

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.



WOUNDED V.C. CHEERS UP A HOSPITAL.



Daniels, V.C., has the winning smile.



His good humour cheers everybody.



He is the idol of his wounded comrades.

Sergeant-Major Daniels, of the Rifle Brigade, who won the V.C. at Neuve Chapelle, is the cheeriest of all the wounded in a London hospital. But behind the smile is the recollection of his chum, Corporal Noble, who died by his side when they won the V.C. together cutting wire entanglements under the murderous fire of machine guns. Private James Smith, V.C., has only happy thoughts, for he was married on Tuesday, and yesterday Middlesbrough gave him a civic reception and purse of gold.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)



Smith, V.C., wearing his cross.

PAGES OF PICTURES ::: AND ::: BRIGHT ARTICLES

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

Shows the folly of allowing Cotton supplies to pass to Germany in an article on AMMUNITION FOR THE ENEMY.

JEROME K. JEROME

On WHAT ARE WE TO GET OUT OF THE WAR? A remarkable article that is certain to arrest attention.

LORD R. CECIL, K.C., M.P., ON "REPRISALS."

A Special Interview on the absorbing question of Britain's policy in the treatment of German prisoners.

LORD DERBY'S HINT ON COMPULSION.

A well-known Radical discusses Liberal fears of compulsory service, and shows how it should be every man's privilege to serve his country.

HITTING MR. CHURCHILL.

One who knows the First Lord of the Admiralty discusses this week's remarkable campaign against him over the Dardanelles Expedition.

MISS HELEN McKIE,

The woman who draws the soldiers, Sketches from Home and Abroad.

MISS KATE CAREW,

Whose Articles have been so much appreciated, this week discusses A WOMAN'S LOVE PROBLEM.

ALSO PAGES OF NEWS—GOSSIP—DRAMA—FASHION—FINANCE IN THIS WEEK'S

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

WHEN BUYING

MARGARINE, enquire if it is
BRITISH - MADE!

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

is all made at SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX.

ONE QUALITY ONLY:

The Very Best **1/-** DOUBLE WEIGHT,

which means **6^{D.}** for 1-LB. Why pay more?

The Only Perfect Substitute
for Butter.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., LTD.
THE LARGEST RETAILERS.
851 BRANCHES now open.

THE CHASTENED CHANCELLOR.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is a courageous man, and it is always in season to admire courage. Some time ago the Chancellor threw a rhetorical bomb which emitted gas as yellow as the German bombs. He aimed at the drink problem and its relation to the work of the war, and his attack created the feeling that alcohol was very seriously delaying our progress in the war.

THE effect was to stir up a conflict of theories and interests which threatened to lead the country into a bitter internecine struggle. It is morally impossible to harmonise the opinions of (1) the teetotalers, (2) the temperate drinkers, and (3) the irregular and confirmed drinkers. Even were it proved that alcohol destroyed the efficiency of classes 2 and 3, it would be a tremendous task to change suddenly the tastes and habits of millions of our people.

AFTER listening to innumerable wild proposals from total prohibition downwards Mr. Lloyd George has discovered that there is a limit to the powers of an Act of Parliament. He has had the courage to confess that the task of abolishing alcohol, or even of "settling" the drink problem, is quite beyond him. In this confession he will bitterly disappoint the rabid extremists who wanted breweries and distilleries swept away instantly, and this not so much to hasten the production of war munitions as to gratify an old desire of theirs. Nothing short of total prohibition would have satisfied these people, for they hold the fixed belief that until we abstain from alcohol as completely as the Turks we are in danger of dissolution. But I rather fancy that the British Empire will outlast the teetotal Turkish Empire.

VERY skilfully Mr. Lloyd George maintains that the situation with our munition workers is not good, and he quotes rather sensational figures to show the loss of time on various war works. Rather less skilfully he tries to establish that this is the effect of drinking.

IT has yet to be proved that alcohol is the sole cause of this deplorable condition; but every fair-minded person will agree that drink can be regarded as a contributory cause which requires careful watching in a time of national crisis. When an athlete prepares to carry out a great feat he abstains from alcohol. No athlete, however, spends all his time in training or accomplishing great feats. The condition is too abnormal to be maintained. A portion of the British race is now abnormally occupied in war or preparation for war. It is not quite the same thing as an athletic feat, and it is not necessary that every temperate drinker should suddenly abstain from all alcohol.

THE Chancellor evidently approaches the matter in this light. He first of all concentrates attention upon those areas in which war work is being accomplished. Then he seeks to establish a Government control, or, if necessary, a local and temporary prohibition, so that in accordance with the established need steps should be taken to limit drinking.

BY restricting opportunities and temptations much may be effected without wholly depriving a man of his individual rights. We are brought nearer to the canteen system which, on the whole, is so effective in the Army. A step of this kind will impress a sense of responsibility on the men.

AS a further "act of discipline" Mr. Lloyd George proposes to increase the duty on spirits, heavy beer and wines. He hopes to obtain additional revenue from these duties, and at the same time encourage the use of light beer. The Government has taken an unconscionable time to arrive at these decisions, and for this it deserves censure. The situation revealed by Mr. Lloyd George demanded immediate action.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

King And Queen At The Academy.

THE USUAL Royal view of the Academy took place yesterday afternoon, when the King and Queen and all the members of the Royal Family in town were present. They spent nearly two and a half hours touring the galleries, and were keenly interested in the pictures, particularly H. O. Olivier's "Where Belgium Greeted Britain." It depicts the meeting of King George and King Albert in Belgium.

Royal Sitters.

ALL THOSE figuring in the picture, which occupies the post of honour in Gallery 3, have given sittings to the painter. The portrait of the Prince of Wales is very good indeed. It is suggested that the picture should find a home at some national institution.

The Queen A Connoisseur.

QUEEN MARY is a connoisseur of art, and yesterday she appeared to be in her element. For every picture she had some comment; in several instances not very flattering. No purchases were made by the Royal party yesterday.

The Prince Was There.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, who has just returned to the front, made the most of his short leave, and contrived to fit in a certain amount of gaiety dear to the heart of any young man. It was duly recorded that Princess Mary, with her young brothers, was at the Hippodrome on Monday, but no mention was made of the fact that the Prince of Wales was there too. Albert de Courville, whom I noticed gliding through Cranbourne-street in a fine new car yesterday, informs me that the Prince was very much there.

Recruiting Organiser.

FEW THINGS have been so satisfactory as the way Ireland has rallied to the call of the Empire at a time when a good many people thought that—well, that she would do nothing of the kind. However, a recruiting campaign is as necessary over there as it is here, and this is a portrait of Mr. Henry M'Loughlin, who has recently been appointed to organise it. Mr. M'Loughlin succeeds Mr. Le Bas, whose earlier recruiting activities in London have borne wonderful fruit. It was Mr.



—(Lafayette.)

Le Bas who was responsible for choosing some of those striking posters one sees on all sides.

In The Sunshine.

PICCADILLY was again very full yesterday, and people were revelling in the summer sunshine. Sir Charles Wyndham was strolling along past Prince's grave and picturesque. But he has not yet discarded a very heavy overcoat. Despite his age he is a great walker, and on fine days he usually journeys from the Hyde Park Hotel, where he lives, to the Garrick Club on foot.

Hush! The Censor.

HELD UP in the Strand by the traffic, Sir Stanley Buckmaster was wearing an exceptionally pleased expression on his face, when I saw him yesterday. When he took over the Censorship job he seemed to have made a vow never to smile again. Perhaps his change of countenance was the reason nobody else appeared to recognise the most misunderstood man in London. He continued his walk towards the Gaiety. Was he going to buy tickets?

[This paragraph has not been submitted to the Press Bureau.]

Ranelagh's Remembrance.

EVERY YEAR the choice of an appropriate and pretty member's badge is a point to which the committee of Ranelagh Club give particular attention. That which has just been issued, at a moment when nearly all its polo players are serving their country, will certainly rank among the real mementoes of the war, for it takes the form of a wreath of laurels in white enamel upon a deep red ground.

A Word For The Too Pacific.

FOR THE benefit of those few people in this country who still think that Germany never wanted war with England, I record the remarks made to me yesterday by an Englishman—in his youth a student at a famous German University.

"Often and often," he said, "arguments would crop up in the Teuton club to which I belonged regarding the future of Germany. And just as often would come the answer from my comrades, who included the true Prussian, the Bavarian, and the Austrian, 'You wait, my friend, until we too have a navy. Then you will see what will happen.' And this was 28 years ago. Von Tirpitz seems to be waiting still—quite still."

The New Chatelaine Of Dublin.

SMILING PICTURES of Ireland's new Vicereine remind me of the time when I used to meet her twenty times a day four years ago. We met so often because we were both quartered for nine days in the same rather confined space on the promenade deck of a P. and O. liner. And Lady Ashby St. Ledgers agreed with myself that it was good to take exercise between meals, even if it meant walking round the same boards innumerable times. Of course, another reason why we met was because we were walking in opposite directions. She used to wear short golfing skirts then, and looked nineteen.

A Quiet Rubber.

LORD ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, who had been in India on important business, was no such advocate of physical culture, but preferred a quiet rubber of auction in the smoking-room. Lord Harrowby, if I remember rightly, helped to make up the four. But it all seems a long way off now.

The Other Army.

THOSE who are concerned about the fate of "war babies" will find some useful suggestions in Mr. Denis Crane's new book, "John Bull's Surplus Children," which deals sympathetically with our growing army of orphan and deserted children, and pleads for giving them a fairer chance. Mr. Crane is a social student blessed with courage as well as judgment.

Church Experiment.

WISHING to discover what chance a friendless down-and-out has of earning an honest living, Mr. Crane plunged into London's underworld, and for nine months lived the life of a tramp. In this guise he visited certain fashionable churches, and also tried his luck, with an imaginary complaint, in the out-patients' department of a London hospital.

The Umbrella Trio.

THERE ARE three members of the Cabinet who are rarely seen out of doors without their umbrellas. These are the Premier, Mr. Birrell and Mr. Lulu Harcourt. Mr. Asquith's is a heavy, crook-handled affair, void of any band; Mr. Birrell's is crook-handled, with a gold band; whilst Mr. Harcourt's is an elegant, tightly-rolled umbrella with a patent lock for keeping the ribs in position. Will the fine weather tempt these three to leave their umbrellas behind?

Another Of The Silent Ones.

THE OTHER afternoon I saw Mr. Birrell walk across the Horse Guards looking very thoughtful. Like John Burns and Lord Morley, the Chief Secretary for Ireland hasn't had much to say about the war, but as our other Cabinet Ministers have fallen into the habit of contradicting one another, perhaps it is just as well that he keeps his silence.

Sea Manners.

WHAT CHARMING manners Jack Tar has! I wonder where he learns them. A dear, drunk lad, with a face as handsome as a recruiting sergeant's promises, was having a gay and noisy time inside a 'bus the other evening. But before he alighted he turned to his fellow passengers and made them a little speech, asking their pardon—and particularly the pardon of the ladies—if he had said anything rude or offensive to them; but he was only a rough sailorman off a ship, and he couldn't be expected to know better.

Between The Devil And The Deep Sea.

THE NEW RULES as to registration of visitors at hotels and lodging-houses are causing a flutter of excitement among a certain class of hotels of shady reputation, who feel that they are indeed between the devil and the deep sea. For if they fail to keep a proper register they will be fined or imprisoned, and if they keep it properly they stand a good chance of being prosecuted under various Acts.

"It's Your Boys I Want."

A MOTOR-CAR containing an Army officer and two soldiers pulled up outside the gates of a large factory. The officer began a recruiting speech, and was at once surrounded by hundreds of workgirls, who happened to be the first employees out. The speechmaker paused and, grasping the situation, said, with a broad smile on his face: "Now, girls, I don't want you, you know. It's your boys I want!"

The Gaiety Audience.

YESTERDAY I told you all about the new Gaiety play, "To-night's the Night," but I said nothing about the audience there. There were very few of the old Gaiety habitués—the sporting-cum-Stock-Exchange crowd—who have been pillars of this most British institution throughout its existence. I suppose a good many of them are fighting.

Gertie Millar Looks On.

BUT there were adequate compensations—more than adequate, in fact. I have rarely seen anything quite so lovely as Gladys Cooper, in a cerise silk opera-cloak. She had just come up from Frinton, where she spends a good deal of her time at present. Her husband was with her, not on this occasion in khaki. Gertie Millar, also in a red cloak, was in a box. The Gaiety needs her rather badly.

After The "Panorama Of Youth."

HARTLEY MANNERS and Haddon Chambers, who were together, represented legitimate comedy. "The Panorama of Youth" took a flying trip to Brighton yesterday. I'm afraid it hasn't proved the same sort of success as "Peg o' My Heart," for I notice that Sir George Alexander is already arranging for his next production, in about a fortnight's time. C. B. Fernald is the author. But there was plenty of good stuff in "The Panorama," and doubtless Hartley Manners will give us a good thing again pretty soon.

