

ANOTHER BRITISH SUCCESS ON THE ROAD TO KUT.

DAILY SKETCH.

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

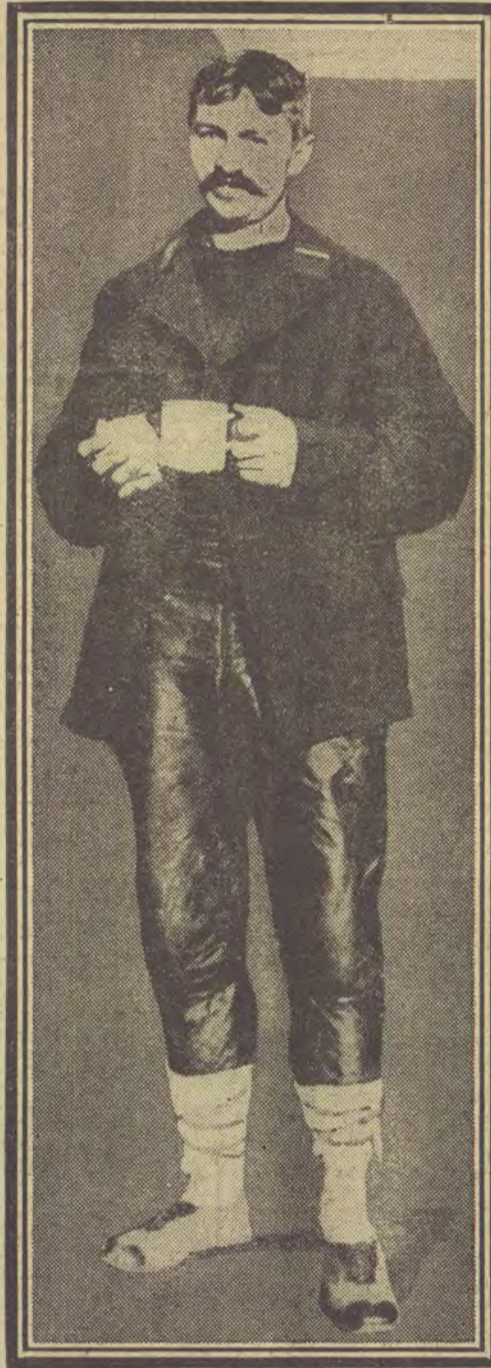
No. 2,216.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

ONE HALFPENNY.

THE MEN WHO KILLED ENGLISH BABIES—First Photographs Of The Captured Crew Of L 15.



Ober-Lieut. Kuhne, the second in command, was formerly a resident of Golfer's Green, and has a sister still living in England.

One of the warrant officers. He says Capt. Breithaupt, who has taken part in three air raids on England, wearing the Iron Cross and ribbon of the Merit Order.



Another of the L15's warrant officers. He had helped to navigate the Zeppelin.

A leading mechanic of the L15. His duty was to tend the airship's engines.

Official photographs of the officers and warrant officers of the Zeppelin L15 brought down in the Thames estuary by our anti-aircraft gunners. The men are now prisoners of war in the hands of the British military authorities.



Miss Helen Ritchie, who is marrying on April 27 Captain P. M. Mackenzie, Gordon Highlanders, son of Count de Serra Largo.—(Rita Martin.)



Miss Margaret S. Barclay, who is to marry Mr. W. H. Dyke Acland, 1st Devon Yeomanry, the elder son of Admiral Sir W. Dyke Acland, C.V.O.—(Rita Martin.)



Miss Elspeth Kingan, the fiancée of Brig.-General H. R. Done, D.S.O.

FATHER IS WOUNDED



The Hon. Mrs. R. Bethell and her little son, Richard, Lieut. the Hon. R. Bethell, the heir of Baron Westbury, has been wounded in action.—(Val L'Estrange.)



A new photograph of Miss Betty Rawdon-Hastings, who is marrying Lord St. Davids on April 27.—(Bassano.)



Miss Mary Penelope Noel, only daughter of Admiral Noel, is engaged to Lieut. G. B. Atkinson, 3rd Northumberland Fusiliers.—(Swaine.)

THE HUNS HOPE TO MAKE THEM LITTLE GERMANS.



As soon as the Germans seize any territory they endeavour to thoroughly Germanise the population. These are Russian children, who have fallen into their hands. The poor little ones are compelled to attend lessons in the German language.

LITTLE SOUTH AFRICANS HELP NAVY DAY.



These two little South Africans did their share on Navy Day in Durban. The girl herself collected £60. Though the day was wet, over £3,000 was raised.

TENNIS CHAMPION TO WED.



Capt. C. J. Tindell-Green, A.S.C., the holder of the Irish lawn tennis championship, who is to marry Miss Norah A. Bishop.



Think Of Your Complexion

before going out on a boisterous day, think of the after effects of the biting wind and raw atmosphere—the discomfort and disfigurement—unless precautions are taken beforehand.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

applied regularly to the face and hands is the most efficient safeguard against injury to the complexion from keen weather. It is neither greasy nor sticky and is easily absorbed by the skin. Keep a bottle in your bathroom. You will find it an invaluable boon.

In bottles, 1/2, from all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON CHELTENHAM, ENG.

PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly IMPROVED by the use of 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/-

"ECONOMISE!"

The Prime Minister.

Everyone is asked to economise.

The food of moderate price that has no waste in it, is, in the best sense, an economy.

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

is such a food. It adds refinement to the flavour of every dish cooked with it, and it is equally useful for sweets, soups, nutritious sauces, and savouries.



Cookery-book coupon in all packets.

Sold in 1 lb., 3/4 lb., and 1/2 lb. pkts.—the 1 lb. size is the most economical.

