

SMUTS IN HOT PURSUIT OF HUNS IN EAST AFRICA.

DAILY SKETCH.

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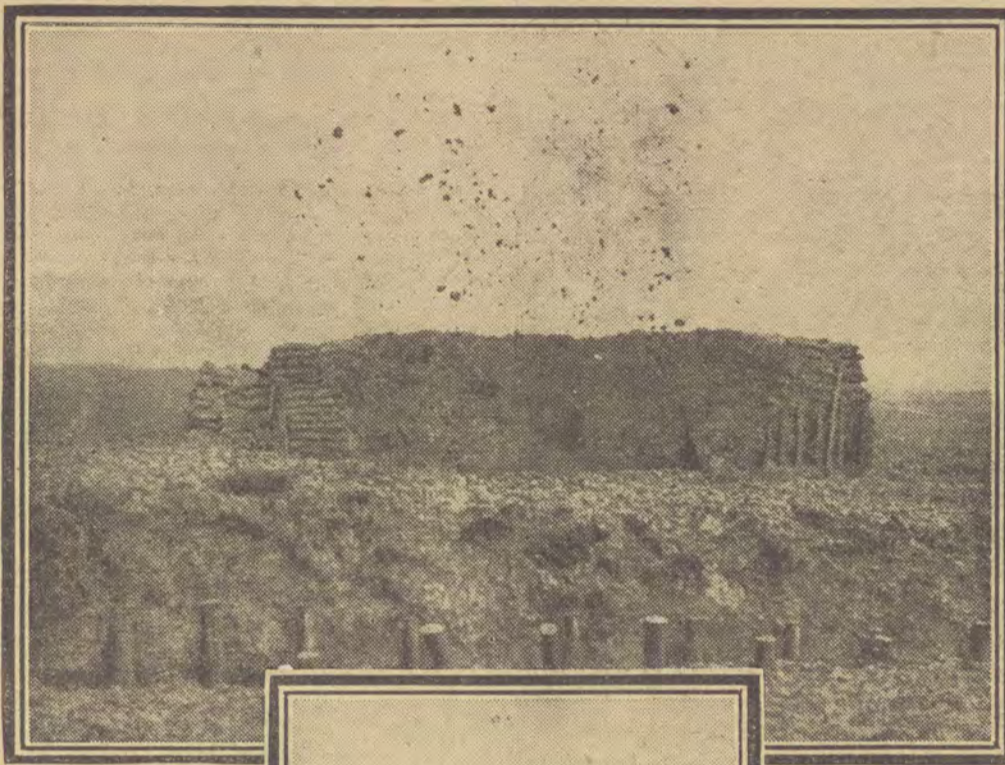
LONDON, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE BOMB-THROWERS AT SCHOOL.



Tommy learns how to fire a grenade while sheltering in the trench.



What one bomb can do.



The results are astonishing. The rifle grenadier ready to fire. It is very different from sniping.



Learning to handle a catapult. Tommy lights the fuse.



The art of bomb-throwing by hand.



The trench catapult lets fly just like the schoolboy's weapon.

These *Daily Sketch* exclusive photographs, taken by official permission, illustrate the methods by which our soldiers are being trained in bomb-throwing somewhere in England before they proceed to the front. There is ironic humour in this spectacle of Tommy going to school again to learn how to shoot with a catapult! But since this extraordinary war has revived a type of weapon used by the Romans in Julius Cæsar's campaigning days, it is essential that the up-to-date fighting man shall become expert in the use of trench catapult and grenade.

LORD DERBY WILL REMAIN AT THE WAR OFFICE

**"I Have No Doubt As To My Duty"
He Tells His Critics.**

LORD KITCHENER'S APPEAL.

**"Put Patriotism Before Everything,
Married Men."**

POSITION AN ANXIOUS ONE.

A question by Lord Middleton gave Lord Derby an opportunity of replying to his critics in the House of Lords last evening. Lord Middleton asked what steps had been taken by the Government to deal with—

1. Men who had entered exempted occupations since August 15, 1915; and
 2. Unmarried men under 31 years of age now in exempted occupations,
- with a view to rendering such men available for military service.

MUCH PERSONAL ABUSE.

Lord Derby said he was glad the questions had been asked. During the past fortnight there had been much personal abuse of himself, and many accusations against him for having failed to fulfil his part. He hoped he was right in saying that he could afford to pass by all such attacks on his honour. (Hear, hear.) They were absolutely unjustifiable attacks.

He did not give any pledge to the married men who attested that they would never be called upon to serve.

The question of whether all married men should be attested was one which did not concern him. It was a question for the Government.

He had been told that he ought to resign, but he had no doubt whatever as to his proper duty, and that was to remain at the War Office as long as he could be of the slightest assistance to Lord Kitchener.

But his position was made a little difficult by the speech of Lord Selborne. If that represented the considered view of the Government there could be no alternative but to ask them to relieve him of any responsibility and to accept the whole of it themselves.

WHY WE ARE SHORT OF MEN.

He had authority for stating that the pledge given to the married men would be fulfilled to the fullest extent.

In the pledge it was clearly stated that it was absolutely imperative that there should be some exceptions to the rule that all single men should go first.

The Government ought to get all men who had gone into reserved occupations to escape military service. The reserved occupations were really the cause of our not getting the number of men we ought to have got.

Lord Derby said he did not for one minute suggest that the two rules he had asked the Government to lay down were the whole of the demands he might have to make to the Government and read a letter from Mr. Walter Long in the course of which it was stated that there would be drastic alterations in the lists of reserved occupations.

SUPERFLUOUS SINGLE MEN.

There was a real desire on the part of the Cabinet Committee to meet the situation, and he had no doubt that it would weed out what he would call the superfluous single men from all works throughout the length and breadth of the land.

There were a great many men who had entered the mines to avoid military service, and he hoped to obtain these men for the Army.

There was not the slightest doubt that there were more men hiding in munitions works from military service than in any other industry, but it was obviously impossible to take every single man away from such employment. It might be doing justice to the married men at home, but it would be dealing out death to the married men at the front.

They could not disturb this great industry unnecessarily, but, in view of the steps which the Minister of Munitions was taking, a large number would be released for service with the colours.

"GERMANY WILL NOT WAIT FOR US."

Lord Derby urged the Government to bring the Registration Act up to date.

If a man could not produce his registration card he should be considered as belonging to the Army.

He could assure the married men who had attested that everything was being done that could be done.

The pledge would be kept as far as possible, in the spirit as well as in the letter.

There was no doubt that the easiest way would be for the Government to postpone the calling up of the married groups until such time as Lord Kitchener could say that he had got all the single men that he fairly could take, but that would take time, and the Germans would not wait until we had put our house in order.

Everything that could be done would be done.

LORD KITCHENER'S FEARS REALISED.

Lord Kitchener paid a tribute to the work done by Lord Derby at the War Office, and went on to remind the House that last month he sounded a warning as to whether we should obtain the number of men in the groups and classes that were required for the Army.

He regretted to say that his fears had been realised and our requirements had necessitated the calling up of some of the younger married groups, and would require the calling up of more groups earlier than they had anticipated.

The country might rest assured that he would support Lord Derby in his efforts to obtain more

single men for the Army, and he had not the slightest doubt that they would eventually be brought in.

But this would take time, and in the meantime he needed men to be trained for the requirements of the Army.

Married men who had attested should realise that, even if the War Office had obtained all the single men they could have secured, they would still require a large number of married men within the next few weeks.

The men had to be trained, and it required many weeks to make them proficient to take the field.

"PUT PATRIOTISM FIRST."

Lord Kitchener appealed to the married men who had attested to put their patriotism and the national cause before any personal considerations, and come forward without hesitation to join the ranks.

The position was an anxious one.

Every effort would be made to secure single men who could be spared from reserved occupations.

SCENES IN THE COMMONS.

Mr. Asquith Attacked On His Pledge To The Married.

Sir A. Markham, calling attention in the House of Commons last evening to Lord Derby's pledge to the married men said that the married men trusted Lord Derby, but they would not have attested on the word of the Prime Minister, because the Premier was a professional politician. (Cries of "Oh, oh!")

Mr. Asquith had said he would stick at nothing, but the only thing the Premier had definitely stuck to was his Ministerial salary. (Cries of "Order!" and "Insult!")

What had the Prime Minister done in the war until he had been forced? Every step he had taken had been a backward movement. (Cries of "Withdraw!")

Why The Group Scheme Failed.

Captain Edge (who was largely responsible for the group scheme), in a maiden speech, maintained that the keynotes of the Derby administration were civilian assistance and democratic procedure, and it had not been the success expected because it had been overloaded with reservations and exemptions. (Hear, hear.) He regretted the early call to the married, and said he saw no chance of keeping the pledge to the married men in the spirit intended except by a drastic revision of the reserved occupations. (Cheers.)

It ought to be a point of honour in our industrial system at present for no firm to employ single men without good reason.

"This Mudding Coalition."

Captain Amery said there were in the Army about 200,000 men who were no use because of physical unfitness. They were enlisted to conceal the failure of the voluntary system. It was all part of the policy of procrastination, make-believe, and muddle pursued by the Coalition Government.

There were also a million unattested married men in this country, and we were not touching them because we dared not, owing to the composition of the Government.

The Prime Minister's statement to the effect that Lord Kitchener believed the Military Service Act would produce all the men required was grossly misleading and ought not to have been made.

Mr. Walter Long said he regretted that it should be thought necessary when members felt strongly to make personal attacks upon the Prime Minister—(cheers)—especially when he was absent through illness. (Cheers.)

As one who had the honour to serve under Mr. Asquith he did not regard it as his duty to defend him from such charges. It was not necessary. (Cheers.)

"Cocksure" Captain Amery.

Captain Amery was always cocksure that he was right, and not only that the other fellow was wrong, but that the other fellow was certainly a fool, and, maybe, even a criminal. (Laughter.)

Mr. Long wondered how Captain Amery could sit in company with men of such gross incapacity. (Laughter.) The Captain spent his mornings in the War Office and his afternoons criticising it. (Loud laughter and cheers.)

Lord Kitchener had given the most explicit directions that medically unfit men should not be accepted, and orders had also been given that such men who had been enlisted should be discharged.

There was not the smallest justification for the rather offensive charge that the Prime Minister's pledge to married men had not been kept. Lord Derby, who had acted absolutely straightforwardly throughout, would be the first man to refuse to have any further connection with the Government if they had broken the promise given to him and the country.

DECORATED IN BED BY THE KING.