Ways If You Had The Means.

UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY there were ways and means in certain restaurants of procuring drinks that are drinks after the dread hour of ten. But now extra supervision has been instituted, or managers are getting frightened. The "dry ginger ale" bottles, which were not so very dry, have been swept away. I supped after the Gaiety show where regular clients could be "accommodated." But I found it rigidly teetotal. Now, which restaurant was it?

Artist-Au-hor.

THIS IS Mr. Fred Thompson, the author of "To-night's the Night." Before he commenced writing revues, variety sketches and musical comedies—three more of which he has in hand, by the way—he kept the wolf a long way from the door by caricaturing for various London papers. Before the end of the year it looks as if four musical shows from Mr. Thompson's pen will be running in London. This is going "some."

Plenty Of Money About.

THERE IS plenty of money about in the theatrical world in the literal sense. In "The Argyle Case" at the Strand Fred Terry handles nightly a real hundred dollar bill; at another theatre, I'm told, someone hurls a gold five-pound piece—a coin as rare as it is valuable—out of a window, and last night in "On Trial" at the Lyric genuine paper money was numbered among the "properties."

The Home Of—Rest.

"THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD," the Antarctic film, at the Alhambra seems to be "taking on." As I said the other day, a visit there after lunch is certainly very restful, although this is rather faint praise to offer. But really it is a most interesting show. Penguins are the greatest comedians alive.

The Tale Of A Success.

BY THE WAY, Mr. H. G. Ponting, of Philharmonic Hall and the Scott film fame, writes to correct a statement of mine with regard to his own wonderful entertainment which for months was the talk of London. The figure I mentioned in connection with that success was not "clear profit." As a matter of fact, the gross receipts for the thirty-nine weeks were slightly over £30,000, but from this comfortable sum very heavy expenses had to be deducted. Sorry, Mr. Ponting.

The Piper's New Pipes.

THE piper who lost his pipes "to save his heid" in the fighting line has now received a beautiful set from one of my generous readers who doesn't court publicity. Although the piper is not yet fit to play his new instrument, his delight is very evident, I am told, as he shows them to his friends. He writes to thank the donor herewith.

MR. COSSIP.

DRINK RESTRICTIONS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S PROPOSALS.

BIG INCREASE IN DUTY ON HEAVY BEER AND DOUBLE TAX ON WHISKY.

State Board With Power To Close Public-Houses In War Areas.

TO DISCOURAGE TASTE FOR STRONG DRINK.

Government To Run Houses For "Reasonable Refreshments."

COMPENSATION FOR THE TRADE.

Mr. Lloyd George revealed the Government's long-expected proposals for dealing with the drink problem, in the House of Commons, yesterday.

The chief items in the Chancellor's programme were:—

Double duty on spirits.
New duty on beer, ranging from 12s. to 36s. a barrel.

Duty on sparkling wines to be 15s. a gallon.
Duty on other wines (now 2s. 6d. a gallon of about six bottles) to be quadrupled.

Before the war the duty on beer was 7s. 9d. a barrel; in November last, when the Chancellor introduced his War Budget, it was raised to 17s. 3d., and now, as graduated, it will be:—

Specific gravity 48 (containing between 7 and 8 per cent. of alcohol), 12s. a barrel.

From 49 to 53 per cent., 24s. a barrel.

From 53 per cent. upwards, 36s. a barrel.

This scale is devised to encourage the drinking of light beers, and to discourage the consumption of the heavier brews.

While the whisky tax is doubled, a concession is made to the vendors, who may in future dilute it to 35 under proof, instead of 25 as at present.

To come to grips with what the Cabinet regard as the dangerous aspect of the drink traffic they propose:—

Complete Government control of the sale of alcoholic liquors in areas where war work is being done and in some military camp areas.

Power to close any houses in these areas considered prejudicial to the public interest.

These houses may be used for the supply of "reasonable refreshment," and

Control of them to be vested in a Central Board.

While assuming this arbitrary power, the Government recognise the principle of fair compensation, which would be fixed by a commission appointed for the purpose.

"LIFE OF THE EMPIRE AT STAKE."

Chancellor Says It Depends On Rapid Output Of Munitions.

In a two-hours' speech the Chancellor explained the Ministry's proposals to the House of Commons.

After weeks of trying to find a solution of the question, he said, he was prepared to take a pledge, politically, never to touch drink again. (Laughter.)

Sheer national necessity was the one and only reason why the Government was going to interfere with the habits of the people.

The life of the Empire was at stake—dependent upon the rapid and ever-increasing supply of munitions of war.

Of all the tasks that befell a Minister the solution of the drink problem was probably the worst.

To get an agreement on facts was difficult enough. To find remedies that would meet universal assent was impossible.

Every Government that had touched alcohol had burned its fingers in its lurid flow.

In this country our resources for turning out material for war were capable of the most infinite expansion; but they had to be mobilised.

They wanted them to be mobilised with the greatest possible dispatch and efficiency.

"WHEN THE TIME COMES."

When the time came to drive the enemy out of Flanders and France, the expenditure of ammunition and material must be on a scale hitherto unprecedented in any war.

The nation should put forth the whole of its strength, and subordinate everything to the present struggle.

They were entitled to ask everyone to clear all obstacles out of the way in order to win this great

war, the outlook being one of life to the Empire.

The facts showed that the evil was so serious that nothing but strong action would enable them to cope with it.

The consideration of the question was forced upon them by officials responsible for the output of war materials.

GREATEST EFFORT TO COME.

The attack at the seat of war must be on a greater scale and of a more sustained character than anything we have yet witnessed.

The enemy were still in Flanders and a part of France. He had to be driven out. (Cheers.)

To enable our gallant Army at the front to carry through that enterprise we must strain every possible nerve to increase our present output of ammunition, guns, and other war material, without which, with all their gallantry, they could not win.

In all this time was vital. Time lost meant opportunity lost, battles lost, strength, financial and economic, lost, precious lives lost.

His proposals were necessary to victory—to win it soon, without loss of time and the lives of those who were fighting for them.

ANXIETY FOR THE FLEET.

The slackness in some shipyards was causing serious anxiety to those in command of the Fleet.

At Portsmouth—all honour to the men—78 per cent. were working 60 hours and over per week. Forty-eight hours were the normal elsewhere.

On the Clyde, the Tyne and at Barrow some of the men were doing less work than would be regarded as a week's work under ordinary peace conditions.

Opinion was practically unanimous that a large part of the "off" time was due to the use of beer and spirits, following upon high wages.

Out of 8,000 men in one firm, after three days' holiday at Easter 1,800 failed to turn up on the Tuesday. There was no doubt about the slacking and lost time.

Loss of time was followed by loss of efficiency. The Chancellor told how in one case some urgent repairs to a ship were executed by men suffering from the effects of drink.

The work had to be condemned, because it meant that to send the ship out would have been dangerous.

NOT A TEETOTAL BILL.

He did not base his case for interference on any complaints of the teetotalers. (Cheers.) The complaints came from the chief centres of armament activity.

The reports up to the end of March showed no perceptible improvement. In one firm doing submarine work out of 114 men 58 were off work on one day and 45 on the next—due almost entirely to excessive drinking.

"AN ACT OF DISCIPLINE."

However unpleasant the task, the Government would be betraying their trust to the country if they did not propose a remedy for all this evil.

What he proposed was not a solution of the temperance question, but an act of discipline during the war.

BONAR LAW BEWILDERED.

Comment On The Speech Postponed Until Production Of The Bill.

Mr. Bonar Law said he was somewhat bewildered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement.

Until he had seen the Bill and the reports which the Chancellor had promised to publish he would make no speech on it.

Mr. Redmond said that Mr. Lloyd George had made no case with regard to Ireland.

Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. William O'Brien vehemently protested against the duty on whisky, which, they said, was the most prosperous industry in Ireland.

Mr. Lloyd George, in reply to various questions, said the powers asked under the Bill had nothing to do with his statement on the financial proposals. The latter was only made for the convenience of the House.

FIRST DIVISION SINCE WAR BEGAN.

O'Brienites Challenge Government's Whisky And Beer Duties.

Drink was yesterday responsible for the first division in the House of Commons since the war began.

When the House went into Committee on ways and means Mr. Lloyd George moved the resolution authorising his new taxation of liquor.

Mr. T. Healy again complained of the super-tax on whisky, and said he and his friends (the O'Brienites) intended to divide the House.

The Customs resolution was passed without opposition.

On the Excise resolution the O'Brienites challenged a division—the first division since the war began.

The motion was carried by 89 to 5.

The Opposition abstained from voting.

The wine resolution was agreed to. The beer resolution was challenged by the O'Brienites, and the division resulted in 74 votes to 5 in favour of the motion.

WHAT YOUR DRINK WILL COST.

4d. For Your "Small Whisky" Or A Bottle Of Beer.

The immediate effect of the Government's drink proposals on the retail trade will probably be:—

Draught beer sold in public-houses will remain the same.

Heavy bottled beers and stout will be 4d. instead of 3d. per half-pint bottle.

Scotch ale and one or two of the heavier Burton brews, sold on draught, may in some instances be raised to 3d. per glass, but in all probability these will be reduced to comply with the 7 per cent. of alcohol standard.

Whisky will be "a penny a nip" more. The threepenny "small whisky" will now be fourpence.

A pint of champagne, for which 8s. 6d. was charged yesterday, will be 10s. to-day.

A bottle of light wine with lunch to-day will be nearly as much as champagne was yesterday. The duties on wines other than those of the sparkling kind are so variable that a fixed basis cannot be laid down.

The increase in the duty on spirits means roughly an additional 2s. on every bottle.

A DRASTIC CHANGE IN PRICES.

The manager of a firm of wine and spirit merchants was found by the *Daily Sketch* last night trying to read the Chancellor's speech during very short intervals between answering telephone calls.

"This is the busiest time I've had for a long while," he said. "We've prepared for this by laying in a large stock, but if the orders don't slacken we shall be cleared out before we can revise our prices."

"I've had instructions to sell as usual to-night, but to-morrow I anticipate a drastic change in our prices. I don't think it will be possible to buy a decent bottle of whisky in London to-morrow for less than 6s."

"Nearly all our beers are of the light or medium kind, and that part of our trade will scarcely be touched by the present proposals."

ALL-ROUND UNPOPULARITY.

M.P.'s Say The Wine Tax Will Hit France And Australia.

If it were not war time, writes the *Daily Sketch* Lobby correspondent, the Government proposals would never get through the House of Commons.

It is very difficult to find anybody who praises them in their entirety. It is still more difficult to find anyone who understands them.

All the Government supporters are more or less critical.

The Opposition regard them as confused, and one Front Bench man remarked that they were "rotten."

The Irish are frankly hostile. Members criticise them from every conceivable point of view.

The majority think there was no need for the taxation proposals at all, and consider the Government scheme for district control of the drink trade would have answered all purposes.

Many think that the extra taxation will make no difference—that if a man who is earning good money wants the article to which he is accustomed he will pay the price. Some agree with the tax on spirits, though they think this will simply mean that people will pay the same money for a less genuine article, since the dilution of spirits is permitted.

There is much criticism of the tax on wines on the ground that it will hit France, our Ally, and Australia. The duty on champagne is thus 2s. 6d. a bottle more.

Government control of public-houses in certain districts will not make much difference, since the effects will probably be as noticeable as is the Government control of the railways.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech is really regarded as a Budget speech; he was not in his happiest vein in dealing with details.

HOW THE GERMANS TREAT WOUNDED PRISONERS.

Corporal George Wilson, who belongs to Edinburgh, is the only member of the Black Watch who has been exchanged as a prisoner of war from Germany. The muscles of his right forearm were blown away at a range of fifteen yards, and after lying in a trench for four and a half hours he was captured. His terrible wound received no attention from the Germans during a period of five days. He received fair treatment in hospital, but complains bitterly of the food.



ARCHDEACON FALLS DEAD.

The Archdeacon of Rochester, the Ven. John Tetley Rowe, fell dead on the platform at Victoria Station yesterday as he was about to enter a train. He was returning to Rochester after attending the Convocation of Canterbury.

Women booking-clerks have been engaged at Leeds L. and N.W. station.

WHAT IS BRITAIN'S POLICY TO BE?

Lord Robert Cecil On The Question Of Reprisals.

OUR DUTY TO PRISONERS.

All Britain has been shocked by the evidence of the brutal treatment of our men who have had the misfortune to be taken prisoners by the Germans. Is the nation to be content with a vague promise of reparation after the war? Can nothing else be done to ensure humane treatment for Britishers now?

