

CABINET INTENDS TO KEEP FAITH WITH MARRIED MEN. (See P.2.)

DAILY SKETCH.

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

No. 2,186.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

VERDUN: FIRST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

HOW THE FRENCH, WITHOUT HASTE OR WASTE, PREPARED FOR THE GREATEST BATTLE OF THE WAR.



The only civilian left in Verdun is a wine-seller who serves the passing troops.



This photograph of the main street in Verdun shows that though shell splinters have chipped some buildings no material destruction has been effected by bombardments.



Though few men line the French trenches every German move is closely watched.



Civilian inhabitants leaving the town at the behest of the French military authorities.



They loaded the wagons with the most valued of their household belongings.

These French War Office official photographs, the first to be received in London from the scene of the great battle, show how, in contrast with Germany's reckless waste of men and munitions, the French defenders of Verdun spare no efforts to conserve human life, civilians as well as soldiers, and the property of their people.



Miss Violet Abel Smith, a niece of Lord Lagan, is marrying on Tuesday Capt. Charles Bulter, 60th Rifs.—(Val L'Estrange.)



Miss Alina Mary Atchison, the fiancée of Capt. C. H. Harrison, Indian Army. She is a keen sportswoman.—(Swaine.)

SIR P. WATERLOW.



Sir Philip Waterlow leaving the Law Courts yesterday. An action for slander against him was withdrawn, and judgment entered for him.

FATHER'S GOOD-BYE.



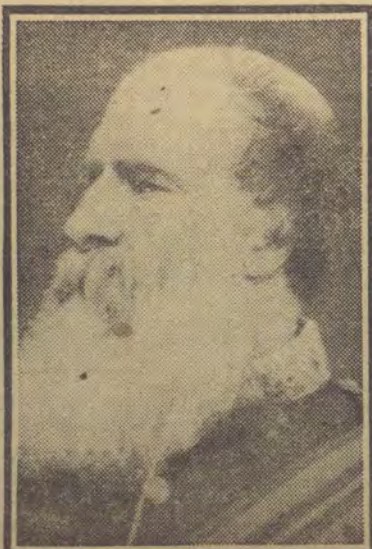
With the calling up of the married groups pathetic home scenes like this one will be common. Mother will have to do her best on the small pittance allowed her by the Government.

KHAKI HELPS WITH THE LAMBS.



The shepherd, who now wears khaki, gives the Sussex farmer a hand with some of the lambs. It is quite like old times.

THREE GENERATIONS OF THE FIGHTING BIRDWOODS.



General Christopher Birdwood, the famous old Indian general. He was the grandfather of General Birdwood, of "Anzac."



General William Birdwood, his son, was the Commander-in-Chief of the Gae's war of Baroda's forces.



Hon. Irene Molesworth, eldest daughter of Viscount Molesworth, is engaged to Mr. R. F. Gossett, East Yorkshire Regt.—(Lafayette.)



Miss Olive Marion Cole's wedding to Capt. E. R. Atkinson, son of Brig.-Gen. G. Atkinson, is to take place in Paris.—(Kate Pragnell.)

KILLED.



Lieut. W. A. Cliff-McCulloch, Royal Irish Rifles—killed—came home from Australia to join the Army.—(Lafayette.)



The CASH GIRL says:

"Oh yes, I get plenty of change in my life. But there's one thing I wouldn't change for anything and that is Toffee de Luxe. I'm sure I couldn't stand Sale Time without a supply, but an overdue meal-time doesn't matter if I've got my Toffee de Luxe handy."

Sugar and cream and butter, blended into one delicious whole!

Try also Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Cafe de Luxe, and Chocolate de Luxe, all very "de Luxe."



"I never get tired now."

Rowntree's
ELECT Cocoa

INCREASES ENERGY

ARE YOU RUPTURED?

If so, I will help you.

I want every man or woman who is afflicted with Rupture to write to me. I don't want you to send any money. Just send me your name and address (a postcard will do). I want to tell you the joyful news that I have discovered a positive cure for Rupture, and I can prove it to you. Not by what I say about my discovery, but by letters from thousands of one-time sufferers who have cured themselves in their own homes by means of my wonderful discovery. I want to send you some of these letters. Each one has the full name and address of the writer, and I will forfeit £100 (one hundred pounds) if every letter is not absolutely genuine. I want you to satisfy yourself that my discovery is a real cure for Rupture and not merely a makeshift Appliance such as trusses and the like. It will cost you nothing to test the efficacy of my wonderful discovery, as I will gladly send it on trial to any reader who mentions this paper. Address your letter (or postcard) to: Mr. D. M. Cooper, Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, 290, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturdays) from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 4.—Advt.