Col. C. W. H. Crichton, 10th Royal Hussars, who was severely wounded at Ypres, is now making satisfactory progress at Queen Alexandra's Hospital for officers, at Highgate, although still confined to his bed. The King and Queen paid a visit to the hospital on Monday, and the King decorated Colonel Crichton with the Distinguished Service Order.

Miss Billie Carlton is to appear shortly in "Samples."

Mr. H. L. T. Hansard, of Stanbridge Earls, Rotherham, died worth £144,954.

MORE GALLANT DEEDS BY MEN AT THE FRONT.

Captain Who Crawled Along A Tunnel And Captured A Turk

LIEUT. GRENFELL'S 3 FOKKERS.

Records of more wonderful deeds performed by British officers at the front come to hand through the medium of yesterday's *London Gazette*, the Government's official publication.

The *Gazette* makes thrilling reading, for it tells, in dry official language, of deeds which will live through the centuries to come.

The ordinary layman's idea of battle is of soldiers either in trenches defying attacks or rushing through fire-swept fields to capture the enemy's positions. The *Gazette*, however, shows that there are many other phases of battle life which, although little known, are intensely dangerous.

Surprised The Sentry.

This is how the *Gazette* tells of an officer's glorious deed:—

Capt. Charles Stanley Barber, 3rd Field Co., Australian Engineers.—D.S.O. for conspicuous courage

An opening having been driven into a hostile listening tunnel, Capt. Barber, with a few men, crawled through on hands and knees, surprised the Turkish sentry, and by barricading a large portion of the hostile tunnel materially strengthened the advance post.

A great deal of talk, most of it exaggerated, has been made of the "deadly Fokker" German express aeroplane. Tales have been told of the extraordinary offensive power of these machines, their speed and climbing capacity. Lieut. Eustace Osborne Grenfell, R.A. and R.F.C., single handed, brought down three of these much-vaunted air eagles.

Extract from *Gazette* dealing with the gallantry of Lieut. Grenfell, who has been awarded the D.S.O. :—

For conspicuous gallantry and skill. He attacked single-handed and brought down three Fokker aeroplanes. He has shown great bravery and initiative at all times.

NOT SHIRKING.

All That The Married Men Demand Is A Square Deal.

Some people have an idea that the married men are doing their best to evade military service.

That idea is wrong. They do not want to shirk their obligations. All they ask is that the order of their going shall be scrupulously fair.

In order to give married men an opportunity of expressing their opinion on the subject, another meeting will be held to-day at Tower Hill at one o'clock sharp, wet or fine.

An opportunity will be given of organising a Married Men's League, in order that the members may protect themselves now and in the future.

"Under present legislation a Derby recruit called up now does not escape payment of the second instalment of his income tax," said an official of the Income Tax Abatement and Adjustment Agency to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday.

Whether between now and July some legislative step will be taken to relieve such men of this payment is at present only a matter of speculation.

Cambridge tribunal yesterday heard claims on conscientious grounds from 300 members of the University.

Shoreditch tribunal refused total exemption to two sons of the Mayor of Shoreditch, who is chairman of the tribunal, but granted three months' postponement to one and two months to the other. Both are in the provision trade.

Brigadier-General Towley, speaking at Birmingham, said every single man was supposed to have enlisted, but the job was to find them. They kept dodging the authorities, even in Birmingham. Many had run away to Ireland.

Percy Lethbridge (20), a chauffeur, who did not obey an order calling him up under the Military Service Act, was fined £5 or a month at Marylebone yesterday.

CONGRATULATED BY THE KING.



Major Thackwell, 16th Battery M.M.G.S., has made a reputation at the front for the excellence of his gun emplacements. When the King paid his last visit to France Major Thackwell showed his Majesty over several, and was warmly congratulated on their ingenuity.—(Gwyer Gibbs.)

SCIENTIFIC LABOUR-SAVING.

To meet the deficiency of labour due to men being called to the Colours, one large London firm is having its organisation overhauled by a Canadian business expert.

Skilled in the scientific methods, he daily watches the work in various departments and detects movements which are tiring to employees and tiresome to customers.

Some of the new schemes he has devised, says a correspondent, have led to a vast saving in labour and an enormous increase in output.

CAP'N BOWLES DEFIES THE WEATHER.

Married Men's Campaign Begins In Market Harborough.

DINNER-HOUR SCENE.

Knife And Fork Obligato To Breezy Election Speech.

THE CANDIDATES.

Mr. T. G. Bowles, Married Men's Nominee. Mr. Percy Harris, Liberal Nominee of the Coalition Government.

Polling day, Thursday, March 23.

From Our Special Correspondent.

MARKET HARBOROUGH, Wednesday.

The husbands of Harborough have won the first round. The announcement that the call to Groups 33 to 41 has been postponed indefinitely cannot be regarded, the husbands contend, as a mere coincidence. It has come during a tremendous uprising of the married men which reached its culminating point when Mr. Gibson Bowles toed the line to fight their battles.

The other side are making out that this postponement of the call is only evidence of the good faith of the Government, but Leicestershire knows rather better than London that one cannot catch a weasel asleep.

WHICH HIS NAME IS HARRIS.

The married men do confess to just a tiny bit of curiosity as to who is this man who has annexed their thunder. All they have seen from him so far is a newspaper advertisement, while their own champion already has been seen and heard.

Mr. Bowles does not forget to rub in this modesty. "My opponent—by the way, what is my opponent's name, Mr. Chairman?" asked "Cap'n Tommy" at his first meeting. The armletted audience roared with delight. The chairman laughingly replied: "The gentleman's name, I won't deceive you, is 'Arris."

The wonderful vitality of Mr. Gibson Bowles is amazing to his supporters, who were inclined to look upon him as an elderly gentleman who might be spared where possible.

There was a proposition to hold some outdoor meetings to-day, but it was raining cats and dogs.

"What about that?" repeated the vivacious septuagenarian when one of his supporters questioned the advisability of his addressing an open-air meeting under such conditions. "I'm younger than my age. Besides, I'm not made either of sugar or salt."

And off he went.

"COME INSIDE!"

In a pitiless downpour the married men's champion took up a position outside the boot factory of the local co-operative society, ready to make a speech in the roadway, but there was no need. As soon as the men caught sight of him, they shouted, "Why don't you come into the dining hall and talk to us while we have dinner?"

He did. To the accompaniment of an orchestra of knives and forks, and partly enveloped by the delicious steam which arose from hundreds of five-penny dinners, he fired off a rattling good speech, and won votes right and left.

One thing that the economists of the division like about Mr. Bowles is his declaration that he will not take the £400 a year if he is elected.

ANOTHER FIGHT FOR MARRIED MEN.

The *Daily Sketch* understands that the National Union of Attested Married Men, which has been formed in Manchester, has been approached with a view to providing a candidate for the Hyde division at the by-election caused by the retirement of Mr. Neilson, and has decided to ask Mr. Helsby Moss, who has taken a prominent part in the agitation to secure the carrying out of the "Single men first" pledge, to stand.

HELD FIFTY HUNS AT BAY.



Corporal Albert S. Widlake, 6th Battalion Welsh Regiment. He has been awarded the D.C.M. for holding a section of a trench against fifty Huns and throwing seventy bombs among them. He is a native of Skewen, Glamorganshire.

How To Stop The War.

A conscientious objector from Hackney was asked:—

"How would you stop the Zeppelin murders?"

"By stopping the war."

"How would you stop the war?"

"By declaring peace."

CAN ZEPPELINS REDUCE OUR NAVAL SUPREMACY?

MUCH GUNFIRE, BUT NO MORE PROGRESS.

Enemy's Move Checked On The West Of The Meuse.

FRENCH TURN COMING.

Fighting Extends To Many Parts Of The Front.

The only material change in the military situation is that the fighting is extending to many parts of the front.

The enemy has made no progress on the west of the Meuse, in spite of a boastful message in a similar strain to that used when Fort Douaumont, and later Fort Vaux, were alleged to have been captured.

The French are still replying with defensive tactics, the principle of which is a progressive restoration of the equilibrium with a minimum of loss to the defenders.

They are quite confident that their turn is coming, and yesterday's news from Paris shows that they have practically nullified the slight advantage gained by the Germans on Tuesday west of the Meuse.

GERMAN TRENCH CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH.

Slackening Of Enemy's Gunfire In Verdun Battle.

French Official News.

PARIS, Wednesday, 11 p.m.

In Belgium the enemy trenches in the region of Hetsas and Langemarck were effectively shelled.

To the north of the Aisne we bombarded the approaches to the Ville aux Bois.

In Champagne an attack launched by us against the German positions to the south of Saint Supplet enabled us to occupy an enemy trench and to make some prisoners.

West of the Meuse the bombardment appreciably slackened in the course of the day on the front Béthincourt-Cumières, where no infantry action has been reported.

On the right bank there was somewhat great activity in the region of Vaux-Damloup.

Some grenade skirmishes were fought by our advanced parties on the slopes to the east of the fort of Vaux.

In the Woevre the villages at the foot of the heights of the Meuse were bombarded.

Our artillery was active on the whole of the front, particularly to the east of the Bois de Paville, where an artillery convoy was dispersed, and at the approaches to the Hannoncelles mill (north of Fresnes in the Woevre), where our fire caused a strong explosion in a German battery.—Reuter.

LOST GROUND RECAPTURED.

PARIS, Wednesday, 3 p.m.

To the west [Paris side] of the Meuse the enemy made no fresh attack in the course of the night.

On our front between Béthincourt and Cumières some counter-attacks with the bayonet and with grenades enabled us to recapture a portion of the trench section occupied yesterday by the enemy towards Hill 265 [south of Forges].

We hold Béthincourt, the summit of Dead Man Hill, the cove to the south of Cumières Wood and the village of Cumières.

The bombardment continued with intensity in the whole of the sector, and was energetically met by our artillery.

MANY FIGHTS IN THE AIR.

German Observation Balloon Forced To Descend By Bomb Attack.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Wednesday, 9.40 p.m.

Last night our troops carried out a small raid south of Verlorenhoek with satisfactory results.

To-day there has been artillery activity on both sides about Hulluch, Ploegsteert, and Ypres.

Considerable aerial activity. Many combats took place. A determined attack on one of our reconnaissances was driven off. A hostile observation balloon was forced to descend when attacked with bombs.

Our Dumb Friends' League has opened a fund for the widow and children of the man Gustance, who was killed in trying to rescue a cat from the top of a tree in Liverpool-road, Islington.

GERMANS IN RAPID RETREAT IN EAST AFRICA.

General Smuts' Forces Pushing On In Pursuit.

ANOTHER TOWN OCCUPIED.

From The War Office.

Wednesday Evening.

The following report on operations in East Africa has been received from General Smuts:—

Our troops occupied Moshi on Monday and were pushing on to occupy Arusha, which is believed to have been evacuated by the Germans.

