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DAILY SKETCH.

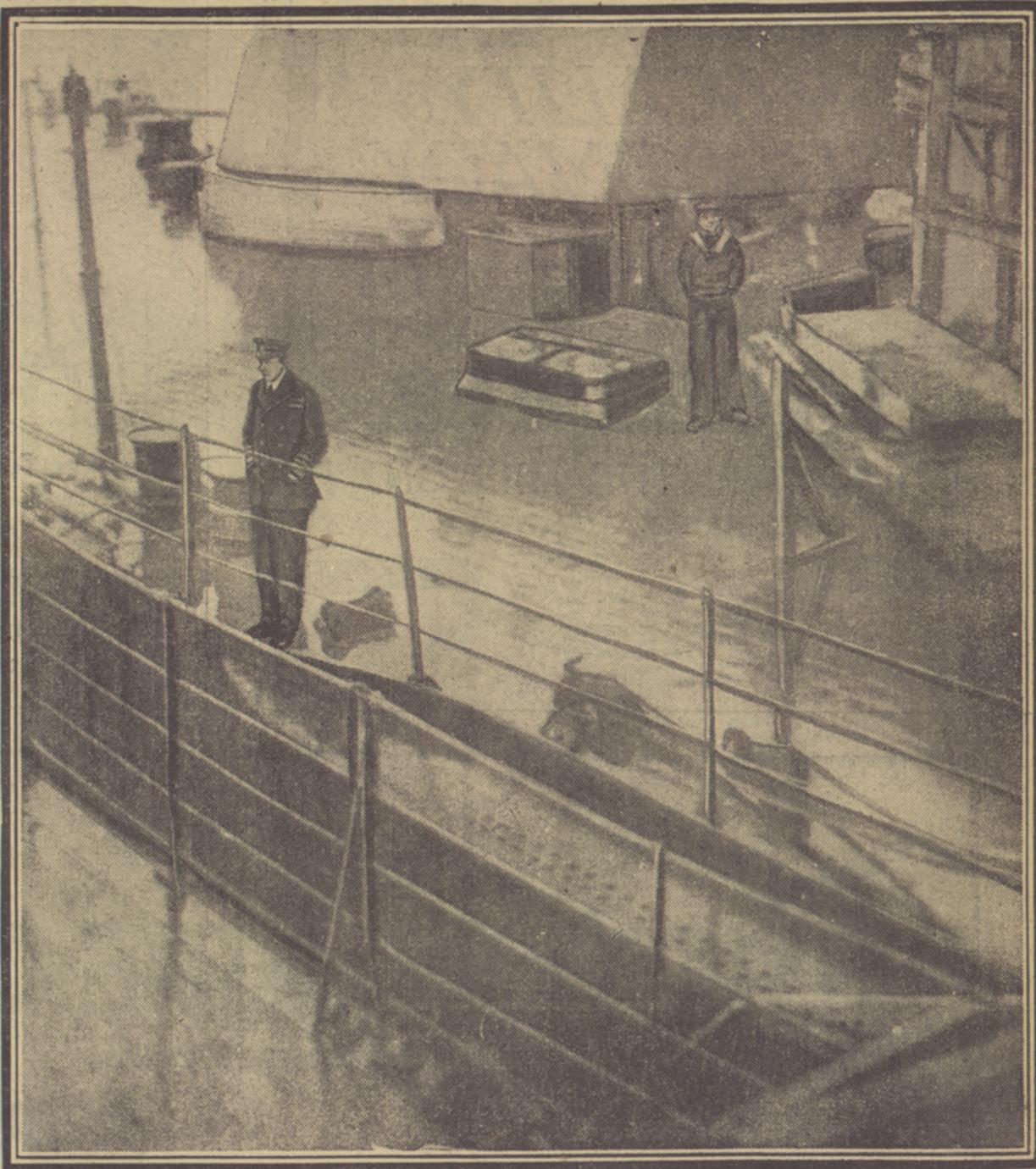
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No. 1,912.

LONDON, MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE SILENT JELlicOE AND THE SNEERING GERMAN.



Admiral Jellicoe awaits the result with confidence. He doesn't say what he is to do. But he will do it.

A hurried snapshot, the latest of the Admiral, taken whilst he was giving orders from the quarter-deck of the Iron Duke to a passing battleship.



The boys of the Iron Duke will only be too pleased to meet the Germans. If the enemy had really wanted to meet them they were there ready. Having grossly maltreated those of our soldiers who have had the ill-fortune of war to fall into their hands as prisoners, the Germans are now insulting our sailors. Declaring that the German Fleet is "now willing to accept battle in the North Sea"—news which Jellicoe and his merry men will receive with shouts of joy—the Teuton newspapers profess disappointment that so far the Kaiser's warships have sailed the seas and failed to meet the British Navy. "Admiral Jellicoe," they say, "has now a great chance to repeat the victory of Trafalgar." Which is just what Silent Jellicoe is waiting for!—(Daily Sketch Competition Photographs, and Russell.)



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The assortment contains creepers of phenomenally quick growth which will cover, in an incredibly short time, every unsightly spot in the garden or near the house with a beautiful foliage and an abundance of multi-coloured and sweet-smelling blossoms.

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The seeds can be sown in the border or anywhere in the open; flower pots or any old boxes or tubs can be used, and the plants will grow even in the poorest soil. The seed will come up within a few days, and the plants do not require any further attention except the tying-up of the branches. They will keep on growing and flowering all through the summer and far into the autumn. A packet of this Japanese Lightning Mixture will be forwarded on receipt of P.O. for 2s.; 3 packets for 5s. 6d.; 6 packets for 10s. 6d. **All post free.** Colonial postage 3d. extra. Write at once to—

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EFFICIENCY THE WATCH-WORD.

PESSIMISTS are moaning over the German advance near Ypres. This talk is as poisonous as the German smoke-bombs. The Kaiser lost his best men in his previous attempts to reach Calais. He is now making a desperate attempt with inferior material. He will fail.

BUT Germany is very strong yet, and we must keep well before our minds that the task of beating the enemy is not one to be muddled through. It is the biggest job we have undertaken, and to be successful it must be efficiently carried through in every department.

MODERN war is a scientific business depending for success on the happy co-operation of an immense number of workers. War is no longer merely a soldiers' business; it is the nation's business. Right through the whole chain of operations there must be efficiency if victory is to be gained in the most satisfactory manner.

IT is not enough to have an efficient Army; we must have an efficient Government also. Behind the man in the trenches must exist an elaborate and well-managed organisation of supply. Behind that must be an expert buying and manufacturing staff. Behind that, again, must be skilled administration in all the departments of national life, so that the entire resources of the country can be applied with the greatest effect to gaining victory over an enemy who aims at our destruction.

CONTRAST that ideal with the fragmentary facts which have leaked out in this war. We find soldiers suddenly trying to be business men, and making a bigger hash of things than the business men who suddenly try to become soldiers. The full story of the supply system in this war, the waste, the overlapping, the incompetence, and the ignorance, if it ever comes to be published, will be something to draw tears from any commonsense man. Indeed, I have heard that one contractor has cried, as a ratepayer, at the appalling manner in which the public money was wasted by the officials; whilst as a contractor he could not but smile at the profits which were heaped upon him.

THIS war cannot be won by bravery alone. It is cruel to the men in the trenches, who give their lives, if through mismanagement at home these lives are wasted. A war can be won extravagantly, or it can be won economically. Not a single life, no, a single penny, should be needlessly sacrificed if the best were done in all the departments of the war.

A WAR won by extravagant methods will leave us almost as weak as the enemy. Victory will come more slowly, and the result will be more of a compromise than if we had the power to hit hard and quickly and give the Germans a clean knock-out blow.

WITH all our opportunities we should have been better prepared to beat Germany in this struggle. But our stupid methods of party politics, official control, bad education, and lack of organisation have eaten like a canker into the life and the power of the nation.

WE must run this war on businesslike lines, and to do so the country must be run as a scientific organisation, and not as a debating club for lawyers and cranks. The politicians were rudely disturbed from their party squabbles by this tragic war. They hardly understand it yet. It had been none of their business to prepare for it. They are still wrangling about it.

I HAVE been censured by some readers for daring to criticise the Government. I only criticise its weaknesses; and it is the duty of every man to insist that in this life and death struggle every possible weakness shall be eliminated from our defensive system. We are not playing a political game now. We are fighting for our existence. We want the best work of the best men.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

Princess And Her Presents.

PRINCESS MARY'S 18th birthday was observed very quietly. With kindly forethought her Royal Highness had asked that her presents should not be costly. She feels that money should be expended on war charities and not on birthday gifts. Their Majesties' present, however, was a pearl and diamond collarette.

Ramsay MacDonald's Three Committees.

AS RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., has been the subject of some criticism in connection with his attitude to the war, it is only fair to state that he has been rendering very valuable services on the Government Committee for the Relief of Distress, to which he was appointed on the day war broke out. He is also serving on the Allocation Sub-Committee, to which is entrusted the most onerous part of the committee's labours; and between those two bodies and the Professional Classes Relief Committee (on which he is also serving) he is giving three days every week to public work.

John Burns Silent, But Active.

JOHAN BURNS is also very active in relief work, and is doing the work of three men. His familiar bowler hat and blue jacket are seen everywhere. In fact, like the oft-quoted bird, he seems to be in two places at once. I am told he resents very much the criticisms that have been levelled at him. He prefers to stand upon his record and refuses to write one word to anyone on the subject of the comments passed upon him.

J. B. Discards His D. B.

I CAME ACROSS John Burns the other day in the neighbourhood of the Abbey, walking along at his old familiar pace. I was rather surprised to find that he had dropped his double-breasted coat and was wearing an ordinary single-breasted lounge coat. He had just left Mr. Runciman, who dresses with the neatness of a family solicitor.

A Naval Expert.



MR. A. H. POLLEN, the naval expert, whose analysis of the problem of naval gunnery led to his discovering the principles by which alone guns could be used at sea with the same ease, freedom, and ranging power with which they could be used on land, will for the next few weeks be lecturing on "The Navy At War" in various large towns all over the country on behalf of the British Red Cross Society. Judging from his photograph, I should think ladies would flock to these lectures.

To Lecture At The Mansion House.

NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON, at the Lord Mayor's request, he will lecture at the Mansion House for what his lordship described to me the other day as "the most urgent public undertaking of the day—the Red Cross Fund." All sorts of well-known people are working hard in the City to ensure a full house, and one morning—the only spare time she has in a day—I met Adeline Genée "doing her bit" in the City to help the cause.

A Handsome Apology.

BY THE WAY, a busy man, asked to buy a ticket for one of the charity lectures which Mr. Pollen has already given, said he was really sorry, but he hadn't the time to be present. Next morning, however, an apology for his absence came, accompanied with £50.

A Bride With His D.S.O.

WHILE the war has played sad havoc with the love affairs of many young people, I hear of one case where the gallant conduct of a young officer at the front will be rewarded at the altar. The lady, an heiress and a beauty, had been wooed in vain, but Mars joined forces with Cupid, and her consent was won. The happy soldier with his D.S.O. will also get a bride.

Domestic Tragedy Of The War.

THE GERMAN WIFE of a man (whom I know) now at the front has left her husband's home, because her brother has been killed in action. A rude interruption to ten years of happy married life! As the man's brother remarked to me, "This sort of tragedy is worse than actual bereavement."

Lord Decies' Heir.

THERE IS REJOICING in the house of Decies.



Lord and Lady Decies have a son and heir. The other two children are girls. This is a portrait you don't often see of Lady Decies—she is in Elizabethan costume. She was a Gould, which means gold. Her marriage, like that of Lady Granard—an Ogden Mills—who has also recently given birth to a son and heir, was one of those English-peerage-American-heiress alliances over which New York used to go into hysteria.

Fortune Of War.

THE second son of Prince and Princess Christian, who is serving in the German army, feels his position to be a painful one, and I hear that at his own request he has been given duties which are not likely to bring him in contact with the British Army, in which before the war broke out he had many friends.

Campaign Against German Music.

MURIEL VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY is adding to her many activities a crusade against German music. She is going to preside at a meeting to support All-British concerts during the war. "I can't understand some people," she said. "They say, 'Let us fight the Germans, but don't let us bar their music!' Why shouldn't we? Let us bar everything that comes from the Huns." She is to be supported at the meeting by Susan Countess of Malmesbury, Lady Jellicoe, and Lord Curzon of Kedleston. I have already given you my views why German music should not be barred.

German Maps For Jellicoe.

SHALL WE EVER be truly rid of the works of Hunnery? I ask because I saw a naval officer in Hampstead on Saturday afternoon carrying a big atlas. It was German, with its origin blazoned in gold letters an inch high.

Khaki Courtesy.

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS, of spectacle-making and letter-writing fame, asks me what men in khaki ought to do when troops march past in the streets. The civilian public are gradually learning to raise their hats, but uniformed men seem to take no notice. Though, of course, they all wish to do the right thing. I am not an authority. I leave it to those who are.

Officers' Wives' Grievance.

"WHY are men who obtain commissions in the Army to-day regarded as possessing means, and therefore not requiring assistance from their military employers?" This was the question put to me yesterday by a lady whose husband (now an officer and formerly a Yeomanry trooper) is shortly "off to the front."

"All Expected To Possess Means."

"THEY all seem to lose sight of the fact," was her complaint, "that my husband is not a professional soldier possessing a private income, but an ex-business man who, previous to the war, was drawing only some £120 a year from his work."

Not Without Reason.

"HE now receives two-thirds of his pay from the office, and, as there are three children to provide for, you can see that I am not grumbling without reason."

No Wonder.

I AGREE that something certainly ought to be done. No wonder hundreds of young, brainy—and married—men shrink from taking a step which must land them into a mountain of debt.

Oh! Woman.

OH, WOMAN, WOMAN, WOMAN (three times); where is your sense of humour? I wrote in a fatally facetious mood of the lady clerks in the House of Commons and of possible fascinating M.P.s. I have kicked away the stone that held up the avalanche. Curiously, all the women who took me seriously add the letters W.S.P.U. to their signatures.

Where Will It Reappear?

THE "Dead or Deceased?" censorship story has now turned up in the *Cri de Londres*—quoted, but not from my page.

"Betty" At Last.

"BETTY" is at last a "fait accompli." Daly's was itself again on Saturday night—a riot of pretty faces, wonderful dresses, and hats which would make the mouth of every self-respecting matron and maid water extensively. We are all used to Daly's first nights, but I doubt whether any previous functions have eclipsed this.

The Daly's Touch.

FOR ONE THING, there was the simple and direct story of "Betty." I told you this simple and direct story some months ago when I journeyed to Manchester on a cold and foggy Christmas Eve to see the original production. But the Daly's show is widely different from that. Only the plot remains the same. Otherwise it has been brightened up and given the London touch—the Daly's touch, which one expects and loves in every bar.

Romantic Story.

WHAT MORE ROMANTIC STORY could you wish for than that of the Duke's son (and future Duke) who calls from the "high life below stairs" a kitchenmaid to amuse his house party and, finally, to wed? This is what happens to the amazing Gerard, Earl of Beverley, and he manages to work round him a very pretty little yarn, with as much sentiment as the most hysterical female galleryite would require. Of course, everything ends happily, after a lot of misunderstanding.

Winifred Barnes.

SO MANY clever people are connected with this show that it is difficult to know where to begin the usual eulogies. "Betty" herself is a great success. Winifred Barnes, who plays the title rôle, is a pretty, blue-eyed, timid, and rather fawn-like little person, with whom everyone will fall in love. Her very *gaucherie* is an asset.

W. H. Berry.

THEN there is Donald Calthrop—his first appearance in this type of work. He acts and sings as if he had been at it all his life, and his deportment is appropriately ducal. W. H. Berry—this is how Tom Titt saw him—and G. P. Huntley supply the humour, and they deal it out in liberal handfuls. Daisy Burrell, a fascinating "boy," and Mabel Sealby, an equally fascinating girl, both do their bit.

Music And Hats.

SEVERAL tunes, thanks to Merlin Morgan and Paul Rubens, will soon be hummed and whistled all over the place. "Dance with Me" and "Can It be Love?" are ringing in my head as I write. As for the dresses and hats—well, I leave those to the experts. They simply astounded me.

A Night Of Knights.

THERE was a fine gathering of other people ready to be astounded and delighted. Lord Lonsdale was in a box, and among a dazzling crowd of celebrities I noticed Lord Farquhar, Sir Simeon Stuart, Lord Carrick, Sir Charles Hartopp, Sir George Hastings, Sir Douglas Dawson, and Admiral Gamble.

Also A "Starry" One.

NATURALLY, there was a goodly theatrical contingent at such an important *première*. George Grossmith, arch-priest of musical comedy, was there, and Frederick Lonsdale and Gladys Unger, who were responsible for the book, and Paul Rubens, who wrote some of the music, were naturally interested. Lady Victor Paget (Olive May that was), Ethel Levey, Lily Elsie, Marie Löhr, and the gloriously lovely Gladys Cooper all made the scene exceptionally brilliant.

Louis XIV. And The Irish Soldiers.