THE WICKED LOTTERY.

A PROPOSAL was launched some time ago by a paper connected with the *Daily Sketch* by ties of sympathy, affection, and iron girders that the Government should issue a Premium Bond Loan. In some quarters this proposal has been taken up with enthusiasm, in others it has been repudiated with quivering disgust. Personally, the idea struck me as a jolly one, though I did not think it would have a decisive effect on the destinies of the Empire. But a prominent London daily thinks otherwise. It thinks (or says rather) that it would drag us all down to the gutter, and it voices this cranky opinion with such vehemence, such high-falutin' eloquence, such shocked solemnity, that I feel compelled to enter the lists on behalf of The Sporting Chance.

THE Premium Bond Loan is based on The Sporting Chance. The Government would issue the loan at 4 per cent., but only 3 per cent. would be paid as interest, the other 1 per cent. would be split up into larger and smaller prizes for the drawers of the lucky numbers. Now that seems to me great fun. It is observed by the paper in question that the loan would be directly aimed at the pocket and the imagination of the small investor. Quite so! and it is the only legitimate way of aiming at it. I have pointed out again and again that the man who is now for the first time earning a decent wage has every right to expect some fun for his money. This scheme would supply the fun, and at the same time collect the money. Then why argue?

BUT the Rev. Mr. Chadband will argue. Such a lottery is, he asserts, illegal, immoral, and what is worse, unnecessary. Which is like saying you object to murder—firstly because you don't want to be hanged, secondly because you don't want to be damned, thirdly because it isn't good business. A very noteworthy statement of the Chadband creed! Now as to the illegality. The King can do no wrong, and if the Government wants to have such a lottery, obviously it can have it. To call it immoral is to beg the whole issue. Why is it immoral? The Chadband school has made lotteries illegal, but it has not made the normal Briton think them wrong. To found our national finance on the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange is immoral, to indulge once in a way in a sporting flutter is no more immoral than for the Government to own racehorses, which it now proposes to do, with the grudging assent of Mr. Chadband.

BUT the poor old gentleman maunders on, confusing immorality with illegality, and proving that lotteries are wicked because in England they are forbidden. To raise money to pay for this war, "which we are fighting to safeguard the greatest moral issues, etc., etc., by means of a lottery would be a measure of moral debasement." And yet we are waging this war with the help of explosive bombs! "The appeal... would be to the gambling instincts... not to the noblest instincts of patriotism," cries Chadband. Fudge, my dear sir! The appeal is to patriotism as well as the sporting instinct, which is precisely the case with the appeal for men to join the Army. Only the Premium Bond is not such a terrible gamble.

IN another column Mr. Chadband admits the need for much greater economy and much severer taxation. But he cannot abide the idea of the taxation being conducted without tears. In spite of (or because of) the restrictions on drinking the sale of strong drink has gone up. Then, says the kind soul, double the tax on spirits and put a 33 and 1-3 per cent. heavier tax on wines and beer. The sale of tobacco has gone up—then double the tax on tobacco. He means to pick the pocket of the small investor, but not, if he can help it, with the consent of the small man. He has suffered more or less gladly the many infringements of our liberties which have marked the period of the war. But a State lottery, good gracious! that would be indeed shocking. It would be almost as shocking as the tremendous gamble which has landed Mr. Pemberton Billing in the House of Commons as member for East Herts.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

**Echoes of the Town.**

**Lord Ronald Gower's House Parties—
Financier's Prophecy—Political
Power of Married Men.**

**The New Force.**

I WONDER whether any of our mandarins have tasted the real significance of these great meetings of the married attested and the preparations among them to form themselves into associations. It is not so much during the war, but after the war that this will count. Can you get an inkling of what it will mean if all over the land the soldiers with a stake in the country are banded together as a social and political power? *They will be the greatest political force ever known*, and the professional politicians and their supporters will get very short notice.

Winston's Leave.