The enemy appears to be retiring rapidly southwards, his movements being greatly assisted by the Tanga Railway.

The numerous rivers in the area of operations have somewhat hindered our pursuit.

Further evidence as to the severe defeat inflicted on the enemy at Kitovo (reported on Tuesday) is still being received.

A search of the slopes of the hills, which are covered in bush, has brought to light a great number of dead, and three machine-guns and one gun which the enemy has abandoned in his retreat have been found.

ENEMY DEMORALISED.

Mr. Steel Maitland, M.P., at a meeting of the General Council of the King George and Queen Mary Club for Overseas Forces at Peel House, Westminster, yesterday, said:

An important piece of news has come to hand this morning. General Smuts has just won another very great success in East Africa. From Kilimanjaro he has pushed on, and has occupied Moshi and has crossed the railway lines. The Germans are retreating demoralised towards the south.

SHARP LESSON FOR THE TURKS ON THE TIGRIS.

British Infantry Column Gives Them A Taste Of The Bayonet.

The following report has been received from General Lake on operations in Mesopotamia:— On March 10 information was received that the Turks had occupied an advanced position on the Tigris, and a column was sent before dawn on Saturday to turn the enemy out.

The infantry assaulted the positions, and bayoneted a considerable number of Turks, and the column withdrew, with two officers and 50 men as prisoners.

There are no further developments to report.

SOLLUM REOCCUPIED.

Retreating Arabs Pursued By Motor-Cars, Cavalry And Camel Corps.

From The War Office.

Wednesday Night.

Yesterday the force under Major-General Peyton reoccupied Sollum, the Egyptian frontier post that was evacuated in December last.

The enemy on Monday blew up their ammunition stores and on Tuesday only offered slight resistance.

The retreating enemy were successfully pursued by armed motor-cars, cavalry and camel corps, with the result that 28 prisoners, including three officers, three guns and nine machine guns were captured.

About 50 of the enemy, including three officers, were killed, and their camp is now in our hands.

AWARDED DAMAGES FOR LIBEL.



Miss Swanhilde Bulan, the editress of the *Nursing Times*, who, with Messrs. Macmillan and Co., was awarded £500 damages for libel against the *Nursing Press*, Ltd., and Mrs. Ethel Gordon Fenwick, the editress of the *British Journal of Nursing*.

AIR RAID OVER KRUPP'S WORKS AT ESSEN.

Six Sheds Reported Destroyed At Famous Munition Factory.

The Amsterdam *Telegraaf* learns that some few days ago Allied aviators flew over Munich-Gladbach and Essen.

It is reported that six sheds at Essen have been destroyed.—Exchange. A destructive fire at Gladbach has already been reported, but no cause was assigned for it.



Gladbach and Essen, the site of Krupp's main works, are about 30 miles apart.

Situated in the prosperous Rhine provinces which correspond to Lancashire, Yorkshire and the North Midlands in England, they are respectively 15 and 45 miles from the Dutch frontier.

The nearest point to the Allies' line, however, is Nieuport, which is about 140 miles from Essen.

VON TIRPITZ HAS A "POLITICAL ILLNESS."

"Really Suffering From Dismissal Through Naval Failure."

Von Tirpitz, the head of the German Admiralty, is ill.

The report of his indisposition "comes as a surprise," says the Berlin *Taegliche Rundschau*, "because nobody knew anything of the illness of the Grand Admiral."

A Rome wireless message gives an interesting reason for the alleged illness.

"The illness of Admiral von Tirpitz is of a purely political nature, and the Admiral is really suffering from dismissal following upon the lack of success of his naval programme."

From Washington comes a telegram which says the State Department admits having received unofficial advice to the effect that Von Tirpitz has either resigned or is about to do so. The officials, however, refuse to give the source of their information, and the German Embassy is silent on the subject.

AFTER-THE-WAR PROBLEMS.

"Let Us No Longer Pursue A Policy Of Drift," Says Australia's Premier.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Australian Premier, speaking last night at a dinner given in his honour by the British Imperial Council of Commerce in the Connaught Rooms, said if we would achieve national salvation we must pluck out not only German influence in our trade, but many things that for generations had been part of the work and root of our national life.

The whole concept of modern statesmanship needed revision. Let us no longer pursue a policy of drift, but set sail upon a definite course as became a mighty nation to whom had been entrusted the destiny of one-fourth of the human race.

Mr. Herbert Samuel said after the war we might be faced with grave industrial questions, and we should certainly be faced with difficult commercial and imperial questions.

There is undoubtedly at this moment a widespread and intense feeling throughout the nation that after the war we shall not be able to enter again into friendly, equal trade relationships with those who are now our enemies. (Loud cheers.)

QUEEN SOOTHES CRYING BABY.

The Queen and Princess Mary visited the Union Jack Hostel, near the Union Jack Club and Waterloo Station, yesterday, and spent over an hour inspecting every part of the building.

They went into the hall, restaurant, smoking-room, bedrooms, kitchens, and over the boiler-house, and expressed great satisfaction with the accommodation for women and children.

In the nursery the Queen saw a baby crying bitterly, and while helping to soothe it learned that its father was in St. George's Hospital gassed and wounded, and that his wife had come to London to see him and be as near to him as possible.

5 a.m. Edition.

DO WE HANDICAP OUR AIRMEN?

Lord Montagu Says We Have Lost The Supremacy We Held.

WHAT ZEPPELINS MIGHT DO.

Air Power The Most Important Of All Weapons In War.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu indulged in sharp criticism of our air services at a meeting in the Constitutional Club last night.

Among other things he said:—

The German General Staff knew we had no dirigibles worthy of the name.

In aeroplanes we had obtained the supremacy at the beginning of the war, but we had now lost that supremacy.

We were asking our pilots to fly with inferior machines.

In some cases we were asking them to go up on machines in which the chances of death were far too near to be pleasant.

Lord Montagu said his new responsibilities made his position that night less easy than it would have been to criticise, to condemn, or even to suggest. He had accepted the Prime Minister's invitation to assist the Derby Committee solely on the ground that he hoped to be able to do some good there, and he had reasons for being hopeful that it would form the nucleus of something much wider, much more responsible, and much more powerful in the way of a Board of Aviation, and possibly, eventually, of a Ministry.

WHEN THE WAR MAY END.

He did not despair of doing some good work on the committee, and he was sure they, like himself, felt every confidence that anything with which the name of Lord Derby was associated would be run on straightforward and honest lines.

The haste with which the defences of this country against aircraft had been organised proved that until recently the Government had not realised the possibility of serious damage to arsenals and munition factories. There was also the greatest danger of all, of Zeppelins accompanying the hostile fleet, and so directing the enemy's ships as to neutralise our advantage in ships and guns.

We must now begin to prepare not only for the necessities of this war—a war which might end next November, but would probably go on to November next year—but must begin to think out a proper Imperial air policy.

He looked forward to the time when the great Dominions and India would have a common air policy with us. Whatever policy was laid down must embrace the whole British Empire, and it was time we took it into consideration.

MOST IMPORTANT WEAPON OF ALL.

This weapon of air power in the future was, in his opinion, going to be the most important of all the great weapons that military or naval science could put in our hands.

It stood to reason, also, that it was going to be the weapon of the impoverished nation. In this war Germany may be bereft to a large extent of men, might have her fleet at the bottom of the North Sea, might have Essen blown up, and be from that point of view, on land and sea, to a large extent emasculated for a long time to come.

But Germany would contain the same people who cultivated the love of science as to-day, and as 1,700 aeroplanes could be built at the cost of one Dreadnought, and as a Zeppelin cost a great deal less than a destroyer, it stood to reason that the nation which still had great scientific ability but an empty purse would try to establish a military existence again in a form which would cost the least possible amount of money.

A great responsibility lay upon the Government primarily, and secondly upon the Derby Committee, to see that the foundations of our air service were laid deep and sure.

They would have to see how far it was possible to produce dirigibles worthy of the name before the end of the war.

TOO MUCH IMITATION.

A trained pilot to-day was worth more to the country than many planes, and to waste these valuable lives because our machines were not equal to those of the enemy was a very serious crime indeed.

Taking the Allies together, they were undoubtedly superior to the enemy, but we in this country had been too prone to follow the example of others, and not to do enough experimental work ourselves.

HAVE WE A ZEPPELIN?

Rigid Airship, Building When War Broke Out, Now Completed.

Answering various questions by Mr. Warwick Brookes yesterday concerning the construction of Zeppelin type airships in this country,

Dr. Macnamara said the First Lord of the Admiralty on March 7 said as much about the policy of the Government in connection with the construction of lighter-than-air craft as seemed desirable.

The rigid airship under construction for the Admiralty at the beginning of the war had now been completed.

Royal Prerogatives.



Official Germany is appalled by the growth of juvenile crime.

DESPOILER OF BELGIUM (to young Hun criminal): "Here, what's this—upstart! Those practices are only for your betters."
—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

Excruciating Pain Stopped

Sloan's Liniment is the swiftest pain-killer that has ever been known. No matter how severe the pain may be, no matter how long you have been suffering, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment will ease the pain at once. And remember, there is no need to rub it in—it penetrates itself.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Mr. T. O. Sill, 9, Day-street, Aspley, Huddersfield, writes:—

"After being bad with Rheumatism for nearly eight months, I tried your Liniment, and I was able to start work in ten days. I have now been working for 18 weeks, and if I feel any pain I just put a drop of Sloan's Liniment on, and it is gone by the morning."



Sloan's Liniment is most effective in relieving the pain of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, and all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/3.

HOW TO ACQUIRE SELF-CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, AND WILL-POWER.

Many men and women are held back socially, commercially, and in all other directions by a fatal lack of self-confidence, of nerve control, of coolness, courage, and that driving, achieving will-power which make some men masters over their fellow men and women.

The most successful and highly endorsed treatment known at the present time for the quick restoration of self-confidence, coolness, courage and will-power, nerve energy and control is that discovered by Mr. Godfrey Elliott-Smith.

Ladies and Gentlemen should not hesitate to send immediately 3 penny stamps for particulars of Mr. Godfrey Elliott-Smith's guaranteed cure in 12 days. Address: Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 478, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.



Miss May Dixon Smith, after nursing in Serbia, is now helping to organise a colony of Serbian refugees in Corsica.



These soldiers in Egypt couldn't even muster a mouth-organ, so they invented this "musical" instrument. To get a variation of notes each bottle contains a different amount of water.



Captain H. E. Grace, son of the late Dr. W. G. Grace, has been mentioned in dispatches for his services in Gallipoli.

WAR—OR SLAVERY.

