

Stop Wrangling And Get On With The War: **ANGRY ELECTORS
MESSAGE TO M.P.'s.**

DAILY SKETCH.

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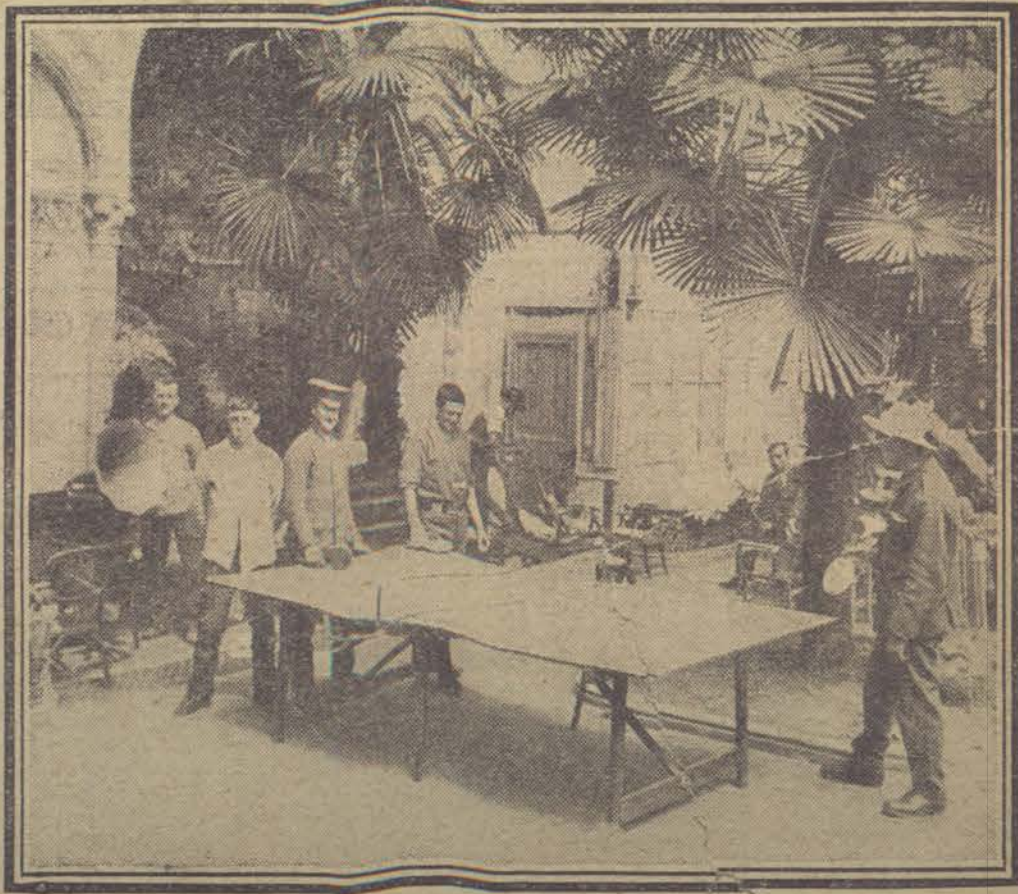
LONDON, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

CHAMBERLAIN'S HOME AS EMPIRE'S HOSPITAL.



Books no longer fill the shelves around the walls of Joseph Chamberlain's library. Beds for wounded Australian soldiers now line the walls instead.



The hall at Highbury, where many distinguished guests were welcomed, now is Tommy's lounge. The orchid house, Mr. Chamberlain's favourite haunt, is now the convalescents' recreation room. Highbury, where Joseph Chamberlain planned and wrought for that Empire which he knit together with results so fruitful in devotion to the Motherland, is now a home for wounded soldiers. It is singularly in the fitness of things that in the very library where the greatest Colonial Minister in the history of British statesmanship spent hours in the Empire's service now lie Australia's sons who have been wounded in the Empire's battles. Joseph Chamberlain could have desired no better use for his old home.

3rd DRAGOON GUARDS' GREAT FIGHT AT HOOGE.

Splendid Feats Of British Against Heavy Odds.

HOW CHATEAU WAS TAKEN.

Trooper Who Struggled For Buried Comrade Under Fire.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
Wednesday.

This is the incomplete story of a week-end battle for a chateau—the ruined chateau of Hooze by Ypres—and the part played therein by his Majesty's 3rd Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

It is only a fragment of the narrative, for the ruins of Hooze and the blasted wood about them continue to be the scene of encounters between faint-hearted Germans and British troops who hold the "bloody angle" east of Ypres.

In this Saturday-to-Thursday affair the 3rd Dragoon Guards did some very fine things, under the leadership of their gallant commanding officer. They are not inclined to talk about themselves, but I know they are proud of the praise bestowed upon them by their brigadier.

He issued a Special Order on Sunday, in which he said:—

"The 3rd Dragoon Guards in particular are to be congratulated on the magnificent courage and determination which they displayed in the defence of Hooze on June 3.

On that day the regiment added another splendid record to the long list already standing to its name—one of which every past and present 3rd Dragoon Guardsman may well be proud.

It was a typical example of the strange new warfare which marks this campaign in Flanders. Instead of charges across open country and an elastic battle line, that could be seen for miles, it was a house-to-house business centred around a country road.

FRAMEWORK OF THE BATTLE.

You have a battered mansion, a roofless stable, four shell-wrecked cottages, a fragment of a café, a garden wall, two fields, a wood and a lake as the setting for the conflict at Hooze.

The chateau stands on the north side of the Memm road, in a small park, and the hamlet which shares its name is huddled around the gates in the usual casual Flemish fashion—squat red cottages hugging the high road with tiny patches of vegetable gardens behind them.

Adjoining the chateau—which was a two-storeyed dwelling—stood a smaller building called the "Annexe," where several of General Lomax's staff officers were killed in November, while the stable lies between the chateau and the high road, perhaps two hundred yards from the former.

As soon as the 3rd Dragoon Guards took over the portion of the British line assigned them, on the night of Saturday, May 29, they knew what to expect. They had fought at Ypres in November, and had been excessively shelled already in the salient.

FIVE BATTERIES OPEN FIRE.

The German artillery did not disappoint them. At two o'clock the next afternoon five batteries opened fire with high-explosive shells after a preliminary bombardment.

A few of these shells had an effect hardly anticipated by the German observer on the ridge behind Belleward Lake. They damaged a section of trench, but as soon as night came, the men who had retired temporarily to dug-outs behind returned and dug a fresh trench—in front of the old one.

At three o'clock on Monday morning (the 31st) Lieutenant Katanakis went with a party of Dragoon Guards across the riddled park of Hooze towards the chateau. They crawled cautiously between shell craters, tree boughs, and other obstacles until they came up to the broken front wall of the main building. The Germans bolted from the ruins and ran northward towards the communication trench that led to their main position. A few were shot.

CHATEAU REOCCUPIED.

At four o'clock the German batteries opened on the chateau, and the little party fell back to the stable, where they hung on until nearly dark. Then Lieutenant Katanakis and his men reoccupied the chateau, while digging parties began constructing trenches, which gave the Dragoon Guards a strong hold on the park, making it impossible for the enemy permanently to occupy the chateau ruins.

The latter tried several times to fortify the shattered walls by piling masses of large, grey coloured sandbags on the side nearest the stable, but whenever an attempt was made to establish a large working force there, it invariably failed.

One party of German infantry was seen going towards the chateau from the direction of the lake on Tuesday morning, June 1, about ten o'clock. There were 20 or 30 of them. Some were in British khaki, and a few wore stocking caps, and one man had on a British tunic and a German helmet. They hardly reached the chateau ruins before our shrapnel sent them scurrying away again.

The Germans ran from the east side of the chateau and were immediately peppered by machine gun fire. They ran back and tried to escape like rats caught in a trap and thoroughly bewildered with fright. In the end only four or five got back to their communication trench behind the chateau.

The Dragoon Guards had their greatest trial on Wednesday (the 2nd), when the enemy sought to annihilate them by the heaviest artillery fire they had ever experienced. But it proved to be merely the waste of so much ammunition.

So confident was the German staff that the first searching fire had blown their enemies out of their trenches that an officer came in front of the German breastworks when it ceased and walked leisurely within twenty yards of our lines, endeavouring to inspect the position. The Dragoon Guards, who were very much alive, were aghast at his impudence, and it was several seconds before someone recovered sufficiently to shoot him.

"CAKED WITH SCRAP-IRON."

Then the shelling was resumed. "They 'caked' the ground with scrap-iron," said one officer. "It was like machine-gun fire with high explosives instead of bullets."

Their infantry could be seen forming up for an attack. On they came, a thin, rather hesitating line. "I think the Johnnies were hoping we were dead and awfully afraid we weren't. . . . Then we caught 'em with the machine-guns."

It was a very feeble effort. They re-formed and made a second attempt, or rather their officers tried to force a second attempt, but the soldiers themselves were sure by this time that there were too many live Englishmen left in our trenches.

Several brave deeds were performed by Dragoon Guards on that day and also on Thursday. I think one of the pluckiest was that of Private Lee, who spent two hours digging a buried comrade out of a mass of earth and bricks, being under fire all the time.

Private Lee and Private Talbot, both stretcher-bearers, went to the buried man and tried to extricate him, but he was firmly wedged in the earth. Talbot was killed and Lee had to retire, as shells were exploding all around him.

He went back twice during the bombardment, and the second time remained for two hours scooping out the earth and bricks with his hands until the man was released. He died just before Lee pulled him out.

ALL THE WAY FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Corporal Prentice, who came from South Africa to enlist, was on another post. When the shelling became severe his sergeant said he could retire. Prentice refused and said, "Oh, I can still see all right." A shell landed in the ruins among which he lay and the bricks and mortar came tumbling about Prentice. He shifted his position to a wall that was still standing, and there he remained all day, sending messages at intervals to say that he was "o.k." He was wounded in the evening.

Private Kerr, acting as signaller, carried messages constantly under fire for four days. He was twice blown to the ground in one day by the blast of a shell and was half-buried on one occasion, but he continued to do his work. Lance-Corporal Stewart, another volunteer from South Africa, showed great bravery in carrying urgent messages across the open under fire. Stewart had a ranch in Cape Colony and came over, as he says, "to do his bit of work for the Army."

None of the Germans showed the least desire to come to grips with our men. Several times they hoisted insulting messages, and one night this sentence:—

"You merry gentlemen, we have captured Przemyśl again."

A battalion of Jagers which was in evidence part of the time put up this message:—"You can have this blooming country if you like; we are off on the 5th."

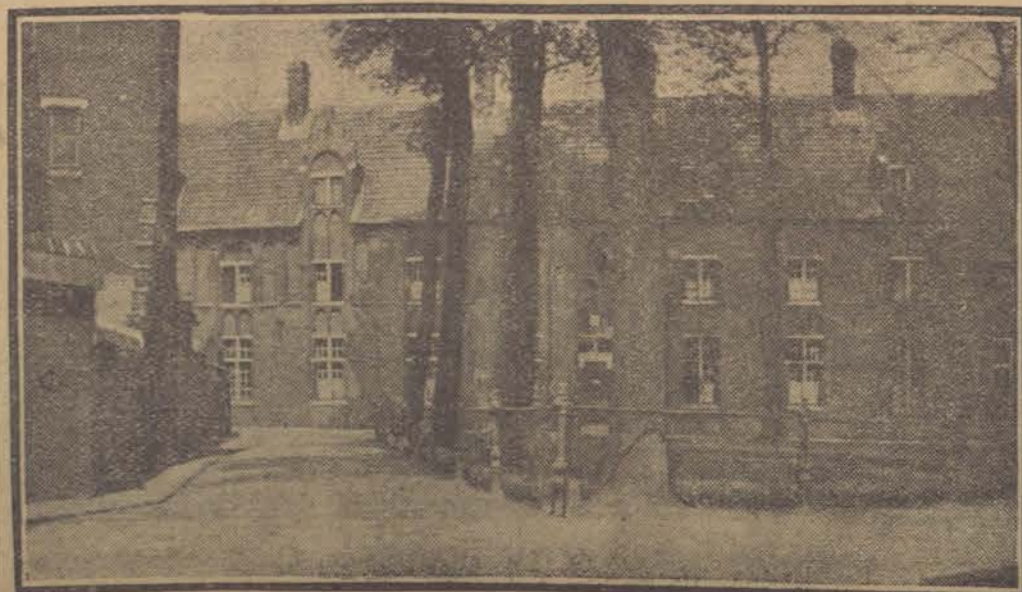
When Lieutenant Katanakis and his men entered the ruined chateau for the first time they found the body of a British soldier with seventeen bayonet wounds!