MONEY UNDER WILLS OR SETTLEMENTS.

Loans arranged at 5 per cent. per annum. Quick completions. Straight-forward dealings. Excellent references. Write—

Mr. B. J. WALKER, 42, Halsey St., Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.

From The Front

FROM SPLINT TO SPRINT: SOLDIER PATIENTS' SPORTS MEETING.



The Hon. H. C. Alexander, home on leave, riding Turkish Prince in the Kildare Hunt Plate.



A dash on crutches.



The merry mummers mounted on their mokes.



Handicapped by skirts.

Snapshots of the athletic meeting at Ramsgate yesterday. The competitors were mostly patients from the Granville Canadian Special Hospital. Even men on crutches took part in the sports.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographs.)

THE ARMY'S EARS.



The telephone wires between the lines need constant repairing, a work which is attended with much risk.

SOCIETY ACTRESSES AT REHEARSAL.



Society actresses rehearsing for Lady Greville's Drury Lane matinée. (Left to right): Lady Levinge, the Hon. Mrs. Alan Mackenzie, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bethell, Lady Oranmore and Browne, and Miss Skeane.—(Hoppé.)

A GOLD LACE GOWN.



An evening gown of gold lace over finely-pleated organdie. The corsage is of cerise taffeta.—(Wyndham.)

HOME ON LEAVE.



"Guesswork" is home on leave from the front. He was in the retreat from Mons, and since then has done splendid work at our listening posts near the German lines.

WHY?—IF GERMANY REALLY HAS PLENTY OF FOOD.



This photograph of a travelling municipal kitchen in the suburbs of Berlin throws a significant light on Germany's food problem. The authorities are supplying fourpenny hot meals to the poor, who are very thankful for this small mercy.

THE INDIAN INTERPRETER.



Sergt.-Major Frank Bacon, a veteran of 40 years' service, is an Indian Army interpreter.—(Bassano.)

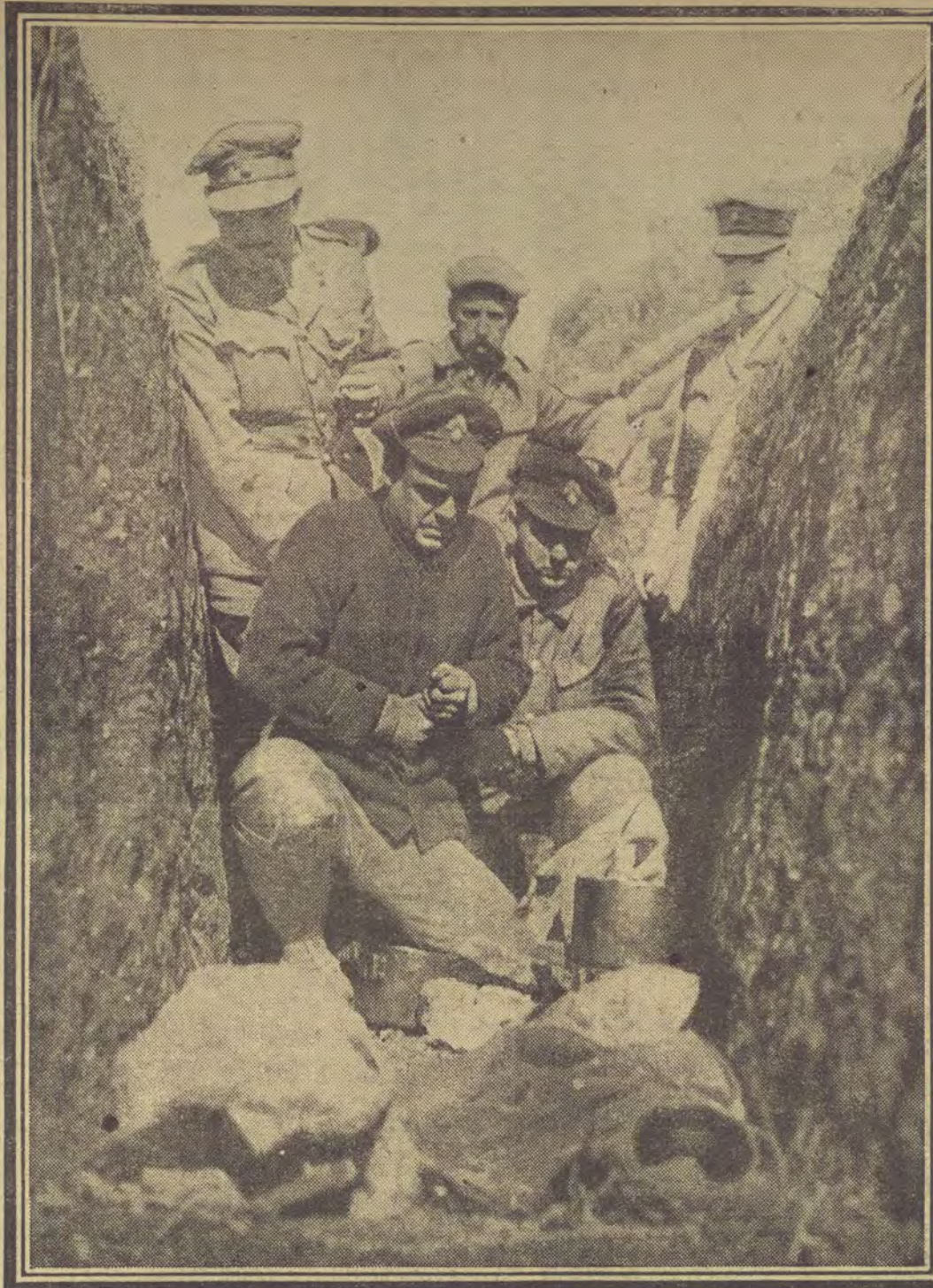
FROM PRIVATE

AFTERNOON TEA IN THE TRENCHES.