THE ineffable Clifford Allen, who has been busy perverting the minds of the weak and uneducated since the outbreak of war, has been collared. He will serve, no doubt, in the Non-Combatant Corps, and contribute to the gaiety of nations with five-minute disputations with his sergeant.

IN the tribunal he discoursed at large on armaments and non-resistance. A country that offered no resistance, he said, would never be attacked. You would think at first sight that was a pretty safe statement to make, because if you offer no resistance to a robber he is usually content to collect your jewels and pocket book without garrotting you. But it turns out that the statement is not safe. Nations which offer no resistance often find their territory, as in the case of Persia, a battlefield for other Powers. Persia has been chosen as a battlefield because she possesses an oil-pipe-line, just as Belgium was so often chosen because she possessed some plains.

HOWEVER, our argument is too strong to base itself on these cases. We are in an exceptional position, and if we had offered no resistance it is probable we should have kept clear of war. But we should not have kept clear of the Germans.

IS it necessary to repeat and repeat the plain facts of the case? If we had not declared war Germany would be by this time undisputed victor. The next step in the drama, as arranged and rehearsed, was the attack on England. If we persisted in a national policy of non-resistance the Germans would simply take possession of the country. That is the A B C of it, Mr. Allen! The Germans would take possession of the country. We should avoid the war—by embracing slavery. And after that we should all be conscripts in the German Army. Oh, happy prospect for the Clifford Allens, the Philip Snowdens, the Ramsay MacDonalds, and the rest of their crew!

A COUNTRY which refuses to maintain efficient naval and military forces may by so doing contract out of war, but war is not the worst of evils. It is better to die fighting Germans than yield to them without a blow. Unless a nation is quite devoid of wealth, of all that is desirable in the eyes of a thief, unless a nation occupies a position on the map of positively no value to the pirate she cannot escape the choice of enslavement or war.

FOR the purposes of this article I ignore the question of honour. I assume that we should never have pledged ourselves to Belgium, or, if we had pledged ourselves, that we should have broken our pledge; I assume that we should never have pledged ourselves to France, or, if we had pledged ourselves, that we should have broken our pledge. I assume that as a nation we should blind our eyes to all that happens outside our boundaries, that we should have no international friendships, that the worst case of aggression by one Power against another should leave us unstirred. I assume that we should be a pariah among the nations, devoting ourselves exclusively to the pursuit of gain, scorned and spat on by every manly race.

AND, granting all that, I ask you how long we should be allowed to continue the even tenor of our despicable way.

NO doubt Clifford Allen will answer that he does not mind whether he is governed by Germans or by Britons, on the German or the British plan. Unlike the men of Alsace and Lorraine, he would not have minded his province being torn from the living body of France and crushed under the heel of military despotism. It would not perturb him that instead of having to fight for his own country he was forced to fight for the enemy. Because, being a muddled thinker, he does not mind anything except his own silly theories.

THEORIES be damned! Britain is at war. Either we have utterly to crush the oppressor or be enslaved. But I should like to have the drilling of Clifford Allen.



A Dramatic Incident In The Commons.

SIR ARTHUR MARKHAM gave M.P.s quite a start yesterday, when he seemed for a moment or so to be on the point of collapsing. For a few seconds he was quite unable to continue his speech, to the great concern of the Chamber. Water was fetched hurriedly, and Members gave Sir Arthur many subdued sympathetic cheers. They know his volcanic, energetic nature, and realise how much he takes out of himself in anything he does.

Lord Lansdowne Angry.

LORD LANSDOWNE was genuinely angry last night in the House of Lords when Lord Portsmouth ventured on some criticisms of the Danish agreement. The Minister without portfolio gave his noble friend a rare trouncing, told him that his information was suspect and could have come from no friend of this country. The Marquis is usually a model of high-bred and cultured expression in debate, courteous and forbearing to the most bitter political opponent. But he took no pains to disguise his resentment yesterday.

Holding Back The Married Men.

I MENTIONED the other day the story that the War Office was holding back the second married men Proclamation, and now everyone is talking of it. What does it mean? Either the Army wants the men or it does not want them. If it wants them why is the call put off? If it does not want them why was the call ever projected? Of two things one. Are we engaged in trying to win the war? Or are we engaged in trying to save a Government which, by its own refusal to look facts in the face, has precipitated this dangerous feeling among the attested married men?

The Willing Married Men.

NOR all the attested married men are protesting against being called up, or not being called up, or whatever is happening to them at the moment. I hear that in a certain London suburb a number of men and their wives have met together not to protest, but to arrange matters so that there will be as little hardship as possible.

How It Is Done.

THE idea is that two, or three, wives shall live together while their husbands are away. Those who rent their house on a monthly tenancy will store their furniture, and the wife will go to live with one who has a long lease. The plan seems to be an excellent one, and with goodwill on both sides should work well. But what a chance for quarrelling!

Viscount's Heir.

THIS PRETTY little fellow will one day be Viscount Bridport. He is the son of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Hood, and although he is only five he has had his share of the tragedy of war. His father was killed at the Dardanelles last June, one of the many thousands of brave lives sacrificed on that useless blunder. Master Robert Arthur Herbert Nelson Hood will thus succeed his grandfather, the 3rd Viscount (creation 1868). There is a comfortable family seat near Bognor, with some decent shooting, and some Nelson-Bronte blood in the Bridport veins to be duly proud of.



—(Russell.)

Meaning Of The Coloured Tabs.

NOW THIS is the last word about the coloured tabs. The real Staff officers are still retaining the red tab. You will know officers who are attached to the Staff, but not, strictly speaking, on the Staff, by their green tabs. The blue tab will be used to denote an officer belonging to the Provost Marshal's department.

More Red Tape.

THE Board of Customs and Excise can't spare even a single single man for active service; they're all indispensable! Yet this is how they do war work in that great revenue department. A clerk produces a warrant in payment of duty. It is checked and signed by an officer. Subsequently it is re-checked by the cashier, the check officer, the supervisor, and, in some cases, the collector. It is then sent to the Custom House, London, where another army of officials check and cross-check it against numerous complicated returns, which merely duplicate each other. Anyway, it should be a very accurate department.

W.O.

THE yellow "calling-up" papers are finding their way to curious places. I met a man yesterday who had just received one telling him to report for military service—or whatever the phrase is—on March 17. As a matter of fact, he has been in the Army since November last. Curious the War Office doesn't hear about it!

Echoes of the Town.

Married Men Muddle—Heroes Driving London 'Buses—Rosie Boote Tops The Bill.



For St. Patrick's Day.

IF THERE is still time is it possible to implore flag-sellers to-morrow to exercise a little discretion in the matter of costume? Let us admit that the Irish colleen is the most charming of damsels, but a lady not in her first youth, with no associations with Ireland, with features perhaps more reminiscent of an older race, looks very much better in her ordinary garb than in a theatrical costumier's idea of what an Irish girl ought to wear.

Marchioness Of Headfort.

I CAUGHT sight of the Marchioness of Headfort in a theatre the other night. She was in the stalls, and it is, of course, many years since "Rosie Boote" was on the stage and a valuable asset to the old Gaiety. However, the war has drawn her from her retirement, not to the extent that it has drawn Lily Elsie, who accepted a permanent engagement (and soon got sick of it); but it has induced her to perform at various charitable functions, and this week I have seen bills out "topped" with her name. Her husband is aide-de-camp to Lieut-General Sir Bryan Mahon, who commands the 10th Irish Division, and his wife is naturally an indefatigable worker on behalf of the troops, being a real good sort. She is very popular in Society on both sides of the Irish Channel, and here is a stage romance that has proved most successful in every way.



—(Poole, Waterford.)

—(Poole, Waterford.)

Lord French In A 'Bus.

A FRIEND tells me he saw Lord French sitting in the 'bus opposite him on Sunday night, travelling away into the wastes of Golder's Green. His is one of the few top-hats left in London now. He looked better than he has been doing, and happier.

The New K.P.

LIKE the Order of the Thistle, the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick is now full. Viscount Middleton, the new knight, is the twenty-second K.P., and only Royal members can now be admitted until a vacancy occurs. The Garter Knights can still welcome two new members of the leading Order, as there are at the moment only 23 non-Royal K.G.s.

Too Many Women.

AN M.P. who knows a lot about labour problems was saying the other day that he sometimes wondered if the employment of girls and women for clerical work was not being overdone, in view of the large numbers of middle-class men over military age who are vainly seeking for work of this kind, and are being turned aside daily. In some Government departments, he said, the waiting lists of such men run into four figures.

Guinea-Pig Days.

"THERE'S nothing much doing in my line just now," said a City furniture dealer yesterday. "Before the war new companies came out pretty nearly every day. They fitted up fine offices to impress victims, with massive desks and board room tables. Very soon the crash came, and all the swagger furniture changed hands. Those were the times we liked."

Butter Worth Its Weight In Gold.

MY private information is that things are getting really bad in Germany. A Dutch friend tells me of a couple in the Fatherland who recently celebrated their silver wedding. One of the gifts sent to them was a pound of butter, and it was esteemed more than any of the other gifts.

THE N.C.C. YOUNG MAN.

—(After W. S. Gilbert.)

Conceive me if you can,
A timid and tame young man,
A shivery, shakery,
Quivery, Quakery,
Don't-want-to-fight young man.
A pallid and pale young man,
A lazy and limp young man,
A passive resister,
Madamy mister,
Non-Combatant Corps young man.

From The Bank To Mandalay.

THERE ARE now a large number of returned heroes from Mons and Ypres driving 'buses in the London streets. These are what the initiated call the "three pound a week men." Their time is up, and they are gradually being replaced by the regular A.S.C. (M.T.) They must find London pretty dull after Flanders, but the traffic problems are just as pretty.

'Bus Conductrix.

I HAVE travelled with the 'bus conductresses, conductorettes, conductrices, or conductorines. The young lady who gave me a white ticket, elevenpence change in coppers, a "Thank you," and a bright smile, looked chic in her uniform, seemed to enjoy her duties, and managed her flock of passengers with politeness and discretion. But, then, I have always considered the 'bus conductor (male) quite a likeable person. Wherein he differs from certain other folk in the carrying trade.

Will Barrie Succeed To-night?

OF COURSE, a halo of secrecy and hushed expectancy surrounds to-night's production at Wyndham's, for the author of the play is Barrie. Do they fear that if anyone knew beforehand anything about new Barrie plays they wouldn't go to them? "A Kiss for Cinderella" may be worth the preliminary silence, and I sincerely hope it will be, for no one admires Barrie at his best more than I do, and no one hates more ardently the "Rosy Rapture," "Real Thing at Last" sort of tripe which makes one "wonder whether."

