

# DAILY SKETCH.

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No. 1,954.

LONDON, MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1915.

(Registered as a Newspaper.) ONE HALFPENNY.

## A ROMANCE OF THE BATTLEFIELD—(See page 4.)



Capt. Stewart, mentioned in despatches, was wounded for the second time.

Corporal Stewart, who had a ranch in Cape Colony, carried urgent messages across the open under fire.

Corporal Prentice, who came from South Africa to enlist, refused to retire when wounded. "I can keep on," he said.



Private Lee, who under fire spent two hours digging out a buried comrade, and Private McManus, who won the D.C.M.

Sergt.-majors and sergeants of B Squadron, who fought all through South Africa, were at Hooze together. The story of the great fight against heavy odds by the 3rd Dragoon Guards at the ruined chateau of Hooze by Ypres has revealed a romance of Imperial patriotism. Two of the men who won fame and glory in that thrilling struggle were Corporal Prentice and Corporal Stewart. The call of the Motherland reached them in their comfortable situations in South Africa in the early days of the war, and they at once came home and enlisted in the 3rd Dragoons. They refused commissions.

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To prove this to your own complete satisfaction there is offered to every grey-haired reader a free trial supply of the new scientific discovery "Astol," the outcome of laboratory experiments and the practical experience of the inventor-discoverer of Harlene Hair-Drill.



Even if your hair is completely white or grey; if it is grey in patches, or simply losing colour, your free supply of "Astol" will instantly commence the splendid task of colour-restoration, and as you continue you will soon have the unbounded pleasure of seeing the original colour of the hair stealing back from root to tip.

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2. A copy of the famous book, "Good News for the Grey Haired," in the pages of which the use of "Astol" is clearly explained.

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol" you can obtain further supplies from any chemist the world over at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle, or direct, post free, on remittance, from Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign order. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

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ADDRESS .....

Daily Sketch, 14/6/15.

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—I'se gwine to hab some

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50 for 1/3. 100 for 2/6.

List of Winners for April was published on Saturday last. The May Competition closes on July 3rd.

Full particulars of the Needlework Competition past free from Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., London.

**THEATRES.**

**AMBASSADORS.**—"MORE," an entirely New Revue, by Harry Gratian and Edward Jones. Wed. Evg. Next, at 8 sharp (following evenings 8.30). First Matinee Sat. next, at 2.30.

**COMEDY.** TO-NIGHT at 8.45. A new farcical Comedy, MR. AND MRS. PONSONBY, by Walter Hackett. Proceeded at 8.15 by Mr. Ernest Hastings. FIRST MATINEE WED. NEXT, at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

**CORONET THEATRE, W.** Tel. Park 1273. TO-NIGHT at 8. SPECIAL GALA PERFORMANCE. Opening of *Le Mousquetaire* French Season. GRAND GUIGNOL CO.

**CRITERION.** Tel. Ger. 3844. To-night at 9. MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS." At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Last Mat. (both plays), Wed. at 2.30.

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

**GAIETY.** TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. 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. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

**HAYMARKET.** QUINNEYS. Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. At 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 Knoblauch. 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. EVGS. 8.15. MAT. SAT. 2.30. (One Week only.) THE ORSKAN BROTHERS. Proceeded by "The Conspiracy." MR. MARTIN HARVEY in both Plays.

**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. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. Box Office, 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9457.

**ROYALTY.** Vedrenne and Eadie. DENNIS EADIE in "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME." TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 3855.

**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. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

**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. 5666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

**STRAND.** HENRY OF NAVARRE. To-night at 8. (Last 8 Performances this Season.) JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Last Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

**VAUDEVILLE.** ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Nightly, 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., 2.30, in "THE GREEN FLAG," by Kettle Howard. Also CONSTANCE COLLIER, LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE. At 8.15, "April Fools," by J. E. Harold Terry.

**WYNDHAM'S.** TO-NIGHT at 8.30 sharp. GERALD DU MAURIER and LEWIS WALLER in "GAMBLERS ALL." "A story packed with human interest." Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

**VARIETIES.**

**ALHAMBRA.**—"5064 Gerrard" (new version). GABY DESLYS, Harry Pizer, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renee Gratz, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and ROBERT HALE. Revue. 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee Wednesdays, 2.15, and Saturday, 2.30. (Reduced Prices.)

**COLISEUM.**—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. TABLEAU DE GUERRE, Mlle. DORZIAT, ELLA LIND, TERRIS, PHYLLIS DARE, OYRA and DORMA LEIGH, RINALDO, ETHEL IRVING and CO., etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

**EMPIRE.** WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.35. MATINEE, Sat., 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES. ETHEL LEVEY. JOSEPH COYNE. Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane, etc. Proceeded at 8 by "The Vine."

**HIPPODROME, LONDON.**—Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production entitled "PUSH AND GO." Including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORRAINE, ANNA WHEATON, HARRY TATE, GERALD KIRBY, JOHNNY HENNING, LEWIS SYDNEY, CHARLES BERKLEY, and enormous Beauty Chorus, etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 650.

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## KEEPING MEN OF BRAINS OUT OF THE ARMY.

OLD traditions die hard in this country. But one tradition is dying, for, alas! the men connected with it are dying. I refer to the old War Office theory that a military officer should have a private income with which he could maintain himself and his family independent of his Service pay. This system answered badly enough in peace time, when there was a snobbish idea that the Army should be kept aristocratic at all costs. But the plan was failing even in that, for it was giving us a plutocratic rather than a genuinely aristocratic Army.

MONEY was practically the sole deciding factor in governing many a man's career. Unless he had a certain income he could not afford to join the Army, no matter how fine his breeding was. Thus the Army was a close corporation, which was gradually becoming more and more plutocratic. Not only were poor aristocrats crowded out, but poor men of brains had less chance than ever of getting in. It would be wrong to believe, however, that no poor men and no clever poor men entered the Army, for the events of this war are there to indicate their presence. But they have had many hardships and difficulties owing to the bad pay given to them.

THE war has made the crisis acute. Our officers have been killed off in appalling numbers, and there is a great shortage of substitutes. The tradition that the officer should have a private income must die, because most of the suitable men with large incomes have died, or are in danger of being put out of action before the war ends. We are now compelled to appeal to other ranks and classes for officers, and under the crucial test of war the first and only qualification must be fitness. We can no longer afford to keep out men of brains because their blood is not blue or their bank-books not flourishing. Brains must be the great factor, and for our officers we need the best brains of the country.

THERE is no lack of suitable and willing men. But the trouble is that under the present ridiculous conditions many men positively cannot afford to take the step. Consider the case of a young professional man with a wife and family living in a decent condition. This man's earnings keep the house going, and he has not been long enough at the successful stage to lay by a fortune. Normally he has reasonable expectation of many years of life, which will enable him to put his young family on a safe or self-supporting basis.

BUT if he takes up a commission in the Army now he is risking his own life and the existence of a wife and family who have no reserves against poverty. His military pay will not meet his mess bills in this country. His own professional or business income has ceased with enlistment, and his wife must either sink into poverty to eke out existence on their little savings, or else she must live on the family relations. The outlook for herself and her family is tragic.

SURELY this is no way for the State to treat a man who is willing to make the greatest sacrifice he can for his country. We must have more officers, and the need is urgent. If the War Office would but establish a suitable separation allowance for officers' wives there would be a big influx of the best type of men. It is this very trouble of the fate of the people left behind which also delays single men in joining the ranks. It seems that the War Office has very muddling and unsatisfactory procedure with regard to allowances paid to single men's parents and dependants, and as a result recruiting amongst these men is not as brisk as it might be. Suitable revision of the separation allowances to officers and to single men would bring in more recruits than the present blustering and touting methods. If a man owes a duty to the State, it must not be forgotten that the State also owes a duty to the man.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

# Echoes of the Town and Round About.

## A German Spy, His Political—

SHORT, dark, and alert-looking, eloquent and witty, with a gift for clever repartee, such was the description of Mr. Ignatius Timothy Tribich Lincoln, self-confessed German spy, given to me by a well-known political organiser, who ruefully confessed that she had helped him to win the only Parliamentary division he ever carried. Darlington the division for which Lincoln sat, is not an easy division to deceive. It says something for the wily ways of the spy that he was able by sheer eloquence and fervent support of Free Trade to triumph over the prejudice created by a foreign name and accent, and to dislodge the popular young Unionist M.P., Mr. Pike Pease.

## And His Social Side.

ALTHOUGH Lincoln had nothing to boast of in looks, his was a magnetic personality. He took a villa in the division, and lived there with his wife and baby during the twelve months or so in which he nursed the seat. Socially the couple were extremely popular, and the spy, who was a most witty and amusing conversationalist, was a much-sought-after guest at the houses of the great. "Financial reverses" were understood to be the reason of his severance with the division.

## Names, Please.

MAY I suggest that it is only right the public should know who have been his financial backers in this country—he has had some, and they were wealthy—and who was the M.P. he has been visiting at the House, for I have personally seen him there since the war started? He seemed afraid to exercise his right as an ex-M.P. to enter the Lobby, but used to send in a card like an ordinary member of the public.

## Father And Son.



ON SATURDAY I met Lord Lyveden, looking the picture of health and wearing naval uniform. He is engaged on transport work. His only son is in the Royal Naval Reserve, serving as an Assistant Paymaster. His lordship's family name is Vernon, but it was originally Smith. His great-grandfather, the father of the first Lord Lyveden, was a brother of the famous wit, Sydney Smith.

## The Cozens-Hardys.

ON THURSDAY the Hon. Mrs. Silvester Horne and her father, Lord Cozens-Hardy, attended at Whitefield's Tabernacle to unveil a tablet in memory of the late Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P. The association of active, almost militant, Nonconformity with membership of the Lords and Commons seems a little anomalous, but anyone who knows the Cozens-Hardys is conscious that they are worthy and loyal links between these ordinarily divided camps. The heir to the peerage, by the way, the Hon. William Cozens-Hardy, is an Oxford man—he went to New College—and a very charming fellow.

## All Among The Hay.

TO-DAY Miss Conry, the president of the London branch of the Women's Defence Relief Corps, will begin work at Sigers Farm, Eastcote, Middlesex, with a willing and happy band of women haymakers. I hear that 3s. a day will be paid to each able-bodied adult, and that due consideration will be given to the necessary time for meals, etc. The women will be provided with hammocks and utensils for cooking. There is great enthusiasm among them, and they are one and all determined to prove that their labours will have results equal to the labours of mere men haymakers.

## The Chief Rabbi's Motor.

A PROPOSAL has been set afoot by a correspondent of a Jewish paper that it is time the Chief Rabbi had a motor-car of his own, it being considered rather undignified that Dr. Hertz should be obliged to resort to the taxi-cab and the democratic motor-bus when attending communal or other functions. The late Dr. Adler and his predecessors had carriages of their own, but nothing less than a motor would appeal to the present Chief Rabbi, whose duties have increased enormously within recent times.

## Kelly—From The Dardanelles.

SUB-LIEUTENANT F. S. KELLY, R.N.V.R., who has just been wounded at the Dardanelles, is a conspicuous example of the "healthy mind in a healthy body." He rowed in the Oxford boat in 1903, and at Henley he carried off the Diamonds in 1902, 1903, and 1905, and the Wingfields in 1903. He is a useful sprinter, and there are very few games at which he can't put up an infinitely better show than most people. So much for his athletics.

## And The Æolian Hall.

IT IS as a pianist that F. S. Kelly is more widely known. He managed to find time to study music fairly extensively at Oxford, and for the past ten years he has been coming to the fore in music circles in London as a performer of the first water. The last time I saw him he was giving a recital at the Æolian Hall, playing some of his own compositions. And very nice too.

## Another Pianist.

TALKING OF PIANISTS, I heard one at the Hippodrome the other afternoon. Yes, there are "turns" at the Hippodrome still, although I suppose most people devote their sole attention to the revue, and don't turn up until it is due. However, those who heard Miss Edie Barnett play the piano were well compensated for their early arrival. Even the fact that she played a tabloid version of the "1812" overture—a grave artistic error—could not disguise the fact that she is a pianist of more than ordinary ability.

## Definition Of "Chef De Bataillon."

WHO SAYS the War Office has not its wits about it? Yesterday I asked a distinguished official of the traditional home of Red Tape if he could explain to me the difference between a lieutenant-colonel and a chef de bataillon in the French Army. "Easily," he answered, "a chef de bataillon is the master cook of the battalion."

## A Stowaway Story.

I HAVE JUST been hearing of the astonishing adventures of a Boy Scout, who, after an absence of several months, has been restored, much against his will, to his anxious parents somewhere in Yorkshire. After two unsuccessful attempts he managed to smuggle himself on board a troopship, and crossed the Channel in a stokehold. He was discovered, and when the French port was reached the captain locked him in a cabin.

## Through The Porthole.

BUT YOUR Boy Scout is not so lightly disposed of. The youngster scrambled through a porthole, and down a rope on to the quay. The soldiers had gone, but he walked for miles until he came across other Tommies, within sound of the guns, and was finally discovered by an officer tending their horses. That was the finish, of course, and he was sent back to London, and then home. Now his plan is to join the Army as a trumpeter.

## When A Politician Is Seedy.

MANY persons will have heard without great concern that Mr. Keir Hardie has been ordered six months' complete rest, while others will regret that any man who has done a lot of public work should be laid aside by illness. In these columns I do not take sides politically, but I can tell you that when any well-known politician is ill he is inundated with letters of all descriptions; some simply contain the words "A good job, too!"; other letters contain lists of infallible remedies for all ills; others state that they hope the retirement will be permanent!

## A Belgian Panorama.

IT IS surely in accordance with the fitness of things that the remarkable mural panoramic representation of Belgium, which is to be one of the features of the forthcoming War Exhibition in aid of the Belgian Red Cross Fund, should have been executed by an artist with Garibaldian Associations. Signor G. P. Tondi, one of the most distinguished exponents of the art of the panorama, who has painted



many a mile of canvas in the course of a notable career, is the son of a Garibaldian officer who fought through the War of Independence. His mother was condemned to death by the Papaz Government, the entire family being excommunicated to the third generation. The panorama is based upon actual sketches and photographs secured by a Belgian gentleman, who has paid many visits to his native country in order to obtain first-hand material. Pictures of Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, Ostend, and the coast will all be found in this huge canvas, which will cover 13,700 square feet.

## "The Green Flag."

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "The Green Flag" and a white suit can give you a very pleasant after-dinner entertainment at the Vaudeville. I was there for the first performance of Keble Howard's new comedy on Friday, and although for me it wasn't exactly an after-dinner entertainment, since I hadn't had time to dine, I found it quite amusing in a slight sort of way. Constance Collier (it must be a long time since she appeared in comedy; I remember her in musical ditto) looks extraordinarily handsome, and adopts a humorous way of saying the author's neat lines that makes them sound as if they were really witty.

## Author And Producer.

M. R. KEBLE HOWARD, who now wears a moustache for military reasons, bowed his acknowledgments of a friendly reception. By the way, Miss Pearl Keats, who takes the part of a precocious "flapper," is in private life Mrs. Keble Howard. Mr. Bouchier, still in a white suit, also bowed politely, and "in a few carefully chosen words" explained that one quarter of any profits resulting will go to war funds.