FOR SOUTH AFRICA



Lieut. Russell joined the London Rifle Brigade as a private. He won his commission on the field, and has been awarded the Military Cross.—(Vandamm.)



Tommy is always ready for a cup of tea, and always carries some kind of tin can in which to make a "drum up" or brew. In the trenches it is—next to the rum issue—the event of the day.—(Official Photograph, Crown Copyright Reserved.)



The Hon. Mrs. Wilton Fox is working for our South African troops. She is in charge of the workrooms in Piccadilly.—(Vandyk.)

A CHARMING HEROINE.

OFFICER FOUND SHOT.



Miss Peggy Rush, the heroine in "The Mayor of Troy," to be produced at the Haymarket on April 22.—(Hoppé.)



Major L. Matteson, of the A.S.C., who was found shot in his room in Jermyn-street.—(Sarony.)

HIS RECREATION.

HOW SHE HELPS.



Frank Curzon leaves the cares of theatre management to watch his horses exercising.



With the British Army in Salonika. Officers and men are eagerly awaiting the German attack, confident of giving Fritz and his Bulgar comrade an exceedingly warm reception.—(Official Photograph, Crown Copyright Reserved.)



A little Surrey girl who, with her school friends, is attending to the allotments of men in khaki.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

IS SOCIETY BOUND TO TOLERATE HIM?

The Rev. R. J. Campbell deals in an article of wonderful power with the position of the conscientious objector. He discusses a complaint, like the one raised before a tribunal a day or two ago, that the objector is being persecuted, and proceeds to deal with the question whether individual conscience has any rights.

COMPULSION ALL ROUND. SIR E. CARSON'S DEMAND FOR EQUAL SERVICE.

Mr. George A. B. Dewar, editor of the "Saturday Review," and one of our foremost writers on the compulsion question, discusses Sir Edward Carson's indictment of the present system of recruiting and his advocacy of equal sacrifice.

THE GREAT UNMARRIED.

A striking article discussing the problem of celibacy and the remedies, including proposals for the uplifting of marriage, as expounded by Mr. Walter M. Gallichan in his new book.

FRENCH M.P.s. WITH JELICOE.

Impressions of the visit of the French Senators and Deputies to the Grand Fleet are described in a telling article by a member of the party.

In addition are pages and pages of pictures—all the latest news—the most interesting "gossip"—the most authentic fashion notes and pictures in to-morrow's

ILLUSTRATED

SUNDAY HERALD

Ask your newsagent to reserve you a copy. ONE PENNY.

OPERA.
ALDWYCH THEATRE.—Grand Opera Season. **MAGIC FLUTE** To-morrow, at 8 (opening night of season). **MADAME BUTTERFLY**, Mon.; **MAGIC FLUTE**, Tues., April 18; **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, Wed., April 19; **LA BOHEME**, Thurs., April 20. No performance Good Fri. **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, Sat. Mat., April 22; **MADAME BUTTERFLY**, Sat. Evg., April 23. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Gerr 2315.

THEATRES.
AMBASSADORS.—Third Edition of "MORE" by H. Grattan. Evg. 8.30. Matinee Thurs and Sats. at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. **LAST PERFORMANCE, SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!"** by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats., Mons., Fris., and Sats., 2.45.

NOTICE.—Mr. Arthur Chudleigh begs to announce to the public that The Moss Empires, Ltd. (London Hippodrome), are solely responsible for the Entertainment now being given at the Comedy Theatre.

DRURY LANE.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "THE BIRTH OF A NATION," Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s. Tel. Gerrard 2558.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE RE-OPEN.
Easter Monday, April 24th.
DAILY 2.15 and 7.45 p.m.
Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and Co. in "Broadway Jones." Ernest C. Roll's Revue, "The Other Department." BOTH ATTRACTIVE AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "The Pearl Girl." Fred Karno's Revue "Hot and Cold." BOTH ATTRACTIVE AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
Box Office NOW OPEN (10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily). Book now in person, or by post, telegraph or telephone. 7/6, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/-. For seats under 5/- an advance booking fee of 6d. extra is charged. Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines).
Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

VARIETIES.
ALHAMBRA.—First Night, Wed., April 19th, at 8 p.m. Geo. Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE."
GEORGE ROBEY and **ALFRED LESTER** as the **BING BOYS**. **VIOLET LORAIN** as the girl "EMMA"; **PHYLLIS MONKMAN**, **ODETTE MYRTIL**, **JACK MORRISON**, **BERTIE ADAMS**, **MAIDIE ANDREWS**, **PEARL GREY**, **JACK CHRISTIE**, **REGINALD CROMPTON**, the **GRESHAM SINGERS**, etc. Matinees Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday.

COLISEUM. At 2.30 and 8 p.m.
SARAH BERNHARDT in "UNE D'ELLE." Raymond Rode Co. in "Arabesque." **FLORENCE SMITHSON**, **ODETTE MYRTIL**, **FRED LINDSAY**, **HYMACK**, etc. Ger 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND." **SHIRLEY KELLOGG**, **HARRY TATE**, **YETTA BIANZA**, **BETRAM WALLIS**, **CHARLES BERKELEY**, and Super Beauty Chorus.