One Who Will Be There.

THE BULK of the critics and public applaud and pretend to enjoy any nonsense to which Barrie puts his name, just because they swallow their dramatic fare as they swallow their wine—by the label. And so whatever "A Kiss for Cinderella" is like, most people will acclaim it as wonderful. All I know about it is that there are many children in the cast, and that at any rate one exceedingly attractive young woman will play a part. Her name is Sybil Duncombe. She is a debutante, and this is her photograph.



—(Lallie Charles.)

Why Should Actors Act For Nothing?

MY STRAPING of various so-called "Society" folk who shamelessly importune actors and actresses to perform at charity functions (usually for benefit of the said "Society" folk) continues to bring a stream of letters from the exploited. The thing is a real scandal.

"County Patronage."

"A LADY said she was giving tea to 200 Tommies at the Savoy" (underlined), writes a girl who has played big parts in London theatres, "and said that she was sure I would like to be seen at such a place, especially as she would try to get my photograph in the papers. Another assured me that a certain out-of-town affair (no expenses offered) would be under 'County Patronage'—whatever that means."

Charles Coborn.

IT IS some time since I attended one of Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Laughter and Song" matinees at Claridge's Hotel. I have associated there a fine time with chocolate, eclairs, elderly women drinking tea, and "The Garden of Sleep." I certainly didn't expect to find, as I did on Tuesday, my old friend Charles Coborn. But there he was—"the Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"—singing "Two Lovely Black Eyes" with all the vim he used to put into it at the old Tivoli.

René Bull.

I SEE René Bull has been given a commission in the R.N.V.R. for R.N.A.S. work. René Bull is about the most versatile fellow in the world. Apart from his black-and-white work and achievements as a war artist, he is one of the most skilful mechanics you can find. He is interested in model engines, can tell a story better than most men, and is as charming as a man with French and Irish blood ought to be. I can't help thinking that with his special bent for engineering one of the lordly chambers of the Metropole might have received him. However—

A STRIKING SPRING HAT.



A "Lewis" hat symbolical of Spring. The shape of fine grey straw makes a nest for two cooing doves.

Little Japs As Boy Scouts.

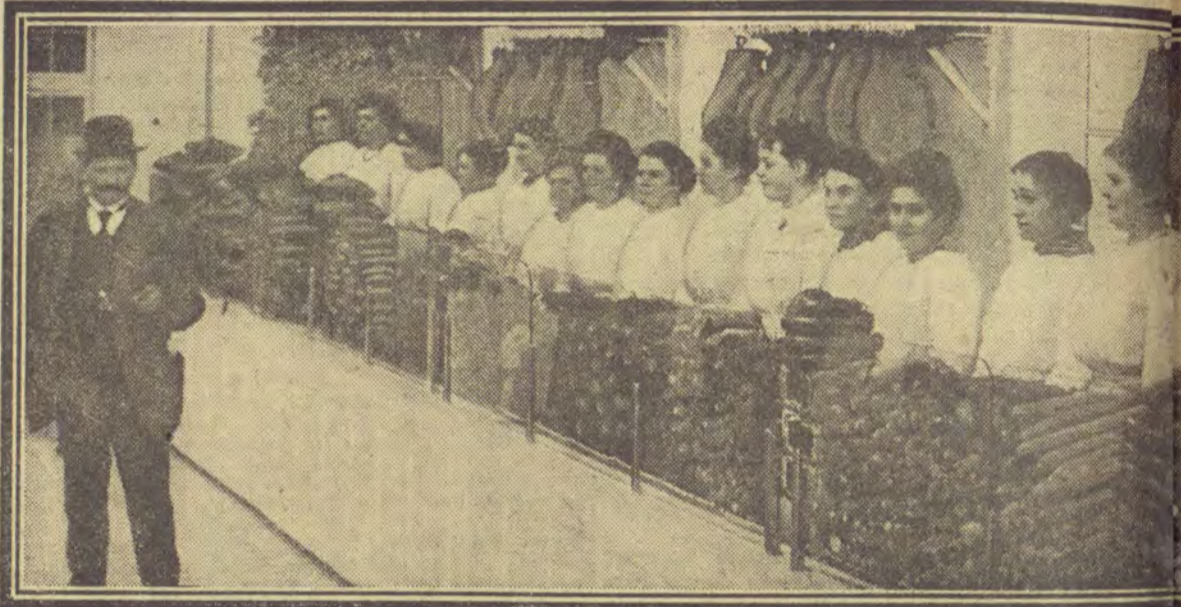


The British boy scout will scarcely recognise in these quaintly-costumed youngsters his scout comrades of Japan.

FIRE



Scenes at the great fire at the Bond Street, covered with snow, and so cold.



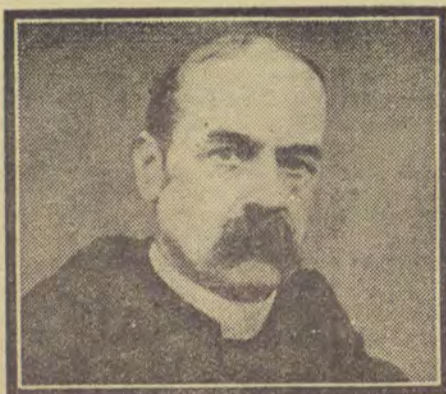
The latest form of Hunnish cruelty is to display these tantalising rows of sausages—the German's weakness—to distribute them only by ticket. The real purpose, of course, is to prove German...

HIS BEST MEDICINE.



Until they brought him his bulldog this Yorkshire soldier, wounded in France, did not make any progress towards health.

TRIBUNAL'S CHAPLAIN.



The Rev. T. G. Clarke, rector of Corby, opened the Kettering appeal tribunal with prayer.

HEIR'S WIDOWED MOTHER.



The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Hood, whose husband was killed in Gallipoli last June. Her little son is now Viscount Bridport's heir.—(Russell.)

CHIEF OF "THE BEANOS."



Ena Grossmith, George Grossmith's daughter, has organised "The Beanos" troupe of amateurs for hospital entertainments to wounded soldiers.

THE HIGHER THE



Dresses illustrating the drawings of...

SNOW — ICE.



Station at Montreal. The ground was so cold that icicles formed on burning ruins.

Off To See His Friends.



A pathetic sight in Trafalgar-square yesterday. The wounded New Zealander is being taken to see his friends.

PEER'S DAUGHTER AS NURSE.



Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive, daughter of the Earl of Plymouth, is among the young women of leisure who are learning mothercraft at the Barnet Green nursery.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE AT VERDUN.



Lord Northcliffe (in centre) photographed during his recent visit to the French front in the Verdun area.



Next to beer—at the Berlin Town Hall and then plenty of food.

THE SHORTER THE SKIRT: WHERE FASHION IS LEADING THE FAIR—ON THE STAGE.



Costumes which form a pretty background for a new scene for Phyllis Dare which has been introduced into "Tina," the musical play at the Adelphi Theatre.

HOME TO SEE THE TWINS.



Capt. C. C. Pitcairn Hill, Royal Scots, came home on leave from the front for the baptism of his twin sons.



A Detachment of the London Regiment

Returning to Headquarters.



J. A. LEE
Sergeant-Major

London Regiment.

British Expeditionary Force

"I am writing to you as one of the many men of Britain who are now at the Front serving their King and Country. Bad weather and strenuous times, especially in the trenches, are bound to tell on a man's nerves in time. A few days ago I began to feel extremely run-down, accompanied with abscess and toothache. A friend recommended me to try Phosferine, and after a few doses I began to feel quite myself again, and I can appreciate the value of your wonderful medicine. A large number of men are, as you may guess, beginning to feel the effects of continued bad weather, and those wonderful little tubes of Phosferine are just the thing to put them right. I will certainly advise every man in my company to always have some Phosferine handy."

This keen and resourceful Sergeant-Major says, although the risks and discomforts of his life in the trenches have not changed in the least, he is no longer disabled, he no longer suffers, so completely has Phosferine overcome the very ills provoked by these unhealthy conditions. To sum up, Phosferine re-started the inactive nerve functions, thus enabling the nerve processes to provide the vitality to outlast even such exhausting experiences.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

- | | | | |
|------------------|--------------------|-----------|------------|
| Nervous Debility | Neuralgia | Lassitude | Backache |
| Influenza | Maternity Weakness | Neuritis | Rheumatism |
| Indigestion | Premature Decay | Faintness | Headache |
| Sleeplessness | Mental Exhaustion | Brain-Fag | Hysteria |
| Exhaustion | Loss of Appetite | Anæmia | Sciatica |

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/14 size.

PERSONAL

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS AND EFFECTS.—Largest second-hand stock in the world. Always reasonable. "GOLD-MAN'S UNIFORM CONCERN," DEVONPORT. (Uniforms bought.)

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

VITADATIO, the Marvellous Blood Purifier and Tonic. Cures Gastric Ulcers, Tumours, Tuberculosis and Internal Growths when other treatments fail. Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylors' Drug Stores, 1a, 5a, 2a, 6a, and 7a, bottles. Send postcard for Free Trial Bottle and Booklet to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. D.S.I.), Park-square, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS.—"TOINOCO" Brand are cheap and cleaner for colds and general use; 50 for 1s. 6d. At Chemists or TOINOCO CO., 83, Clerkenwell-road, London.

27-MONTHLY (Privately, by Post).—SUITS, COSTUMES, Raincoats, Overcoats, Blankets, Bedding, Gramophones, Watches, Bags, and Jewellery. Boots 4s. Monthly. Lists and patterns free. State requirements.—MASTERS, LTD., 109, Hope Street, Rye. Established 1869.

MONEY TO LEND.

APPLY to the sole-established actual lender.—WM. H. WHITEMAN, 42, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.



**A
War-Time
Treasure**

Made from nuts and milk, with all their nutriment and deliciousness retained. All who realise that pure and sustaining food, bought at the right price, is, after all, the most satisfactory kind of economy, will find

**HOME & COLONIAL
PERFECT MARGARINE**

a war-time treasure indeed. Just try a pound to-day.

7 D.
PER **7** LB.

1/2 DOUBLE WEIGHT 1/2

Sold at all Branches of the

HOME & COLONIAL

STORES LIMITED



What Women Are Doing :

HELPING THE STAR AND GARTER—
AT THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW—
THE NELL FOY EXHIBITION.

By MRS. GOSSIP.

TO-MORROW is St. Patrick's Day, and everybody will be asked to buy a flag. I am sorry it has developed into a flag day. I liked the Shamrock sold as the emblem of St. Patrick so much better, as we had it last year and many years before that.