## A Charming Ally.

MME. INOUE, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, is lending her patronage very extensively just now to the many entertainments in aid of War Funds and charities. She is taking great interest in the matinee for wounded Indian soldiers, to be given at the Playhouse on Friday next, at which she intends to be present. Mme. Inoué is intensely fond of the theatre for its own sake, and is quite a regular "first-nighter," particularly at the productions at His Majesty's Theatre. She is quite one of the most popular members of the Diplomatic Circle. She has one son and two daughters, and at her big house in Grosvenor-square is an admirable hostess.



## The Children's Salon.

I HAVE SEEN children *en masse* many times, but in the course of the past year two occasions seem to stand out. One was the special matinee at Drury Lane in the winter, when the huge theatre was packed with kiddies from stalls to gallery; this was more impressive than pleasant. The second was the annual "beano" of the Children's Salon at the Connaught Rooms on Saturday; this was wholly charming. To anyone who likes-kiddies (and for the man or woman who does not, I'm sorry, the sight would have appealed irresistibly.

## For Others.

CLOTHES don't make the child any more than they make the man, but I must confess that the silks and sashes of the real party frocks are rather attractive. Besides, these children, fortunately placed themselves, were out to do good to those who live in meaner streets in many little ways. For a quarter of a century the Children's Salon has carried on this good work, and one result of its labours has been the endowment of eleven cots in children's hospitals.

## Serious Work.

THE MORNING was occupied quite seriously with competitions. Girls, from tiny tots to the stage that immediately succeeds flapperdom, submitted their talents to solemn judges. To Phyllis Bedells they danced, to John Hassall they drew, they sang to Mme. Gleeson-White, acted at Eva Moore, and played the piano to Herman Finck. And very well they all did it. After lunch there was a bazaar, an entertainment, and finally the prize-giving.

## Lady Jellicoe A Member.

LADY JELICOE, who was hailed with enthusiasm, gave the prizes away with the nice blending of dignity and geniality suited to the occasion. I don't know what she wore—Mrs. Gossip and I still don't speak—but what she said, among other things, was that she was an old member of the Salon herself. "I have to-day entered my four little daughters," she added, "as members, too, and I trust that in time they will obtain the prize their mother never did!"

## London's Belgian Shops.

HOW MANY Belgian refugees, I wonder, are now following their trade here? We have had lace-makers and confectioners for months past. Now, in South London, a basket-maker has set up a shop.

MR. GOSSIP.

## KEEPING OUT THE MEN WITH BRAINS.

### War Office Parsimony Holds Back Professional Classes.

### HARD LOT OF THE OFFICERS.

### Why Should Their Families Have To Seek The Charity Of The Stay-At-Homes?

The case for separation allowances for officers' wives meets with keen approval, and scores of letters are reaching the Daily Sketch from officers supporting its plea for the wives and children of the men at the front.

The action of the War Office is keeping men with brains out of the Army, keen young professional men who are anxious to serve their country but who cannot face leaving their wives and children to beg for charity from the stay-at-homes.

Another aspect of the case is shown in the letter from an officer's father given below:—

"Your article prompts me to tell you of the disadvantages under which the Territorial officer serves, his service and conditions of life being identical with the officer of the Regular Army appointed for the duration of the war only so far as both have given up civil occupations, to which they will probably have to return after the war.

"When a short time ago Mr. Long asked the question in Parliament whether officers might be adequately remunerated for their services, I do not suppose the hard lot of the Territorial officer had been represented to him.

"When the Territorials were embodied in August last, a great many officers were not in a position suddenly to throw up their businesses at a day's notice. However, there was no alternative, and many were caught with liabilities they were quite unable to meet out of the pay they would receive as officers.

### HEAVY CIVIL LIABILITIES.

"I know of several officers who were committed to liabilities for rent of their business premises, private houses, insurance premiums, and numerous other liabilities. In the cases of many professional men such as solicitors, architects, stock-brokers, etc., with possibly no partners, it was their own personality upon which they depended for their living, and as soon as they left away dropped their income.

"In many cases I know of these businesses have ceased to exist, the result being that many officers have been at their wit's-end to know how they are to meet liabilities they would never have dreamed of entering into had they known their income would be suddenly cut off.

"The result is their families have had to suffer in many ways: children taken away from schools and sent to cheaper ones, houses let furnished and the family housed in apartments, servants dispensed with, motor-cars sold, and a hundred and one things done without in order to make two ends meet.

### WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THE WAR.

"Territorial officers are willingly sacrificing their lives for their country, and the point is what is to become of these officers after the war is over and they are disbanded and left stranded without a business or pay?

"The case of the Regular officer is different. He will continue to receive his pay and will go on until he becomes entitled to a pension. I daresay many Territorial officers would like to continue in the Army, but what would the Government do for them? It would be some compensation to officers if their previous service in the Territorial Force was allowed to count towards a pension in the event of their continuing in the Army. Perhaps someone more capable than I will put forward a suggestion which may help to solve the problem."

### FAREWELL LEAVE FOR TOMMY.

### Complaints That He Is Not Given Time To Say "Good-Bye."

The last article published in the Daily Sketch respecting soldiers' leave has resulted in another sheaf of complaints reaching us, this time to the effect that the War Office does not strictly adhere to the regulations it has drawn up for the Army.

We quote the following from one of the letters received:—

We (several Tommies in a well-known regiment), having completed over three months' service, are not allowed the privilege of seeing our wives and kiddies before we go out to France, and we should be pleased if you could help us in some way to get what your article states we are entitled to.

Heaps and heaps of our brave chaps in this battalion have gone to France without getting it, and a little help from your valuable paper might do us a lot of good, and undoubtedly save a great many from committing a crime against Army regulations, i.e., absenting themselves without leave.

### IN MEMORY OF EMILY DAVISON.

A number of suffragists visited Morpeth yesterday, and placed memorial wreaths on the grave of Emily Wilding Davison, who was killed on Epsom Race Course two years ago. An open-air meeting was afterwards held in the Morpeth Market-place, the speakers included Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

## ROMANCES OF WAR-TIME CLUBS FOR GIRLS.

### Tommy And Jack Courting Under Ideal Conditions.

### THREE WEDDINGS ON ONE DAY.

By The Hon. Emily Kinnaird.

Four women sat in a West End house. War had been declared.

"It will be a serious business for the men and women of the nation," they said. "Yes, and there will be serious dangers for the girlhood of the nation," they agreed. So it has proved—and that's just why the war-time clubs for girls have come about.



HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

(Swaine.) at first—other things were tried, with which I need not trouble the Daily Sketch.

There came a lot of talk about "war babies." Much of it was exaggerated nonsense, but there was evidently something to guard against, and we searched around for a solution.

### THE ATTRACTION OF KHAKI.

You see, there was neither commonsense nor kindness in trying to keep the men and girls apart. For the girls the khaki was too great and too natural an attraction, and when it was not khaki it was the blue jacket of the Navy. Military camps were springing up all over the place, and Jack Tars were quartered here and there.

Girls could not be allowed to roam about the camps. How could they meet their friends and heroes under safe and comfortable surroundings? The War-time Club supplied the answer.

We sent an organiser into the several towns. She sounded the mayor, she talked to the city fathers. Sometimes they were kind, sometimes they were not. Sometimes they gave us a hall, sometimes they thought we were casting aspersions on the young womanhood of the town and the soldier lads stationed there. Now and again we put up a hut. In one place we have the use of the council chamber on certain evenings of the week.

By this time we have clubs in several towns, and we want money to start more. May I suggest that Miss Lyne, Y.W.C.A., 25, George-street, Hanover-square, London, W., will be glad to receive and acknowledge donations?

### THE GIRLS COME IN CROWDS.

The question which some people asked was: Will the girls come? The reply was emphatic. They did come, in crowds, and they are still coming. There was a factor which these good folks had not reckoned with. That was the effect of the billeting of men in private houses.

The parlour of the house, say, had been given up with splendid willingness for the soldiers. But it happened, rather often, that the soldiers took up all the room in that parlour, and there was nowhere for the girls to go. They didn't want to be walking about the streets, but at first there was nowhere else for them, unless they went into the public-houses. They were tired, perhaps, because of a heavy day's work in a factory, and some place in which to sit down was imperative. We opened the clubs and they were glad.

Generally speaking, they can invite their soldier, sailor or civilian sweethearts to spend the evening with them there three or four times a week. The girls are the hostesses, the men the delighted guests. Let people call the clubs "courting parlours" if they like; that is one of the things we want them to be. Why shouldn't they be?

### THE LOVERS IN THE GARDEN.

Where is the harm in this, for instance? To all the camps trips are made from time to time by young women who became fiancées of the men before they joined the Army, and who naturally wish to see them. We let the club be the rendezvous, and they appreciate it immensely.

Here is another delightful thing that has happened. At Newhaven there is a garden attached to the club. The soldiers and the girls have taken the garden in hand and are raising a splendid crop of vegetables, which are sold for the club's canteen fund.

The girls go in for physical culture—in one town the general is loaning us a drill-instructor—they become Girl Guides, and they prosecute the useful arts. The Tommies bring them their socks to darn, and they show them many other sisterly attentions which prove what good wives they could make if they were asked.

And they are asked. There were three weddings of members of the same club the other day. Is that not better than the alternative which might ensue? Some of us think so.

### LADY'S DRIVE TO DEATH.

The body of the lady who was seen to go over the cliff near Beachy Head has been identified as that of Miss Marian Edith Gregson, aged 38, of St. John's Wood, London.

Miss Gregson, who was in a nursing home for some time before her death, was only partially clothed. She wore a long cloak when she hired the taxi-cab at Baker-street, in which she drove to Eastbourne.

The inquest will take place to-day.

## MEN OF THE 3RD DRAGOON GUARDS—THEIR DEEDS.

### South Africans Who Have Come To Do Their Bit.

### SACRIFICES FOR THE EMPIRE.

Two of the finest examples of individual patriotism arising out of the war might have been overlooked had not the Daily Sketch taken care to give them in Mr. Percival Phillips' fine story of the 3rd Dragoon Guards at Hooge.

The first example was that of Corporal Prentice, and this is what the paragraph said of him: "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."

Yesterday the Daily Sketch visited Canterbury, the depot of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and in conversation with our representative his troop-sergeant-major said:

"Prentice is one of the very best. He is quite a gentleman, and the nicest man I have met in my life. He came from South Africa at the beginning of November, and enlisted as a private in the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

### GAVE UP A GOOD BERTH.

"I could tell at once that he must have given up a fine berth to come over and fight, and suggested he should get a commission—it would have been quite simple for him, but he wouldn't."

"He always said: 'I want to get to the front, and I can get there quicker as a Tommy than as an officer.'"

"He was a marvel for getting on," continued the sergeant-major, "and as keen as mustard. The result was he was proficient in no time. I can't tell you how glad we are down here to read about him, for he was a big favourite, 'a gentleman without any swank.'"

This little chat interested us, and we made further inquiries about 'the gentleman without any swank.' We were able to discover that behind Corporal Prentice is the identity of Mr. J. A. W. Prentice, the famous South African golfer.

### CHAMPION GOLFER.

He won the Amateur Golf Championship of South Africa in 1908-9-11-13; runner-up 1907-1910; South African open championship in 1913, and Transvaal amateur championship in 1913.

He visited England in 1913, and competed for both the open and amateur championships, and won the Cruden Bay and Peterhead tournaments.

Mr. Prentice was born at Joppe in 1885, and is, therefore, only thirty years of age.

The other example is that of Lance-Corporal Stewart, also of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who took part in the fine fight, and showed great bravery in carrying urgent messages across the open under fire.

Corporal Stewart hides the identity of Mr. G. P. Stewart, a well-known commission agent of South Africa. He also gave up a splendid business, came to England and enlisted as a Tommy in the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

This is what his troop-sergeant-major says of him: "Stewart is a man out and out. He came over, he used to say, to do his little bit for the Army."

"When he arrived at the front and there was nothing doing at the start he would crawl out of his trench and do a little sniping. There was no stopping him. He wanted to kill Germans."

[Pictures on Page 1.]

## SOME OF THE THINGS THAT REALLY MATTER.

### Inner Working Of Current Political And Other Movements.

There have been some sensational political rumblings during the week-end. Among them it is stated that—

Sir Edward Grey's eye trouble is proving more serious than was at first supposed, and that absolute rest has been imposed upon him.

The J. H. Campbell, K.C., squabble will be settled by the subject under thorny discussion being given high judicial office in England—probably the Mastership of the Rolls.

Mr. Lloyd George's staff at the Ministry of Munitions has been largely recruited from Toynbee Hall, the Walworth social settlement at which Mr. Steel holds forth, and which gave the world such minds as Masterman, Whitehouse, and Edmond Harvey.

The German Fleet actually ventured out, battleships and all, a hundred miles west of Heligoland, a fortnight ago. It then returned for a well-earned rest.

There is talk of a National Party in the making, of a new and rearranged Coalition, of dissolution and a General Election.

All these things the world learned when it bought its Sunday Herald yesterday. It is the paper with the established reputation of being first with the news that matters. It is the paper that gives you all you want and nothing you don't want.

It told the women of Greater London, through a famous lady doctor, exactly why hundreds of their children are dying every week. It instructed them—metropolitans and provincials—what to wear and what to eat, from butter-coloured gowns to cinnamon toast.

And the pictures were a gallery of the most striking things that happened from late Friday night to early Sunday morning.

## ENGINEER-SOLDIERS TO BE SENT HOME.

### Mr. Lloyd George Says They Are Needed For Munitions.

### LORD KITCHENER'S ORDER.

### "We Want A Deluge Of Neuve Chapelles."

It was the men of the West who overthrew the Spanish Armada. I want you to repeat that exploit. You can do it. I want you to fill our arsenals. I want you to fill our wagons with the material that will enable our troops to break through the enemy's lines.

You saw what happened at Neuve Chapelle. We rained shot on them and our men got through, but then we had to pause. We want a deluge of Neuve Chapelles. Let them rain for forty days and forty nights without ceasing.

These two extracts from Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Bristol on Saturday typify his call to the engineers and munition makers of the West.

### MORE AEROPLANES WANTED.

Mr. Lloyd George was moved by a preliminary visit to the local aeroplane factory to refer to his responsibilities as minister for aircraft.

You will find in Europe no finer airmen than the British aviators, but we want more aeroplanes, he said. The Germans have many more aeroplanes than we have. One British aviator goes as far as about two or three Germans; but at the same time we want more aeroplanes, and I am so glad to see you working at them here, and working so well. The more of these machines you can turn out the better it will be for our brave fellows in France.

How the West can help in the supply of munitions the ex-Chancellor showed later in his speech at the Colston Hall. If each of the firms represented at that meeting turned out 10 shells a day he would get from Bristol alone something like 250,000 shells per month.

In emphasising his demands on engineers, the Munitions Minister showed that one of the evils of haphazard recruiting is to be remedied.