"THE French are no longer men, but devils," was the remark of an Austrian general in 1691. "It is because of the Irish," his aide-de-camp rejoined. "The crafty Louis, knowing there are no fighters like the Irish in the world, has lured them into his service. It is they who are responsible for all these wild rushes; the French are trying to keep up with them." This, a correspondent suggests, would have made an appropriate inscription for the group of five Irish Guards in the *Daily Sketch*, one a V.C., the other four D.C.M.s!

MR. COSSIP.



THE SPLENDID STORY OF HILL 60.

Unflinching Gallantry Of The British Infantry.

UNSHAKEN IN AN INFERNO.

Battleground Hidden By Clouds Of Poison Fumes.

The attack and defence of Hill 60 will go down in history among the finest exploits performed by British troops during the war, says "Eye-Witness."

The space fought over on the four and a half days between April 17 and 21 was only about 250 yards in length by about 200 in depth.

On to that small area the enemy for hours on end hurled tons of metal and high-explosives, and at times the hill-top was wreathed in clouds of poisonous fumes.

And yet our gallant infantry did not give way. They stood firm under a fire which swept away whole sections at a time, filled the trenches with dead bodies, and so cumbered the approaches to the front line that reinforcements could not reach it without having to climb over the prostrate forms of their fallen comrades.

SEVEN MINES UNDER THE GERMANS.

On the evening of April 17, when the attack on Hill 60 took place, the whole ridge was seamed with innumerable trenches and saps. At 7 p.m. seven mines were fired simultaneously under the German trenches.

Trenches, parapets, sandbags disappeared, and the whole surface of the ground assumed strange shapes. As the reports of the explosions died away, and while the dense columns of smoke and dust still hung in the air, our men, led by their officers, sprang from the trenches and rushed across the intervening space of some 40 to 60 yards lying between our line and the gaping craters before them.

Many of the German soldiers, possibly owing to the fact that they were working, were surprised in their shirt sleeves, without equipment.

Of all this our infantry had but a momentary glimpse before they fell upon the enemy with the bayonet, burst through the maze of trenches, poured into the craters, and pressed on down the communication trenches, until at last they were stopped by barricades defended by bomb-throwers. The first line of trenches over the front assaulted was captured in a few minutes, with little difficulty. But it was then that the real struggle began, for the Germans quickly recovered from their surprise.

MACHINE-GUNS ON SIDE-CARS.

Advancing up the communication trenches, they threw hand-grenades over the barricades and also into the mine crater, on the crumbling sides of which our men were clinging in the endeavour to obtain a foothold.

Throughout the night the fighting continued, culminating early in the morning of the 18th in two massed attacks by the enemy. These were beaten off principally by the fire of machine-guns, some of which had been rushed up on side-cars.

Nevertheless, in spite of his heavy losses, which left the hillside piled with dead, the enemy continued their pressure during the whole of Sunday, until they were gradually driven from the southern edge of the hill.

LITTLE CHILDREN VICTIMS.

At 6 p.m. help reached our front line in the form of reinforcements, who swept the Germans from the foothold they had gained. Our position was now more secure, and although the shelling and bombing never ceased altogether the night may be said to have passed in comparative quiet.

On the 20th the lull was broken. The Germans had by now unmasked a formidable concentration of artillery, and hour by hour the fire grew heavier. Ypres itself was bombarded by pieces of 42cm. and 35cm. calibre, in spite of which not many casualties were sustained, except by the civilian element, among whom were fifteen children, who were killed while playing in the street.

RAIN OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

As evening approached the fire against Hill 60 grew hotter, and at 6.30 p.m. the hostile infantry once more advanced to the assault. If they thought, however, that the spirit of our men had been broken by high explosives they were soon to discover their mistake. Again did our machine-guns do tremendous execution, and the attack was beaten off, another at 8 p.m. suffering the same fate.

When the morning of Wednesday, the 21st, came the position was still in our hands, except at one point where the enemy had established himself. From this he was driven by a counter-attack, and by 3 p.m. the only Germans left on the hill were a few bomb-throwers, who still clung to the north-eastern edge. The bombardment of the hill continued throughout the morning and afternoon, and from three directions high-explosive shells and projectiles filled with asphyxiating gases rained down upon the defenders.

RUGBY FORWARD'S GALLANT DEATH.

Lieut. Roland H. Owen, 2nd Battalion, Duke of Wellingtons (West Riding Regiment), was killed while gallantly leading a charge on Hill 60. He was a Yorkshire County Rugby Union and Huddersfield Old Boys' Rugby Club forward.

GERMAN REVENGE ON PICKED BRITISH OFFICERS.

Three Peers' Heirs.
One Ambassador's Son.
One Cabinet Minister's Relative.
39 Hostages For Pirates.

The names of the 39 British officers who are being subjected to "reprisals" in Germany have been obtained by the American Ambassador in Berlin.

All the officers belong to well-known regiments, or are related to important people, and were evidently specially picked out. The list includes: One Ambassador's son. (Lieut. Gerard Goschen, of the Grenadier Guards, son of Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador in Berlin before the war.)

Three peers' heirs.
One peer's son, one peer's grandson.
One baronet.
One military attaché. (Lieut. Wavel Paxton, of the Coldstream Guards.)
One Cabinet Minister's cousin. (Captain Robin Grey, of the Royal Flying Corps, cousin of Sir Edward Grey.)

THE FULL LIST.

The full list is as follows:—

CAPTAINS.
Robin Grey, R.F.C. Montgomery, 7th Dragoon Guards.
George Elliott, R. Irish R. Spence, Middlesex Regt.
Coke, Scots Guards. Ashton, 2nd Life Guards.
Jump, 1st Dragoons.

LIEUTENANTS.
Houldsworth, Gordon H. Stewart, Gordon H.
Master of Saltoun, Gor. H. Wavel Paxton, Coldstream Guards.
Goschen, Grenadier Gds. H. G. McNeile, Coldstream Guards.
Campbell, R. Horse Gds. Hickman, 4th R. Irish Dragoons.
Ivan Hay, 5th Lancers. Graves, Royal Scots.
Hunter Blair, Gordon H. Graham Watson, R. Scots.
Keppel, Coldstream Gds. French, R. Irish Regt.
Lord Garlies, Scots Gds. Palmer, 2nd Life Guards.
Trafford, Scots Gds. Allistone, Middlesex Regt.
Colin Campbell, Argyll and Sutherland H. Rogerson, 18th Hussars.
Fitzroy, Scots Guards. Sanderson, 4th Dragoons.
Hamilton, Gordon H. Stewart Menzies, Scots G.
Bingham, R. Welsh Fus. Gage Brown, 1st Life G.
Cartwright, Middlesex R. Schoon, K.R.R.
MacLeod, R.F.A. Robertson, Gordon H. Jolliffe, Scots Guards.

Officers have been placed in arrest barracks at following places:—15 at Magdeburg, 7 at Burg, 1 at Torgau, 13 at Cologne, 1 at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, 2 at Restatt to be transferred to Karlsruhe, Baden.

HATE IN DETAIL.

It is reported from Switzerland that the officers chosen for this special exhibition of German hate are—

Confined in separate cells.
Deprived of money.
Watched strictly by warders.
Forbidden to communicate with one another.
Allowed to receive no letters.
All luxuries taken away.

The German submarine prisoners in Great Britain, on the other hand, are—
Treated with humanity.
Provided with German books.
Subjected to no forced labour.
Better fed and clothed than British prisoners of equal rank in Germany.

A Paris Reuter message shows that German prisoners in France are—
Given good food.
Allowed to write and receive letters.
Have the use of rooms with shower-baths.
Looked after by German non-commissioned officers and German medical students.

GLADSTONE'S "HERO GRANDSON."

Mrs. Mary Drew, daughter of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, on Saturday night received this telegram from Queen Alexandra sympathising with her on the death in action of Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone:—
I am so grieved to hear of the sad death of your dear nephew, a terrible blow to his poor mother. How your dear father, the people's William, would have grieved, although proud of his hero grandson.—Alexandra.

Khalil, who attempted to kill the Sultan of Egypt, was hanged on Saturday morning at Cairo.

KITCHENER IS GRATIFIED, NOT SATISFIED.

His Real Views On Recruiting Under Voluntary System.

"WE WANT MORE MEN—NOW."

Lord Kitchener is very gratified with the response which has been made in voluntary enlistment," said Dr. Macnamara yesterday at a P.S.A. gathering at Camberwell, "but if you assume that he is satisfied, you fall into a very serious error. We want more men, and we want them now."

Overalls can win the distinguished service medal just as well as khaki, but, so far as I can judge, there are still a good many young fellows about who can be spared, and their place is with the flag.

I shall not speak of those who have not answered the call as deliberate shirkers. Not at all, I am quite sure they do not lack either patriotism or pluck. The simple fact is they have not realised our stake in this conflict.

I appeal to those young men who can be spared and who are physically fit to realise at once that the business in hand is much too serious, much too vital, for anybody to say, "Oh! it will be all right"; and then leave it.

Airy optimism won't hasten victory. To win a decisive victory and a sure and lasting peace we shall need to strain every nerve. I am using these words in deadly earnest.

"WHY DON'T YOU GO?" SAYS A V.C.

London's recruiting fortnight closed yesterday. Corporal Holmes, V.C., was the central figure in a demonstration at Clapham Common in the afternoon. A band and men of the 1st Surrey Rifles and the local volunteer force escorted him to the common.

In the course of his appeal to the men in the crowd, Corporal Holmes said:—

If you had seen the sights which were to be seen in France and Belgium at the beginning of the war, you would not be here; you would be out there. Your friends and relations are in the trenches; why don't you go and help them? There are men in uniform here, but there must be more. The Army and the Allies want more. They expect more from us than we have done, and if you want to keep away conscription you must go now.

In appealing for men for the 21st County of London Regiment, Lieut. Briggs said he had received a letter from a friend in the 1st Battalion, now in the trenches, saying they were "beastly uncomfortable, but damned happy."

SPAIN WANTS GIBRALTAR.

"The Thorn Which Pricks Us When We Shake Great Britain's Hand."

MADRID, Sunday.

In a statement published to-day Senor Azcarati, a well-known Spanish statesman, says:—

If, as seems possible, the map of Europe is about to be altered, we must, instead of seeking other benefits, concentrate above all on the question of Gibraltar. We must make the integrity of the Motherland our chief aspiration.

Gibraltar might be exchanged for Ceuta, Great Britain would thus continue to dominate the Straits, while Spain would once more be entirely Spanish.

No one will doubt my sympathy and admiration for Great Britain, but I should like to extract this thorn of Gibraltar, which pricks us when we shake Great Britain's hand.

—Reuter.

AGAINST TRAMWAY-WOMEN.

Cardiff Men's Protest Against Female Conductors.

Cardiff tramway employees yesterday passed a resolution protesting against the employment of women as conductors, and pledging themselves to refuse to work with them if the Corporation does not dispense with their services. The particular point of objection is that some of the new conductors are married women whose husbands are in regular work.

THE HIGHLANDERS PIPED UP MORE RECRUITS.



While the King and Queen and Royal party were inside the Albert Hall at a recruiting band concert Highland pipers outside the hall turned the opportunity to account for the same purpose.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD'S SUCCESS.

Fascinating Articles By Belloc And Others.

PAGES OF WAR PICTURES.

In pre-war times Sunday was the great day for literary forgatherings. The giants of those days met together then because they hadn't had time all through the week to see each other. Then it was that the most brilliant shaft of wit was launched and the cunning epigram was born. They found their way into print later. The best brains evolved the best things and the only grief of smaller folk was that the gathering was so annoyingly exclusive.

When war broke out the salon was, generally speaking, closed, the giants stayed hid in their castles, just as though it was an ordinary day and the sum of the world's brightness was diminished.

VIEWES OF THE CLEVER MEN.

But things are righting themselves again. Yesterday the initiated had an opportunity of hearing a conclave of some of the cleverest people among us unburden themselves without reserve. The *Daily Sketch* was not alone in the opinion that the giants wielded words as powerfully as ever.

Hilaire Belloc was there, and in splendid form. He was talking about the subject about which he is at present talking better, probably, than any living man—the war—and the things he said were worth listening to.

"The test of our advance," he laid down, "is not measured by the extent of any forward movement. It is measured in reserves of troops, in reserves of munition, in rates of wastage, and in all these the advance is continuous, and, what is more, progressive."

"The Government ought to have foreseen what munitions were needed," chimed in Cecil Chesterton in that delightfully contentious fashion of his. Cecil is great when he is riding his hobby horse, the working man, and nobody was surprised when he followed with this characteristic statement:

"The sooner politicians, and especially Liberal politicians, learn a little elementary democracy the better."

ARE WE TALKING TOO MUCH?

"Are we talking too much?" slipped in Jerome K. Jerome.

"All this wretched spy-baiting, this persecution of harmless men and women, whose fathers and mothers may happen to have been Germans!" he exclaimed. Is not our business to be fighting German men on the soil of Flanders and of France? Had we not better concentrate on that and leave discussion about the furnishing of Donington Hall and Lord Haldane's attitude on German philosophy till after the war is over?"

It was all in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* if you would really like to be let into the secret. The best Sunday picture paper in the world has come to be the forum, acknowledged and undisputed, of the best minds in the world of literature.

All the quotations given above appeared in the articles by the writers named in yesterday's issue. It was a wonderful number, with pages of war pictures.

HAVE YOU SEEN MR. FAIR?

This is a photograph of Mr. John William Fair, architect, late of Holborn, Bexhill, Sussex, and various other parts of England, who disappeared towards the end of January last, and has not been heard of since.



He was in no financial difficulty. His sister, Miss Fair, of Riverslea, Marsh Lock, Henley-on-Thames, is anxious for news of her brother, who is her only relative.

Mr. Fair was last seen on the evening of Friday, January 23, by a friend in High-street, Manchester, to whom he said he was going to catch the 6.20 train to London.

Mr. J. W. Fair.

His sister believes he has either met with an accident or has lost his memory through nervous breakdown caused by the war.

HUGE PROFITS ON WHEAT.

Bread Increases In Price And Millers' Profits Go Up.

To-day another halfpenny will be clapped on the quarter loaf at Cardiff, making it 8½d. and 9d., according to quality.

As a contrast it may be noted that a few days hence the shareholders of Messrs. Spillers and Bakers, the great milling firm, will assemble at Cardiff to consider their record profits—a huge jump from £89,000 to £368,000!

Some of the figures to be considered at the meeting are as follows:—

Amount brought forward £159,684.
Total sum for disposal £527,549.
(50 per cent. on capital of £1,000,000.)
Dividend and bonus raised from 15 to 20 p.c.
Reserve for special contingencies £100,000.
Ordinary reserve £50,000.
Carried forward £258,000.

Naturally enough many criticisms have been levelled at the large profits of the firm, and to these there is promised a reply at the meeting of the company.

GERMANS WEAR MASKS IN CHARGE ACROSS POISON ZONE

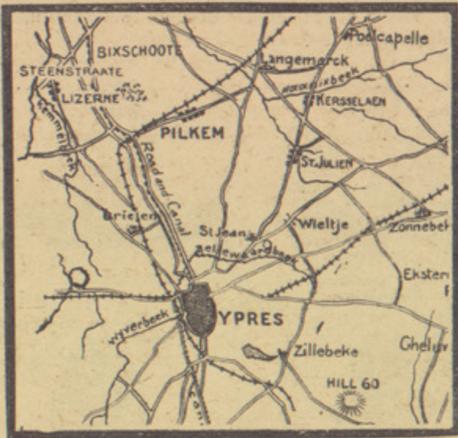
NEW VICTORIES CLAIMED BY ENEMY.

"1,000 British Prisoners Taken; Machine Guns Captured; Two Villages Stormed; Advance Towards A Third."

BELGIANS HELP TO RECAPTURE A VILLAGE ON THE WEST OF THE CANAL.

Further German successes were claimed yesterday in the battles round Ypres, the Belgian town which bars the road to the North Sea coast.

The Germans claim to have taken two villages west of Ypres, and to be "advancing victoriously" towards a third, capturing 1,000 British prisoners and several machine-guns. It is alleged that a British counter-



attack early yesterday morning was repulsed with very heavy losses.

Latest news indicates that the Germans are threatening the line of communications between Ypres and Poperinghe.

The first battle of Ypres began on November 11, when the British hurled back successive attacks of the Prussian Guard. The second battle of Ypres is being even more stubbornly contested.

WAR WITH POISON FUMES.

French And Belgians Push Enemy Back Across The Canal.

French Official News.

North of Ypres, the Germans on Friday night and during Saturday made a violent attempt to complete the success which they won on Thursday by means of asphyxiating gas.

This effort failed.

At dawn on Saturday the Germans tried to capture the village of Lizerne, on the left bank of the Yser. A vigorous attack of French Zouaves and Belgian carabineers made the French masters of this village, beyond which they quickly advanced.

The French have made substantial progress on their left in co-operation with the Belgian Army, and more slowly on their right.

The British troops, who were the object during this time of a violent attack, at once made a counter-attack, and kept their position.

The Germans, who are attacking with two army corps (100,000 men), continued to use asphyxiating gas fumes on Saturday.

PARIS, Sunday Night.