In a message of Tuesday's date, "Eye-Witness" says the Chateau itself, which now consists merely of heaps of bricks, remains in the hands of the Germans.

ROYAL TEA PARTIES FOR OFFICERS.

The King and Queen, who have been assiduous in visiting wounded officers under treatment in home hospitals, have each day this week invited a party of about twenty convalescents to tea at the Palace.

THE ZEPPELIN CRASHED ON THIS PEACEFUL COMMUNITY.



The Grand Beguinage de Sainte Elizabeth, the community of women outside Ghent on which the Zeppelin brought down by Lieut. Warneford, V.C., crashed, inflicting serious damage and causing loss of life.

WHY IS OUR CHILD DEATH RATE SO HIGH?

Famous Specialist To Discuss This All-Important Question.

HUNDREDS ABOVE NORMAL.

In war time the saying that the nation survives in its young appeals more vividly to the imagination than in periods of peace. Unfortunately, at present the outlook in England is not at all comforting.

In Greater London, said a writer this week, the number of births is 400 below the average in the corresponding weeks for the past five years, while children have been dying in London at the rate of 200 a week for the past 13 weeks in excess of the number dying during the corresponding weeks last year.

Moreover, this is not peculiar to London. Returns from 95 great towns in England and Wales show that the increased mortality among children is general throughout the country.

Such figures are serious and all women will want to read next Sunday the important article on this child life wastage specially written for the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* by Dr. Mary Scharlieb, the famous Harley-street specialist and consulting gynaecologist to the Royal Free Hospital.

SUNDAY HERALD EXCLUSIVES.

The *Illustrated Sunday Herald* is the comprehensive week-end paper. You have only to buy it once to discover that. Week by week it stands out as the finest Sunday picture paper, with pages of splendid, exclusive war photographs and drawings; its special articles are always bright, and its features for women are the best.

Its "Gossip of London," in all its political and social life, is always well-informed—last Sunday, for instance, the information concerning the "pooling" of Cabinet Ministers' salaries appeared exclusively in the columns of "Bachelor," while a few weeks ago the first definite intimation that Lord Fisher was to resign and his reason for doing so was given by this writer.

The *Illustrated Sunday Herald* is THE great paper for the family each Sunday.

LIEUT. WARNEFORD, V.C.

More Details About The Man Who Wrecked A Zeppelin.

More interesting details connected with Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford, V.C., the Zeppelin destroyer, are sent to the *Daily Sketch* by his aunt on his father's side—Mrs. A. M. Nightingale, of Oxhey, Watford.

Mrs. Nightingale states that her late brother—the hero's father—was never in Canada in his life, and was therefore certainly not a Canadian.

The letter continues:—"Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford has never been in Canada, and consequently is not a Canadian. Both my brother and his son were brought up in England. My brother was born in England, and his son, Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford, was born in India and sent home as a child."

"My father, and Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford's grandfather, was the late Rev. T. L. J. Warneford (not the Rev. Tom Warneford, whoever he may have been), Chaplain to the Forces in India, and, on retirement, vicar of Sateley, Co. Durham."

"We may be related to Mr. W. W. H. Warneford, manager of the L.N.W. railway, but I never heard of it. We come of a very old Wiltshire family."

France has given the Cross of the Legion of Honour to Lieut. Warneford.

NOT A ROBBER EMPIRE.

The Bishop of London, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral last evening at a special service attended by about 3,000 members of the City of London National Guard, said the accusation that we were a robber empire was one that anybody could refute by pointing to our transports from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

"A PLAY ONLY WOMEN CAN UNDERSTAND."

Critics At War About Sir Herbert Tree's New Venture.

"MEN WHO HAVE A LOT TO LEARN."

Never Give Much Thought To The Greater Things Of Life.

"Marie Odile," the new play at His Majesty's, is causing more controversy than any other play has done for a considerable time.

Anybody who tries to form an opinion by reading the critics is likely to finish up in a very muddled state of mind. Even Mr. and Mrs. Gossip disagree violently. Here is what they say:

MR. GOSSIP.

The critics disagreed rather violently about the new His Majesty's play, "Marie Odile," as they do about most plays. I'm not going to join their band now, but I do maintain that it struck me personally as being extraordinarily dull, and offensive to anyone with religious susceptibilities, particularly to Roman Catholics. A drunken soldier dancing in a chasuble is a case where realism had better be absent. There was a certain amount of applause.

MRS. GOSSIP.

I don't know when I have enjoyed a play so much as I did on Tuesday night at His Majesty's, when "Marie Odile" was produced. It is really a one-part play, that part being superbly acted by Marie Löhr. I cannot think of anybody who could play it as she does. She is the sweetest of heroines, and has never acted so perfectly. Miss Millie Hylton, as the only friend the little nun has, was very human and sympathetic, and Miss Helen Hays, as the "catty" Mother Superior, is excellent.

Not with any idea of settling this domestic dissension, but with a view to getting away from the professional critic's point of view, the *Daily Sketch* yesterday interviewed a well-known woman—married and with a family—who saw the show.

"I think," she said, "that 'Marie Odile' is the most delightful play I have seen for years, but I am not at all surprised at men having a very different view. They cannot understand."

"The play is essentially a woman's play. Every mother in the theatre understood it. Every woman who was not a mother partly understood it. The men looked on and saw merely that it belonged to what they call the 'sex' class of play. That is very simple but very unfair criticism."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

"A man ought to see the play half a dozen times before he is allowed to open his mouth in praise or blame. Most women could see ten minutes of it and know that it was good and true."

"A woman who is not thrilled by it must have missed her crown."

"Ought only married women to see it? Well, if a man goes to the theatre merely and solely to be amused he will not get much out of it. If he goes to be interested, and does not mind thinking a minute or two about what he regards as just a 'show,' I think he will go again."

"That such a play fails to show a man something of what the wonder of love and motherhood means to a woman only shows that that man has never given much thought to the greater things of life. I'm not fond of the 'play with a moral' type of entertainment; but I hold that this play is pure art; and art never fails to teach."

"Would I take a young girl to it? It all depends. It raises the old question of 'should a girl be told,' and most of us have settled that for ourselves as circumstances permitted. But if she had been 'told' I should make a point of her seeing the play."

"I have great hopes that the play will teach sympathy to many a man, in spite of what some of the critics say. It may also teach forbearance to some women of the type of those whom the author has made his nuns."

MYSTERY OF A WAR CHARITY.

Scotland Yard And The "War Babies And Mothers' League."

What is the mystery behind the "War Babies' and Mothers' League," a war charity, with offices at 59a, South Molton-street?

When the league was organised in August Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts were among those sending letters wishing it success.

In its early days Lady Jellicoe interested herself in the work, but she resigned some months ago, while the Bishop of Kensington was announced to preside at a meeting of the Executive Council to be held on Friday.

Now Scotland Yard has circulated a notice advising the public not to subscribe to the league. No reason was given by the authorities; nor could any be obtained yesterday when the *Daily Sketch* made application for information on the point.

The secretary of the league was seen. He declared that he was unable to solve the mystery.

"I have just been to Scotland Yard," he said, "and asked a high official for an explanation of the extraordinary action they took. The only reply I was able to obtain was that I, as organising secretary, ought to know."

Up to March 31 the charity, said Mr. Hills, had helped 612 mothers and 1,737 children out of a total fund subscribed of £578 14s. Of this amount £223 3s. 4d. has been spent in sewing and material, with the result that 10,000 garments have been distributed.

One possible explanation of the mystery was provided by Mr. Hills.

"Perhaps," he said, "we have offended some people by helping mothers of illegitimate children, for in deserving cases we do help them, otherwise they would have to go to the workhouse."

AMERICA'S WARNING: FLEET KEPT IN EASTERN WATERS.

MR. BRYAN'S FEAR OF WAR WITH GERMANY.

Strong American Note Causes His Resignation.

ORDERS TO ATLANTIC FLEET.

To Stay In Eastern Waters And Practise Manœuvres.

President Wilson has accepted Mr. Bryan's resignation of his office as Secretary of State. Mr. Bryan, who is essentially a pacifist, explains in his letter of resignation that he cannot join in the American Note to Germany without violating what he deems to be his obligation to his country.

"The issue involved," he says, "is of such moment that to remain a member of the Cabinet would be as unfair to you (the President) as it would be to the cause which is nearest my heart, namely, the prevention of war."

The text of the American Note has not been published, but as Mr. Bryan signed the previous Note to Germany it must be presumed the pending Note is strongly worded.

Mr. Bryan does not conceal his opinion that it may lead to America becoming involved in the war.

FLEET READY FOR ACTION.

The Proposed Cruise To San Francisco Cancelled.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

While no inkling of the contents of the Note to Germany has been allowed to transpire, it is understood that an unfavourable reply to it would mean a severance of diplomatic relations, and that if the attacks on Americans continue thereafter even graver complications may ensue.

Mr. Daniels definitely announces that the proposed cruise of the Atlantic Fleet to San Francisco has been cancelled.

The Fleet will therefore remain in Eastern waters and engage in practice manœuvres.

The resignation of the staunchest advocate of peace in the President's official family has spread broadcast the belief that the policy the United States has definitely determined upon will be to assert and defend the rights of the United States in any eventuality that may arise.

It has transpired that Mr. Bryan's position in the Cabinet had recently become very embarrassing, his advocacy of peace being extremely pronounced, while it is understood that the other members of the Cabinet were of opinion that the Government should assert its policy irrespective of consequences.—Reuter.

MR. BRYAN'S FAREWELL TEAR.

His Touching Faith In The Friendliness Of Germany.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

Mr. Bryan has formally left the State Department. Tears stood in his eyes while his friends commended his loyalty to principle and his determination to eliminate himself rather than continue a possible cause of embarrassment to the Government.

He confided to his friends that he slept all last night for the first time for months.

Shortly after midday Mr. Bryan called at White House and exchanged farewells with the President. They clasped hands and said, "God bless you!"

Mr. Bryan later from his home issued a statement of his position.

He refers to the fact that Germany has always been a friendly nation, and that many people in the United States are of German ancestry, and asks, "Why should we not go to arbitration on the question of the submarines?"

"Why should an American citizen be permitted to involve the country in war by travelling on a belligerent ship when he knows that it will traverse the danger zone?"

"The question is not whether an American has the right under international law to travel on a belligerent ship. The question is whether he ought not out of consideration for his country, if not for his own safety, to avoid danger when avoidance is possible."—Reuter.

AMERICAN NOTE FORWARDED.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

The transmission of the United States Note to Germany was begun at 2 o'clock this afternoon.—Exchange.

AMERICAN TOURISTS INSULTED.

BERNE, Wednesday.

Many Americans have arrived at the Swiss health resorts during the past few days from Germany. Feeling against the United States is said to be running so high there that many hotels the servants behave rudely to American visitors.—Exchange Special.

TOLMINO CUT OFF.

Enveloping Movement To Capture Important Railway Centre.

ITALIANS' CLEVER STRATEGY.

The Rome correspondent of the *New York Herald* states that, following on their occupation of Monte Nero (north-west of Tolmino), the Italians have cut the road of the Predil Pass (10 miles north of Monte Nero) and prevented further assistance from reaching the entrenched camp of Tolmino.

Having thrown bridges over the Isonzo, the Italians have solidly fortified the left bank of the river and menace Tolmino by an enveloping movement.