### SOLDIERS TO BE RECALLED.

Owing to the shortage of skilled labour, Mr. Lloyd George explained, an effort had been made for some time to induce skilled engineers who had joined the colours to return to their shops, because, however valiant they might be, they could do more good in their workshops turning out munitions of war than they could do in the trenches.

An effort had been made to collect the names of these men, but many of them, preferring fighting to working in the shops, and wanting to "have a real look at the Germans," refused to give their names. On the other hand, there were a good many men who put down their names as engineers who when they turned up at their works knew nothing of engineering.

Now a circular had been issued to engineering firms asking them to supply the names of their men who had been recruited, and Lord Kitchener had given instructions to have those men picked out, and they were "to be respectfully invited" to return to the works turning out munitions. Where there were works only doing private work no man would be restored.

### LABOUR PILFERING.

Referring to the important question of men being induced to flit from one works to another, he said: "I think the employers themselves are very largely to blame for this. It is not quite playing the game to try to induce men to go from particular works where war material is being manufactured in order to fill up vacancies in other works where Government work is being done."

"I have already intimated to the trade union leaders that it will be absolutely necessary that something should be done to terminate that very mischievous method of pilfering men from one works and taking them to another. We propose to do so."

So far as the resources of this country go, especially during the coming months, there is only one way in which you can increase the labour supply, and that is by the suspension during the war of the regulation with regard to girls and unskilled labour helping the skilled. This was purely a war measure.

Mr. Lloyd George arrived in Malvern on Saturday evening as the guest of Lieut.-Colonel Webb, M.P. for the Forest of Dean. Yesterday he inspected troops under canvas, and attended a drum-head service.

### LABOUR OF PATRIOTISM.

### Volunteer Munition Makers' First Week-End At Woolwich Arsenal.

Members of the Volunteer Munitions Brigade, whose services in the making of ammunition have been accepted by the Government, began their labour of patriotism at Woolwich Arsenal yesterday.

Throughout the day, from eight a.m. to eight p.m., lawyers and shopkeepers, Civil servants and warehousemen, engineers and clerks worked side by side in order that the Army may have more cartridges.

The response to the appeal by the brigade for workers has been satisfactory, and the keenness of the men was shown by their arrival at the Arsenal half an hour before they were due.

# ITALIAN ARMY WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CITY OF TRIESTE

## AIRSHIP DESTROYS AN AUSTRIAN NAVAL ARSENAL.

Enemy's Warships Damaged By Bombs At Pola.

### GRADISCA OCCUPIED.

## Investment Of Trieste Expected This Week.

The Italian troops occupying the heights near Monfalcone are now within sight of Trieste. The investment of the city is expected this week.—An Exchange telegram from Chiasso.

According to unofficial news from Rome the big Austrian naval arsenal at Pola, at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Istria, has been "almost completely destroyed" by bombs from an Italian airship.

In the arsenal were 6 Austrian warships, including 1 battleship, 2 cruisers and submarines, and several of these vessels were damaged.

Bombs also struck several floating docks in the port.

Official news shows that the Italians have established themselves at Gradisca, on the railway from Trieste to Gorizia, and about nine miles south-west of the latter place.

With the bombardment of the surrounding fortifications the Italian attack on Gorizia has begun.

An Italian reconnoitring force farther north, on the Friuli front, has pushed beyond Monte Nero, and is only five or six miles from Tolmino.

### THE RAID ON POLA.

## "Almost Complete" Destruction Of The Arsenal By Airship's Bombs.

ROME, Sunday. The *Messaggero* is informed that the arsenal at Pola has been almost completely destroyed by bombs from an Italian airship.

In the arsenal were six Austrian warships, including one battleship and two cruisers and several submarines.

Several of these vessels were damaged. Italian bombs also struck several floating docks in the port.—Exchange.

### BOMBARDING GORIZIA FORTS.

## Enemy's Defensive Plans Upset By Italian Success At Gradisca.

UDINE, Sunday. The attack on Gorizia (Görz) may be said to have begun, as the Italians are now bombarding the fortifications of Santa Maria, San Pietro, San Marco and Santa Lucia, besides the Austrian position in the mountains dominating the town, especially Mount San Gabriele, north-west of Gorizia, which has now both its northern and southern railway communications interrupted, although still connected with the remainder of the Empire by a long and difficult mountain road along the Chiapovano valley.

From reports found on Austrian officer prisoners it is evident that the main plan of the enemy was to prevent the crossing of the Isonzo between Tolmino and Gorizia, the idea being that Tolmino and Gradisca, acting in co-operation, should form an insurmountable barrier.

The taking of Plava Descla by the Italians, however, upset this scheme.—Reuter's Special.

### STIFF BATTLE ON THE ISONZO.

## Austrians Defeated In Repeated Efforts To Dislodge Italians.

Italian Official News.

ROME, Sunday. In Carnia the Alpine troops captured the Volais Pass, taking 25 prisoners.

On the Middle Isonzo detachments of our troops succeeded during the night of June 9 and 10 in a sudden attack on the left bank of the river near Plava. They were fiercely counter-attacked by the enemy, who had, however, to retire in face of our repeated impetuous attacks, leaving numerous dead on the field and 200 prisoners in our hands.

Successive counter-attacks by the enemy with the object of dislodging our troops from the captured positions on the right bank were constantly repulsed.

On the Lower Isonzo our heavy battery boldly pushed forward almost as far as the infantry lines by accurate shooting and destroyed near Sagrado a dyke on the Monfalcone Canal by means of which the enemy had inundated an extensive region at the foot of the Rochi height, thus hindering our advance.

On the Tolmino front our excellent airmen continue to execute with skill and daring their work of reconnoitring.—Reuter.

## FACING DEATH IN SILENCE.

### How The Men Of The Majestic Waited For The Ship To Sink.

MARSEILLES, Sunday.

The post from the Dardanelles contains a letter written by a French soldier to his daughter, giving a description of the sinking of the battleship *Majestic*. It says:—

At 5.35 on the morning of May 27, I saw the periscope of the German submarine to port. I immediately gave the alarm.

The sighting of the periscope was immediately followed by an explosion on board the *Majestic*, which was also on the look-out, and had fired a gun.

The battleship at once began to list dangerously, going over to an angle of forty-five degrees.

Everything on the deck was falling and sliding down into the sea with a frightful din.

There was, however, no panic, and the sailors, who had stripped in readiness for the final plunge, waited for the fatal moment with perfect calm.

Four minutes after the explosion the *Majestic* turned completely over, and disappeared under the waves, only the fore part of the keel remaining above the water.

It was a heartrending and terrible, but sublime, sight to see 600 strong men facing death in silence.

They were thrown into the sea, where they were smothered by the netting which should have protected them from torpedoes, and which now enmeshed them like a huge drag-net amid the whirlpool in which, with a deep sob, their beloved battleship sank to the bottom.

—Reuter.

## FRENCH TAKE SOUCHEZ STATION.

### Gains Of Last Few Days Held Against Desperate Attacks.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday Afternoon.

There was an incessant cannonade all night in the district to the north of Arras, where we got possession of the railway station of Souchez.

In the southern part of the "Labyrinth" there was an obstinate struggle with hand-grenades, but despite the desperate efforts of the enemy we maintained all our gains of the preceding days.

On the rest of the front the night passed quietly.

## AUSTRIA'S CARDBOARD SOLDIERS.

### Humorous Sequel To Brilliant Italian Bayonet Charge.

LUGANO, Sunday.

A correspondent of the *Eco di Bergamo* relates an extraordinary story. A company of Italian soldiers, he says, crept cautiously towards one of the enemy's trenches and then executed a brilliant bayonet charge only to make the amazing discovery that the trench was occupied by cardboard men, 200 in number.

Assuming this story to be true, and taking it in conjunction with current reports of Austrian flags flying over unoccupied positions, proof seems to be forthcoming of the paucity of Austria's troops.

—Central News Special.

Travelling in the night express to Euston, A. Ball, a naval fireman, of London, fell out of the train near Gretna, and died on the way to hospital.

## PEER WORKS AS A FITTER FOR 7d. AN HOUR.

### Lord Norbury's Long Day In An Aeroplane Factory.

Many peers have joined the fighting Army in humble capacities, but Lord Norbury is the first to enter the ranks of munition makers.

He has been accepted as an ordinary fitter in a new aeroplane factory which has just been built somewhere in the Home Counties, and is expected to commence his duties to-day at 6 a.m.

The hours are long—6 a.m. to 7 p.m.—with the regular brief intervals for food, and it is a little doubtful whether they will not be too exhausting for him, as he is 53 years of age.

He receives the customary wage of 7d. an hour, and has his meals in canteen fashion with the rest of the men.

Fortunately, as one with a knowledge of mechanics—he is a member of the R.A. Club—he possesses some qualification for the work, which he is taking up solely from the patriotic wish to do something for the country and to set an example to others. Thus he is keeping up the traditions of Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, where he was educated.

Lord Norbury is the fourth peer of the name, the founder of the title having been Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He married in 1903 Miss Lucy Henrietta Katharine Ellis, and has a son.

### "STAND YOUR OWN DRINKS."

## Drastic New Liquor Regulations For War Munition Areas.

A broad and drastic extension of powers under the Defence of the Realm Act is vested in the Central Control Board, details of which were contained in Saturday's special supplement to the *London Gazette*. Not the least significant is that which may be imposed to stop "treating," in other words, to "stand your own drinks."

They affect directly the output of munitions of war and the regulation of the liquor traffic in the areas turning out those munitions. The more important powers of the Board are these:—

Licensed premises or clubs in such areas may be closed.

The hours during which houses or clubs can open may be regulated.

The sale of any particular drink or drinks may be prohibited.

The introduction and transport of intoxicating liquors in the areas may be regulated.

The entire business of the premises may be supervised by the Board.

Any person may be prohibited from being engaged in the sale of liquors; and

Any steps necessary may be taken to prevent what is known as "treating."

The operations of the Board are independent of licensing law. Any steps under the orders may be taken by the police, and the penalties for infringement are not to exceed six months' imprisonment or a fine of £100.

### PIRATES' WEEK-END VICTIMS.

Several more vessels fell victims to German submarines. They included the following:

LEUCTRA (5,027 tons), steamer, of Liverpool, sunk off the East coast; crew saved.

CROWN OF INDIA, barque, of Liverpool, and BELGLIAGE, barque, of Norway, both sunk by U35, 70 miles off St. Anne's Head.

PLYMOUTH, steam trawler, of Grimsby, JAMES LEYMAN, of Hull.

WAAGO, steam trawler, of Grimsby.

The *Bellglade* was attacked when picking up the crew of the *Crown of India*. She was still afloat when the submarine disappeared on the approach of a trawler which she evidently mistook for an armed patrol.

## POLISH JEWS WATCH THE GERMAN INVADERS.



A couple of Polish Jews watch a party of German soldiers pass through a town in Poland. They are typical members of their class.

## "SEE-SAW" BATTLE FOR EASTERN GALICIA.

### German Claim To Have Retaken Zurawno From The Russians.

### LIGHTNING RECOVERY.

## Enemy Crosses The Dniester Again Lower Down The River.

The Austro-German Army, which was heavily defeated by the Russians while attempting to reach Lemberg from the south, claims to have recaptured Zurawno.

"We had evacuated Zurawno before advancing Russian forces," says the German official news, overlooking the fact that the army left nearly 16,000 men in the hands of the Russians in their retirement.

The Russian success was achieved after three days of obstinate fighting in which, in addition to the great number of prisoners, the Grand Duke's army took 17 cannon and 78 machine-guns, besides large quantities of small arms and ammunition.

The Berlin report of the recapture of Zurawno is sent by Reuter as follows:—

In the South-Eastern theatre of war, east of Przemysl, the situation remains unchanged.

General Linsingen's army attacked the enemy, who was approaching from the German wing.

We recaptured Zurawno, which we had evacuated the day before yesterday before advancing Russian forces.

A later German message said:—

We recaptured the bridge of Sieniawa yesterday. The enemy lost 5,000 prisoners. Night counter-attacks by the enemy failed.

Fighting has been renewed east of Jaroslav and east of Przemysl.

The troops of General von Linsingen have captured Mlyniska.

Our attack against Zydaczow is proceeding.

## HUNS RETURN TO THE ATTACK.

### Dniester Recrossed At Several Points South-East Of Halicz.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Saturday (delayed).

In the three days' battle on the Dniester, in the region of Zurawno, which lasted from June 8 (Tuesday) to June 10 (Thursday), we captured altogether 348 officers and 15,431 men, with 78 machine-guns and 17 cannon.

A large quantity of arms, ammunition wagons, field kitchens, and a transport also fell into our hands.

In order to support the Austro-German army, which fell back on the right bank of the river Dniester, the enemy undertook the offensive on both banks of the river Tysmenica, and on June 10 succeeded in carrying the village of Gruszow, but was immediately driven back by our troops, who captured 33 officers and 490 men.

On Thursday night and the morning of Friday the enemy delivered fruitless attacks against the bridgehead near Halicz.

In the course of the following day the enemy approached on the front Nezviska-Zaleszcziki, and began to cross the Dniester at several points in the sector.—Reuter.

## PLACES IN THE BATTLE AREA.

PETROGRAD, Sunday.

The enemy's new movement across the Dniester covers a front of 30 miles of an irregular line owing to the twistings and turnings of the river.

Nezviska, for instance, is at the head of a southern loop, which is some miles deep and broad.

Approaching the river the enemy benefited by many good roads and the cover of the woods.

The right wing of the enemy is 20 miles from the Russian south-western frontier.

Zaleszcziki is the junction of the railways from Kolomea and Czernowitz (Bukowina), but these can hardly be restored for the present operations.

Various sections of advance radiate from Kolomea, where communications are centred.

Halicz, 25 miles north-west of Nezviska, is playing a similar part to Jidatcheff in the previous Austro-German enterprise higher up the Dniester.

The formidable menacing of the bridge-head is intended to divert as many Russians as possible. Fighting to the south-east is imminent.—Reuter's Special.

[Halicz (east-south-east of Stry) is about 50 miles south-east of Lemberg, Kolomea 100 miles, and Czernowitz (close to the south-west Russian frontier) 180 miles south-east of the same place. Heavy fighting is probably taking place now between Halicz and the Russian frontier.]

## MAN WHO SANK OUR TORPEDO-BOATS

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

According to the *Koelnische Volkszeitung* Commander Hering, of submarine U21, has received the order *Pour le Merite*. It was apparently the U21 which torpedoed the British torpedo boats 10 and 12 operating off the East Coast.—Reuter.

It was announced on Saturday that the two German prisoners of war, Zimpel and Kirchner, who had escaped from Shrewsbury internment camp, were recaptured.

**AN OARSMAN.**



The famous Oxford oarsman, Sub-Lieut. F. S. Kelly, R.N.V.R., has been wounded at the Dardanelles. He won the Diamonds at Henley on three occasions.

**BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM MET AT THE FRONT.**



The bride says "good-bye" to her friends after the ceremony. Her sister acted as driver. At Crabbet Park, Three Bridges, on Saturday, there was a happy ending to a war romance. The bridegroom, Mr. Percy Baker, son of the M.P. for East Finsbury, met his bride—Miss Irene Noel—while both were working with the Friends' Ambulance unit at the front.