AS I HINTED yesterday, Winston Churchill arranged for an extension of his leave in order to think things over quietly, and also in order to find out how much support he really would command as an Opposition leader. There are always plenty of people to talk vaguely about support, but Winston is old hand enough to know that that is just the sort of support which is always out to dinner when the critical division comes. He'll want to be pretty sure.

An Urgent Order.

BY THE WAY, Winston's absence from his regiment raises the question what are the privileges of an officer who is also an M.P. Winston's presence here is all the more peculiar seeing that it is known in the clubs that all leave from the front has been stopped by an urgent order during the last few days.

Lord Ronald Gower.

LORD RONALD GOWER I knew at one time very well indeed. In him passes a notable Victorian figure and a man of a charm and culture rare enough nowadays. He was one of the few people whose conversation was a real delight and whose ample reminiscences never bored. If you met with his approval it was all plain sailing, but he could, for no apparent reason, take violent dislikes, and when he did he was rather a terrible old gentleman. The person who ventured to address him as "Ronnie" on too slight an acquaintance often had a dreadful time of it, although this was the name he insisted on his intimate friends using.



—(Elliott and Fry)

A Dilettante.

BEFORE the financial crash (due to the machinations of a scoundrel and his own child-like ignorance of money matters) Lord Ronald had a wonderful life. Always something of a dilettante, he certainly never took the House of Commons seriously, but revelled in art, literature, and the conversation of the salon. He didn't confine himself to talking about these matters, either. His sculpture is considerable in both quality and quantity, and his art criticisms rank very high. He wrote several books, his *magnum opus*, in his own eyes, being a wonderful history of his beloved Stafford House, priced at £40 a copy.

Wonderful House Parties.

QUEEN VICTORIA was very fond of Lord Ronald, and he was a frequent visitor to Buckingham Palace, which is curious, for there was a lot of the Bohemian in him, and the late Queen abhorred Bohemians. Tennyson, Browning, most of the big nineteenth century figures he knew well, and he entertained wonderful house parties at Hammerfield, his fine place near Penthurst, which he had to give up when he was swindled of almost every penny. The wrench completely broke him up, and although he lingered on for a few sad years, which his adopted son Frank Hird strove to make cheerful, it was the end, and he knew it.

His Youthfulness.

LORD RONALD had a rather pathetic idiosyncrasy of imagining, up to within a few years of his death, that he was quite a young man. He liked to surround himself with men whose age was a third of his, go to the Empire, sup at the Carlton, and generally make a night of it as might any undergraduate. Not many years ago we were in Oxford together, walking about after nine o'clock. "By the way, we haven't gowns on," said Ronnie suddenly. "What fun if we meet the Proctor!" He was quite serious.

Another War Prophecy.

OH, these war prophecies! But it was no necromancer, with shaggy whiskers and a crocodile hanging from the ceiling, no hideous Witch of Endor, not even a Bond-street crystal-gazer, who told me that the war will end on either August 22 or September 19. It was a financial magnate whose name you would all know.

Army "Business."

I KNOW SOMEONE who has been trying to collect an account of only a few shillings from the Army authorities. The debt was contracted five months ago by an authorised military officer. Its legality is not disputed, but account after account has had to be rendered, formidable documents have had to be filled up and signed; sent first to one administrative centre and then to another, but still payment seems as far off as ever. Probably all the amount due has been swallowed up already in clerks' time (if they place any value on that), stationery and postage. War economy!

Tastes Differ.

I KNOW OF a country town where before the war there did not exist a single nice tea-shop. When in the autumn of 1914 a number of regiments of the new Army hailing from a certain part of England were billeted in the place, many gentlemen saw their opportunity, and opened smart tea-shops, which were always full of men—and pretty girls. Then these particular regiments left for the front, and others from another district came. But many of the tea-shops had to put up their shutters. The military taste did not run to tea. It was the "poobs," as the men called them, that now had their turn.

A Peg-like Letter.

A REFRESHING, sensible, and essentially "Peg-like" letter from Laurette Taylor, who is in her native New York. "I get most frightfully lonesome from England," she writes. "Why, I don't know, for I love my own country; but it seems rather uninteresting just now, and we're getting so frightfully rich and self-satisfied. I enclose a 'preparedness number of one of our own comic papers to show you we appreciate the fact that the joke is rather on us, and it will show you that some of us have the proper humility, thank God!"