Tolmino's capture would give the Italians possession of the railway which runs southward through the valley of the Isonzo to Gorizia and Monfalcone.

AUSTRIANS INVENT VICTORIES.

Attempt To Hide Fact That Italians Are Pressing Them Vigorously.

Austrian Official News.

VIENNA, Wednesday.

The first great attack by the enemy with one division of infantry against the bridge-head at Görz (Gorizia, on the Isonzo) was repulsed yesterday afternoon with severe Italian losses.

The Italians retreated under our artillery fire, and were obliged to abandon several guns.

The same happened to hostile attempts to attack near Gradisca and Monfalcone (in the Gulf of Trieste).—Reuter.

[The chief interest of this Austrian message, with its fabricated victories, is that it shows us the Italians are pressing them vigorously on a front of about 35 miles running from Caporetta, in the Julian Alps, to the Gulf of Trieste, through Tolmino, Gorizia, Gradisca, and Monfalcone.]

ITALY'S FIGHTING KING

Insists On Joining Outposts In An Alpine Pass.

ROME, Wednesday.

King Victor Emmanuel has already traversed the entire frontier line on which his troops are now operating, this representing a journey of 280 miles.

He has not hesitated to include in his itinerary the most exposed and dangerous spots, and his Majesty was with the troops that crossed the Lower Isonzo, encouraging the combatants by his presence and electrifying the men by his own example.

It is narrated that in a certain Alpine pass the King expressed a desire to join the outposts.

The officer of the Alpini to whom this desire was communicated respectfully pointed out that the path was an enormously difficult one, but the King replied that where the Alpini had gone an old chamois-hunter like himself could certainly also go.—Central News.

ANOTHER GERMAN DEFEAT.

Whole Village Of Neuville Now In The Possession Of The French.

French Official News.

PARIS, Wednesday Night.

A violent artillery duel continues in the sector to the north of Arras.

Last night and this morning we carried the houses at Neuville St. Vaast which the enemy still held. The whole village is now in our possession. We have also progressed outside the northern islet.

In the "Labyrinth" our progress has been continued, notably in the south-eastern part.

In the region of Hebuterne, despite a violent bombardment, we have extended our positions round the farm of Touvent.

In the region of Tracy le Mont (north of the Aisne), at the farm of Quenneviers, a hostile counter-attack last night completely failed, and we retained in its entirety the ground gained on June 6.

On the rest of the front there is nothing to report.—Reuter.

PARIS, Wednesday Afternoon.

There is nothing to add to the statement of last evening, apart from an advance of 100 yards in depth on a front of 300 yards on the outskirts of the Bois le Prêtre (St. Mihiel region), where we carried two, and at certain points three, lines of German trenches and made about 50 prisoners.—Reuter.

BEARS MUST HAVE BREAD TICKETS.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.

The keeper of the Mainz menagerie has been fined 1,000 marks, having been caught giving bread to one of the bears during a performance.

After the fine had been imposed the man explained that bread was the principal food of the bear.

The Judge ordered the man to apply for a bread ticket for each bear in the menagerie.—Exchange.

According to the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*, the Austro-German armies are now east of Nicolai, several miles beyond the Dniester. The Austro-German cavalry has approached to within 12 miles of Lemberg.

BRITISH PURSUIT OF TURKS ON THE TIGRIS.

Demoralised Enemy Throw Their Arms Away.

GUNBOAT SUNK AND TRANSPORT CAPTURED.

From The India Office.

Wednesday Evening.

Fuller reports of the advance up the Tigris (Persian Gulf region) and the occupation of Amarah show that as a result of the action on May 31-June 1 the enemy's force, which had been threatening Kurnah for some time, became completely demoralised.

No resistance appears to have been offered to the small party pursuing by the river, Turks trying to escape as fast as they could in mahalas and steamers.

The former surrendered on being overtaken, whilst the Turkish gunboat Marmariss was sunk and the transport Mosul captured.

Although the strength of the force which arrived at Amarah in the Comet and some small launches was quite insignificant, the entire garrison, which, according to the latest information, numbered over 1,000, surrendered, including the Turkish Civil Governor of Amarah, Halim Bey, the commandant of the force recently opposing us at Kurnah, and Saif Ullah, commandant of the two fire brigade battalions.

Shortly after our occupation of Amarah the advance guard troops of Daghestani's column, which had hastily retreated from the Kherka Valley, entered the town and were captured.

The remainder of this force, estimated at about 2,000, fled, leaving a heavy gun in our hands. The remnants of the enemy who have so far escaped capture are retiring in a state of disorganisation, many having discarded their arms.

[The Comet, which led the pursuit of the Kaiser's Moslem allies, was captured from the Germans in the earlier operations in the Pacific.]

GERMANS' LATEST ESSAY IN BARBARISM.

Incendiary Bullets To Increase The Severity Of Wounds.

"Some of the wounds our chaps got were awful, and I am sure they were not from ordinary bullets," wrote Sergt. F. Singfield, 1/23rd Battalion, London Regiment, in a letter published in yesterday's *Daily Sketch*.

Sergt. Singfield was evidently correct in his conclusion that the bullets which caused his comrades' shocking wounds were not ordinary ones, for "Eye-Witness" with the Expeditionary Force, in a message written on Tuesday, says:—

Apropos of the incident, already reported, which occurred on May 10, of the clothes of two British soldiers lying between the lines having been set alight by rifle fire, according to an unconfirmed report the Germans near Souchez are now using incendiary rifle ammunition.

The bullets are said to be filled with sulphur, which ignites on discharge and continues to burn during flight, thus increasing the severity of any wound caused.

TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING.

German Under-Water Pirates Continue Their Raid Upon The Defenceless.

The first victim yesterday of the Germans' continued raid upon defenceless seacraft was the British collier *Lady Salisbury*, which was torpedoed in the vicinity of the Sunk lightship, Harwich, and sank within five minutes.

Eight of the crew and one dead—Chief Officer Charlton—were landed at Harwich. The collier had a crew of 13, and two are missing. The crew stated that it was torpedoed without warning.

65 SCANDINAVIAN VESSELS SUNK.

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.

Scandinavian shipping losses are becoming very heavy.

Norway has lost 27 ships—15 torpedoed and 12 mined.

Sweden 24—6 torpedoed, 18 mined.

Denmark 14—4 torpedoed, 10 mined.—Exchange.

STILL MISSING, AFTER EIGHT MONTHS

Rifeman G. H. Bartram, of the 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade, has been missing since last October. His mother, who lives at Camden Town, can obtain no tidings of the lad's fate through the usual military channels, and now seeks the help of the *Daily Sketch* in asking the young soldier's comrades what news they can impart. One of five brothers now on active service, Rifeman Bartram left the advanced British lines with a party of 350 men, the great majority of whom were subsequently reported missing.



Extra Late Edition.

GERMAN SUBMARINE DESTROYED.

Six Officers And 21 Men Taken Prisoners.

LAND CASUALTIES 258,069.

Premier Reports 50,342 Killed, 153,980 Wounded, 53,747 Missing

In the House of Commons yesterday afternoon Mr. Balfour, making his first appearance as the head of the Admiralty, announced the good tidings that a German submarine was sunk a few days ago.

Six officers and 21 men had, he added, been taken prisoners.

The news came just after Mr. Asquith had reported on our Army casualties in France and the Mediterranean, and was loudly cheered.

The Premier gave the following figures, which represent the British losses up to the end of May:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers	3,327	6,498	1,590
Other ranks	47,015	147,482	52,617
	50,342	153,980	53,747
Totals: Officers, 10,955; other ranks 247,114.			
Grand total: 258,069.			

The Premier said he could not give the figures for the naval division.

TREATMENT OF CAPTURED PIRATES.

As the sinking of another U boat and the capture of its crew raised again the question of the treatment of submarine prisoners, Mr. Balfour said, it might be convenient for him to make a short statement.

It was already within the knowledge of the House, he said, that there was not, and for some weeks had not, been any substantial difference between the treatment of submarine prisoners and other prisoners of war.

Arrangements had now been made by which the treatment of such prisoners would be not only substantially but absolutely identical with that of other prisoners of war.

The Government still held that the practices of German submarines were not only in flagrant breach of the laws of war, but were mean, cowardly, and brutal. They were of the opinion that the submarine problem must be treated in isolation, but the question of personal responsibility would be delayed till the end of the war. (Cheers.)

SOLDIERS TO FIRE ON AIR-RAIDERS.

Mr. Fell asked the Under-Secretary for War if the War Office have now decided to order all armed troops to fire on all Zeppelin airships on their raids over this country whenever they come within range of their rifles.

Mr. Tennant said the orders were and had been for some time that all Zeppelins were to be fired on whenever they presented a target.

NEW PAYMASTER-GENERAL.

The following changes in appointments are announced:—

	IN PLACE OF
Lord Steward of the Household—	Lord Farquhar
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard—	Lord Suffern
Master of the Horse—	Lord Granard
Paymaster-General—	Lord New- ton
	Lord Strachie

HUMAN ELECTRIC SPARK.

Astonishing Official Theory Of Cordite Factory Disaster.

Major A. Cooper-Key, Chief Inspector of Explosives, attributes the explosion in a cordite factory at Stowmarket on May 10 (when four men were killed) to a human electric spark.

One of the duties of the men was to rub down by hand the bags of damp cordite paste to remove gun-cotton dust and water. They wore rubber shoes, which would insulate them from the earth; the bags were of rubber-impregnated canvas, a marked di-electric, and in the case at any rate of a man with a naturally dry skin, the operation of wiping the bags would undoubtedly have the effect of generating in his person a static charge of electricity which might well be sufficient to cause a spark to pass as soon as he should happen to "earth" himself by touching an uninsulated article.

COAL STRIKES THREATENED.

South Wales coal-owners and men yesterday failed to reach a settlement regarding a new wage agreement, and the position is "one of extreme gravity." Government intervention is expected.

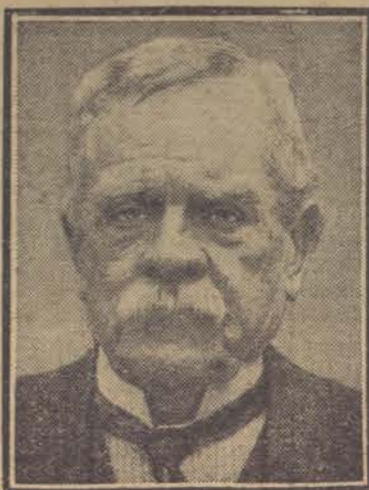
Unless they get a bonus of 15 per cent., engine-drivers and firemen at Black Country pits have decided to tender notice. The employers' offer of 10 per cent. has been rejected. Many mines will be completely stopped if a strike occurs.

PROUD OF HER HUSBAND.



This is a new portrait of Mrs. Barclay. Her husband, Captain H. D. Barclay, has just been gazetted a major in the 15th King's Royal Rifle Corps.—(Langier, Ltd.)

A V.C. AND A V.C.'S MOTHER.



Colonel Thomas Cadell, V.C.

Mrs. Fielding has given seven sons to the Army. One is the only surviving V.C. of Rorke's Drift. Colonel Cadell won the V.C. fifty years ago for rescuing wounded at the siege of Delhi.



Mrs. Margaret Fielding.

A ROYAL PATRONESS



Princess Arthur of Connaught has consented to become the patroness of the great *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competition. See Mrs. Gossip's notes on Page 9.—(Lallie Charles.)

THE LADY OF THE LOCKET.



Miss B. Gray, a girl guide, of Thornaby-on-Tees, recognised her portrait in the locket published in the *Daily Sketch* on Monday.

PEER GUARDSMAN WOUNDED.



The Earl of Caledon, wounded. This photograph was taken before the war.—(Swaine.)

FEATS THAT WON THE D.C.M.



Private A. H. Rex, 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, received the D.C.M. for filling in a trench 100 yards from the enemy under heavy fire.



Private Edgar Boch, of the 3rd Hussars, won the D.C.M. by coolly ambushing ten German cavalymen at Longueil.