**A ST. PAUL'S BOY.**



Sub-Lieut. J. Norman—reported killed—is the old St. Paul's School athlete and cricketer.



The Hon. Nevill Lytton drove the bride to church.



Rose leaves for bride's path.

**A FOX AT THE FRONT.**



This British officer has a pet fox, which he keeps with him in his dugout.

**THE NURSES HAVE AN HOUR OFF.**



Two Red Cross nurses "somewhere in France" have a well-earned rest. While one has a cup of tea the other tells her all about her camera.

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On receipt of 2/6 with order we send the Chair, complete with Loose Cover, without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at our expense, and we will refund your money in full.

**27/6**

COMPLETE WITH LOOSE COVER  
2/6 with order and balance 4/- monthly



FREE Send a postcard to-day for patterns of Cretonnes and full particulars. You will be delighted with the beautiful range of designs and colourings.  
**H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.,**  
Specialists in Easy Chairs  
(Dept. V), 70-78, Old Kent Road, London.  
New West-End Showrooms:  
133, Victoria St., Westminster.

**The Hot Water Habit**

Many people fall into the very questionable habit of drinking hot water as an aid to digestion.

The best possible kind of beverage for those who suffer from digestive weakness and are debarred from taking tea, coffee or ordinary cocoa, is Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk. It is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining, of excellent flavour, and its manner of preparation makes it perfectly easy of digestion even by the most delicate. It needs neither milk nor sugar, but only hot water.

**TESTIMONY.**—"I am now taking your Cocoa and Milk regularly, and after a fair trial can honestly say I have derived great benefit from its use, for having suffered from severe flatulent dyspepsia for months, previous to the receipt of your sample, I was drinking practically nothing but hot water, being debarred from tea, coffee and ordinary cocoa. I find your preparation easily digested, and, taken the last thing at night, is a remedy for sleeplessness. I shall be only too pleased to recommend it."

Tins 2/6, 1/6 and 6d. (Special Midget Tin). Of all Chemists and Stores.

**SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE.**

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, post free, for 3d. Mention the *Daily Sketch*, and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

**Savory & Moore's COCOA & MILK**

Two for 6/-



This Beautiful Feather

3/6

Money Returned if not delighted. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.  
**THE OSTRICH FEATHER CO.,**  
121, Regent Street, London, W.

# ARE YOU PREPARED FOR THE NEXT ZEPPELIN RAID?

## Your House May Be The Next.



As worn by gentleman. Note special fireproof window for eyes.

What measures have you taken to protect yourself and family against the suffocating gases of the Zeppelin bombs? At any time another raid may occur and **YOUR** house may be hit. A new type of Zeppelin carrying **huge poisonous gas reservoirs** has recently been seen over the Baltic. The British Government, realising the danger, has provided all the workers in the Official Press Bureau with respirators. An effectual safeguard for every member of the family is

## The "CIVILIAN" RESPIRATOR and FACE MASK (Patent applied for No. 8387).



As worn by lady. Note how every vital organ is protected.

**2/6**  
POST FREE

A certain protection against the poisonous gases emitted from Zeppelin bombs. Made in soft material, to fit right over the head, no tapes to tie up, non-inflammable waterproof window for eyes, medicated pad tested by a Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry with a gas similar to that used by the Germans. Folds up and fits in leather waterproof case, easily carried in pocket or handbag so as to be always ready wherever you may be. A really effective protection at a most reasonable price.

**2/6**  
POST FREE

A reliable gas-proof respirator without head covering or eye protection is the 'Holloway' as illustrated, ready for instant use and medicated.



THIS RESPIRATOR will be sent post free for **9d.**

These masks are ready for instant use, easily and quickly slipped over the head so that no poisonous gases can possibly reach the respiratory organs. The "Civilian" Respirator and Face Mask can be obtained at Harrods, Whiteley's, Barker's, Harvey Nichols, Goringe's, Shoolbred's, and all the leading stores and chemists throughout the Kingdom. Insist on "The Civilian" and accept no other. Delays are dangerous, get "The Civilian" Mask to-day. If unable to obtain one in your district send P.O. for 2/6 direct to the actual manufacturers.

**D. HARPER & Co., Ltd., 258/262, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.**

**SHOPPING BY POST.**  
DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), 25, DENMARK HILL, LONDON. UNREDEEMED PLEDGE SALE.  
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF THIS MONTH'S UNREDEEMED PLEDGES NOW READY.  
Sent Post Free List of 5,000 Sensational Bargains. Don't delay. Write at once. Guaranteed Genuine Items. IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.  
A REVOLUTION IN PRICES—ASTOUNDING VALUE. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

**12/6**—(Worth £2 10s.) FIELD, RACE or MARINE GLASS (by Lefaiter); powerful Binoocular, as used in Army and Navy; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; wide field; saddle made sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval, 12s. 9d. Approval before payment.

**32/6**—POWERFUL BINOCULAR, FIELD or MARINE GLASSES, great magnifying power (by Lumiere); most powerful glass made, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, brilliant field of view; in Solid leather case; week's free trial; worth £5 10s.—sacrifice, £1 12s. 6d.

**12/9**—(Worth £2 10s.) BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American Robes, etc.; beautifully made garments the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; sacrifice, 12s. 9d. Approval before payment.

**10/6**—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; tuned to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

**19/9**—SUPERFINE QUALITY BLANKETS, magnificent parcel, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large-size Blankets. Worth £3 5s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval.

**22/6**—(Worth £4 10s.) POWERFUL FIELD, MARINE or RACE GLASSES, as supplied to the War Office; 8-lens magnification power, large field of view; time by church clock distinctly seen three miles away; in brown English leather sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1 2s. 6d.

**4/9**—PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant attached, set Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case. Bargain, 4s. 9d. Approval willingly.

**12/6**—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled solid links, curb pattern; 12s. 6d. AP.

**21/-**—(Worth £4 4s.) LADY'S Solid Gold English Half-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s. Approval.

**14/6**—(Worth £2 2s.) Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock BRACELET with safety chain; 14s. 6d. Approval.

**19/9**—LADY'S Trouseau; 24 Superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc.; worth £3 5s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval.

**8/6**—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped, filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**49/6**—(Worth £10 10s.) GENT'S Solid Gold English Half-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (R. Stanton, London); jewelled, timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 49s. 6d.

**21/-**—(Worth £4 4s.) Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 72 articles, exquisite Embroidered American Robes, etc.; everything required; beautiful garments, never worn; bargain, 21s. Approval willingly.

**12/6**—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; week's free trial. Approval willingly.

**8/6**—Gent's Handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, with fully radiused luminous hands and figures; time can be distinctly seen at night; high grade lever movement, timed to minute month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 8s. 6d. Approval.

**21/-**—(Worth £4 4s.) Lady's Solid Gold English Half-marked Keyless Watch, jewelled movement, richly engraved, 12 years' warranty; week's free trial, 21s.; also Lady's Handsome Solid Gold Long Watch Guard, worth £4 4s.; sacrifice, 21s.

**3/9**—LADY'S SOLID GOLD 3-stone Parisian DIAMOND RING, gipsy set; worth 15s.; sacrifice, 3s. 9d.; approval.

**19/6**—(Worth £3 5s.) GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey Yorkshire TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality, latest West End style and finish, never worn; breast 39in., waist 36in., leg 32½in.; sacrifice, 19s. 6d.; approval willingly.



**A GENERATION AGO**  
cyclists rode bicycles like this. You would be riding much the same to-day were it not for the invention of the

# DUNLOP

tyre, which made the construction of light machines possible and changed the pastime from a toil to a pleasure.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 146, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

**MISCELLANEOUS SALES.**  
DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 110), 284, Brixton Road, LONDON.  
GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of every description at less than one-third original cost price including Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Clothing, Furs, Musical Instruments, Field Glasses, Guns, etc., etc.  
WRITE FOR LIST OF 5,000 ABSOLUTELY GENUINE BARGAINS POST FREE.  
ALL GOODS SENT ON 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

**8/6**—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval.

**7/6**—(Worth 50s.) LADY'S Solid Gold Half-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half Hoop Ring, claw setting, large lustrous stones; great sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval.

**12/6**—VERY POWERFUL, 3-draw Brass TELESCOPE; achromatic lenses, 50 miles range, suitable for Marine or Field use; in case; genuine bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval.

**22/6**—GENT'S superior quality Navy Blue Serge Jacket Suit; well made, latest fashion, unworn; 38½in. chest, 36in. waist, 31½in. leg, genuine bargain, 22s. 6d.; worth £3 10s. (WORTH 15s.)—LADY'S Pretty Gold Dress Ring, set cluster of Parisian pearls and turquoises, very elegant design; genuine bargain, 5s. 9d.

**12/6**—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold stamped, filled, solid links, curb pattern; 12s. 6d.

**35/-**—MAGNIFICENT Hornless Gramophone; Cabinet, 15in. by 14½in., with 10-inch Tufnible, silverplated "Symphonetta" tone arm and patent unbreakable sound box; with six 10-inch Disc tunes; great bargain, 35s.; worth £5 6s. Approval.

**4/9**—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxynoid Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; ten years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d.

**12/6**—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; genuine bargain, 12s. 6d.; week's free trial. Approval.

**19/6**—GENT'S FASHIONABLE DARK TWEED JACKET, SUIT (by high-class tailor), latest West End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; 19s. 6d.; worth £3 5s. Never worn. Approval willingly.

**21/-**—BABY'S LONG CLOTHES LAYETTE; magnificent Parcel; finest quality Outfit, 72 articles; everything required; beautifully trimmed lace and embroidery; mother's personal work; never used; sacrifice, 21s. Approval.

**4/9**—PRETTY Necklet, with heart pendant attached, set Parisian pearls and turquoises, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case. Sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

**10/6**—LADY'S Fashionable 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless (leather wristlet) Watch; fit any wrist, reliable timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; week's free trial. Approval.

**6/6**—LADY'S solid Gold, Half-marked, 5-stone real diamond Ring very elegant design, suitable for engagement ring; sacrifice, 6s. 6d., worth 30s. Approval.

**10/6**—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, improved action, 10 years' warranty; tuned to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert; same quality, with handsome Seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 110), LICENSED PAWNBROKERS, 284, Brixton Road, LONDON, S.W.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**  
ARTIFICIAL TEETH (Gold) Bought; call or forward by post; utmost value per return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford Street, London. Estbd. 100 years.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH (Gold) BOUGHT.** We pay highest bona-fide prices. No deduction. On Vulcanite up to 6s. per tooth; Silver 10s. 6d.; Gold 14s.; Platinum £1 16s. Immediate cash or offer. Call or post, mentioning Daily Sketch.—MESSRS. PAGET, THE LEADING FIRM, 219, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. ESTABLISHED 150 years.

**HEALTH RESORTS.**  
Buxton—the fashionable "Spa" for health and enjoyment. Bracing Mountain Air. Radio-active Waters, Baths, etc. THE "Cure" for Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. Golf, Tennis, Theatres, etc. Guide Free. Sec. 1st Dept. Y., Buxton.

**PUBLICATIONS.**  
"MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY." The author of this Work, having had 30 years' experience in ill-health, offers advice to others. Letter 5s. Address, W. RUSSELL, Monk's Eligh, S. Bk.

**SHOPPING BY POST.**  
FRINGE NETS, 1st class, 1s. 6d. 2nd, 1st free; combings, purchased—J. BRODIE, 41, Market Street, London.

**CAMPING.**—Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review Free.—G. K. PATTIE, The Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick.

**MEDICAL.**  
DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly, permanently; trial free, privately.—Carlson Chemical Co., 718, Birmingham.

# Tommy, Worker And Soldier Too, Sets An Exa



Lloyd George wears his shell-smile, for he found the West Country as eager as the North to help him in his mission to supply munitions till the war is won. London City men made his smile bigger yesterday.

## HE HAS BRANDED HIMSELF A TRAITOR.



Ignatius Tribich-Lincoln, an ex-Liberal M.P. for Darlington, has revealed himself as a traitor of the most contemptible kind. In an American paper he boasts that he acted as a German spy.—(Slater.)



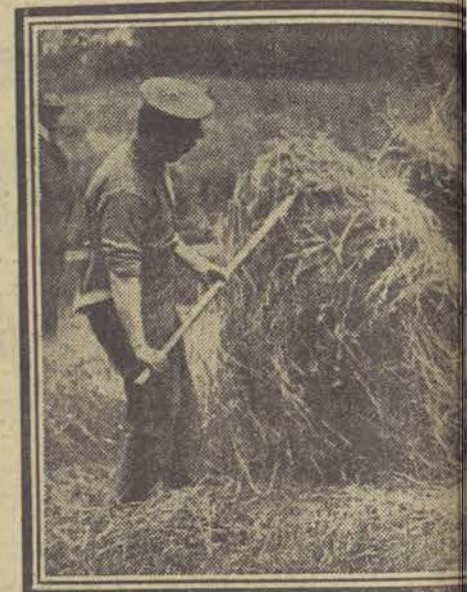
Mr. A. E. Hill (sitting), a London schoolmaster, has organised the supply of horseshoes for the Army.



Tommy's example helps to clear



Mr. L. Llewellyn, a Welsh coal magnate, is helping the munitions campaign.



With the help of the military the farmers are helping the munitions campaign.



Lord Norbury is working for 7d. an hour as "a fitter" in an aeroplane factory.—(Hughes.)

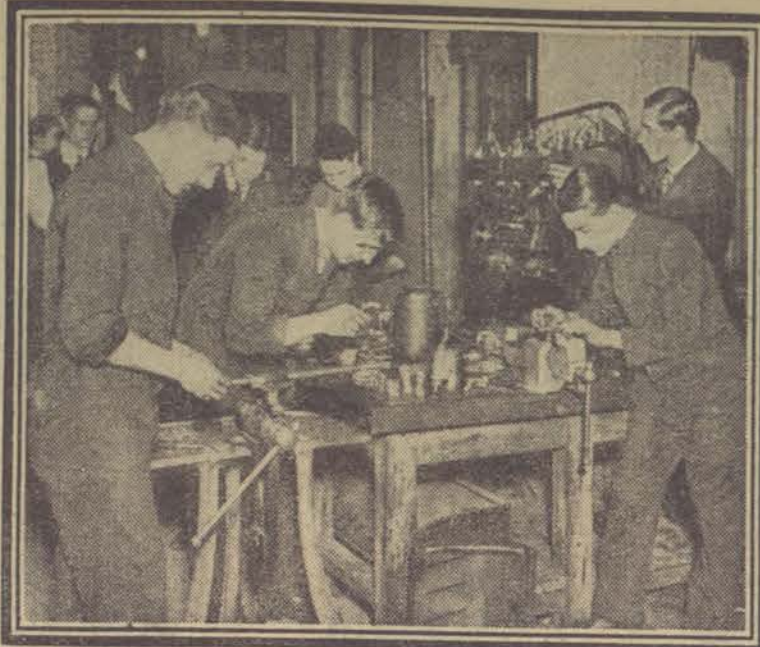


The Tsar, like his Royal cousin, King George V, is working for the munitions campaign.