PALACE.—"BRICA-BRAC" at 8.35. **VARIETIES** at 2. **MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY** at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. **MIS RUTH VINCENT**, Miss **HETTY KING**, Miss **CLARICE MAYNE** and "TRAT." **JACK NORWORTH**, **GARMEN TURIA**, **GEO. MOZART**, **PHIL RAY**, **JAY LAURIER**, **DE MAREST**, **TOM WONG TROUPE**, etc.

What Women Are Doing:

By MRS. GOSSIP

WHY is it that in the spring time there is always an epidemic—no, not of influenza—but of floating veils?

This year they are for the most part accompanied by toques, wreathed with either gilt, silver or iridescent leaves. Why do women do these things? Don't you know, my dear women readers, that hanging veils age the very youngest wearer, and that small, kittenish toques poised on fairly large heads and faces are never becoming at any age?

You must possess a petite countenance to really look charming in small headgear.

Influenza!

I regret to hear that the Princess of Monaco is suffering from a severe attack of influenza. The Princess has resided at Claridge's Hotel since the outbreak of the war, and has been one of the most indefatigable helpers, both in giving of her time and money in every charitable cause.

Her Serene Highness is beloved by a vast number of English people, not a few of whom have benefited considerably by her boundless generosity. The Princess is a great and kindly lady, and here's wishing her a speedy recovery.



THE PRINCESS OF MONACO. —(Daily Sketch.)

For A Good Cause.

The Three Arts Women's Employment Fund were at home at Mrs. Cazalet's beautiful house in Grosvenor-square on Thursday afternoon.

Candle shades, cuddly dolls, and various animals were on sale there.

The Princess Marie Louise, in a dark suiting with smoked fox furs, came to see and buy, and also to have tea, which, by the way, was excellent.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith, in dust-coloured cloth, was selling, as were a great many more, including Mme. Clara Butt, in black taffeta and a small-green toque, and Lady Alexander, in a beautiful gown of blue and mauve with hat to correspond.

A Striking Likeness.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite, in black, had her daughter with her, looking attractive in Wedgwood-blue, and so like her clever mother.

Mrs. Cazalet was in Havana-brown taffeta and a straw hat, tulip trimmed. Lady Maud Warrender and Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, who, by the way, has just moved into a new house at Hampstead, were also busy selling.

Miss Ellen Terry and her sister Marion, Miss Margaret Cooper and Miss Phyllis Broughton were enthusiastic helpers.

Racing In Ireland.

Princely Punchestown, which has been aptly described as "the Carnival of Kildare," though shorn of much of its former glory owing to the war, was nevertheless a cheery meeting.

On the opening day the sport was excellent, Bridget writes me, and the course in fine order. A number of officers were present from the Curragh, although there was, of course, no entertaining done by them and none of the usual house parties.

The Marchioness of Conyngham looked well in a long moleskin coat, Lady Florence Bourke wore a green suiting, the Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst was in dark brown and skunk furs, Lady Goulding in black, with a coat of pony skins, and Mrs. Wynne-Jones was wrapped in lovely sables. Indeed, it was a "furry" Punchestown, the weather being very cold. The Earl of Enniskillen came from Harristown with Mr. and Lady Annette La Touche.

And Visitors.

Lady Mary Plunkett, who has been nursing in England for some time, has returned to Killeen Castle with the Countess of Fingall.

Lord Clanmore has joined the Countess of Wicklow at Shelton Abbey, Arklow, for the holidays.

Lord Holmpatrick's short leave is over, and he has returned to his regiment from Abbots-town, his place near Dublin.

Bravo!

I hear that Miss Elizabeth Asquith is well pleased with the result of the "takings" at the Baroness d'Erlanger's house on Tuesday, when everybody went to the reading of the poets, £420 being realised.

The Fashionable Cigarette.

I lunched at the Carlton with Kitty, and a host of other well-known people were there, too. The Grand Duke Michael was with the Countess Torby and their elder girl. The Countess was enjoying a cigarette after lunching, as were a great many others. I caught sight of Lord Charles Montagu, Lady Frederick Cowen, in black and white, with white fox furs, Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Mabel Sealby, and Mrs. Godfrey Tearle.

A Bob And A Promise.

Do you know that 1,000 women workers are needed for the Women's Volunteer Reserve? What are all you womenfolk doing that there should be such an outcry for capable help, when by every post I get letters asking me, "What can I do to help my King and Country?"

Now's your chance! Just send a shilling for enrolment, and promise to attend at least two drills a week, and you can become a member of the W.V.R.

The Colonel-in-Chief.

The Marchioness of Londonderry is Colonel-in-Chief, and is, I am told, not in the very least averse to wearing uniform, in spite of an incorrect assertion in one of the Sunday papers.

Lady Londonderry, when speaking at Tunbridge Wells for the Women's Volunteer Reserve, was wearing the uniform of the Women's Legion, which is similar to that of the W.V.R.

Cars Wanted.

Mrs. Charlesworth, colonel commanding, tells me that motor-cars of any description, with or without drivers, for transport of wounded soldiers, are needed. Constant appeals are being received from hospitals, and there are not half enough cars to do the work.

Do offer your car to the W.V.R., and you will not be using it for pleasure only. Sixpence a mile for petrol can be paid to those running their own cars.

Use For Cast-off Khaki.

And just one word more. There are a few people who seem to think that uniform for the female sex is unnecessary. Believe me, it is not.

It is a great help to women workers, and don't for one moment think that khaki, if worn

A Fashion Hint
Sale In Grosvenor Square
The Women's Volunteer Reserve.

by women, is being confiscated from our soldiers. The khaki worn by them is the material which has been found unsuitable for our Tommies.

The "Old Vic."

Miss Lilla Dunbar, whose photograph is given here, not only spreads abroad the news of what is being done at the "Old Vic." for the two weeks of Shakespeare to celebrate the tercentenary, but is also playing in "Julius Cæsar."

