DAILY SKETCH, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1915.

THE ALLEY-WAYS OF DEATH—REMARKABLE PICTURES IN TO-MORROW'S DAILY SKETCH.

DAILY SKETCH.

GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 1,933. LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

"GET ON WITH THE WAR!" IS THE NATION'S CRY.

Winston Churchill biting his lips defiantly as he left the Admiralty yesterday for the Commons. They say he has quarrelled with Fisher.

Shall we "drop the pilot"? Lord Fisher in the Park yesterday with his wife and daughter.

Let's have no bickering. The people's heart is sound enough. These new recruits joined the Army yesterday in London in simple faith that their country needed them. The British nation are out of patience with the politicians and their squabbles. This is a most untimely hour for dissensions in high places, and the people will demand with no uncertain voice that the Cabinet crisis brought about by the Fisher-Churchill episode shall be promptly ended, and that our statesmen, sailors and soldiers shall work in absolute harmony for the one and only object before the country. "Get on with the war!" is the nation's cry.

NATIONAL CABINET TO CARRY WAR TO A SUCCESSFUL END.

UNIONIST LEADERS AGREE TO JOIN MR. ASQUITH'S GOVERNMENT.

Sole Purpose of Coalition Is To End War Successfully.

NO CHANGE OF POLICY.

Nation Only Desires That Germany Shall Be Beaten.

HINT TO POLITICIANS.

We are to have a Coalition or National Cabinet for the period of the war.

The Government is to be reconstructed on broader personal and political lines, but no details have been settled.

There will be no change in policy in the prosecution of the war, and no members of the reconstructed Government will change their political views.

Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey will retain their posts as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary respectively.

Nobody outside the charmed inner circles of the two great political parties knows who, besides these two Ministers, will fill any particular post.

Theoretical Cabinet-making is very interesting at other times, but now we want to get on with the war against Germany.

The nation will never forgive the politicians if their squabbles hamper in the slightest degree the vigorous prosecution of the war to a victorious end.

Mr. Asquith announced the not-unexpected change briefly in the House of Commons yesterday.

Mr. Bonar Law stated on behalf of the Opposition that their sole consideration was the best method of conducting the war successfully.

Earlier in the afternoon Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law spoke on the same platform at the Guildhall.

"A nation organised from top to bottom for the purpose of ending the war," was Mr. Bonar Law's definition of the purpose of the new Government.

The Labour party has accepted the invitation to be represented in the Coalition Government.

It is understood that Mr. Arthur Henderson, the chairman, will enter the Cabinet, probably as President of the Local Government Board, and that Under-Secretaryships will be offered to other two members of the party.

It was freely stated in the Lobby yesterday that the number of Unionists from both Houses of Parliament who will be found places in the Cabinet is still under discussion.

The party view appears to be that they are entitled to at least eight seats, in which case Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, and Mr. F. E. Smith, whose inclusion is regarded as certain, might be joined by Lord Selbourne and Lord Milner.

About 100 protesting Liberal members met to discuss the situation, but the proceedings were private.

While they were still debating the subject Mr Asquith put in an appearance and delivered an address, for which they returned him a vote of thanks.

The position of the Irish Nationalists and the Irish Unionists is somewhat obscure.

It is believed in Dublin that Mr. John Redmond would be willing to accept the Irish Chief Secretaryship, but Unionist sentiment is said to be opposed to this.

Mr. Redmond himself will probably prefer to play the part of leader of a benevolent Opposition.

THREE CONDITIONS.

Policy As Usual, Sir E. Grey As Usual, Coalition For War Only.

Mr. Asquith, announcing the changes in the House, said steps were in contemplation which would involve the reconstruction of the Government on a broader personal and political basis.

Nothing had been definitely arranged. To avoid any possible misapprehension he wished to make clear three things:—

(1) Any change which took place would not affect the office of the head of the Government or the Foreign Secretary. (Cheers.) These offices would continue to be held as now.

