLION.

Three Sons Of Count Plunkett Involved In The Rising.

The Countess Markievicz, born Constance Gore-Booth, has been one of the leading figures of the rebellion.

Her house at Leinster-road, Rathmines, Dublin, was raided by detectives in January, three months before the outbreak, and a printing-press and other articles were seized.

Although it was alleged at the time that the printing-press was being used to produce pro-German literature, the Countess was still at liberty when the rebellion began, and surrendered theatrically when the General Post Office was stormed by the soldiers.

Incidents in her career include:—
Striking debutante at 18, and popular figure in Dublin society for several seasons.
Art student and Bohemian in Paris.
Married Count Markievicz, a Polish artist, now fighting for Russia, 1900.
Leader of Barmaids' Political Defence League.
Assistant of James Larkin and organiser of relief in Dublin Labour troubles, 1913.
Member of "advanced" movement in Dublin.
Horsewoman, artist, and political agitator.

NEW UNDER-SECRETARY.

It is now officially announced that Sir Robert Chalmers has been appointed to succeed Sir Matthew Nathan as under-secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Sir Robert Chalmers is best known as a former Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. From 1903-7 he was Assistant Secretary to the department, and for four years following was chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. In 1911 he returned to the Treasury as Permanent Secretary and Auditor of the Civil List. Two years later Sir Robert was appointed Governor of Ceylon. A few months ago he relinquished this appointment in order to return to this country to assist the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a special capacity.

DUBLIN'S ARMOURD CARS.

The armoured motor lorry, of which a photograph appeared in the *Daily Sketch* last week, was built, with others, at the Great Southern and Western Railway works at Inchicore, under the supervision of Mr. E. A. Watson, the locomotive carriage and wagon superintendent.
Five of these invaluable cars were constructed from locomotive fire-boxes in an average time of eight hours.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindley (77th cont.), 5s.; Miss Miller, Beardsley (67th cont.), 2s.; M. M. Stott, Notting Hill, 1s.; Mrs. Golding, West Ham, 2s.; J. W. Simpson and W. H. Roberts, Chesterfield, 2s.; C. T. Grinfield, Weston-super-Mare, 1s.

Bartholomew's war map of Asia Minor, Egypt, Mesopotamia and the Middle East, just published at 2s., and 2s. 6d. with contour colouring, sustains the high reputation of this firm's maps for accuracy and clearness.

THE MARKS OF AGE

Quickly Disappear When You Make Use of This Simple Home Recipe For Darkening Grey Hair.

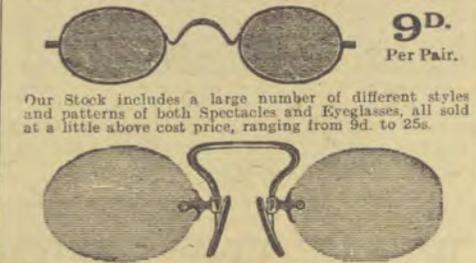
Grey hair is such a decided handicap to social and business advancement that no man or woman should hesitate to obliterate the tell-tale marks of age by using this simple home recipe, which can be made up at your home with little trouble and expense.

To a half-pint of water add:
Bay Rum 1 oz.
Orlex Compound 1 small box.

One application daily will soon darken the grey or faded hair to the most attractive brown shade, and then an application every two weeks will be sufficient. This is also an excellent preparation for falling hair, dandruff, itching scalp, and other hair troubles. Any chemist can supply the ingredients.—Advt.

CAN YOU SEE PERFECTLY?

When Spectacles or Eyeglasses are necessary we enable everybody to obtain them at manufacturer's prices. At the remarkably low cost of 9d. each we can supply either Spectacles or Eyeglasses which are well made, and will suit your sight perfectly.



RIMLESS 10-CT. ROLLED 3/6 Per GOLD SPRINGS & FITTINGS 3/6 Pair

You can test your eyesight by a specially-prepared chart in your home, and have the glasses forwarded by post. Could anything be more simple?

Write for **TEST CHART and CATALOGUE** enclosing 1d. stamp for postage to Dept. E, **THE NATIONAL SPECTACLE CO.,** Manufacturing Opticians, 46, Frederick Street, Birmingham.

