

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE V.C.'s EPITAPH BY HIS V.C. CHUM.



Lance-Corporal Fuller, V.C. He and Barber are the first Grenadier V.C.s since the Crimea.



Barber's father and mother.

As I was a great friend of Cousin Ted, & also the N. C. O. which he was under, I think it my duty to write & let you know what has happened to him. He was a great favourite in the Grenadiers Coy, from our Officer to the Ranks & was highly respected. He had won the highest Honour that could be won, The Victoria Cross, & by doing his duty, he was picked off by a German Sniper, & a bullet penetrated through his brain, death being instantaneous, your cousin feared nothing, & he was the finest man in wit & courage. The Grenade Company send their deepest sympathy.

Lance-Corporal Fuller's letter to his chum's cousin.



Private Barber, V.C. His home was at Tring.

Two heroes of Neuve Chapelle have won the Victoria Cross. They were chums together in the Grenadier Guards, and they went into battle together. But while Private Barber, V.C., has been killed in action, Lance-Corporal Fuller, V.C., lived to write his chum's epitaph in a letter sent to Barber's girl cousin. The modest hero praised his friend's courage in capturing, single-handed, large numbers of the enemy, but did not mention that he had himself won the V.C.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Pictures.)

DEATH SEPARATES GUARDSMEN CHUMS WHO WON THE V.C. TOGETHER

Grenadier Hero's Thoughts All For His Fallen Comrade. FORGOT HIS OWN REWARD. Village Lamplighter Gives All His Sons To The Army.



Lance-Corporal Fuller (on the left of the group in front) with his father and mother and brothers and sisters. He always wanted to be a soldier.

Private Edward Barber, Grenadier Guards. For most conspicuous bravery on March 12 at Neuve Chapelle. He ran speedily in front of the grenade company to which he belonged, and threw bombs on the enemy with such effect that a very great number of them at once surrendered. When the grenade party reached Private Barber they found him quite alone and unsupported, with the enemy surrendering all about him.

Lieut. W. D. Fuller, Grenadier Guards. For most conspicuous bravery at Neuve Chapelle on March 12. Seeing a party of the enemy endeavouring to escape along a communication trench, he ran towards them and killed the leading man with a bomb; the remainder (nearly 50) finding no means of evading his bombs, surrendered to him. Lance-Corporal Fuller was quite alone at the time.

Round these two announcements, which appeared in the *Daily Sketch* yesterday, there hangs a story which is not told in the official War Office news in the *London Gazette*.

When the *Daily Sketch* visited Barber's father the old man had just received news of his son's death in a subsequent fight. The letter is reproduced on the front page.

The two V.C.'s were "pals," and the letter was sent by Fuller to a cousin of Barber's.

The striking point about Fuller's letter is that though he was in the same fight, and, like Barber, captured a crowd of Germans single-handed, and was awarded the V.C., he makes no mention of it.

I must conclude with best respects.—(Signed) Lance-Corporal W. Fuller.

"They have killed our Ted," sorrowfully observed Mr. William Barber to me yesterday. "But," he added, speaking with paternal pride, "I've got three more boys doing their bit for their country."

Mr. Barber and his wife live in a cottage in Tring. He is the local lamplighter, but despite his humble calling he is the proudest man in that small community. And he has every reason to be.

Lance-Corporal Fuller's letter was forwarded to me a few days ago," he said, "and it was a great blow to his mother and myself, but we are proud of our youngest lad. Ted was only 21. He joined the Grenadiers before the war. In his letters to us he never said much about the fighting, but was always bright and cheerful, and said he was getting on fine.

"I've given all my sons to the Army now. That is about as much as a village lamplighter can do, eh?" queried the father in a tone of pride.

"The other three boys joined the colours when the call came, and two are at the front, while the third is getting ready." He is in training with his battalion at Peterborough.

In a recent letter home Fuller made just a brief reference to his distinction. "Isn't it an honour for me to receive it?" was his modest comment.

One of the first of a long stream of callers who showered congratulations on the family yesterday was Private Speran, a friend of the Lance-Corporal's, who is at home recovering from a wound received at La Bassée. Speran is one of the hero's old chums.

"No one is more delighted," he exclaimed, "that our old teetotal pal, as we used to call him (Fuller is a lifelong abstainer), has got the V.C."

Another caller was the Mayor of Mansfield, Alderman Maltby, who brought the congratulations of the Corporation and of the Duke of Portland. The Union Jack was hoisted at the Town Hall and over the Fullers' home.

HOW BARBER, V.C., DIED IN ACTION

Friend Who Is Coming Home To Shake Mother's Hand.

From Our Special Correspondent.

TRING, Tuesday.

I thought I was coming to Tring with the best of news for the father of a hero. With the *London Gazette* in my pocket, announcing that the V.C. had been awarded to Private Edward Barber, of the Grenadier Guards, I looked forward to seeing the proudest man in Britain—Mr. William Barber, the Grenadier's father.

Pride there was—but there was sorrow too. News had just been received that young Barber was killed.

The news of his death has reached his parents through a letter from Lance-Corporal W. D.

WISHES HE HAD MORE TO GIVE.

"Will Ted's V.C. be an inspiration to them? I should just think so. And even if no V.C. had come to the family it would be just the same.

"I only wish I had some more boys to send. They should all go."

The three remaining sons of the Barber family who are with the colours are:—

Alfred Barber, R.A.M.C.
William Chas. Barber, 1st Herts (Territorials).
Ernest Barber, 2nd Herts (Territorials).

The two first-named have been at the front for some weeks.

THE D.S.O. AND V.C. TOO.

Doubly-Proved Heroism Of A Lieutenant Of Engineers.

Lieut. Cyril Martin, of the Royal Engineers, upon whom the Victoria Cross has just been conferred, is believed to be the only officer who has won both this and the Distinguished Service Order during the present war.

He is the son of the Rev. John Martin, Principal of the Church Missionary College, Foochow, and was born in China 24 years ago. Since early childhood he has lived in Bath. He is an old boy of Bath College and Clifton.

Following the retreat from Mons the young officer, with a platoon of Engineers, captured and held a German trench until reinforcements arrived. He was shot through the shoulder and bayoneted through the hand, but stuck grimly to the task until relief came. The D.S.O. rewarded this exploit.

He was invalided home, and only returned to the front a few days before the affair at Spanbroek Molen, in which his little party of seven men held back German reinforcements for nearly two and a half hours.

In this fight, which has earned him the V.C., he was again twice wounded, so that in two engagements he has received four wounds and won the two highest possible awards for gallantry.



ALFRED BARBER, R.A.M.C. WILLIAM BARBER, Herts Territorials. Two brothers of Pte. Barber, V.C., are at the front.

A MOTHER'S MODESTY.

Knew Her Son Had Won V.C. But, Like Him, Said Nothing.

From Our Special Correspondent.

MANSFIELD, Tuesday.

Lance-Corporal Fuller, Barber's distinguished comrade, is a Mansfield lad. His parents live at Mansfield, and the intimation that he had won the Victoria Cross was unofficially conveyed to them some days ago, but they discreetly said nothing about it pending official confirmation.

It was a proud and happy mother I found at the little house on Skerry Hill yesterday.

"I was always proud of our 'Wilf,' but now everybody in Mansfield is proud of him."

This was the fond mother's answer to an almost needless question. "No one knows," she added, with a break in her voice, "how pleased I am he has got the V.C., but, oh I want to shake my boy by the hand and kiss him."

"I want to say 'Lad, you have done well to your father and mother.'"

Fuller's father is a night deputy at a local colliery. He feared going to work yesterday, he told me.

"I am afraid of the fuss they will make of me," he confessed. "If they want to make any fuss, let them hold themselves until my boy comes home. He deserves it."

Mr. Fuller said that his boy always wanted to be a soldier, and three years ago, when he was 19, he enlisted in the Grenadiers. He was a footballer of local fame, and was a good gymnast and boxer, while he was a popular member of the Forest Town Bugle Band.



Mr. Fuller, senior. He was a footballer of local fame, and was a good gymnast and boxer, while he was a popular member of the Forest Town Bugle Band.

Fuller, his "pal," who also won the greatest military distinction on the same day at Neuve Chapelle.

The letter was written to a cousin of the fallen hero. It is a typical soldier's letter. While paying the warmest tribute to his dead comrade and announcing the fact that Barber had won "the highest honour that could be won—the Victoria Cross," Fuller refrained from any mention of the fact that he, too, had won the V.C.

A MOST NOBLE MAN.

Here is the letter:—

Dear Miss,—As I was a great friend of your cousin Ted, and also the N.C.O. he was under, I think it my duty to write and let you know what has happened to him.

He was a great favourite in the Grenadiers' Company—from the officers to the lowest rank—and was highly respected.

He had won the highest honour that could be won—the Victoria Cross—and while doing his duty he was picked off by a German sniper. The bullet penetrated his brain, death being instantaneous.

Your cousin feared nothing, and he was the finest man we had, both in wit and courage.

I wish you would send me his mother's address, as I am expecting to come home on leave shortly, and I would be very pleased to see the parents of a most noble man.

I enclose the letter I opened to procure the address of some relatives to whom to write.

The Grenade Company send their deepest sym-

BE-KIND-TO-GERMANY M.P.'S MUST GO.

Constituencies In Revolt Against Men Who Want Unreal Peace. OFFICIALS PULLING STRINGS.

Why The British Elector Must Not Be Misrepresented.

Public opinion is expressing itself vigorously in the constituencies represented by men with "doubtful" views on the war. There are probably not more than two dozen anti-war cranks in the whole country; but as long as they remain members of Parliament people outside Great Britain are liable to think that their opinions are important.

This is why every constituency should take steps to see that it is represented by a member

Real British Labour Men.

While some Labour and Liberal M.P.s are expressing "Be-kind-to-Germany" sentiments, others are serving the country as follows:—

Mr. Arthur Walsh, son of Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., Labour M.P. for the Ince Division of Lancashire, has just been gazetted a lieutenant.

Mr. John Ward, Labour M.P. for Stoke, is captain of the "Navvies' Battalion."

Mr. Arthur Henderson, Labour M.P. for Barnard Castle, has two sons serving in the forces.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., and Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., are prominent among the speakers at recruiting meetings.

with British views on the war and on the need of fighting to a finish.

But the officials are pulling the strings very skilfully in some of these constituencies, and unless the local public make their opinion felt they will find themselves still misrepresented in the House of Commons after the General Election.

JOHN BURNS SAYS NOTHING.

Mr. John Burns is an enigma to his old supporters in Battersea, who are rapidly falling away from him. Since he left the Cabinet he has never spoken anywhere, and he has not helped recruiting or attended any local meeting.

To all appeals he has either answered that he is too busy, or he has not answered at all, and his political workers have taken their cue from him.

The Unionist candidate, Commandant Viscount Curzon, is second in command of the Queen Elizabeth, and the electorate is comparing the activities of the two men.

KEIR HARDIE'S TAME OFFICIALS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MERTHYR, Tuesday.

Mr. Keir Hardie's war attitude has disgusted the rank and file of his supporters, as was shown by the demonstration against him at Aberdare in the early days of war. But there is no sign of perturbation among the party officials, who moved their views on to accord with Hardie's latest pronouncements.

It is fairly certain that an early election would dismiss Keir Hardie, but his retirement at present would be only brought about by a breakdown in health, which rumour says may occur at any time. He maintains an absolute mastery of party officials.

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S SILENCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LEICESTER, Tuesday.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's attitude on the war has aroused deep resentment in his constituency; but it would be a mistake to think that he is likely to be repudiated by his own party.

If there were an election to-morrow he would be nominated as Labour candidate, but would lose the support of Liberals and would be defeated.

Of late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, while refraining from saying one word in support of recruiting, has urged workers to do their best to provide all essential supplies, and has declared we must see the war through.

At the same time he is always talking of peace.

MR. SNOWDEN ON RECRUITING.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BLACKBURN, Tuesday.

Controversy has been aroused in Blackburn district over the attitude of Mr. Philip Snowden on the war. It is claimed that he has not fully defined his position.

Returning to the constituency after his Colonial tour, he said, on the subject of recruiting, that he was not prepared to ask anyone to make a sacrifice he was not able to perform himself. Enlistment concerned a man's own conscience, and the man remaining at home ought not to be persecuted.