As a result of the debates in both Houses of Parliament, everybody has been asking these questions. Numerous suggestions have been made as to methods of reprisals.

Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P., will discuss the question of reprisals in an interview in the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. Lord Robert, who is destined to play a great part in our political life, will deal thoroughly with the many aspects of the question, and give his opinions on what our policy should be.

Sir William Ramsay, the famous scientist, has taken a leading part in the campaign to arouse opinion in Britain on the folly of allowing cotton, so valuable as ammunition, to pass to Germany. As a result of Sir William's efforts, the German Chemical Society propose to exclude him from their membership. Sir William will not mind this petty display; he is determined to do his duty to his own country. In the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* he will discuss the inadequacy of this week's proclamation on exports for the Continent.

WHAT ARE WE TO GET?

What are we as a nation to get out of this war? Mr. Jerome K. Jerome will discuss this question in an arresting article in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*.

Lord Derby gave a very plain hint the other day on the question of compulsion. A well-known Radical will in the *Sunday Herald* discuss Liberal fears of compulsory service, and show how in his view it should be every man's privilege to serve his country.

There is a remarkable campaign in progress against Mr. Winston Churchill regarding the Dardanelles expedition. A well-known writer will discuss this campaign, and also give a character sketch of the First Lord, in the *Sunday Herald*.

Two other notable contributions to the *Sunday Herald* will be by Miss Helen Mackay, the well-known lady artist, giving "Soldiers' types amongst the Allies"; and Miss Kate Carew, who will discuss "A Woman's Problem."

The *Sunday Herald* will give many other valuable features and a magnificent series of exclusive war pictures.

MAN OF MANY BRIDES IN COURT FOR 15th TIME.

Smith Answers The Charge Dressed In Summery Attire.

George Joseph Smith (43) made his 15th appearance yesterday at Bow-street in the "Brides of the Bath" case.

He was formally remanded until next Thursday. When Smith entered the court he was without the overcoat which he has usually worn. Instead, he was dressed in a light sports jacket, soft collar, light trousers, and a fancy vest.

Inspector Niel gave evidence of arrest, and said that on February 15 last, in that court, he said to Smith: "You are said to be identical with Oliver George Love, who married Caroline Beatrice Thornhill at Leicester on January 17, 1896." Smith replied, "I am not." Witness proceeded: "You are also said to be identical with Henry Williams, who married Bessie Constance Annie Mundy at Weymouth on August 25, 1910, and who died in her bath at Herne Bay on July 13, 1912." Smith said, "I am not. I know nothing about the case." On February 22 he also spoke to Smith, and said: "You are also said to be George Joseph Smith, who married a Miss Pegler at Bristol on July 30, 1908." Smith replied, "Yes; she is my only wife."

MONEY FOR CIGARETTES.

Little Girl Sends Her Birthday Present To Help Tommy.

We are still in need of more money for supplying soldiers at the front with cigarettes.

Our readers have responded splendidly so far, but with greater numbers now leaving for the firing line increased efforts are necessary to enable us to keep up a regular supply.

A little girl of Leytonstone sets an excellent example by sending us 2s. which she had received for a birthday present, adding, "I am sorry I cannot send more."

The latest contributions include:—

£2 16s.—Proceeds of Bazaar promoted by the Misses Thornley and Taylor, Bolton. £1 15s.—George Buxton, Handsworth Blue Stone Quarry (25th cont.). £1.—Dan Tuck and Customers, London Inn, Symondsbury (2nd cont.). 11s.—Outdoor Staff, Bristolington House, Bristol (11th cont.). 10s.—Mrs. McArthur, Hythe; Engine-room Artificers, Ship's Steward, and Electricians, H.M.S. *Factorus* (31st cont.). 8s. 6d.—Hans Renold, Ltd., Burnage Auto Dept. (29th cont.). 5s.—The Surgery, Drury-lane; M. Littledale, Hyde-park; W. W. E. F. C.; H. A. M. Green, London. 3s.—Mrs. Herd and Family, Harrogate. 2s. 6d.—G. H. A. N.; J. C. Oldham. 2s.—Dorothy Jones, Leytonstone; Gladys Fairbrother, Glasgow. 1s.—R. H. Wilks; Miss Haydock, Blackburn; Anon., Eccles.

GALLANT HANDFUL OF BRITISH TROOPS AT BAY IN ST. JULIEN

THE GREAT FIGHT FOR YPRES.

Brilliant Deeds Of Our Men In The Poison Zone.

HOW WE LOST THE GUNS.

Artillery Fires Point-Blank Into Masses Of Germans.

NOT A DASH FOR THE COAST.

By The British Eye-Witness.

Very heavy fighting has taken place to the north and north-east of Ypres, which can be said to have assumed the importance of a second battle for that town.

With the aid of a method of warfare up to now never employed by nations sufficiently civilised to consider themselves bound by international agreements solemnly ratified by themselves, and favoured by the atmospheric conditions, the Germans have put into effect an attack which they had evidently contemplated and prepared for some time.

An effort on the part of the Germans in this direction was not unexpected, since movements of troops and transport behind their front line had been detected for some days. Its peculiar and novel nature, however, was a surprise which was largely responsible for the measure of success achieved.

Taking advantage of the fact that at this season of the year the wind not infrequently blows from the north, they secretly brought up apparatus for emitting asphyxiating vapour or gas, and distributed it along the section of their front line opposite that of our Allies, west of Langemarck, which faced almost due north.

CLOUD OF POISON-VAPOUR.

The attack was originally fixed for Tuesday, the 20th, but since all chances of success depended on the action of the asphyxiating vapour it was postponed, the weather being unfavourable. On Thursday, the 22nd, the wind blew steadily from the north, and that afternoon, all being ready, the Germans put their plan into execution.

At some time between 4 and 5 p.m. the Germans started operations by releasing gases, with the result that a cloud of poisonous vapour rolled swiftly before the wind from their trenches towards those held by a portion of the French Colonial division.

Allowing sufficient time for the fumes to take full effect on the troops facing them, the Germans charged forward over the practically unresisting enemy in their immediate front, and penetrating through the gap thus created pressed on silently and swiftly to the south and west.

By their sudden irruption they were able to overrun and surprise a large proportion of the French troops billeted behind the front line in this area and to bring some of the French guns as well as our own under a hot rifle fire at close range.

WHY THE CANADIANS FELL BACK.

The French Colonials withdrew, and our flank being exposed our troops were ordered to retire on St. Julien. The splendid resistance of these troops, who saved the situation, has already been mentioned by the Commander-in-Chief.

Meanwhile the Germans had opened a hot artillery fire upon the various tactical points to the north of Ypres, the bombardment being carried out with ordinary high-explosive shell and shrapnel of various calibres and also with projectiles containing asphyxiating gas.

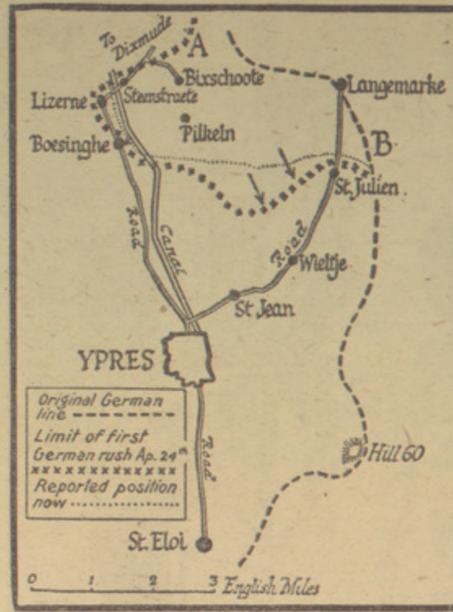
About this period our men in reserve near Ypres, seeing the shells bursting, had gathered in groups, discussing the situation and questioning some scattered bodies of Turks who had appeared. Suddenly a staff officer rode up, shouting "Stand to your arms!" and in a few minutes the troops had fallen in and were marching northwards to the scene of the fight.

Nothing more impressive can be imagined than the sight of our men falling in quietly in perfect order on their alarm posts amid the scene of wild confusion caused by the panic-stricken refugees who swarmed along the roads.

4.7 GUNS LOST AND RETAKEN.

In the meantime, to the north and north-east of the town, a confused fight was taking place which gave proof not only of great gallantry and steadiness on the part of our troops, but of remarkable presence of mind on the part of their leaders.

Behind the wall of vapour which had swept across fields, through woods and over hedgerows,



came the German firing line, the men's mouths and noses, it is stated, protected by pads soaked in a solution of bicarbonate of soda.

Closely following them came the supports. These troops, hurrying forward with their formation somewhat broken up by the obstacles encountered in their path, looked like a huge mob bearing down upon the town.

A battery of 4.7-inch guns a little beyond the left of our line was surprised and overwhelmed by them in a moment.

Farther to the rear and in a more easterly direction were several field batteries, and before they could come into action the Germans were within a few hundred yards. Not a gun, however, was lost.

One battery, taken in flank, swung round, fired on the enemy at point-blank range and checked the rush. Another opened fire with the guns pointing in almost opposite directions, the enemy being on three sides of them.

It was under the very heavy cannonade opened about this time by the Germans, and threatened by the advance of vastly superior numbers, that our infantry on our left steadily and without any sign of confusion slowly retired to St. Julien, fighting every step.

ONLY TWO MILES FROM YPRES.

Help was not long in arriving, for some of our reserves near Ypres had stood to arms as soon as they were aware of the fact that the French line had been forced, and the officers on their own initiative, without waiting for orders, led them forward to meet the advancing enemy, who by this time were barely two miles from the town.

These battalions attacked the Germans with the bayonet, and then ensued a mêlée in which our men more than held their own, both sides losing very heavily.

One German battalion seems to have been especially severely handled, the Colonel being captured amongst several other prisoners. Other reinforcements were thrown in as they came up, and when night fell the fighting continued by moonlight, our troops driving back the enemy by repeated bayonet charges, in the course of which our heavy guns were recaptured.

NO RIFLE: FOUGHT WITH SPADE.

In the early morning of Friday, the 23rd, we delivered a strong counter-attack northwards in co-operation with the French. At the edge of the wood, about half a mile west of St. Julien, our men got into the Germans with the bayonet, and the latter suffered heavily. The losses were also severe on our side, for the advance had to be carried out across the open. But in spite of this nothing could exceed the dash with which it was conducted.

One man—and his case is typical of the spirit shown by the troops—who had had his rifle smashed by a bullet, continued to fight with an entrenching tool. Even many of the wounded made their way out of the fight with some article of German equipment as a memento.

The Germans, under cover of their gas, made a further attack, between 3 and 4 a.m., on the 24th to the east of St. Julien, and forced back a portion of our line.

About midday large bodies of the enemy were seen advancing down the Ypres-Poelcapelle road towards St. Julien.

THE HANDFUL IN ST. JULIEN.

Under the pressure of these fresh masses our troops were compelled to fall back, contesting every inch of ground and making repeated counter-attacks; but until late at night a gallant handful, some two to three hundred strong, held out in St. Julien.

On the morning of Sunday, the fourth day of the battle, we made a strong counter-attack on St. Julien, which gained some ground, but was checked in front of the village.

This determined offensive on the part of the enemy, although it has menaced Ypres itself, has not so far the appearance of a great effort to break through the line and capture the Channel ports, such as that made in October.

The only result of the use of gas upon our troops has been to fill them with an even greater determination to punish the enemy and to make him pay tenfold for every act of "frightfulness" he has perpetrated.

"THE BRAVEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED."

V.C. Tells How His Friend Died In Winning The Cross.

"WE MADE UP OUR MINDS—"

"The bravest man who ever lived," said Sergeant-Major Harry Daniels, V.C., of the 2nd Battalion the Rifle Brigade, when describing to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday how his friend, Acting Corporal Cecil Reginald Noble, of the same battalion, died at Neuve Chapelle while winning the V.C. by cutting wire entanglements under severe machine-gun fire.

It was with difficulty that the sergeant-major could be persuaded to talk of the affair, because it won the V.C. for him as well as for his dead friend. When at last he did tell the story he glossed over his own gallantry.

"Oh, it was nothing," he says, as he lay wounded in a military hospital in London. "The order had gone forth to attack at all costs, and Noble and I made up our minds to cut that wire."

"Noble was bowled over like myself, and was trying to drag himself up and do some more mischief."

"I shouted in his ear as loudly as I could: 'Lie down, lie down; they'll only spot you, and you'll get shot again.' . . . That's all, I think."

A look of pain came into the V.C.'s face as he thought of his dead friend, and then with an effort he went on:—

"Only the night before Noble said to me: 'I'm going to do something desperate.' And now—well, he's gone, but he's done it and got the V.C., although, poor chap, he never knew it."

"ENEMY FLED TO THE SEA."