USING UP VITALITY.

The struggle for existence uses up vitality at a greater rate than any other thing. In the long effort to make both ends meet we shorten life surely, though imperceptibly.

Especially in middle age, at forty or thereabouts, do we become impressed with the necessity of having something in hand against bad times, and with that feeling in time comes worry, nervous breakdown, neurasthenia. The entire system feels the result of the nervous strain, and then shows signals of distress.

The digestion resents things that it accepted before, the heart palpitates on slight exertion, the muscles of the back ache after a day's work. Your blood is thinner and not so bright a red: you lose strength.

When these things occur, whether you are fourteen or forty, you need a tonic. Dr. Williams' pink pills suit the needs of most people because they are non-alcoholic, and they really build up the blood and strengthen the nerves. They are useful for growing children and for men and women whose nervous energy has been overtaxed.

Start a course to-day, and ask the dealer for Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, so as to avoid substitutes.

FREE.—You can obtain a useful Health Guide, free, by sending a postcard request for a copy to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London; write now.—Advt.

URIC ACID SOLVENT.

2/3 BOX FREE.

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, and aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins, do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well and vigorous, with no more pain from stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic suffering, aching back or kidney disease.

For any form of bladder trouble or weakness, its action is really wonderful. Those sufferers who are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment gives.

To prove the Delano Treatment conquers rheumatism, kidney and bladder diseases, and all uric acid troubles, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never used it, we will give one 2s. 3d. box free, if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address, with 6d. to help pay distribution expenses, to the Delano Co. (Dept. 2 E), 8, Bouverie-street, London, E.C. Send at once, and you will receive by parcel post a regular 2s. 3d. box, without charge and without incurring any obligation. One box only to an address.



To dread your tyres is as needless as it is unwise.

Fit

DUNLOP

Warwick or Cambridge cycle tyres and you'll ride with a mind at ease, secure in the knowledge that as far as your tyres are concerned no fault in workmanship and no flaw in material is going to interfere with your journey.

"A price to suit every pocket and the best tyre at the price."



RIDE A B.S.A. BICYCLE

Catalogue of 1916 B.S.A. Bicycles post free on request.

THE B.S.A. Co. Ltd., 9, Small Heath, Birmingham

Begin To-day The Breeziest Story Of The Year.



Specially
Written
By
Ladbroke
Black.



THE OPENING CHAPTER.

Hester Cervaise, a pretty, impulsive girl, revelling in the healthy open-air life she leads at Heaton Chevrel, the old-world village where she has been born and reared, is engaged to be married to

Gordon Kemp, a clever, prosperous, self-satisfied business man. The two have a lovers' tiff, and afterwards Hester takes her mare, Ruby, for a lonely gallop across the downs. Hester is thrown from her saddle, her foot catches in the stirrup, and she might have been killed but for the timely intervention of

Jim Stratton, an Australian soldier, who appears suddenly from behind a furze-bush, and gallantly stops the frightened animal. To Hester, who has been used to all the conventions and refinements of English life, the sunburnt Anzac, with his huge stature, his blunt speech and masterful ways is a new type. She is grateful to him for stopping the mare, and likes to see the look of admiration in his eyes as he towers above her. But when he tells her that her habit of riding without a curb is sheer baby nonsense, and makes her promise to walk the rest of the way home, Hester, feeling that he is treating her as he might have treated a foolish child, grows angry, breaks her promise, and, mounting the mare, gallops recklessly away.

Nevertheless, she cannot help contrasting the Anzac with Gordon Kemp and wishing Gordon were a little more masculine and not so smug and self-content.

Later in the evening she meets Gordon in the village, and again she finds herself comparing his polished speech and tactful ways with the manly directness of the Anzac. Gordon begins to speak of their forthcoming marriage, and begs her to fix an early date. And Hester, who has always looked forward to her marriage with Gordon, is just about to utter her consent to his wishes when, glancing across the road, she sees Jim Stratton, looking at her with a gaze that holds her own. The Anzac's eyes seem to convey some message to her—some command—and suddenly, scarcely knowing what she is about to do, she turns again to Gordon.