Miss Viola Tree has often played her name part in "Twelfth Night" at the Old Vic., where behind the scenes you may meet all manner of distinguished people, as well as in the audience.

Lady Maud Warrender, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Di Manners, the Asquiths, and Ellen Terry, all enjoy a two-shilling stall there.

Miss Dunbar has done a great deal of voluntary work for the Old Vic. Everybody helps, and only the repertory company, a small band of players, are paid. All the rest of the work is given.



MISS LILLA DUNBAR. —(Hoppé.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. GROVES (Stourport).—You will find the addresses in the Englishwoman's Year Book.

PHYLLIS (Hightown).—Write for price list. IGNORAMUS (Fontefract).—You can wear it all day long by the sea or in the country, with a serge or linen skirt; they are very fashionable for day wear only.

A. EDWARDS (Festiniog).—I am afraid I cannot help you; so sorry.

E. M. N. (Reading).—Many thanks for your charming letter and lovely box of flowers, which arrived beautifully fresh.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Lower Clapton).—Write to Private Stephen Flynn, 11276, No. 5 Company, 6th Yorkshires, B.M.E.F., Egypt.

"DERBYSHIRE".—Your answer was under "M. Standing."

M. GOMER (Bowes Park).—Very sorry, but I have no wool.

CANADIAN (Ramsgate).—I will send her address as soon as possible.

TAFFEY (Pontypridd).—Write to Wyndham's Theatre, W.C.

MRS. GOSSIP.

Making a meal nice is only half the battle,—making it nutritious is more important still.

"Nice" and "Nutritious" have joined forces in BIRD'S Custard.

It is so nice that a spoonful served with rice, sago, or tapioca pudding will always tempt the "difficult child," and the plate is cleared instantly.

And in itself BIRD'S Custard is so nutritious that, when served quite alone, it satisfies the appetites of the hearty, romping children. **Insist on**

Bird's

the Nutritious

Custard

No substitute can be so pure or so wholesome.



HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY!

Don't waste crusts and stale bread, use them to make a Bread Pudding and serve with BIRD'S CUSTARD as a HOT sauce. It's so delicious that the children require no coaxing to eat it, and it does them good.

BIRD'S Custard is sold in pkts, boxes and large tins.

Case.

"PSYCHOLOGICAL" ASPECT OF LAY PREACHER'S FRAUDS.

15 Months' For Man Who Made Too Many Promises Of Marriage.

DELIVERED AN ADDRESS IN THE BISHOP'S PRESENCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH, Friday.

A case, which counsel said presented an interesting psychological aspect, came before the Bath Recorder at the Quarter Sessions to-day, when Griffiths Llewellyn Jones (45), married, formerly a well-known tradesman in the city, pleaded guilty to a series of frauds on women to whom he had promised marriage, afterwards, during courtship, borrowing freely from them to help purchase the home.

He was sentenced to 15 months' hard labour. From one woman, it was stated, Jones had £40 and from another £16, all she possessed.

All the time he was living with his wife, though he represented himself as unmarried, publishing a matrimonial advertisement describing himself as a widower with an income and no encumbrances.

Jones was formerly a prominent figure in the religious life of the city, being a lay preacher and licensed lay reader.

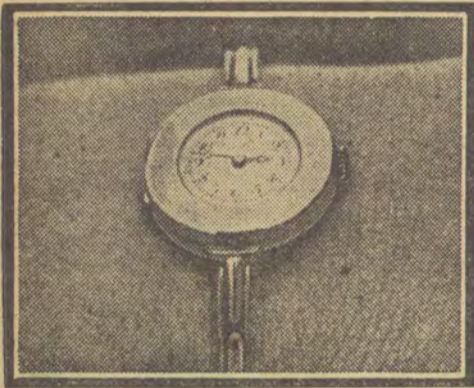
Counsel said that up to a few years ago Jones did a great deal of good work in Bath, but then suddenly switched off into another channel. He came from Wales, and was possessed of the industry and eloquence associated with natives of that country.

He once gave an address in the presence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells at the dedication of a Memorial to Prebendary Rogers.

In extenuation it was stated that Jones used the money he got for household expenses, and not in riotous living. There was no evidence of impropriety with any of his victims.

The Recorder said he had been guilty of frightful hypocrisy, and had perpetrated very despicable and mean frauds on very simple people.

LOST IN LEAMINGTON.



18-CT. GOLD KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, No. 300597, on GOLD EXPANDING BRACE-LET. Watch marked inside back of case L9177. Anyone returning to 6B, MONTAGU MANSIONS, LONDON, W., will be liberally rewarded.

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM.



Imitation beer is only the culminating point of a series of deceptions which began in the cradle.

YOUNG SYMONDS KNOCKED OUT.

Young Joe Symonds (of Plymouth) ex-fly-weight champion, was knocked out by Tom Noble (Bermondsey) in the sixth round of a 15-round contest at Plymouth last night.

The inhabitants of Belgium celebrated the birthday of King Albert in spite of German orders.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

5s.—Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindley (74th contribution). 2s.—Mrs Miller, Bearsden (65th weekly contribution). 1s.—M. M. Stott, Notting Hill.

To-night the French Senators and Deputies now in London will attend the 125th performance of "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Kingsway.

THE KAISER'S BOAST.

"This Time It Is The End: Peace Will Be Signed In Verdun."

According to the *Petit Parisien* the Kaiser has tried to reassure his troops by the following message:—

In 1871 the treaty of peace was signed in Paris.

Go forward, beloved soldiers.

This time it is the end. The treaty will be signed in Verdun.