"How We Won": Latest Version Of Victories From Constantinople.

Turkish Official News.

Tuesday (delayed).

Soghancers, west of Seddul-Bahr, is cleared of the enemy.

The enemy, who landed near Gaba Tepe, endeavoured to maintain his position under cover of the ships.

Early this morning our troops stormed these positions, and forced the enemy back along the whole front, inflicting severe losses on him.

Part of the enemy who fled in the direction of the sea took to their boats and disappeared. Those who were unable to escape hoisted the white flag, and surrendered in masses.

An enemy transport steamer was sunk off Sari Burnu. Later reports state that the hostile forces, which are estimated at four brigades, have been driven back to the coast at Gaba Tepe.—Reuter.

AUSTRALIANS TAKE A HAND.

ATHENS, Thursday.

It is reported from Volos that a portion of the Australian troops who are to take part in the Dardanelles operations disembarked the day before yesterday and immediately proceeded to instal batteries on the coast.—Exchange Special.

WHY WE STOPPED DUTCH TRAFFIC

Germany Says We Were Afraid Of What Women Would Report.

BERLIN, Thursday.

Official circles learn that the interruption of the shipping services between England and Holland is caused by the fear of the British Government that numerous Englishwomen would leave for the Women's Congress, imbued with the idea of a peace propaganda, and would bring home true reports of the conditions prevailing in Continental countries.—Wireless Press.

PIRATES' WEEKLY TOLL.

The Admiralty's weekly summary of British merchant and fishing vessels lost by hostile action for the week ending April 23 shows that one vessel of 1,950 tons and four fishing vessels, totalling 683 tons, have been sunk by submarines.

A WAITER D.C.M.

Private G. Saunders, of the 1st Lincolnshire Regiment, was a waiter at the Union Jack Club, London, when war broke out. He rejoined his regiment, and at Wyt-schaete won the D.C.M. by carrying dispatches over a mile under fire. At the present time he is with his regiment at Lincoln, having been sent home wounded in the arm and hand.



NO MORE RESPIRATORS WANTED.

Thanks to the magnificent response already made to the appeal in the Press for respirators for the troops, the War Office is in a position to announce that no further respirators need be made.

To-day's weather will probably be warm, fine at first, thundery later.

5 a.m. Edition.

BOMBS ON IPSWICH THIS MORNING.

Another Air-Raid On The Eastern Counties.

SERIOUS FIRES AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Zeppelin Encircles The Town And Drops Incendiary Shells.

The *Cambridge Daily News* of to-day states that enemy aircraft appeared over Ipswich shortly after midnight and dropped a number of bombs, setting several buildings on fire.

Another report says that three houses were burned in Ipswich.

BUTTER MARKET BLAZE.

Old Property Destroyed In Centre Of Bury St. Edmunds.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, 2.30 a.m., Friday.

A single Zeppelin came here at ten minutes to one this morning from the direction of Ipswich.

It encircled the town and dropped bombs. There were three loud explosions, and two fires have resulted.

One was in some stables five or six minutes' walk from the centre of the town. The horses were brought out safely, but the premises were burnt to the ground.

The other fire, which is far more serious, started in the Butter Market, in the heart of the town.

Five business premises were involved—a cycle manufacturer's, a draper's, a printer's, a boot shop, and an important hotel.

The property is mostly old, and the fire burned fiercely.

The brigade is now busy trying to master the outbreak.

The streets are crowded; everybody seems to have come out, and I have not heard that anyone took refuge in the cellars.

A strong cordon of police is keeping the crowd back from the Butter Market.

CAPTURED GROUND HELD.

French And Belgians Capture Machine Guns And Prisoners.

French Official News.

Thursday.

In Belgium the French maintained the ground recaptured during the last three days, and have continued to progress in co-operation with the Belgian troops.

Towards the north of the right bank of the Yser canal the French have made 500 prisoners and taken two quick-firing guns.

On Tuesday French airmen threw 32 bombs on the railway station of Bollwiller, and 60 bombs on that of Chambley, where they set fire to an ammunition depot.

The station of Arnville and the junction Chambley-Thiaucourt (on the road to Metz) were bombed during the night.

There is positive information that the Zeppelin which eight days ago dropped bombs on Dunkirk was seriously injured by the French artillery, and completely put out of action.

It is stranded in the woods between Bruges and Ghent.

TWO GERMAN ATTACKS REPULSED.

PARIS, 11 p.m., Thursday.

The day passed off calmly. Last night two German attacks, one against the Belgian troops north of Ypres, and the other at Les Eparges, were easily repulsed.—Reuter.

FIANCEES.



Miss Margaret Irene Chilver is the fiancée of the Rev. F. E. S. Jacomb-Hood, Rector of Iping-cum-Chithurst.—(Val L'Estrange)



Miss Egeria M. S. Baker is to marry to-day Capt. F. R. W. Graham, Royal Irish Rifles.—(Lafayette.)

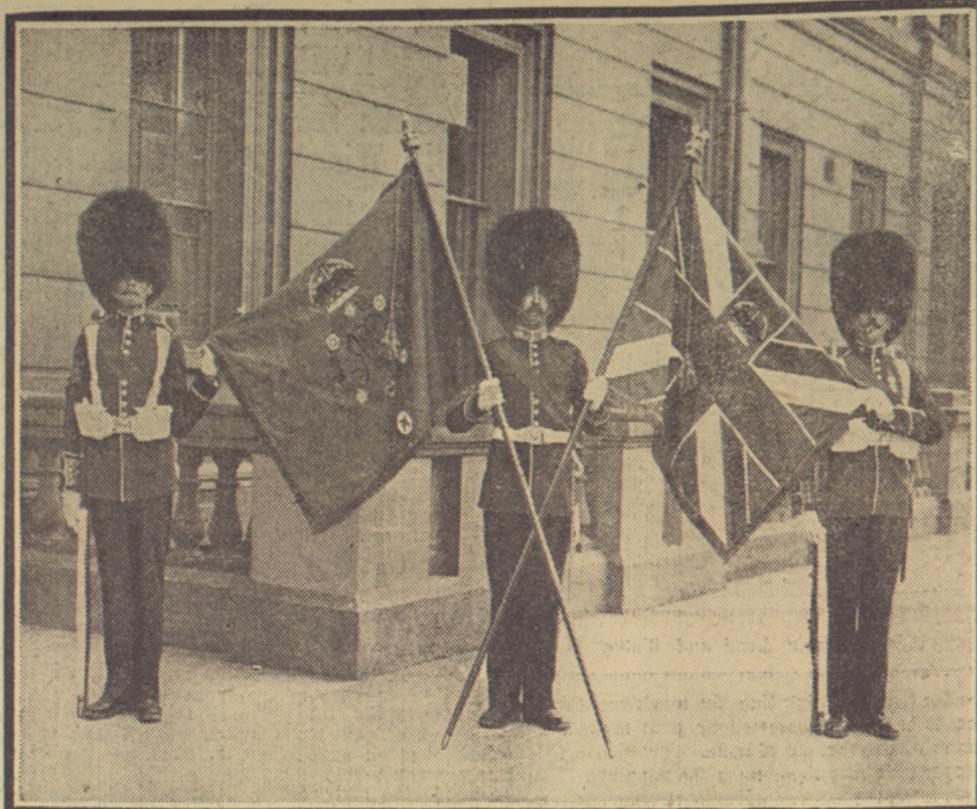


Miss Helen Marion Cumberlege is marrying Capt. W. R. Foran, Suffolk Regiment, to-morrow—May Day.—(Vandyk.)



Miss Madeline Bosanquet, a daughter of Sir Albert Bosanquet, Common Sergeant of London, is engaged to Lieut. MArbuthnot, 16th Lancers.—(Val L'Estrange.)

THE FATE OF THE COLOUR BEARERS.



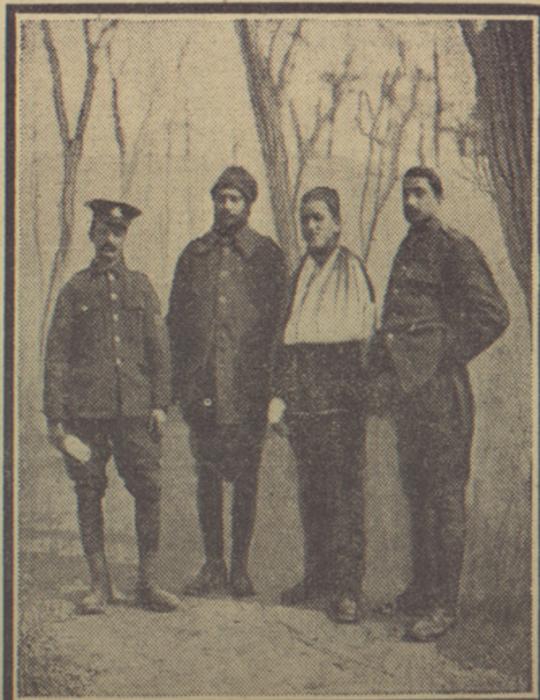
This photograph of the colours of the Irish Guards has a pathetic interest. Colour-Sergeant Munns (in the centre) has fallen in battle, and C.S.-M. Richardson (left) is missing. Q.-M.-S. Payne, the remaining figure, is still fighting at the front.—(Mrs. Albert Broom.)

HONOURED BY KING ALBERT.



Lady Dorothy Feilding, the daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, has been given the Cross of the Order of Leopold by King Albert for her work with the Red Cross.—(Swaine.)

BOTH COOK AND FIGHTER.



Tsee-Tchoo (second from the right) is the only Chinaman fighting with the Allies. Although a cook he has been in the trenches and has been wounded.

TWO BRAVE MEN.



Sergeant Pollet, a Belgian, swam the Yser five times one night to rescue wounded comrades. He has been decorated.



2nd Lieut. H. B. Hodges, K.O.Y.L.L., killed in action, was the public schools light-weight boxing champion last year.—(Parkin.)

HAIR BEAUTY FREE.

Specialist's Great Hair-Growing Gift To Readers.

Have You Tried These Fascinating Hair Beauty Experiments?

There is a very simple, very delightful, and quite inexpensive (because you can test it free) method whereby everyone, man or woman, young or old, can commence to grow beautiful, abundant hair.

No matter how troubled you may be about your hair's present condition, no matter whether it is falling, becoming thin, losing colour, or whether you are troubled with scurf or dandruff, just fill in the form below, secure your "Harlene" Hair-Drill Triple Gift, and follow the fascinating experiments so clearly described in Mr. Edwards' manual of "Hair-Drill."

"Harlene" Hair-Drill is just the quickest, most natural, and scientific method of growing hair. It satisfies every requirement that Nature can have in the wonderful process of growth.

Immediately you receive your free "Harlene" outfit you can personally test in the privacy and convenience of your own home, and by no more than a few minutes' delightful Hair Drill in the course of each morning's toilet, the wonderful nourishing properties of "Harlene."

See in your mirror how delightfully and perceptibly "Harlene" Hair-Drill beautifies every hair shaft. See how the sunshine of hair loveliness seems to cling to each strand and tress, and above all note the gradual transition from scantiness and "lifelessness" to splendid healthy abundance.

The delicately waving tresses of a woman's head—almost seeming to "ripple" with soft light and beauty—are envied by all; the "strength" and crispness of a manly head of hair lend an added distinction to the face that literally doubles his "personality."

A Valuable Hair Beauty Gift.

Thus it will be readily seen how valuable to every reader is the splendid free gift Mr. Edwards offers to give your hair beauty and to banish all such troubles as falling, splitting hairs, total or partial baldness, greasy hair, too-dry hair, scurf and dandruff, scalp irritation, etc.

Send the form below, together with 3d. in stamps,



to cover cost of return postage on your triple gift parcel, and you will receive

- (1) A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates new growth, building up the very substance of the hair itself.
- (2) A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which dissolves every particle of scurf and dandruff and allays irritation.
- (3) The secret "Hair-Drill" booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this world-famous hair-growing exercise.

Post the form below to-day. Afterwards you can always obtain larger supplies from any chemist—"Harlene" in bottles at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6; "Cremex" Shampoos at 1/6 per box of 7 (single packets 2d.) or direct from the Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. All post orders, except foreign, are despatched carriage free on remittance.



To the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose 3d. stamps for postage of your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit.

Name
Address

Daily Sketch, 30/4/15.





I'm watching for May 14, too!

There is going to be something *very special* in the Perfect Margarine Advertisement which will appear in this paper on Friday, May 14. Don't miss it, whatever you do! Perfect Margarine is finding new friends everywhere—you cannot *believe* how delicious it is and how economical it is until you try it.

Dr. Hutchison
says:

Margarine is an excellent food, as nutritious as butter: the prejudice against Margarine is unfounded. I would rather have a good brand of margarine than doubtful butter.