Theatrical Wedding Off.

THE MARRIAGE announced between Margery Maude, daughter of Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery, and Thomas Achelis, it was stated yesterday, will not take place. Miss Maude is at present touring with her father as his leading lady in America, and the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Achelis, an American actor, whose stage name is Paul Gordon, was made only a few months ago, just after the engagement of her younger



sister to General Congreve's son. Miss Maude made her debut in 1910 in "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," and in the States she has made good in "Grumpy" and "Lady Windermere's Fan," her mother's old part.

"Why Wait?"

A POLITICIAN noted for his palate where wine is concerned was dining with a peer noted for his excellent cellar. To his dismay he found his host had followed the Royal example of "no wine while the war lasts." Sadly he sipped his barley water, while his host explained what he would do if Zeps attacked London: "At the first sound I'll go straight down to my cellars," he said. "Why wait?" said the politician.

What?

A YOUNG, very headstrong, and very extravagant subaltern had got rather deeply in debt, and his father was giving him a good talking to. "Suppose," said he, "that I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?" "Oh, I'd stay here," the boy answered. "The question is, what would become of you?"

Trying It On The Pig.

I KNOW OF an enterprising inventor who gets lots of ideas for new frightfulness. He doesn't submit them at once to the W.O. or the Naval Inventions Board, but tries them on his pigs first. If the pigs squeal, he reckons the Hun will do the same, and off he goes to Whitehall with his drawings under his arm.

Less Tobacco.

THE great revenue rush which characterised last month has been succeeded by a comparative lull in Customs and Excise circles. Withdrawals of tobacco from bond, however, are still going strong. A large manufacturer is of opinion that there will be a slight increase in the duty, not with the object of securing more revenue, but in order to diminish the consumption of tobacco.

Theology And The Tribunals.

THERE is no truth in the rumour (probably started by a club wag) that the Government, in consequence of the knotty points of casuistry and theology raised before the local tribunals, intends to decree that a certain proportion of the members of each tribunal shall hold the degree of Doctor or Bachelor of Divinity. Members of tribunals are receiving anonymously a pamphlet entitled "Why I may not kill my brother."

Woman 'Cellist.

WOMEN 'CELLISTS are rare. One of them is Mme. Suggia, and a magnificent player she is. I heard her a week or two ago at the Aeolian Hall, and I shall try to hear her again (and I advise everyone who can to do the same) on Friday next at Otto Beit's house in Belgrave-square. She is playing there in the afternoon at a concert in aid of the now famous "Star and Garter" fund. Mme. Suggia is not only a great 'cellist. She has a most interesting personality, is an authority on Italian literature, and is a beautiful woman.



—(Hoppé.)

Armletted Musicians.

I HAD AN enjoyable evening with the London String Quartet recently. All four of them wore armlets as they sawed away superbly at Dvorak and Mozart. We want more Chamber Music. Gervase Elwes was the vocalist.

What Will Happen?

WHAT IS to happen in our big orchestras, the Queen's Hall orchestra, the London Symphony, the Beechamites and so on, when still more "callings up" take place? Already many of the members are armleteers, and few of them are conspicuously elderly or ineligible. I suppose women will take their places. Which will be a pity.

Women's Limitations.

DON'T LET it be supposed that I'm casting any aspersions on women as instrumentalists. I don't wish for a better violinist than Mari' Hall. But for some reason they never make good orchestral players, and cannot or will not attend to the conductor's beat as religiously as they should, and male players do. Sir Henry Wood tried women in his orchestra for some recent "Proms.," but abandoned the plan. And now I expect some nasty letters.

War And Theatrical Contracts.

THE STAGE—especially the variety stage—will be hard hit by the calling-up, and I gather that considerable anxiety is being felt by the performers concerning their contracts. According to the *Performer*, Mr. Charles Gulliver, managing director of the London Theatre of Varieties, has announced that he will postpone all dates held by an artiste until such time as he is in a position to take up his engagements, and will then arrange fresh dates. In the case of a small company, if those members not called up can present an acceptable turn by themselves, or with new, ineligible colleagues, he will allow engagements to be kept, on terms to be mutually arranged, and when the called-up partners return he will give fresh dates in addition. It seems an excellent example for other proprietors, who, of course, for all I know, may be arranging something similar.

Ten Days' Holiday.