It belonged to Private Milburn, Durham Light Infantry, a local scoutmaster, who was killed in action. The locket was found on the battlefield.

RECENTLY WED.



Mrs. Hope was recently married to Lieut. Douglas Hope, of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.—(Val L'Estrange.)

THE CHILDREN DRILL BY THEIR RUINED HOMES.



There is pathos in this photograph, taken behind the firing line. The children's homes have been demolished by the German artillery, and the youngsters drill by the ruins, hoping to avenge their loss one day. When a British Tommy passes they present arms.

A BUFFET WORKER.



Miss Clare de Trafford is working at the Countess of Limerick's buffet for soldiers at London Bridge.—(Val L'Estrange.)

SHAME ON THE SQUABBLING POLITICIANS!

THE Government, and more particularly the politicians, are not setting a good example to the nation either in discipline or self-sacrifice. A very unpleasant affair has arisen over the projected appointment of Mr. Campbell to be the Irish Lord Chancellor. All the old party feuds are in danger of being stirred up, and there are possibilities of grave trouble in Ireland if Mr. Campbell and his backers follow the wrong course. Already much mischief has been done.

THE facts of the case are simple. Mr. Campbell is a very eminent lawyer, and a man who enjoys well-merited popularity with his own party. But in the "Ulster Rebellion," that tragic curtain-raiser to the Great War, Mr. Campbell played a part which made him disliked by the vast majority of the Irish people. He was Sir Edward Carson's ally, and he acted with great zeal.

BUT the war with Germany smothered all these minor affairs. Instead of disputing over political problems we were suddenly confronted with the task of fighting for our very lives. It would have been criminal, suicidal, to keep up these internal squabbles when the Germans were marching to destroy us. After the first shock we hoped that the war would settle many of the distressing internal troubles which were sapping our energy. It was recognised that the very squabbling of our politicians had been one of the factors which induced Germany to strike. The Germans reckoned on revolution in Ireland and dissension and weakness in England serving as causes which would adversely affect us in war.

TO the honour of the British and Irish peoples the German calculations failed utterly, and the war proved that the whole British Empire was solidly united. The blood sacrifices of the Irish soldiers in this war are the best indication of the loyalty of the country, and any student of the deplorable history of past British misgovernment in Ireland will agree that the Irish race have risen to a great height of nobility in this war.

THE appointment of Mr. Campbell to be the chief law officer in Ireland endangers all this new growth of Irish loyalty. How Mr. Asquith and the Government in the first place could have named him for the post is a mystery. It is an amazing instance of tactlessness. But if the supporters of Mr. Campbell insist on forcing him upon the Irish people they will be responsible for taking great risks with the national safety.

THIS is no time for squabbling. During the term of the war a private in the Munster Fusiliers is of more importance to the British Empire than any Lord Chancellor of Ireland. We could do without the entire pack of legal luminaries, but we must have Irish soldiers. I hope before this war is over the British public will adjust its views with regard to politicians and lawyer-politicians. Both are luxuries. We have far too many of them, and they absorb an enormous amount of our money. With all their brilliancy the lawyers have not saved this country from getting into disgraceful muddles, political and otherwise. As this latest squabble for place shows, they are not even helping the country to win.

FROM what we know of Mr. Campbell I fancy that he is the victim of circumstances in this regrettable matter, and I believe that he will do the right thing in spite of his ill-advised friends. But the affair should never have happened. It is another black mark against the politicians.

AN important duty lies before all the political parties in bringing this affair to a happy issue. The British public want to get on with the war. We want to feel that the new Government is getting on with the war. If necessary, close up during the war the office of the Irish Lord Chancellorship, or place an English lawyer there. But get on with the war!

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

Bryanism.

SOMEONE ONCE said that no man could be as strong as William J. Bryan looks, and that hit the nail on the head. Bryan is the sort of man who has spent all his life queering his own pitch. Over and over again he has had half America at his feet, and over and over again he has pushed his admirers away, and refused to take his chances. As Secretary of State he began by flouting public opinion with his lecture tours when Americans thought he ought to have been at his desk, and he has finished by running his head against the wall of public opinion in the matter of the Lusitania murders. Bryanism is dead, and Bryan has killed it.

Winston Churchill Returns To His Club.

APPARENTLY Winston Churchill has given up all hope of resuming duty as First Lord of the Admiralty; at any rate, he will give up possession of Admiralty House about the middle of the month. For a time he will live at his club, while Mrs. Churchill and the children will go to their country house near Haslemere.

Country Farm-house.

SOME weeks ago I told you of the fine old farmhouse which Mr. Churchill had taken in the heart of Surrey for six months. Actually Winston is temporarily homeless in town. His house in Eccleston-square was taken by Sir Edward Grey when Winston went to the Admiralty, but Sir Edward's tenancy does not fall in until August.

Lady Smith.

THE RIGHT HON. MAJOR SIR F. E. SMITH, K.C., P.C., and so on, I saw at the new play at His Majesty's on Tuesday. He was talking for a long time to Ashmead-Bartlett, the brilliant war correspondent, who looked none the worse for his adventures in the Dardanelles. He is one of the survivors of the Majestic. Strictly speaking, Sir F. E. Smith was only Mr. F. E. Smith when I saw him, although I can use the handle now, for the King received him at Buckingham Palace yesterday morning, and formally conferred the knighthood. The portrait is of Lady Smith, who is a daughter of the late Dr. Furneaux, a don of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and the famous editor of "The Annals of Tacitus."

—(Lafayette.)

There Are More Than 30 Now!

THERE ARE now three Sir Frederick Smiths, and more than 30 Lady Smiths, not including the one in South Africa. I wonder how they distinguish one from another.

Kitchener And Balfour.

AN incident which attracted a good deal of attention at yesterday's Cabinet meeting was the departure of Earl Kitchener and Mr. Balfour. I have a shrewd suspicion what their conversation was about. Anxious, Lord Kitchener obviously was extremely anxious to impress Mr. Balfour with his views. Apparently not too well pleased, Lord Kitchener emphasised his points with a good deal of gesticulation.

War Lord's Popularity.

THAT the subject was unusually urgent was shown by the fact that Lord Kitchener walked down the street with the First Lord, in order to continue the conversation, instead of entering his motor-car—a most unusual thing for him. At the end of the street the two Ministers stood talking until quite a crowd collected. Kitchener was the recipient of an impromptu demonstration as he drove off, hats being spontaneously doffed, and several ladies waving their handkerchiefs. And he greeted them with a smile—another unusual thing.

A Beguinage, Not A Convent.

A DISTINGUISHED Roman Catholic churchman tells me that it is a mistake to speak of the Zeppelin destroyed by Reginald Warnford as having crashed down on a convent and of nuns having been killed. It fell on a Béguinage. These institutions are peculiar, I believe, to the neighbourhood of Ghent and Bruges, and are places where widows and elderly spinsters who are not nuns live.

The Other Mansion House.

I SUPPOSE WHEN Mr. Lloyd George visits Bristol he will be entertained by the Lord Mayor to lunch at the Mansion House on Clifton Down. Bristol is the only city besides London that boasts a residential Mansion House. At any rate, I cannot recall another. It has also a very lovely little Mayor's Chapel, on College Green.

Gallant Deeds.



—(Swaine.)

ONE BY ONE they go. Poor Roy Hatfield was killed in Flanders last week, and of the many gallant young fellows who are laying down their lives there was no one more gallant than he. That he was one of my intimate friends must be my excuse for drawing attention to what he was and what he did at a time when thousands like him are perishing, unsung, but not unwept or unhonoured. Even in his Oxford days—he had a fine set of rooms in the old quad at Brasenose—he was a popular man, and later on, when he became a typical man-about-town, tall, immaculate and cheery, he numbered his friends by thousands.

Son Of Speaker's Counsel.

LESS THAN two months ago I had a meal with him at Romano's. He was full of health and spirits, and a fine figure of a man in his khaki. He was mortally wounded in action, accompanied by his friend, the late Second Lieutenant Basil Moon, son of Mr. Ernest Moon, K.C., Counsel to the Speaker.

Mr. Pease's Resignation.

I WONDER what is the truth about Mr. Pease's resignation from the late Government? If the story be true that he, Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Robertson got their congés without a word of explanation they seem to have been rather hardly treated. They are likely also to prove rather severe critics of the new Administration, and we have already had Mr. Lambert blurring out that the War Office failed to organise its ordnance department.

Piquant Incident.

THERE was a piquant incident in the House when Mr. Pease crossed over to the Treasury bench to exchange a few words with one of his former colleagues. At that moment Mr. Asquith came in, and the ex-Minister and the Prime Minister did not exchange greetings. Indeed, the Prime Minister looked very embarrassed. Mr. Pease slipped back to the Front Opposition bench to engage in conversation with Mr. Chaplin.

The Woman Ticket Inspector.

HAVE you seen the woman ticket inspector on the motor-buses? I wonder how she will get on—and, of course, get off. As a matter of fact, among male servants of the public the average ticket inspector on omnibuses is about the only really civil person, and the air of resigned martyrdom with which he waits while you search in your pockets, in your boots, in your gloves, and elsewhere for the ticket you are holding all the time in your hand is a picture. Women as a rule are neither so patient nor—in the public service—so polite. But we shall see.

A Merry Life.

NOW THAT the Labour daily has died another is to be born very soon—but not in London. It will be more Socialistic than the *Daily Citizen* ever was, and, from what I know of the people behind it, I predict for it a distinctly merry life—whatever its length.

Auntie!

A PRIVATE in a cavalry regiment, in a letter to his parents, stated that Auntie had knocked him on the nose when he had asked her to kiss him. "Auntie" was but his pet name for his favourite horse.

Monocled Tommy Atkins.

HABITS die hard. The knot remains inside the embryonic collar. I met a private soldier yesterday with a monocle. He wasn't wearing it, but it dangled against his tunic.

Another Gag.

I HEAR George Graves has bought an anti-poison-gas respirator. Of course he was never without a "gag."

Ged On Or Ged Out.

"ARMAGEDDON" finishes at the New Theatre on Saturday. It was a case of "Armageddon or ged out."

Play That Will Offend The Religious.

THE CRITICS disagreed rather violently about the new His Majesty's play, "Marie Odile," as they do about most plays. I'm not going to join their band now, but I do maintain that it struck me personally as being extraordinarily dull, and offensive to anyone with religious susceptibilities, particularly to Roman Catholics. A drunken soldier dancing in a chauson is a case where realism had better be absent.

Changed Uniform.

WHEN the play was first produced, the soldiers who invaded the convent were Germans, in German uniforms. No bones about it. Now, since we are fighting Germany, and have every reason to avoid wounding her feelings, the soldiers are just called "the enemy," and—although it is a French convent that they ransack—they are dressed in—French uniforms!

Madonna Lilies.

THERE WAS a certain amount of applause, and at the close Sir Herbert Tree, as producer, bowed his acknowledgments and led on Marie Löhr, now carrying a bunch of Madonna lilies, to receive an ovation.

An Irish Circle.



—(Daily Sketch.)

THEY WERE all very Irish at the Lyceum Club on Tuesday. At any rate, all the people I saw were. Some of the ladies even wore quaint costumes with curious devices thereon, which, I suppose, were Irish. You see, it was a meeting of the Irish Circle, and besides an interesting entertainment (intensely national, of course) there was very serious war work on hand. To deal with pleasure before business, here is Miss Kitty MacVeagh, who gave several Ulster dialect recitations and two of Moira O'Neill's poems. In the dialect she really was delightfully humorous. Humour runs in the family. She is one of the sisters of Jerry MacVeagh, M.P., and he is not always serious!

A Musical Brogue.

MR. W. G. FAY, whom you remember as one of the pillars of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, as well as that wonderful editor of the *Connaught Eagle* in "General John Regan," Hawtrey's successful production, gave some readings, including "Scared," "The North Pole," and "On Marriage." He is a short, dark, old-young man, with a clever face and the most musical brogue I have ever heard.

A "Gift Tea."