Of course, shamrock will be on sale—Lady Limerick has cartloads of it at her shop at London Bridge, quite near the free buffet.

Fair Sellers.

The Marchioness Townshend, Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart, Lady Dawson, Lady Eva Wilson, and Mrs. Sutherst (Lady Townshend's mother) will be selling flags to-morrow at Debenham and Freebody's, where they are bound to do a roaring trade. Debenham's are giving a lunch to forty helpers, which will be a great comfort to those out in the streets selling flags to-morrow.

A Much-Needed Club.

Bedford House, York-place, the new residential club for educated girls, was opened by Princess Arthur of Connaught on Tuesday.

The Princess, very simply dressed in a black tailor-made coat and skirt, and black hat, made a pretty little speech when declaring the club open.

Melsa played some delightful violin solos.

The club is beautifully arranged and is already filled.

The Princess was attended by Lady Evelyn Farquhar, and amongst the large number present were:—The Duchess of Rutland, in a bright rose-coloured cloak, the Countess of Cassillis, the Hon. Lady Farquhar, Viscountess Hood, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, who, with Sir Henry and Lady Procter and Miss Hindley received the Princess.

The Star And Garter Matinee.

I went to the matinee in aid of the Star and Garter building fund at the Criterion Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, so well organised by Miss Mary Moore.

The house was crowded, and everyone seemed to be enjoying her or himself. Mrs. Lloyd George sat unnoticed except, I believe, by Mrs. Gossip, in the dress-circle, with some Welsh friends.

The Princess of Monaco, in black, was in a box, with Lady Colebrooke, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Mr. Robert Loraine, who was in khaki, and wearing a monocle.

The Programme.

First of all we had that clever comedy, "The Mollusc," in which Miss Mary Moore played her original part. Then there was Ben Davies and Hayden Coffin. The latter sang "Queen of my Heart" with infinite taste.

Miss Marie Löhr recited and sang charmingly, and looked very pretty in Madonna blue silk, with a large biscuit flat-shaped straw hat and floating veil. I did not, however, admire her white shoes and stockings.

Miss Lily Elsie also recited and sang. How well her clothes become her! She looked lovely in a simple gown of opal pink taffeta, with a short full skirt, and just the suspicion of a crinoline; a little bodice with long sleeves, the only trimming being a white lawn collar and cuffs, fastened at the neck and wrists by pale blue velvet ribbon. I don't know who made her frock, but I think it's odds on Lucile!

Lovely Spring Show.

The bulb show of the Royal Horticultural Society was a dream of beauty, on Tuesday, at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster. The hyacinths were truly magnificent. The Duke of Portland secured three first prizes for his, and the Marquis of Ripon two second prizes and one third prize for his collection. The Duchess of Portland came early and seemed greatly pleased to see so many prizes awarded to her husband's collection. Roses, carnations and lilies were also most beautiful, and the

carpets of crocuses and snowdrops were like fairyland. No wonder the Hall was crowded.

I saw the Duchess of Wellington, all in black, the Countess Fortescue, Viscount Falmouth, Lord Carew and the Speaker (who rarely misses a show). Lady Reading and Lady Blanche Conyngham were also there.

The Nell Foy Exhibition.

The Duchess of Rutland was unable to keep her promise to open the exhibition of Miss Nell Foy's statuary at Selfridge's on Monday afternoon. She had a severe cold, which kept her indoors, and so the Duke's half-sister, Lady Victoria Manners, came in her place. Lady Victoria was an appropriate deputy, for she is deeply interested in all things artistic. She lives down by the river in Chelsea when in town. Miss Foy looked charming in a big black hat and flowing cloak as she showed some of the visitors round, and Lady Muir Mackenzie, in brown velvet, was energetically selling the war seals which are to help to provide homes for disabled service men. Lady Lethbridge and Mrs. Basil Ellis were also helping. Miss Foy told me that she will take orders for portrait statuettes and can get them done in a few days.

Better Than A Photograph.

A portrait statuette of a soldier at the front would be an infinitely more interesting souvenir than a photograph. Miss Foy will also make statuette of fallen soldiers from photographs when the occasion for the souvenir is more tragic. Mme. Genée was helping at the exhibition yesterday.

Well Paid.

I am pleased that the London General Omnibus Company have engaged women as bus conductors, and have suitably equipped them. And, what is even more important, are giving them the same wages as the men.

Can You Help?

Mrs. Parker, sister of Earl Kitchener, writes to tell me that the military hospital at Edmonton is badly in want of pianos. Mrs. Parker says: "Our wounded love a piano in the ward. I have been to this hospital and think it admirable. If you can help through the *Daily Sketch*,

please do." Surely there are many of my readers who could give or lend a piano to give a little pleasure to a ward of wounded heroes.

The Star And Garter Home.

A meeting will be held on Friday, March 24, at 3 o'clock, at the Palace Theatre, in aid of the Star and Garter Home, which should not be missed. Adeline Duchess of Bedford will be in the chair. Lady Betty Balfour, Sir Frederick Treves, Miss Compton, and Mr. Ben Tillett are a few of the speakers. Miss Ada Crossley will sing the National Anthem.



And A Concert.

Mrs. Colefax is organising a concert, on March 31, at 49, Belgrave-square (Mrs. Otto Beit's beautiful home), in aid of the home. There is a good programme already arranged. Lilian Braithwaite is reciting, Louise Dale, Gervase Elwes, and Muriel Foster will be amongst those singing. I also hear that Ainley, Wontner and Keys will be there to help entertain us.

Appreciation From The Fleet.

Lieut.-Commander Darke writes on behalf of his officers and ship's company, thanking the *Daily Sketch* Knitting League for the magnificent present of comforts and socks. He says: "I cannot tell you how much this splendid gift is appreciated by us all."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. KEIGHLEY (Idle).—Many thanks for mittens and socks.

MRS. B. CLARK (London).—I am sorry, but I have never given a recipe for gloss on white paint.

A. HUGHES (Birmingham).—Write to 15, York-place, Baker-street, W. So glad you enjoy my page.

A READER (Brighton).—British Red Cross, 83, Pall Mall, S.W.

MRS. GOSSIP.

THE VEN-YUSA WAY TO BEAUTY.

THE Venus de Milo is the ideal type of beauty bequeathed from those classical days when the care of the skin was miladi's first and last thought. Ven-Yusa, the novel oxygen "wonder-cream," is Science's reply to the need of modern Society for the means of obtaining and preserving beauty in these days of busy toil and anxiety.

Owing to its oxygen character, Ven-Yusa has not only a beneficent effect on the surface skin, but it vitalises the tissues underneath. It conveys oxygen direct to the pores, and literally makes you feel the good it is doing, and which the looking-glass will show you.

Ordinary toilet creams, as a rule, are conceived on wrong lines. Their deficiencies are often hidden by a heavy perfume, but their evil influence often asserts itself in unsightly growths of hair on the face.

Ven-Yusa represents the highest degree of purity and refinement. It solves the complexion problem by novel means, and in the one way which is necessary to keep the skin clear, flexible and healthy. Ven-Yusa fulfils all the exacting requirements of the most sensitive cuticle, and is specially prepared to correct the ill-effects which war-work, anxiety, and exposure to bad weather inflict on the skin.

Every lady should make Ven-Yusa part of her regular toilet. She will then enjoy a continual feeling of freshness, and a complexion which retains that clear, healthy appearance and beautiful softness which win admiration.

Ven-Yusa is sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, etc., at 1/- per jar. By post at same price from the Proprietors, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

The English Venus tells how she Preserves the Beauty of her Skin.

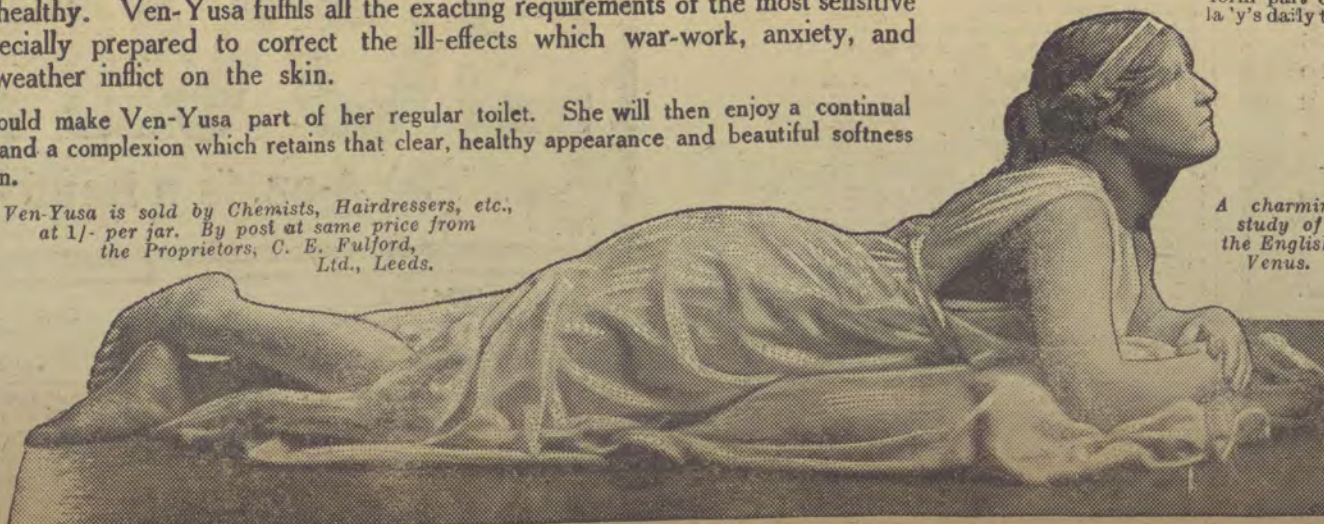
Miss Beatrice Sinclair, known to fame as the English Venus, writes as follows from 26, Finboro' Road, S.W.:-

"You may be interested to hear that I am using your Ven-Yusa Creme de Luxe in preference to all others. I suppose it is the fact that it is charged with life-giving oxygen that makes it impart a delightful young feeling to the skin such as I have never experienced before.

"By its systematic use the skin texture is rendered peach-like in quality, and a natural beauty of complexion developed.

"Indeed, this greaseless Ven-Yusa must be most beautifully refined in order to have the singularly agreeable influence it does have on the skin.

I think it should form part of every lady's daily toilet."



A charming study of the English Venus.



Trial Jars FREE!
The Proprietors will send a dainty trial jar of Ven-Yusa to anyone who cuts out and sends this Coupon, with name and address and 2 penny stamps (for packing and postage) to C. E. FULFORD, LD., LEEDS. D.S., 16/3/16.