HAPPY SUNDAYS IN STORE.

An Antidote Necessary For Home Troubles.

"My wife commands me to write to thank you for the very fine reading and splendid pictures you give us in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. She looks forward to the paper every Sunday morning, and makes a practice of having half-an-hour with the pictures after breakfast.

"Household duties keep her pretty busy for a large part of the day, and then when the opportunity arrives in the afternoon or evening she reads your splendid articles, gossip, etc.

"Permit me to add my own thanks to those of my wife. I find the *Herald* cheers up my wife. It puts her in a good humour, and our Sundays are much brighter in consequence. And I enjoy the *Herald* myself."

This testimony from a Birmingham man is typical of many letters received by the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, the brightest and best week-end picture paper. It is a paper that is warmly welcomed in every home, and appeals to every member of the family.

In these trying days, when the prices of food and all home materials are continually rising, the wives have more worries than ever. Their tempers suffer. Can you wonder?

Husbands who buy the *Sunday Herald* make the home brighter. If you have not given your order, do so now. Next Sunday there will be another splendid array of special articles by the finest writers, and a splendid series of exclusive pictures.

To-day's weather will probably be colder and showery, with fine intervals, frosty at night.

MR. ASQUITH ON SHORTAGE OF MUNITIONS OF WAR.

PREMIER'S ADDRESS TO MUNITIONS WORKERS

Shortage Of Supplies Due To Unprecedented Expenditure.

AN INCREASED OUTPUT ESSENTIAL.

Rush To The Ranks Reduces Supply Of Skilled Labour.

DISAPPOINTING SPEECH.

Mr. Asquith delivered his promised speech to the munitions workers at Newcastle last night.

Much was expected from the address. Its chief effect will be to cause widespread disappointment.

The Premier spoke for 40 minutes, but the wealth of words contained nothing to rouse the lethargic or whip the unwilling into activity.

He praised employers and workers, and placed the responsibility for shortage of supplies upon "the unprecedented scale on which ammunition has been expended on both sides."

'WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS.'

Workmen's Promise Greet The Premier.

The meeting took place in the Palace Theatre, Newcastle, in which between 5,000 and 6,000 men from the munitions workshops and shipyards were packed. The Lord Mayor of Newcastle presided.

Over the Premier's head, as he rose to address the gathering, floated a banner with the promise: "We'll deliver the goods."

Mr. Asquith, who was received with musical honours, said he had come there to speak not only to the men of Newcastle and Tyneside, but through them to the men of the North-East Coast.

If they asked him why he was there, his answer was that in no other area in the British Empire—not even in Flanders nor in France—were her national fortunes or her success in the greatest struggle in which she had been engaged more intimately bound up with the efforts and the energies, with the patriotism and the self-devotion of those who, like his hearers, were specially called by the supreme exigencies of the time and by their own capacities and opportunities to render their best services to the State.

We were now in the ninth month of the most terrible conflict ever known.

From the onlooker the rarest of all virtues, patience, was called for.

The demand for men and material was on so vast a scale that it might be said, without substantial exaggeration, that the whole nation was taking part in the war.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

The armies fighting at the front, like the armies being brought into being here, were drawn to a degree never known before from all classes and sections of the people.

It was not far from the truth to say that there were very few houses which had not voluntarily and spontaneously contributed of their best manhood to the fighting forces of the Crown.

This was a war not only of men but of material. This was a nation's war. No man among us was worthy of the name of British citizen who was not taking his part in it. (Cheers.) It was that aspect he wanted to impress upon them.

In the early days of the war he appealed for recruits. We obtained the largest and finest body of men who ever followed the colours. (Cheers.) The spirit which had enabled us to make good our casualties could be described only as the spirit of self-sacrifice.

"We need," said the Premier, "the same spirit in other important departments of war with which we are concerned to-night."

PREMIER'S DENIAL.

"I am not here," he proceeded, "to allege remissness. Never has there been better equipment.

I saw the statement recently that our work was being crippled at the front by lack of supplies. There is not a word of truth in that statement. (Loud cheers.)

If it were true it would discourage our Allies and encourage our enemies.

Nor is it true that the Government has only lately become alive to the importance of this matter.

"In the early days—as far back as September last—I appointed a Committee of the Cabinet, presided over by Lord Kitchener, and the efforts of this Committee largely increased the supplies.

"Nor is it true to say there has been general

slackness on the part either of employers or employees.

"Some employers register 67 to 69 hours per week per man. The situation can be otherwise explained."

"It is due to the unprecedented scale on which ammunition has been expended on both sides. It is due to the shortage of skilled labour, to the employment of machinery and the success of recruiting." (Cheers.)

They might ask him what the Government proposed to do, and what the men were asked to do.

There was not (he said) a naval or military expert who did not reply that a rapid increase of munitions was most essential.

It was there that every industrial area could give its help.

Sacrifices were called for from employer, employed, and taxpayer alike, and he believed all these men were willing to make sacrifices as their contribution to the burden of the war. These sacrifices were:—

Limitation of profits.
Temporary suspension of restrictive rules and customs.

Provision of reasonable compensation in cases of proved injury or loss.

NO UNDUE PROFITS.

As to profits, we should all agree that those who were supplying the State with munitions of war should not be entitled to undue profit.

Certainly there was a general agreement that restrictive regulations, whether as to output or demarcation—regulations founded upon long experience—should be suspended during the war, to be resumed hereafter.

The agreement had been arrived at in some instances, and he would like to appeal to all men to assent to it.

He congratulated the Tyneside men upon the example they had set in the committee which had already begun its successful work at Newcastle. He had the best reports of the early operations of the committee. It was now devoting itself to bringing in skilled labour to fill the vacant places in the great armament works.

"I state my own conviction," said the Premier, "when I say that once the productive factories are organised and mobilised all will be well."

"I remember your message: 'Masters and men together will deliver the goods.'"

"That is what, in the name of King and country, we ask you to do."

NO CONSCRIPTION YET.

Lord Kitchener "Very Grateful" At Response To Recruiting Call.

Mr. Lloyd George stated yesterday in the House of Commons that the Government had no reason to believe that the war would be more successfully prosecuted by conscription.

The Secretary of State for War was very gratified at the response that had been made to the call for recruits.

'BE FRIENDS WITH ENGLAND.'

Amusing Official Kite-Flying In The German Papers.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

According to information I have received from usually well-informed circles, the discussion in Berlin as to whether England or Russia is Germany's principal enemy is considered to be inspired in high official quarters.

Many politicians have an idea that the Government want to prepare public opinion for an understanding with England, and in ultra-Conservative circles the discussion is regarded as being extremely important.

Although some Bismarckian papers continue to declare that the smashing of England is a *sine qua non*, the friendlier tone towards England is gaining ground.—Exchange Special.

MAN-HUNT IN MANXLAND.

Three Prisoners Escape From Detention But Are Speedily Recaptured.

When roll was called yesterday morning at Douglas detention camp for German and Austrian prisoners three prisoners failed to answer, and as they could not be found in camp it was presumed they had escaped during the night.

Search was at once commenced, and the three men were captured at seven o'clock last evening by a police search party at Kirk Santon, seven miles from the camp, in which about 2,000 prisoners are detained.

The men were seen on the railway track by an policeman, who communicated with the police.

The two German officers who escaped from a military camp near Denbigh and were recaptured after several days' liberty will be tried by military court-martial at Chester on Friday.

WAITING FOR HIGH SEA FLEET.

Passengers who arrived at Plymouth yesterday from South Africa expressed the conviction that German South-West Africa will soon be in the complete possession of the Union forces. According to German officers who have been taken prisoner they expected to be able to last out only another two months, and they said the German High Sea Fleet would put out to aid them before that.

NAVAL HEROES OF THE DARDANELLES.

Picket Boats' Thrilling Dash To Destroy The E15.

SHELLED BY FORTS AT POINT-BLANK RANGE.

From The Admiralty.

The submarine E15, which grounded on Kephez Point last Saturday, appears to have been in danger of falling into the enemy's hands in a serviceable condition, and great efforts were made by the Turks to secure her.

Attempts to destroy her by the long range fire of battleships failed.

During the night of the 18th two picket boats, that of H.M.S. Triumph, under Lieut.



Lt. C. H. Godwin.



Lt.-Com. E. G. Robinson.

—(Russell.)

Commander Eric Robinson, who commanded the expedition, assisted by Lieut. Arthur Brooke Webb, R.N.R., and Midshipman John Woolley, and that of H.M.S. Majestic, under Lieut. Claude Godwin, both manned by volunteer crews, attacked the submarine.

The boats were subjected to a very heavy fire, estimated at over 200 rounds, from Fort No. 8, which was only a few hundred yards distant, and a number of smaller guns at short range.

Notwithstanding this the submarine was torpedoed and rendered useless.

The Majestic's picket boat was holed and sunk, but the crew were saved by the other boats, and the only casualty was one man, who died of his wounds.

Lieut.-Commander Eric Robinson has been promoted Commander by the Admiralty, and a report has been called for on the individual services of the other officers and men with a view to their recognition.

LOST 18,000 IN TWO DAYS.

Austro-Germans' Heavy Casualties In The Carpathians.

BASLE, Tuesday.

Advices to hand from various sources show that the Russians last Saturday lost some positions near the Uszok Pass, but recaptured them on Sunday, and also threw the Austrians out of several important positions.

The Germans and Austrians lost 18,000 men during this fighting.

A telegram from Vienna states that captured Russian officers at Cracow declare that in three weeks' time the Russians will be in possession of new guns of enormous power and range.—Central News.

"AMERICA FIRST," SAYS WILSON.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

Speaking to-day at the annual luncheon of the Associated Press (America's great news-distributing agency), President Wilson said:—

Our duty, for the present at any rate, is summed up in this motto: "America first."

Let us think of America before we think of Europe, in order that America may be fit to be Europe's friend when the day of tested friendship comes.

The test of sympathy is not now sympathy for either side, but of getting ready to help both sides when the struggle is over.

The basis of neutrality is sympathy for mankind, not self-interest or indifference.—Exchange.

BULOW SELLS HIS ROMAN VILLA.

ROME, Tuesday.

The *Secolo* states that Prince Bulow has sold to the Prince Paolo di Camporeale his villa in Rome "in order to avoid troubles."—Central News.

A Bride of the Plains

By BARONESS ORCZY, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," begins in the

DAILY SKETCH on MONDAY.

Extra Late Edition.

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT BY THE BRITISH.

"Gallantry And Determination" That Won The Hill Top.

VERY IMPORTANT POSITION.

Sir John French Tells Of Heavy Losses In Week-End Battle.

FROM SIR JOHN FRENCH.

Monday.

On Saturday evening we exploded a mine under Hill 60, on the Ypres-Comines railway, just west of Zwartelees.

This was immediately followed by an attack which gained possession of the whole of the enemy's trenches on the hill.

The enemy suffered heavily from the explosion, and we took two officers and 15 men prisoners.

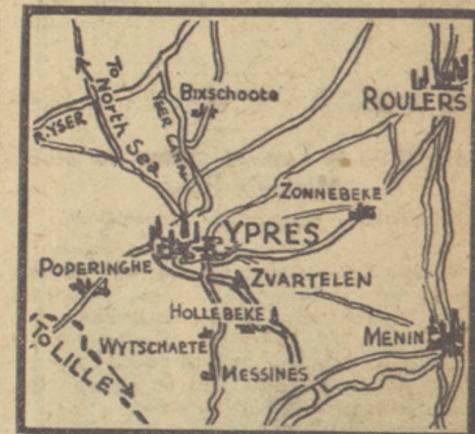
In spite of a heavy bombardment, which caused many casualties, the trenches captured were put in a state of defence during the night.

BATTLE AT DAWN.

The enemy renewed the bombardment towards morning and followed this at 6.30 a.m. with a determined counter-attack.

This attack was pressed home, and stiff hand-to-hand fighting ensued.

Our infantry, fighting with great gallantry and determination, and well supported by the



artillery, drove off the enemy with complete success.

Our losses were very heavy, but the Germans suffered still more severely, particularly from our machine guns, which caught them in close order in the open.

Throughout Saturday the enemy repeatedly renewed his attack, making desperate efforts to regain the position, which is of great importance.

GAINED A FOOTING.

At one time he succeeded in gaining a footing on the southern slopes of the hill, but was promptly driven back again.