To the north of Ypres fighting continues under good conditions for the Allied troops.

The Germans have attacked at several points of the British front in the north-easterly and south-westerly directions, but they have not gained ground.

On our side we have made progress on the right bank of the canal by vigorous counter-attacks.—Central News.

Belgian Official News.

The village of Lizerne—on the Allies' side of the Yser Canal—which had been taken by the enemy during the night of Friday-Saturday, has been retaken to-day (Sunday) by the Franco-Belgian troops.

Our artillery has successfully answered the fire directed on the whole length of the front by the German batteries.

Notwithstanding the very strong wind, our airmen have been able to do some useful reconnoitring.

Story Of 2nd Battle Of Ypres.

- (1) After the capture of Hill 60, south of Ypres, by the British and the failure of several German counter-attacks (beginning of last week) —
- (2) Germans delivered unexpected attack in force on the Yser Canal, north of Ypres, compelling the French to retire by poisonous gas fumes, and taking four villages, guns and prisoners (Thursday);
- (3) British counter-attack north of Ypres; Canadians made a brilliant charge and recaptured four guns which had been exposed by French retirement; "their gallantry and determination undoubtedly saved the situation." (Friday);
- (4) Village of Lizerne, where the Germans had crossed the Yser Canal, recaptured by French and Belgians; general advance of the Allies (Saturday).
- (5) German attack in a new direction, west of Ypres; fighting continues (Saturday and Sunday).

CHOKING CHLORINE FOG.

Germans Wore Smoke-Masks In Attack On French Position.

PARIS, Sunday.

Eye-witnesses of the German attack on Boesinghe express the opinion that the Germans awaited a favourable wind to expel under pressure from apparatus in their trenches fumes which have been identified as chlorine gas.

Our men were amazed when they saw thick clouds of blackish fog moving in their direction. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion, the Germans then came out of their trenches, supported by artillery fire. The first Germans were stated to be wearing masks, which permitted them to cross the gas zone without danger.

This local success has produced a revival of activity on the part of the enemy along the whole front from Ypres to La Bassée. Their shells reached the neighbourhood of Poperinghe to-day, and their fire threatens the Belgian line connecting that place with Ypres.—Reuter's Special.

TRIED IT ON THE DOG.

The Temps asserts that the Germans made long preparations for using asphyxiating gas, and recalls the experiments conducted some little while ago north of Hasselt on dogs placed in trenches.

'ADVANCING VICTORIOUSLY.'

Progress North Of Ypres And Near St. Mihiel.

German Official News.

We obtained further results at Ypres.

The ground captured on Friday north of Ypres was retained all Saturday in spite of the enemy's attacks.

Further east we continued our attack and took the farm of Solaert by storm, south-west of St. Julien, as well as the villages St. Julien and Kersselaere, advanced victoriously towards Grafenstafel.

During these engagements about 1,000 Englishmen were taken as prisoners and several machine guns were captured.

An English counter-attack against our positions west of St. Julien was repulsed early this (Sunday) morning with very heavy losses to the enemy.

West of Wiel [? Wieltje] attempts of the English to make an attack were quenched at the very start by the fire of our artillery.

In the Meuse hills south-west of Combres [northern part of the St. Mihiel wedge] the French suffered a heavy defeat. We began the attack and broke through many French lines situated behind each other in a rush.

French night attempts to take the captured territory away from us again failed with heavy losses to the enemy.

Twenty-four French officers and 1,000 men, with 17 cannon, remained in our hands after these engagements.

SAWDUST BREAD FOR BOHEMIANS.

VENICE, Sunday.

Prague bakers have been caught making bread without either flour or cornmeal, composed chiefly of beans, potatoes cooked in their skins, and other ingredients, including even sawdust, while just sufficient maize meal was added to give the product some semblance to bread.—Reuter's Special.

OUR DIFFICULTIES IN THE DARDANELLES.

Drifting Mines And Forts That Recover After Bombardment.

BUT THE TURK MUST GO.

From E. Ashmead-Bartlett.

EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, April 12.

The days of the Turk in Europe are numbered, but no one will deny that he is dying hard and game.

It came as a disagreeable shock to many to read on the morning of March 19 that two British battleships and one French had been sunk in the Dardanelles, while several others had been hit and damaged.

The combined advance of the Allied Fleet up the Dardanelles on March 18 was not an attempt to pass the Narrows. It was merely intended as a great demonstration against the forts, in order that the destroyers and sweepers might clear the minefield under cover of the guns of the ships.

This work was carried out in the most gallant manner, and was perfectly successful, but, unfortunately, the further advance had to be abandoned, owing to the sudden and unexpected disasters to three vessels inflicted by drifting mines.

WHAT SHIPS CAN DO TO FORTS.

Nothing has amazed the gunners out here more than the resisting power of these old forts round the Dardanelles.

For instance, those at Seddul Bahr and Kume Kale, at the northern and southern entrances to the Dardanelles, were subjected to a terrific bombardment by the combined Fleets on February 19, both at long and short range.

Yet, when the landing parties were put ashore to examine them, the material damage was found to be comparatively small, although they were mere shambles.

Many of the guns were still intact, and one 9in. was actually found loaded. The work of destruction had to be completed by the landing parties, and the forts are now heaps of unoccupied ruins, with their guns lying about at all angles.

CONCEALED BATTERIES.

No fleet can advance even close to the Narrows, much less through them, until the mine-field has been cleared. The enemy's heavy concealed guns and light mobile artillery render this task impossible, even under the covering fire of the battleships.

In addition, there is every known reason to believe that the Turks have placed a large number of torpedo-tubes along both shores. Therefore, the only way the straits can be opened is from the land side.

To accomplish this a very large Expeditionary Force is required, and also a very large number of field howitzers, with which to deal with the concealed batteries.

H.M.S. TRIUMPH THRICE HIT.

MALTA, Sunday.

H.M.S. Triumph entered the mouth of the straits (date not given), and opened fire with her 7.5 guns on one of the enemy's trenches on the western end of the Gallipoli peninsula.

After half an hour's bombardment the ship went farther into the straits in order to search the trench from another position, and herself came under the fire of a howitzer battery on the Asiatic shore. Three shells struck the Triumph, and two men, a stoker, and a bluejacket were severely but not dangerously wounded by one which hit the bridge and fell through on to the deck below.

The Triumph's guns were able to silence her assailants in a few minutes after they had been located, after which she resumed her bombardment of the enemy's trench.—Reuter's Special.

SHORT SHRIFF FOR TURKISH SPY.

PARIS, Sunday.

The Mufti of Tenedos was surprised by the British at the moment when, from the height of Kastraki, he was by Morse signals communicating information regarding the Dardanelles operations to the Turks.

He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, and was hanged the same day.—Exchange.

[A mufti is a sort of magistrates' clerk; he interprets the law which the cadi administers.]

NEW ATTACK EXPECTED.

Great Military Cemetery Behind The German Lines In Belgium.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

The Roulers correspondent of the Telegraaf reports that the fighting on the line Moorslede-Passchendale, near Poelcapelle and Langemarck—north-east of Ypres—was most severe.

Near Moorslede is a great military cemetery, where thousands were buried.

German field artillery are posted south of Moorslede with six horses for each gun always ready to move owing to the frequent and successful reconnoitring of the Allied airmen. There are heavy guns north of Moorslede.

It is expected at Bruges that a new and strong attempt will be made by the Germans to cross the Yser in order to force a way to Furnes and Dunkirk.

Extra Late Edition.

'NO GOOD PRETENDING.'

—The Bishop Of London.

Enough Of Facile Optimism:
What Is Happening?

"WE WANT FACTS."

Nation Must Have Fortitude To Bear The Cost.

It is no good pretending that everything is going so very smoothly to-day.

We have had enough of facile optimism.

We want facts.

We are up against the biggest thing we have ever faced in the history of the nation.

That great long battle-line is where it was in October. There is a standstill in the Carpathian Mountains; we don't know what is happening in the Dardanelles.

THE BISHOP KNOWS.

These are not the words of a professional scare-monger. They were spoken by the Bishop of London at St. Clement's, Notting Hill, last night.

The Bishop has just come back from the front. He knows what he is talking about.

When exactly similar phrases are used by responsible writers in the Press, the Liberal newspapers raise the cries, "You're breaking the party truce" and "We mustn't lose confidence in the Government."

Perhaps now the Bishop, a man of no party, has spoken, the trustful optimists will begin to take notice.

"WE MUST HAVE FORTITUDE."

"What the nation needs," said the Bishop, "is fortitude; what the soldier at the front calls 'stick it.'"

"We will never give up this contest for the freedom of the world, the Christian principles of the world; the freedom of our nation and national honour. We must never give up."

"We must have fortitude to bear more casualty lists, day after day, to bear more anxieties, more ships gone down, more people dead or wounded in the great cause."

"BRITISH NAVY DISAPPEARS."

The Entire German Fleet Looks For It In Vain.

The Berlin Tageszeitung and Vossische Zeitung (according to Copenhagen messages) declare that the German Fleet is now willing to accept battle in the North Sea.

"The whole of the German Fleet has several times cruised the North Sea in vain seeking the British Fleet."

The Press states that the British Fleet has totally disappeared from the North Sea.

The Vossische Zeitung says:—"Admiral Jellicoe has now a great chance to repeat the victory of Trafalgar and show that Britannia is the ruler of the North Sea."

WHY DID THEY LET THIS FOOD SHIP GO?

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.

The Danish steamer Nidaros, which was stopped by a German warship in the North Sea and taken to the island of Sylt, has been allowed to go free with the whole of her food cargo for England.—Exchange.

WHAT IS IT?

Doctor Bielby, chairman of the Governors of the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, yesterday said that the resources of certain departments had been placed at the disposal of a distinguished inventor and man of science who had been working out the solution of a certain naval problem. The work having been carried out as far as it could be in the college, the Admiralty had now placed at the inventor's disposal the necessary facilities for working tests at sea.

HEAVY GUNS IN THE CARPATHIANS.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Sunday.

In the Carpathians the enemy has recently been increasing the volume of his artillery fire on the whole front. He has apparently brought up fresh units of heavy artillery.

During the night of April 24-25 the enemy delivered a series of persistent attacks in the region of the Uzsok Pass, which we repulsed with rifle fire and hand grenades, inflicting very great losses on the enemy.—Reuter.

THE LADY MAYORESS SALUTES THE MINERS' BATTALION.



In connection with a recruiting effort at Leeds the Miners' Battalion, headed by their band, marched through the city on Saturday. As they passed the Town Hall the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress both stood at the salute.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

WHICH REGIMENT ARE YOU INTERESTED IN?

SPECIAL TEN DAYS' OFFER TO ALL MEMBERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AND TO THEIR RELATIVES AND PERSONAL FRIENDS

To purchasers of their beautiful and richly ornamental gold, silver and metal Gilt Badges of the British Regiments, now in great vogue as Ladies' Brooches and Pendants, Messrs. H. Brandon and Co., the well-known manufacturing jewellers, during the next ten days only, will present, free of charge, a quaint sterling silver "John Bull" or "Mrs. Touchwud"

LUCKY "TOUCHWUD" CHARM, as supplied to H.M. Queen Alexandra, and sold separately at 1s. 6d. Purchasers of a gold Badge will receive a 9-ct. gold "Touchwud" Charm, as retailed at 10s. 6d.



Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.



Royal Artillery.



FREE.



FREE.

This quaint little Magic Charm is formed of sacred oak, with curly arms and legs of silver, and the weirdest, witching eyes. It has been venerated in the East for centuries as a holy mascot of success and prosperity, guarding the wearer against injury and ill-fortune.

LIST OF REGIMENTAL BADGES IN STOCK AND WHICH CAN BE HAD PER RETURN:—

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Argyle and S'land. | King's Liverpool. | Royal W. Surrey. |
| A.O.C. | K.R.R. | Royal Berks. |
| Australian C'wealth. | 13th Kensington R. | Royal Warwick. |
| Artists' Rifles. | King's Own. | Royal Warwick Y. |
| Army Pay Corps. | 16th Lancers. | Royal Marine. |
| British Columbia. | 17th Lancers. | Royal Welch F. |
| Coldstreams. | 21st Lancers. | Royal Irish F. |
| Cinqne Port. | Lincolnshire. | Royal Flying Corps. |
| Connaught Rangers. | Leicester. | Royal Bucks H'sara. |
| 20th City of London. | London Scottish. | Sharpshooters. |
| Cameronians. | Loyal N. Lances. | South Staffs. |
| Canadian H. 48th. | Leinster. | Scots Guards. |
| Civil Service. | 1st Life Guards. | S. Notts Hussars. |
| Cameronians | L.I. Rifles. | Scuth Lances. |
| (Scottish Rifles). | Lances Fusiliers. | 1st Surrey Rifles. |
| 7th Cnty of London | 2nd Life Guards. | 1st Royal Dragoons |
| 25th City of London | Liverpool Scottish. | Suffolk Hussars. |
| London Cyclists. | Montgomery I.Y. | Sussex Yeomanry. |
| Duke of Lancaster's | Middlesex. | Shropshire L.I. |
| Own. | Machine Guns. | S.W. Borderers. |
| Devonshire. | Manchester. | Sherwood Foresters. |
| 5th Dragoon Guards | North Staffs. | Somerset L.I. |
| 6th Dragoons. | Norfolk Fusiliers. | Surrey Yeomanry. |
| 11th County London | Norfolk Yeomanry. | Suffolk Regiment. |
| Duke of Cornwall's | Naval Brigade. | Seafords. |
| L.I. | Newfoundland. | Wiltshire. |
| Durham L.I. | Norfolk. | Westminster D'gns. |
| 4th Dragoons. | Neptune. | West Yorks. |
| E. Lances. | Northampton. | Welsh. |
| Essex (2 Castles). | Northumberland F. | Worcestershire. |
| Essex (3 Castles). | Ox. and Bucks L.I. | West Riding. |
| E. Surrey. | Public Schools. | W. Kent Yeomanry. |
| E. Yorks. | Post Office Rifles. | Yorks and Lances. |
| Essex Yeomanry. | Prince of Wales' Y. | Yorks Hussars. |
| Gordons. | Queen Victoria R. | York L.I. |
| Gloucesters. | Queen's Westm'ster. | Yorks Regt. |
| Grenadiers. | Q.O. Royal W. Kent | Yorks Dragoons. |
| Grenadiers (Grenade) | Royal Scots. | 6th Cnty of London. |
| H.A.C. | Royal Sussex. | Scottish Horse. |
| Highland L.I. | Royal Dublin F. | Scots Greys. |
| Hampshires. | Royal Fusiliers. | Inniskilling D'gns. |
| Imperial Service. | Royal Scot F. | Shropshire Y. |
| Inns of Court. | Rifle Brigade. | 2nd King Edward's |
| Irish Guards. | Royal West Kent | Horse. |
| Isle of Wight. | Royal Engine'rs. | Rough Riders. |
| K.O.S.B. | | |
| Army S.C. | Dorset. | Hussars 20th. |
| Army V.C. | Herts I.Y. | Hereford. |
| Bufs. | Hertfordshire. | L.R.B. |
| Black Watch. | Hussars 3rd. | 9th Lancers. |
| Bays. | Hussars 7th. | 19th London. |
| Beds. Regt. | Hussars 8th. | 23rd London. |
| Berks. Yeo. | Hussars 10th. | R.F.A. |
| Border. | Hussars 13th. | R.G.A. |
| Cambridge. | Hussars 14th. | R.H.G. |
| Canada. | Hussars 15th. | R.A.M.O. |
| Cheshire. | Hussars 18th. | Rangers. |
| | Hussars 19th. | R.N.A.S. |

We guarantee our Brooches to be faithful replicas of the Badges actually worn in His Majesty's Armies, correct in every detail and of high class workmanship, quality and finish. Made in four styles, size 1½ inches:—

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Gold-faced ... | 2s. 0d. each. |
| Sterling Silver ... | 5s. 6d. " |
| Silver Gilt ... | 5s. 6d. " |
| 9-ct. Solid Gold ... | 42s. 0d. " |

MESSRS. BRANDON'S MILITARY BROOCHES are the genuine article, and are obtainable from all Jewellers and Stores, packed in dainty red boxes, lined with silk, handy for posting. Ask your Jeweller or Stores for BRANDON'S Badges, and be sure you get the silver or gold lucky "TOUCHWUD" Charm to which you are entitled.

If your local Jeweller or Storekeeper does not stock our badges and FREE "TOUCHWUD" Charm, send direct to H. BRANDON AND CO., 317, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C., or telephone Holborn 6895, and per return you will receive the badge, together with a free "TOUCHWUD" Charm. Jewellers who do not stock SHOULD ALSO WRITE

PRINCESS MARY.



Princess Mary, who celebrated her eighteenth birthday yesterday, and the two young Princes arriving at the patriotic concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday.

THE PARIS HAT—1915.



Parisian milliners take care that the widow's bonnet shall be becoming as well as pathetic.—(Manuel.)

THE "STATIONMASTER."



Miss Alice Lidster, a nurse, has been appointed 'stationmaster' of Troedyrhwi, Wales.

ENGAGED.