I FOUND George Graves rather weary, but in no way less witty, at the Lane last night. Weeks and weeks of pantomime, usually at the rate of two shows a day, need a bit of doing when one's part rarely allows one to leave the stage. So George is not exactly sorrowful at the fact that to-night is the last night of "Puss in Boots." But ten days is the longest holiday he will allow himself, or that contracts will allow him.

IT'S 'UP' TO YOU NOW 'P.B.'!



Cheering the airman M.P. after his surprising triumph in East Herts. Will he be able to fulfil his election promises, or will he fall into a Parliamentary hot-air pocket?



How *Lustige Blatter* sees the British Government studying war economy. It might be how the East Herts electors see them after sending Pemberton Billing to Parliament.

TOMMY LIKES TO HELP THE SISTERS



Tommys at a wayside station in France give the sisters a hand. Our men think a lot of the brave women who are serving with the Red Cross.

BAD NEWS FROM THE SEA.



Lieutenant John A. P. Legh—who was in command of torpedo-boat No. 11 when she struck a mine off the East Coast—and his young wife.—(Swaine.)



Coquette, the torpedo-boat destroyer which has also been sunk by a mine, rescuing the crew of a schooner in distress.—(Exclusive Photograph.)

JUST A LITTLE TURN TO AMUSE THE BOYS.



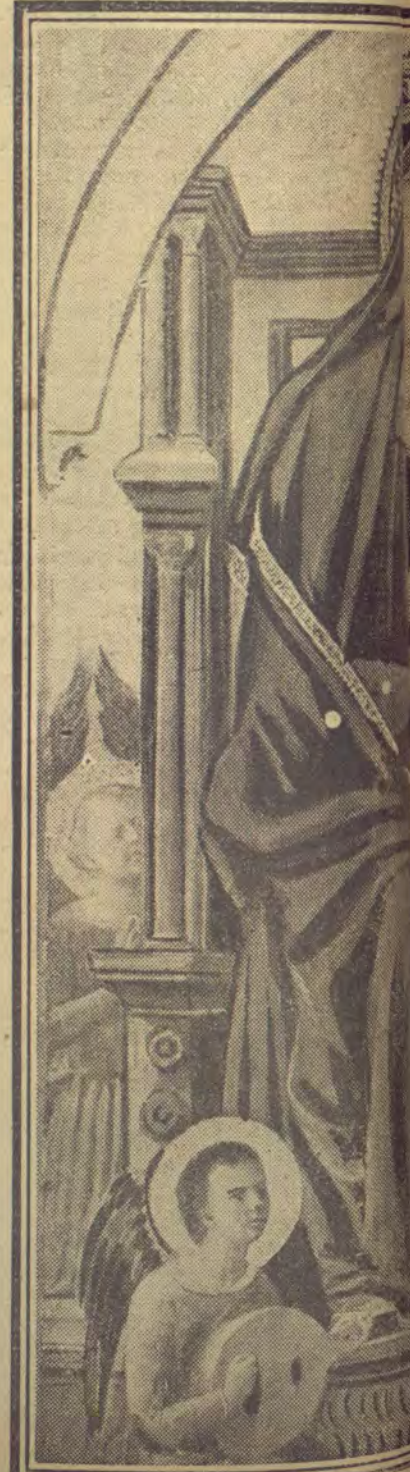
Tom Ackers, the well-known juggler, who has enlisted, amuses his comrades by balancing a 6ft. barrack form on his chin.

LADY BEATTY



Lady Beatty at the opening for the inspection of the Scottish hospital ship, St. Margaret of Scotland.

WAR-TIME ECONOMY



Masaccio's painting of "The Madonna" by the National Gallery Trustees

BOY PLAINTIFF.



Wilfrid Chilvers, the five-year-old plaintiff who lost his suit against the L.C.C. for damages for loss of his eye at school.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY!



... which has just been bought for £9,000 as a result of appeals for war-time economy.

HELPING THE FRENCH.