At nightfall the whole hill was in our hands, and the ground gained had been consolidated.

This morning the enemy's attack had ceased, but he continued to bombard the hill. In the later fighting two more officers and 30 men were captured, making a total of four officers and 45 men.

The statement in a recent German official communication that we had been using asphyxiating gases in the Ypres district is false, and was doubtless made to justify the use of these gases, which have been freely employed by the enemy in his attacks on Hill 60.

Germany signed the clause in the Hague Convention eliminating the use of asphyxiating gas.

ARTILLERY BATTLES IN FRANCE.

French Official News.

PARIS, 11 p.m., Tuesday.

Fifty incendiary shells were dropped on Rheims. In Champagne and in the Argonne there has been artillery fighting without the intervention of infantry.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle, in the Bois de Mortmare, near the Flirey-Essey road, our attacks achieved some slight progress.

In the Bois de Prete the enemy, after violently bombarding our positions in the region of the Croix des Carmes, made an attempt at an attack, which was instantly stopped by our artillery.

There was a fairly lively cannonade, and some outpost fighting at the edge of the Forest of Parroy.

Yesterday evening two German counter-attacks against the Hartmannswillerkopf were repulsed.—Reuter.

PARIS, 3 p.m., Tuesday.

There is nothing to add to yesterday evening's statement as far as operations in Lorraine and the Vosges are concerned.

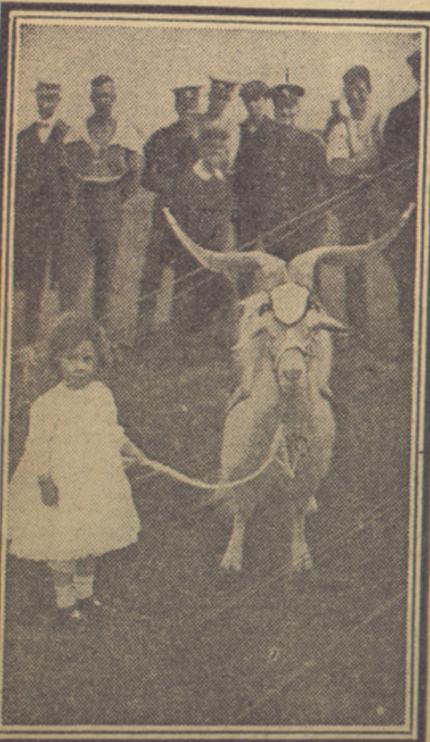
On the rest of the front there have been particularly lively artillery actions in the Soissons district, in the Rheims sector, and in the Argonne.—Reuter.

THEIR RECEPTION.



The wounded at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, daily hold informal receptions. Their friends hand them cigarettes and flowers.

THE LATE TAFFY IV.



Taffy IV. went to the front with his regiment and died there. A short time ago we published a picture of his grave.

TOMMY ALWAYS ENJOYS THE DAILY SKETCH.



This photograph of three soldiers in a town in Northern France enjoying the *Daily Sketch* has reached us from the Alfieri Picture Service. We are constantly receiving photographs of the *Daily Sketch* in the trenches and barrack-room. It is the picture paper of the soldiers.

ENGAGED TO ARMY OFFICERS.



Miss Joyce Shore. Miss Shore is the fiancée of Lieut. K. M. Cave, R.E., the son of our Consul-General at Algiers; and Miss Field, a daughter of Colonel C. Field, is to wed Lieut. C. E. Eagles, Royal Marine Light Infantry.—(Lafayette.)



TOMMY FINDS THE RACECOURSE A PLEASANT CHANGE.



A few of our soldiers who were pleased at the opportunity of watching the racing at Epsom yesterday gave the police a helping hand in keeping the crowd back from the course.

The OUTDOOR GIRL

must use Ven-Yusa, the Oxygen Face Cream, to protect her skin from the ravages of the weather and over-exertion.

No one can stand exposure to all kinds of weather and still preserve a delicate softness of the skin without adopting some toilet aid.

All that one needs do to keep the skin in good condition is to gently massage the face, neck, hands and arms with Ven-Yusa directly after the game, whether it be tennis, boating, motor-ing, golfing, etc.

No matter how hot the sun or how keen the wind, Ven-Yusa protects the skin within and without, and assures that healthy lustre of the complexion in which the "sports" girl is sadly too often deficient. Ven-Yusa is



The Oxygen Face Cream.



Ven-Yusa is sold by Chemists in 1/- jars or is obtainable direct from the Proprietors, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

WATERY PIMPLES ALL OVER BABY'S FACE

Itched and Burned. Came On Hands As Well. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed in Three Weeks.

19, Warren St., Moricetown, Devon, Eng.—"My baby's face came out in watery pimples. I thought it was the chicken pox, but found it spread all over his face. We could not sleep at nights with him, as his face used to itch and burn so bad. Then we tried him with gloves, but at last it came on his hands as well."

"The eruptions nearly covered his face. He was a sight to see. Then I sent for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I only put it on the one day before we could see a change. I used to wash him with the Soap and then put on the Ointment. After using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment for two or three weeks it healed up lovely." (Signed) Mrs. L. Pearce, July 16, 1914.

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Ask for it at your Store
H. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,
Coffee Specialists,
Glasgow.

DELIVER THE GOODS.

MR. ASQUITH missed an unparalleled opportunity last night. The North of England had asked for facts. Mr. Asquith gave them platitudes. The workers asked how to "get along with it." Mr. Asquith repeats the tiresome sermons that pass muster in the House of Commons.

WE are left wondering what all the noise has been about. There has been "no slackness" among the workers. There has been no lack of supplies for the Army. Employers and workmen have co-operated like turtle-doves. There has been no remissness by the Government. The Cabinet actually thought they might need war supplies as long ago as September. A Committee was appointed to increase the supplies of the necessary things. Then why worry? Why allow Mr. Lloyd George to inform the world that the British working man is a drunkard and a slacker? Why trespass upon the valuable time of Mr. George Macaulay Booth?

MR. ASQUITH speaks about "patience" from the spectators. The spectators have been patient as no public has ever been before. They have watched the pitiable spectacle of a Government muddling through in the hearty old British way. They have tried to imagine what was happening at the front in default of every kind of information.

NOW for the first time these spectators are losing patience. There is no sign from beginning to end of the speech that the Government realises what the war means. Mr. Asquith talks about the whole nation being at war. He tells the workers that sacrifices are needed from all classes. What is the use of the whole nation being at war if the Government will not show them how to take part in it effectively?

THE only concrete thing in the speech damns the Government. This is Mr. Asquith's admission that the real cause of the shortage of munitions—which he tells us by the way does not exist—is that recruiting has been so good. In other words, the men needed for skilled work at home have been sent to man the trenches in Flanders. With all the manhood of the British Isles to choose from, this is a deplorable admission. With or without compulsory enlistment, a Government which knew its business would see that such things did not happen. Nothing is said as to how this is to be prevented in future. Judging by the record of the Government up to date no plan has been devised as to the way in which it is to be prevented.

THE rest of the speech is a rehash of the feeble generalities of which we have heard too much. More skilled labour is wanted. Works constructed for other purposes should be used for war work. If the production of munitions is organised and mobilised "all will be well."

ALL will be well—some day. All the sacrifices of the country will not be thrown away—someday. All the patriotism and resources of the country will be usefully employed—someday, if the war is not over by then and the enemy will kindly wait until we are really quite ready.

WHAT a sorry confession for a great country in the midst of the war for its existence. If Mr. Asquith had nothing more useful to say it would have been far better for him to keep silence. The country could have supposed that the Government was in earnest. As it is, the nation will judge the Government by its spokesman and will find it wanting.

IT is a dangerous thing to change Governments in the midst of a war. But it may be less dangerous than losing the war by ineptitude. Many things have been tolerated from this Government because of the desire not to embarrass the actual governors of England. The time has now come when we must ask if too high a price may not be paid for a nominal unity. Such a price would be national inefficiency.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

The Tsar's Cheap Cigars.

I HEAR that the Tsar, who is now at the front, has a very democratic taste in cigars. A general on his Imperial Majesty's staff tells me that Nicholas II. is intensely fond of green cigars—the cheapest obtainable in the Russian Empire. Similarly, many Frenchmen of wealth and position prefer the commonest "Caporal" cigarettes to the most costly products of Turkey and Egypt.

The Front As A Health Resort.

EVERYONE who has seen the Prince of Wales since his return, on leave, last week, remarks how well he looks and how he has developed since going to the front. It must be particularly healthy work, for one who was with Prince Arthur of Connaught in France during the week-end tells me that H.R.H. is inches bigger than he was six months ago. The strange thing regarding the Prince of Wales is that he is an abnormally small eater, yet retains a vitality and a power of endurance which are remarkable. The Prince, by the way, returns to his duties at headquarters this week.

A Special Mission.



THIS is a snapshot of the Hon. John Ward, an extra Equerry to the King, who has just returned to London from a special mission to France. He went to convey his Majesty's wishes to Prince Arthur of Connaught to decorate General Manoury with the regalia and medal of Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of St. Michael and St. George. Mr. Ward also had another mission, but this I am not allowed to divulge.

Gallant General Manoury.

THE British Expeditionary Force, or, rather, that portion of it which participated in the memorable retreat from Mons, entertain the liveliest recollections of General Manoury's brilliant strategy in supporting the British right wing during the retreat; indeed, but for his tenacity and skill things might have been much worse for the khaki boys. Truly, he deserves well the great honour his Majesty has bestowed upon him. And now he is laid low by a sniper's bullet. His condition is precarious, but it is thought that he will pull through.

Mr. Asquith in The Train.

DO YOU know how Mr. Asquith travels? When going a long railway journey he betrays some small signs of impatience; he soon wearies of reading, and he seems to dislike talking for more than a few minutes at a time. He occasionally smokes a cigar, and displays his fidgetiness by constantly knocking off the ash before there is any accumulation worth attention. He must at all costs keep his mind occupied, and as he nears the end of his journey and realises that his speech is nearly due he seems happier.

And Lord Kitchener.

VERY DIFFERENT from the Prime Minister is the Chief of the War Office; he is calmness personified. He snuggles down into a corner seat, and one might think that he would be happy and contented there for a whole day. Given a congenial companion, he is quite willing to chat on any subject except the one that is uppermost in the minds of us all just now. He appears to appreciate a book of travel or biography, rather than a daily or weekly publication.

Prosaic.

I MET a member of Parliament limping along in Whitehall yesterday. No, he had not come back from the war, the injury was due to a cause much more prosaic. He keeps a little pony for his children, and on Saturday was leading it back to the stable when it trod on his foot. The victim was Dr. Addison, who sometimes works at the Local Government Board up to as late as nine o'clock at night. He is one of the many members who are too busy to attend the House.

The New Sandhurst.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS YOUTHS who have decided to take up a military career as a result of the new facilities for entering Sandhurst and Woolwich need be under no delusion that theirs will be an easy life. Kitchener is not offering them scholarships for fun. I hear that St. Cyr is to be the model for the British Army school of the future, and St. Cyr means work!

Bored Royalty.

HELD up by a temporary block in the traffic at the Piccadilly end of Bond-street on Monday afternoon was a large motor-car containing King Manuel and Queen Augusta. And not a soul in the street, except myself, seemed to recognise them! The Portuguese ex-monarch, by the way, looked dreadfully serious; Queen Augusta looked frankly bored. I had just seen them at the Bach-Beethoven-Brahms concert. Was that why they looked serious and bored?

Why Not Return The Compliment?

SEVERAL BRITISH soldiers, officers and rank and file, have received French decorations, including the Médaille Militaire, the biggest thing going. No French soldier has been decorated by us. Why not? people are asking.

A Warning To Lonely Officers.

I AM TOLD that at least one of the many sympathetic ladies who have been offering, through newspaper "agony" columns, to write to lonely soldiers is of German nationality, and that a young officer, who, for a joke, answered such an advertisement, had his suspicions aroused by the curiosity of his unknown correspondent about points that might have been useful to the enemy.

Generous Bookmakers.

PEOPLE who are so fond of sneering at bookmakers may be interested to learn that one of the biggest firms of turf agents in the West End have placed their magnificent offices and the use of their staff free of charge at the disposal of one of the most deserving of the war charities. And have insisted that their names shall not be mentioned.

French—As She Was.