# Prime Minister Lloyd George Asks The Nation To Follow.



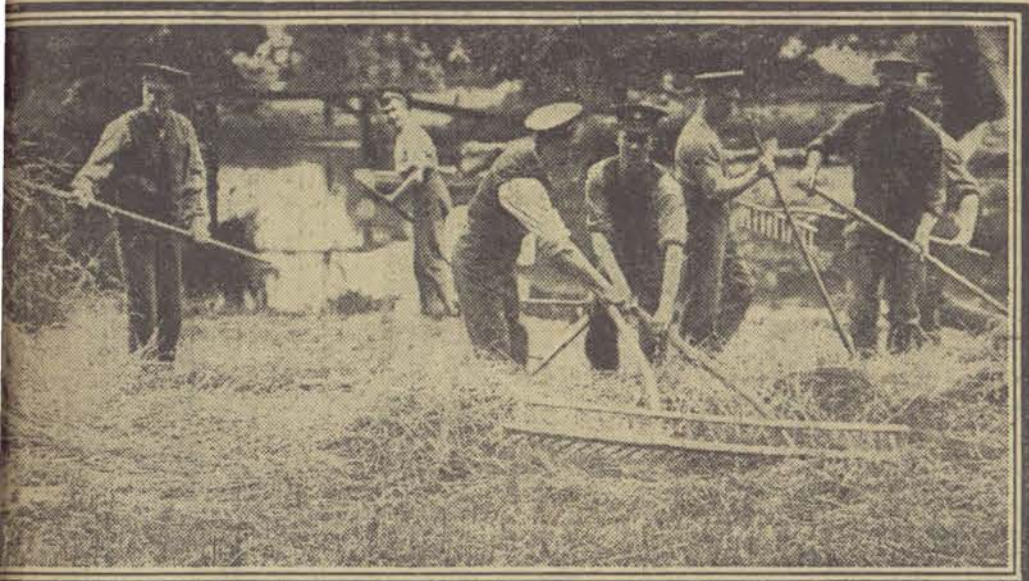
his convalescence he  
the churchyard.



Polytechnic students have thrown themselves enthusiastically into the  
common task. Here they are seen making fittings for aircraft.

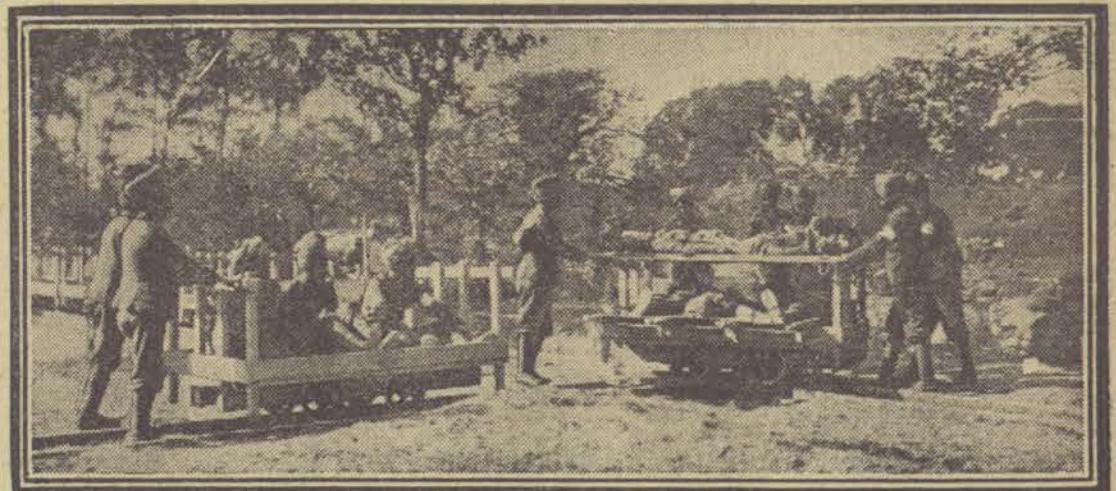


City men leaving at the lunch hour after their first spell yesterday as munition workers at Woolwich.  
Caps and overalls replaced top-hats and frock-coats.



hoping to gather their crops as usual. Already some of our soldiers have turned out to give the  
willing workers and welcome haymaking as a change to route marching.

## A TRAMWAY OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.



Trolleys run on tramlines are used in France to carry the wounded. These Indians have just arrived  
from the front.

## SEEKING HEALTH IN AN AEROPLANE.



This wounded soldier evidently thought that a ride in the aeroplane would be a good tonic. Two  
comrades bade him farewell as he started off with Mr. Manton at Hendon.



is keenly interesting himself in the problem of war munitions. He made a close inspection of  
which form the principal arsenal of our Ally and is the Woolwich of Russia.

**MEAT BACON**  
*Crossed Out*  
*Now buying*  
**QUAKER OATS**



*The Meat Question and its Solution.*

The staggering high prices of meat, bacon and bread make people THINK—and WORRY

The increasing sales of Quaker Oats prove that thoughtful housewives know that Quaker Oats is the most economical food—as well as the most nourishing. Even with meat at ordinary prices you had to pay 3/6½ for strength and energy which Quaker Oats would supply for 2½d.

Send for Recipes for Summer Dishes—FREE.  
 Address Advtg. Dept.: Quaker Oats Ltd., Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.

# Quaker Oats

**We are advertising to YOU**

the housewife who delights in dainty linen, whose table linen—curtains—blouses, etc., are a source of pride to her. Why not starch these at home with

## ROBIN STARCH

the powder starch with the gloss in it? It can be done successfully and economically. You can get your linen up to suit your individual taste—neither too stiff nor too limp.

*Add nothing but water to ROBIN STARCH and satisfaction is sure.*

## Recommends it to Mothers.

5, Belmont Gardens, Lawrence Avenue, Manor Park, Essex, 19/1/15.

To MESSRS. W. WOODWARD, LTD.

Dear Sirs,—Having seen many letters concerning the babies to which your "Gripe Water" has been a benefit, I feel it my duty to let you know what a benefit it has been to me. My baby boy has had your wonderful "Gripe Water" since he was a fortnight old, and I have never had a restless night with him. During the usual painful time of vaccination I gave him the "Gripe Water" regularly, and he got through it without the slightest trouble whatever. He is putting his teeth now, but I never know when they come through until I feel them, as he cuts them easily, and it is all due to your "Gripe Water."

I feel I can safely recommend it to every mother who has babies to bring up. He weighed 13 lb. 8 ozs. at six months, and he is still far above the average weight at 7 months. Wishing you and your "Gripe Water" every success, yours faithfully, Mrs. M. STRUMPSON.

## "GRIPE WATER"

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood. Registered Trade Mark No. 99.

**INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.**

*Of all Chemists and Stores, Price 1/1½.*

**BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.**

PREPARED BY

**W. WOODWARD, Ltd.** GRIPE WATER.

Registered Trade Mark No. 100.



## "Cadbury's"

2nd. Trade Mark

ABSOLUTELY PURE—  
 THEREFORE BEST  
 MADE AT BOURNVILLE

## Cocoa



SEND two penny stamps to NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham, and they will send you enough Mason's Extract of Herbs to make a gallon of Refreshing Herb Beer.



# FRENCH SOLDIER CURED OF RUPTURE

1,000 "DAILY SKETCH" READERS TO BE TREATED FREE OF CHARGE.

Remarkable Letter and Generous Offer to Sufferers.

Rupture—that most painful, weakening, and dangerous complaint—can now be painlessly and easily cured without a truss or operation. What is more, 1,000 readers of the "Daily Sketch" are now enabled to receive this marvellous treatment free of charge.

The treatment acts continuously by day and by night, without the slightest interference with your usual habits of living.

A remarkable letter from the Fighting Line shows how this discovery has completely cured a French soldier.



## FRENCH SERGEANT'S TRIBUTE.

The letter is from one of our gallant Allies, a Sergeant in the 85th Regiment of the Line.

"Compiègne, February 5th.

"Dear Sirs," he writes, "I cannot express on paper how grateful I feel to you for the wonderful good your Plapao-Pad has done for me. My rupture was of many years' standing, and when I left with my regiment for the front I found the truss most irritating. I never could hold properly the rupture, and during the marching it caused terrible pains. I heard from an English soldier of the excellence of your Plapao-Pads, and I decided to try them. Thanks to these I am now sound and well, and do not have to wear anything. I can do all my soldiering and feel in perfect comfort.—Faithfully yours,  
"LOUIS GOUSSET,  
"Sergeant, 85th Reg. Inf., 13th Cie."

## TRY THIS TREATMENT—FREE.

You can now prove the value of this wonderful discovery for yourself free. Everyone who adopts it is delighted.

The unsightly protrusions disappear.

The ruptured parts are drawn and held together. With the disappearance of the Rupture there vanishes, too, the pain, the discomfort, the danger, and that awful dragging-down feeling.

You recover your strength—you feel and look better in every way. Once more you can live your life as it should be lived, and take your place again among the Rupture-free.

You can now prove the value of this wonderful discovery free.

Cut out and post this Coupon to-day to the Stuart Plaster-Pad Company, 68, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C.

By return you will receive this free Plapao Treatment, with full directions, and a copy of Mr. Stuart's book on the Cure of Rupture, packed in sealed wrapper, and free of charge or obligation.

Write for Free Treatment to-day.

### DAILY SKETCH FREE COUPON

Entitling its User to Free First Aid.  
To STUART PLASTER-PAD CO., 68, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C.

I accept your offer of Free Treatment. Please send to the following address, free of charge, a trial Plapao Treatment, with full directions, and a presentation copy of your book on Rupture and its Cure (in plain sealed wrapper) to—

Name .....

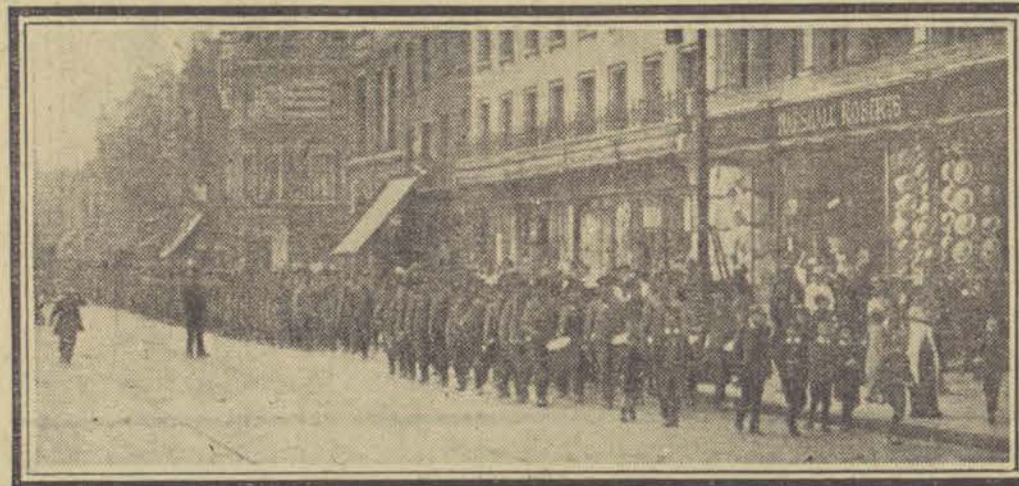
Address .....

D.S., 14/6/15.

## HOW THE PUBLIC CAN SEE ITS ARMY.



Recruits of the Lancashire Fusiliers giving a display of physical drill in Albert-square, Manchester. It is of such stuff our new Army is made.



Mr. Marshall Roberts, who has given his three sons to the Army, hit upon a novel idea of recruiting for the St. Pancras Battalion of the London Regiment. He had a march-out of the latest recruits cinematographed by Pathe for exhibition at the cinemas as an example to the young men of the borough.

## THE "SULTAN" WATCHES THE "KAISER" BAT.



Some of the patients at the 2nd Eastern General Hospital, Brighton, held a comic cricket match. They succeeded in making really excellent costumes from odds and ends they had in their wards.

# Help Suffering Poland

by contributing to the

## GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND AND GALICIA FUND.

(THE SENIOR FUND FOR RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN POLAND.)

*War, with its iron  
tramp, has crushed  
the fair land of Poland.*

An area seven times the size of Belgium has been ravaged three times by the Germans. Millions are homeless and starving. Old men and women have lost the roofs over their heads, and when children stretch out their thin arms crying for bread their mothers can only answer with tears.

The spectre of hunger has cast its withering hands over the vast land between the Niemen and the Carpathians. Workmen have lost their work, for all the workshops and factories are shut. The plough is rusting for want of use, for the labourer has been robbed of tools and seed. Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

### HAS POLAND THE RIGHT TO YOUR HELP?

Yes; every nation has this right in the name of humanity. But Poland has the right also in the name of her historic past. During centuries Poland was the messenger of progress, the defender of the oppressed. Wherever great disasters struck the peoples, bringing hunger and need, Polish offerings flowed thither. Let the Polish towns and villages spring to life again from their ruins. Let Polish hearts know other feelings than pain, let the voice of Poland not only speak in a sigh! Let Polish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears!

Also, by helping Poland you will be able to show your practical admiration for the splendid part played in this war by our Ally, great, brotherly Russia.

**Twenty Shillings will keep 20 people from starvation for a week.**

Committees have been established in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

Patrons:

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The EARL OF ROSEBERY.

Chairman of the London Committee:

PRINCESE BARIATINSKY

(Now in Poland distributing proceeds of the Fund)

Acting Chairman:

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The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

The VISCOUNT BRYCE.

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The Ven. ARCHDEACON CUNNINGHAM.

Hon. President Edinburgh Committee:

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Hon. President Manchester Committee:

The LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.

Hon. President Newcastle-upon-Tyne Committee:

The Very Rev. THE DEAN OF DURHAM.

Hon. Treasurer:

EVELEIGH NASH, Esq.,

Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, London.

Bankers: THE RUSSO-ASIATIC BANK,

11, Old Broad-street, E.C.

## THE BRESLAU FORCED TO FIGHT.

### Attack By Two Russian Destroyers Near Bosphorus. Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Saturday.  
Last night, near the Bosphorus, two Russian torpedo-boat destroyers encountered the Breslau, whose searchlight showed up one of our turbine destroyers, which at once attacked the cruiser.

A very violent exchange of shots took place, and it was observed on board our vessel that several shells struck the cruiser.

Explosions were heard on board her, and a fire was noticed in her bow.

Owing to the darkness, however, it was impossible to see how seriously the enemy ship had been damaged.

On board the destroyer which attacked an officer and six men were wounded.—Reuter.

### AUSTRIAN SUBMARINE SUNK.

ROME, Sunday.  
The Tribuna publishes a telegram from Athens stating that an Austrian submarine was sunk at the entrance to the Dardanelles on June 7.—Reuter.