Miss Rachel Butler, Lord Arthur Butler's daughter, is engaged to Capt. E. Egerton.—(Speaight.)

PATRIOTIC TWINS.



The sixteen-year-old twins of Mrs. A. Lucas, of Salisbury, have joined the Leinster Regiment.

FREE CURE FOR ALL URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

For All Readers Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, &c.

FAMOUS LONDON PHYSICIAN'S SPLENDID GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

A world-famous London scientist and physician is offering to the public as a special gift free supplies of the most successful of all prescription preparations for the cure of their Uric Acid complaints.

All who suffer the ceaseless pain of Rheumatism, the agony of Sciatica or Lumbago, the scorching pangs of Gout, or the maddening irritation of Neuralgia can have this famous cure in their hands immediately free of charge.

Whatever remedies you have hitherto tried, this most successful of all—"Urillac"—may be accepted without hesitation. Simply write as instructed below, and your free supply, together with instructive medical treatise and full directions, will be sent by return.

It is quite a liberal supply you will receive. From the very first moment of taking it you feel a wonderful relief. A grateful restfulness steals over your pain-racked nerves steadily and surely this unique specific combines with the blood and rids your system of its terrible burden of Uric Acid.

How terrible a burden it is the reader may judge from the following symptoms—only a few of the most common:—

- Stiff, Painful Joints. Aching Back. Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands. Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains. Cutting Pains in the Legs. Throbbing Convulsive Pains in the Temples. Acute Aching Round the Eyes. Rheumatoid Arthritis. Draughts of Cold Air "Cutting" the Skin. Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

Whichever of these symptoms you may experience from your Uric Acid trouble, you will find "Urillac" effect a lasting and complete cure without interfering with the digestion in the slightest. "Urillac" has only one object—to carry away from the system the Uric Acid that would otherwise form in the system as crystallised or chalky accumulations.

There is no need even to write a letter for your free trial supply. Simply say "Please send me a free supply of Urillac," give your name and address, and enclose in an envelope with 2d. stamps for postage, etc. The envelope must be addressed to The Urillac Co., Dept. D.S., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

"Urillac" may be obtained at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. from all chemists, or post free from the above address.—Adv.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS.

Unredeemed Pledge Sale. Special Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready. Sent Post Free, 5,000 Sensational Bargains.



Don't Delay. Write at Once. IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS. Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c. Illustrated Fur List Now Ready. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL. Satisfaction Guaranteed

- 12/6 (Worth £2/10/-). Field, Race, or Marine Glass (by Lefaier); powerful Binocular, as used in Army and Navy; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark 1,000-yds.; wide field; saddle made sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 12/6; approval. 32/6 Glasses: great magnificent power (by Lumiere); most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; brilliant field of view; in solid leather sling case; week's free trial; £1/12/6; approval willingly. 12/9 Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, 40 articles; everything required; wonderfully beautiful, exquisite embroidered American Robes, &c.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; worth £2/10/-; sacrifice, 12/9; approval. 10/6 Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Compass attached; indistinguishable from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 10/6; approval willingly before payment. 4/9 Lady's Necklet, Heart Pendant attached; set Parisian pearls and turquoises, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4/9; approval willingly before payment. 10/6 Gent's fashionable Double Curb Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, heavy solid links; 10/6; approval. 14/6 (Worth £2/2/-). Lady's massive Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet; bargain, 14/6; approval. 21/- (Worth £2/4/-). Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Bracelet; fit any wrist; perfect time-keeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1/11/-; Superfine quality Blankets; magnificent parcel, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; great bargain; worth £3/3/-; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment. 49/6 (Worth £39/-). Gent's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Lever, Centre Second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (R. Stanton, London); jewelled movement, timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 7 day's trial; £2/8/6. 8/6 (Worth £1/4/-). Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; solid links, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great sacrifice, 8/6; approval willingly before payment. 19/9 Lady's Troussseau; 24 superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, &c.; 19/9. 8/6 Gent's handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, with radiumized luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; high-grade lever movement; timed to a minute a month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 8/6. 21/- (Worth £2/4/-). Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch; jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, richly engraved; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; £1/11/-; Also Lady's handsome Solid Gold hall-marked Watch Guard; sacrifice, £1/11/-; approval willingly before payment. (Worth £1/15/-). Lady's 18-ct. Solid Gold hall-marked 8/9 Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-hoop Ring, claw setting; large lustrous stones; 8/9; approval before payment. 3/9 Lady's Solid Gold 3-stone Parisian Diamond Ring, daisy set; worth 15/-; sacrifice, 3/9; approval willingly. 22/6 (Worth £2/10/-). Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Wristlet, with luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; perfect time-keeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1/2/6. 22/6 (Worth £2/10/-). Powerful Field, Marine, or Race Glasses, as supplied to the War Office; 8-lens magnification power, accurately adjusted, large field of view; time by church clock distinctly seen three miles away; in brown English leather slip case; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1/2/6; approval. DAVIS & Co. (Dept. 112) Pawnbrokers, 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

£250 Offered this Week for IDEAS ON SALE EVERY SATURDAY.

BOUNTIES

First Prize - £150;

Second Prize, £25; Third Prize, £10;

20 Prizes of £1 each; 180 Prizes of 5/- each;

and 80 "Merit" Prizes.

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO—For this week's Competition choose your examples from those given below.

- OPEN-AIR LIFE COMMON KNOWLEDGE VISITING UNCLE GOOD COMRADES A PERMANENT CURE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN UNUSUAL ENDING SPRING COSTUMES POPULAR WEEKLY MATTER OF COURSE AERIAL WARFARE EXPERT EVIDENCE SUCCESS PERSEVERANCE POLITENESS ENDURANCE NOT EASILY PERTURBED PAINFUL REMINDER STERN REBUKE COLD STEEL FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES OBJECTION TO SMOKING JUST AS GOOD SWAN SONG FOOD HEALTH COOKERY HINTS LITERARY ASPIRANTS HUSHING THINGS UP

Having chosen an example, think of TWO or THREE other words which in their meaning have some bearing on the example used.

The first and last words selected must begin with any of the letters in the example chosen. The same letter may be used as the initial letter for both first and last words—even if such letter only appears once in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word. For instance:—

Example— Goes Without Saying Bounty— The Defaulting Tenant

Example— A New Joke Bounty— A Novelty Nowadays

Example— Only Survivor Bounty— Vivid Imagination

Not more than two Bounties must be on one coupon. Each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d., made payable to IDEAS, and crossed "/& Co./". If more than one coupon is sent, one Postal Order for the full amount should be enclosed.

Coupons must not be mutilated in any way, or have anything affixed. Competitors must write their names and

addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the Postal Order. Friends may send as many coupons as they please in one envelope, provided sufficient postage is attached. Envelopes must be marked "Bounties No. 9" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed IDEAS, Huntsman's Court, Manchester

Bounties Coupons must not be enclosed with Coupons for other competitions announced in this paper. All entries must reach IDEAS office not later than THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1915.

Don't wait, but send in your Coupons now.

The Editor undertakes that all Bounties received shall have careful consideration, and the prizes awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding.

The Editor will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid. The published decision may be amended by the Editor as the result of successful scrutinies. In the event of two or more competitors sending in the same winning Bounty the prize will be divided.

Employees of E. Hulton and Co. are not allowed to compete.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition. The result of this competition will be announced in IDEAS, on sale May 8, dated May 14, 1915.

YOU MAY USE THIS COUPON.

COUPON form with fields for EXAMPLE BOUNTY, NAME, ADDRESS, and a declaration to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

GIRLS! GIRLS! YOU MUST TRY THIS! DOUBLES THE BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR.

For 1/1½ you can make your hair lustrous, fluffy and abundant.

Immediate?—Yes! Certain?—That's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair cleanse. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine, and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt, or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you

have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair; but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair, growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist and just try it.—Adv.



THEATRE DELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-NIGHT at 8. Mr. George Edwards' Revival; VERONIQUE, A COMIC OPERA. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2. BOX OFFICE (2645 and 8886 Gerrard), 10 to 10. ALDWYCH. FLORODORA. MISS EVIE GREENE as DOLORES. (Callers: 6d. Pit 1s. Booked Seats, 2s. 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. 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. MATINEE Thursday and Saturday, 2.30. COMEDY THEATRE, Panton-street, S.W. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Miss ELLAINE FERRISS in "WILD THYME," by George Egerton. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30. CRITERION. GERR. 3844, Regent 3365. THREE SPOONFULS. Nightly at 9 p.m. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 3. Preceded at 8.30 and 2.30 by Harold Montague (Entertainer). DALY'S. BETTY. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee, Sat., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201. DRURY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. TO-NIGHT at 7.30. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 1.45. MARIE HILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS. Box Office Gerrard 2588. Special Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. DUKE OF YORK'S. EVERY EVENING at 8. CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mlle. GABY DESLYS in ROSY RAPTURE. Preceded at 8.15 by THE NEW WORD. Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. MATINEE EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. CAIETY.—Wednesday Evening Next, at 8.15. Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Edward Laurillard will produce TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. New Musical Play. First Matinee Saturday Next, at 2.15. GARRICK (Ger. 9513). YVONNE ARNAUD. Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne." GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR IN PEG O' MY HEART. Evenings at 8.15. Mat. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. HENRY AINLEY and GODFREY TEARLE. At 8, FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE. ELLIS JEFFREYS and GODFREY TEARLE. HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8. Charles Dickens's OLIVER TWIST. Last 6 Nights. Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr. HERBERT TREE. CONSTANCE COLLIER. BASIL GILL. LYN HARDING. LAST 2 MATINEES WED. and SAT. NEXT at 2. KINGSWAY. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ADVERTISEMENT," by B. Macdonald Hastings. MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30. QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. Box Office 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9437. ROYALTY. VEDRENNE AND RADIR. DENNIS RADIR in THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Matinee Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. Box Office (Gerrard 3903) 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER. 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 8.45, SEARCHLIGHTS, by H. A. Vachell. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Matinees Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 2602. SCALA, W. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, in KINEMACOLOR, including The East Coast Air Raid, Sinking of the Blucher, North Sea Battles, Italian Army, etc. SHAFTESBURY. Tel. Ger. 6668. Lessee and Manager, Mr. Robert Courtneidge. OPERA IN ENGLISH. TO-NIGHT at 8. MADAME BUTTERFLY. Tuesday Evening LA BOHEME. Wednesday Matinee MADAME BUTTERFLY. Wednesday Evening TALES OF HOFFMANN. Thursday Evening MADAME BUTTERFLY. Friday Evening LA BOHEME. Saturday Matinee MADAME BUTTERFLY. Saturday Evening TALES OF HOFFMANN. Box Office 10 to 10. Prices 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. STRAND. THE ARGYLE CABR. TO-NIGHT at 8. JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830. VAUDEVILLE. BABY MINE. Evenings at 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. WEDDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOEY. At 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones. WYNDHAM'S. "RAFFLES." EVERY EVENING at 8.30. GERALD du MAURIER as "RAFFLES." Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30. VARIETIES. ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard!" THE New Revue. LEE WHITE, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, A. Austin, B. Little, and ROBERT HALE. Revue, 8.35. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.30. (Reduced prices.) MATINEES Daily at 3 (except Sat.). Sir Douglas Mawson's Moving Picture Story, "THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD." COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. MLL. GENE in "LA DANSE"; JAMES WELCH and CO. in "JUDGED BY APPEARANCES"; IENA ASHWELL and CO. in "THE DEBT"; SUZANNE SHELTON; TOM FOY and CO. etc. etc. Tel. Ger. 7541. HIPPODROME, LONDON.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue, entitled "BUSINESS AS USUAL," including VIOLET LORAIN, UNITY MORRIS, WINIFRED ELLICE, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, 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. BRILLIANT 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 BROODEN, etc. Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2. PALADIUM, 6.10 and 9.0. Matinees Mon., Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, CHIRGWIN, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT" CHUNG LING SOO, T. E. DUNVILLE, DAISY TAYLOR. PHILHARMONIC HALL, Gt. Portland-st., W.—PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT; entirely new and unique motion pictures of Wild Animal Life. Daily, at 3 and 8.15. 1s. to 5s. Phone Mayfair 3,003. EXHIBITIONS. ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset. Admission: Sundays, Fellows and Fellows' Orders only; Mondays & Saturdays, 6d.; other days, 1s. Children always 6d. PERSONAL. J. B.—Received letter all right. BIRDS AND LIVE STOCK. TALKING PARROTS on month's trial, my cat. Full particulars post free.—Parrot Aviculture, Maccombs.

THE LIMIT OF GERMAN HATRED—PEERS' SONS AND HEIRS A



The Countess of Galloway's eldest son, Lord Garlies, is one of the chosen victims of German spite.



Lord Saltoun, whose heir is a prisoner of hatred, heading the Scottish Territorials' march through Glasgow on Saturday. He has already lost a son in the war.



Lord Garlies, heir to the Galloway title.



Sir A. E. Hickman, Bart., another victim.



Miss Gwiliam Warwick, the fiancée of Sir A. E. Hickman. What does she think of German "kindness"?



Captain Robin Grey, of is a cousin of Sir Edward a name hated by



Lieut. Goschen's father Berlin. The father is the son's



These misguided women are waiting at Tilbury for a boat to The Hague, for they want to talk peace with Germans!

PRESIDENT POINCARE VISITS KING ALBERT AT THE FRONT.



President Poincaré, while visiting the troops in the north of France, paid a call on King Albert at the general headquarters of the Belgian Army, and had a cordial reception. The French President is seen smiling (on left) with the brave King of the Belgians, who is proud to acknowledge the salutation of his gallant soldiers.—(Le Miroir.)



England allows German prisoners to have their own band—German hate surely reaches its climax of petty spite and vindictive prisoners with amazing consideration, the Kaiser's Government selects for our decision not to regard subma
—(Daily Sketch,

AMONG THE LATEST VICTIMS OF GERMANY'S PUERILE SPITE.



the Flying Corps, and Grey. He bears the enemy.



was Ambassador in beyond their hate; not.



The Countess of Erroll, whose son, Lieut. Ivan Hay, is one of the officers selected "by way of reprisals."



The Earl of Erroll (on-right) inspecting the Scottish Territorials. The treatment of the Earl's son will make the men he saw all the more eager for war.



Hon. J. S. Coke, brother of Earl of Leicester.



The Hon. R. D. Keppel, a son of the Earl of Albemarle.



The Countess of Albemarle has no reason to "be kind" to the Germans. Her son is a victim of their kindness.



Snapshot of a German concentration camp near Towcester.

While the British authorities continue to treat German distinguished British officers as victims of spleenful revenge and pirates as honourable enemies. (Fayette, Langfier, Gale and Polden, Speaight, Thomson and Laffan.)



These patriotic women of the Volunteer Reserve know the real way to peace, and signal the recruiting appeal to "join."

FOOTBALL HAS NOT PREVENTED THESE MEN FROM ANSWERING THE CALL.



With the English Cup competition over the football season has virtually come to an end. Here are some of the men who have denied by their action that the winter sport has checked recruiting. They belong to the Footballers' Battalion, who on Saturday left the White City to complete their training. What sport will the kill-joys tackle next?

Removes Dust Without Wetting the Hair.

Dust in the hair is both a discomfort and a danger. It makes the hair dull—it hinders the growth—it brings about premature greyness and falling of the hair.

The quickest and easiest way to remove dust from the hair is to use a little Icilma Hair Powder. Simply sprinkle a little of the powder over the hair and vigorously brush out again. No wetting—no trouble—no danger.

This novel dry shampoo is invaluable when you want your hair to look bright and clean and have not the time or desire to wash it. Try it to-day.



Icilma

Hair Powder

2d. per packet, 7 packets 1/-, large box 1/6, everywhere. No need to pay more. Nothing so good for less. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

SEND FOR FREE PACKET and useful Beauty Booklet on the care of the hair, hands, skin and complexion. Address postcards to Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. K), 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

I've run till I'm black in the face but I'VE GOT IT!



'Golden Shred' MARMALADE Sold in every town and hamlet in the United Kingdom. ROBERTSON'S—only makers.

No more acceptable Gift can be sent to Officers and Men at the Front than

BRAND'S Meat Lozenges.

WORLD-RENOWNED for their SUSTAINING PROPERTIES.

In Boxes 1/-, 1/4 and 2/6. Sold Everywhere.

MONEY TO LEND.

A.A.—SPECIAL LOANS SENT BY POST SECRETLY. All classes of Workmen, Shopkeepers, on own Signature, £5 at 2s. monthly; £10 at 4s. monthly; £20 at 8s. monthly; £50 at 20s. monthly.—J. SAWERS, 8, Minard-road, Partick, N.B.

CHEAP LOANS, £5 to £1,000, privately and promptly.—WM. H. WHITEMAN, 42, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.

£5 TO £5,000 Lent; interest 1s. 6d. Special Ladies' Dept.—Call or write, B. S. LYLE, Ltd., 89, New Oxford-st., W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

GIRL (just leaving school preferred) to learn Millinery Stockroom work. Good opening for a bright, intelligent girl. Pocket money given after tuition.—Apply in own handwriting by letter, stating age and particulars of previous experience (if any) to MAISON LEWIS, 210, Regent-street, W.