A CHANGE is gradually coming over the French comic papers the last few weeks. When the war started they suddenly became very serious. The alluring designs of Fabiano and Kirchner were replaced by war photographs, and those who made the drawing of lingerie and what it barely concealed a fine art must have starved for a while. Now business is as usual.

Water-Rate Comedy.

A COMEDY is being enacted at one of the war-relief organisations. New premises have been let to them free; they have had their taxes forgiven them—or whatever the phrase is; I have never experienced it—the electric light people charge them only a nominal sum. But, I am told, the water-rate has to be paid, though the officials of the good Samaritans have refused, and dared the water authorities to cut off the supply.

The Man Who Played The Goat.

THERE is a porter at a West End club who is very sick. Early in the war he joined a crack infantry regiment. A week or two ago, after six months' hard training, he put out one of his toes while climbing the cliffs at the seaside town where his regiment was stationed. He has now been discharged as unfit for service, and has returned to his old post at the club, while his comrades are under orders for the front.

Heaps Of Pictures.



I HAVE JUST had sent to me an A.B.C. book. I don't know why. I thought I had passed that stage. But this is not an ordinary toy book. It concerns the war, and is much more artistic than such productions usually are. This you will guess, anyway, when I tell you that it is illustrated by Chris Heaps, whose work you probably know. (This, by the way, is his own impression of himself.) Although he has lived in London some years now, Chris Heaps is really Yorkshire. He was born at Bardsey, Leeds, the birthplace of William Congreve. He tells me nobody in the district mentions that, however—about Congreve, I mean. They don't think it quite respectable.

He Will Not Do It At The Front.

THE OFFICERS in a certain regiment have to go through the day's training under exactly the same conditions as the men, and carry the same sized pack. One of the officers for a long time amazed his colleagues by showing extraordinary agility and energy in spite of this fact, until a few days ago his secret was divulged. He had been filling his pack mostly with an air-cushion!

The Anti-Fly Crusade.

IF YOU can't kill Germans kill germs.

An English Artiste.

"FLORODORA" has been transferred to the Aldwych Theatre, and the part of Lady Holyhood therein has now been transferred to Miss Clara Beck, who is a great favourite and splendidly English. I saw her the other night at Ciro's, by the way, looking very full of life. Miss Beck is chiefly to the fore when pantomimes are on, when she is a dashing principal boy. Principal boys, by the way, are always described as "dashing." She was in the original version of "The Passing Show" for some time, and sang a recruiting song with much vigour. In that rather tedious morality play at Drury Lane—"Everywoman"—she played "Vice," and tried to look appropriately vicious.



"Wild Thyme."

"WILD THYME," the new Comedy play, which I saw on Monday night, is a pretty severe test for adapter, actors, and audience. You see, it is all rather embarrassing, just because here in England we find naughtiness in what in France is refreshingly natural. I don't suppose the majority of French farces are consciously and deliberately prurient. They just reflect the national way of looking at things.

Mary Rorke As Grandmother.

HERE THE "thing" is marriage. Honeymoon humours when the bridegroom is replaced by a lover at the last moment, and the pair are welcomed by a dear old grandmother who thinks of marriage and all that appertaineth thereto very strenuously needn't be explained here. But Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss show plenty of tact; but Mary Rorke as the grandmother will be responsible for the success which I venture to predict for this rather charming play.

They Were All There.

I THINK I shall have to stop giving lists of "first-nighters," or leave the job to "Mrs. Gossip." I can only tell you who they were, but she can tell you what they wear. Without being disrespectful, the Comedy contained "the same old crew." For particulars refer to back numbers of the *Daily Sketch* *prissim*.

Sir Herbert's New "Business."

I MANAGED to see one act of "Oliver Twist"—a brilliant revival. There was a new Oliver, Mavis Yorke, the little girl who used to dance in "Where the Rainbow Ends." She is a pretty child, with a considerable idea of acting, although rather tall for the part. Sir Herbert Tree was very funny as Fagin—I fancy, from the giggles of a party of friends and relatives in a stage box, new "comic business" was being introduced. Mr. H. F. Dickens was present.

A Real "Thriller."

IF YOU want to see a real war "thriller," go to the Coliseum and have your nerves wrung by "The Debt," a German spy play, by Wilfrid Coleby, in which Lena Ashwell is appearing. Not only will you make the acquaintance of a terribly realistic superspy in his flat in Whitehall, but you will see slowly emerge from a chest a huge gun, which is to blow up all the Cabinet, who, as the spy knows, are having a meeting in the building opposite.

Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms In Britain.

WE ENGLISH are really rather a tolerant lot. Yet, perhaps, it is not tolerance so much as the fact that we have good sense enough to realise that music is above national differences that has made possible at a time like this a festival in honour of three very German German musicians, Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Can you imagine a whole week in a Berlin concert hall devoted to the works of three British musicians, supposing that three such existed of the same mighty calibre? Rather not. The "Gottstraffing" business is over everything.

Quaint Instrument.

HOWEVER, quite a number of people were in the Queen's Hall on Monday afternoon, when the sun was shining, to listen to an all-Bach programme. Most enjoyable, if a little archaic. Comic relief was provided by scratchings on a "piccolo-violin" by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, a picturesque gentleman who knows a vast amount about the history and construction of obsolete musical instruments.

MR. GOSSIP.

A PICTURE FOR PRO-GERMAN M.P.'S.



Let our pro-German M.P.s study this picture of Polish peasants being compelled by the Germans to watch the wanton destruction of their village homes. What the Germans have done in Belgium they are doing on the Eastern frontier. "Frightfulness" is always their motto. Kindness they know nothing of. *Be kind to Germany!*

THE VICAR IS HELPING TO MAKE MUNITIONS OF WAR.



The Rev. J. Warwick Adams at his lathe at the vicarage of Wall, near Lichfield. He is a practical mechanic, and is employed at Kynochs on war work.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

A NATION THAT CAN PUT IN THE F



A stoutly-contested tug-of-war competition was one of the events. Two of the competing

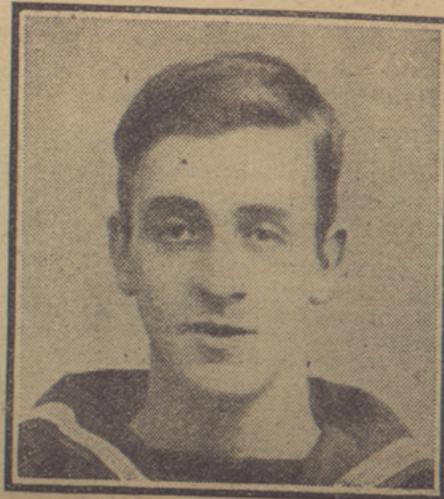


The horse that won a gala race.



One of the gala humours was

A MINE-SWEEPER HERO.



Ernest Appleyard, a Grimsby lad, lost his life while mine-sweeping in the Gulf of Smyrna. His boat struck a mine.



There was even an Aunt Sally c
The spirit of sport has made the British soldier wh
exhausted his amazing energies. Only a few days
and the sports were held in a field behind the

OLD MEN OF THIS METTLE MUST WIN!



They are seen pulling for all they are worth—though the Germans were quite close to them

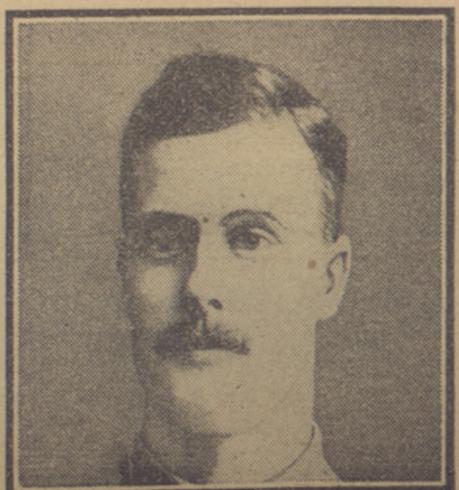


Impersonation of the Kaiser.



The clown was in his motley glory.

A TRUE "DIE-HARD."



Pte. H. Sargeant, 4th Middlesex, won the D.C.M. by crawling fifty yards in front of his trench to help a wounded comrade.



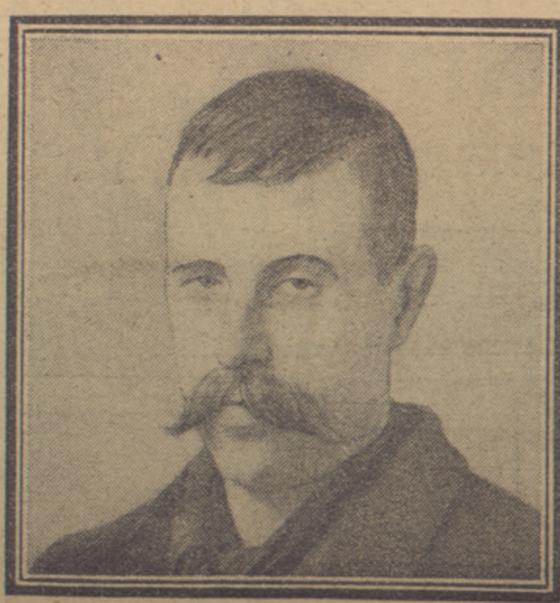
Competition as part of the athletic gala... is. Even Neuve Chapelle has not by any means the 5th Cavalry Brigade organised an athletic gala, long line.—Daily Sketch Competition Photographs.)

MISS PEGLER TELLS HER LIFE STORY.



Miss Pegler, the woman to whom Smith always returned, told her story at Bow-street yesterday. This picture of Miss Pegler was taken at her home by a Daily Sketch photographer.

V.C.'s FATHER ENLISTS.



Joe Drain, the father of Job Drain, the Barking V.C., who has enlisted in the Army Service Corps. "I won't win a V.C. like my son, but I can help," said the father.

CAPTURED!



The pig was found wandering near their trenches, so they arrested it as a spy.



Yorkshire Relish

in

War-Time

How it is Helping.

ONE of the very last things a good housewife would try to 'do without' in War-time is YORKSHIRE RELISH.

MOST women know the wonderful way in which Yorkshire Relish enables them to "spin-out" their meat dishes, know that this "flavoury" and economical thin sauce *actually makes meat and money go further*; and so their genuine saving instinct prompts them to use *more than ever* just now. That is why, in December, 1914, we sold over 86 per cent. more than in December, 1913.

HOW splendidly Yorkshire Relish is helping, both at the Front and in the home, is shown by the interesting letters below.

Driver Riches Islington (of the Royal Field Artillery), tells of a wonderful meal at the Front: "My wife having sent a bottle of your Yorkshire Relish out to the Front, we soldiers had it with bully beef, and never had a better dinner since we left England. Now that I am in England again, I will never go without it." Send your soldier friend a bottle or two.



for the King and far too good for the Kaiser."

Mrs. V. (of Hindhead, Surrey) finds that it "helps the cook to make delicious dishes out of small materials."

A Stroud Lady writes: "To the hurried and worried boarding-house keeper, who has to make appetising dishes from yesterday's cold joint, Yorkshire Relish is a great boon. The cupboard would be bare indeed without it," she concludes.

A Stockport soldier's wife (Mrs. Musgrove) writes to inform us that: "I wrote to my husband asking him how a glass of beer would 'go down,' and he wrote in reply that he did not know about the beer, but he would like a bottle of Yorkshire Relish to help to get his rations down. He used it at nearly every meal when at home."

A Norwich Lady, in a very cheery letter, says: "With the simplest things and Yorkshire Relish you have a dinner fit

Yorkshire Relish really *saves your money*, and, therefore, IS **THE SENSIBLE SAUCE FOR WAR-TIME.**

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THEATRES.

DELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-DAY at 2 and 8. Mr. George Edwardes' Revival, **VERONIQUE A COMIC OPERA.** MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2. BOX OFFICE (2645 and 8886 Gerrard), 10 to 10.

ALDWYCH. To-day 2.30. **FLORODORA.** MISS EVIE GREENE as DOLORES. Gallery 6d., Pit 1s. Booked Seats, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8d. Nightly, 7.45. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.15.