### NO SIGNS OF REPENTANCE.

#### German Newspapers Lecture America On Her "Grave Responsibility."

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.  
The American Note to Germany is now published in full by the German newspapers. Commenting upon it last evening the Kreuzzeitung says:

The arguments advanced on the American Note are naturally by no means convincing for us. In the place of well considered judicial statements in the German Note, duties towards humanity are advanced by America. Our duties, however, are especially to protect our troops against the dangers of American deliveries of ammunition. In future this point of view will be a deciding factor for us, and the American Government could do much for humanity if it would meet us in this endeavour. In this respect it also bears a grave responsibility.

Captain Persius, writing in the Tageblatt, says: The next question now is to find a modus vivendi which satisfies both parties. This much is certain: that without concessions by England no satisfactory solution can be expected. The United States declare that they are ready to use their influence, but will they succeed in obtaining from the British Government now what has been refused for eight months. . . . We have a firm confidence that the relations between Germany and the United States will smooth the road to a complete understanding and so help righteousness and humanity to victory.

—Reuter.

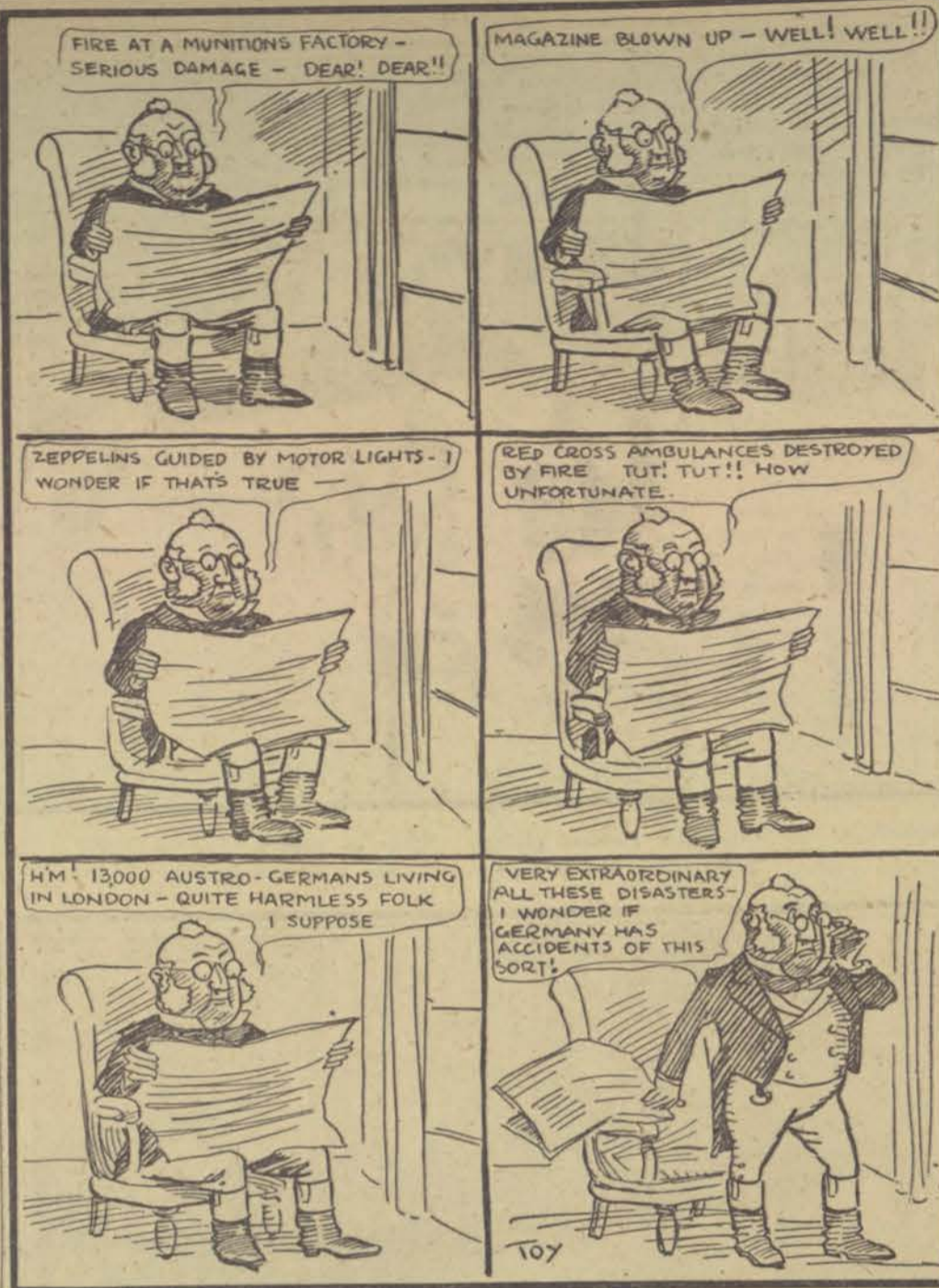
### SOUTHEND EXODUS CANARD.

The Mayor of Southend (Mr. Joseph Francis) writes to the Daily Sketch denying rumours which, he states, are current in London and other places with regard to that resort.

The most persistent rumour is that the residents and visitors are, for some unexplained reason, likely to be called upon, at 48 hours' notice, to leave the town.

This report, the Mayor states, is absurd and entirely groundless, as is each of the others which have come to his knowledge.

## THIS MAKES EVEN DULL JOHN BULL THINK.



It was stated in Parliament that there are still 13,000 aliens at large in London—Dull, silly old John Bull!

Corporal Holmes, Bermondsey's V.C. hero, has promised to address a series of meetings during the run of a war exhibition which opens at the Prince's Skating Club on June 26.

### MILITARY ATHLETICS.

#### Keen Contest In Four Miles Cross-Country Race.

Contrary to expectations, there was only one cross-country team race on Saturday, under the management of the Southern Counties C.C.A.

This was the four miles military cross-country race, which provided a most exciting contest, at Tandridge Camp, Oxted.

Nine teams competed, and with one exception—the Lancashire Hussars, who were represented by only the minimum scoring number of ten men—most of the companies had their full complement of "20."

Victory went to the "C" Company, 17th Fusiliers, who, captained by the well-known Surrey Athletic Clubman, Sergeant F. R. Skeeles, accomplished the best time—viz., 30min. 17sec.

They won by 3sec. only from the "D" Company of the 6th Manchester Regiment (coached by the north-country sprinter, Private Hulme).

"A" Company of the same regiment (coached by the North Manchester Harrier, Private Farrand) secured third place in 30min. 28sec.

### SCENE AT LEOPARDSTOWN.

Much surprise was caused at Leopardstown on Saturday by the judge's decision awarding the Produce Stakes to Mr. H. Whitworth's Vera Cruz. F. Hunter, who rode Mr. James Daly's Melmond, could not believe he was beaten, and the crowd shouted: "You won right enough."

County Plate, Lop Forard, 7 to 1.  
Dundrum Plate, Inconstant George, 2 to 1.  
Produce Stakes, Vera Cruz, 4 to 7.  
Kingstown Plate, Josh, 2 to 5.  
Lawn Plate, Lady Kileen, 3 to 1.  
Paddock Plate, Ravenshorpe, 4 to 1.

### M.C.C.'S EASY WIN OVER HARROW.

P. F. Warner captained an M.C.C. team which on Saturday scored an easy victory over Harrow: George Thompson (132) and Robert Relf (54) put on 112 for the first wicket, and Warner (52) declared with six men out for 275. Harrow replied with 188.

The Sportsman's Battalion (Private A. Webb 93) beat the H.A.C. at Lord's by 118 runs, with three wickets to fall. Scores: H.A.C., 193; Sportsman's Battalion, 311 for 7.

## "PUSH AND GO" MAN NO. 2.

### Welsh Coal King's Right-Hand Man To Help Lloyd George.

An appointment of great interest in the Minister of Munitions' department has been made in the choice of Mr. Leonard Llewellyn as coadjutor to Sir Percy Girouard, Mr. Lloyd George's principal "push-and-go" adviser.

Mr. Llewellyn is an eminent Welsh mining engineer, who, although only 41 years old, has had a professional career crowded with adventure.

There has not in recent years been a disaster in the South Wales coalfield in which mining men—experts themselves, most of them—have not instinctively turned to Mr. Llewellyn for leadership. And it is his mastery of dealing with the formidable and varied problems involved in emergencies of this kind that has made his reputation, together with his gift for the organisation and control of labour, having nearly 30,000 men under his charge. Add to this reckless bravery in the face of deadly danger, and you will have a better idea of his outstanding personality.

### FIGHTING FIRE AND FLOOD.

He did Herculean work in fighting a fire which followed the Clydach Vale colliery explosion in 1905. How he mastered a huge wall of flame in the cavernous depths was modestly told in a paper read to professional colleagues, and gained him the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society—the first time it had been awarded in such circumstances.

Five years later, at Clydach Vale, when a hill-side dam burst, with disastrous results, he swam through the torrent and saved many lives.

The famous Mid-Rhondda coal strikes and riots four or five years ago revealed his influence over angry mobs, when he calmly faced incensed men. Moreover, on that occasion he probably saved from ruin the great collieries under his control by working continuously, day and night, at the powerhouse, thus preserving the ventilation and preventing the onset of flooding.

A Territorial colonel, Mr. Llewellyn's magnetism has gained hosts of recruits for the new Armies. An astute commercial man, he has been at Mr. D. A. Thomas's right hand throughout the latter's great industrial coups during the past few years, and he is now director of so many concerns that his income must be the envy of the highest-paid Cabinet Minister.

### MORE MONEY FOR CIGARETTES WANTED.

Still more money is wanted for cigarettes for the troops, and those of our readers who have not yet helped our Cigarette Fund are invited to do so now.

All that is necessary is to send us a P.O., and we do the rest.

We have sent several millions of smokes to our Tommies, but they want several millions more.

Don't forget what the officer in the field wrote to the Daily Sketch: Every time Tommy gets a cig. he smiles, and every time he smiles he gets a German! Yesterday's total: £4 4s.

£1 13s. 4½d.—Collected by "Car," Cheade Hulme, £1—W. Bates, Walkon; W. Linnell, Stebbing, 5s.—A Friend, Blackpool, 2s. 6d.—Mrs. Inglis, Liverpool, 2s.—J. Simpson and W. Roberts, Chesterfield, 1s. 1½d.—St. Dunstan-in-the-West Girls' School, per Miss Elwin.

### GUARD AGAINST ZEPPELINS.

Even the Zeppelin raids have brought out the inventive genius of British manufacturers. The latest and certainly a most necessary invention is a really adequate respirator and face mask, particulars of which are found in our advertisement pages.

Not only has the "Civilian" respirator been tested by the chemist expert with a gas corresponding to that contained in Zeppelin bombs, but it is portable, occupying but little space in pocket or handbag, and can be carried about so as to be ready for instant use whenever and wherever required.

Herr Dernburg and his wife have sailed from New York on the Norwegian steamer Bergensjord.

At The Ring, London, on Saturday, Waldemar Holberg (Denmark) was outpointed in a ten rounds contest by Jim Prendy (Islington).

Willie Farrell and Bert Medlock (Blackfriars) will meet at The Ring this afternoon in a 20 rounds contest under championship conditions.



## "The Man who does not know that CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH makes stiff marching Boots pliable and comfortable."

Mansion Polish is just as splendid for Floors, Lino and Furniture as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is for Boots and Shoes. Both polishes are sold by all Dealers in 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Tins. CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

## One Minute!

A NEW CAMERA. THE "Mandel-ette"

Most wonderful sensation of this age.

### The "Mandel-ette"

takes and finishes pictures in one minute.

No Plates or Films. No Printing or Dark Room. No Experience Necessary.

Just like camera you want. Simple to operate. Pictures direct on the postcard—finished right within the camera. The "Mandel-ette" weighs only 2½ozs. Has special lens with universal focus, perfect working shutter. Capacity: 50 postcards, size 3½ by 2½ inches. Loads in daylight. Our 3-in-1 developer finishes pictures completely. No OVER-DEVELOPING. Get your "Mandel-ette" now. Take advantage of our

### SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

To introduce the "Mandel-ette" we will send you an outfit for 21s. By parcel post 6d. extra. Additional postcards 1s. 3d. per package. The outfit consists of "Mandel-ette" camera and supplies for making 16 finished pictures. Send 21s. 6d. with this advt. to-day, or write for free descriptive booklet to

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE CO. Dept. 15, Chicago Buildings, Whitechapel, LIVERPOOL.



Mothers can have confidence in **BENGER'S Food**

During 35 years, it has received the approval and support of medical men, and its sale, greater to-day than ever, has spread throughout the world.

Standard British medical works commend Benger's Food. Every great British hospital, nursing home, etc., uses it.

With a tin of Benger's Food in the house, mothers are always well prepared for family ailments, for anybody who is sick or unwell, temporarily out of sorts, or seriously ill.

In attacks of sickness (which are frequently the prelude to illness) a light diet may be desired, Benger's Food will be found suitable.

There is no other food in the world quite like Benger's. It does of itself the preliminary work of digesting the fresh new milk with which it is prepared, and consequently nourishes more quickly.

Benger's is a most interesting food to prepare. The changes it undergoes teach a lesson in human digestion. It is all explained in our book, "Benger's Food and How to Use it." Please apply for a copy, post free.

**BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd. — MANCHESTER.**  
Branch Office: NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 90, Beckman St.  
SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 27, Pitt Street, and Depots throughout CANADA.



**Strawberries & Cream.**

A delightful dish—but, remember it should be Strawberries and CREAM not Strawberries with a compound of cream and chemicals. "Preserved" cream is cream adulterated, and should be given a wide berth.

Milkmaid Cream is guaranteed absolutely pure and free from all preservatives. Delicious with all kinds of fresh or stewed fruit, and unequalled for making Ices.

**MILKMAID CREAM**

Can be "whipped," but can't be beaten.

Beware of inferior imitations, either in cans or jars; insist always on Milkmaid brand, the original and best. Sold in 5d., 6d., and 10d. tins by all Grocers. Write for booklet, with over Seventy delicious recipes, post free on application. Milkmaid Brand, C.T. Dept. 6-3, Eastcheap, London.

**Maternity**

Gowns from 32/-  
Tailor made to measure in assured quality. Can be made in any color to suit. Send for Free Pattern Book.

Bodice from 10/11  
Made to measure in latest designs. Promotes health. Gives graceful appearance. Catalogue sent Post Free.

Maternity and Nursing Corset 12/6. Write for Free Book. **FINLAY & SONS, Ltd.,** 100, North Street, MANCHESTER.

**Making The Most Of Summer.**

WHAT THE BEAUTY DOCTOR SAYS.

"FEW women make the most of summer in the matter of toilet affairs," said the beauty doctor. "They grumble at freckles and sunburn without taking the trouble to notice that summer, if it does bring these trials, also brings their remedies to their very doors."

"Just now the strawberries are coming, but few women realise that a ripe strawberry is one of the best possible things to apply to a tined, sagging skin or to one that has been sun-scoured."

**A Beauty's Secret.**

"Did you ever hear the legend of the famous beauty whose dearest enemy invited her down to her country place for the express purpose of finding out what cosmetics she used? The dearest enemy was baffled, for repeated surprise visits to the beauty's dressing-room revealed nothing, and nobody attributed any especial significance to the beauty's passion for strawberries and cream."