MISS LYDIA O'SHEA explained the serious side of the gathering to me. It was a "Gift Tea," for the collection of gifts to be sent out to various Irish prisoners of war in Germany. The first "Gift Tea" was held on St. Patrick's Day, with the result that a very large number of parcels were collected, only one of which failed to reach its destination safely. "If parcels are very securely packed, and fully addressed," said Miss O'Shea, "there is not the slightest reason why they should not arrive."

"Yoicks" And Things.

ANYONE who heard Bobby Hale sing that hunting song in an Empire revue of a year or two back probably guessed that the "Yoickses" and other venatorial noises to which he gave tongue were the work of something of an expert. I can't even make them, let alone spell them. As a matter of fact, Hale really is a horsey man, and comes of a horsey stock.

Real Hunting.

HE HAS just bought a fine property—of course near Maidenhead—known as Raylands. The house is large, the gardens and grounds extend over many acres, and the stabling will give ample accommodation for Hale's hunters. The other Gaby will certainly revel in "this desirable residence," as the house agents would say.

Boy Messengers In Society.

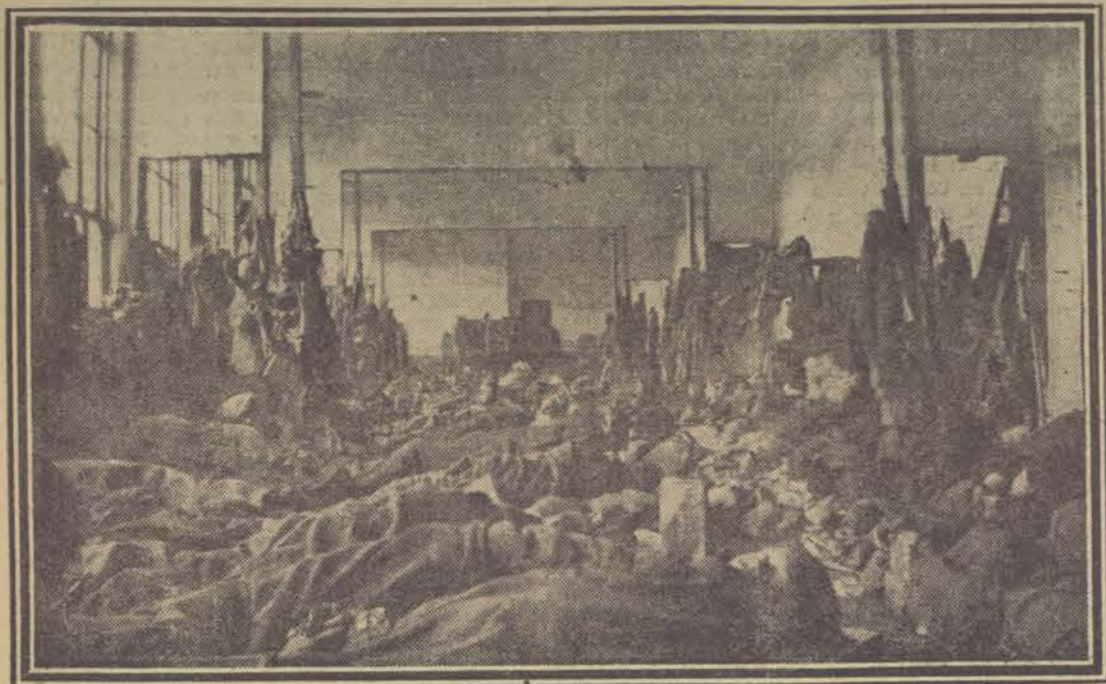
THE LONDON district messengers, whose employers are celebrating a silver jubilee this month, have many glimpses of high life, both above and below stairs. It is recorded that one boy spent a Christmas at Belvoir Castle, dancing with the maids, while another has had the distinction of sleeping a night at Sandringham.

Scouting For Dukes.

THESE BOYS are often called in to help at the pantry during country house parties, and among the various services rendered must be included the scouting of tennis balls for distinguished personages, one of whom was the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

MR. COSSIP.

London's Territorials Are Holding Their Part Of T



The H.A.C., the oldest Volunteer regiment in the world, resting in a billet.



H.A.C. signallers in a rest camp. They have earned a well-deserved rest. But they will be ready whenever they are called upon again.



Private Flack, of the H.A.C., sitting amidst the ruins of a building.



The ruins of Ellzenwalle Chateau, near St. Eloi, captured after heavy fighting, in which the H.A.C. took part.



Facing the camera is "Baby" May, a well-known London oarsman.



Ypres burning in the distance—as seen from one of the trenches of the Territorials. The tower of the Cloth Hall rises above the flames.



The "Crimea trench," as it was christened by Princess Patricia's Regiment, and occupied afterwards by men of the H.A.C., who held it against all attacks.



The regimental bootmakers' shop of the H.A.C. The place has been described as a "boot shop."

The British Line, And Paying The Price Like Men.



A.C. poses for his picture near Voornezel.



Some of the H.A.C. have a breakfast party during a lull in the fighting. It was a welcome change from trench life.



Territorials tell their host not about the fighting, but of their friends at home.



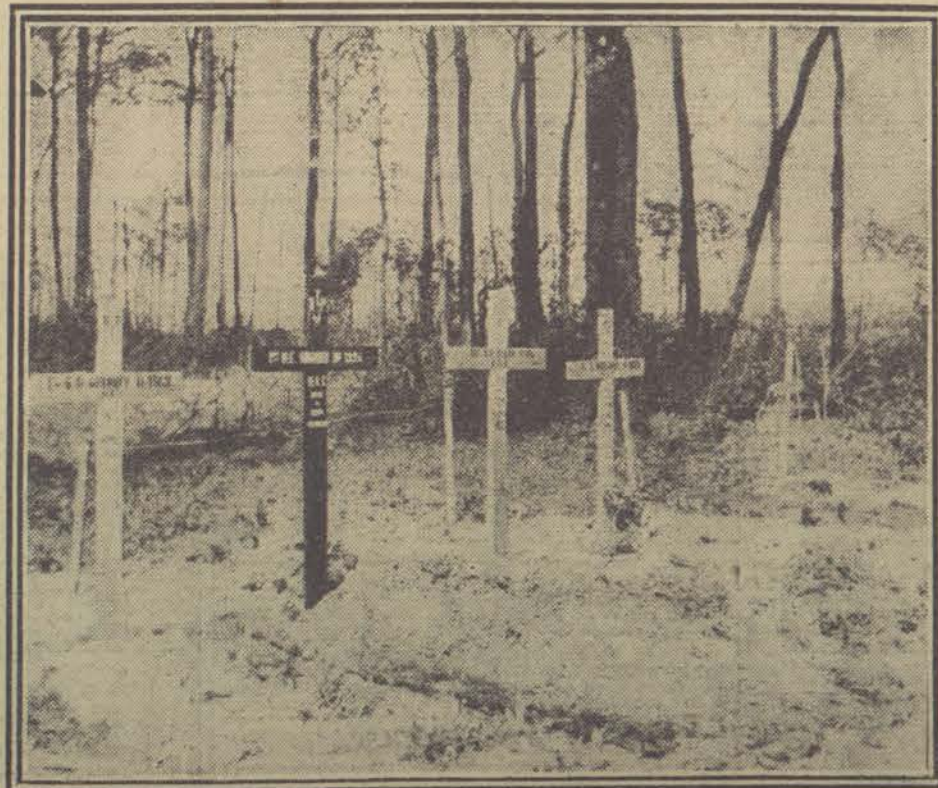
View of the German lines near St El oi—the Mound of Death—where Regular and Territorial fought to the last man.



A Queen Victoria Rifleman after twelve days in the trenches.



C. Since this photograph was taken by German shells.



The price the H.A.C. paid for their victory. Many of them rest in the chateau gardens, their graves marked by simple wooden crosses.



Some of the 9th London (Queen Victoria Rifles) after a wash and brush up on their return from trench duty. —(Daily Sketch Exclusive.)



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To-night at 9, MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS." At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Mat. (both plays), Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. **BETTY.**
TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee Sat., at 2.
Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

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New Musical Play. EVERY EVENING 8.15. Mr. George Grossmith's and Mr. Edward Laurillard's Production. Matinee Every Saturday at 2.15.

GLOBE. Shaftesbury-avenue, W.
MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in
"PEG O' MY HEART."
Nightly, 8.15. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. **QUINNEYS**
To-day at 3 and 8.30. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat.
At 2.30 and 8, FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE.
Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffreys, and Godfrey Tearle.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

MARIE ODILE. By Edward Knoblaugh.
The scene is laid in a Convent in the Mountains.
MARIE LOHR. BASIL GILL.
Helen Hays. A. E. George.
Millie Hylton. O. B. Clarence.

LYRIC. TO-NIGHT at 8.15.
"ON TRIAL."
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

NEW. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
MATINEE SATURDAY, at 2.30.
ARMAGEDDON, by Stephen Phillips.
Monday next, THE CORSIAN BROTHERS.

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-NIGHT at 8.30.
A new play, in 3 acts, entitled
"THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS."
Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. Shaftesbury-avenue.
POTASH and PERLMUTTER.
Every Evening, 8.15. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.
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ROYALTY. Dennis Eadie in
"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."
TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. Mat., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

SAVOY. MR. H. B. IRVING.
To-night at 8.45, in "The Angel in the House," by Eden Philpotts and Macdonald Hastings. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR.
DAILY, 2.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.
NIGHTLY at 8.—BRITONS' DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN.
TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEES, WEDS., at 2.
Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production.
ALFRED LESTER "ALWAYS Merry and Bright."
Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 6666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

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TO-NIGHT at 8.
JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY.
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VAUDEVILLE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
TO-MORROW at 8.30 (other evenings 8.45), in
"THE GREEN FLAG," by Kibbie Howard.
Also CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
At 9 (other evenings 8.15), "April Fools."
Matinee Wed. and Sat., at 2.30, commencing June 16.

WYNDHAM'S. TO-NIGHT at 8.30.
GERALD du MAURIER and LEWIS WALLER in
"GAMBLERS ALL."
Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

VARIETIES.
ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard" (new version).
GABY DESLYS, Harry Piker, P. Monkman, O. Shaw,
J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renée Gratz, A. Austin, B. Lillie,
and ROBERT HALE. Revue, 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee
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including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORRAINE, ANNA
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GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, etc. Varieties at 8. MATINEE
WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0. Matinees, Mon.,
Wed., and Sat., at 2.30. ZONA VEVEY and MAX
ERARD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, ELLA RETFORD,
ALBERT WHELAN, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT"
BABY LANGLEY & SISTERS, LEO STORMONT & CO., etc.

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Daily Sketch,
June 10/15.

"OH DEAR, IT'S STUCK!"

Just when you want to polish the boots, or the floor, or the metal, you find you can't open the tin! Why don't you use the "Tins with Tabs" instead! You just pull the tab outwards and upwards to loosen the lid. The tab is fitted to Day and Martin's Boot Polish, Floor Polish, Grate Polish, and Paste Metal Polish.

And you get a far better polish, too, made by the famous old British firm of Day and Martin. The "Tins with Tabs" are an exclusive speciality of Day and Martin's. Send 1d. stamp for one of the "Tins with Tabs," giving your own and your dealer's name and address, and stating polish. Or send four stamps for the set of four to Day and Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters Road, Stratford, London, E.—Adv.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

SMART Respectable Boy wanted for office. Apply, stating age and wages required, to Box 10 Daily Sketch, 46-47, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES. 50 PIECES, 21s. The "Max" Layette, supremely beautiful. Materials pure and good. Instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; list free; combine purchased.—J. BRODIE 41, Museum-street, London.

GASLIGHT POST CARDS, 20 5½d., 50 8d., 100 1s. 3d. Photo Papers and Developers half-price. Enlarging from photo, 6d. Catalogue samples free. Works, July-road, Liverpool.

REAL NAVY SERGE 10,000 Testimonials; 1/3½, 1/6½, and 2/3 yard. Patterns free.—BEAUMONT'S, Contractors, Portsmouth.