AMBASSADORS.—"ODDS AND ENDS" Revue, by HARRY GRATTAN, at 9.10; Mme. Hanako and Co. in a new Japanese Comedy, "Oya, oya!" at 8.30 (first performance To-night). MAT. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE, Panton-street, S.W. TO-DAY 2.30 and 8.30. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS in "WILD THYME," by George Egerton. MATINEES WEDS., SATS., at 2.30. Box Office, 10 to 10.

COURT THEATRE, Mme. REJANE in ALSACE. Sloane-square, W. Tel. 848 Gerr. TO-DAY at 2.40 and 8.40. Matinee WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.40. A Few Seats reserved FREE for wounded soldiers.

CRITERION. GERR. 3844, Regent 3365. THREE SPOONFULS. Zillah Covington and Entire American Company. Nightly at 9 p.m. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 3. Preceded at 8.30 and 2.30 by The Artists (Entertainers).

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BETTY. SATURDAY Next, April 24. Box Office now open. Tel. Ger. 201.

DRURY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. At 1.45 and 7.30. Mats. Weds. and Sats. 1.45. MARIE ILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS. Box Office Gerrard 2588. Special Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Every Evening at 9. CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mlle. GABY EBLYS in ROSY RAPTURE. Preceded at 8.15 by THE NEW WORD. Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

GARRICK (Ger. 9513). YVONNE ARNAUD. To-day 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne."

GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. Matinee To-day at 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR IN "PEG O' MY HEART." Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. QUINNEYS. HENRY AINLEY and GODFREY TEARLE. At 8. FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE. ELLIS JEFFREYS and GODFREY TEARLE. First Matinee To-morrow (Thursday), at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. TO-DAY at 2: TO-NIGHT at 8 (For Two Weeks only). Charles Dickens's **OLIVER TWIST.** Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr. HERBERT TREE. CONSTANCE COLLIER. BASIL GILL. LYN HARDING. MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.

KINGSWAY. VEDRENNE and EADIE. TO-DAY at 2.30: TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ADVERTISEMENT." A Play by H. Macdonald Hastings. MATS. WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 4032.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. "HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT." A new farcical play. Joseph Coyne as "Smith."

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue. Matinee To-day at 2.30. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office 10-10. "Phone Gerrard 9437. 426th Continuous Performance To-night.

ROYALTY. VEDRENNE and EADIE. DENNIS EADIE in THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Matinee Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30. Box Office (Gerrard 3903) 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER. To-day at 2.30: Every Evening at 8.30, a New Play. THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH. By J. Hartley Manners. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

SAVOY THEATRE. MR. H. B. IRVING. At 3 and 8.45. SEARCHLIGHTS, by H. A. Vachell. At 2.30 and 8.15 "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Matinee Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 2602.

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STRAND. THE ARGYLE CASE. TO-MORROW at 8. JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3850. For other Amusements see Page 9.

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Members Undecided Whether To Follow The King's Example.

"POLICY OF CANT."

The House of Commons could not make up its mind yesterday to abolish alcohol from its refreshment rooms and bars, and adjourned the debate on a motion by Mr. Wing to that effect.

Mr. Bonar Law—a teetotaler himself—said he disliked the motion.

He denied the suggestion that the motion would be following the example set by the King. The sacrifice set by his Majesty was a personal example.

If the motion meant that every man in the House of Commons intended himself to follow the example of the King he would not have a single word to say against it; but if it meant that the men who passed it were to go to their houses and clubs and continue their habits it would be an example of the very worst kind.

THE HOUSE DECANTER.

The motion was really intended to make the people of the country believe that the members of that House were going to do what in reality as individuals they had no intention of doing.

Sir A. Markham said this resolution was one of pure cant. The total amount of drink consumed in the smoke-room of the House last week was 4s. worth. He moved the adjournment of the debate till the Government had formulated their general policy.

Sir Walter Essex and Mr. Chaplin supported the adjournment.

Mr. McKenna urged the acceptance of the adjournment, and this was agreed to.

BURNHAM BEECHES TRAGEDY.

Mysterious Death Of A Farmer After Pointing A Revolver At A Girl.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MAIDENHEAD, Tuesday.

A mysterious tragedy has occurred at Burnham Beeches.

Last evening Mr. John Campbell (37), a prosperous Scottish farmer, of Castle Douglas, who has been staying at a London hotel, came to the Beeches with Miss Dorothy Hector, of Fitzroy-street, W.

After having tea in some tea gardens they walked to a seat near Tower Wood, and sat down. Suddenly the farmer brought out a six-chambered revolver, and held it first at the girl's head and then at her breast. It did not go off. Later it was found that the trigger was secured by a safety catch.

The farmer then ran into the wood, where Miss Hector afterwards found him foaming at the mouth. He died before assistance could be summoned, and there was every symptom of poisoning. The inquest will be held to-morrow.

DULL DAY IN STOCK EXCHANGE.

Restrictions Cause Artificiality In Business.

There was less business doing in the Stock Exchange yesterday, and a more subdued view was taken of the war position. It cannot be too often pointed out that under the present restrictions there is an artificiality about business in the Stock Markets. A real test is never applied, and cannot be until these restrictions are removed.

There was a further improvement in American securities, with the exception of Coppers and Steels, which had a sharp relapse. Canadas, too, were easier.

Grand Trunk stocks were marked down, a little more stock coming on offer than the jobbers wanted. Rubbers held firm, and there is probably more justification for the rise in these than in any other market except Kaffirs.

Highlands and Lowlands rose to 43s., and if last year's dividend of 24 per cent. is repeated, as is probable, the shares would give a yield of £10 8s. at this price. They are worth buying.

The shares of the Ayer Kuning Rubber Company are also worth attention if obtainable anywhere about 10s. for the £1. The company should enter the dividend list next year, and if it pays only 5 per cent. there will be a good return to the buyer.

GEN. GOUGH'S POSTHUMOUS HONOUR.

The posthumous honour of a K.C.B. has been conferred on the late Brigadier-General John Edmond Gough, V.C., who died on February 21 from wounds received in action, in recognition of his most distinguished service in the field.

The Bishop of London has been made a K.C.V.O.

RECIPE TO STOP DANDRUFF.

This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add:
Bay Rum 1 oz.
Orlex Compound a small box.
Glycerine 1/2 oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—Adv't.

ELLALINE TERRISS IN A NEW COMEDY.



Helene (Ellaline Terriss) decides to fly with Andre. Miss Ellaline Terriss and Miss Mary Rorke. "Wild Thyme," the new comedy just produced in London by Seymour Hicks, is a light story of how a pretty girl, impersonated by the charming Ellaline Terriss, avoided a marriage "of convenience" by eloping with her handsome cousin, Andre (Seymour Hicks).

THE DAILY SKETCH £1,000 PRIZE SCHEME FOR WOMEN.

What does it mean—"£1,000 for women"? And how can women—stay-at-home women, untrained or not free for actual nursing work, and unable to afford big money gifts to the national funds—help in the care of our wounded? The answers to these questions will be found below.

£1,000 is offered in prizes for needlework by the *Daily Sketch*. This sum is divided into more than fifteen hundred prizes, ranging in value from half-a-crown to twenty pounds. There are thirty-three classes in the competition, so that every type of work may be entered.

All the work entered will be exhibited after the judging has taken place in a suitable hall in London. All those competitors who wish to do so may offer their work for sale and the proceeds of the exhibition and sale will be given to the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association.

Competitors who do not wish to have their work sold may have it returned to them at the close of the exhibition.

The competition closes towards the end of November, not at the end of May, as previously announced. The extension of time has been arranged in response to the appeals of hundreds of readers who wished to compete, but were unable to complete their work in time.

There is no entrance fee in connection with this competition, but all entries must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons will appear in each issue until November 6.

In order to compete readers must send a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full details and an entrance form.

THE CIGARETTE FUND.

The latest list of acknowledgments to the *Daily Sketch* cigarette fund includes:—
£1 3s.—Members of E.R.A.'s Mess, H.M.S. Australia. £1.—Miss Doblyn, Waterford. 18s.—Tommy's Friends, Colne (33rd cont.). 15s.—G. Walden and Friends, Palmer's Green, N. 10s.—Mrs. Wood, Leeds; In Memoriam. 5s.—A Few Young Friends at Woodford; Anon.; Miss Smith, Shaw. 3s.—H. P. Dover. 2s.—Ruth Blockside, Dawley. 1s. 6d.—E. A. Needham, Cadol, near Mold (32nd cont.). 1s. 4d.—Class 4, Holy Trinity School, Canning Town. 1s.—Charles Rathkey, Cardiff.

MORE GIFTS FROM COLONIES.

Sir Henry Galway, Governor of South Australia, on behalf of South Australian veterans, has, says Reuter, cabled money to Lord Kitchener for the purchase of seven motor ambulances.

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

IN DEATH UNDIVIDED.

The Suicide Of Baron de Reuter Due To Overwhelming Grief.

At the inquest on Baron de Reuter, at his house near Reigate, yesterday, a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane was returned. The Baron, who was deeply affected by the death of his wife last Thursday, was found shot in the grounds of the house on Sunday.

Walter Mark Flint, the gardener, said when the coffin was closed down on Sunday the Baron was very depressed, and remained in the room with the body for two hours. When told that the undertaker had arrived, the Baron waved him aside, and began to sob.

As the Baron did not come in to tea, Flint made a search. The Baron's dog came up to him, and then went straight to the summer-house, where his master was found sitting in a chair dead, with a revolver under his hand. Flint found a letter addressed to him, and enclosed in it was one to "The Spirit of my dear wife." The letter to Flint was in these terms:—

My Dear Flint,—Now that the undertaker has accomplished his hideous task, and withdrawn the remains of my dear wife for ever from my eyes, life has become an insupportable burden. Please arrange to have me buried in my dear wife's grave, and have the accompanying letter to the spirit of my dear wife placed in her coffin.—Yours truly, Herbert de Reuter.

Baron de Reuter's letter to "The Spirit of my dear wife" was:—

My Darling Edith.—Life without you is insupportable, and the loss of your cherished companionship and tender devotion has shattered my being. Death shall not separate us, for we will repose in the same grave, and thus perpetuate our affectionate union. Farewell, sweet spirit.

The letter concluded with a Greek quotation, the translation of which is: "To go as quick as possible thither whence one has come, is much the second best thing."

WOMAN ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

A mysterious shooting affair is reported from North London.

Corporal Walters, of the 3rd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, informed the police at Caledonian-road that his wife had been shot at their house in Caledonian-road.

The police hurried to the house, and Mrs. Walters was discovered with a bullet wound in the abdomen.

Mrs. Walters was handling a loaded revolver, when the weapon suddenly went off and inflicted a wound in her abdomen. Her husband found her in an unconscious condition.

Mrs. Walters is making favourable progress.

CASTOR-OIL, SALTS & DRUGS REPLACED BY "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Delicious "fruit laxative" cleanses stomach, liver and bowels of old and young folks.

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign that the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale, or doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach out of order, system "stuffy" with a cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the clogged-up constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food will gently

move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know that its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know that a little given to-day saves the child a day of illness to-morrow.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1 1/2d. and 1s. 9d.—Adv't.

FREE.

We have just published the following:—
"Why you should study Electricity, and How."
"Why you should study Engineering, and How."
"Why you should study Draughtsmanship, and How."
"Why you should study Marine Engineering, and How."
"How to study Mining."

Each of these little books is full of useful Formulae, Tables, Information, etc. By way of advertisement we shall

GIVE AWAY 1,000 COPIES FREE.

Write for the one you are interested in.

Mention this paper. Note address:—

THE BENNETT COLLEGE (S.K. Dept.), SHEFFIELD.

VAUDEVILLE. BABY MINE.

To-day at 3 and 8.45. Mat. Weds. and Sat., at 3. WEEBON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOEY.

At 2.30 and 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones. "RAFFLES."

WYNDHAM'S. TO-DAY AT 2.30 AND EVERY EVENING AT 8.30.

GERALD DU MAURIER as "RAFFLES."

Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLES.

ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard!" The New Revue. LEE WHITE, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and ROBERT HALE. Revue 8.35. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.30. (Reduced prices.)

MATINEES Daily at 3.0 (except Sat.). Sir Douglas Mawson's Moving Picture Story, "THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD."

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 AND 8 P.M.