"But it was massage with the cream which kept her skin from shrivelling in the sun, and it was strawberry juice which brought out its clear tints and preserved its fine texture."

**Strawberry Face Cream.**

"A good lotion to soften and whiten the skin is made by pulling ripe strawberries, mashing them through a sieve and adding a tablespoonful of strong vinegar to each pint of strawberries. Let them stand until the vinegar has drawn plenty of juice, strain through fine muslin, cork tightly and keep in a cool place."

"There is a strawberry face cream which can easily be made at home. Simmer about a quart of ripe berries with two ounces of almond oil, strain and cool. Pour off any water which may remain and beat in with the pulp a piece of mutton tallow the size of an egg. When thoroughly incorporated allow the mixture to cool again and you have an excellent remedy for sunburn."

"A face wash is made from the juice of a quart of strawberries. It should be heated gently with an equal quantity of pure water to which a tablespoonful of powdered borax has been added. Use on the face and hands when cool."

**Making Use Of The Elder Flowers.**

"Elder flower water has been used as a cosmetic through several generations. Nowadays it is usual to buy preparations made from elder flower oil, but there is no reason why the woman who

has elder flowers now bursting into bloom about her country home should not make elder flower water in the simple, inexpensive way of her grandmother. She need only take an ounce of fresh elder flowers, put them in a jug, cover them with three pints of boiling water, and, after the infusion has been standing for two or three hours, strain it through muslin and bottle it for use."

"Another thing in which women neglect the opportunities of summer is the care of their hair. Most women don't wash their hair often enough. I know that I should like a heretic, but I believe what I say. A woman's hair should be as soft and shiny as a child's, but the very women who insist on almost daily shampoos for their hair washed once a month."

**Summer Shampoos.**

"When the great event of the shampoo really happens these women use water that is scalding hot and preparations containing soda. The result is that their hair is afterwards dry and brittle, and they think that it would be ruined if washed any oftener."

"In summer, one can sit in the warm breeze at an open window to dry it, hair-washing should be a simple pleasure that may be repeated weekly. Rain-water should be used, not too hot, and running cold for the final rinsing douche."

**Sunny Hair.**

"Fair-haired women can tone up the natural colour of the hair so that it glints in the sunshine by applying henna. Henna powder, mixed into a thick paste with hot water, should be plastered while fairly hot over the hair and washed off in the subsequent shampoo."

"An infusion of camomile flowers used as a rinsing bath will also brighten up mouse-coloured or fair hair."

**Potatoes As A Skin Bleach.**

"A red-faced woman who came to me for help one summer day never knew that the blanching lotion I applied was nothing more than cold mashed potatoes. Potatoes have a soothing and whitening effect on the skin. Another way of using them is to grate them while raw and apply the resultant lotion. It is rather sticky—but who wouldn't suffer a little discomfort to get rid of a florid complexion?"

**"Cool As A Cucumber."**

"If you have been out-of-doors all day and want to get a flushed face toned down when you are dressing for the evening, try the application of slices of raw cucumber. Cucumbers are plentiful just now, so if you like you can make a face-wash very cheaply by stewing cucumber in water and straining off the liquid."

"Cucumbers are also used for a good wrinkle cure. Crush all the moisture out of a cucumber and mix with it an ounce each of rosewater and sour milk, then add slowly an ounce each of pure honey and glycerine. Rub it in night and morning—and you will find Father Time hesitating about leaving his marks."

"Nearly all the beauty-aids I have mentioned are such as a woman can easily get in summer, so there is no excuse for being plain and grumbly during the sunny days instead of dainty and bright to match the flowers."



A simple scheme for a warm weather frock in natural coloured Shantung. Collar and belt are edged with dull blue Shantung and embroidered in the same colour. —Manuel.

I TOOK **CICFA**—THE ONLY CURE FOR **INDIGESTION** (in STOMACH & BOWEL).



Mr. David writes:—  
"Now I eat whatever I desire."  
"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

**READ THE EXPLANATION.** If you are suffering from indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas, Rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headaches, Bloated Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Biliary symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but, whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. Without these ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, with the joy of health, and the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

**NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:**

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your Indigestion Cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the 1s. 11d. tubes. I had been suffering with indigestion for about 21 years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and

found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude for my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again,—I remain, yours truly,

F. L. DAVID.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak Digestion. Keep your Digestion perfect, not by taking narcotics which upset it, but by Dieting with consent. Starvation which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to assist Digestion, because Cicfa is the only remedy that contains those natural Digestive Ferments, which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

**WARNING.**—No person impose upon you by selling you any one of the 47 worthless imitations of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7d.) now on the market.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes constipation. That is how the liver, it is now indigestion, Cicfa is the only cure.

Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1/3 and 2/3. Get Cicfa NOW, or TEST IT.

**ABSOLUTELY FREE**

Send your Name and Address with this coupon and one penny stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



**CAPSULOIDS (1909), Ltd.,** 75, Duke-street, Cross-vener-square, London.  
Daily Sketch, 14/6/15.

# Bathing Suits Reflect Shore Fashions.



THERE is still a demand for smart bathing-suits, in spite of war worries in the coast towns, and this year they reflect shore fashions more definitely than usual, and so seem smarter than ever before.

The stripes that run riot in the everyday wardrobe have also invaded the bathing-dress department, and go round and round the little skirts and all over the big burnous wraps of towelling or corduroy

### High Collars And Short Skirts.

Bathing-suit skirts are full and short, like those

of ordinary suits; bathing-suit sleeves have in some cases disappeared, like those of our evening frocks; on the very elaborate bathing toilettes the high collars have actually appeared and the high boot is another fashionable item which is repeated in attire for the sea.

The high white boot, decorated with coloured kid and laced with ribbons, looks well, but is troublesome to put on, and still more troublesome to take off when it gets wet, so it is not likely to have a very popular career.

The long-waisted gown has given a more practical inspiration to designers of bathing attire, for there are some very pretty swimming suits which show this effect. The bathing-gown which has a well-defined waist-line is usually very uncomfortable.

### Pantalettes More In Evidence.

Scallops, of course, are used. Often they appear on the pantalettes or trousers, which are this year much more in evidence. At one time a bathing-gown which displayed the knicker portion was considered to lack chic, but now the short skirt is the thing, and the knickers become visible and decorated once more.

The double belt is another fad of the moment which is echoed on the bathing-suit. The belts are sometimes of patent-leather and sometimes of linen or taffeta.

Taffeta is easily first among the materials for smart suits, and with black taffeta are used bold stripes, plaids and checks which are too startling to be used alone.

The attraction of taffeta is that it doesn't look limp after being in the water, but the same quality is found in a less expensive material—flag bunting. Another point about bunting is that it can be got in good bright colours. It does not soon fade, and does not hold water.

### Schemes To Give Freedom To The Swimmer.

No matter how cleverly it is cut a skirt impedes the swimmer, so it is a good plan to have the bathing-dress to consist of combinations with a separate basque. The basque may be donned for the beach parade or the preliminaries of the bathe and discarded when the bather goes for her final deep-water swim.

A new idea is the adjustable skirt which overlaps front and back and is furnished with press-fasteners so that it can be rearranged trouser-fashion in the water.

Press-fasteners are worth remembering when making a bathing-suit, for ordinary fastenings are very apt to come undone in the water.

Equestrian tights, with a loose tunic over them, have been adopted by some enthusiastic bathers who dislike the elaborate bathing-gown.

### Jockey Caps And Waterproof Flowers.

Bathing-caps are in great variety. Some are jockey shape and have wide visors, which protect the bather's eyes from the sun; others are gauged and frilled like negligée caps. Turbans in rubberized silk are trimmed with roses and ribbons of the same material, which is quite serviceable.

The choice of a cap is very important, because as the cap is the only thing visible during most of the bathe it ought to be becoming.

### Stockings And Sports-Coats.

Stockings seem rather a nuisance to the woman who takes her swim seriously, and in this matter it is best to follow the custom of the locality in

which one bathes. It is a curious fact that, while it scarcely seems modest to bathe bare-legged where stockings are generally worn, stockings can look positively "fast" if donned where other women bathe without.

The sports-coat may almost be called a bathing accessory, since so many women find its extra warmth comforting after their swim. Crêpe-de-Chine coats, rather long and ample, are the newest. Smart, but rather freakish, are those cut Russian blouse fashion with tasselled belts and edgings of fur.

The convention which declared that bathing-

suits should have something of the sailor's uniform about them is no longer observed. Some of the newest are of taffeta patterned with flowers and pretty flower-trimmed caps are made to be worn with them.

Of course the ordinary peignoir, striped or plain, in primary colours, cannot be worn with a suit of this kind. Instead must be selected a ruffled and hooded affair of silk or crêpe-de-Chine in soft colours to match the gown. White corduroy makes a useful peignoir which is neither so informal as the towelling one nor yet so elaborately luxurious as that of silk.



A broad-brimmed blue taffeta sun-hat, a high white canvas collar, and high blue and white boots are details which the first bathing suit has borrowed from the shore fashions. The centre gown is of frilled red taffeta, with a white silk blouse under the bolero bodice. Orange-coloured bunting, with bands of black and brown, is the material of the third suit.

## Holiday Work to Help the Wounded: £1,000 in Prizes.

THE woman who is going away for a rest, either from voluntary war work or wage-earning, knows, if she is wise, that mere absence of occupation is not what she requires to soothe her tired nerves. She will pack among her holiday outfit a piece of that particular kind of needlework in which she most delights, and find her change of occupation additionally soothing because of the fact that this, too, will help the wounded, besides, perhaps, bringing her a big money prize that will make possible some cherished personal or patriotic scheme. But this, of course, is only the case when the work is entered in the Daily Sketch £1,000 Patriotic Needlework Competition.

£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.

Every needlewoman should send a large stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, Daily Sketch, London, for an entrance form and full details.

In order that this big scheme should appeal to every needlewoman thirty-three classes have been arranged.

COUPON for  
**DAILY SKETCH**  
**£1,000 PATRIOTIC**  
**NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.**

## War-Time Bargains.

A LITTLE TOUR WITH AN EXPERIENCED SHOPPER.

SHOPPING is a more interesting occupation than ever nowadays, when nobody can afford to miss a bargain or yet to waste time. The woman who knows where to go and what to look for finds plenty of delightful things at prices which are in many cases below those of normal times.

### For A Man's Birthday.

Birthday presents for a man are not always easy to find. I had to get one last week, and followed my habitual plan of going to The White House, New Bond-street, W., for handkerchiefs. I found there a most attractive selection in French linen and lawn, with coloured borders and rows of narrow stripes, and chose some which were 3s. 6d. each. All-white handkerchiefs, for evening use, hand-embroidered, with monograms of two letters, can be had at this shop for 15s. 6d. a dozen.

I also made a note of some alluring linen tray-cloths, oval and square, embroidered with the finest French cotton and with scalloped edges. These cloths ranged in price from 1s. 11d. to 7s. 9d.

### Hand-Bags In Regimental Colours.

If the birthday happens to be a feminine one the choice of a gift is wider, but it is sometimes difficult to choose a gift for the woman who "has everything." A handbag in the regimental colours of husband or son is a novelty which would be sure to find favour. You can get these handbags at Harrods' for 31s. 6d. and 35s. 6d. They are made from silk of the best quality and lined with ribbed silk and white kid. The fittings are gilt, and include a mirror, a hat-pin case, a powder-box and puff and a scent bottle. If you want a crest or monogram to make the bag still more distinctive Harrods will supply it.

### Sun-Umbrellas.

The fussy sunshade doesn't appeal to every woman, and even those who adopt it must have a plain one, too, for use with simple frocks and tailor-mades. The serviceable "sun-umbrella" which will turn a shower is a comforting possession. It is to be found at Selfridge's, buff linen outside, lined with black or green, and with a workmanlike crook handle. Its price is six shillings. There is a pretty novelty at Selfridge's which costs 18s.—a plain silk sunshade (you can get it in almost any colour) with a long rose-briar handle out of which a bunch of flowers appears to grow. The flowers can be changed to match the owner's gown.

### Artistic Footgear.

The white canvas tennis shoe is usually rather a clumsy affair unless an enormous price has been paid for it, but this year I see there is a new kind to which the most "art-y" of summer girls could not object. It has neither strap nor lace, but is cut low like a dancing sandal. If Atalanta had not worn sandals she would certainly have worn shoes like these. They are 6/11 at Pontings, in Kensington High-street (which is a good place for smart little suits), where I had gone with a friend to hunt for inexpensive material to make beach frocks for her own children and some refugee guests. We found the stuff at less than half the price we had expected we would have to pay. It was plaid ratine, which had been 3s. 11d. a yard but was reduced to 1s., and it will make smart as well as useful little frocks.

### Dainty Underskirt Bargains.

We are all having to buy underskirts for our tub-frocks, so I was pleased to find bargains in them at Derry and Toms, which is also in Kensington High-street. These were of white lawn, hand-embroidered, and also adorned with fascinating bits of Irish crochet and insertion. They were 12s. 9d., and I wasn't surprised to hear that their original price had been 29s. 6d.

### Distinctive Linen Costumes.

"I want a white linen suit because there's nothing nicer," a young cousin announced, "but I don't want a white suit that looks like every other white suit in the county." So I took her to Gooch's, 63, Brompton-road, where the linen suits are really distinctive and perfectly cut. She soon chose one that had a smart, wide skirt and a short jacket, with a vest and collar of butcher blue, and was delighted because she only had to pay 45s. for it.

### A Dream Fulfilled.

"A Liberty gown" is a cherished dream to many women who love the colours and fabrics of this famous house, and it need not go longer unfulfilled, for Libertys are selling the most attractive summer gowns for 29s. 6d. They are in various lovely colours. One especially good design fastens with a little tab in front and has a vest and collar of net.



BEGIN THIS THRILLING SERIAL STORY TO-DAY.

# The Mystery Of The Rajah's Pearl.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN ROMANCE OF LOVE AND CRIME. BY FRED M. WHITE.

## The Five Seed Pearls.

MASSINGHAM turned eagerly on his bed as the girl came into the room. There was

something more than pain written on that brown, strong face of his and something more than fear in his eyes. He seemed to be haunted by an abiding trouble, as if, looking over the girl's shoulder, he could see some grisly spectre beyond the ken of other eyes than his. The hand that he held out to the girl clutched her fingers convulsively, she felt his fingers tremble, was conscious of his sweating palm. All this was so unlike Massingham that his visitor regarded him with frank surprise. A dull flush crept over his face, he hung his head for a moment then looked up almost defiantly.

"Why, what is the matter, Phil?" the girl asked. "Surely you are in some bitter trouble. It is not like my dear old Phil to tremble like a woman over a sprained ankle. Really, I shall have to take you in hand professionally."