(2) There was absolutely no change of any kind in contemplation with regard to the policy of the Government as to the continued prosecution of the war to a successful termination with all our possible resources. (Loud cheers.)

(3) Any reconstruction that might be effected would be for the purpose of the war alone, and was not to be taken in any other quarter or for any reason as indicating anything in the nature of a surrender or compromise on the part of any person or body of persons of their political purposes and ideals. (Cheers.)

Mr. Bonar Law, speaking on behalf of himself and his friends, said at the stage they had reached their sole consideration was what was the best method of finishing the war successfully.

They would leave out of their minds absolutely all other considerations of whatsoever kind. (Cheers.)

So versatile are our leading statesmen that unofficial Cabinet makers in the Press and the clubs are unable to agree as to the positions they are best fitted to fill. We know definitely that Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey will retain their present portfolios in the reconstructed Cabinet. In the following list we give the alternative posts assigned to the other Ministers and the prospective Ministers by people who think they know:—

LIBERALS.

Mr. ASQUITH.—Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.

Sir EDWARD GREY.—Foreign Secretary.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.—Secretary of State for War; Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. CHURCHILL.—Secretary of State for India or Colonies; Chief Secretary for Ireland.

LORD KITCHENER.—Secretary of State for War; Commander-in-Chief (old position revived); Viceroy of India.

Mr. McKENNA.—Home Secretary; Chief Secretary for Ireland.

MARQUIS OF CREWE.—Secretary of State for India; Lord President of the Council.

SIR JOHN SIMON.—Lord Chancellor or Lord Chief Justice.

LORD READING (Lord Chief Justice).—Lord Chancellor.

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT.—Viceroy of India (and peerage).

UNIONISTS.

Mr. BONAR LAW.—Chancellor of the Exchequer; Home Secretary.

Mr. BALFOUR.—First Lord of the Admiralty.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. — Chancellor of the Exchequer; President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. WALTER LONG.—President of the Board of Agriculture; Home Secretary.

EARL DERBY.—Secretary of State for War; Lord President of the Council.

Mr. F. E. SMITH.—Attorney-General; Home Secretary.

MR. BONAR LAW.

Combined Government To Reorganise The Nation.

Mr. Bonar Law, at the Guildhall, said there had been rumours of political changes, of combinations of politicians or statesmen.

Such combinations would be useless, except as a means to an end, as a means to a combination of the nation—a nation from top to bottom organised for the purpose of ending this war.

Mr. Bonar Law said there was no use in making speeches about German brutalities or appealing to other Powers

"When a venomous reptile is loose there is only one thing to be done—to destroy it.

"That is our task. It is no easy task. To accomplish it we need to put forth the full strength to the last ounce of the United Kingdom.

"To destroy this monster we need—and, thank Heaven! we have—the full forces not only of the United Kingdom, but of the British Empire." (Cheers.)

It has been decided that the House of Commons, which adjourned last evening for the Whitsuntide recess, should reassemble on June 3.

King George yesterday visited some of the shipyards on the Tyne.

DAWDLING THAT IS NOW GETTING DANGEROUS.

Men Who Are Fretting Because They Are Not Being Used.

"Britain's need is a man with a torch. . . . The nation is willing and waiting to be organised; there are hundreds of thousands of capable men fretting their hearts out that they are not being made use of. This dawdling is getting a bit dangerous."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome makes these statements in the course of an inspiring article written for the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. He gives his views on the question of fanaticism in war, and how the nation might utilise fanaticism.

He discusses the position of the thousands of young men who have tried to enlist and have not been accepted, and makes a suggestion as to how they might help the nation in the crisis.

Mr. Jerome's article is written in that invigorating tone so characteristic of his contributions to the *Sunday Herald*.

Another excellent article in the *Sunday Herald* will be by Mr. E. Temple Thurston on "The Fighting Spirit of Germany: A Prize Ring Incident and its Moral."