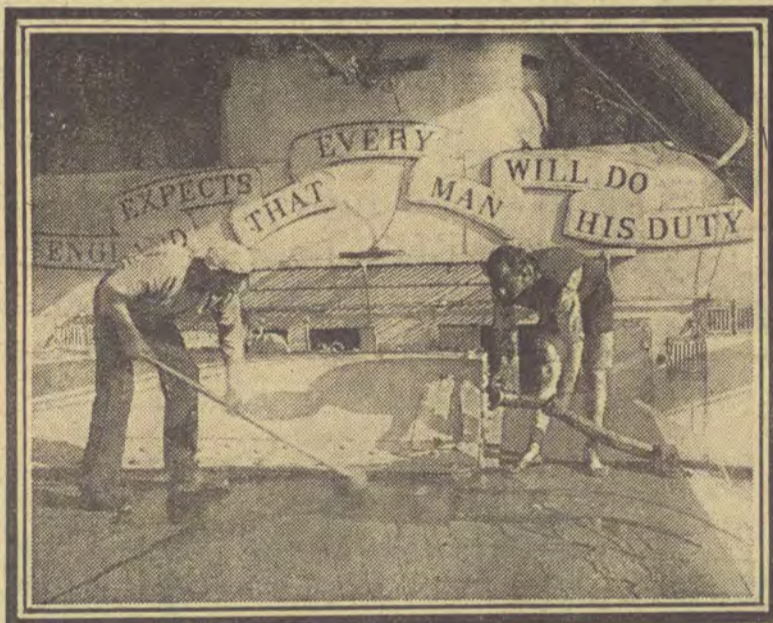
Miss C. I. Brass.



Miss E. S. Burrows.

Two of the British women who are helping the Entente Cordiale Ambulance, which is doing such good work behind the French lines. They use their own car as an ambulance.—(Claude Harris.)

NELSON'S MESSAGE WILL NEVER DIE



An official photograph of cleaning operations on a battleship. The Navy of to-day can be relied upon to live up to Nelson's famous message, as did the men who fought at Trafalgar.

THE ROLL-CALL OF THE WILLING WORKERS.



Thousands of applications are daily received from married men willing to join the L.C.C. munition-making classes to release the single men.

A CALL TO THE TWINS.



Ewart B. Waggott (left) and his twin-brother Granville.



The Rev. Joseph Waggott.



Pte. G. Waggott, Argyll Highlanders.



Rifleman J. E. Waggott, K.R.R.



Mrs. J. Waggott.



Pte. Leslie Waggott, Royal Warwicks.

Three of the five sons of the Rev. J. Waggott, a Notts Methodist minister, are in the Army. The twins, who remain, attested, and their sister drew lots as to which of the two shall now go to the colours.

WELCOME REST IN THE CHASE OF THE ARABS.



Water is precious in the desert where our men have been routing the Senussi and the Bedouin Arabs. Our picture shows horses being watered at a desert well.



SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at JELKS

attain wider fame with
every week which passes.

Visitors tell their friends, the result being that each
succeeding week-end the attendance has increased,
until now one might legitimately describe Jelks' on
Saturday as a

Come and take tea with us.

RENDEZVOUS FOR FURNITURE LOVERS.

ALWAYS ON VIEW £50,000 WORTH OF
HIGH-GRADE
SECOND-HAND FURNITURE
FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS.

Jelks' are the world's largest dealers in best quality second-hand furniture,
and they have

AN EVER-CHANGING STOCK OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

"Jelks Saturday Afternoons" having become such a feature of London Life
there has recently been installed a dainty tea-room, and

**All Visitors are cordially invited to take
Afternoon Tea on Saturdays, Provided Free**

It is possible to spend several delightful hours at Jelks' in wandering peace-
fully through a veritable wonderland of furniture—apparently unlimited in
variety, and not a single article in dubious taste. No one pressed to
purchase. Why not go to Jelks' to-day? You will find your reward in the
intense interest which their present wonderful display will arouse in you.
If you should desire to make a purchase, Jelks' terms are cash or
easy payments. 250,000 sq. ft. floor space.

If you cannot call, send for the
free bargain list to-day.

W. JELKS AND SONS

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263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275,

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Bus Services Nos. 42 and 42a pass the doors. Holloway-rd. Tube Station
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SATURDAY BUSINESS HOURS: 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

REMOVAL ESTIMATES FREE.

Phones: 2598, 2599 North.

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Have you a Daughter? Have you a Sister?

If so, you **MUST** read

'A London Girl'

By **HAROLD BEGBIE**

IN TO-MORROW'S

'LLOYD'S NEWS'

IT IS a revelation that will come as a
shock to many, only half aware of the
pitfalls and the dangers that beset a young
girl in a great city.