French reports ridicule the German excuse that the relative pause at Verdun is due to "adverse weather conditions." They attribute it to the decreasing power of the offensive.

WALL-STREET WAR TALK'S EFFECT.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday a sharp fall occurred in American securities on Wall Street war talk, but there was very little business passing in the market. Argentine Railway stocks developed increased weakness, and Central Argentine was dealt in down below 75. There was also a fall in the stocks of the Mexican Railway Company.

Consols and War Loan stocks were unchanged, while French National 5 per cent. Bonds fell to 85.

Rubber shares remained active and firm, and there was a run on Royal Dutch shares on rumours of a bonus distribution. Shells closed buyers at 5.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed firm; for American, 4 1/2 to 2 points up; for Egyptian, weak, unchanged, to 5 points down.

AMERICAN COTTON (close).—New York 2 to 6, and New Orleans, 4 to 6 points up. Tone steady.

THE FOOTBALL CARD.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Arsenal v. Millwall, Queen's Park Rangers v. Tottenham, Crystal Palace v. Clapton Orient, West Ham v. Reading, Croydon Common v. Brentford, Fulham v. Watford, Luton v. Chelsea.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.—Bradford City v. Leeds City, Huddersfield v. Barnsley, Rochdale v. Bradford, Hull City v. Lincoln City, Rotherham v. Sheffield United, Sheffield Wednesday v. Grimsby, Chesterfield v. Notts County, Leicester Forest v. Derby County, Nottingham Forest v. Stoke.

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Burnley v. Blackpool, Bury v. Southport, Preston North End v. Bolton, Liverpool v. Manchester City, Manchester United v. Oldham Athletic, Stockport County v. Everton.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—Southampton v. Royal Flying Corps, Birmingham v. R.A.M.C., 4/7th Middlesex Regt. v. 3rd Scots Guards (Champion Hill), Y Div. Police v. Specials (Charity match), 3.0 (Tufnell Park), Walthamstow Grange v. A.S.C. (Lea Bridge-road), Nunhead v. A.P. Corps, R.N.D. (Crystal Palace) v. R.N.D. (Blandford), Leytonstone v. Inns of Court O.T.C., 3/1st Signal Co., R.E., v. 3/1st East Anglian Field Co., R.E. (Maldenhead), Wessex R.A.M.C. v. Liverpool Scottish (Maldenhead).

RUGBY MAIDSTONE.—N. Zealanders v. S. African Infantry (Queen's Club), Mr. W. J. Trew's XV. v. "Anzacs" (Swansea).

FOOTBALL AND THE NEW TAX.

A conference to discuss the new tax on amusements in its relation to football will be held at the offices of the Football Association, 42, Russell-square, W.C., on Tuesday afternoon, when representatives of the Board of Customs and Excise will meet officials of the governing bodies of the Association and Rugby games, with the object of making arrangements for the collection of the tax.

BILLIARDS (close).—Newman (4n play), 16,351; Gray, 15,865.

Joe Po.—100 to 14 (to after 8 to 1 t). Jim Coffey knocked out Jack Geyer in the fifth round at New York on Thursday.—Reuter.

Arsenal will play the Rest of London Combination in a match for the benefit of the family of Benson (Sheffield United). The date has not yet been fixed.

Subscriptions among the angling societies of the United Kingdom have produced a sum sufficient to procure two Red Cross motor ambulances, which will be formally presented next month.

A ladies' lacrosse match between combined Internationals and Osterberg and Bedford Training Colleges, in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital for Foreign Service, will be played on the Richmond Athletic Ground this afternoon, starting at three o'clock.

Walking's a pleasure



To all who use
**CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH.**

It makes the boots so flexible, supple and comfortable, preserves the leather and prevents cracking. Applied to the soles, as well as the uppers, it makes the whole boot waterproof. The brilliant shine it imparts gives an additional smartness and neatness to all footwear.



HOODS and BLACK ENAMELLED PARTS of Perambulators, Motor Cars, etc., should be cleaned with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. It gives a quick brilliant gloss and prevents cracking.



CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

is sold in Black, Brown and TONETTE, the new dark stain shade, which gives the correct colour to tan boots and leather military equipments. Tins 1d., 2d., 4d. & 6d. Of all Dealers. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

The Grim Spinster.

Betty and Miss Maddox stood measuring glances, but Betty resolved to carry matters with a high hand, even though all the odds were against her.

"It seems a thousand pities that we should quarrel, Miss Maddox, but perhaps, according to your present point of view, a break is inevitable. I have had to bear many an insult, but—when it comes from you it hurts abominably."

The spinster smiled grimly. "It drives me wild to have to speak to such as you at all!" she answered.

Betty smiled. "I sympathise with you more than you guess, I can't help being what I am, but you don't understand that, yet I can see you'd like to bite me if you dared!"

"Thanks; I wouldn't touch you with a pair of tongs, Mrs. Chevonne."

"I hope not, for you'd be sure to spoil my dress. If one may inquire your intentions, what are they?"

"I shall denounce you," the other replied.

"She's certainly got her ears back," Betty thought. "She reminds me of a vicious mare—or, no, that's an injustice to the mare. She's more like a strangled rabbit."

Miss Maddox, who, as companion to her bachelor brother at Maddox Court, was accustomed to a position of distinction and respect, was exceedingly provoked by Betty's insolent carriage.

"You are just what I expected—a vulgar, ill-bred, flashy impostor."

"Then my dress makes no impression in my favour? Oh, dear, I hoped so much it would!" observed Betty with her head on one side. "But really it does seem as though it adds to the weight of your displeasure."

Miss Maddox snapped her fingers. "With your frock, theatrical as it is, I thank heaven I have nothing to do. I am speaking to you, Mrs. Chevonne, prompted by no personal pleasure."