GOOD OPPORTUNITY for girl just leaving school to acquire a thorough business training without premium.—Apply in own handwriting by letter, stating age and full particulars, to B.T. MAISON LEWIS, 210, Regent-street, W.

MILLINERY Assistants required. First class work.—Apply MAISON LEWIS, 210, Regent-street (entrance 48, Kingly-street, W).

MILLINERY Stockroom, Assistant Stockkeeper with experience required.—Apply by letter only to MADAME LOUISE, Paris House, Oxford-street, W.

PORTER wanted; permanent situation for a sober, respectable man.—Apply, MAISON LEWIS, 48, Kingly-st., W.

WAITRESSES, tall and smart, required for Grill Room.—Apply by letter to Room No. 18, Regent Palace Hotel, Piccadilly-circus, W.

YOUTH required as Lift Attendant. Good opening; uniform found.—Apply, before 12 o'clock, MAISON LEWIS, 48, Kingly-street, W.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

CUTLERY SERVICE, 50 pieces, 25s.; A1 silver-plated spoons and forks, finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly.—MRS. ROWLES 56, Second-av., Manor Park, Essex.

BABY CARS direct from the factory on approval, carriage paid. We save you 5s. in the £; cash or easy payments from 4s. monthly; send for splendid new catalogue free.—DIRECT PUBLIC SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 114), Coventry.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES; 50 pieces, 21s.; surpassingly beautiful; perfect work; sumptuously full; marvellous bargain. Instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, 82 articles, 21s. or 2s. weekly; home-made garments; worth £4; Robes, etc.; approval free first 2s.—Mrs. SCOTT, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

BEAUTIFULLY-Finished Enlargements, 1s.; Frames from 10d. Agent's catalogue free.—DUDLEY, Bramall-lane, Sheffield.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES! Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow Discount for Cash or supply goods payable in monthly instalments. Established 26 years.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 3, Moor-street, Birmingham. Please mention Daily Sketch when writing for lists.

BILLIARD TABLES, second-hand, grand order; keen prices; all sizes.—HOLTS, Billiard Works, Burnley.

CHINA! CROCKERY! Cheap, and good for Households, Caterers, Bazaars, Shopkeepers, Markets. Bargains in Tea, Dinner, and Toilet Sets. Mixed Crocks from 15s. 6d. Packed free. Splendid value at reduced prices. Special Sale List fully illustrated now ready. Write to-day.

PERFECT PLATE CO., Dept. S.L., 25, Burslem, Staffs.

GASLIGHT POST CARDS, 20 5/6d., 50 8d., 100 1s. 5d. Photo Papers and Developers half-price. Enlarging from photo. 6d. Catalogue samples free. Works, July-road, Liverpool.

LACE, magnificent bundles, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.; Curtains 2s. 11d.—Universal Supply Co., Manchester Chambers, Notts Nottingham.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post. utmost value per return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-street, London. Estb. 100 years.



"Delightful—I never saw anything so artistic, so inviting—or such value!"

That is exactly what you will say when you see the new Berkeley Loose Cover Easy Chair Models. The remarkable value of these chairs is only possible by reason of the fact that we manufacture them entirely in our own factories in huge quantities, and sell direct to the public.

The Chairs are soundly constructed on strong birchwood frames, well upholstered, covered in a green casement cloth, and fitted with Loose Washable Slip-Over Cover in cretonne. These covers are in the most charming colourings and designs, and you select from patterns sent post free. As a supreme guarantee every

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IS SOLD ON THE MONEY BACK PRINCIPLE

Choose your covering from our samples (sent free), and then send 2/6 only with your order. We send the Chair without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales, for your approval, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at our expense, and we will refund your money in full.

DRAWING ROOM or BEDROOM EASY CHAIR (as illustrated above). Dainty in appearance, spring stuffed and thoroughly upholstered, covered in Casement Cloth and fitted with loose cover. 27/6

2/6 with order and balance 4/- monthly.

FREE Send postcard to-day for patterns of Coverings, and full particulars.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, Ltd., Dept. V, 70-78, Old Kent Road, London.

West-End Showrooms: 133, Victoria Street, Westminster.

IF CONSTIPATED TAKE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Delicious "regulator" for stomach, liver and bowels, for mamma, daddy and children.

cannot injure. Even cross, sick, feverish children just love its pleasant taste and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing."

For thirty years "California Syrup of Figs" has been recommended by physicians as the ideal stomach, liver and bowel cleanser. Millions of families who are well informed use nothing else.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1/1½ and 1/9.—Advt.

If you are headachy, constipated, bilious, or if the stomach is disordered and you want to enjoy the nicest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced, take a tablespoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" to-night and in the morning all the constipation poison, bile and clogged-up waste will gently move out of the system without griping and you will feel splendid.

Every member of the family should use this fruit laxative as occasion demands. It is just as effective for grandpa as it is for baby. It simply

A POST CARD

addressed thus will bring you a catalogue of the tyres you need to ensure your cycle, motor-cycle or car giving you the utmost satisfaction.



The Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham.

RIDE A B.S.A. BICYCLE

"Bicycle cheapness," a most misleading phrase. You cannot know whether a bicycle is cheap or not until you have put "value received" side by side with "price paid." If you want real cheapness buy a B.S.A., all other cheapness is superficial. One pound down secures a B.S.A., the remainder you pay as you ride.

B.S.A. CATALOGUE FREE.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LD., 9, Small Heath, Birmingham.



GEORGE GROSSMITH'S STRANGE COON DRUM.



A really abominable instrument singly worse than a whole German band has been discovered by George Grossmith. He brought it back from America with him, and intends to inflict it on the British public at the first performance of "To-night's the Night" at the Gaiety on Wednesday—and for as many further performances as they will stand. "I don't know who invented the thing," he told the *Daily Sketch*, "but its name is the coon drum, but bitter rehearsals have hardened me to it."—(*Daily Sketch* Photograph.)

WHO WAS THE MOTHER?

Justice To Be Done In Mistaken Identity Of Woman.

The Brentford Guardians withdrew their opposition, on Saturday at the Middlesex Sessions, to the appeal of the Witney Guardians against an order for settling the care and maintenance of two children on that union.

The Witney Guardians had appealed against the children being settled upon them upon the grounds that the woman, Mrs. Morse, who was stated to be their mother, was not really so; and this fact was borne out by the actual mother's evidence. She appeared in court on Saturday and admitted the children were hers.

Arising out of the case was the fact that Mrs. Morse had been prosecuted for deserting the children, and, notwithstanding her declarations of innocence, had served a sentence of three months' imprisonment.

But this phase of the case will not be allowed to rest there, for the chairman of the bench remarked: "I shall do whatever this Court can do with the Home Office to try and have some restitution made to this unfortunate woman for the suffering she has undergone."

The retentive memory of Mr. J. S. Hodges, a Lambeth Union official, has played a great part in bringing the case to a satisfactory conclusion, and of freeing Mrs. Morse from the stigma attached to her character.

Mr. J. S. Hodges happened to be in court at an earlier hearing, when the proceedings recalled to his mind another woman named Powell who is an inmate of Lambeth Infirmary. An investigation followed, and the second woman was then identified as the person who had deserted the children.

This woman, Mabel Powell, was brought into court. She is a woman of about the same height as Mrs. Morse, but of darker complexion and much darker hair. She admitted she was the mother of the children who lived at Brentford, and that she had since seen her children.

To-day's weather will probably be cool, and fair generally.

The best war map on the market is that issued by the *Daily Sketch*, which is indispensable to anyone who wishes to follow intelligently the military operations. Write to the *Daily Sketch* Office now. Price 6d., or 7d. post free.

DAILY SKETCH PICTURES.

Seen In The Trenches Through Our Cigarette Smoke.

"In the smoke of battle there is nothing but death and desolation, but in the smoke which curls up from the cigarettes which the *Daily Sketch* Fund sends us are pictures of home and friends."

Thus a soldier, in poetic mood, writing from the trenches. Give him and his comrades more of the pictures they love to see.

The following contributors have sent along their share this week-end:—

- £1 13s.—Collected at Heaton Park Sports, per C. S. M. Reddy.
- £1 1s.—W. Linsell, Stebbing. 10s.—Collected, Mabel Thorne-Dooly, Shrewsbury; T. Hodgson, York; C. Powell, Grangemouth. 5s. 8d.—Hilda Stewart, Belfast. 3s. 6d.—Few Friends, Rhos-on-Sea. 3s.—Valois, Maghull.
- 2s. 6d.—Staff, County Borough Treasurer's Office, Blackpool.
- 2s.—J. Simpson and W. Roberts, Chesterfield. 1s. 6d.—St. Dunstan's-in-the-West Girls' School, per Miss Ingram. 1s.—Geld's Hill C. School, W. Bromwich; Miss Fletcher, Hill Cliffe. 6d.—Baby Betty.

When is your subscription coming along?

FOUR NEUTRAL SHIPS SUNK.

Germans Fire Shower Of Shells On Norwegian Barques.

The pirates have been busy attacking neutral vessels.

The record of their activity is as follows: Norwegian steamer Ruth torpedoed off Maz Island on Wednesday. All the crew escaped in boats, but ten men were on board when vessel was blown up.

Two Norwegian barques, the Oscar and Eva, shelled and sunk off the Longstone. Crews escaped in boats.

Finnish steamer Track, 12,000 tons, torpedoed in the Baltic. Crew believed to have been saved.

Norwegian steamer Caprivi mined off Tory Island (north of Ireland) on Friday. Crew saved.

MORE RIFLES WANTED.

Major-General Sir S. B. Von Donop, Master-General of Ordnance, visiting the Small Arms factory at Birmingham on Saturday, said they very much appreciated the excellent work that was being carried on. While they were thankful for the number of rifles that were being produced by the Birmingham Small Arms factory, they wanted not twice, but three or four times as many more.

Mr. F. J. Goodwin, of Luddesdown, near Rochester, has nine sons with the colours.

No more Facial Eczema

Accept Antexema Free Trial Offer
End your skin trouble once for all.

Are you suffering from eczema, either on your face, neck, or behind your ears? If so, there is only one thing in the world you want to know—how to get rid of your trouble so completely that it will never again return. To do this you must use Antexema. In tens of thousands of cases Antexema has cured after all other treatments, doctors, and hospitals had absolutely failed. To convince you of the extraordinary value of Antexema as a skin remedy we offer a Free Trial Bottle, knowing that, having once used it, you will recognise it as one of the greatest discoveries of medical science. It works wonders.

Angry-looking pimples, blotches, blackheads, bad legs, bad hands, chapped, cracked, or chafed skin, eczema, either dry, weeping, or scaly, baby rashes, skin irritation, slow-healing sores and all other skin ailments, whether slight or severe, are completely and permanently cured by this miraculous British skin-remedy.

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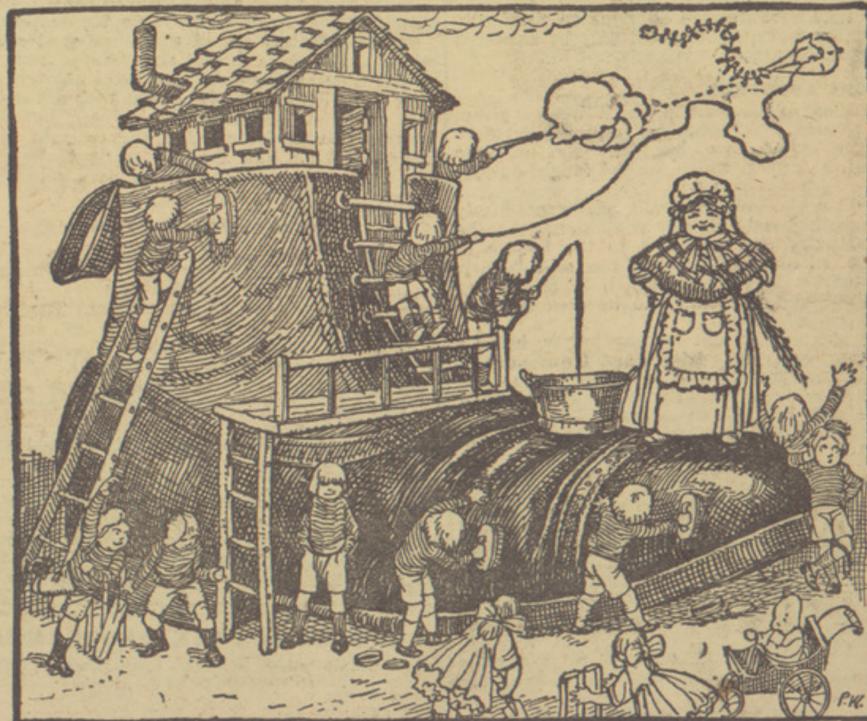
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Daily Sketch, 26/4/15.



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Which she polished with
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH—
An example to you!

Mansion Polish is just as splendid for Floors, Lino and Furniture as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is for Boots and Shoes. Both polishes are sold by all Dealers in 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Tins. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., London and Manchester.

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ANTIBILIOUS Pills

A Reputation of over 100 years.

are an invaluable corrective for sick headache, biliousness, depression and all those minor indispositions caused by a disordered state of the liver or digestion. Made from a famous Doctor's private prescription, they have won a world-wide reputation.

Of Chemists throughout the World, 11½ and 2/9.
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Do you want to change your luck, be successful, and have everything come your way? If so, you should possess my real Indian "Lucky Stone" from Ceylon, which has brought good luck and happiness to thousands. To introduce these beautiful and lucky Gems, I am giving a limited number away. Write to-day, enclosing stamp for interesting booklet, "How I discovered the Lucky Stone," and particulars of a free offer.

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CHOICEST DAIRY-FED BACON.—Perfect quality, obtainable only from our factory, in sides (about 45lb.), unsmoked, 9d. per lb.; smoked, ½d. per lb. more; 12lb. Cuts of Delicious Streaky, 9½d. per lb.; or four pieces at 9½d. lb. Rail paid anywhere in U.K. A delicious and cheap article of diet.—E. MILES and CO., Gov. Contractors, Bacon Factory, Bristol.

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POINTED QUESTIONS ON THE 2,000 GUINEAS.

Pick Of The Colts In First Classic Of The Season.

FRIAR MARCUS DOUBTFUL.

One of the most interesting races of the season so far will be the race for the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket on Wednesday.

Last year no horse could be said to stand out above his fellows as had The Tetrarch and Craganour in the two previous years.

Friar Marcus was given the post of honour in the Free Handicap, but there were many good judges who thought Roseland was entitled to that position. The official handicapper placed them within a pound of each other, and eight other colts were reckoned to be not less than 7lb. behind the King's colt.

NOTABLE ABSENTEES.

That was a very interesting situation to be going on with, and this year's running has not tended to decrease that interest—if anything, rather the opposite. Unfortunately, Roseland has again developed splint trouble, and has been struck out of the race, and it is to be doubted that he can be got ready in time for the Derby.

Torloisk and King Priam are not in the race, and Redfern's nomination became void on the death of his owner, Lord Cadogan.

THREE WHO HAVE PROGRESSED.

Sunfire, however, has made progress since his juvenile days, as have Rosendale and Gadabout, and the issue can only be approached at present with a certain amount of temerity.

There are a few pertinent questions to be answered ere a solution of the problem can be arrived at.

Among them are:—Has Let Fly made more improvement than Sunfire since Newbury? What was the real strength of the trial in which Friar Marcus was beaten last week? Did we see the best of Pommern in the Craven Stakes? What is the real merit of Gadabout?

People may have decided opinions on these subjects, but the real questions will only be answered by the race itself.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Taking them in the order in which they are given, Let Fly showed more room for improvement than did Sunfire at Newbury, but there was much to like about the way in which Sunfire fought out the finish.

Let Fly is a big, leathery colt, who wants firmly holding together, and I am not at all certain that the younger Huxley can quite get to the bottom of him. The lad rode quite a good race at Newbury, but Newmarket is a course which finds out any weak points, and it remains to be seen how the colt will perform there.

Sunfire is a nice mount for any jockey, being a free striding, game little fellow, and I quite expect he will have set Let Fly with something to do when the Bushes are reached. Up the hill the longer stride of Let Fly will no doubt tell its tale, but there will not be much in it between the pair.

FRIAR MARCUS.

Friar Marcus finished last in a trial on Thursday, and if the form was correct there would appear to be little chance of a Royal victory in the first of the season's classics. The men of observation, at Newmarket, however, are not at all inclined to accept that test at its face value, and still regard Friar Marcus as possessing a good chance.

It is not certain that he will run, for a rumour was abroad on Saturday that Sammarco will represent the King.

Pommern ought to turn the tables on Rosendale, for he was not quite at his best in the Craven Stakes, and it was said he was upset by a motor on the way to the course. That may have accounted for his nervousness in the paddock, and I fancy he will be in the thick of the fighting at the finish.

Manxman appears amongst the latest list of scratchings, but he was beaten so easily by Gadabout that it was not easy to see what chance he had.

HAS HALSEY ANOTHER CYLGAD?

Gadabout won in storming fashion, and though he had done nothing previously it may be that Halsey has found another Cylgad, who was out of the same dam as Gadabout.