"Gordon," she stammers, half-incoherently, "I—I couldn't marry in such a hurry. Oh, I couldn't—yet! I must have more time!"

And the colour flares up into her cheeks.

Gordon's Way.

"I must have more time, Gordon—I must have more time."

She repeated the words half wildly, and then as she uttered them a sense of shame swept over her... why on earth was she so disturbed, she wondered...? She wished that rude, savage boor on the other side of the road a thousand miles away. She hated him... And yet her nervous clamouring for more time in reply to her lover's proposal that they should be married almost immediately was in some way connected with the Anzac—how she could not think.

"Dearest, I'm afraid I've frightened you."

Gordon Kemp was speaking in his quiet, grave voice.

"Of course you mustn't be hurried, dearest... I only thought it would be nicer for both of us. When I go to live in town I shan't be able to see you from one week-end to the other... And frankly, Hester, I can't bear the thought of such a separation. That's why I made the suggestion."

The tone of his voice steadied her. She stole a glance at him; his pale face was set in an expression of resolute purposefulness. She knew what that meant.

Gordon never made a proposal without counting the cost, but when he had made a proposal he clung to it. He might seem to acquiesce in some different course of action; he might appear to bend quietly before circumstances that were too strong for him, but always he had his way.

A hundred times since their engagement their wills had come in conflict, and always his had triumphed. Subtly, quietly, with a single eye on the object he had in view, yielding in all superfluous and secondary matters, he had managed her. To all the relations of life he brought his highly developed business training. She knew exactly what course he would follow. He would appear to yield; he would hardly mention the subject again, and then abruptly she would find herself pledged to the very step about which she was expressing such hesitation.

"And that reminds me, dearest, we've both got to go to Lomas's to dinner. We shall only just

THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC.

have time to manage it. I'll call for you in the car at half-past seven."

He walked back with her to the gates of Heaton Chevrel Manor, where she lived, and then, without any further reference to the proposal he had sprung upon her, kissed her and made his way towards his own house—the big, red brick, glaringly modern residence that stood on the outskirts of the village, like a twentieth-century outpost looking down on the huddled collection of Georgian red-brick houses that constituted Heaton Chevrel.

Comparisons.

Hester led her horse to the stable yard, and gave her into the charge of the old groom.

"Ruby's been a very bad girl to-day, Thomas," she said. "She threw me on the downs... luckily somebody stopped her."

She sketched lightly the incidents of the accident, while the groom's wizened old face was a picture of concern.

"I always told the master she wasn't fit to ride, miss—not by yourself, that is."

"I think she'd be all right if I didn't ride her on the curb, Thomas. Next time I go out I'll do without the curb."

She turned away quickly as she spoke. Unconsciously she had voiced the opinion of the man on the hills... "Sheer baby nonsense"—that's what he had said it was to ride Ruby on a curb... With a sense of indignation and irritation that somehow this man had imposed his will upon her, she set about making her toilet.

Punctually at the stroke of half-past seven Gordon Kemp's car drew up in front of the house. She met him in the hall, as she came down the stairs, a creature of radiant beauty in her graceful dinner-frock. Gordon's somewhat stern face lit up with warmth as he watched her approaching.

"Dearest!" he whispered. "How lovely you are to-night."

As her face glowed with his praise, he added some words which jarred somehow.

"I like you best like this, Hester—better than in your riding habit. You look a queen among women now—my queen."

There floated up before her mind a vision of the downs—the free sun-kissed spread of turf, and that huge man standing there who seemed to be a part of nature and the hills...

And Gordon was praising her for looking beautiful in her dinner frock... She thought of the undisguised admiration in the Australian's eyes as he had looked at her in her old faded habit... Half irritably she found herself wishing Gordon had not said he preferred her in the trappings of civilisation.

"I like my old habit," she said, almost irritably. "I've had some jolly times in it."

She checked herself, feeling that she was being absurd, and putting her little hand upon his arm let him lead her to the car. Five minutes brought them to the Elms, the old house at the other end of the village where the Lomas's lived. A golden-haired fluffly little girl of nineteen ran to meet her in the hall.

"Something Exciting."

"Oh, Hester, I'm so glad to see you!" Effie Lomas exclaimed, taking her hands and kissing her. "Come upstairs to my room and take your things off. I've got something awfully exciting to tell you."