Professor Long
says:

A pound of margarine costing 6d. is equal, as food, to a pound of butter costing fifteen to eighteen pence, and there is not a shadow of doubt that it is equally digestible.

—and Perfect Margarine is the finest quality margarine that hard-earned money can buy.

PERFECT MARGARINE

DOUBLE WEIGHT **1/-** or 1 lb.
for 6d.

Freshly Churned from Nuts and Milk.
Watch for Announcement on May 14th!

HOME & COLONIAL
STORES LIMITED



Make the dirt fly—

This Spring clean, go round the house with "ZOG" and clean *all* the paint. "ZOG" the doors, dados, stairs, and "give the bath a bath" to-day.

If you have never Zogged before, you've no idea how easy Zogging is, or how much it saves you in hard work and hard cash. Just do it *this way*.

1. Take a little "ZOG" on a *very damp* cloth, and rub lightly and evenly over the dirty paint.
2. Then wipe off *all* the "ZOG," using a clean wet cloth or sponge—the dirt will come with it.
3. Finish off with a *damp* leather, and your paint will look like new.

Use "ZOG" *exactly as directed* and it will become indispensable in your household. Your paint will last for years, and will always look fresh. Whenever you see a dirty mark, "ZOG" it off. Use "ZOG," too, for cleaning baths, mirrors, tiles, enamel work, etc.

"Zog" cleans but never spoils paint

In tins at 4/-, 2/6, 1/-, 6d., 3d. and 2d. The larger sizes are most economical.
Free Sample Tin.—We will send you a tin of "ZOG" with packet of "ZOG" Picture Postcards absolutely free if you will send us a postcard with your own—and your dealer's—name and address, ZOG, LTD. (Dept. D), Soho Square, London, W.

S.H.B.

HIGH-GRADE. SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS.

Great Bargains in genuine First-class Second-hand Furniture, modern and antique. In connection with our Depositories Department we are constantly having placed with us for immediate disposal large consignments of Furniture of merit, and rare bargains can be secured. We respectfully solicit a personal call, or write for the Current Month's Bargain List. Faithful sketches sent. Country orders carefully packed and carriage free. London Deliveries all Districts Daily.

BEDROOM SUITES, from £4 10s.; BEDSTEADS and BEDDING, 50s.; DRAWING ROOM SUITES, from £4 15s.; Fine and Lofty CHINA CABINETS, £3 10s.; DINING ROOM SUITES, £5 10s.; EXTENDING DINING TABLES, 22s. 6d.; CARPETS, from 10s.; OVERMANTELS, 19s.; Luxurious EASY CHAIRS, 10s.; and thousands of Bargains for Cash, or £5 worth—4s. monthly; £10—6s.; £20—11s.; £30—16s. Larger amounts in proportion.

£50,000 Stock of Second-Hand Goods to Select from; 250,000 square feet of Showroom Space.

W. JELKS & SONS,

Established over Half a Century.

"THE GREAT LONDON CENTRE FOR ALL THAT'S GOOD IN SECOND-HAND FURNITURE."
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.

Depositories: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).
(Just one minute from Holloway Road Station, Piccadilly and Brompton Tube.)
Telephones: 2598 and 2599 NORTH. Telegrams: "JELICO, LONDON."
WRITE TO-DAY FOR BARGAIN BOOKLET FREE.

Zam-Buk

FOR SPRING ERUPTIONS.

Pimples, blotches, and irritating rashes show the skin's need of Zam-Buk. This pure herbal balm dispels all impurities from the pores, and enables the skin to efficiently perform the extra work put upon it in early Spring.

Zam-Buk not only stops skin irritation, but cures the worst cases of Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Blood-poisoning, Piles, Ringworm, Children's Scalp Sores. 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists.

Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap is recommended to all whose skins are sensitive in Spring-time. Sold at 1s. a cake, or 2s. 9d. for a box of 3 cakes.



THEY ARE MUTUAL ADMIRERS



While waiting for the train that will take them to the firing line the Belgian soldiers exchanged hearty greetings with their British comrades.

THE LADY OF THE BARGE



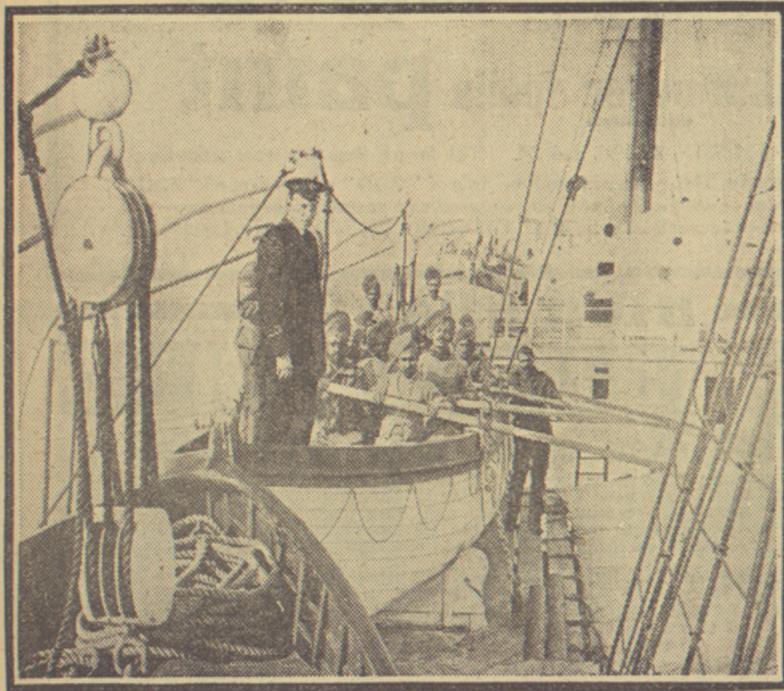
In quaint pidgin-French Tommy chaffs the lady of the barge, who enjoys the fun she does not wholly understand.

WORKING FOR



Bandages for dressing wounds are air-proof covers as a precaution against

HINDUS LEARN TO ROW.



These Hindus on a hospital ship are learning how to handle the oar. Some of them had never seen the sea before they sailed for France.

THEY LIKE TO GET TO GRIPS.



The Indians find trench warfare rather slow. They prefer hand-to-hand fighting, at which they are adepts, as the Huns found at Neuve Chapelle.



Society women are helping the war preparation of sterilised dressings, of sold

THE MONGOLIAN MAT HUT FORMS A COSY RETREAT.



With the Russian Army are a number of Mongolians. They are expert makers of mat huts, which are both roomy and warm. Each one accommodates some twenty to thirty men.

TO PLAY THE BIG GAME.



Hardinge, the Kent County cricketer, has joined the Naval Air Service.

THEIR HOME BEHIND

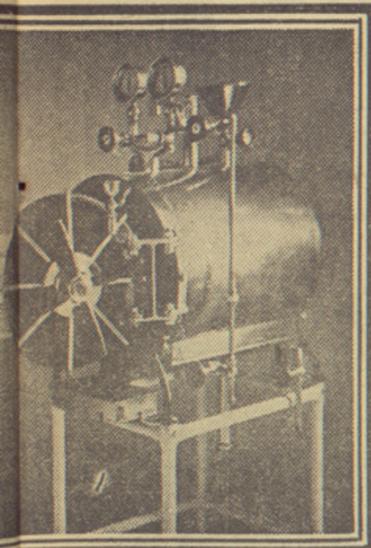


A group of Army Veterinary Corps France." As the legends printed of his se

THE WOUNDED.



carefully sterilised and then placed in a solution of iodine against germ-infection after treatment.



...ended by devoting their time to the use of which will save thousands of lives.

ON THE FIRING LINE.



...n outside their billet "somewhere in the walls show, Tommy has lost none of his sense of humour.

A PRINCESS'S PICTURES.



Princess Eristoff is an accomplished Russian artist whose pictures are familiar at the Paris Salon. She is now exhibiting in London.

GERMANS' DUSTY ROAD TO DEATH.



The Germans are hurrying heavy reinforcements to the Yser. Down the dusty road from Bruges regiments daily march to fill the gaps caused by the Allies' fire.

THEY ARE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR TAUBES.



The Germans have found to their cost that the Belgians have some excellent anti-aircraft guns.

THE ALGERIANS GAVE A SWORD DANCE.



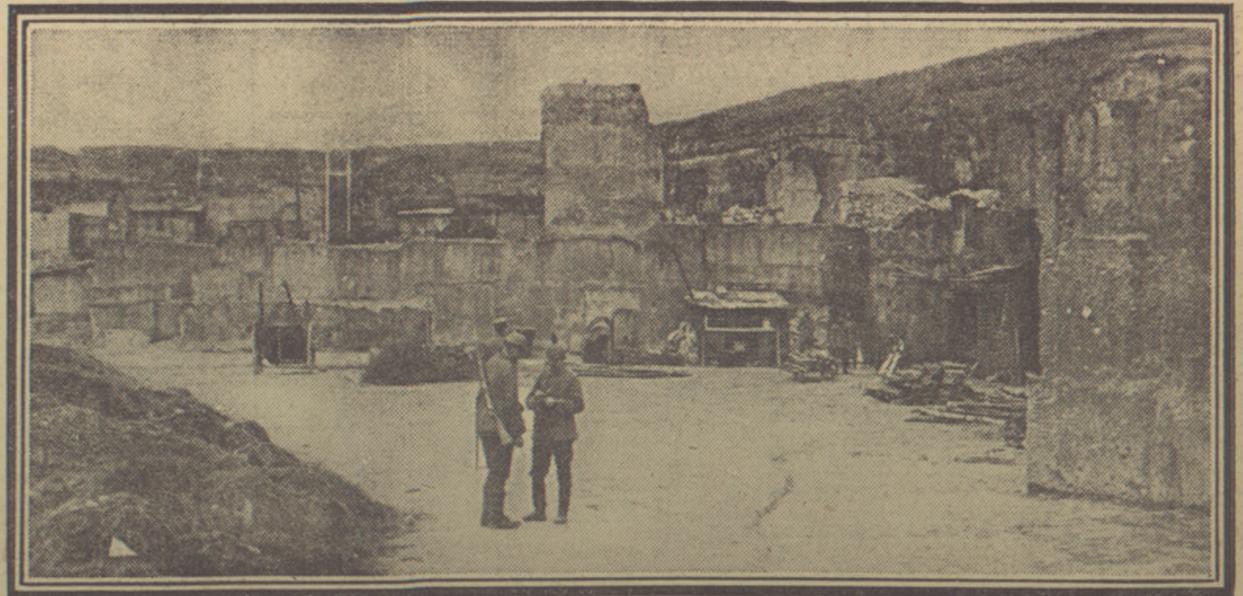
Time was hanging rather heavily on their hands when the Algerians obliged with a sword dance. It was quite a novelty to the spectators.

A WINNING STROKE.



Mlle. Lenglen won the ladies' singles in a Cannes tennis tournament.

WHY IT IS DIFFICULT TO TURN THE INVADERS OUT.



In the country around Soissons the German invaders are sheltering in cavernous rock dwellings, which afford ample cover from gun-fire and from which it is difficult to evict them.

THEATRES.
DELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-NIGHT at 8. Mr. George Edwardes' Revival, **VERONIQUE.** A Comic Opera. **MATINEES WEDS. and SATS.** at 2. **BOX OFFICE** (2645 and 8886 Gerrard), 10 to 10.
LDWYCH. **FLORODORA.** MISS EVIE GREENE as DOLORES. Gallery 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 GRATIAN, at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Oya, oya! at 8.30. **MATINEE** Saturday and Thursday 2.30.
COMEDY THEATRE, Pantion-street, S.W. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS 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 EDWARDES New Production. TO-NIGHT at 8. **MATINEES SATS.** at 2. **BOX OFFICE,** 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.
DRURY LANE. **SEALED ORDERS.** **EVENINGS** at 7.30. Mats. Weds. and Sats., 1.45. **MARIE ILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS.** **BOX OFFICE** Gerrard 2588. Special Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s.
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HAYMARKET. **QUINNEYS.** **EVENINGS** at 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. At 8. **FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE.** Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffreys and Godfrey Tearle.
HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. TO-NIGHT at 8. Charles Dickens's **OLIVER TWIST.** Last 2 Nights. Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr. **HERBERT TREE** **CONSTANCE COLLIER.** **BASIL GILL.** **LYN HARDING.**
LAST MATINEE TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2. **KINGSWAY.** TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ADVERTISEMENT," by B. Macdonald Hastings. **MATINEE, TO-MORROW (Saturday),** at 2.30.
MONDAY NEXT, at 8.15, MATINEE, WED., at 2.30. **LIVERPOOL COMMONWEALTH CO.** in **THE KISS CURE,** by Ronald Jeans.
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VAUDEVILLE. **BABY MINE.** **EVENINGS** at 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. **WEEDON 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.
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White straw leaves encircle a white taffeta toque from which spring eccentric white ospreys.