Perhaps there is something out of the usual among the "dark" division, but Let Fly will probably win if the jockey can get him all out.

JUMPING AT SANDOWN.

Lord Lonsdale's Lord Marcus won the Grand International Steeplechase at Sandown on Saturday. He gave a sparkling display, though he jumped very big at several of the fences. His selection as the Royston representative was an obvious tip, and Parfremont soon had him in a long lead. Second was Growler and third Irish Mail.

Piggott opened the day with successes on Speedy Fox and Carol Singer, but his other Weyhill mount, Screamer, found Gondovar too good in the Great Sandown Hurdle.

Bernstein showed greatly improved form over fences, winning easily from Waylance in the Criterion Steeplechase, and Ceyx landed the Kings-ton Four-Year-Old Hurdle.

GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

- 1.45.—NORAH DAIDY. 3.45.—SEARCH. 2.15.—ANTRAVIDA. 4.15.—POLYNETTA. 2.45.—DUNSKY. 4.40.—DON DE ROCA. 3.15.—ONEIDA II.

Double.

SEARCH and DON DE ROCA.

HOW CHELSEA FAILED TO LIFT THE CUP.

Worried Out Of Final By Tall And Heavy Sheffield Players And Their Own Tactics.

The final tie for the Football Association Challenge Cup at Old Trafford, Manchester, resulted in a victory for Sheffield United over Chelsea by three goals to nothing.

Simmons scored the first goal after 35 minutes in the first half, and the other two came in the last six minutes of the game, through Fazackerley and Kitchen respectively.

Despite wretched weather all the morning and heavy rain at noon, added to the fact that not a single excursion train ran for the occasion, the official figures showed that 50,000 people were present, and that the receipts were £4,012. The Manchester United Club takes 10 per cent. of the receipts.

Lord Derby presented the Cup at the close of the contest to big George Utley, the Sheffield United captain, and handed the final tie medals to each man of the teams, shaking hands all round.

LORD DERBY TO PLAYERS AND CROWD.

An enormous crowd gathered in front of the stands for the ceremony, and Lord Derby has seldom had a greater audience or so fine a reception.

His popularity in Lancashire is, of course, something that could not be described, and it has been made not only as a general sportsman and fine Englishman, but also by a reputation for sheer hard work in the cause of King, country and county.

He told the players that they had fought hard for the Cup. He hoped they would now fight hard for England.

Speaking in a loud, clear voice, he exclaimed to the thousands of people beneath and before him:—We have had our fun to-day. Our duty lies before us. I hope there is not a man here who will not face that duty.

A DISAPPOINTING MATCH.

Truth to tell the game was thoroughly disappointing because it was easily won. Chelsea did not do themselves justice, showing at first nervousness and over-excitement, and utterly collapsing after Sheffield had opened the scoring.

Never have I seen a good team so badly bitten by stage fright or so over-awed by a big occasion.

Sheffield United scored their first goal after 35 minutes, and their second six minutes from time, so that Chelsea had more than three quarters of an hour in which to equalise. That they did not succeed might not have been surprising, but it certainly was astonishing that they should fail to make anything like a really spirited attempt to find the net when, after all, they were but one goal behind.

UNITED MEANT TO WIN.

Sheffield United had a big advantage in height and weight and dash. They played like a team who meant to win right from the start.

Chelsea were tame in comparison. The United swept the ball wide out to the wings, and their passing was always long, while their half-backs were always backing up the forwards.

On the direct contrary Chelsea were slow on the ball, and tried the short passing game with disastrous results.

When a Sheffield inside-forward fastened on the ball he went ahead as hard as he could go.

When Croal or Thomson or Halse got the ball he immediately tried a short pass to a comrade. The close passing game by Chelsea was just what the big dashing defenders wanted. Utley and Sturgess, with their height, towered above the Chelsea wings when the ball was in the air, and with their long

strides and almost reckless rushes they smashed the dainty passing movement business to smithereens.

WHY DID CHELSEA HESITATE?

The Chelsea wing half-backs never supported their forwards as did those of the Sheffield team, and for half the game Harold Halse, the Chelsea inside-right, seemed to think he ought to be a fourth half-back. The Chelsea men, too, were frightfully slow on the ball, and a typical instance occurred when English ran a long way to where Thomson was wondering what to do with the ball, and kicked it away. Thomson looked surprised, but it was only what he might have expected.

Again McNeil was carefully lifting his foot to pull down a high ball when Cook made a leap and a flying kick and left his opponent altogether out of it.

The only real effort Chelsea made to equalise was in the last four minutes of the first half, when they suddenly rose to real life, and Halse, boring through, forced Gough to step a long low shot, while immediately afterwards Logan dribbled past Brelsford, swerved to the left, and lashed in a glorious shot, which Gough leaped to meet, and gathered grandly as it knocked him almost head over heels.

THE WORRIED SOUTHERNS.

The Sheffield men struck the right note when they began in the opening chapter to swing the ball out to their wing men. The result was that Simmons was constantly racing away on the edge of the touchline and worrying the Chelsea backs, who, moreover, had a thrustful gentleman in Kitchen to deal with, the Sheffield centre-forward being fast, sturdy and utterly fearless.

The first goal came from a long high centre. Molyneux saw the ball pass to Simmons, who met it near the upright and banged it into the net.

The second goal was the result of a pretty header by Fazackerley, and the third of a dash by Kitchen, who broke clean through in the centre and kicked the ball wide of unfortunate Molyneux into the net.

Now this third goal came only two minutes from time, and there might have been an unfortunate affair, for people already began to run across the ends of the playing piece.

The referee, Mr. H. H. Taylor, however, dealt with the situation with commendable promptitude. He took no notice of the people, but got the ball into the centre and restarted the game till people got away and the last minute was played.

UTLEY AND ANOTHER STAR.

Little remains to be said. English and Cook were a far better pair of backs than Bettridge and Harrow, although it is only fair to say that the Chelsea men played behind beaten wing halves and feeble forwards.

Utley played a great game in a fine Sheffield half-back line, and Simmons was the star of a powerful attack.

Molyneux did some very good work in the Chelsea goal, and he and Logan were the best men on the side.

Ford was the best of a forward line which failed. Croal was the weakest of the five, but Thomson was in the pocket of Brelsford, the Sheffield centre-half, and Halse was clean off colour.

Clearly Chelsea did not do justice to themselves, but Sheffield United looked what they had been all the season—a team built for Cup-fighting, strong, tall, fast, all resolute, and grandly led by that seasoned Cup-fighter, George Utley.

AJAX.

4.15.—MAIDEN THREE-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 200 sovs; 1m. 150yds.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Odds, Name, Odds. Includes The Revenge, Restharrow, Bayardino, Caxton, Don't be Silly, Llandelly, Aldina, Landseer, Monstique, Golden Valley, Varch, Larigot, Golden Horde, Parson Jack, The O'Neill, None Fairer, Double Dark, Initiator, St. Columba, Old Blue, White Slipper, Santatieta, Polynetta, Wandering Wolf, Spearproof, Trock, Bay Marie, Amaze, Sea Flower.

4.40.—ALEXANDRA HANDICAP of 200 sovs; 1 1/4m.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Odds, Name, Odds. Includes Candytuft, Chantemerle, Fantasio, Ben Wyvis, St. Melvan, Cover Side, Svetec, Whroo, Don de Roca, Madame Louise, Verger II, Frustration, Gotham, Puro, Guscard, Maid of Sker, Lady Doreen, Medley, Flurry.

SATURDAY'S WINNERS AND PRICES

- 2.0.—Pavilion Selling Steeplechase, Speedy Fox, 2 to 1. 2.30.—St. James's Selling Hurdle, Carol Singer, 8 to 1. 3.0.—Grand International Steeplechase, Lord Marcus, 9 to 4. 3.30.—Great Sandown Hurdle, Gondovar, 6 to 1. 4.0.—Criterion Steeplechase, Bernstein, 4 to 1. 4.30.—Kingston Four-Year-Old Hurdle, Ceyx, 9 to 4.

STOCKTON.

- 1.45.—Carlton Selling Handicap, Cataract, 6 to 1. 2.15.—Bishopthorpe Selling Plate, Fairlight, 5 to 2. 2.45.—North Yorkshire Handicap Plate, Shanballymore, 6 to 1. 3.15.—Wolviston Welter Handicap, Sanicle, 5 to 1. 3.45.—Fairfield Two-Year-Old Plate, Umbrosa c, 100 to 8. 4.15.—Craithorne Plate, Dorisduan, 1 to 5.

Inman beat George Gray by 18,000 to 17,541 in their match at Thurston's.

In a contest scheduled for 20 rounds at the Ring on Saturday night Dai Roberts, Wales, knocked out Waldemar Holberg, Denmark, during the seventh round.

At the Ring this afternoon Jack Goldswain, Bermondsey, and Eddie Elton, St. James, meet over ten rounds, and at night the special contest will be 20 rounds between Dudley Harris, America, and Jack Greenstock, Aldgate.

GALLIARD (Sunday Chronicle).—*2 17 15 2 14 25 17 11 5—5 26 5 22—26 25 17 11 12 17.

TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald).—19 20 21 23 26 3—4 12 21 4 10 17 12 23 13.

DESMOND (Umpire).—*12 7 10 7 6—17 8 4 17 22 2 8 19 7—3 18 4 4 7 2 22 10 10 7.

WHAT IT IS LIKE TO CHARGE.

Soldier's Impressions Of Bayonet Fighting At Neuve Chapelle.

A soldier's impressions of the bayonet charges that drove the Germans out of Neuve Chapelle are contained in a letter to a relative from a reservist in the 2nd Welsh Regiment, who has been fighting since August, and has been mentioned in despatches. He says:—

Our men were in great spirits, and kept laughing and shouting: "That's one for Wipers" (as they call Ypres), and "Let's get at 'em." They were fairly mad for a scrap with the cold steel.

Then suddenly a whistle blew, and in an instant our men were swarming out of their trenches, officers in front, carrying rifles and bayonets. They raced across the "No Man's Land" of 200 yards.

They were raked all the time by the machine-guns which the Huns had under concealed cover, but there was no firing from our chaps, only a steady advance in open order.

On and on we went over dead Germans until we reached the second line of enemy trenches. With loud yells out jumped the Germans in swarms as keen for a fight as we were.

We went for each other with rifle and bayonet—bang, stab, scuffle, a shot at close quarters, and then a stab with cold steel. Impossible to miss!

You may fall, but you don't bother about that; there is no time for bothering. What you have to do is to bowl out as many as you can and recover your bayonet quick.

The fighting was furious, and some of our men were shouting, "That's one for Scarborough." Three-quarters of a mile on we were ordered to halt, but the Gurkhas nearly had to be dragged out of the fight.

In the charge you feel madly murderous, and you simply want to get on; you don't think at all of your personal risk.

A BRAVE SEA SCOUT.



Albert Warren.

This is Albert Warren, 16a, Barnsbury-road, Islington, who has saved boys from drowning on three occasions. The last was on April 7, when he dived into the canal and brought up a little chap who was nearly at his last gasp. The other boys he saved a couple of years ago were both bigger than himself. Warren already possesses the Royal Humane Society's certificate. He knew how to swim before he joined the Sea Scouts, but as a member of that admirable organisation he has learned the way to deal with drowning people, both in the water and out.

THE TRAGIC FFARINGTONS.

Edmunda ffarrington, the only child of the late Mrs. W. E. ffarrington, died at Cowes yesterday, aged six. The child was born after the death of her father, Mr. Wm. Edmund ffarrington, of Warden Hall, Leyland, a member of a well-known Lancashire family. Mr. ffarrington died six months after his marriage to the Hon. Margaret Phyllis Blake, daughter of Lord Walls-court. Mrs. ffarrington died a year later from an accidental overdose of narcotic.

FOOTBALL SUMMARY.

F.A. CUP: FINAL ROUND.

Sheffield United (Simmons, Fazackerley, Kitchen) 3, Chelsea 0. At Manchester.

THE LEAGUE: Division I.

*Blackburn Rovers (Aitkenhead 2 Simpson, Dawson) 4, Middlesbrough 0. *Bradford (Bauchop, Little 2) 3, Manchester City (Jones) 1. *Notts County (Henshall) 1, Newcastle United 0. Liverpool (Pagnam 2) 2, *Oldham Athletic 0. *Sheffield Wednesday 0, Burnley 0. *Sunderland (Buchan 3, Crossley, Phillip) 5, Tottenham Hotspur 0. *West Bromwich Albion (Gregory, Newall, McNeal) 3, Bradford City 0.

THE LEAGUE: DIVISION II.

*Arsenal (King 4, Benson 2, Rutherford) 7, Notts Forest 0. *Birmingham (Windridge) 1, Bristol City (Brown) 1. *Clapton Orient (Barton, own goal, Layton 2), Leicester 0. *Derby County (Leonard, Grimes) 2, Preston North End 0. *Blackpool (Bainbridge) 1, *Fulham 0. *Grimsby Town 0, Huddersfield Town 0. *Hull City (Stevens 2) 2, Glossop 0. Barnsley (Green, own goal, Tuffnell 2), *Leeds City 0. Bury (Peake 2, Lythgoe) 3, *Lincoln City (Barrell, Chesser) 2. *Stockport County (Gault, Rogers) 2, Wolverhampton W. (Howell, Curtis) 2.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE: DIVISION I.

Watford (Edmonds, Green) 2, *Brighton and Hove (Longstaff) 1. *Bristol Rovers (Brogan) 1, Swindon Town 0. *Southend United (Burton, Wileman, Bradshaw, Burrell) 4, *Millwall (Williams) 1. *Cardiff City (Beare, West, Evans, Cassidy, Barnett) 5, *Northampton (Hughes, Freeman) 2. *Queen's Park Rangers (Simons 2, Donald) 3, Crystal Palace (Hooper, Smith) 2. *Plymouth Argyle (Forbes, Burch, Gallogley) 3, Gillingham (Weightman 2) 2. *Reading (Bailey 2, Foster, Lofthouse) 4, Luton Town 0. *Southampton (Andrews, Dornay 2) 3, Exeter City 0. *West Ham United (Stallard 1, Norwich City (Ritchie) 1. *West Ham team.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Division II.—Ton Pentre 6, Newport County 0; Stalybridge Celtic 4, Ebbw Vale 0; Swansea Town 1, Stoke 0.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Falkirk 1, Dumbarton 0; Ayr United 3, Clyde 1; Greenock Morton 2, Kilmarnock 2; Motherwell 1, Celtic 1; St. Mirren 1, Partick Thistle 0; Glasgow Rangers 4, Queen's Park 0.

ESSEX SENIOR CUP.—Replayed Semi-final.—Ilford 1, Clapton 1.

LONDON JUNIOR CUP.—Replayed Final.—Crusaders 1, Alton Rangers 0.

TOTTENHAM CHARITY CUP.—Final.—Tottenham Argyle 1, Mildmay Radical 0.

SOUTH-WESTERN CUP.—Final.—Baroda 2, Putney St. Mary's 0.

SCHOOLBOYS' INTERNATIONAL.—Wales 1, England 1.

OTHER MATCHES.—Nunhead 3, 1st Sports' Batt. 0; 1st West Lancs 2, 2nd West Lancs 0; Royal Dublin Fusiliers 2, 6th Batt. K.R.R. 1; Leytonstone 3, London Calceys 0.

NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE.—Final.—Huddersfield 35, Leeds 2.

NORTHERN UNION CUP.—Replayed Semi-final.—St. Helens 5, Rochdale Hornets 2.

NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE.—Hull 28, Oldham 5; Barrow 7, Salford 7; Warrington 18, Widnes 10; Bradford 21, York 9.

Dress Details Which Follow The Changed Outline.

"ANYBODY can choose a suit or a gown. It's the details that require taste and consideration." So declares one of that large band of women who are each described as "the best-dressed actress on the London stage." She is not far wrong. The "lines" of a season soon become established and are easily recognised, even by the woman who has a "bad eye" where

have spent almost the price of new ones on collars and belts and veils.

The truth is that it is only when the broad lines of a costume are as new and correct as possible that the new "fixings" look right. High Russian boots and a spreading neck ruffle, for instance, would look deplorably conspicuous if worn with a last year's narrow suit, while with a stick-out skirt and short coat of this year's

Roman's sandal were it not for the high heel, is for the woman who has a slim foot with a high instep and a gown to match it in splendour. The sketched example was of brocade in peacock colourings, and bits of jade and lapis-lazuli appear in the gold chains.

Collars were never more varied than now. Here are three examples. One is a collar of lawn and figured ninon that has almost grown into a cape,



dress is concerned, but the crop of details which is afterwards raised includes worthless freaks that do not immediately reveal their true character.

A good suit may be ruined by an outré collar, or a commonplace one may be given a chic and exclusive air by the right veil and shoes.

There is a popular dress fallacy to the effect that old clothes may be "smartened up" by the addition of the very latest and most surprising details, and many women wonder why their old costumes feel more dowdy than ever after they

growth they are simply parts of the general scheme and look new and attractive without being unduly prominent. When an out-of-date costume must be worn its details should be fresh and neat but as unobtrusive as possible.