## Enid's Beauty In Her Nurse's Dress.

She smiled as she removed her long cloak and displayed the nurse's uniform beneath. The white cuffs and collar, the plain black dress suited her dark, classic beauty to perfection. She was all sweet and kind and womanly, yet she carried her head proudly, and moved with the easy grace of one to the manner born. There was no reason to proclaim the fact that Enid Hargraves belonged to a famous old family, for she carried breed and birth in every line of her profile. There was no occasion either for her to earn her own living, for her brother, Sir George, had been eager enough as to that, but money was not too plentiful, and the nurse's profession had always appealed strongly to the girl. She was barely twenty-two as yet, but she could pick and choose her patients, and stood high in the good books of more than one leading specialist.

"I could not come before, Phil," she went on. "It was only this morning that I was released from a very critical case, and all the afternoon I have been so busy. It seems silly to say so, but your note quite alarmed me. What is the trouble, dear? And how did you meet with your accident?"

"It wasn't an accident!" Massingham almost whispered. "Those demons have been after me again, Enid. There is no limit to their cunning and audacity. They forged a telegram and lured me over to Richmond. A motor was supposed to be waiting for me there from my friend Stanton, and when it didn't turn up I ought to have had sense enough to know that something was wrong. Instead of being warned I set out for the park. But I can't say much what happened afterwards. Five minutes later I was fighting for my life.

"I should probably have lost it too, had not a big car come along. Of course, I made some excuse, and my good Samaritan in the car insisted upon bringing me home. But it is the work of those devils right enough. You see I had refused to send them any money. A week ago they applied in their mysterious way for five hundred pounds and I ignored the letter. Now they want a thousand. And I shall have to give it them, too. Don't you see, my dearest girl, that I am utterly helpless and quite at their mercy so long as I am tied by the leg here. They will murder me if they don't get that money."

"But the police, Phil—"

"Oh, I have already told you, I dare not. Think of the publicity, the scandal and disgrace; one of the greatest houses in the country dragged in the mud, too. Darling, I have not told you every thing—I cannot, for the secret is not wholly mine. But for this wretched ankle of mine I should have carried on the fight. Here I am with nobody but my old valet to look after me, and you know how useless he would be.

## The Terror Of The Night.

"Those fiends have the cunning of Satan himself. To lie awake here every night listening to every sound—my God, Enid, it is worse than death itself! I hate to toady to these ruffians, but if my life is to be saved and these scoundrels defeated I must have this cash. For the moment I could not put my hand upon a hundred shillings. But Drury will help me. He is in this thing as deeply as I am. I know that he always keeps a large sum of money in cash in his house in case of emergencies. Now, can you think of some trusted messenger who would go as far as Bedford and get the money? It must be somebody absolutely reliable."

Enid smiled bravely.

"You can relieve your mind on that score," she said. "I will find you the faithful messenger that you require. But meanwhile, Phil—perhaps this very night . . ."

Massingham indicated a letter which lay on a table at the side of his bed. The envelope was of the cheapest foreign manufacture, and inside was a sheet of similar paper absolutely devoid of writing, but containing in its folds five

tiny seed pearls. There was nothing to indicate whence the letter came, and apparently nothing about it to produce the knitted brow and tense lips of the man who held it in his hand.

"Nothing more," he muttered. "But each of those little gems represents an amount for one hundred pounds. If I possessed a million I could buy all that those scoundrels have. And then the persecution would cease. Had they sent me this threat three days ago I should have laughed at it. But, helpless and crippled as I am, I cannot do so. Besides, I have you to think of now. Perhaps if you loved me less I shouldn't be the coward that I am."

"You are no coward," Enid cried indignantly. "Oh, I can understand your feelings well enough. But supposing that I—I mean that supposing that the messenger is too late."

A bitter sigh broke from Massingham's lips. He was feeling the humiliation of this surrender keenly. Hitherto he had set his lips tightly, and defied these fiends of darkness, though he knew that he would never see them in the open, and that their cowardly attacks would always be made under cover of the darkness.

"I think I can give myself one night's rest in peace, at any rate," he said. "It wounds my pride terribly, but there is no alternative this time. Take that envelope and place it in the window behind the blind so that anybody can see the outline of it from the street."

Enid took the envelope and did as Massingham suggested. He was sitting up now, tense and rigid as if listening for something.

"Ah," he cried hoarsely. "Did you hear that?"

From down below there came a strange sound, which rose high above the hum of the taxis and the rumble of the traffic. It was a strange, piercing note, with a suggestion of both mockery and triumph in it. Brave and self-contained as she was, Enid shuddered at the horrid discord of it. The cry came only once, died down, and once more the rumble of the traffic rolled on.

## The Message Of Surrender.

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" Massingham asked, wiping the beads from his forehead. "It recalls to me the night years ago when three foolhardy, headstrong Englishmen—but they did not think of it. That was the signal that those people had seen the message of surrender. I am safe now, at any rate, till they have the money."

"What—what are they like?" Enid stammered. "My dearest girl, I haven't the slightest notion. Apparently those ruffians have the gift of invisibility. And this is the greatest terror of it all. And now as to this messenger that you spoke of. Where is he and what is his name?"

"It's not a he," Enid smiled. "My dearest boy, I am going myself. No, I will not listen to a word of expostulation. You have told me more than once that you know no man more capable of dealing with a motor-cycle than myself. I have ridden hundreds of miles in the dark. Why, when I was nursing Lady Warrington I thought nothing of five-and-twenty miles quite late at night when something was urgently needed from the doctor. You can imagine how lonely it was on the Cumberland Fells. But I did not mind it in the least, and I never came to any harm. Why, I regard a run from here to the outskirts of Bedford as a mere pleasure trip on a night like this."

"The middle of November," Massingham groaned. "Enid, I don't like it in the least. It may be fine now, but in this treacherous climate of ours—"

"Phil, I have set my heart upon it. You know how urgent it is. I should never know a moment's happiness again if anything happened to you. And, besides, there is no one else that you can trust. You would not like to confide in a mere acquaintance. Again, Sir John Drury knows that we are engaged, and I can discuss this matter with him as nobody else could. Oh, I must go. You really must not prevent me. And I have nothing whatever to do till my next case comes on in a week. With ordinary luck I could be back about midnight. And—I am just going, Phil."

## The Woman In The Country Inn.

There was nothing more to be said, for Enid had clearly made up her mind. Not for a moment did she anticipate the slightest trouble. Besides, she was longing to be up and doing something for the man she loved. She knew something of Sir John Drury, he was acquainted with the fact that she was engaged to Phil Massingham, and therefore it would be no surprise to him to find that she knew a little of the mysterious trouble which seemed to be hanging over them all. She was just a trifle vexed, perhaps, that Phil had not confided the whole story to her, but then he had explained that the secret was not entirely his.

The night was dark and still as she set out on her errand. So far as she could see it would be pretty plain sailing, for the road to Bedford was fairly direct and good, and her destination only lay some four miles beyond that town. At present there was no sign of rain, but as the speedy motor-cycle flew along the wind appeared to change and a few heavy spots began to fall. It mattered nothing for the moment to this girl, who was as much at home in the saddle as if it had been an armchair. She could afford to smile at the rain, seeing that she was clad in oilskins, but the heavy mist that began to fall presently was a different matter alto-

gether. With a little sigh of impatience she slowed down. Evidently this was going to be a longer job than she had anticipated.

On the back of the mist came a thin, driving rain, and in its turn a strong, rushing wind that dimmed her glasses, and for a mile or two made progress almost impossible. She had more than a suspicion, too, that she had turned off the main road, for though the going was fairly good, the surface was no longer black and glistening, and in places the road seemed to be badly broken. As a signpost gleamed like a ghostly arm in the light of the lamp, she dismounted and made a more or less successful effort to read the black lettering. It was just as she had feared.

For two or three miles she must have been going out of her way. Overhead the trees tossed and groaned before the fury of the increasing gale. The rain was now falling in torrents, and little rivers of water were trickling across the road. Then, as Enid struck the main track again, there came a still more furious blast of wind, and the lamp went out.

## Enid's Plight In The Storm.

What was to be done now, Enid wondered. She had matches in her pocket, of course, but any attempt to light the lamp now would simply be waste of time. She would have to wait somewhere till the fury of the storm had passed, which probably would not be for a long time, seeing how suddenly the gale had sprung up. She was not the least frightened or nervous, only annoyed and irritated by the unforeseen delay. Perhaps she could find a friendly shelter by the roadside; indeed it seemed to her that she could catch the glimmer of a lamp glowing in a window about half a mile away.

There was nothing for it but to push the cycle along until she came to the cottage. It was no cottage, however, that she reached presently, but an old-fashioned, thatched public-house standing a little way back from the road. She could see now that there were lights in all the downstairs windows winking a welcome to her, though the big front door was closed against the storm. There was a balcony in front of the house under which she pushed her motor-cycle, and then she made her way boldly into the house.

Here was a stone-flagged hall with a bar like an overgrown hatch in one corner, and beyond it a sort of big kitchen where a dozen rustics were ruminating over pipes and beer. A comfortable-looking landlady bustled out of the bar and made the remark that it was a dreadful night.

"Perhaps you would like to go into the parlour, sir," she said. "Lord love us, it's a young woman. Beg pardon, miss."

"Oh, your mistake is quite natural," Enid said. "I lost my way in the storm and my lamp went out. I should like to stay here for half-an-hour if I may, and if you will be good enough to get me a biscuit and a glass of milk I shall be very grateful. Will you show me where I can go?"

## The Woman Of Mystery.

The landlady seemed to hesitate a moment.

"It'll have to be the parlour, miss," she said. "I know'd you was a lady directly you spoke. I can't ask the likes of you in the kitchen, and there ain't nowhere else but the parlour. And if she don't like it, she can just lump it."

"And who may she be?" Enid asked smilingly.

"Party in the parlour," the landlady explained tetchily. "Might be the Queen of Sheba by the airs she gives herself. Quite the aristocrat, I assure you, miss. Come here an hour ago in a great big car and in such a towering rage as nigh raised the roof. Seems as her man had run out of petrol. And she makes him go off to the nearest village, two miles, through a storm like this, on an old bike of my boy's to get some more. Must have a fire, she must, and nothing else. Just threw a sovereign at me and told me to 'old my tongue. Didn't want anybody to go near her till her man come back. But come along, miss."

With a fine show of determination the landlady led the way to a room on the far side of the passage and flung open the door. Enid had a vision of a small, cosy apartment with warm, red curtains and the bright flame of a crackling fire roaring up the chimney. Beside the blaze in a big armchair there reclined a slim, girlish figure enveloped in costly furs. It was impossible to see the face except dimly behind the cloudy veil. The woman's hands were bare, they were beautiful hands as Enid could see, sparkling with gem rings, of which indeed the owner wore far too many. A haughty voice demanded to know the meaning of this intrusion.

"It ain't a hintrusion," the aggrieved landlady retorted. "It's a lady the same as yourself. Lost her way, she 'ave, and waiting for the storm to go by. I've got to put her in 'ere, for there ain't nowhere else."

The speaker bustled out in search of Enid's biscuit and milk. The girl came forward tranquilly enough, and warmed her hands at the blazing fire. She did not feel called upon to make an apology. This was a public place, and she had as much right here as the haughty lady in the armchair.

"Would you do something for me?" the latter asked suddenly.

The question was asked civilly enough, and Enid's resentment vanished. She noticed the stranger smiling, as if amused by the odd figure she made in her oilskins.

"Certainly, if I can," she said.

"Then perhaps you would be good enough to address an envelope for me. I have slightly sprained my right wrist—I slipped on the wet step of the car just now. My dressing bag is on the table. You will find paper and envelopes inside, also a fountain pen."

"And please pardon me if I appeared to be rude just now. I am very much worried and anxious, though my trouble is largely of my own making. I ought not to be here at all; in fact, I ought to be miles away on the other side of the county. If only certain people knew—but there is no occasion to go into that. I think my chauffeur is the greatest idiot that ever drove a car. He is one of those conceited men who know everything. That's why he utterly misled me, and when things seemed to be at their worst he makes the discovery that he has no petrol. Can you wonder at my impatience?"

All this in a refined voice, beautifully modulated and sweetly musical. It seemed to Enid that there was just the suggestion of a foreign accent, though that might have been only a matter of imagination. Curiosity was not one of Enid's besetting sins, but she was conscious of quite a strong desire to see the face behind the filmy motor veil. She found the paper and envelopes in the dressing-bag, and also a tiny round wooden box, which contained something that rattled as she placed it on the table.

"Thank you so much," said the woman by the fire. "I see you have everything that you require. You will find some stamps there as well. Would you mind printing the address on the envelope? It is going to rather an illiterate person, and at the same time it is rather important. Now if you are ready: 'XYZ, Mr. J. Toller, Newsagent, 41, Bridge-street, London, E.C.' Thank you very much. Now may I trouble you to fold a sheet of notepaper and let me have it so that I can put this pattern inside. I daresay you have guessed that this is going to a dressmaker. Quite a clever woman, who, for motives of pride, I suppose, likes to conceal her identity. Her great gift is in the way of embroidery. Now, please open that little box and you will find some seed pearls inside."

"How many do you want?" Enid almost gasped.

"Ten," the woman said. "Exactly ten. I don't want to waste them. I'll seal the envelope. Thanks awfully."

## A Blind Trail.

It was fortunate, perhaps, for Enid that the woman by the fire was so busily engaged in sealing the envelope. During that moment the girl had time to recover herself and present a face of utter indifference. But, all the same, she was perfectly sure that she had hit upon a phase of the mystery which was at the bottom of all Phil Massingham's troubles.

Here was the same warning sent out in the same way, and no doubt a demand for money was conveyed by the sign of the ten pearls. And yet the woman sitting there by the fire, the exquisitely-dressed woman with the perfect voice and perfect manner, did not look in the least like an adventuress. She had all the air of one accustomed to command and for whom the path of life had been made smooth and easy. She had not shown the least suspicion, either; she had treated Enid quite openly enough. And yet, beyond a doubt, she must be a party to the great conspiracy, perhaps the leader of the whole thing.

To question her was impossible; such a course would have roused her suspicions at once. Obviously Enid's best plan was to display nothing in the shape of curiosity, though she would have given a good deal to know the name of the woman that fate had so strangely brought in her way. She half regretted the fact that she was here on an important errand on behalf of Massingham. Otherwise she would have followed her inclination to keep this woman and her car in sight and not turn back until she had discovered the woman's name and where she lived. It was quite certain that the landlady was unable to give this information, and it would never do to try to glean anything from the chauffeur.

## A Chase Through The Night.

Enid was still racking her brains when the door of the room opened and the landlady came in.

"Your man has come back, m'am," she said. "He says he is quite ready to go on. It don't rain now, either."

The woman by the fire sprang to her feet and hastily fastened up her furs. With a few muttered words of thanks to Enid, she swept out of the room. From outside came the steady purr of a big car which a moment later slid into the night. On the spur of the moment Enid made up her mind what to do. She would follow the car even if she had to waste a precious hour or so in doing so. She could easily afford to give a mile or two away in the shape of a start. She calculated that the car would stop somewhere in the county, for the woman had as good as said that she was not going beyond it. At the outside this would mean not more than a forty-mile run. If nothing happened Enid could carry out her intention and reach her original destination on the right side of midnight. And she would do it.

(To Be Continued.)

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