THE MARRIED MEN'S CHAMPION GETS BUSY.



Tommy Bowles spends a busy hour canvassing armleted electors in Leicester Market. (Inset) Mr. Percy Harris, the Coalition candidate.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

SKIRTS MUCH TOO WIDE.

Economical German General Criticises Women's Fashions.

According to a message from Munich to the Berlin *Lokalanzieger*, says the Wireless Press, the Commander of the Third Army Corps at Nuremberg, Cavalry General Baron von Koonitz, protests against the waste of cloth and leather caused by the fashion of wearing wide skirts and high boots. He appeals to the patriotism of women to induce them to recognise the gravity of the present period and return to simplicity in the matter of clothing.

LIVE BABY IN A DUSTBIN.

A baby about five or six weeks old was found in a dustbin in a garden at Shepherd's Bush yesterday crying lustily. Apparently the child had not long been abandoned, for it is now quite happy in hospital.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

10s.—"Tommy's Friends," Colne (83rd contribution). 1s. 6d.—Sunbeam (weekly contribution).

Women engine-cleaners are to be employed by the Midland Railway.



What I want every day

is something to smoke

I am getting what I want now that my people at home have told Martins to send me 70 cigarettes every week by post. This gives me 10 cigarettes every day—and it only costs 1/- a week.

1/9½ worth for 1/-

Write for free War Booklet, which shows how you send more Smokes for less money to men at the Front.

Martins
Cigaret Shippers
210, Piccadilly, London, W.

COMPULSION FOR MARRIED MEN?

Growing Opinion Among M.P.s In Favour Of Universal Military Service.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent

Whatever may be in the minds of Ministers, there is no doubt that the trend of opinion in the Parliamentary Lobbies is daily more and more in the direction of the institution of universal military service. The course of the debate in both Houses yesterday accentuated this view. Lord Kitchener emphasised on behalf of the Government the necessity for calling up the married groups, and this of itself has given new strength to the demand for compulsion for the unattested married men. Such action would lead to Ministerial changes, possibly to a change in the Government itself. But the forces which are growing both inside and outside Parliament are too strong to be influenced by considerations of this nature.

A DEPUTATION OF MARRIED MEN.

A deputation representing 5,000 attested married men waited yesterday on Lord Derby at 10, Downing-street to receive a statement to be placed before a mass meeting on Tower Hill to-day. Mr. H. Biner, organiser of a prospective League of Married Men, stated last night that Lord Derby had signified his readiness to receive the deputation, but after they had visited the War Office Lord Derby sent a message saying he had been urgently called to the House of Lords and had to abandon the meeting.

ACTIVITY IN RUSSIAN MINES.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday there was continued activity in Russian mining shares, Irtysh rising to 38s. 9d., Kyshtim to 24, and Tanalyk to 14 buyers. Kafirs, on the other hand, were easier, the Cape demand having ceased and there being nothing to replace it.

Investment stocks were steady and generally unchanged, but there was a slightly better tendency in regard to Home Railway securities.

Argentine railway stocks were not helped by the dividend announcements, the Buenos Ayres Western and Buenos Ayres Great Southern both paying 2 per cent. for the half-year, as was the case twelve months ago.

The Rio Tinto final dividend is satisfactory, being 55s. per share, and making 55 per cent. for the year. Rubbers were firm, with Labu and Harpenden in demand on the satisfactory dividend announcements recently made and the excellent prospects for the current year. Consols closed at 57½, War Loan 4½ per cent. stock at 96½, and the 3½ per cent. at 87½.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet; American 2 to 5½ up; Egyptian easy, 10 to 12 down. **AMERICAN COTTON** (close): New York, 7 to 13, and New Orleans, 11 to 14, points down. Tone steady.

DILLON BEATS "GUNBOAT" SMITH.

NEW YORK, Wednesday. Jack Dillon won a victory on points in a ten-round match with "Gunboat" Smith here last night.—Central News.

COLWALL PARK RESULTS.

1.15—NEWETT HURDLE.—CAROL SINGER, 11-10 (Piggott) (4 to 6), 1; WILD ASTER, 11-10 (Mr. Hartigan) (7 to 2), 2; WHIPPOORWILL, 10-10 (Dainty) (100 to 8), 3. Also ran: Spearman, Fair Trader, Birthday Clothes. Short head, 6 lengths.
1.45—MODERATE HURDLE.—SANTA BELLIS, 11-5 (Parfement) (9 to 2), 1; THE POLICEMAN, 11-5 (Willmott) (10 to 1), 2; BENDOVER, 11-1 (Lawrence) (10 to 1), 3. Also ran: Berrilldon, Golden Joe, Volscian, Declaration, Wavebeam. 8 lengths; same.
2.30—FOUR-YEAR-OLD HURDLE.—THE NAB, 10-7 (Parfement) (3 to 1), 1; QUEL BONHEUR, 11-3 (Mr. Hartigan) (5 to 5), 2; MEADOWCROFT, 11-3 (J. W. East) (7 to 2), 3. Also ran: Golden Horde. 8 lengths; same.
3.0—MALVERN STEEPCHASE.—HACKLER'S BEY, 11-10 (Newey) (7 to 2), 1; FARGUE, 10-2 (T. Dunn) (10 to 1), 2; CARRIGRUE, 12-6 (Parfement) (5 to 4), 3. Also ran: Olga's Pride, Bruce, Ballymadun, Strangways, Phidias. Drumlane. Head; bad.
3.50—BOSBURY STEEPCHASE.—GEORGE B, 11-12 (Mr. H. M. Hartigan) (4 to 7), 1; SALVATION, 11-12 (Dainty) (7 to 2), 2; TAMBOUR BATTANT, 11-7 (Hawkins) (10 to 1), 3. Also ran: Le Viso, Petone, Comfort, Rough and Ready. Pack Leader. ½ length; bad.
4.0—MATHON STEEPCHASE.—FAGER SIMON, 10-13 (Mr. F. A. Brown) (9 to 4), 1; ROMAN, 11-6 (Gurney) (7 to 4), 2; SWEET WILLIE, 10-6 (W. Smith) (5 to 1), 3. Also ran: Wooden Bridge. 3 lengths; same.

BILLIARDS (Close).—Falkner (in play), 12,251; Newman, 11,665.

The charity football match between special constables and regulars, which was to have been played at Fulwell Park on Saturday, has been postponed until April 15.



NEW HEALTH & NEW LIFE

FOR ALL WHO ARE

Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy' 'Run-down'

If you are Weak, 'Wincarnis' offers you new strength. If you are Anæmic, 'Wincarnis' offers you new rich red blood. If you are 'Nervy,' 'Wincarnis' offers you new nerve force. If you are 'Run-down,' 'Wincarnis' offers you new vitality. If you are an invalid, 'Wincarnis' offers you new life. Because 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich delicious life-giving beverage. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'



For over 30 years 'Wincarnis' has given new health and new life to millions of sufferers.

At the present moment thousands of people are daily deriving new health and happiness by using 'Wincarnis.' And thousands of our brave wounded, and the wounded soldiers of our gallant Allies, are quickly gaining renewed strength and new life from 'Wincarnis,' which is used in Hospitals the world over.

The unparalleled popularity of 'Wincarnis' is due to the fact that it does all it claims to do. It does create new strength—it does create new blood—it does create new nerve force—it does create new vitality and give new life.

'Wincarnis' is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down'—to all enfeebled by old age—to martyrs to indigestion—to all invalids—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts."

Don't suffer needlessly. Take advantage of the new health 'Wincarnis' offers you. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W 315, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Sketch, Mch. 16, 1916.

BOVRIL

The 4-oz. is a handy size.

THEATRES.
AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," by H. Grattan. Brilliant Revue. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.40. Mats. Monds., Fris. and Sats. 2.45. Phone. Ger 3724

ALHAMBRA.—5064 Gerrard. Anna Dorothy, George French, Odette Myrtil. Doors 8. Mat. Wed., Sat., 2.15

COLISEUM.—At 2.30 and 8 p.m. AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD in "Isadore," "You Tell Her," HALL CAIN'S new play, "THE IRON HAND," VIOLET VAN BRUGH, EDMUND GWENN in J. M. BARRIE'S SUBPRIZE, LEE WHITE and JACK MORRISON, etc. Ger. 7541.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall. Daily at 3 & 8. 12 to 5. Children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

VARIETIES.
HIPPODROME. London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOY-LAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super Beauty Chorus.

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC" (at 8.35). VARIETIES at 8. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. James Welch and Co. in "The Man in the Street," ERNIE LOTINGA and Co., JACK and EVELYN, CARLTON, G. H. CHIRGWIN, etc.

PERSONAL.
INFORMATION sought of circumstances of death and burial of Major G. H. Macpherson, 13th Royal Scots, reported killed Hill 70, September 26 last.—Macpherson, F. J. House, Blairgowrie.



LOVE GOES ASTRAY

By Howel Evans



Finch Proposes A Bargain.

"Now look here, Sheila," went on John Finch, smoothing the sneer away from his lips, "be sensible, and let's talk things over quietly. You hate me now, and perhaps you've a right to do so, but that we'll put on one side for the moment, and come down to solid facts. Won't you sit down?"

Sheila quietly took a chair. It was a relief to her to sit down, but she wouldn't show that she was frightened, though she felt that her knees would have given way in another minute, that she would have collapsed on to the floor.

"Now, you see, we know all about you and your movements," went on John Finch. "I've got plenty of friends who keep their eyes open on my behalf."

"Yes, who assaulted me and my friend, also on your behalf, I suppose," said Sheila quietly.

"That was merely an attempt to get my loving wife back to me," said Finch, with the sneer again on his lips. "But as that effort failed, we had to resort to a little strategy, and so here we are. Now, look here, I know you want to get rid of me, and I don't mind going—at a price. Then you can marry your Steve, the man you love, or think you love. Come, it's worth it, Sheila. You can get rid of me and get the man you want—at a price."

Sheila was silent, but she never took her eyes off the two men. She would temporise, she would find out what this plan of Finch's was.

"Go on," she said quietly. "Let me hear what you have to say."

"I want you to do something for me," said John Finch. "I meant to have forced you into consenting the other night, to have frightened you into doing what I want, and if it hadn't been for that confounded little fighting man you would have been away, my dear Sheila, in a cab which we had

waiting, and all wouldn't have been well with you if you'd refused."

"But now," he shrugged his shoulders, "well, I've come to the conclusion that gentler means may possibly prevail."

"Come to the point, please," put in Sheila, inwardly surprised at her own calmness. "I seem to understand. Your attempt at violence having failed, you want to try persuasion. Let me hear quickly what you suggest, please."