"Spite, then?" queried Betty; "but I refuse to believe that an old faithful friend of my mother's could be spiteful."

The spinster uttered an incoherent ejaculation.

Mrs. Chevonne glanced at the door.

"I suppose the others will be coming down pretty soon. I wonder how they will like seeing us glaring at each other like a pair of wild cats. It promises to be a sensational evening. I am quite excited. I love sensations." She lowered her voice. "How people do misjudge one, to be sure; here we are fencing about a matter which vitally concerns my honour. Supposing we stop this peeping and peering; suppose I confess to you that I am no blood relation to the Rear-Admiral?"

"If only someone else were in the room, your statement might be invaluable, Mrs. Chevonne; unfortunately we are alone, therefore you waste your breath. I should think you clever and wicked enough to have a forged birth certificate up your sleeve at this moment, but whatever the guarantee of your present position may be you cannot deceive me, for I was with dear Mrs. Starre at the last. I followed her to her grave; she was buried beside her little son in a London cemetery; I could take the poor old Rear-Admiral to the exact spot to-morrow if I wished."

"Madame, there is nothing in the world to prevent you; but don't do it too suddenly, unless you wish to be responsible for his death."

"Confide In Me."

Miss Maddox seemed startled. "What do you mean?"

"I would like you to prepare him gradually for this crisis; he isn't well, that's all," answered Betty gently; "but perhaps you have already told him I am no daughter of his."

"I have done nothing yet; when the Squire informed me that you, whom I expected to meet as Vivian's fiancée, had declared yourself to be Richard Starre's daughter, I was too overcome with pained amazement to say a word to the contrary. I only saw him for a moment before he hurried up to dress. While I sat here I decided to do nothing until I had seen you."

"That gives me a little time, doesn't it?" Betty observed. "From my heart I thank you."

Miss Maddox raised her hand. "Please don't do anything of the kind. My painful duty is evident. At the first opportunity I shall tell poor Richard that he has been imposed upon—but what puzzles me is the reason for your brazen audacity! Do you imagine that the Rear-Admiral has a fortune to leave you? He has nothing beyond his pension, which is withdrawn at his death."

"You are really most charitable," Betty remarked, "but I am not as avaricious as you suppose. I have more than sufficient for my wants," she added, lying skilfully. "My late husband made some sound investments, which keep me well provided for."

Miss Maddox, naturally kind-hearted and lenient to all save the dishonest, and a faithful friend when her interests and affection were engaged, studied Betty with frank perplexity. She saw before her a clever, dangerous, and beautiful woman, such a one who could hoodwink most men with the greatest ease and dexterity.

"What is your object?" she inquired bluntly. "I would like to discover that before I do anything."

"Why should I tell you, Miss Maddox? It will not lessen your cruel purpose of bearing witness against me."

"Let that stand over for the moment; please confide in me, Mrs. Chevonne."

Betty sighed and cast down her eyes; a touching melancholy stole over her face; when she raised her lids she looked as though she were about to weep. She clasped her hands loosely, standing easily in her gown of silver and green. Whatever her character might be, her charm could not be denied.

A Clever Story.

"I presume," said Betty, "that you are one of the few women who has never made a single slip—whose past is quite open to inspection?"

"What do you mean?"

Betty went to the window.

"Don't look at me, please, Miss Maddox," she said pleadingly. "I am too ashamed." She laid a hand on the wide, soft curtain-folds, smoothing them with her fingers. Only her profile and shoulders were visible to Miss Maddox—soft as a cameo, made more appealing by the droop of Betty's head.

"My mother," Betty said slowly, "was secretly married before she met the Rear-Admiral. That's why I look older than I profess to be. I was born twelve months before my mother married Rear-Admiral Starre. He never knew—there were reasons why she dare not tell him. I do not blame her—she is dead, and it is all so long ago." Betty looked round at Miss Maddox; her eyes had the gloom of a grieving child. "I am not the Rear-Admiral's daughter, but his wife was my mother!"

Miss Maddox looked as though she had been struck by a flash of lightning. "You—Rachel's child—you? And not Richard's! Is it possible? Go on, tell me all, but it's incredible!"

Betty bowed her head. "Her love for my father was her first romance—the fleeting infatuation of immature girlhood. It soon passed—he was not a good man—they grew to hate each other. He abandoned my mother before I was born."

"And where were you when Rachel met Richard Starre?" Miss Maddox interposed.

"In the care of kindly people," Betty replied. "My mother had resumed her maiden name and obtained work as a governess. Richard Starre fell in love with her, and she with him, and it was because she loved him so well, and could not bear to lose him, that she dare not confess that she was already a wife."

"Poor, poor Rachel!" Miss Maddox murmured. "News came at last that my father was dead," Betty went on, "and my mother and the Rear-Admiral married, the secret still undisclosed. All this I learned when my mother came to see me, shortly before her death, and long after the Rear-Admiral's disappearance in Egypt. On this—her last visit—she told me her tragic story, imploring me to greet her husband as my real father should he ever return to England. Mother said to me almost with her last breath: 'Never let him know the truth, Betty. It would break his heart to know I was not the fresh, unspoilt young girl he thought me when first we met.'"

As Miss Maddox hearkened her face, at first flaming with anger, became almost wax-coloured. Betty saw that she looked pinched and spent, as though guilt lay heavy upon her own soul. "Mercy on me!" she whispered through her teeth. "Was that other man—was he Jack Moore? Was your father Jack Moore?"

Betty answered softly, though she had never heard of Jack Moore, "Yes, Miss Maddox."