Giggling and chattering, Effie led the way upstairs. When they arrived in her bedroom she closed the door and relapsed into an air of mystery.

"You've heard, of course, Hester, haven't you?"

"Heard what?" Hester replied, puzzled.

Effie's rather foolish face was radiant with excitement.

"You haven't heard then—about father doing his bit?"

For a moment Hester had a vision of Mr. Lomas in khaki—and then the absurdity of it dawned upon her. Mr. Lomas was a solicitor, very fat and pompous, and not by any conceivable effort of imagination could she picture him in khaki.

"You can't mean he has joined the Army!" she laughed.

Effie laughed and shook her head.

"Oh, of course not!" she replied. "How could you be so absurd? I meant by doing his bit—well, doing what he could. He's taken in a wounded soldier."

She waited to let this announcement sink in.

"You mean an officer?" Hester questioned.

Effie shook her head, all smiles.

"No—just an ordinary soldier—a Tommy, Hester."

She had her reward in the look of mild surprise that spread over Hester's face. And then she found herself no longer capable of keeping back the secret with which she was almost exploding.

"He's an Anzac, Hester... Oh, my dear, you never saw such a man... I call him my savage."

Father says he's a piece of Primordial granite—whatever that means... Such a man, Hester."

She broke into a little series of giggles.

"His way of going on, my dear! It's the funniest thing you ever saw. He doesn't seem to mind a bit what he says or does. Father says it's colonial, and that really he's quite a wealthy man

—a big farmer, I believe, with heaps of sheep and things, and just thousands of acres of his own... Probably almost as big as the whole of this county."

As Hester made no answer she went on.

"He's really awfully nice, Hester—not at all like any of the men you meet here... We've got on splendidly since the first time we met... He doesn't mind a bit my calling him my savage; he says it's the finest compliment he's ever been paid."

A Girl's Heart.

She crossed the room and seated herself on the bed, clasping her hand over one knee, her face radiant with excitement.

"What if I were to go out to Australia, Hester? Can you fancy me riding round the stock-yard and the bush, and lassoing kangaroos, or whatever they do?"

Hester had turned to the looking-glass and was rearranging her hair.

"I should think it would be a most delightful life, Effie," she answered in her usual calm tone.

Effie went on talking. She was full of her "savage"—of his size—of the odd, unconventional things he said—of how clearly he admired her—and all the while a kind of dull anger was smouldering in Hester's heart.

It might not be the same man, as the man she met on the hills—but somehow she felt it must be... And why was she angry because Effie was building these dream castles about their life together out in Australia?

She wanted to ask Effie his name—but somehow she shrank from doing that... She didn't want to hear that his name was Jim Stratton—and yet...

"Mr. Kemp was telling father that he is going to leave Heaton Chevrel and intends to live in town. I suppose that means you will be married sooner than you expected, Hester?"

Hester had no idea how the conversation had reached that point. Her brain was swimming with a throng of unreasonable, inexplicable emotions... Effie married to that man on the hills... It was absurd. It would be like the mating of some toy terrier with a wolf from the primeval wilds.

"Yes, Gordon has to be more in town on account of his business," she answered vaguely. "He

talks of shutting up his house here... Nothing is fixed yet, Effie."

Effie jumped from the bed. She was one of those girls incapable of any mental or physical action except with a hop, skip and jump. All her movements were unexpected and in jerks, and her conversation inconsecutive.

"I'm simply dying to introduce you to our soldier, Hester. Come along down stairs, dear... You mustn't be surprised to find him very rough, but he is really such a dear."

Hester allowed herself to laugh coldly.

"I must say that from your description, Effie, he doesn't sound very attractive."

Her friend giggled, and, taking Hester's arm, led her out of the room.

The Anzac Again.

All the way down the stairs Hester was consumed with a medley of angry emotions. If Effie's savage were Jim Stratton—the man who had treated her with such unpardonable insolence on the hills—well, she would leave the house. Nothing would induce her to sit down at the same table with him, after his inexcusable behaviour towards her... nothing! If this man turned out to be Jim Stratton, she would make some excuse and leave the house. He would understand.