"Got the papers, Withers? All right! Well, look here, Sheila, I told you that I wanted money. You gave me five hundred pounds some time ago, and I told you that wouldn't be enough, and that I should come for more. But I soon found that your father's affairs had been left in a desperate state, and that you had practically no money left so I didn't quite know what to do. But now things are different."

Ten Thousand Pounds.

He took one of the papers that Withers, the solicitor, had passed over to him.

"These shares that your father held, and upon which you most nobly paid up the calls out of your own money, have suddenly become extremely valuable, and are now worth close upon ten thousand pounds. I have a transfer form here, properly prepared by my solicitor, my friend Mr. Withers, and I propose that you sign this form, Sheila, transferring these shares to me. They were left to you in your father's will, so everything is quite legal and above-board. Just your signature there and John Finch disappears, never to return again."

Ten thousand pounds! The shares were now worth ten thousand pounds! What a difference that would make to their lives, hers and Steve's if ever they came together!

For a moment Sheila felt like a murderess, as if she would like to kill John Finch where he stood. It was he who kept her apart from Steve. And he—this contemptible thing—was her husband, she had once loved him! She shuddered.

Sheila took the transfer form, which she laid on the table before her, and saw that the shares were all to be transferred in consideration of value received, to Eric Landor. She took a pen in her hand as if about to sign her name, but really to gain time to try to formulate some plan.

"It's quite simple, my dear Sheila," said John Finch. "The transfer form is dated before you disappeared—oh yes, I've taken every precaution! Your signature will be quite sufficient, the shares will be transferred to Eric Landor, who will sell them, and your signature will be quite sufficient authority. Mr. Withers here will attend to all the business, and I shall realise the shares, and then good-bye."

"I see, I see!" said Sheila. "And when these ten thousand pounds are gone, what then? You'll blackmail me again, I suppose?"

"My dear Sheila, I give you my word," began Finch.

"Your word!" Sheila spoke quietly, but in her tone there was a world of meaning, and it seemed to strike Finch like a whip-lash, for his face went deathly white, and he took a step forward and spoke threateningly between his teeth.

"Well, anyway, it doesn't matter," he said, "I'm going to have that ten thousand pounds. If you won't sign by persuasion, by God you shall sign by force. Go on, sign, I say, sign and let's have done with it. I shan't trouble you again after this, believe me or not, just as you like. Why not go and marry your lover and be happy?"

He tried to cajole with his voice. "He doesn't know that I'm alive. It's only you who know. He need never know, never will know, if you only sign, Sheila." Again the threatening note. "Sign, I say, or you will find I'm desperate."

The Grip Of Death.

Sheila bit at the end of the pen-holder for a moment. Her hand was as steady as ever, but her thoughts were trembling, wavering. This man was indeed desperate; she could see that by the scarcely suppressed passion and rage in his voice.

And she sat there at the table with the document before her, the pen in her hand. She hadn't the slightest idea where this house was. She might be near her lodgings, she might be a long way off. And there was no sound except the faint, eternal hum of London's noise, dimly drumming on her ears.

They might even kill her, these desperate men. And yet—and yet—should she sign? She thought of the old home, of the pittance that had been left to her, and now here was a fortune come to her as if by magic, and perhaps—who knew?—some day she and Steve might be together again, and then how this money would add to their happiness!

Then again there came the thought that she was her father's daughter—her father, the brave old man who had fought his way up from obscurity, from penury almost, to riches and position. Should she then shame her name, shame him, shame herself, by giving in, by being frightened?

"No," she said, throwing the pen down on the table. "I won't sign."

"By God, you shall!"

John Finch's voice came low through his half-set teeth, and his breath was short and quick. His face was ivory-coloured, one blue vein standing out on his left temple. He came and bent his face close to hers, and she could feel his hot breath on her cheek as he spat his words out at her.

"No one knows you're here," he went on. "No one knows you've come. You could die here and now, and the body of a woman unknown would be found downstairs in one of the passages dead, and so the missing Sheila Maynard would disappear for good. . . . Ah, would you?"

Sheila had half-opened her mouth, as if to shriek aloud, which indeed she would have done but that

her throat was contracted, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, her lips were dry, her voice husky in her throat. And one hand—the hand she had once thought so shapely, so well-cared for—was clapped over her lips, and another was pressed round her throat.

And yet strangely, somehow, while she sat back in the chair with the hands of the man she had once loved gripping her with the grip of death, her mind was working almost clearly and collectedly.

He daren't kill her, she thought. He daren't have the stain of blood on his hands. But yet he was really desperate; she could read that in his tones, in his threats. What should she do, sign or temporise? Yes, sign, that was it—sign and repudiate afterwards.

But, no, that wouldn't do. That would mean that she would have to tell all her secret; her shame would be made public. Not only she, but Steve would suffer. As in a vision she saw it all—herself confessing to everything in a public court, and Steve's white, drawn face watching her, suffering not so much for himself as for her.

Treachery.

But then there came another idea. Why shouldn't she be bold and face it all, face everything, so that perhaps the end might be happiness some day? She would do what John Finch wanted. Then she would be free—to give information to the police.

"Sign! Will you sign?" The words were whispered, almost hissed into her ear from the lips she had once kissed and loved, and, with those shapely hands still on her lips and throat, she nodded her head as best she could.

"Sign then!" came the words again, her mouth and throat still held in the grip of those once-loved hands. Withers gave her the pen, and then—

"Now your word not to shriek, not to cry out. Not that it would matter really, for no one would hear you if you did. You promise? Nod your head. Very good! Now then!"

Sheila nodded, her lips and throat were freed, and Withers was putting the pen between her fingers.

"That's right, Sheila; that's right, my dear wife," went on the sneering voice. "Now look here, take things quietly. Wait till your hand's steady and then sign nicely and prettily, and your trouble's over." And in a very short time you can go and marry your Steve."

John Finch laughed hoarsely. Sheila traced her name two or three times on a blank sheet of paper placed before her by Withers, and again she was surprised to find that her hand was fairly steady.

"You see," went on Finch in his cold, sneering way, "the whole world isn't interested in your disappearance. Business men, like the officials of the company and others, will simply see that the shares have been transferred by the legatee, Miss Sheila Maynard, to Mr. Eric Landor, and there the matter finishes. Thank you."

Sheila signed her name, her ordinary maiden signature.

"Now then, Withers!" The words came in a sharp staccato note from Finch, and with a quick movement Withers dropped the blotting paper with which he had been drying Sheila's signature, his hand shot out to Sheila's right wrist, she felt a little tiny stab just like a pin-prick and the next second a delicious lassitude seized her, and she felt as if she were gently going off to sleep.

It was as if all her troubles were over, as if she were just radiantly happy. She smiled pleasantly, her eyes half-closed, and as in a dream she just heard John Finch saying:—

"Now then, quick, Withers, we'll get her down to the car."

Alone In The Storm.

Sheila felt herself raised out of the chair. All power of resistance, even of volition, had gone; she was just simply like a child, willing to go anywhere, to do anything.

She knew that each of her arms was taken by one of the men, and she walked between them unsteadily, but easily and quietly, down the stairs, and was helped into a waiting vehicle. Then she just dimly heard the clank of an engine, the purr of the wheels, as she sank into a long, sweet dreamless sleep.

She awoke shivering with the cold, the rain lashing her face, and, as she moved, sharp, racking pains shot through her. She opened her eyes to see grey, cold tumbling clouds and gusty sheets of rain sweeping over the bleak horizon, and again as she struggled to a sitting position those sharp pains racked her.

With difficulty she stumbled and staggered to her feet and looked around her, the cold light of early dawn showing a bleak expanse of moorland, rugged, wild, inhospitable.

She had been lying in the sparse shelter of a gorse bush. She was wet through, soaked, and her clothes were muddy and stained. She tried to walk a step or two, but movement was agony.

Again came the swishing gusts of rain through the cold, grey light, the wind making her stagger and reel with the violence of its shock, howling and shrieking as if with an intensity of hate for the slim, slight, girlish figure that stood there, the single figure in that bleak expanse, dazed, bewildered, a very figure of pathetic helplessness, of wonder, of terror.

And the rain and the wind came shrieking on, and she sank crouching in the poor shelter of the gorse bush again, with her hands clasped in anguish and half-spoken words framing on her lips. "Oh, God, help me! . . . Please help me!" she moaned.

(Another Splendid Instalment To-morrow.)



BABY HAYMAN.

Had Measles and Bronchitis.

21, Redland Street, Newport, Mon.

Dear Sirs,

I enclose a photo of my baby. She is the first I have reared out of four, having lost three boys. She has been fed on Virol since she was a fortnight old, and has thrived on it ever since. I have had no trouble with her as regards health, not even when she had measles and bronchitis last winter. She is a healthy, happy child, and I find her such company now her daddy is out at the Front. I have sent her photo out to him and he is delighted with it. I cannot speak too highly of Virol and recommend it whenever I can.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
A. HAYMAN.

VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery and strengthens them against dangerous after effects.

In Glass & Stone Jars, 1/-, 1/8 & 2/11.

VIROL, LTD., 182-186, Old Street, E.C.

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a variety of teas
suited to every taste
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"THE IMPOSSIBLE LOVER." — BRILLIANT NEW SERIAL STORY, BY HERBERT SHAW, STARTS IN THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD NEXT SUNDAY.

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£1,000 FOR NEEDLEWORK.

Entry forms for this year's great Needlework Competition, in which the *Daily Sketch* offers £1,000 in prizes, are now ready. There are new classes and new rules, and you should write for particulars at once, enclosing a large stamped addressed envelope, to Needlework Competition, *Daily Sketch* Building, Shoe-lane, E.C.

TO APPEAR IN LONDON.



Colette Dorigny, the Parisian actress, is shortly to appear at the Prince of Wales's.—(Bertram Park.)



"Ginger," recruited while a puppy in France, watches the sports at Salonika.

THE BOMBERS' BATTLEFIELD AT HOME



Some of the khaki pupils of the War Office school for bombers receiving a practical lesson how to rush and bomb an enemy trench. Instruction of this sort now plays an important part in the training of Army recruits.

LIEUTENANT'S FIANCEE.



Miss Rose Adelaide Elliott, the fiancée of Lieut. J. C. Laidlay, 11th Black Watch.—(Lallie Charles.)



Lieut. C. L'Estrange-Malone, commended in dispatches for his services in Gallipoli.

AT SEA.



A veteran who is serving on a British minesweeper.



Recruits learning how to throw bombs from a trench. Their training-ground resembles a battlefield in France.—(*Daily Sketch* Exclusive Photographs.)

HIS BATH.



An English Yeoman's early morning wash in camp in Egypt.