BUT however much it may distress, how-
ever much it may horrify, it must be read,
and the lesson it will teach be taken to heart.

For **IT IS TRUE!**

'A London Girl'

IN

'LLOYD'S NEWS'

Is the story of "Baby," a girl like thousands of her sisters, plunged
into an environment that holds out temptations on every hand. **TRAGIC**
is her history and its ending after a period of feverish gaiety, the delusive
sparkle of what is called "pleasure" in its mocking aspects.

THE STORY is told frankly, freely and by a master hand, for Mr.
Harold Begbie has made a special study of the social problem which
is represented by the poignant career of "Baby." "The pitiful tale is
not overdrawn; it is all too true," says the Bishop of London.

YOU MUST READ

'A London Girl'

IN

'LLOYD'S NEWS'

TO-MORROW.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.



"OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE,
7½d per ¼-lb."

Established 1847.

Allcock's Plasters

Eagle Mark.

The World's Greatest
External Remedy.



Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs
Allcock's Plasters act as a preventive
as well as a curative.
Prevent colds becoming deep seated



Rheumatism in Shoulder
Relieved by using Allcock's Plasters
Athletes use them for
Stiffness or Soreness of muscles.

Allcock's is the original and genuine porous plaster.
It is a standard remedy, sold by chemists in every part
of the civilized world. Apply wherever there is Pain.

When you need a Pill

TAKE A **Brandreth's Pill** (Est. 1752.)

For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, Etc.
SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.

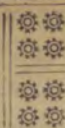
ALLCOCK MANUFACTURING Co., Birkenhead.



What Women Are Doing:

By MRS. GOSSIP.

Royalty A Day Too Soon—
Lovely London Gardens—
To-morrow's Concerts.



QUEEN Alexandra paid a real surprise visit to the Duchess of Somerset's sale for invalid kitchens, for she looked in the day before it took place.

The fact is that Ash Wednesday has always been the Duchess's day, but this year the date was changed, and when her Majesty arrived there was nobody to receive her.

The Duke was at the House of Lords, the Duchess doing a rest cure in her room, and the Duchess of Buccleuch and Countess Torby had been gone only a few minutes, after a strenuous day arranging their stalls.

Her Grace's Pictures.

Her Majesty, with whom was Princess Victoria, bought a cushion and some lace made by the Cretans, from Lady Egerton's stall, and some other things, but all was in confusion, with dust-sheets everywhere.

When the sale took place the next day it was an immense success, and there ought to be lots of good things in the kitchens for the invalids in consequence.

The Duchess of Somerset was in a black toilette. There were, by the way, some charming water colours by her Grace on sale. Among interesting and charming people selling or buying, or both, were Lady Margaret Scott, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Countess Torby, the Duchess of Abercorn, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Muriel Paget.

Clara Butt Will Sing.

At the Queen's Hall to-morrow evening Mme. Clara Butt sings in aid of the Three Arts Employment Fund. There will be some excellent music in addition.

Lady Alexander has consented to organise the

selling of programmes; she is a past-mistress in the art of making people have one. Lady Drogheda, the Baroness Percy de Worms, and Lady Southall, I hear, will be there as well.

Also Sunday.

There is also another in-aid-of concert to-morrow night, at Claridge's, given by the War Emergency Entertainments under Mr. De Lara's direction.

Lady Churston has promised to sing; she has been helping quite a lot of late at charity concerts. So has the Donna Ortensia di Mignano.

Mlle. Dorziat is also helping—she is so attractive both in acting and in appearance; Mrs. Claud Beddington and Captain Viscount Coke are other stars who will shine at Claridge's.

The Gardeneress.

The lovely gardens at Holland House have lost nearly all their young men gardeners, and in their stead the Dowager Countess of Ilchester (who has Holland House for her life) has engaged as head gardener Theodora Lockhart, elder daughter of the late W. E. Lockhart, R.A., the well-known portrait painter.

Miss Lockhart has studied every branch of gardening at an agricultural college in Scotland. The gardens are historically interesting, besides being marvellous specimens of what can be done in the heart of London.

The First Dahlias.

They were originally laid out by Charles Hamilton, of Pain's Hill, for Henry Fox, which accounts for the fact that there are oaks and cedars of Lebanon to be found in them.