The spinster trembled, again her dress crackled. "I thought he—loved Rachel too well to marry her secretly and abandon her," she said.

"You are not to judge him," Betty said, sternly. "At least, not in my presence."

An Enemy Becomes A Friend.

Miss Maddox gave her a new look; it was one almost amounting to reverence. "Does anyone besides myself—know—?"

"Nobody," answered Betty.

"Oh, Rachel, Rachel," sobbed Miss Maddox. "How often did I try to win your confidence? I knew you had a sad secret, my poor friend, my poor friend; I suspected that Jack Moore carried your heart in his breast, but never for a moment—"

The spinster paused. Betty could scarcely conceal her triumph. Miss Maddox went up to her with outstretched hands.

"Mrs. Chevonne—Betty—will you—can you pardon all the cruel things I said to you?"

"With all my heart, provided you keep my secret."

"Oh, for her sake and for yours I will never mention a word—I couldn't, the Rear-Admiral would suffer horribly."

"I think he would die, or go mad," said Betty. "For you see he has learnt to love me."

"And no wonder; you are charming. You and Vivian must come over to Maddox Court and stay with us as long as you like. There is no need to tell my brother anything, he has become very absent-minded, and can never remember other people's affairs."

Betty heaved a sigh of relief. The door opened. The Rear-Admiral stumped into the room. The Squire's snowy shirt front showed behind him. Miss Maddox went forward with tears in her eyes to meet the dead Rachel's husband.

Mrs. Gimp Makes A Discovery.

It chanced that while several persons awaited the thunder of the dinner-gong downstairs, Mrs. Gimp above stairs was visited by an irresistible temptation.

Felix had aroused her curiosity by her voluble descriptions of Mrs. Chevonne's frocks and jewels. Mrs. Gimp, by nature a busybody, saw no reason why—the coast being clear—she should not refresh herself with a glimpse at Mrs. Chevonne's possessions.

She was wily in her passage across the corridors, for it would never do for Felix to come upon her unawares. But she reached the widow's bedroom without mishap, and, having shut the door, went straight to the wardrobe.

Here, for some moments, she was much affected by the expensive glitter and sheen of Betty's finery, but having seen all there was to see she went to the toilet table. The slim cut glass with the carved ivory lids were very fine indeed, she decided, and here, near to hand, was an open jewel-case of solid silver, plush-lined and holding a gorgeous display of precious stones.

There was a circular tray which Mrs. Gimp did not scruple to lift; underneath she saw a small envelope; it was addressed in pencil to Miss Betty Cotwood, Novelty Theatre.

"Cotwood?" muttered Mrs. Gimp, agape over her discovery. "What does this mean?"

She hurriedly scanned the corners; some words were difficult to make out, because she had left her spectacles in her room, yet she managed to decipher a good many, enough to show her the nature of the document, a proposal of marriage from Cecil Chevonne to Betty Cotwood.

"What's all this?" muttered the housekeeper. "What's all this? Betty Cotwood? If she's Rear-Admiral Starre's daughter, what's she doing with the same name as Cotwood, the maid?"

Mrs. Gimp padded across the room, the little letter crushed in her hand, this hand concealed under her black silk apron.

"Anyway," she thought, "this letter is well worth my keeping!"



Our Portrait is of Mr. J. G. Vale of 202, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., who writes.—

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FOR THE COALITION



Sir Stuart Coats, the Coalition candidate for Wimbledon, with Lady Coats at the nominations yesterday.



Captain Basil Winner, Lancashire Fusiliers (killed), was son of Kingston's town clerk.



Pte. J. Kirkham, Royal Irish Fusiliers, won D.C.M. by carrying messages 1,000 yards under fire.

M.C. FOR DARING AIRMAN.



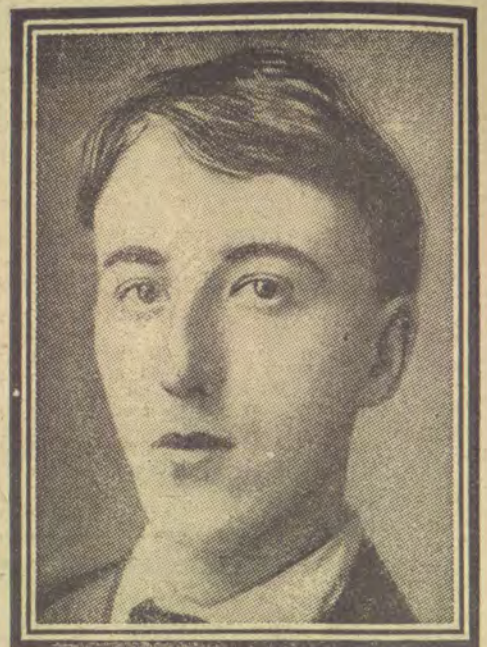
Capt. Eric Mackay Murray, R.F.C., awarded the Military Cross for daring and skill in flying

"PERCY'S" PROGRESS IN THE ARMY.



"Percy," the Conscientious Objector, who refuses to wear khaki, is making progress. He has had his hair cut—unwillingly, even forcibly, it is true—and has put his feet into Army boots. They may make a soldier of him yet!
—(Photograph exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

NOT A SINGLE MAN.



Guy Aldred, a Shepherd's Bush Socialist, urged his Scottish marriage as a defence to a charge of failing to report for military service.



Col. T. D. Sewell, who has just died, was No. 1 on the roll of the London Rifle Brigade.



Com. A. S. Littlejohns, R.N., is to be made a C.M.G. to-day.
—(Swaine.)

WITH "THE BING BOYS."



Maide Andrews will appear in next week's production of "The Bing Boys are Here."—(Beaufort.)