Mr. A. Neil Lyons, the popular writer of humorous sketches, will contribute to next Sunday's *Herald*. There will be many other articles of first-rate importance.

There will be another wonderful series of war photographs, and special features of great interest to women.

ATROCITY REPORT FOR ALL.

The Government propose to carry out a house-to-house free distribution of an abridged edition of the recent report of Lord Bryce's committee on German atrocities.

Leeds Education Committee have agreed to liberate girl teachers who desire to go to the front as nurses.

LONDON SCOUTS SET A FINE EXAMPLE.

Jack Farrow.

Scoutmaster Lukis.

Ted Barsted.

Capt. T. S. Lukis, 13th London Regiment, was the scoutmaster of the Toynbee Hall troop. When he fell mortally wounded at Neuve Chapelle he was fetched in by two other members of the troop, Farrow and Barsted, both of whom were wounded. Out of forty East London scouts who joined in the engagement only four now remain in the firing line.

COMPULSORY SERVICE MAY BE NECESSARY.

Minister's Grave Warning To Young Men Who Hesitate.

2,000,000 ELIGIBLES.

No Man Who Wants To Fight Is Too Old At 40.

From the War Office.

The Secretary of the War Office announces in connection with Lord Kitchener's appeal for 300,000 more men that it has been decided that recruits enlisted into the Regular Army for the duration of the war shall be accepted up to the age of 40 years, and that the minimum standard height for such recruits shall be 5ft. 2in. for infantry.

This decision applies also to enlistment into the Territorial force.

Lord Kitchener wants 300,000 more men quickly to form new armies and to fill up the camps vacated by the men who have gone to the front.

It is now the duty of every single man of military age—not employed in making war munitions—to come forward.

The response so far has been splendid, but there are still about 2,000,000 unmarried men of military age who have shirked the nation's call.

If they do not come forward soon there is little doubt that a form of national service will be put into force.

WEIGH IT WELL.

Most significant was Mr. Tennant's statement in the House of Commons yesterday:—

There are a number of persons in this country who do not fully realise the gravity of the situation.

I think the House should weigh well all the considerations before it makes any attempt to embark on a system of compulsory service.

It would only be with reluctance that the Government would embark on such a policy.

We must, however, keep it before them that such a step may become necessary.

WHY DOES LONDON HANG BACK?

Lord Kitchener's appeal caused no rush to the London recruiting depots yesterday.

At the central office in Whitehall it was almost one of the slackest days since the war began.

On the other hand, Liverpool recruiting staffs were very busy, men coming up in bunches in response to the call.

Manchester is making an effort to raise 2,500 recruits for the reserve companies of the city battalions during the holidays.

CALL FOR STILL MORE MEN.

Mr. Asquith Says We Have Every Reason To Bestir Ourselves.

Mr. Asquith spoke at a great meeting yesterday afternoon at the Guildhall to record:—

On behalf of the British people its abiding gratitude for the unparalleled services rendered by the self-governing dominions and the Indian Empire in the struggle to maintain the ideal of liberty and justice which is the common and sacred cause of the Allies, and to defeat any attempt at a patched-up peace.

We were, said the Prime Minister, well on in the tenth month of the greatest war in which we or any people had ever been engaged.

We had raised here at home and sent into the field, where they had been steadily and continually reinforced, armies upon a scale which dwarfed everything in our past annals; but the call was still for more men to take the place of the fallen, to increase our effective forces both for aggression and for defence, and to place outside the region of uncertainty or speculation the complete and decisive victory of our cause.

We at home had every reason to bestir ourselves.

Our shores were geographically, at any rate, within striking distance of the enemy.

The main theatre of war in which for so many months so much heroic blood had been spilled was nearer to us in London than our own northern counties. The wounded were pouring in a daily stream into our hospitals, and we seemed sometimes as if we could almost hear the echo of the guns.