An old-rose satin toque has its wings clipped, and they are dyed to match the satin.



Paradise plumes sweep downwards from a black straw hat of the new Chinese shape.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

THERE ARE MANY FINE ATHLETES IN OUR NEW ARMY.



Cross-country racing is a popular sport with the men of our new Army. Up and down the country regimental races have recently been run. Our photograph shows the start of one at Dover on Wednesday. This was won by the 15th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, with the 9th Buffs as runners up. Pte. Tress, of the latter regiment, was the first man home.

"TIZ" for Tired and Sore Feet.

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Royal Auction Bridge.

For particulars of an interesting Competition see the

Badminton Magazine for May.

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THE 1,000 GUINEAS.

Two-Year-Old Running The Only Guide To Accept.

GREAT SPORT WINS MARCH STAKES.

There should be a fair-sized field for the One Thousand Guineas to-day, but fillies are not dependable at this time of the year, and the present hot weather is apt to upset them.

Very few of the probable runners have been out this season, and we have therefore only last year's form on which to rely; but that is not a safe guide.

Silver Tag and Plucky Liege dominate the position if we gauge the situation on the two-year-old running, and Silver Tag is entitled to the preference.

She was a very smart filly, and once she struck her form remained unbeaten, stringing together a series of fine victories. She may not be quite at her best yet, but is fairly forward in condition.

Plucky Liege had a somewhat similar record, for, though she did not start her winning career till the nursery season, she then won four races.

Both Silver Tag and Plucky Liege are very speedy from the barrier, and, granted they are cool and well, they should look after the remainder.

Vauluse, who fell in Rossendale's race at Sandown, is to take her chance, and she is reckoned to be smart at home; while Moonfleet, sister to Torchlight, gave promise last year of making up into a useful performer, though she only ran once in public.

Snow Marten and the pick of Mr. Jack Joel's pair may be the best of the remainder, but I must follow Silver Tag.

Some of the probable starters and jockeys are:—

Table listing horse names, jockeys, and odds for the 1,000 Guineas race.

NOT-MUCH-COVERED FOUR.

There was a sparkling finish in the Brinkley Welter Handicap, which opened proceedings yesterday, and there was much divergence of opinion as to which had won.

The last named was favourite, and he looked like winning at the foot of the hill, but stopped to nothing in the last furlong.

Star Hawk put up quite a good performance in its way in the Littleport Plate. He seemed nothing like a likely winner a furlong from home, but he ran on stoutly under the whip, and was rewarded for his gameness by a length victory over Crimson Square.

These two had the finish to themselves, but some of those behind were not quite fit and will be coming along in the next few weeks.

NO PLACE FOR TORLOISK.

Torloisk was given another chance in the March Stakes, but he once more failed to stay and was beaten out of a place, though he might have obtained one of the minor positions had Donoghue ridden out to the end.

The winner turned up in Great Sport, who was favourite in some open betting. This was his first appearance in public for a year, and only the second time he had run since finishing third in the Derby to Aboyeur and Louvois two years ago.

The conditions of the race favoured him to such an extent that he looked a good thing, but it took him a long time to get the better of Rushford, Spearpoint, and Torloisk.

History repeated itself in the Long Course Selling Plate, for Lelio V. won for the second year in succession. He had done nothing in the interim, but yesterday's victory was well expected and the stable profited nicely.

A field of good-looking two-year-olds went to the post for the Newmarket Plate, and the debutants, Sun Disc and Troutdale, were given the preference in the market over the experienced performer Parana. This proved to be a mistake, for Parana stayed on to win by a neck from Troutdale, with Sun Disc beaten two lengths for second place.

Lord Rosebery's three-year-old filly, Sixpenny, never looked like justifying her position of favourite in the Peel Handicap, in which San Stefano and Young Pegasus had a rare tussle, out of which the latter came on top by half a length.

Flash of Steel was the only two-year-old in the Ely Plate, but odds were laid on her. All she could do, however, was to dead heat with the three-year-old The Bimkin, about whose chance a few people got twenty to one.

Diadumenos will not run in the Victoria Cup to-morrow, but will wait for the Kempton Jubilee.

GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

Table listing selections for various races.

Double.

MYRTILUS and RED GATE.

Lord Ellesmere has been elected a member of the Jockey Club.

THE LIEUTENANT AND HIS BRIDE.



Lieut. George T. Ramsden, of the 2nd West Riding Brigade R.F.A., was married yesterday to Miss Elisabeth Juel Hansen at St. George's, Hanover-square. The bridegroom, an ex-Mayor of Halifax, is the prospective Conservative candidate for the Elland Division, which is now represented by Mr. Trevelyan, the friend of Germany.—(Sachs, Neame.)

GOODWOOD MEETING.

Stewards May Ask Permission To Withdraw It.

Writing from Newmarket, "Gimcrack" says:— There is just a doubt about the Goodwood meeting taking place. It is rumoured that the Stewards will ask permission of the Jockey Club to withdraw the fixture.

TO-DAY AT NEWMARKET.

Table listing race results for the 1,000 Guineas and other events.

Table listing race results for the Three-Year-Old Handicap.

Table listing race results for the Littleport Plate.

Table listing race results for the Brinkley Welter Handicap.

Table listing race results for the Long Course Selling Plate.

Table listing race results for the Newmarket Plate.

Table listing race results for the Peel Handicap.

Table listing race results for the Ely Plate.

Table listing race results for the Victoria Cup.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Table listing results for various races from the previous day.

IS THIS A RECORD IN QUICK RECRUITING?

West Ham's Maximum Men At Minimum Cost.

MAYOR WHO REALLY WORKS.

It is the proud boast of the people of West Ham that they have sent more men to Lord Kitchener's Army than any borough of the same size in the United Kingdom. But more than this, they have also contributed a local battalion of infantry, a brigade of artillery, while a second brigade is in course of active formation.

One cannot escape khaki in West Ham, and it is equally impossible to escape hearing the whole-hearted appreciation of the efforts of the mayor, Councillor Henry Dyer, to whom—not as a recruiting officer, for he will not admit that he is one—the credit of West Ham's wave of patriotism is due.

In December the War Office authorities wrote to Mr. Dyer asking him to raise a local battalion. This was a task after his own heart, and he set to work with such assiduity that within just over two months 1,350 men had not only been recruited, but fully equipped. The mayor scarcely gave himself a moment's rest. Not only did he get the men. He also got the equipment, and conceived the happy idea of having all things necessary supplied locally. Thus at the end of ten weeks the 15th Essex Service Battalion (West Ham) was a local unit in every sense of the term.

AFTER INFANTRY—ARTILLERY.

Having accomplished all this, Mr. Dyer naturally wished to raise another battalion, but the War Office, in effect, said, "No; give us some artillery." And Mr. Dyer, in effect, replied, "Right you are," and within another fortnight he had raised an artillery brigade comprising 700 men, 50 horses, and four guns of the latest pattern! Just about then he came into contact with Captain Symonds, who fought in South Africa, and who has recently been in the fighting in East Africa, and he promptly got permission from the War Office to have this officer in command of his brigade.

At present the artillerymen are in training, and expect to be in khaki next week, and Mr. Dyer has now started on another brigade, towards which he has already got 50 recruits. "I am certain," he remarked to the Daily Sketch yesterday, "that I shall have the second brigade ready within three weeks. I am 60 years of age, and as the head of the borough it is my duty to do all I possibly can to help the country.

TRIBUTE TO LABOUR M.P.

"I should also like to pay a tribute to Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., who is an alderman of the borough, for the great help he has given me."

As a business man Mr. Dyer runs recruiting on business lines. The infantry battalion cost only £100 to raise, and out of the £8 15s. allowed by the War Office per man for clothing, etc., he got local contracts at so good a figure as to save the Government £675. The raising of the first brigade of artillery cost £5!

As soon as recruiting bands were started Mr. Dyer rushed to the Mansion House and secured one for West Ham. He has also got together a drum-and-bugle band for his infantry battalion.

Mr. Dyer's recruits are as smart a set of men as can be found anywhere, and a non-commissioned officer of over 20 years' experience told the Daily Sketch yesterday that they picked up more in two days than most other men would learn in two weeks. "We old soldiers scarcely understand how it is done," he added.

MONEY MARKET RATHER DULL.

Conditions In Argentina Affects Rails—Home Securities Easy.

Owing to the abnormal conditions prevailing in Argentina, the directors of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company are obliged to defer payment of any interim dividend on the Second Preference stock, which means, too, that there will be no dividend on the Ordinary stock of the Argentine Great Western Company.

The Entre Rios Railway Company is also passing the interim dividend on both Preference and Ordinary stock.

The market was only slightly disturbed by these announcements, and there was very little decline in prices Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary left off at 54, and Argentine Great Western Ordinary 67½.

The Grand Trunk Railway revenue statement for March shows a decrease in net revenue of £26,600. As the gross decrease was £84,350, it will be seen that there has been a big saving in working expenses; but the position is none the less very discouraging, and the market for the company's stocks yesterday was distinctly flat.

There was a recovery in American Railway securities, and Canadian Pacific shares were better, closing at 175 buyers.

The War Loan remained dull for reasons given yesterday, and the gilt-edged market generally was inclined to ease.

Among Kaffirs there was a further rise in Modderfontein shares to 14½, and Van Ryn Deep changed hands up to 51s. 3d. Coppers were weaker. Rubbers had a good appearance, and among Oil shares Shells were in demand.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet; American, 4½ to 6 down; Egyptian, 5 to 6 down.

POLICEMEN WANT TO FIGHT.

All the young single members of the Eastbourne police force and several young married members have petitioned the Watch Committee to make it possible for them to join the Army.

£2,000 WORTH OF JEWELS STOLEN AT SEASIDE.

Suggests That Expert Gang Has Started Its Season.

Particulars of valuable jewels valued at more than £2,000 were made known yesterday in a case of theft from a Margate dwelling-house.

This robbery, following the loss by a lady of her jewel-case, which was so recently stolen from her rooms while staying at an Eastbourne hotel, suggests that an expert gang of jewel thieves is once more active at fashionable Southern Coast resorts.

MISSING FROM HOME.



For nearly a fortnight this young woman has been missing from her home at 29, Pollard-street, Kettering. Her name is Slater, and she is described as having dark complexion, with long dark hair.

Birmingham City Parks Committee has found employment for a number of consumptives, thus enabling abler-bodied men to enlist.



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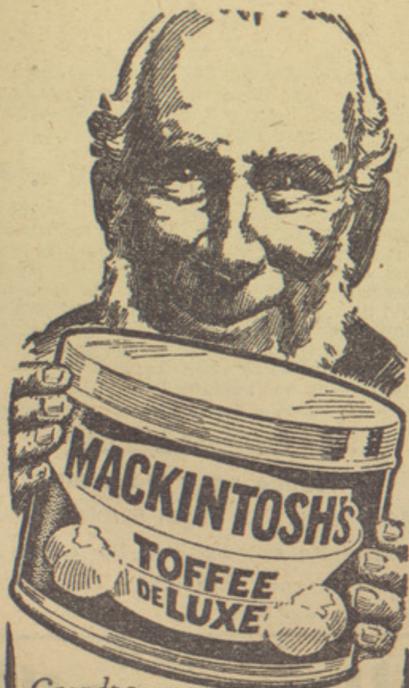
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A Marie Antoinette Phase.

WHEN the higher hair-dressing began to suggest Marie Antoinette, it was obvious to those who study the signs and portents of fashion that the fichu was sure to appear as its obvious accompaniment.

Here it is on an evening frock that distantly echoes pre-Revolution days while remaining very much a product of 1915. The fichu itself is of blue chiffon. Bands of picot-edged blue ribbon, with pink roses at intervals, trim the gown, which is of pale pink taffeta. The fichu is rather an elaborate one, as it forms sleeves.

Whether the fichu will have any success remains to be seen, but its prospects are not very rosy, because the modern woman is such an enthusiast for "line," and dislikes anything bunched.

The chiffon capes, which hang at the back only, and look rather like broken wings, are more likely to become popular. Usually they appear on sparsely-built black gowns, and give an air of lightness and daintiness which is very becoming.

Square Neck Openings.

Those who find the Medici collar troublesome—and many women object to its interference with hair, hat and veil—will be inclined to adopt variations of the fichu as a compromise, as it may be arranged to softly clothe the nape of the neck without obscuring its outlines entirely.

Square openings at the front are newer than the V-shaped ones but are much less becoming. Here the wise woman compromises again and adopts the shallow round opening. Sometimes the front of a blouse or bodice is frankly gathered up on a string "like a marble bag," as a man critic says.