LUNTIN MIXTURE



A BLEND OF
THE FINEST
TOBACCOS

6d. PER OUNCE 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS,
EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5½d. PER OUNCE
MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE

GOOD BYE FOR EVER SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND PLEASANT TREATMENT THAT REMOVES HAIR PERMANENTLY.

Large Trial Supply Sent to Every Reader **FREE.**

THE "DUVENETTE" METHOD of removing Superfluous Hair is delightfully pleasant and simple, and is so entirely different from the messy and burning processes hitherto employed, that ladies are strongly advised to grasp this opportunity of permanently ridding themselves of the trouble of Hairy Growths. Thousands of ladies have been treated by means of "Duvenette," and one and all agree that the results are truly delightful. To feel oneself free for ever from the affliction of Hair on the Face is worth much, but when, in addition to this blessing, it is realised that "Duvenette" has brought about an incredible improvement in the skin and complexion, removing various spots and blemishes, my patrons are at a loss for suitable words to express their gratification and pleasure.

Remember that after using "Duvenette" the hairs can never grow again, for the roots are completely destroyed.

SECURE THE GIFT OF YOUTH.

A clear complexion and a skin free from hairy growths are the greatest charms of youth. They rightfully belong to every woman till long after middle age is passed. Superfluous Hair and a poor complexion undoubtedly add very much to a woman's apparent age, besides making her look unnatural and coarse.

If you are middle-aged or elderly, and have been troubled with hair on the face for years, your case is just as curable as if you had only lately detected the tendency. If the first fine hairs have appeared only recently, stop them growing and increasing at once by the use of "Duvenette," the only safe and reliable treatment. If you do not, they are certain to develop into a stronger and coarser growth.

Write to-day, enclosing stamps 3d. to pay for postage and packing, and the large free supply will at once be sent in plain wrapper.

A. C. F. DUVERNE, 312, Kilburn High-road, London, N.W.—Adv't.

After 12 Years!

London Evidence.

"To DOAN'S PILLS I owe 12 Years of Good Health."



"Every Picture tells a story."

On May 29, 1903, Mr. J. Smith, of 16, Ruthin-road, Westcombe Park, Blackheath, London, S.E., said:—"Following inflammation of the kidneys I was subject to lumbago and severe pains across the small of my back. There was difficulty in relieving the kidneys and the water was disordered and unnatural."

"Doan's Backache Kidney Pills succeeded where medical treatment failed, and by the time I had taken two boxes the pains had completely disappeared and the water trouble was put right."

(Signed) "J. Smith."

12 YEARS LATER.

On February 5, 1915, Mr. Smith said:—"To Doan's Pills I owe twelve years of good health, for there has been no return of kidney complaint."

The reason why Doan's cures last is because Doan's Pills heal, strengthen, and keep the kidneys active and well, thus curing the kidney weakness—the actual cause of:—

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Inflamed Bladder, Stone, Gravel, Solatice, Dropsy, and other Uric Acid and Blood diseases.

Doan's

Backache Kidney Pills

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, 6 boxes 13/9; from F. O. McClellan Co., 8, Wells-st., Oxford-st., London, W.

What Women Are Doing:

A Royal Princess And Needlework—A Convent In The Haymarket—"The Woman's Theatre" And The Artists.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing that her Royal Highness Princess Arthur of Connaught has graciously consented to become the patroness of my patriotic Needlework Competition for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society and the order of St. John of Jerusalem. The exhibition takes place early in December. The Princess has been doing a very great deal in the cause of charity since her marriage two years ago. Until that happy event she was seen out very little in public except with her mother, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Maude. Now she is to be seen at many social functions, always looking extremely charming.

Among The Flowers.

I went to the Royal Horticultural Society's show and found it crowded with fashionable people. The flowers were beautiful. The carnations and heathers were especially worth going to see.

Amongst the crowd were the Duchess of Portland, the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, Lord and Lady Carew, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. The Speaker brought Mrs. Lowther. Lady Edmund Talbot looked in for a short time. Lady Leonfield came rather early, and so did the Countess of Dysart.

A Beautiful Woman Beautified.

"The Green Flag" will be produced to-morrow night at the Vaudeville, and I have had the pleasure of seeing the costumes which Miss Constance Collier will wear, designed by Osipov. I am not allowed to describe these beautiful things. You must go and see them yourselves; but there is "some" motor coat, which will really set the Thames on fire! Miss Collier tells me that she likes her part immensely, and if clothes can add to her charm and wonderful personality, then they are added!



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.
(Foulsham and Banfield.)

Marie—"Odileightful" Lohr.

I don't know when I have enjoyed a play so much as I did on Tuesday night at His Majesty's, when "Marie-Odile" was produced. I do not at all agree with the condemnation of my colleague Mr. Gossip. It is really a one-part play, that part being superbly acted by Marie Lohr. I cannot think of anybody who could play it as she does. She is the sweetest of heroines, and has never acted so perfectly. Miss Millie Hylton, as the only friend the little nun has, was very human and sympathetic, and Miss Helen Haye, as the "catty" Mother Superior, is excellent.

Among The Audience.

What a host of celebrities had come to enjoy the play; everyone was there! The stage was represented by Mme. Réjane, Miss Constance Collier, Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ella Russell, Norman McKinnel, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, looking extremely charming in cerise velvet, came with her brother in khaki.

Edmund Gwenn brought Miss Kate Bishop, who must have been the proudest woman in the theatre, and Arthur Bourchier came with the Marchioness of Headfort. Then there was Mme. Clara Butt, gorgeous in dull blue and "some" pearls. The Duchess of Rutland, who was in the stage box, brought her daughter, Lady Elcho, who had banded her hair with gold leaves. They were chatting with the three Tree girls. The youngest one, Iris, was very noticeable in cherry-coloured taffeta. Lady Randolph Churchill, in a black beaded cape and her hair tied up with turquoise velvet, sat near me, as did Lady Lister-Kaye, The Marchioness Townshend, in deep mourning, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir F. E. Smith and his wife and a great many more I can't remember were there.

At The Carlton Grill.

Charity matinees and charity concerts are plentiful this week, so, having only a few minutes in which to eat, I flew yesterday into the Carlton grill, to find countless notabilities lunching there with friends or thoroughly enjoying a meal alone. Fred Terry was one of the latter. Miss Marie Lohr, in pink, was with her husband and General Gordon and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who was saved from the Majestic in the Dardanelles. Sir Herbert Tree was there, and went on afterwards, as I did, to Miss Helen Mar's concert. At other tables were Lewis Waller and Rudyard Kipling; and Mme. Clara Butt. She looked regal in black

and white, her hair crowned by a becoming picture hat, and was one of a large party; and I also met Lydia Billbrooke, bronze-haired and beautiful, and Mr. Charles Kessler (the champagne king), who was, you remember, one of the survivors from the Lusitania, was also there.

The War Relief Matinees.

A most interesting crowd of people are giving their services to the War Relief Matinees, which the Woman's Theatre are giving at the Pavilion the week after next.

Amongst others are Lottie Venne, whose infinite variety time never stales, and Augustus Yorke, whom, curiously enough, very few people recognise by his own name, although everyone knows "Mr. Potash." Nigel Playfair is playing with Margaret Halstan in Nita Faydon's sketch. Miss Peggy Murray, a French-Canadian "disease," will be a new-comer, and a very welcome one. Then there will be Lady Tree, Cecilia Loftus, Auriol Lee, Phyllis Bedells, Mme. Ratmirova, Suzanne Sheldon, Mary Moore and a long, long list of the equally charming and celebrated.

The first of the matinees is to be in aid of the Era War Distress Fund, the needs of which the general public perhaps does not realise. To most of us the closing of a theatre only suggests that a few actors and actresses are out of work; we forget the legions of scene-shifters and other employees.

Queen Alexandra has promised to attend one of the matinees.

War-Time Work For Girls.

Lady Glenconner is lending her house, 34, Queen Anne's-gate, to-morrow afternoon for a concert in aid of war-time work among girls seeking employment. There will be an excellent programme, and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird will speak.

Women Secretaries.

The war is producing the Super-Secretary Girl. So many of the urbane young gentlemen who used to conduct the correspondence of and receive the callers upon our notabilities have joined the Army that there is a real need for successors. The need is in process of being met by Mrs. Spencer Munt, herself private secretary to Lord Churchill. I saw the said process getting along the other day at her place in Tothill-street, and found the girls are being taught some of the things one wishes all secretaries knew. If I sum them up in that useful little word "tact" you will know what I mean—what to wear and what to say, and all the bothering but necessary "don'ts" that have to be remembered.



MRS. SPENCER MUNT.

A Cafe Chantant.

The top of the staircase outside the ballroom of the Hyde Park Hotel was a perfect bower of beauty on Tuesday afternoon for the Café Chantant organised by the Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven and Mrs. Player in aid of the Emergency Aid Committee of the Empress Club.

There were masses of glorious mauve and pink orchids, deep red and pale pink carnations, and quantities of pink and red roses—all presented to the fund by Mrs. Charles Craven, who, very beautiful in a gown of white lace, a large white hat, and fine pearls, sold her flowers with such energy and ability that in a very short time all her fragrant wares were gone. She received the record sum of £25 for a single rose!

Seated at little tables, eating ices and strawberries and cream, we listened to an excellent programme contributed to by such clever people as Walter Hyde, Nelson Keys, Miss Mary Jerrold, and Mr. Godfrey Tearle.

Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Player, in black, with a becoming black hat, and Viscoun-ness Dupplin, wearing a cream serge tailor-made, accompanied by her sister. Mrs. Eckstein, who looked very well in cream lace and a pink and black hat, brought her daughter, who was pretty in a flowered muslin gown. Lady Fulton, in black, had an armful of red roses, which she brought from Mrs. Craven. Mrs. J. de la Poer Beresford was among the crowd.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M. (Aldershot, U.S.A.).—Thank you for your letter. I am so sorry I cannot convey your kind thoughts except through my Gossip to the three bald-headed officers.

M. M. (Streatham Hill).—Write to the Women's Emergency Corps, 2, York-place, Baker-street, W.

A 5/- BOX OF MY FAT-CURE

FREE TO ANY LADY TO TRY.

My Remedy Freed Me from 4st. 8lb. of Fat at the rate of 1lb. a Day, and to Prove that I Will Do As Much for Other Women, I Offer 5,000 5/- Boxes Free To Try.

SEND THE COUPON BELOW.

I bore the miseries of over-fatness for nine years. I laboured under an intolerable burden of nearly five stone of superfluous flesh, which nothing could remove.

All ordinary remedies failed me, but after many trials and experiments something happened which gave me the clue to the cause of my obesity, and this led me to a discovery which reduced me 4st. 8lb. in 8 weeks.

My remedy has done as much for hundreds of other women as it has for me. It is a woman's cure, for women only. Nobody but a woman could have discovered it.



Mrs. M. SEYMOUR.

Knowing what my remedy has already done for myself and others, I have implicit faith in what it can do for those who have not yet tried it. I know it will rid you of your fat, give you health, grace, strength, and practically everything that makes life worth living to a woman.

I know that if you will only give my treatment a fair trial you will write to me with just the same satisfaction that is expressed in the letters I receive daily from other ladies who have been cured.

I have set aside 5,000 5/- boxes of my remedy for free trial.

I ask you to post the coupon below to me now and accept one of these packages. If you are satisfied with the result pay me 5s. If not, pay nothing. My offer is open only to any lady who is subject to over-fatness and who has not yet tried my remedy. My remedy is for women only, and I can only send one package to each lady. I ask you to enclose a penny stamp to pay for postage, if you cannot call. Nobody but a woman who has experienced the torments of obesity can realise what a cloud is lifted from her life when she gets rid of her fatness. Let this joy be yours. I am as certain my remedy will cure you as that it cured me. Send to me to-day.

These two portraits give some idea of what I gained in appearance when I lost my fat. I took off 10 inches from my waist, 9 inches from bust and 15 inches from hips, and averaged one-and-one-seventh pounds less per day.