MILE GENE in "LA DANSE"; GEORGE GRAVES and CO.; LENA ASHWOOD and CO. in "THE DEBT," by Wilfred T. Colby; EDMUND GWENN, HENRIETTA WATSON and CO. in "THE WILL," by J. M. BARRIE; SUZANNE SHELDON; DE SERRIS TABLEUX; MAIDIE SCOTT, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

EMPIRE.—LADY CONSTANCE STEWART.

RICHARDSON; GRAND NATIONAL; "THE VINE," PHYLLIS BEDELLS; SAM BARTON, GROCK and PARTNER; VARIETIES, 8.10. Mat. Sat., 2.30 (reduced prices).

NO MORE GREY HAIR

You can easily avoid that most disquieting sign of age—grey hair—by using

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (WALNUT STAIN), which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One liquid, most easy to apply. No odour or stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price (securely packed) 1/-, 2/-, and 5/- per bottle. By post 3d. extra. Address:—S. VALENTINE, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

HIPPONDROME, LONDON.—TWICE DAILY AT

2.30 and 8.30. New Revue, entitled "BUSINESS AS USUAL," including VIOLET LORAIN, UNITY MORE, WINIFRED ELLICE, HARRY TATE, MORRIS LARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRI LEONI, Mammoth Beauty Chorus. Box Office, 10 to 10. Ger. 650.

MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.—

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Oxford Circus, W. DAILY AT 2.30 AND 8. HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. "THE CURIOUS CASE," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. (Mayfair 1545).

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," AT

8.35, with ELSIE JANIS, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGREN, etc. Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. Matinees Mon., Wed.

and Sat., at 2.30.—GEO. ROBEY, The Successful Revue "HULLO EVERYBODY," BILLY MERSON, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT," MAIDIE SCOTT, CISSIE LUPINO. 5 BOMBAYS

EXHIBITIONS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street Station. Heroes of The War on Sea and Land. War Maps, Modelled in High Relief. Uniforms Belonging to captured German Trenches. War Lectures Daily. Free Cinematograph Performances. Latest Pictures from the Front. Admission 1s. Children 6d.

WILL IT BE BLACK JESTER'S CITY AND SUBURBAN?

Great Metropolitan Captured By Fiz Yama.

ROBINSON AND JOEL DOUBLES.

The majority of the horses which are due to run in the City and Suburban have already been seen in public this season, but recent running has only added more piquancy to the issue.

For instance, there is not a great deal to choose between Woodwild, Diadumenos and Blue Stone on the Newbury Cup running, but in preference to the last-named Mr. J. B. Joel will elect to be represented by the top-weight, Black Jester.

Epsom is essentially a weight-carrier's course, and horses can give weight away over that track which they might not be able to do, say, at Newmarket.

Florist has done nothing since winning the Newbury Cup last year, and I have no fancy for Honeywood on this occasion.

Cigar and Draughtsman appear to be held safe by Woodwild and Diadumenos, and of the latter pair I prefer Woodwild, who has done well since Newbury.

If at his best, Sir Eager will have to be reckoned with, for he is a winner over the course.

Dan Russel may run instead of Draughtsman, but he is not reliable.

There is nothing to choose between Carancho and Fruitlands on the Nottingham running, but I fancy Carancho has made the better progress since then. He won in impressive style at Newmarket last week.

Polycrates has a look-in on his third in the Lincolnshire Handicap, but, provided he is favourably drawn and escapes interference, I expect to see Black Jester win.

PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS.

- Mr. J. B. Joel's br c BLACK JESTER, 4-9-0 W. Huxley
- Mr. Mortimer Singer's br h FLORIST, 5-8-9 C. Trigg
- Mr. Sol Joel's br c HONEYWOOD, 4-8-6 S. Donoghue
- Mr. P. F. Heybourn's ch h CIGAR, 5-8-5 E. Wheatley
- Mr. W. M. G. Singer's br c SIR EAGER, 4-8-2 []
- Mr. J. D. Colan's ch h JARNAK II, 6-8-2 Spear
- Lord D'Abernon's ch h DIADUMENOS, 5-7-12 Proust
- Mr. J. Buchanan's br c DAN RUSSEL, 4-7-10 Wing
- Mr. E. Tanner's ch c CARANCHO, 4-7-13 F. Bullock
- Mr. F. J. Beason's ch c FRUITLANDS, 4-7-6 McKenna
- Mr. Russel's br c POLYCRATES, 4-7-5 Fox
- Mr. A. Spalding's br h CANDYTUFT, 4-7-0 R. Cooper
- Mr. E. Hulton's ch c WOODWILD, 4-6-12 Dick
- Mr. H. B. Blagrove's br h SANDWORT, 6-6-11 P. Allen
- Mr. H. M. Hartigan's br c SCREAMER, 4-6-10 Collis
- Miss Nora Edwards's br f DAILY GIRL, 4-6-9 []
- Mr. J. W. Larnach's br h PRINT, 5-6-7 R. Stokes
- Col. B. Fitzgerald's br c AGHDOE, 5-7-4 []

FIZ YAMA'S FORTUNATE CONNECTIONS.

Fiz Yama, the winner of the Great Metropolitan yesterday, was fancied by his connections, and those who were on the top-weight early got 20 to 1 to their money; but the price was reduced to 100 to 6 ere the close.

Fiz Yama is a son of Santoi, so that it is not surprising that he stays. Of course, there was no doubt about his stamina, for he won the Cesarewitch in 1913, but the majority believed that he would be unsuited by the twisting track.

The favourite, Knight's Key, was put out of the race before going a stride, and Major Symons being practically left at the post. They were at least a furlong behind, and had no chance of making up the lost ground.

ROBINSON'S JUVENILES.

Robinson won both two-year-old events by the aid of Laramie and Comedienne. In each instance it was a case of buying money. Nothing was really backed to beat Laramie in the Tattenham Plate, and the filly scored in clever style from Analogy.

Comedienne won in even easier fashion, for in the Westminster Plate her nearest attendant, Tredeth, was six lengths behind.

Mr. "Jack" Joel took the two concluding events by the aid of Parhelion and Polystome. The former had a penalty for winning at Newmarket, but he shouldered this in fine style, and ran down last year's winner, Coronis, in the last furlong.

GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

Epsom.

- 1.30—NEVILLE HOLT. 3.50—DUGGIE.
- 2.5—KNIGHT OF YORK. 4.25—MISPRINT.
- 2.40—ARRIET. 5.0—KODAK.
- 3.15—BLACK JESTER.

Pontefract.

- 1.45—HAPPY LOUIE. 3.15—NANKEEN.
- 2.15—REPORTER. 3.45—MARKET.
- 2.45—HARPOON. 4.15—LITTLE PICKLE.

Double.

DUGGIE and ARRIET.

TO-DAY AT EPSOM.

1.30—TADWORTH PLATE (Handicap) of 200 sovs; 6f.		
Radiant	5 9 2 Malheur	7 2
Mediator	6 2 10 Sail Cloth	3 6 11
New York	5 7 12 Nigritienne	4 6 10
Sirius III.	6 7 7 Cybele II.	3 6 7
Adrianople	4 7 4 Llanthony	3 6 7
Cou Cou	5 7 4	

The above have arrived.

Golden Sun	5 10 6 Topic	3 7 4
Neville Holt	5 8 3 Primrose	4 7 2
Clairvoyante	4 8 0 Little Mabel	3 6 9
National Anthem	4 8 0 Cimoline	3 6 9
Marieta	3 7 4 Crossed Bag	3 6 8

2.5—BETCHWORTH SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; 2-y.-o.; 5f.		
Bramble Twig	9 0 Pall Mall	9 0
Fair Dart	9 0 Queen's Bridge I	8 11
Cherryfield	9 0 Grisselle	8 11
Knight of York	9 0 Miss Grita	8 11
Idle Wheel	9 0 Sealaska	8 11
Belgian	9 0	

The above have arrived.

2.40—COPTHORNE PLATE (Handicap) of 200 sovs; 1m.		
Radiant	5 9 0 Sunrise III.	3 7 7
Phlox	4 8 7 St. Marc	4 7 5
Prevoyant	4 8 5 Halberd	6 7 4
Gum Shoe	4 8 2 Pastime	4 7 1
Hey Diddle Diddle	5 7 12 High and Dry	4 7 0
Nepchar	4 7 10 Killanna	4 6 12
Macphar	4 7 8 Gurkha	4 6 8
Arriet	4 7 8 Soudan	3 6 0
Newgrey	5 7 7	

The above have arrived.

Pitmaston	5 7 8 Rocksplit	4 6 10
Kosmotic	4 7 5 Father Creeper	5 6 8
Last of the Lenas	4 7 1	

BE KIND TO GERMANY.



There is a certain class of people who insist that Germany shall not be humiliated by peace terms. They insist that generous concessions shall be made to her in order to save her face.

EPSOM RESULTS.

3.15—CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP of 2,000 sovs; about 1 1/4 m. (See Gimcrack for probable starters and jockeys)

3.50—HYDE PARK PLATE of 10 sovs each, with 200 sovs added; 2-y.-o.; 5f.

King's Day	9 5 Orphrey	8 12
Duggie	9 3 Leisure	8 12
Marchetta I	9 0 Turpitude c	8 12
Achray c	8 12 Salome	8 9
Eupertus	8 13 Gallina II f	8 9
Betty Agnes c	8 12 Double Back	8 9
Aubergine c	8 12 Blanche	8 9
Clicquot	8 12 Caryanda	8 9

The above have arrived.

Lady Isabel	9 0 Principal Girl	8 9
Santley	8 12 Pantomime Girl	8 9
Sibola c	8 12 Arcantime f	8 9
Radical	8 12 Palace	8 9
Queen Marguerite c	8 12 Oriental Star	8 9
Reigning Monarch	8 12 China Ware	8 9
Collet Monte c	8 12 Display	8 9
Marcis	8 12 Berry	8 9
Rudby	8 12 Cadiste	8 9
Grady	8 12 Fittella	8 9
Bombardo	8 12 Lady Sunshine	8 9
Snow King	8 12 Merry Answer	8 9
Parana	8 12 My Maryland	8 9
Guisel c	8 12 Kitty O'Hara	8 9
Fils de Blizon	8 12 Herophila	8 9
Pitroy c	8 12 Bombaria	8 9
Orangepeel	8 9 Alma	8 9
Marie L'Etrange	8 9 Salamandra	8 9
White Heart f	8 9 Oriole f	8 9
Drym	8 9 Chelandy	8 9
Sea Swallow	8 9 Wolf's Haven f	8 9
Finisher	8 9 Dame Blanche	8 9

4.25—KINGSWOOD PLATE (Selling Handicap) of 200 sovs; 5f.

Prospero	5 9 5 Melton Flier	4 8 1
Westphalia	4 9 4 Tres Pinos	5 7 13
Longtown	4 9 4 Sigrid Arnoldson	5 7 13
Bachelor's Tax	7 9 4 Albany Beet	4 7 13
Dominique	5 9 0 Anstren	3 7 6
Faine II.	4 8 10 Yankee Pro	3 7 4
Granny's Darling	4 8 7 Happy Girl	4 7 4
Runciman	4 8 5 Morales	3 7 4
Sundawn	6 8 2 Litigation	4 7 3
Beauvrit	4 8 2 Dunkipper	3 7 0

The above have arrived.

5.0—APPRENTICES' PLATE of 200 sovs; about 1 1/4 m.

Gaol Bird	4 7 7 That's Enough	4 7 4
Narcisse	4 7 7 Leslo	4 7 4
Eretz	4 7 7 Ladignac	4 7 2
Nepchar	4 7 7 Megale	3 5 6
Kodak	6 7 4	

The above have arrived.

Correct 4 7 4 Stoke Dabernon 4 7 2
Raeburn's Glass 4 7 4 Peros 3 5 9

DESMOND (Umpire).—Epsom: *16 4 26 14 17 7 1 26 19 16
4 17—3 16 16 17 3 14 10 17—17 13 9 9 14 26.

TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald).—Epsom: 9 6 5 15
22 11 13 10 13 4—21 25 19 24 13.

GALLIARD (Sunday Chronicle).—Epsom: *11 26 7 11 26 7—
9 24 23 6 5 14 6 22 or 16 26 22 18 11 23 5 17 6 9—5 23 24
6 17. Pontefract—3 24 20 6 19 24 23 2—1 5 23 12 6 17.

SMITH'S ADVICE ON BATHS FOR WOMEN.

"Don't Have Much To Do With Them," He Tells Miss Pegler.