The elaborate petticoat is another Marie Antoinette-ish item, especially when it is of black silk trimmed with lace flounces showered with multi-coloured spangles or very stiff pink taffeta with festoons of roses.

Picot-edged ribbon is to be much used again but in rather a new form, the edging being of a contrasting colour to the ribbon itself. Some-

times a multi-coloured edging appears on a white ribbon.

The vivid skirt, with the wire ever so fine and flexible, ceases to surprise, but wired sleeve ruffles and bodice frills are really new. Nobody expects them to be adopted generally. The modern dressmaker has such wonderfully varied fabrics to choose from that she need not resort



An evening frock which suggests the Marie Antoinette period.

The "Little Efforts" Of Women Patriots.

"I HOPE my little effort may be of service," runs the tidily written letter of a school-girl who is going to enter the Daily Sketch Patriotic Needlework Competition. She wants to help the wounded.

Her wish is that of women all over the country to-day. They want their little efforts to be of service. Perhaps their only possible efforts must be expressed in needlework. That is why the £1,000 Competition was organised.

The Daily Sketch is offering £1,000 in prizes for the best needlework done 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.

There are 33 classes in the competition, so that

every worker may find an appropriate one. Girls under fifteen and boys under nine have especial classes of their own.

London competitors in search of designs or inspiration will find it worth while to visit the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition-road.

Although the finished work must not be sent in until November next intending competitors should lose no time in collecting coupons and sending in their entrance forms, as this will greatly facilitate the arrangements for the judging and the exhibition.

Competitors are requested not to send single coupons. The 24 must be collected and sent together.

Those who wish to make any further inquiries after receiving their entrance forms should quote the number of the form.

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OUR NEW SERIAL.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

It is the eve of the fourteenth of September, the fateful day on which the conscripts of Hungary must leave their home for their three years' service in the army, and the young men of MAROSFALVA and the villages around have gathered in the barn of IGNAGZ GOLDSTEIN, the Jew, to spend their last night of freedom dancing with the maidens.

The eyes of all the elders who stand around watching are fixed on a well-matched couple, the handsome ANDOR, one of the morrow's conscripts, and ELSA, the daughter of an old reprobate named KAPUS BENKO and his slatternly wife IRMA.

"Elsa will be the beauty of the village within the next year," said a kindly old soul to her neighbour, the ill-kempt IRMA.

"Then 'tis as well that good-for-nothing will be safely out of the way," retorted Irma, sourly.

While they are dancing, Andor whispers to Elsa, "You are beautiful. I love you," and his lips rest for a moment on her shoulder. This is noticed by the rich and influential EROS BELA, who has already prophesied to his companion, KLARA GOLDSTEIN, the Jewess, that before Andor returns from the barrack-yard Elsa shall be his wife.

The dancing ends and the conscripts with their relatives and sweethearts troop off to the station to board the train that is to take them off to serve their country.

"You will wait for me?" says Andor to Elsa.

"I will wait for you," replies the girl.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Andor's Untoward Fate.

Of course, there are those conscripts who never will come back. That awful, mysterious place called Bosnia has swallowed them up. There was fighting, it seems, in Bosnia, and many were killed; two lads from Marosfalva, one from Fekete, and two from Kender.

Bosnia must belong to the Crown of Hungary—whatever that may mean—the politicians say so, anyhow, and in order that the Crown of Hungary should have what rightly belongs to it the lads from our villages have to fight and get killed.

"Is that just, I ask you?" so the mothers argue.

The sweethearts weep for a while and then cast about for fresh fish out of the waters of life. Sometimes there are mistakes; lads who have been reported killed turn up at the village on the appointed day, either hale and hearty or maimed and crippled. In either case they are welcome. But at times the mistake is the other way: no black report has come; the mothers, the fathers, the sweethearts, expect the young soldier home—he does not come. The others return on a given day—they arrive by train—Laczi or Benko or Pál is not amongst them. Where is he? Well! they were not all in the same regiment; they have seen little or nothing of one another during these three years.

The anxious mothers rush to Barna Jenő—the mayor—and he drafts a letter of inquiry which is duly sent off to the proper authorities at Budapest. In the course of time—not very promptly—the reply comes. A letter of condolence, curtly worded; the name of Laczi or Benko or Pál as the case may be, was inadvertently omitted from the list of killed after the skirmish near Banialuka.

Sometimes also the young soldier having received his discharge, does not care to return to his native village. He has lost his taste for pigs and geese, for digging and sowing; he has had a glimpse of life and wants to see some more; the emigration agents at Budapest are active and persuasive. "America is a land of gold," they say; "no further trouble but to stoop and pick up the gold just where it lies."

And the lad listens and ponders. He will not go home, for he is afraid that his mother's tears will deter him from his purpose; he follows the advice of the emigration agent, expends his last fillar, sells his spare shirt and takes passage at Fiume on a big ship which conveys him to the land of riches.

Oh! Those lads who go away like that come back sure enough! Broken in health and spirits, dying of that relentless and mysterious disease called "home-sickness," they drift back after a few years to their villages, having amassed a little money perhaps, but having lost that vitality, that love of life and of enjoyment which is the characteristic of these sons of Hungary—the land of warmth and of sunshine, of generous wines and luscious corn.

The Model Housewife.

And Erős Béla, walking arm-in-arm with Kapus Elsa on that warm Sunday afternoon, had talked much of Andor and of his untoward fate.

The two young people had met outside the church after Benediction, and they had strolled down as far as the Maros and back again into the village.

The warm late September sunshine shed a golden glow upon the thatched roofs of the cottages and made every bright-coloured pot that hung under the verandahs gleam with many-hued and dazzling reflections. It touched the red roof of the little church with an additional coat of glittering crimson and caused the metal cross upon the spire to throw out vivid sparks of light.

The festive air of a Sunday afternoon hung upon the village street, men and maids walked by arm-in-arm, the girls in their finery with cotton petticoats swinging out, and high-heeled boots clinking as they walked, the men with round felt hats tilted rakishly over one eye, their bronzed faces suffused

in smiles, the song never for long absent from their lips.

From the top of the street a flock of geese in charge of a diminutive maiden of ten was slowly waddling down toward the stream, shaking their grey and white feathers under the hot kiss of the sun, and behind them, in slow majesty, a herd of cows and oxen—snow-white, with graceful, tall horns, lyre-shaped and slender—ambled lazily along.

Elsa and Béla had paused outside the house of Hóhé Aladár—who was the village justice of the peace and husband of Ilona, Béla's only sister.

A mightily rich man was Hóhé Aladár, and Ilona was noted for being the most thrifty housewife in a country where most housewives are thrifty, and for being a model cook in a land where good cooks abound.

Her house was a pattern of orderliness and cleanliness. Always immaculately whitewashed outside and the little shutters painted a vivid green, it literally shone with dazzling brightness on these hot-summer afternoons. The woodwork of the verandah was elaborately carved, the pots that hung from the roof had not a chip or crack in them.

"If Mother Had Been As Thrifty—"

No wonder that Erős Béla was proud of these housewifely qualities in his only sister, and that he loved to make a display of them before his fiancée whose own mother was so sadly lacking in them.

Now he pushed open the front door and stood aside to allow Elsa to enter, and as she did so the sweet scent of rosemary and lavender greeted her nostrils; she looked round her with unfeigned appreciation and a little sigh—hardly of envy but wholly wistful—escaped her lips. The room was small and raftered and low, little light came through the two small windows, built one on each side of the front door; but even in the dim light the furniture shone with polish, and the wooden floor bore every sign of persistent and vigorous scrubbing. There was a cloth of coloured linen upon the centre table, beautifully woven in a chess-board pattern of red and blue by Ilona's deft hands. The pewter and copper cooking utensils on and about the huge earthenware stove were resplendently bright, and the carved oak dower-chest—with open lid—displayed a dazzling wealth of snow-white linen—hand-woven and hand-embroidered—towels, sheets, pillowcases all lying in beautiful bundles, neatly tied with red ribbons and bows.

Again Elsa sighed—in that quaint, wistful little way of hers. If her mother had been as thrifty and as orderly as Ilona, then mayhap her own marriage with Erős Béla need never have come about. She could have mourned for Andor quietly by herself, and the necessity of a wealthy son-in-law would probably never have presented itself before her mother's mind.

The Inevitable Homily.

But now she followed Ilona into the best bedroom, the sanctum sanctorum of every Hungarian peasant home—the room that bears most distinctly the impress of the housewifely character that presides over it. And as Elsa stood upon the threshold of her future sister-in-law's precious domain she forgot her momentary sadness in the hope of a brighter future, when she, too, would make her new home orderly and sweet-scented, with beautifully-polished furniture and floors radiant with cleanliness. The thought of what her own best bedroom would be like delighted her fancy. It was a lovely room, for Béla's house was larger by far than his sister's, the rooms were wider and more lofty, and the windows had large, clear panes of glass in them. She would have two beautiful bedsteads in the room, and the bedspreads would be piled up to the ceiling with down pillows and duvets covered in scarlet twill; she would have two beautiful spreads of crochet-work, a washstand with marble top, and white crockery, and there would be a stencilling of rose garlands on the colour-washed walls.

So now her habitual little sigh was not quite so wistful as it had been before; the future need not, after all, be quite so black as she sometimes feared, and surely the good God would be kind to her in her married life, seeing that she obeyed His commandment and honoured her mother by doing what her mother wished.

Ilona, in the best bedroom, was busy as usual with duster and brush. She did not altogether approve of Béla's choice of a wife, and her greetings to Elsa were always of a lukewarm character, and were usually accompanied by lengthy lectures on housewifery and the general management of a kitchen.

Elsa always listened deferentially to these lectures, with eyes downcast and an attitude of meekness; but in her own heart she was thankful that her future home would lie some distance out of the village, and that Ilona would probably have but little time to walk out there very often.

In the meanwhile, however, she hated these Sunday afternoon visits, with their attendant homilies, from Ilona first, then from Aladár—who was self-important and dictatorial—and finally from Béla, who was invariably disagreeable and sarcastic whenever he saw his sister and his fiancée together.

Fortunately to-day Béla had said that she need not stay more than a few minutes.

"Andor Is Really Dead."

"We'll just pay our respects to Ilona and Aladár," he had said pompously, "and take another walk before the sun goes down."

And Elsa, taking him at his word, had made but a meteoric appearance in her future sister-in-law's cottage—a hasty greeting, a brief peck on Ilona's two cheeks, and one on Aladár's bristly face, then the inevitable homily; and as soon as Ilona paused

in the latter, in order to draw breath, Elsa gave her another peck, by way of farewell, explained hastily that her mother was waiting for her, and fled incontinently from the rigid atmosphere of the best bedroom.

Béla and his brother-in-law had started on politics, and it took a little time before Elsa succeeded in persuading Béla to have that nice walk with her before the sun went down. But now they were out again in the sunshine at last, and Elsa was once more able to breathe freely and with an infinity of relief.

"I wonder," said Béla dryly, "if you are really taking in all the good advice which Ilona so kindly gives you from time to time. You can't do better than model yourself on her. She is a pattern wife, and makes Aladár perfectly happy. I wonder," he reiterated, with something of a sneer, "if you will learn from her, or if your mother's influence will remain with you for ever?"

Then, as with her accustomed gentleness she chose to remain silent, rather than resent his sneer, he added curtly:—

"If you want to make me happy and comfortable you will follow Ilona's advice in all things."

"I will do my best, Béla," she said quietly.

Then for some reason which the young man himself could not perhaps have explained he once more started talking about Andor.

"It was very hard on him," he said, with a shrug of his wide shoulders, "to die just when he was on the point of getting his discharge."

And after an almost imperceptible moment of hesitation he added with studied indifference: "Of course all that talk of his being still alive is sheer nonsense. I have done everything that lay in my power to find out if there was the slightest foundation for the rumour, but now I—like all sensible people—am satisfied that Andor is really dead."

Elsa was walking beside him, her hand resting lightly on his arm, as was fitting for a girl who was tokened and would be a bride within a week; she walked with head bent, her eyes fixed upon the ground. She made no immediate reply to her fiancé's self-satisfied peroration, and her silence appeared to annoy him, for he continued with some acerbity:—

"Don't you care to hear what I did on Andor's behalf?"

Elsa Champions Andor.

"Indeed I do, Béla," she said gently, "it was good of you to worry about him—and you so busy already."

"I did what I could," he rejoined mollified. "Old Lakatos Pál has hankered after him so, though he cared little enough about Andor at one time. Andor was his only brother's only child, and I suppose Pál bácsi was suddenly struck with the idea that he really had no one to leave his boardings to. He was always a fool and a lout. If Andor had lived it would have been all right. I think Pál bácsi was quite ready to do something really handsome for him. Now that Andor is dead he has no one; and when he dies his money all goes to the government. It is a pity," he added, with a shrug of the shoulders. "If a peasant of Marosfalva had it it would do good to the commune."