COUPON FOR 5/- BOX ON FREE TRIAL.

Please send me a 5/- box of your Cure for Obesity in Women. I enclose penny stamp for postage. I have not tried your remedy before.

D.S., 10/6/15.

NAME (Mrs. or Miss).....

ADDRESS

To

Mrs. M. SEYMOUR, Halsey House, Danest., London, W.C.

TAKE CARE OF Your Eyes.



If you suspect anything is wrong with your eyes, eyelids or eyelashes, send at once to S. GREEN, 210, Lambeth-road, London, S.E., for free family handbook, "How to Preserve the Eyesight," and mention this Paper. Tells all about Singleton's Eye Ointment, the famous British remedy which has been curing cataracts in the eyes, ulcers, styes, falling eyelashes, sore eyes, films and specks and weak eyes after scarlatina or measles. Of all chemists in ancient pedestal pots. 2s. But it must be SINGLETON'S. Also post free for postal order. Postage abroad extra. Send for the book immediately.

GREY HAIR

NO DYES. TEST IT FREE.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY.—A WELL-KNOWN CHEMIST has discovered a wonderful treatment which is prepared according to the best scientific principles, and is an absolutely modern, safe, guaranteed hair-colour renewer. Even your eldest relative or friend will not know you are using this wonderful treatment if you merely keep the bottle out of sight. The hair of a natural; the hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. Then the shade remains so; it doesn't vary. It keeps the same year after year. To prove the worth of this excellent preparation, a trial treatment, together with a tablet of Lind's celebrated non-alkaline soap for prevention of greyness, will be sent absolutely free, in private parcel, on receipt of twopenny for postage.—P. LIND, Ltd., English Chemists, 372, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford-st., London, W.

HAGUE TRIBUNAL COLLAPSE.

Never To Be Revived In The Old Form.

DRASTIC NEW PROPOSALS.

Representatives of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace are now in this country. One from Boston visited the House of Commons yesterday.

They have to face what now even the most extreme pacifist readily admits—the entire breakdown of all the machinery of the Hague Tribunal and the reduction of all its labours to futility.

The *Daily Sketch* understands that there will never again be any attempt to revive it in its old form. On the other hand a movement will assuredly be planned—the arrangements are actually being made in some directions—for a world campaign after and even during the war for the establishment of an International Tribunal, whose decisions will be enforced, even to the extent of compulsion by arms, by all the represented Powers, who will guarantee the inviolability of any agreement collectively arrived at.

“DRINK AND ENJOY —’S TEAS.”

Judge's Hint To Famous Caterers In Lyons v. Lipton Libel Suit.

“Perhaps they will have a tea party at which they will consume one another's commodities,” remarked Mr. Justice Darling in the King's Bench yesterday when informed that the libel action brought by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. against Messrs. Lipton, Ltd., had been settled privately.

It was stated that without the knowledge, consent or approval of their directors, employees of Messrs. Lipton had represented that the directors of Messrs. Lyons were Germans, that they had German sympathies, that the company was a German firm and that by purchasing plaintiffs' commodities the public would be assisting the enemies of their country.

Counsel for Messrs. Lyons said plaintiffs had accepted the formal withdrawal of the allegations and an unreserved apology, together with the payment of a sum which was amply sufficient to cover all charges, costs, and expenses.

In these circumstances Messrs. Lyons were very glad to be able to inform his lordship that they had come to an amicable settlement and to state publicly that they appreciated the spirit in which Messrs. Lipton had met them.

Mr. H. A. McCardie, for Lipton's, said the statements complained of were entirely untrue and unjustifiable. They were made by certain employees of the company, and had met with the severest censure.

Defendants unreservedly withdrew these statements, and offered a complete apology to plaintiffs. Messrs. Lipton appreciated and reciprocated the spirit in which plaintiffs had met them in this matter.

Mr. Justice Darling: I gather they are all friends now. (Laughter.)

Mr. McCardie: Universal friendship now prevails.

MORE DISCIPLINE WANTED.

Mrs. Paget, wife of the Bishop of Stepney, yesterday lamented the lack of discipline evident everywhere. She said:—

Up and down our streets are the same desultory crowds, the same leisured women drifting past the shop windows, the same spoiled children in the “luses.” Housekeeping is going on almost without a change.

We have sensational posters for recruiting on a level with theatrical posters, as if the nation would not respond to a plain Government proclamation, as if the nation could not be aroused and could not be stirred except by such a publication as is utilised in the advertisement of a commercial commodity.

TO PUT ON FLESH AND INCREASE WEIGHT.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Most thin people eat from four to six pounds of good solid fat-making food every day and still do not increase in weight one ounce, while, on the other hand, many of the plump, chunky folks eat very lightly and keep gaining all the time. It's all bosh to say that this is the nature of the individual. It isn't Nature's way at all.

Thin folks stay thin because their powers of assimilation are defective. They just absorb enough of the food they eat to maintain life and a semblance of health and strength. Stuffing won't help them. A dozen meals a day won't make them gain a single “stay there” pound. All the fat-producing elements of their food just stay in the intestines until they pass from the body as waste. What such people need is something that will prepare these fatty food elements so that their blood can absorb them and deposit them all about the body—something, too, that will multiply their red blood corpuscles and increase their blood carrying power.

For such a condition I always recommend eating a Sargol tablet with every meal. Sargol is not, as some believe, a patented drug, but is a scientific combination of six of the most effective and powerful flesh-building elements known to chemistry. It is absolutely harmless, yet wonderfully effective, and a single tablet eaten with each meal often has the effect of increasing the weight of a thin man or woman from three to five pounds a week.

It is also a splendid aid to digestion, has a fine tonic effect, and is unequalled for people who are run down, or for old people who are lacking in nerve force and energy.

If you are below normal weight, suffer from indigestion, are nervous or weak, just try eating a Sargol tablet with a few meals and see how rapidly you pick up.—Advt.

PERHAPS HE HAS FOREBODINGS.



In the early days of the war we constantly heard that the Emperor of Austria was greatly depressed. The latest advice from Vienna is that he is “much depressed,” not even the much vaunted Przemysl news cheering him.

U.S. POSITION AFFECTS MARKET.

Refusals To Take Stock Because Of War Fear.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday the resignation of Mr. Bryan caused some weakness in American securities, the arbitrage houses refusing to take stock in the fear that war will result between the United States and Germany.

There was very little doing in other departments of the “House,” but a good feature was a recovery in Underground Electric Income Bonds, the recent selling of which is now believed to have been on account of a deceased holder. Brazilian Traction shares made a good rally.

There was a better tendency in the Argentine Railway Market following on the publication of another batch of increased traffic returns. In the case of the Central Argentine a week's gain is as much as £40,000.

Kaffirs held their ground well, and Brakpan shares continued in demand.

Among Oils there was some inquiry for Lobitos in anticipation of the early issue of the directors' report.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet; American, 6½ to 7½ down; Egyptian, 4 to 5 down.

THREE DEAD BRIDES TRIAL.

The grand jury at Lancaster Assizes yesterday returned a true bill against George Smith, accused of the murder of Alice Burnham in a bath at Blackpool on December 12, 1913.

On this and two similar charges (those of the murder of Bessie Mundy at Hove and Margaret Lloyd at Highgate) Smith will be tried at the Central Criminal Court, London.

THE NEW DERBY MARKET.

11 to 10 Pommern (t and o), 10 to 1 Danger Rock (t and o), 100 to 8 Let Fly (t and o), 100 to 6 Le Mellor, Gadabout (t and o).

DESMOND (Empire): 15 7 19 11 14 4 18 5 11 12 18 8 12—4 11 14 25 7 16 12 11 5—24 12 19 8 14 9 10 7 14.

Lord Tredegar's only son, the Hon. Evan Frederic Morgan, has received a commission in the Welsh Guards.

VAGABOND IN PARSON'S GARB.

Year In Gaol And Twenty-five Strokes Of Birch For Bogus Clergyman.

Sentence of 12 months' hard labour and 25 strokes with the birch was passed at London Sessions yesterday on Charles Garrett, aged 20, for an offence against the Vagrancy Act.

When arrested in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square Garrett, it was stated, was wearing clerical garb, with two crucifixes.

He had been staying at Farnham Royal, Bucks, as the Rev. Frank Murray and Lieut. Murray, and when questioned by the local vicar referred him to Lady Barclay, of the Carlton Hotel.

The vicar's letter was to be forwarded to Lady Barclay's “new address.” That was the house where Garrett was staying. In this way he secured possession of the letter, to which he himself sent a reply, signing it as though it came from Lady Barclay.

The “reply” assured the vicar that “all is safe as to the character of Selwyn Murray,” represented that he was a second lieutenant in September, 1914, but resigned because, owing to his vows, he could not continue fighting.

He also represented that he was then engaged in rescue work among soldiers.

The letter, counsel explained, was a tissue of falsehoods. Garrett was the son of a charwoman.

“ONLY A LITTLE GIRL.”

Another little girl has sent another little, but none the less welcome, contribution to our little cigarette fund. This is the nice letter she writes:—

Compton House, Aberdare, June 7, 1915.
Dear Sirs,—I feel I want to do something for our dear sailors, but I am only a little girl and cannot do much. I have saved up my halfpennies and would like you to send some cigarettes to the sailors, please. My uncle went down with the other brave men on the Monmouth. Please send my love with the cigarettes.—I am, the sailors' friend,
GWYNETH WILLIAMS.

21—Mrs. Alexander, Carnoustie. 12s. 6d.—Employee, Graver and Co., Dublin. 11s. 6d.—Employee, Sparrow's Woolen Co., Ltd., Cardigan. 10s.—A Soldier's Wife, Daughter and Mother, Manchester. 9s. 6d.—Hans Renold, Ltd., Burnage Auto Dept. (34th cont.). 6s.—The Misses A. Webb and K. Gray, Blackburn. 4s.—R. Surfield, Victoria. 2s. 6d.—Violet Shipley, M. C., Addlestone. 1s.—A. Pousford, London, W. Wilson, Kendal; Gwyneth Williams, Aberdare. 6d.—Fred and Don Nalder, Finchley.

SWEETHEART'S PARTING GIFT TO SOLDIER.

Dead Hero's Pendant With Her Portrait On Battlefield.

HE “DIED LIKE A SAINT.”

Just before he left for France a young soldier hailing from Thornaby-on-Tees was given a pendant by his sweetheart. That pendant contained her portrait and a lock of her hair.

The soldier has since fallen in battle, but the *Daily Sketch* has been able to return to the hero's sweetheart her parting gift, which her lover carried until his death.

No more romantic or tragic little stories of the war have been revealed than those which have followed upon the publication in the *Daily Sketch* of pictures picked up on the battlefield. During the past few months scores of portraits found after fighting have been sent to this office, and the publication from time to time of pages of such reproductions has cleared up many a battlefield mystery, and in innumerable instances has led to the restoration of those lost treasures to the brave Tommies who had given up all hope of their recovery.

The pendant and portrait were sent to the *Daily Sketch* by the finder, and a photograph of this treasure appeared, together with other picked-up portraits, in a recent issue.

DROPPED OUT OF HIS POCKET.

The only information which came to hand with the pendant was that it had dropped out of the pocket of a dead private of the Durham Light Infantry.

Its publication has led to the identity of both the soldier and his sweetheart. He was Private G. E. Milburn, of Thornaby-on-Tees, a signaller of the Durhams, and his fiancée was Miss B. Gray, of 44, Cobden-street, Thornaby-on-Tees.

In a letter to the *Daily Sketch* Miss Gray says that she gave the pendant with her portrait and a lock of her hair to him just before he sailed for France. He was killed in action on April 27.

Private Milburn proved himself a hero before he went to France. Just before he left he was publicly presented with the Royal Humane Society's medal and certificate for life-saving. He was formerly an assistant scoutmaster, and in the parish of St. Luke's, at Thornaby-on-Tees, in which he lived, a memorial service was held in his honour a few weeks ago. “Poor George lived like a saint and died like a saint,” was the tribute sent home by one of his comrades.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S POSITION.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, says the statement appearing in some newspapers to the effect that a special meeting of the party will be held next week to consider Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's attitude towards the war and his recent writings is absolutely without foundation.