Lady Ilchester is devoted to her garden, and inherits the love of flowers from a great-uncle who was a renowned botanist. It was in these gardens that dahlias were first raised in England, and until forty-six years ago the park extended from Kensington to Notting Hill.

For The Star And Garter Fund.

I met Miss Mary Moore yesterday, very busy with arrangements for her matinée on Tuesday afternoon at the Criterion Theatre—she tells me that the seats are selling splendidly and that she expects a very distinguished audience. Miss

Moore hopes that everybody will be seated by 2.15, as there is a splendid programme, and she says: "Item No. 1 is just as good as Nos. 7 or 8." So don't be late.

A Lovely Gift.

Lady Kinloch, who is very artistic, was "at home" on Thursday afternoon at the Carlyle Studios, Chelsea, to show the work of well-known artists who have been badly hit by the war and to take orders for their work.

The great attraction is artistic furniture and decorative work painted and copied from the antique. A set of bedroom furniture in Wedgwood blue, painted in flowers with Cupid medallions inset and painted in grisaille, at once caught my eye. Lady Kinloch told me it has been purchased by Lord Shaughnessy, chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, for his daughter. It is an exact copy of one in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is the work of a French artist.

If anyone would like to see the studio even now Lady Kinloch will be pleased to let them do so if they write to her at 20, Eaton-place.

British Women In Petrograd.

Dr. Beatrice Coxon has been appointed medical officer to the new hospital in Petrograd, started by Lady Buchanan and a committee of British women in the Russian capital. It is a maternity hospital, and is meant to deal with the thousands of distressed women refugees from Poland and the Baltic provinces who have been driven from their homes and seek shelter in Petrograd.

Dr. Coxon was awarded the Serbian Order of St. Sava in recognition of her services with Mrs. Stobart's medical unit in Serbia. She was formerly house surgeon at Alnwick Hospital, Northumberland.

"G. G.'s" Daughter.

Have you heard of "The Beans"? I don't suppose you have, but many a wounded Tommy could tell you all about them if you asked him, because they are so constantly entertaining him.

"The Beans" are a troupe of eight girls, all amateurs, and the originator is the clever and charming daughter of Mr. George Grossmith.

I had the pleasure of hearing and seeing them on Thursday afternoon at the Springfield War Hospital at Wandsworth, where they amused a number of wounded soldiers by the very excellent show they gave.



MISS ENA GROSSMITH.
—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

Good Bookings.

Miss Ena Grossmith sang and danced very delightfully, and has all the charm her father possesses, both on the stage and off. Miss Muriel Hannen is another of the troupe who has been most energetic in her work, and she also gave some excellent turns.

"The Beans" are booked up for months ahead at the various hospitals in and out of town. To-day they are giving an entertainment at Oxford. They have already given over 75 concerts.

A Lenten Dish.

Two hard-boiled eggs, 1 gill of bechamel sauce, 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoonful of chopped ham or lean bacon, 2 raw eggs, breadcrumbs, pepper and salt. Heat the sauce, but don't let it boil. Add the beaten-up yolk of egg and stir until it thickens, pour into a basin; add the hard-boiled eggs, chopped up, parsley, ham, pepper and salt. Stir up well and put out on a plate to cool. When cold shape into cutlets and dip in a beaten-up egg, then breadcrumbs, and fry in lard or margarine a light brown. Serve with tomato sauce or with fried parsley.

"Daily Sketch" Knitting League.

Contributions of woollies are acknowledged with many thanks from the following:—Auld Reekie, H. G. (Westcliff), Anonymous (Crumpsall), A Reader of the Daily Sketch (three), C. E. (Belfast), and Alrewas Vicarage. Belts are not so much asked for as socks.

Thanks From "Lizzie."

Commander Beasley, of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, writes to thank the Daily Sketch Knitting League for "the very kind gift of scarves, which are much appreciated on board."

MRS. GOSSIP.



DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.
—(Lafayette.)

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How The French Are Bleeding Germany In The Fight At Verdun.



A regiment of French infantry charging in open order to take up a new position in the Meuse sector on the Verdun battle front.



French reserves behind the lines awaiting orders to advance and bayonet the Boches.



French Territorial troops marching out at dusk to repair trenches battered by the enemy's artillery



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French officers and war correspondents watching the battle from a fort