Some of the newest odds and ends are sketched here, but they are not to be worn by every woman, or with every costume.

The short plump woman, for instance, should avoid the boot with the frilled top even though the frill exactly matched her stockings and skirt, as its inventor intended. The evening shoe on the right, which would be like a patrician

but stopped just in time. It is among the most comfortable, but not the smartest of the new shapes.

Battlements of white lawn turn over a black satin stock in another example. This is a useful collar for early spring, but is sure to be abandoned when warmer weather comes. The "pussy-cat" bow of the third collar is smart under a piquant face and a closely-coiffed head.

The rose which sways at the edge of a fine loosely-hanging veil is a pretty fancy. Here the veil is seen on a recently-appeared association of ospreys with a soft straw tam-o'-shanter.

WAR BABIES' LAWS MUST BE REFORMED.

Muriel Viscountess Helmsley
Outlines Her Plans.

SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS.

Help The Girls But Don't Make
Heroines Of Them.

By Muriel Viscountess Helmsley.

Sound principles are actuating the people who are acting as the result of the conference held at the offices of the Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain on the important question of the war babies.

Muriel Viscountess Helmsley has given the Daily Sketch an interview, and explained in some detail what it is prepared to do.

"There were represented at the conference," Lady Helmsley said, "some 50 organisations which have for years been working for the benefit of women and children. The view is held, and I think rightly, that it is not necessary at present to set up new machinery. The existing organisa-

tions are quite capable of dealing with such a matter as this.

"For instance, there is the National Society of Day Nurseries, of which I am president, and which could do a great deal for the little ones when they come along, relieving the mothers of their care while they are engaged in earning their living. Then the Salvation Army can render a good deal of assistance, and the Church Army as well.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

"What I do feel is that there should be some alteration in the law as regards affiliation. As it stands at present a girl cannot affiliate the child to the father until it is born, but in these special cases I am inclined to the view that some means should be adopted which would permit the potential mother to have it decided legally who the future father is before birth takes place.

"If a man is the cause of a child being brought into the world, he should be made to pay for it, whatever the circumstances which led up to its being born. On the question of marriage by proxy, as suggested in certain quarters, I can see some difficulties.

"I am not in favour of separating the mother and child, as a general rule. Sometimes, I suppose, it might be advisable, supposing it were for the better welfare of the child; but the best protection for the little one is, as a rule, the love and care of the mother, and the best incentive for the mother to keep straight is the responsibility which the care of the child involves.

FORMING A HOME.

"Of course, the best thing will be for the father and mother to be assisted to form a home when that becomes possible. Now home does not mean a lodging-house, which many illegitimate children seem to get into. Upon that question I strongly hold the view that everyone who takes such children should be registered and open to inspection by the proper authorities.

"Assistance might be given to the girls by the school for mothers. There might at first be some slight feeling among the married mothers because these unmarried ones had been introduced, but I don't think it would last long, and I cannot see why that difficulty should not be overcome by the exercise of a little tact.

"My last word would be: Assist these unfortunate girls, but do not glorify them and allow them to think they have done a fine thing for the nation. Do not taboo them, but don't make heroines of them."

"KITCHENER," "JELICOE," AND "FRENCH."

At Pallion, near Sunderland, the wife of a soldier at the front has given premature birth to triplets, all boys. They have been christened Kitchener, Jellicoe, and French, and are doing well.

PRIZE-WINNING PICTURES.

Big Cheques For The Daily Sketch
Competitors.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT.

Are you trying to win one of the big money prizes we are offering for photographs?

Each week a prize of £100 is awarded to the best photograph sent in by an amateur, and another £100 for the best sent in by a professional. There is no unfair competition between the novice and the trained photographic expert.

In a few seconds you have the chance of winning not only the £100 weekly prize but also a further £500 which is awarded to the best photograph sent in during the first ten weeks of the competition, for the sum of £2,000 is to be distributed in that time—ten weekly prizes of £100 each and £1,000 divided as follows:—

£500, £250, £100, £50, £50, £25, £25.

There is a separate £2,000 for amateurs and professionals.

If you do not succeed in winning one of the big prizes, your picture may be accepted, in which case you will receive the usual rate paid for photographs.

The £100 prize for the best picture (amateur) last week was won by Albert Westwell, 26, East-avenue, Garden Village, Levenshulme.

The winning pictures were 5th Cavalry Brigade Sports at the front, and appeared in Tuesday's Daily Sketch.

The £100 professional prize was won by "Topical" for the Boxing pictures which appeared in Tuesday's issue.

THE CONDITIONS.

Send prints, films or plates properly described and safely packed. Name and address must be enclosed, with stamped and addressed wrapper for return of contribution if necessary.

The word "Amateur" or "Professional" must be written on envelope for classification. The Editor's decision is final, and he will not be responsible for loss, breakages, or miscarriage. Picture or pictures must be sent exclusively to the Daily Sketch, and the winning print is our copyright. Duplicate or similar pictures from the same photographer appearing in any other publication will disqualify.

All photographs used in the Daily Sketch from whatever source—amateur, professional or picture agencies—are paid for at the highest rate. War pictures will not be published without the sanction and authority of the Press Censor.

More Careful Living and More Exercise.

"Every Picture
tells a Story."



Health and Long Life are the
Rewards for those Who Use
Common Sense.

When overwork, careless habits, contagious disease, childbirth, or some other cause has weakened the kidneys, treatment with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills is needed, and when health is restored, the Doan's Better-Health Plan of living will tend to keep you well. Such warnings as backache, headaches, dizzy spells, nervousness, and urinary disorders are sent to call attention to kidney weakness, and to neglect the warnings is to invite uric acid poisoning, gravel, dropsy, or hardening of the arteries.

One of the reasons for the increasing popularity of Doan's Pills is that the manufacturers show how to keep well without medicine. Another reason is that they always give independent evidence of the merits of Doan's Pills—strong, striking evidence, like the following:—



A Woman of
Ninety-one
says

"Doan's Pills
Made a Grand
Change in My
Health."

Mrs. J. Smith

There are few such remarkable women as Mrs. Jean Smith, of 8, Viewforth-gardens, Edinburgh. She is ninety-one years of age, and gives credit for splendid health to care in living and to Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

She says:—"Careful living kept me almost free of illness until I was well over eighty, when I began to suffer from kidney complaint, rheumatic twinges and other distressing signs of old age. My limbs ached dreadfully, and a sharp stabbing pain would frequently catch me in the back and loins.

"But Doan's Backache Kidney Pills made a grand change in my health from the first, and after I had given them a fair trial I was quite free from kidney complaint.

"My health is wonderful for a woman of ninety-one. Doan's Pills have been a blessing to me for 10 years past.

(Signed) JEAN SMITH."

DOAN'S

BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

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

Be sure you get the same Pills as Mrs. Smith had.

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady gives Simple Home Recipe That She
Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off, and does not colour the scalp.—Advt.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

[BEGIN TO-DAY.]

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

By the BARONESS ORCZY, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will Repay," "Beau Brocade," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

Farewell To The Conscripts.

It was now close on eight o'clock and more than two hours since first the dawn broke over that low-lying horizon line which seems so far away, and tinged the vast immensity of the plain, first with grey and then with mauve and pale-toned emerald, with rose and carmine and crimson and blood-red, until the sun—triumphant and glorious at last—woke the sunflowers from their sleep, gilded every tiny blade of grass and every sprig of rose-mary, and caused every head of stately maize to quiver with delight at the warmth of his kiss.

The plain stretched its limitless expanse as far as human eye can reach—a sea of tall straight stems, with waves of brilliant green and plume-crowned crests shimmering like foam in the sunlight.

As far as human eye can see!—and further, much further still!—the sea of maize, countless upright stems, hundreds of thousands of emerald green sheaths crowned with flaxen tendrils like a maiden's hair; down on the ground—a carpet for the feet of the majestic corn—hundreds and thousands of orange-coloured pumpkins turning their huge shiny carcases to the ripening rays of the sun, and all around in fantastic lines, rows of tall sunflowers, a blaze of amber, with thick velvety hearts laden with seed.

And all of it stretching out apparently to infinity beyond that horizon line which is still hidden by a silvery haze, impalpable womb that cradles the life-giving heat.

Stately stems of maize—countless as the pebbles on a beach, as the specks of foam upon the crest of a wave, limitless as the sea and like the sea mutable, ever-changing, restless—bending to every breath of the summer breeze, full of strange, sweet sounds, of moanings and of sighs, as the emerald sheaths tremble in the wind, or down below the bright yellow carcases of the pumpkins crack and shiver in the growing heat.

An ocean of tall maize and gaily-coloured pumpkins as far as the eye can reach, and long, dividing lines of amber-coloured sunflowers, vivid and riotous, flaunting their crude colouring in the glowing sunlight.

Here and there the dull, dark green of hemp breaks the unvarying stretches of maize, and far away there is a tanya (cottage) with a group of stunted acacias near it, and a well whose tall, gaunt arm stretches weirdly up to the sky, while to the south the Maros winds its slow course lazily towards the parent stream.

The Blackest Day In The Year.

An ocean of maize and of pumpkins and of sunflowers, with here and there the tall, crested stems of hemp, and above it the sky—blue and already glowing through the filmy mist which every minute grows more ethereal and more impalpable as veil upon veil of heat-holding vapours are drawn from before its face.

A beautiful morning in mid-September, and yet in all this vast immensity of fertile land and ripening fruit there is no sign of human toil, no sound of beast or creaking waggon, no sign of human life around that distant tanya.

The tiny lizard in his comfortable position on the summit of a gigantic pumpkin can continue his matutinal sleep in peace; the stork can continue undisturbed his preparations for his impending long voyage overseas. Man has not yet thought to break by travail or by song the peaceful silence of the plain.

And yet the village lies not very far away, close to the Maros; the small, low, hemp-thatched houses scarcely peep above the sea of tall-stemmed maize, only the whitewashed tower of the church with its red-painted roof stands out clear and abrupt against the sky.

And now the sharp, cracked sound of the bell breaks the silence of the summer's morning. The good Pater Bonifacius is saying Mass; he, at any rate, is astir and busy with his day's work and obligations. Surely it is strange that at so late an hour in mid-September, with the maize waiting to be gathered in, the population of Marosfalva should still be absent from the fields!

But, stranger, what would you? Such a day is this fourteenth of September.

What? You did not know it? The fourteenth of September, the ugliest, blackest, most God-forsaken day in the whole year!

You did not know? You cannot guess? Then what kind of a stranger are you if you do not know that on this hideous fourteenth of September all the finest lads of Marosfalva and the villages around are taken away by the abominable government? Away for three years to be made into soldiers, to drill and to march, to carry guns and bayonets, to obey words of command that they don't understand, to be packed off from place to place—from Arad to Bistritz, from Kecskemet to Nagyvárad, ay! and as far as Bosnia, too—wherever that may be!

Yes, kind sir! the lads of Marosfalva and of Fekete, of Kender and of Görz, are taken away just like that, in batches every year, packed into one of those detestable railway trains like so many heads of cattle and separated from their mothers, their sisters, their sweethearts, all because a hateful government, for which the people of Marosfalva do not care one brass fillér, has so decreed it.

Mind you, it is the same in all the other villages, and in every town in Hungary—so at least we have

been given to understand—but we have nothing to do with other villages or with the towns: they do just as the good God wills them to do. It is our lads—the lads of Marosfalva and Kender and Fekete and Görz—who have to be packed off in trainloads to-day and taken away from us for three years.

Three years! Why, the lad is a mere child when he goes—one-and-twenty on his last birthday, bless him!—still wanting a mother's care of his stomach and his clothes, and a father's heavy stick across his back from time to time to keep him from drink and too much love-making.

Three years! When he comes back he is a man, has notions of his own, has seen the world and cares no more about his native village and the narrow cottage where he used to run in and out bare-footed, bare-chested, bare-headed and comfortably dirty from head to foot.

Soldiers For Three Years.

Three years! And what are the chances that he comes back at all? Bosnia? Where in the world is that? And if you are a soldier, why then you go to war, you get shot at, killed may be, or at any rate maimed. Three years! You may never come back! And when you do you are not the same youngster whom your mother kissed, your father whacked, and your sweetheart wept over.

Three years! Nay, but 'tis a lifetime! Mother is old, she may never see her son again. Girls are vain and fickle, they will turn their thoughts in other directions—there are the men who have done their military service, who have paid their toll to the abominable government! up at Budapest and are therefore free to court and free to marry.

Aye! Aye! That's how it is. They must go through with it, though they hate it all—every moment of it. They hate to be packed into railway carriages like so many dried heads of maize in a barn, they hate to wear the heavy cloth clothes, the hard boots, the leather pouches and belts. My God, how they hate it!

And the rude alien sergeant with his "Vorwärts!" and "Marsch!" and "Rechts" and "Links"—I ask you in the name of the Holy Virgin what kind of gibberish is that?

But they must all go!—all those, at least, who are whole and sound in body. Bless them! They are sound enough when they go! It is when they come back!

Yes! They must all go, those who are sound in eyes and wind and limb, and it is very difficult to cheat the commission who come to take our lads away. There was Benko, for instance; he starved himself for three months this summer, hoping to reduce his chest measurements by a few needful centimetres; but it was no use. The doctor who examined him said that with regular food and plenty of exercise he would soon put on more flesh, and he would get both for the next three years. And Janos—you remember? he chopped off one of his toes—thinking that would get him off those hated three years of service; but it seems there is a new decree by which the lads need not be possessed of all ten toes in order to serve the hateful government.

No, no! It is no use trying to get out of it. They measure you, and bang your chest and your back, they look at your eyes and make you open your mouth to look at your teeth, but anyhow they take you away for three years.

They make you swear that you will faithfully serve your country and your King during that time, that you will obey your superiors, and follow your leader wherever he may command, over land and by water. By water! I ask you! When there was Albert and Jenő who could not bear even the sight of water; they would not have gone in a boat on the Maros if you had offered them a gold piece each! How could they swear that they would follow some fool of a German officer on water?

They could not swear that. They knew they could not do it. But they were clapped in prison like common malefactors and treated like brigands and thieves until they did swear. And after that—well! they had once to cross the Theiss in a ferry-boat—they were made to do it!

A Night Of Jollification.

Oh, no! Nothing happened to them then, but Albert came back after his three years' service with two of his front teeth gone, and we all know that Jenő now is little better than an idiot.

So now you know, stranger, why we at Marosfalva call the fourteenth day of September the very blackest in the whole calendar, and why at eight o'clock in the morning nobody is at work in the fields.

For, the fourteenth day being such a black one, we must all make the most of the few hours that come before it. At nine o'clock of that miserable morning the packing of our lads into the train will commence, but until then they are making merry, bless them! They are true Hungarians, you know! They will dance, and they will sing; they will listen to gipsy music and kiss the girls so long as there is breath in their body, so long as they are free to do it.

At nine o'clock to-day they cease to be free men, they are under the orders of corporals and sergeants and officers who will command them to go "Vorwärts" and "Rechts" and "Links," and all that God-forsaken gibberish, and put them in irons and on bread and water if they do not obey. But yesterday, on the thirteenth of September that is, they were still free to do as they liked. They could dance and sing and get drunk as much as they chose.

So the big barn that belongs to Ignác Goldstein, the Jew, is thrown open for a night's dancing and music and jollification. At five o'clock in the afternoon the gipsies tuned up; there was a supper which lasted many hours, after which the dancing began. The first csárdás was struck up at eight o'clock last evening; the last one is being danced now at eight o'clock in the morning, while the whole plain lies in silence under the shimmering sky, and while Pater Bonifacius reads his mass all alone in the little church, and prays fervently for the lads who are going away to-day for three years: away from his care and his tender, paternal attention, away from their homes, their weeping mothers and sorrowing sweethearts.

God bless them all! They are good lads, but weak, impulsive, easily led toward good or evil. They are dancing now, when they should be praying, but God bless them all! They are good lads!

CHAPTER II.

A Well-Matched Couple.

Inside the barn the guttering candles were burning low. No one thought of blowing them out, so they were just left to smoke and to smoulder, and to help render the atmosphere even more stifling than it otherwise would have been.

The heat has become almost unbearable—unbearable, that is, to anyone not wholly intent on pleasure to the exclusion of every other sensation, every other consciousness. The barn built of huge pine logs, straw-thatched and raftered, is filled to overflowing with people—men, women, even children—all bent upon one great, all-absorbing object—that object, forgetfulness.

The indifferent, the stolid, may call it what he will, but it is the common wish to forget that has brought all these people—young and old—together in Ignác Goldstein's barn this night—the desire to forget that hideous, fateful fourteenth of September which comes with such heartrending regularity year after year—the desire to forget that the lads, the flower of the neighbouring villages, are going away to-day . . . for three years?—nay! very likely for ever!—three years and all packed up like cattle in a railway truck! and put under the orders of some brutal sergeant who is not Hungarian, and can only say "Vorwärts!" or "Marsch!" and is backed in his arbitrary commands by the whole weight of Government, King and country.

For three years!—and there is always war going on somewhere—and that awful Bosnia!—wherever it may be—lads from Hungarian villages go there sound in body and in limb and come back bent with age, halt, lame or blind.