THE BRIDE HE WENT BACK TO

Her Story Of How He Often Went Away But Always Returned.

Miss Mabel Edith Pegler, who has been described by Mr. Bodkin as the woman from whom the man of many brides "would suddenly absent himself and whom he would afterwards rejoin," gave evidence at Bow-street yesterday.

It was the thirteenth appearance of George Smith (43), who is charged with the murder of three of his six brides. He was wearing a soft collar with an emerald tie when he stepped briskly into the dock. He sat down at once, folded his arms and followed the evidence closely.

Miss Pegler, who is now living with her mother at Bristol, said in June, 1900, while living in Gloucester-road, Bristol, she advertised for a situation, and received a reply from an address in the same road, almost opposite her own home. She called and saw Smith. The place was an antique shop, and she was engaged as a servant, living in. After a time Smith said to her that he would like to settle down and marry her; this was after about a week, as far as she could remember.

SAID HE WAS A BACHELOR.

She agreed to the proposal, and they were married on July 13 at St. Peter's Registry Office. Smith described himself as a bachelor. After living there and at Bedford they stayed at Luton a few weeks, and then went to Croydon, where they had a second-hand and antique shop, and lived there about three months. At the end of that time she went to stay with her mother at Bristol.

During that time she had housekeeping money, but none of her own. When she went to stay with her mother, Smith, whom she left at Southampton, said he was going round the country dealing. Five or six weeks later she met him at Southend, in answer to a letter. Smith opened a second-hand clothing shop at Southend and they stayed there for two or three months. Then they opened an antique furniture shop in Bristol. He always used the name George Joseph Smith.

Afterwards Smith went away, and on his return he said he had made about £20 and had passed through Weymouth. She had no knowledge that he had gone through a ceremony of marriage at Weymouth or that he knew a Miss Mundy.

Then they went to a number of places, including Canning Town, Walthamstow, Bath, Broomhayes, and Bristol. Afterwards Smith went away again, and in a letter asked for clothes to be forwarded to an address in Woolwich. Later he asked her to meet him at Margate and she did so.

FIVE MONTHS' ABSENCE.

When she rejoined Smith at Margate, said Miss Pegler, he had been absent five months. He told her he had been to Canada, had bought some Chinese ornaments, and had sold them in London for £1,000. They stayed at Margate about a week, and then went to Tunbridge Wells.

She had written four letters to the Woolwich Equitable Society between April 13 and May 15, 1912. She told Smith she had been to the Woolwich Equitable and got his Ramsgate address through the society. Smith said he did not like women interfering with a man's business. She did not know he had lived at Herne Bay in the name of Henry Williams while he was away from her and a woman known as Mrs. Williams had died.

From Tunbridge Wells they went to Bristol, and about the beginning of August, 1913, to Weston-super-Mare. After two months they returned to Bristol, and she lived with her mother. Smith stayed in Bristol for a night or two, until he could sell his property. Then he wrote her a letter saying he had sold his houses for, she believed, £1,300, and he was going to Spain to try to make up by dealing what he had lost on the sale of his property.

Just before Christmas Smith telegraphed from Brixton asking her to meet him at Bristol Station, but he came next day unexpectedly. He said he had just come from Spain, where he met a young gentleman from London, and they had bought a lot of old-fashioned jewellery, which they were going to sell. He thought it would fetch about £200. They went to Clapham on Boxing Day, and stayed in apartments. She did not know that in his absence Smith had married a woman named Burnham, who had died at Blackpool.

A WARNING ABOUT BATHS.

Afterwards they went to Cheltenham, Bourne-mouth, Salisbury, Torquay, Weston-super-Mare, and Bristol. At the beginning of December Smith left to do some dealing and returned unexpectedly a day or two before Christmas last year. She had no knowledge that he had in the meantime married a woman named Lofty, who had died in London. He stayed with her at Bristol for about ten days, returned after another fortnight, and went away again at the end of last January. She did not see him again until he was in Court.

Referring to the various addresses at which Miss Pegler had lived with Smith, counsel asked her if she recollected Smith ever asking whether there was a bathroom?

Miss Pegler: No, I do not remember. Do you remember ever having any conversation with him about baths at any time?—I remember having a small conversation with him once when he advised me not to have too much to do with baths as they were rather dangerous. He said he knew that a lot of women had lost their lives in them through having weak hearts and fainting. This was at Christmas, 1914. Smith was remanded until to-day.

"A Seeker After Pleasure"

By OLIVE WADSLEY,
Author of "The Flame,"
"Reality," &c.

Lost In The Desert.

After riding for another two hours, Richard met Savile, his face dust-streaked and lined.

"No luck," he said disappointedly, "I met the police going off a mile back."

"I say, Chard," he added, "isn't it awful? What d'you suppose has happened?"

"I can only think of one thing," Richard said heavily, "and that's a wild idea. A Bedouin may have been prowling around, or a Bashi-Bazouk, and Miss Weston, believing him to be one of the guides, may have spoken to him. Then he could have led her on to some safe distance and kidnapped her for ransom. It's happened before, you know."

Savile nodded. "Pretty gruesome, I should think," he said.

They rode in silence for the last mile to Richard's house. While Savile went to bed, Richard sat down in a chair, propping his hot head between his hands, and vainly tried to think.

A vision of Muriel as he had seen her first in her white dress came to him. Her pale golden hair was touched to glow by the sunlight, and her big eyes were laughing with pleasure. She seemed only a child.

Richard fell asleep in his chair at last, his head sagging sideways, his hands hanging limply, and awoke with a start to find he had slept four hours.

At that moment Achmed, his servant, came in with his shaving water, and at the sight of his master, still in his riding clothes, made an exclamation of dismay.

The man was absolutely trustworthy, and had helped his master before in native matters. Richard explained the disappearance of Muriel, and he listened gravely.

"Some tribes are rising," he said in his slow, careful speech. "A tribesman who is angry will do anything to harm."

Long years afterwards he remembered that day, its frightful heat, his sense of depression, his appalling thirst, the beggar who cursed him. The whole day was utterly fatiguing.

Kidnapped By A Bedouin.

And through it, hidden away in a mud hut in the centre of a tiny Bedouin village, Muriel crouched on the floor. Her white dress was torn and stained with dirt, her hair hung down over her face, and her lips were cracked and black.

Richard's guess that some tribesman, pretending to be a guide, had lured her unresistingly away, had been nearer the truth than he then knew.

Muriel had wandered off from the picnic party, when, suddenly, from the very ground it seemed, a man had appeared. For an instant she had been wildly frightened; then she remembered the camel guides.

"Is that the third pyramid?" she asked the man in English. All the Cairene guides understood English.

The man nodded.

"See better here," he said, pointing further on. He walked ahead of her, his burnous blowing out in the wind. She followed without suspicion, carried away by her interest in the scene.

"Here, my lady, come here," the man said, turning.

She obeyed him and walked towards him. For a second she met his eyes, and fear returned to her. Then she saw no more. She was caught up, wrapped within the Bedouin's burnous, and the man began to run. Muriel was very slender and the man was strong. He carried her easily until he reached a dip in the wilderness of sand. With a gasp he flung her down, and jerked a snarling camel to its feet. Catching Muriel up again, he mounted, and was off like the wind.

Muriel could not scream, could scarcely breathe. She was so closely pressed against the folds of the man's burnous that she could hear his heart hammering from the exertion of his run.

She twisted her face free suddenly, and met his eyes.

"You will be put in prison for this," she said to him with trembling lips, "England will punish you, do you hear? I am an Englishwoman."

The man laughed again.

"You've money?" he said.

With eager hands Muriel stripped herself of her little necklace, her one ring, and offered them to him. He took them in one hand, spat on them, and threw them on the sand.

"Money," he said contemptuously. "That not money."

The camel moved on. The sun had risen, and Muriel's head and body ached. Despite her fear, she gave a sigh of relief when at last a cluster of mud huts appeared, and the camel slackened pace. "Jump!" the man said.

She obeyed, and fell to the ground.

The Bedouin alighted, and clapped his hands. No one appeared. With a snarl he went from one hut to another. Muriel, watching him in terror, guessed them to be empty. From the last he returned with an old woman, who muttered and mumbled. She looked at Muriel with blinking eyes, stretched out a skinny hand, and caught hold of her wrist. Muriel screamed, and the old woman gave a shrill cackle of laughter.

"There you wait," the man said, "till money comes. I go to get it."

He mounted again and rode off.

Pointing to the sun and then to Muriel's head, the old woman dragged the girl into the hut.

The floor, like the wall, was of beaten, sun-dried mud. A bed of string lay on the floor, and an open bowl, filled with a yellow mixture, and a gourd of water stood beside it.

The old woman released Muriel, and without a word held the bowl out to her.

Muriel shook her head, but eagerly drank some of the water.

Muriel sat on the string bed, swaying with weariness, but too terrified to sleep. The heat grew more and more intense. She felt as if a red-hot hand was being slowly drawn round her head. Once she tore off a piece of her skirt, soaked it in the water, and laid it round her head; but it was dry and hot almost at once.

At last she fell into a stupor of sleep. It was

dark when she awoke, and the old woman had lit a lamp, a rude, brass saucer with a piece of oblong wick, that smelt hideously.

A Deserted Village.

Muriel went up to her and tried to speak. She racked her brain for her few Egyptian words, and said them over and over again. The old woman nodded and half smiled, and then fell asleep.

Muriel ventured out. She walked the length of the tiny village. It was deserted. Around her stretched the desert. There was no help anywhere. She went back to the hut, lay down on the string bed, and slept. One day was over.

At the end of the second day violent hunger made her try to eat out of the bowl, which the old woman had filled again with some mixture cooked over a fire sunk in the ground.

It was sweet, and seemed to be made of rice, bits of meat, and some powder which coloured it, and tasted vaguely like garlic.

Still the village remained empty, and the man who had brought her to it did not come back.

At the end of the week Muriel had grown hopeless. Once the man had come back, riding furiously. He seized her, took her off, and hid her in a sort of cave. If she had but known the mounted police arrived at the village an hour later, and searched the huts.

Muriel knelt before the Bedouin, and begged him to take her back.

"You shall not be punished," she said breathlessly, "I swear it, I swear it. Only take me back, and you shall have money. That I swear, too."

The man laughed. His face was thin between its folds of cheap muslin. He needed money and meant to have it, but not that way.

All Egypt was placarded with her name, and a reward was offered for any trace of her. When the reward was big enough, Baroun would give information. His tribe was out fighting, and he was with it. He meant that to be a sign of innocence.

Evie Comes Back After 20 Years.

His brother, who would take her to Cairo, and claim the money, was a chief and fought in the native ranks. He was well known; all would be well. But in a skirmish his chief was killed, and Baroun was faced by a problem.

He rode back to the village, enraged. Leaving his magnificent camel kneeling outside he flung himself into the tiny hut tempestuously.

Muriel started up with a cry. She had dreamed so much of escape that now when she saw a way she was almost incredulous. Baroun was drinking and his head was turned away. She reached the door. Kicking the camel, she seized the bridle and jumped into the saddle.

Baroun swung around and made a dash for his camel, but Muriel was urging the beast on, beating it and kicking it. Bellowing with anger it raced forward.

"No news?" It was Richard's first question on the telephone to Sir Rupert in the morning; his last at night.

"There was never any news, not even a 'clue.' I wired to her people at last; felt I ought to," Sir Rupert said wearily.

Richard drove out from Cairo one evening. He had been dining with friends, and it struck 12 as he started his car. The moonlight reminded him of that other night, when Muriel had been lost.

Even he had grown a little hopeless. The police had done everything, and the result of all inquiries and search had been exactly nothing.

His house came in sight. He ran the car up to the doorway, and left it standing there. He stopped for a while in the dining-room, then switched off the light and went to his room.

A still wind blew in deliciously, and the room was flooded with soft moonlight.

Asleep on his bed lay Muriel. How she had come there, or when, he had no idea.

She was breathing peacefully and regularly, and looked very young, and helpless, and pathetic.

He tip-toed quickly from the room to the telephone. His voice was trembling with eagerness as he asked for Sir Rupert Keene's number. After a long while a voice said slowly, "Hullo."

"Is that Sir Rupert speaking?" Richard demanded.

"Yes; is that you, Chard? Any news?"