"I am sure if Andor had lived to enjoy it he would have spent it freely and done good with it to everyone around," she said quietly.

"He would have spent it freely, right enough," he retorted dryly, "but whether he would have done good to everyone around with it—I doubt me."

"Béla, you must not say that," she broke in firmly; "you know that Andor never was a drunkard."

"I never suggested that he was," retorted Béla, whose square, hard face had become a shade paler than before, "so there is no reason for my future wife to champion him quite so hotly as you always do."

"I only spoke the truth." "If someone else spoke of me a hundred times more disparagingly than I ever do of Andor would you defend me as warmly, I wonder, as you do him?"

"Don't let us quarrel about Andor," she rejoined gently, "it does not seem right now that he is dead."

CHAPTER V.

A Neglected Home.

They had reached the small cottage where old Kapus and his wife and Elsa lived. It stood at the end of the village, away from the main road, and the cool meadows beside the Maros, away from the church and the barn and all the brightest spots of Marosfalva. Built of laths and mud, it had long ago quarrelled with the whitewash which had originally covered it, and had forcibly ejected it, showing deep gaps and fissures in its walls; the pots and jars which hung from the overhanging thatch were all discoloured and broken, and the hemp which hung in bundles beside them looked uneven and dark in colour, obviously beaten with a slipshod, careless hand.

Such a contrast to the house of Hóhé Aladár, the rich justice of the peace, and Ilona his wife! Elsa knew and expected that the usual homily on the subject would not fail to be forthcoming as it did on every Sunday afternoon; she only wondered what particular form it would take to-day, whether Béla would sneer at her and her mother for the tumble-down look of the verandah, for the bad state of the hemp, or the coating of dirt upon the earthenware pots.

But it was the hemp to-day. "Why don't you look after it, Elsa?" said Béla roughly, as he pointed to the tangled mass of stuff above him, "your mother ruins even the sparse crop which she has."

(To be continued.)

'VENUS, VENUS, ALL VENUS.'

Sergeant Whose Pictures Were All Studies In The Nude.

THAT WAS WHEN HE WAS SINGLE.

A sergeant in the New Army who gave evidence in Mr. Justice Low's Court yesterday confessed that the pictures he had before he was married were "a classical sculpture sort of arrangement—all Venus or somebody like Venus."

The sergeant was the husband of Mrs. Beryl Emily Nazer-Stratton, of 43, Prince's-avenue, Palmer's Green, who brought an action to recover from her father- and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stratton, of London-road, Enfield, furniture which was alleged to have been taken from her house and detained by them.

For Mrs. Nazer-Stratton, Mr. Werninck said she had £1,300 when she married Sergeant Stratton, who was then a clerk in the Railway Clearing House, earning 30s. a week. She bought the house in which they lived and the furniture.

Mr. Ralph Bankes, K.C., for the father- and mother-in-law, said at the beginning of the war the husband joined the forces. His wife disappeared with another man. He then asked his parents to fetch his things from the house, and that was what they had done.

DO PLUMBERS MAKE LARGE FORTUNES?

Mrs. Nazer-Stratton said when she married in June, 1910, she realised her stock, and bought a freehold house at Southfield Park, Pinner. She only decided to leave her husband after he had removed the furniture.

When her mother-in-law about the time of the marriage showed her certain goods she bought them because her husband's people were not in a position to afford to give them away. Her father-in-law was a plumber.

The Judge: I thought plumbers always called themselves engineers.

Mr. Bankes: They do, my lord, when they speak of themselves, but it is otherwise when their daughters-in-law refer to them. (Laughter.)

The Judge: I also thought that plumbers made large fortunes. This one is retired.

Sergeant Stratton, giving evidence, said he allowed his wife, roughly, £1 a week. His married life was perfectly happy till he joined the colours. At the beginning of December his wife told him, when he had gone home after being inoculated, that she was passionately in love with another man—a single man whom she had met within the last six weeks—and this man was in love with her.

"LIKE ALL YOUNG MEN."

Then the sergeant went on to speak of the pictures he had before he was married—those which were "a classical sculpture sort of arrangement."

Mr. Bankes: The sort of things you would find in a young man's bachelor rooms—all young women?—They were Venus. (Laughter.)

The Judge: What, all Venus? (Laughter.)—Well, they were something of the kind. They were all studies in the nude more or less. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bankes: Like all young men, my lord.

The Judge: Venus, Venus, all Venus! Was there nobody else besides Venus?—(Laughter.)—I don't know that there was, my lord. (Laughter.)

The Judge: Four pictures! All Venus!—Well, there might have been somebody else, but it was somebody like Venus. (Laughter.)

All you had then, was Venus and some furniture, said the Judge amid laughter.

His father's income was supposed to be £400 before he broke down in health five years ago. When they began housekeeping his wife used to spend £3 a week on groceries, but she got to do better after a time. (Laughter.) He thought she would have a margin to spend on herself out of the pound a week he allowed her.

The Foreman: A member behind says he wishes his wife could do as well. (Laughter.)

The hearing was adjourned.

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COLD WATER FOR NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS.

Snubbed, But Utilised And Likely To Be Wanted.

CLEAR STATEMENT NEEDED.

By A Platoon Commander.

It seems very difficult to get the Government, or the military authorities to make a definite statement with regard to their attitude towards the Volunteers. Specific as may be the questions put to them, their whole endeavour seems to be to say as little as possible, and that little as evasive as they can make it.

Take for instance Mr. Tennant's reply to Mr. Lambert in parliamentary papers this week, Mr. Lambert asked whether the Government would pay for the maintenance and transport of members of the corps in the event of invasion, and whether, if members were killed on duty, provision would be made for their dependants.

Mr. Tennant's replies were in these vague terms:—

The Volunteer Training Corps are authorised for training purposes only. Decisions on the questions raised would be announced in the event of these corps being armed and recognised as part of the armed forces of the Crown, but in present circumstances it is not proposed to make any pronouncement on them.

TRAINING FOR INVASION.

Granted that the corps are "authorised" for training purposes only, what is the end to which they are training?

They were training before they were authorised or recognised by the War Office. Of their own initiative they sacrificed time and money to make themselves of some use in case of emergency. We know from Lord Desborough that at that time the military authorities believed it to be not merely within the bounds of possibility, but an extremely probable contingency, that the Germans would make an attempt to land a force on our shores.

Further, Mr. F. T. Jane has stated in uncom- terms that an expeditionary force had prepared and placed on transports

to sail for the East Coast, and that it was only the prescience of Mr. Churchill in having our Navy in a state of mobilisation and ready for any emergency which prevented them from undertaking the adventure.

LARGER CALLS COMING.

The Government have now seen fit to accord a tardy and qualified "recognition," have utilised the services of many of the corps in advance of any actual invasion, for guard purposes on the coast, and have shown a disposition to make even larger calls.

Are not those men now serving "recognised as part of the armed forces of the Crown?" If so, why should they not be treated in the same manner in regard to maintenance and transport as Regulars and Territorials performing similar duties?

There is very little doubt that when the more extensive scheme now under consideration is brought into operation and men are desired to take up military or semi-military duties outside their own localities, that they will be so treated. But why hesitate to say so?

If they want the help of these men the authorities are certainly standing in their own light.

BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET.

A Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Grey Hair and promote its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken grey hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To half a pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, relieve itching and scalp troubles, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."—Advt.

**Invalids
Dyspeptics
and the Aged**

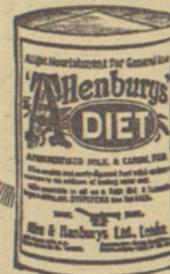
The Importance of Suitable Food.

To maintain health, Digestion, Absorption and Assimilation must proceed in a regular manner. When these processes become deranged, Dyspepsia and other Gastric Disorders result, causing pain and much discomfort to the sufferer. Errors in diet contribute in a special manner to these disturbances. The selection of suitable food then becomes a most important matter. For Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged the 'Allenburys' DIET furnishes a complete food, which is palatable, easily digested, and wholly nourishing. It increases the power of assimilation, making it possible for other articles of food to be taken.



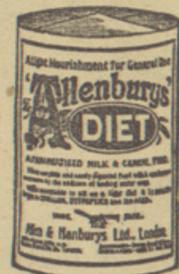
Made immediately by adding boiling water only.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is a concentrated nutrient of exceptional merit, that can be taken for prolonged periods without any distaste arising. It is composed of pure, rich, full-cream milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form. Unlike the usual invalids' food it does



In Tins at 1/6, 3/- and 6/- each. Of all Chemists

not require cow's milk to be used in its preparation, being instantly made ready for use by the simple addition of boiling water only. This distinct advantage is of immense service in the work of a busy hospital or understaffed sick-room.



A large Sample sent free on request.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
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BRITAIN'S REPLY TO HUN BRUTALITY:

See Lord R. Cecil In
Illustrated Sunday Herald.

DAILY SKETCH.

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

THE GRATITUDE OF YOUNG FRANCE.



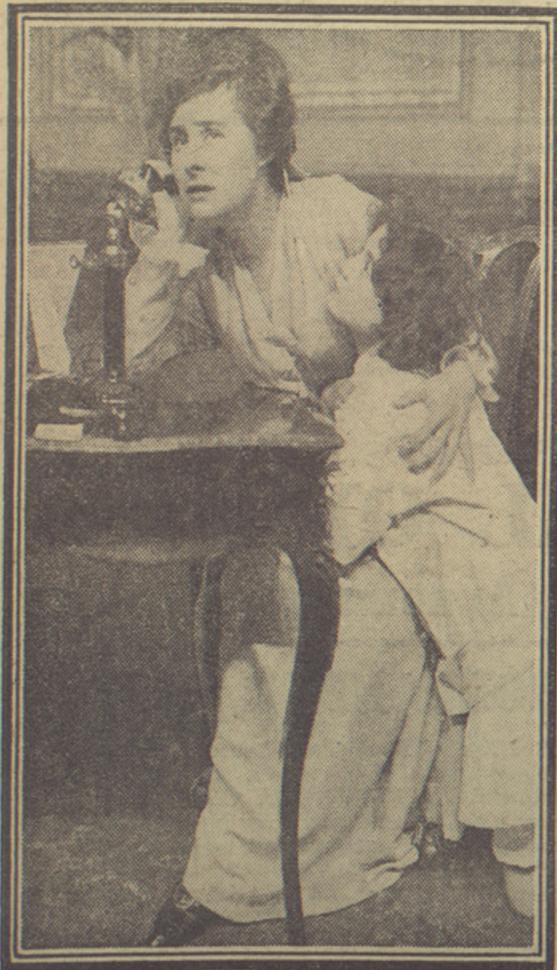
This pretty incident is typical of many to be seen nowadays. The women and children of France cannot do too much for our soldiers.

"LONSDALE MUST DIE" SAY THE HUNS.



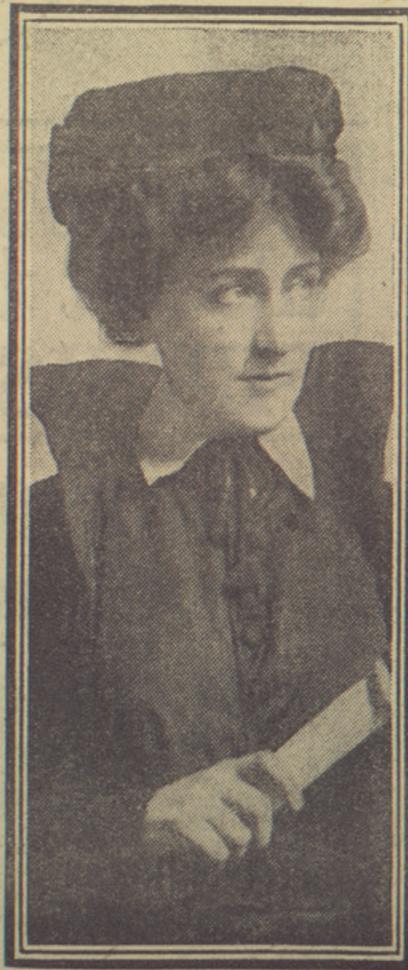
The fate of Private Lonsdale, who was sentenced to death for alleged insubordination at Doberitz, now lies in the Kaiser's hands. The Court has refused to revise the sentence.

EDYTH GOODALL IN "ON TRIAL."



Edyth Goodall and little Odette Goimbault in a telling scene in "On Trial," produced last night at the Lyric Theatre.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

DEATH OF LEWIS WALLER'S LEADING LADY.



Evelyn D'Alroy as Portia.
Evelyn D'Alroy, the famous London actress, who moved provincial audiences to tears when she toured as Lewis Waller's



With her pets.



A charming portrait.

leading lady, died yesterday.