And get Effie to imagine that Jim Stratton admired her!

While these thoughts were passing through Hester's mind they reached the drawing-room door, and Effie, opening it, led her in. Mr. Lomas, bald headed and gold spectacled, with his little feet cramped in a pair of neat patent leather pumps, came forward to meet her. She was conscious of Gordon, his back towards her, half-concealing a figure in khaki beyond.

"My dear Hester!" exclaimed Mr. Lomas fustily. "Let me introduce you to a gentleman whom it is my great privilege to have under my roof at this moment. One of your heroes, my dear... Mr. Stratton, this is the daughter of a very old friend of mine, Miss Hester Gervais."

Before she could shrink back—before she could construe any of her recent resolves into action—a huge, khaki-clad figure rose from the chair in front of which Gordon was standing and came towards her. He seemed oddly out of place and incongruous in the Lomas's dapper drawing-room. He had almost reached the spot where she stood when he halted, his sunburnt face lighting up with amusement.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "I reckon I've met this young lady before, Mr. Lomas."

As he spoke Gordon Kemp turned sharply and looked across the room at Hester. There was surprise and something more than surprise in the expression of his face. Was it suspicion?

(Do not miss to-morrow's instalment.)

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much improved, not only in appearance, but in general health. Her method reduces burdensome fat from any part of the body—a reduction that lasts. Large numbers of grateful letters are pouring in to Miss Hartland daily, and it will not be long before the present edition of her book will be exhausted. The book is just off the press, and it is certainly a work of art. Beautiful photographs lend an artistic touch to the fascinating style in which the book is written. It is wonderfully instructive, and it is proving a great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that two penny stamps be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 2007), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

ARE WE MUDDLING OUR WAR FINANCE? Striking Article On Page 2.

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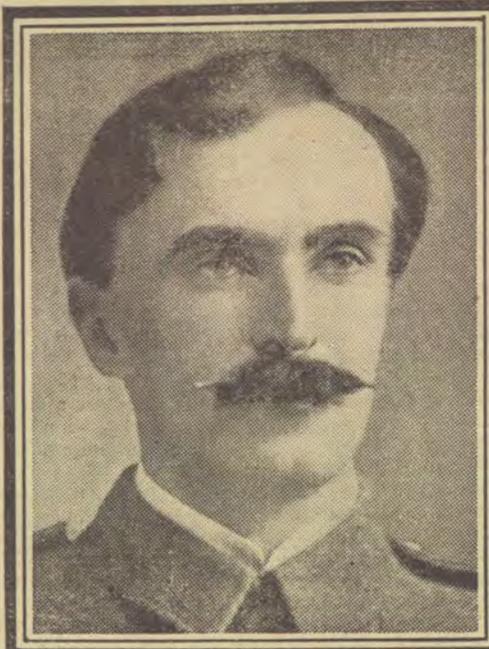
DEATH AND PENAL SERVITUDE FOR IRISH REBELS.



The Countess Markievicz, the woman rebel leader, has had her sentence of death commuted by the Commander-in-Chief to one of penal servitude for life.



Patrick H. Pearse, the self-styled President of the "Irish Republic" and Commandant-General of the rebels, was shot by sentence of court-martial.



The O'Rahilly, another prominent rebel, was killed outside the Dublin General Post Office while trying to escape after the troops had routed the Sinn Feiners.



Thomas McDonagh, a University tutor, also shot by sentence of court-martial. His wife's sister married Joseph Plunkett a few hours before the latter was shot.

LUSITANIA DAY SCENES.



A symbol of Hun Frightfulness well hooted by the crowd during the Lusitania Day demonstration.



Mr. W. E. Tjou (left), a Lusitania survivor, shaking hands with Mr. J. F. Leach, who saved his life by dragging him into a boat.

LOOKS AT LLOYD GEORGE'S MEETING.



Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, looking Imperially.



"What use should I have been without an opinion, look you!"

In his speech at Conway on Saturday Mr. Lloyd George made a vigorous reply to his critics, and declared that his only purpose was to win the war.

(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

THE POSTGIRL'S RECORD.



A pretty post-girl of North London, already noted for the celerity with which she does her round.