"The best. I got home half-an-hour ago to find Miss Weston asleep here, in my house. I haven't awakened her. There are none of my servants about. They sleep at the huts a mile away, all except Hassein. Keene, you'll come out at once, of course?"

"With you in the hour," Keene's voice answered.

"By Jove, Chard, this is simply splendid."

Richard went back to his room. Muriel still lay asleep, her dark lashes making a shadow on her cheek. He noticed her torn dress, and saw that one hand was bruised and bleeding.

It was the first time he had seen a woman asleep since his brief honeymoon. A flood of half painful, half pleasant memories swept over him, and the sense of his own loneliness returned. He stood by the window thinking of all the sweetness a woman can bring into a man's life.

A flash of white light told him Sir Rupert Keene's car was coming. He heard a murmur of voices, and went out softly to the inner hall.

A woman had just entered. She turned as she heard his step, and he saw her face. It was Evie.

(To be continued.)

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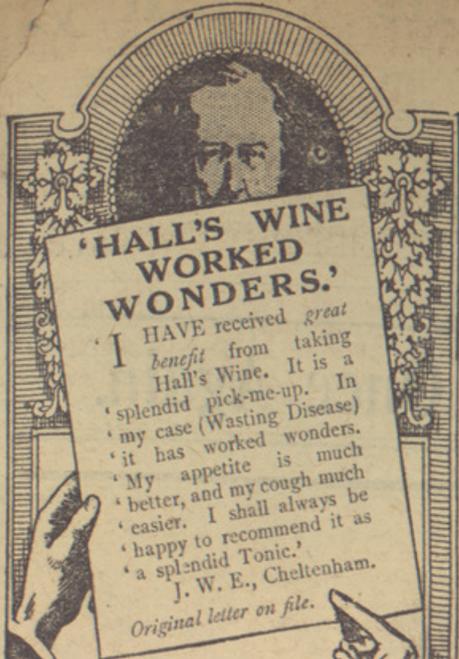
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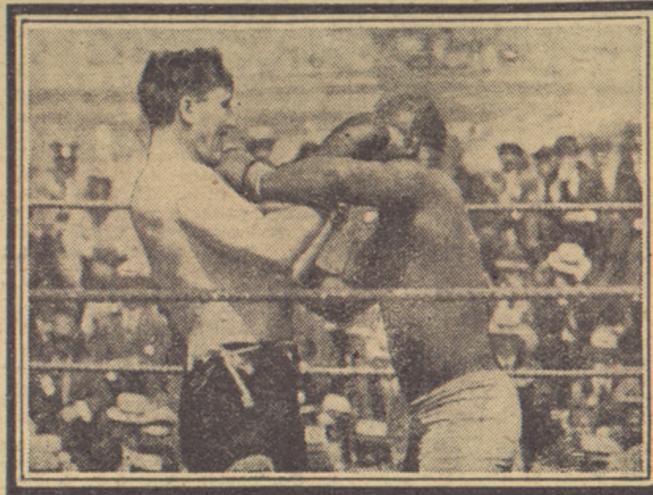
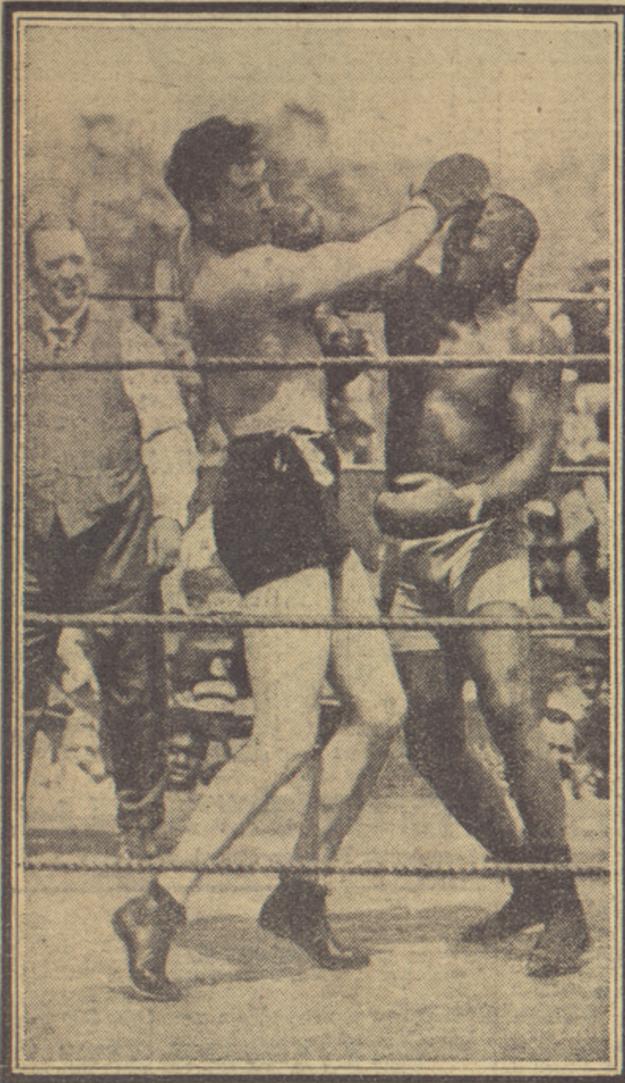
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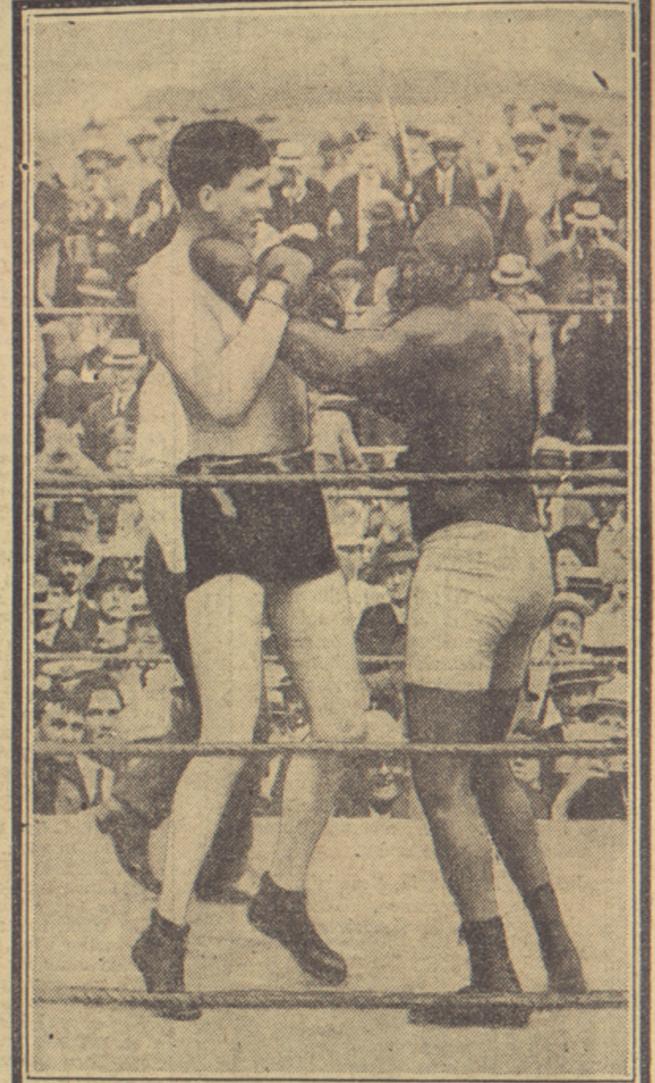
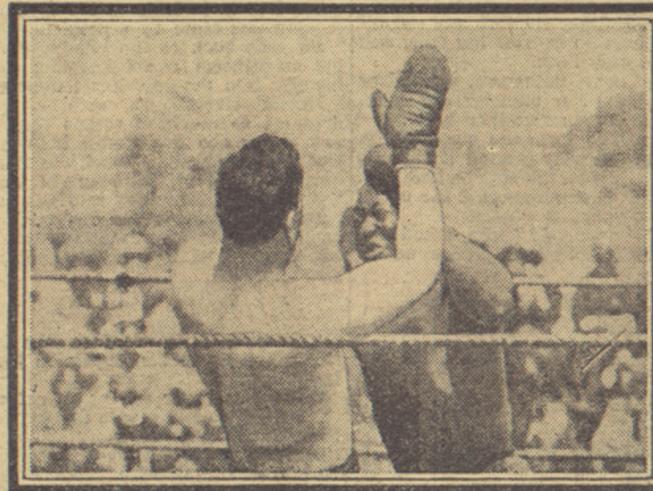
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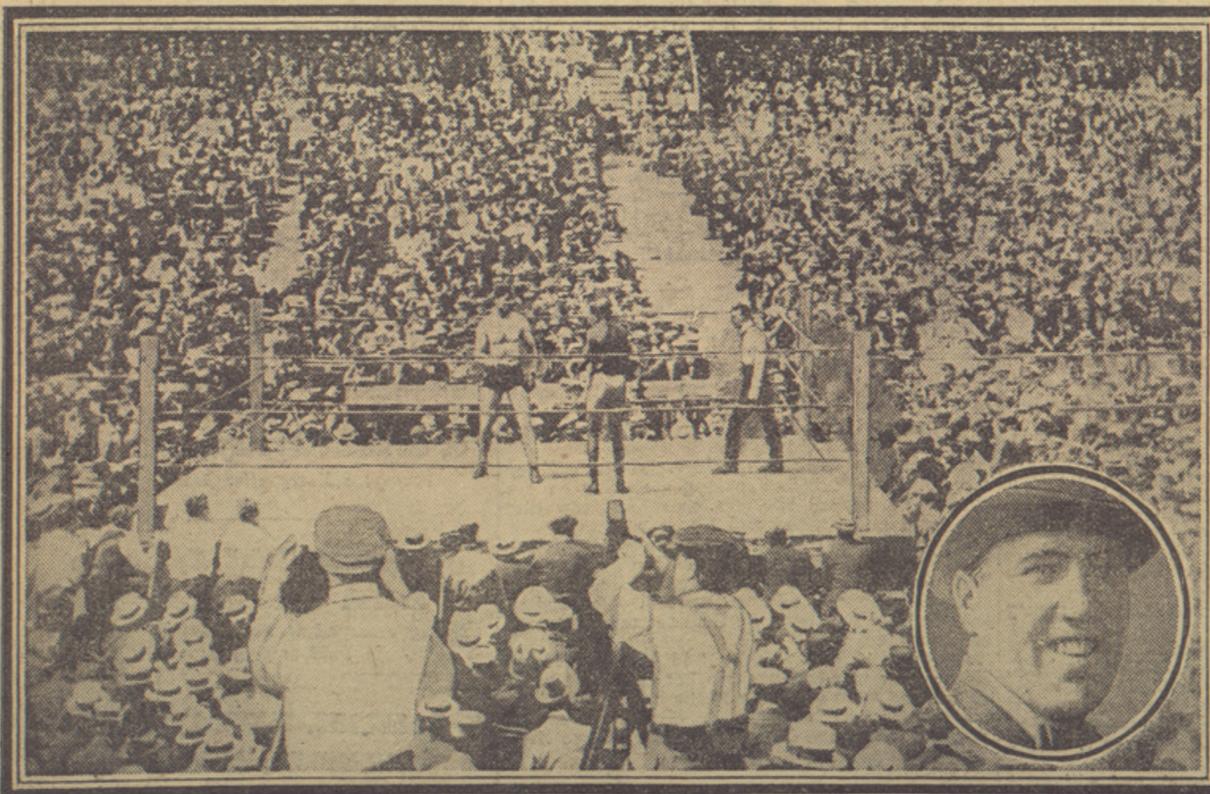
Willard starts the winning smile.



Johnson slips under Willard's right and bangs a hard right which Willard minimises by a turn of the head.

Johnson, cleverer than Willard in the early rounds, easily blocks the white man's blow.

Johnson gets home a strong left to Willard's throat, which jars the white man heavily.



The animated scene at the fight. Inset is a photograph of Willard taken on his arrival at Washington.



The last of Massa Johnson.

Jack Johnson has said good-bye to the world's boxing championship. The victory of Jesse Willard, the giant cowboy, was hailed with frenzied delight in America. Some of the above photographs were published exclusively in our later editions of yesterday.