George Robey was yesterday sworn in before Sir John Dickinson as a special constable.

Good News for Fat People.

A London chemist says: “The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in eating clynol berries. The fat person who wants to reduce without the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, etc., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and eats three or four each day. They are extremely pleasant to the taste, having a flavour very much like peppermint.

Clynol berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. No discomfort whatever is caused by their action, in fact except for the loss of superfluous fat and the feeling of “fitness” so created, you would not be aware that these little berries were doing their work.

Local enquiry shows that clynol berries are not at all well known in England, but the demand is increasing daily, and any chemist can quickly procure them if specially requested to do so. Averaged over a period of two months it is estimated that each berry eaten eliminates 30 grammes of fat from the body.

PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Advt.

£1,000 IN PRIZES FOR NEEDLEWORK.

£1,000 is offered in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by *Daily Sketch* readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*.

All the work sent in will be exhibited, after the prizes have been awarded, in a suitable hall in London, and, except in cases where the competitor desires its return, will be sold in aid of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association.

All who wish to enter must send a large stamped and self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full particulars and an entrance form.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

By the Baroness Orczy, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will Repay," "Beau Brocade," etc.

The Jewess's Revenge.

Gradually as they neared the village that curious feeling of impending evil became more strong; she could not help speaking of it to Andor, but he only laughed in that delightfully happy—almost defiantly happy—way of his, and for a moment or two she was satisfied.

But when at about half a kilometre from home she caught sight of Klara Goldstein walking away from the village straight toward her and Andor, it seemed as if her fears had suddenly assumed a more tangible shape.

Klara looked old and thin, she thought, pathetic, too, in her plain black dress—she who used to be so fond of pretty clothes. Elsa gave her a hearty greeting as soon as she was near enough to her, and extended a cordial hand. She had no cause to feel well-disposed towards the Jewess, but there was something so forlorn-looking about the girl now, and such a look of sullen despair in her dark eyes, that Elsa's gentle nature was at once ready to forgive and to cheer.

"It is a long time since I have seen you, Klara," she said pleasantly.

"No wonder," said the other girl, with a shrug of her thin shoulders; "father won't let me out of his sight."

She had nodded to Andor, but by tacit consent they had not shaken hands. Klara now put her hands on her hips, and, like a young animal let free after days of captivity, she drew in deep breaths of sweet-scented air.

"Ah!" she said with a sigh, "it is good to be out again. Being a prisoner doesn't suit me, I can tell you that."

"Your dear father seems to be very severe with you, Klara," said Elsa compassionately.

"Yes! curse him!" retorted the Jewess fiercely, as a savage, cruel look flashed through her sunken eyes. "He nearly killed me when he came home from Kecskemét that time—beat me like a dog—and now—"

"That Abominable Marriage."

"Poor Klara!"

"I shouldn't have minded the beating so much. Among our people parents have the right to be severe, and it is better to take a beating from your father than to be punished by the rabbi."

"Your dear father will forgive you in time," suggested Elsa gently.

She felt miserably uncomfortable, and would have given worlds to be rid of Klara. She couldn't think why the girl had stopped to talk to her and Andor; in fact she was more than sure that Klara had come out this evening on purpose to talk to her and to Andor, for now she stood deliberately in front of them both, with arms crossed in front of her and defiant eyes fixed now upon one and now upon the other. Andor, too, was beginning to look cross and sullen. This meeting, coming on the top of that lovely walk, seemed like a black shadow cast over the radiance of their happiness, and this thin, tall girl, all in black, with black hair fluttering round her pale face, seemed like a big black bird of evil presage. Her skirts flapped round her knees like wings, and her voice sounded cold and harsh, like the croaking of a raven.

But Elsa's kindly disposition did not allow her to be too obviously unkind to the Jewess. Perhaps, after all, the girl meant no harm, and had only run out now like a released colt, glad to feel freedom in the air around her and the vastness lying stretched out before her to infinity beyond. Perhaps she had only sought the company of the first-comers in order to get a small measure of sympathy. But now, though Elsa's gentle words should have softened her mood, she retorted with renewed fierceness:—

"Curse him! I don't want his forgiveness! and if ever he wants mine—on his deathbed—he won't get it—even if he should die in torment for want of a kind word from me."

"Klara, you mustn't say that," cried Elsa, horrified at what she considered almost blasphemy. "Your father is your father; remember—and even if he has been harsh to you..."

Klara interrupted her with a loud and strident laugh.

"If he has been harsh to me!" she exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you that he thrashed me like a dog, so that I was sick for days? But I wouldn't mind that so much. Bruises mend sooner or later, but it's that abominable marriage which will make me curse him to my dying day."

"Marriage!... What marriage?..."

Andor's "Dirty Trick"

"With a man I had never seen in my life until it was all settled. Just a man who is so ugly and so bad-tempered and so repugnant to every girl whom he knows that nobody would have him—but just a man who wanted a wife. The rabbi at Arad knew about him and he spoke about him to father—it seems he is quite rich—and father has given me to him and I am to be married within a fortnight. Curse them! curse them all, I say! Oh! I wish I had the pluck to run away, or to kill myself or do something—but I am such an abominable coward—and I shall loathe to live in Arad in a tiny second-hand clothes shop, with that hideous monster for a husband—pointed at by everyone as the girl with a disgraceful story to her credit and sold to a creature whom no one else would have—in order to cover up a scandal."

Elsa was silent; her heart now was full of pity for the girl, who indeed was being punished far more severely than she deserved. It was clear that Klara was terribly resentful at her fate, and there was a look of vengeful rebellion in the glance which she threw on Elsa and Andor now.

Overhead there was a flapping of wings—a flight of rooks cut through the air and there were magpies in their trail.

"Three for a wedding," said Andor with a forced laugh, trying to break the spell which—much

against his will—seemed to have been suddenly cast over his happy spirits.

"One for sorrow, more like," retorted Klara. "No, no, come!" he rejoined. "You must not look at it like that. There is always some happiness to be got out of married life. You are not very happy in your old home—you will like to have one of your own—a wedding is only the prelude to better things."

"That depends on the wedding, my friend," she sneered. "This one will be a finish, not a prelude—the naughty child, well whipped, sent out of mischief's way."

"I am sorry, Klara, that you feel it so strongly," he said more kindly.

"Yes," she retorted. "I dare say, my good man, you are sorry enough for me now, but you might have thought of all that, you know, before you played me that dirty trick."

"What do you mean?" he broke in quickly.

Klara's Indictment Of Andor.

"Just what I say," she replied, "and no more. A dirty, abominable trick, I call it, and I cannot even show you up before the village—I could not even speak of you to the police officers. Oh, yes!" she continued more and more vehemently, as a flood of wrath and of resentment and a burning desire for getting even with Fate seemed literally to sweep her off her mental balance and cause her to lose complete control of her tongue. "Oh, yes! my fine gentleman! you can go and court Elsa now, and whisper sweet love-words in her ears—you two turtle-doves are the edification of the entire village now—and presently you will get married and live happy ever afterwards. But what I want to ask you, my friend," she added, and she took a step or two nearer to him, until her hot and angry breath struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething cauldron of resentment and of vengeance which was raging before him now, "what I want to ask you is have you ever thought of me?"

"Thought of you, Klara?" he said quietly, even as he felt, more than saw, that Elsa, too, had drawn back a little—a step or two further away from Klara, but a step or two also further away from him. "Thought of you?" he reiterated, seeing that Klara did not reply immediately, and that just for one brief moment—it was a mere flash—a look of irresolution had crept into her eyes, "Why should I be thinking about you?"

"Why, indeed?" she said with a wrathful sneer. "What hurt had I done to you, Andor, that is what I want to know. I was always friendly to you. I had never done you any wrong—nor did I do Elsa any wrong—any wrong, I mean, that mattered," she continued, talking more loudly and more volubly because Andor was making desperate efforts to stop and interrupt her. "Béla would only have run after another woman if I had turned my back on him. And then when you asked me to leave him alone, I promised, didn't I? What you asked me to do I promised. . . . And I meant to keep my promise to you, and you knew it . . . and yet you rounded on me like that. . . ."

"Let Her Speak."

"Silence, Klara," he cried at the top of his voice as he shook the girl roughly by the shoulder.

But she paid no heed to him—she was determined to be heard, determined to have her say. All the bitterness in her had been bottled up for weeks. She meant to meet Andor face to face before she was packed off as the submissive wife of a hated husband—the naughty child, whipped and sent out of the way—she meant to throw all the pent-up bitterness within her straight into his face—and meant to do it when Elsa was nigh. For days and days she had watched for an opportunity; but her father had kept her a prisoner in the house, besides which she had no great desire to affront the sneering looks of village gossips. But this evening was her opportunity. For this she had waited, and now she meant to take it, and no power on earth, force or violence, would prevent her from pouring out the full phial of her venomous wrath.

"I will not be silent!" she shrieked. "I will not! You did round on me like a cur—you sneak—you double-faced devil. . . ."

"Will you be silent?" he hissed through his teeth, his face deadly pale now with a passion of wrath at least as fierce as hers.

But now Elsa's quiet voice interposed between these two tempestuous souls.

"No!" she said firmly, "Klara shall not be silent, Andor. Let go her arm and let her speak. I want to hear what she has to say."

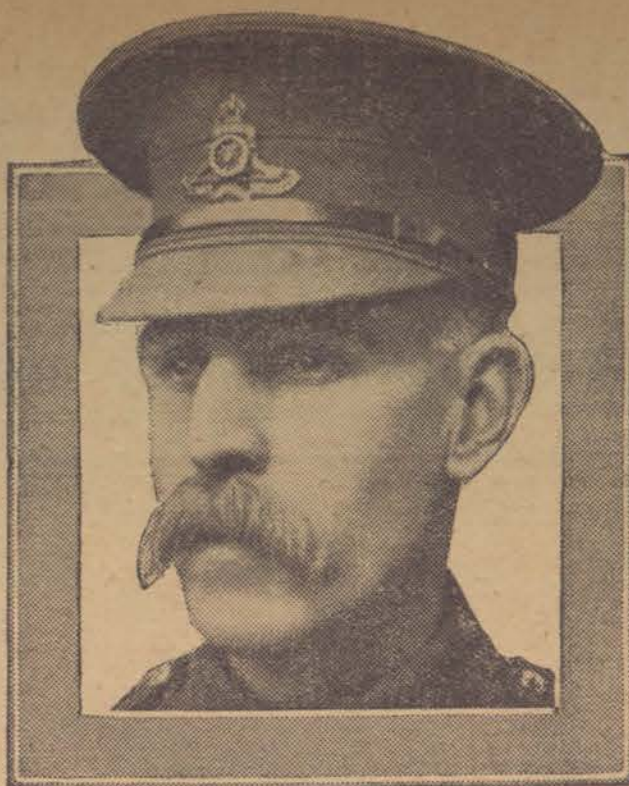
"She is trying to come between you and me, Elsa," said Andor, who was trying to keep his violent rage in check. "She tried to come between you and Béla, and chose an ugly method to get at what she wanted. She hates you . . . why I don't know, but she does hate you, and she always tries to do you harm. Don't listen to her, I tell you. Why! just look at her now! . . . The girl is half mad."

"Mad!" broke in Klara, as with a jerky movement of her shoulders she disengaged herself from Andor's rough grasp. "I dare say I am mad. And so would you be," she added, turning suddenly to Elsa, "so would you be if all in one night you were to lose everything you cared for in the world—your freedom—the consideration of your friends—the man who some day would have made you a good husband—everything, everything—and all because of that sneaking, double-faced coward."

"If you don't hold your tongue . . ." cried Andor menacingly.

"You will kill me, won't you?" she sneered. "One murder more or less on your conscience won't hurt you any more, will it, my friend? You'll kill me, eh? Then you'll have two of us to your reckoning by and by, me and Béla!"

(To Be Continued.)



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