Three years! More like for ever! And therefore the whole population of Marosfalva and of the villages round spends its last happy four-and-twenty hours in trying to forget that nine o'clock of the fourteenth of September is approaching with sure and giant strides; everyone has a wish to forget; the parents and grandparents, the sisters, the sweethearts, the lads themselves! The future is so hideous, let the joy of the present kill all thoughts of those coming three years.

Think Not Of The Morrow.

Marosfalva is the rallying-point, where this final annual jollification takes place. They all come over on the thirteenth from Fekete and Görz, and Kender, in order to dance and to sing at Marosfalva in the barn which belongs to Ignác Goldstein the Jew. Marosfalva boasts a railway station, and it is from here that at nine o'clock in the morning the lads will be entrained; so all day on the thirteenth there has been a pilgrimage along the crossroads from the outlying villages and hamlets round Marosfalva—a stream of men and women and young children all determined to forget for a few hours the coming separation of the morrow; by five o'clock in the afternoon all those had assembled who had meant to come, and dancing in the barn had begun.

Ignác Goldstein's barn has always been the setting in which the final drama of the happy year is acted. After that night spent there in dancing and music and merry-making, down goes the curtain on the comedy of life and the tragedy of tears begins.

Since five o'clock in the afternoon the young people have been dancing—waltzing, polkaing, dancing the csárdás—mostly the csárdás, the dance of the nation, of the people, the most exhilarating, most entrancing, most voluptuous dance that feet of man have ever trod. The girls and lads are indefatigable, the slow and languorous Lassu (slow movement) alternates with the mad, merry csárdás, they whirl and twist, advance, retreat, separate and reunite in a mad, intoxicating whirl. Small booted feet stamp on the rough wooden floor, sending up clouds of dust. What matter if the air becomes more and more stifling? There are tears and sighs to be stifled too.

"Ho, there, cigány! Play up! Faster! Faster! 'Tis not a funeral dirge you are playing!"

The gipsy musicians, hot and perspiring, have blown and scraped and banged for fifteen solid hours; no one would ever think of suggesting that a gipsy needed rest; the clarinetist, it is true, rolled off his seat at one time, and had to be well shaken ere he could blow again, but the leader—as good a leader, mind you, as could be found in the kingdom—had only paused when the dancers were exhausted, or when bite and sup were placed before him. There they were, perched up on a rough platform made up of packing-cases borrowed from the stationmaster; the czimbalom player in the centre, his fat, brown hands wielding the tiny clappers with unerring precision, up and down the strings, with that soft, lingering tone which partakes of the clavichord and the harp alike; at the back the double-bass, lean and dark, with jet-black eyes that stare stolidly at his leader.

There is a second fiddle, and the fat clarinetist

and, of course, the leader—he whose match could not be found in the kingdom. He stands on the very edge of the rough platform, his fiddle under his chin, and he stoops well forward, so that his hands and instrument almost touch the foremost of the dancing pairs.

They—the dancers—crowd closely round the gipsy band, for so must the csárdás be danced, as near the musicians as possible, as close together as the wide, sweeping petticoats of the girls will allow.

Such petticoats! One on the top of the other, ten or a dozen or more, and all of different colour: the girls are proud of these petticoats—the number of them is a sign of prosperity; and now as they dance and swing from the hips these petticoats fly out, caught by the currents of air until they look like gargantuan showers of vividly-coloured petals shaken by giant hands.

Above the petticoats the girls' waists look slim in the dark, tight-fitting corset, above which again rises the rich, olive-tinted breast and throat; full white sleeves of linen crown the bare, ruddy arms, and ribbons of national colours—red, white and green—float from the shoulders and the waist.

The smooth, thick hair is closely plaited from the crown of the head in two long, tight plaits; it is drawn rigidly away from the forehead, giving that quaint, hard finish to the round, merry face which is so characteristic of the Asiatic ancestry.

Each one of them is a little picture which seems to have stepped straight out of a Velasquez canvas, the bell-shaped skirt, the stiff corset, the straight, tight hair and round eyes full of vitality.

The men wear their linen shirt and full trousers with fringed, embroidered ends, the leather waistcoat and broad belt covered with metal bosses and wrought with bright-coloured woollen threads. They get very excited in the mazes of the dance, they shout to the gipsies to play faster and ever faster; each holds his partner tightly round the slim waist and swings her round and round, till she stumbles, giddy and almost faint in his arms.

The Last Dance.

And round the dancers in a semicircle the spectators stand in a dense crowd—the older folk and the girls who have not secured partners—they watch and watch, indefatigable like the dancers, untiring like the musicians. And behind this semicircle, in the dark corners of the barn, the children foot it, too, with the same ardour, the same excitement as their elders.

The last csárdás of this memorable night! It is eight o'clock now, and through the apertures in the log wall the brilliant light of this late summer's morning enters triumphant and crude.

Andor is dancing with Elsa—pretty, fair-haired Elsa, the daughter of old Kapus Benko,* an old reprobate, if ever there was one. Such a handsome couple they look. Is it not a shame that Andor must go to-day—for three years, perhaps for ever?

The tears that have struggled up to Elsa's tender blue eyes, despite her will to keep them back, add to the charm of her engaging personality, they help to soften the somewhat serious expression of her young face. Her cheeks are glowing with the excitement of the dance, her graceful figure bends to the pressure of Andor's arm around her waist.

Ten or a dozen cotton petticoats are tied round that slim waist of hers, no two of a like colour, and as she twists and twirls in Andor's arms the petticoats fly out, till she looks like a huge flower of many hues with superposed corollas, blue, green, pink and yellow, beneath which her small feet shod in boots of brilliant leather look like two crimson stamens.

The tight-fitting corset bodice and the full, white sleeves make her figure appear peculiarly slim and girlish, and her bare throat and shoulders are smooth and warmly tinted like some luscious fruit.

No wonder that Andor feels this dance, this movement, the music, the girl's sweet, quick breath, going to his head like wine. Elsa was always pretty, always dainty and gentle, but now she is excited, tearful at the coming parting, and by all the saints a more exquisite woman never came out of Paradise!

The semicircle of spectators composed of older folk draws closer round the dancers, but the other couples remain comparatively unheeded. It is Elsa and Andor whom everyone is watching.

He is tall and broad-shouldered, with the supple limbs of a young stag, and the mad, irresponsible movements of a colt. His dark eyes shine like two stars out of his sunburnt face; his muscular arms encircle Elsa's fine waist with a grip that is almost masterful. The wide sleeves of his linen shirt flutter above his shoulders till they look like wings and he like some messenger of the gods come to carry this exquisite prey off from the earth.

"What a well-matched couple!" murmur the older women as they watch.

The Beauty Of The Village.

"Elsa will be the beauty of the village within the next year, mark what I say!" added a kindly old soul, turning to her neighbour—a slatternly, ill-kempt, middle-aged woman, who was casting looks on Andor and Elsa that were none too kind.

"Hm!" retorted the latter, with sour mien, "then 'tis as well that that good-for-nothing will be safely out of the way."

"I would not call Andor good-for-nothing, Irma néni,"† said one of the men who stood close by, "he has not had much chance to do anything for himself yet."

(To be continued.)

* In Hungary the surname precedes the Christian name.

† Aunt Irma—the words aunt (néni) and uncle (bácsi) are used indiscriminately in Hungary when addressing elderly people, and do not necessarily imply any relationship.

Vigour

The World's Champion Sprinter writes:—

June 10th, 1914.

"Dear Sirs,

"For some time past I have been taking your IRON 'JELLOIDS' NO. 2A, and thought you would be interested to know that I consider IRON 'JELLOIDS' to be the best nerve tonic I have ever tried. . . . After each event I find entire absence of that nervous strain which has hitherto been the perhaps natural after result of my various successes.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. R. Applegarth."

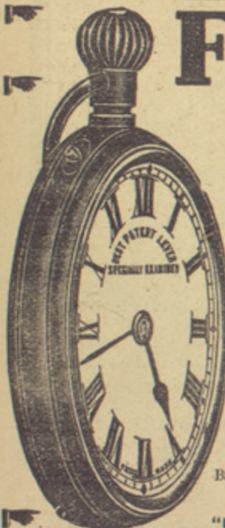
Only this month W. R. Applegarth defeated his opponent in a 220 yards sprint race for the World's Championship. This is further evidence of his splendid condition and speaks volumes for the soundness of his training and for the great strengthening properties of IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

Iron Jelloids

enrich the blood—renew vitality

When a man or woman is weak, run-down, debilitated or exhausted, 'JELLOIDS' afford the most reliable treatment. After taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' the blood is enriched and strengthened so that a wave of vitality and strength is carried to every part of the body—the system is toned up and invigorated, energy and good spirits are restored. Start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' the reliable Tonic, to-day.

For Women, No. 2. For Men, No. 2A (containing Quinine). For Children, No. 1. Of all Chemists, price 1/1½ & 2/9 a box, or from The 'Jelloid' Co. (Dept. 58 V.), 205, City Rd., London.



FREE

GIFT CHAIN AND MEDAL.
This Gift is Absolutely—
"CORRECT-TIME"

Watch will be sent by return, post free, for 1/6. After receiving Watch, you send 1/- weekly the next three weeks, 4/6 in all. Cash Prize, only 3/11, post free, by return, although WORTH DOUBLE. It is a Good-looking Watch, a strong and well-made Swiss Lever, with real Nickel-Silver Case—guaranteed to wear white and bright throughout like real silver; and above all we warrant it to be a "CORRECT-TIME-KEEPER" as named. A Nickel-Silver Curb Pattern Chain and Medal will be given free for every "Correct-Time" Watch—free of any charge whatever. Full satisfaction or full money back.

Bargain Catalogue—free—of Watches, Jewellery, etc.,
PAIN BROS., Dept. F37, The "Presents House," Hastings, Eng.

"STAR-LIT."

Pain Bros. Novel Illuminated Watch, the "STAR-LIT," similar to the "Correct-Time," but also "Shows Time" "In The Dark." As now being worn "At Home" and "In The Trenches." Cash Price only 5/11 Post Free (WORTH DOUBLE), or 2/6 deposit and 1/- weekly next four weeks, 6/6 in all. Fuller particulars post free.

MESS, MUDDLE, AND MUNITIONS.



Panel 1: Lord Kitchener (March 15th) says: "WE ARE NOT GETTING NEARLY ENOUGH MUNITIONS - THE SLACKNESS IS DEPLORABLE." An "ORDINARY PERSON" replies: "I WILL OFFER MY SERVICES IN A FACTORY."

Panel 2: Mr. Lloyd George (March 29th) says: "DRINK SIR - DRINK - IS STOPPING THE FACTORIES, AND PROLONGING THE WAR!" The "ORDINARY PERSON" replies: "I WILL IMMEDIATELY SIGN THE PLEDGE."

Panel 3: Mr. Asquith (April 20th) says: "WE HAVE MORE MUNITIONS THAN WE WANT - THE COUNTRY IS TEETOTAL - DON'T YOU WORRY!" The "ORDINARY PERSON" replies: "BUT—!"

Panel 4: The "ORDINARY PERSON" says: "IT MUST BE A NEW GAME."

Caption: Things are not what they seem.

A DELICIOUS COCOA and MILK

Messrs. Savory and Moore make a preparation of Cocoa and Milk which all who like cocoa should try. Its advantages are:—

DIGESTIBILITY.—This is ensured; not by the elimination or removal of certain parts of the cocoa, but by a process of peptonising or partially pre-digesting, which renders it perfectly easy of digestion even by the most delicate.

DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.—Elaborate treatment of cocoa often robs it of its flavour. By Savory and Moore's process the original flavour of the cocoa is retained and even refined and improved.

NOURISHING PROPERTIES.—Savory and Moore's preparation contains all the nourishing properties of the best cocoa and pure, sterilised country milk; a combination unsurpassed in actual food values.

UTILITY.—Neither milk nor sugar is required, but merely the addition of hot water. A cup of this delicious beverage can thus be made, without trouble, at a moment's notice.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE.

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

SAVORY & MOORE'S COCOA & MILK

THE HEADACHE OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

A feeling as of a tight band about the head is often felt in addition to the pain of a headache that is caused by nervous exhaustion. The ache is generally at the back of the head, rarely in the forehead, and it is often accompanied by dizziness.

The way to stop this sort of headache is to stop the cause of it. Overwork, worry and failure of the blood to properly nourish the nerves are the most common causes. Rest and a tonic for the blood and nerves will cause the headache and accompanying distress to disappear in most cases.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an effective tonic for building up the blood and strengthening the nerves. They furnish just the elements that the blood needs to build up the nerves shattered by overwork, worry, overstudy or excesses. You cannot always rest from office, housework, or school, when circumstances require, but you can take a tonic that will maintain the strength of your blood and nerves. Remember, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just the tonic you require.

Any dealer in any town can supply you with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but never try the substitutes offered in some quarters.

"The Nerves and Their Needs" is the title of a useful little book offered FREE to all readers who send a postcard inquiry for a copy to Post Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.—Adv't.

A Word To The Woman At Home.

ARE you clever with your fingers? Do you think you could make any of the articles in the following list?

- (1) Church embroidery.
- (2) Embroidered bedspread.
- (3) Chair seat cover in petit point or gros point.
- (4) Drawn thread work tea-cloth.
- (5) Cut work tea-cloth.
- (6) Filet or crochet border for tea-cloth, a yard square.
- (7) Crochet corners for tea-cloth (4).
- (8) Crochet chair back.
- (9) Embroidered and initialled handkerchief.
- (10) Lingerie blouse (no lace to be used).
- (11) Set of embroidered lingerie (no lace to be used), consisting of chemise, knickers, camisole and nightgown.
- (12) Hand-made lace collar.
- (13) Sofa back in linen applique.
- (14) Casement blind in darned net.
- (15) Cushion cover in coloured embroidery.
- (16) Embroidered panel for fire screen.
- (17) Portiere in Old English embroidery.
- (18) Footstool cover in tapestry work.
- (19) Embroidered house-gown.
- (20) Embroidered and painted picture.
- (21) Painted dessert d'oyleys (set of 6).
- (22) Doll dressed as a child.
- (23) Doll dressed in character.
- (24) Theatre bag in bead work.
- (25) Lady's dressing gown, material not to cost more than 10s.
- (26) Set of first garments for an infant. Ease in washing and putting on to be taken into account.
- (27) Knitted sports coat, wool.
- (28) Smock to fit a boy of three.
- (29) Spray of silk or satin flowers, suitable for decoration of evening gown.
- (30) Set of 6 artistically threaded bead chains.
- (31) Work basket in bass work.
- (32) Set of buttons.

Perhaps you could make several of them, but feel that you shouldn't spend your time in such work during war time. You may, then, be glad to hear that just because it is war time you should carry on your favourite work all the more industriously. By so doing you can help our wounded men. Perhaps it is the only way that you, a woman at

home, can help. Besides this you may win some of 1,546 prizes amounting in all to £1,000.

The *Daily Sketch* is offering this huge sum for the best needlework done in the above classes by its readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by twenty-four coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons are now appearing in each issue and will do so until November 6.

After the judging, which will be done by experts under the auspices of the Royal School of Art Needlework, all the work will be exhibited in a suitable hall in London. All those competitors who wish to do so may offer their work for sale in aid of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, to whom the proceeds of the exhibition will be handed. Those who are unable, for reasons of sentiment or means, to present their work may have it returned to them at the close of the exhibition.

The children, too, may join in, as a section of the competition is set apart for them.

Sub-divisions of the boys' and girls' classes are as follows:—

- For Girls under Fifteen—
Class 33a. Pincushion.
Class 33b. Piece of crochet insertion 4in. by 1 yard.
Class 33c. Counterpane for doll's cradle.
Class 33d. Child doll.

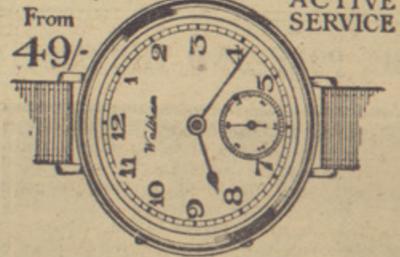
- For Boys under Nine—
Class 33e. Best piece of knitting.

All who wish to enter must send a large stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C.

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

WHAT WAR MEANS TO THE LITTLE COUNTRY VILLAGES ON THE HILLS.



In the district round St. Mihiel the French are gradually pushing the Germans back. The fighting has been severe, and the villages in the area have suffered terribly. A shell had burst on this farm at Regneville, setting fire to the roof and killing several horses, a few minutes before this photograph was taken.—(J'ai Vu.)

THE POLE AND THE SCOT.



The Polish girl did a great business at Glasgow on Flag Day. The Highlander was only one of many customers.

THE SIMPLE FUNERAL OF A BRAVE SOLDIER.



The funerals of the brave French soldiers who fall in battle are pathetic in their simplicity. There is no pomp or ceremony. They are laid to rest with a little wooden cross bearing their names over their graves.—(Le Miroir.)

WITH THE MORNING'S MILK.



Lady "milkmen" are the latest war novelty to be introduced into the West End. They are punctual and obliging.