It was not so with our fellow-subjects to whose magnificent comradeship and co-operation they paid their tribute that day.

Yet they were sons and daughters of the Empire, and what touched them touched us.

The battlefields of France and Flanders bore undying tribute to the bravery of those forces. They also taught that the Empire was one in purpose and one at heart. (Hear, hear.)

There was no part of the British Empire but would suffer annihilation rather than become subject to any other sovereignty. (Loud cheers.)

RAILWAYS MUST BE KEPT CLEAR FOR TROOPS AND GUNS.

GERMANS CHAINED TO THEIR GUNS.

British Successes Demoralise The Kaiser's Troops.

WET STOPS ADVANCE.

The Huns' Latest Outrage Is To Poison A River At Ypres.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Tuesday Night.

Further heavy losses have been incurred by the enemy in the attempt to recover the trenches abandoned by them in the Festubert-Richebourg l'Avoué region. More futile counter-attacks were delivered against our new positions to-day, supported by renewed artillery fire.

Isolated detachments of Germans lurked amid the ruined buildings that dot this area and, wherever possible, tried to harass us with machine guns. The business of clearing such obstacles is frequently a sequel to the occupation of the enemy's trenches.

Machine-gun sections are often left behind when a retirement is considered inevitable, and sometimes a well-protected detachment may be able to hold a farmhouse for a considerable time before being dislodged.

THREATENED WITH DEATH.

The German infantry have no heart for such forlorn hopes. It is only by threatening them with death that their officers succeed in enforcing obedience. So many machine-guns have been lost during recent fighting, because the men in charge bolted in a panic, that the most important positions are now held by officers.

Wholesale slaughter of Germans by their own guns south of Richebourg l'Avoué yesterday morning furnished a typical example of the weakened moral of the enemy. At least two battalions of Prussians were caught at a group of buildings known as the Dubois farm, south of Richebourg l'Avoué, near the Festubert road, and subjected to a very heavy fire.

They finally hoisted white handkerchiefs as signals of surrender, but before they could be brought in the German commander turned his guns on the farm buildings, and most of the men were killed by their own shells. The few survivors eventually reached the British lines, nearly dead from fright.

SHOT BY COMRADES.

During the severe fighting on the Ypres salient a fortnight ago a group of Würtembergers lifted their hands and tried to reach a British trench—held by only a handful of men—which had broken a determined attack in mass formation. Before the prospective prisoners gained the parapet four of them were shot by their comrades, whose advance had been checked, and two others were wounded.

The German commanders know they cannot trust their men. When a certain British battalion gallantly stormed a trench south of Ypres recently they found many dead Germans and one man unhurt, crouching beside his machine-gun. They wondered at his unusual pluck until they tried to drag him to his feet, and found that he had been chained to the gun!

BAD WEATHER AT THE FRONT.

French Official News.

PARIS, Wednesday Afternoon.

The bad weather continues. Nothing happened on the front during the night except some artillery firing at various places, and to the east of the Yser two attempted attacks by the enemy which were stopped by our fire.—Reuter.

PARIS, Wednesday Night.

The weather is still very bad, the fog being extremely dense. There was no action to-day at any point of the front.

During the night of Tuesday-Wednesday the Germans essayed an attack against the Bois le Pretre. We immediately stopped it by our fire.—Reuter.

ARSENIC IN A RIVER.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS (France), Tuesday.

The British troops have been warned that a river near Ypres is believed to have been poisoned by the Germans. This river the Germans are suspected of having poisoned with arsenic, and samples of the water that have been subjected to a medical analysis tend to confirm this report.—Reuter.

FEWER CASUALTIES NOW.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Tuesday.

Wounded who have arrived here this morning direct from the firing line report that the British are advancing steadily in face of a weak resistance which has caused very slight casualties.—Central News.

MR. CHARRINGTON'S FROG-MARCH.

Mr. F. N. Charrington, the well-known temperance reformer, referring yesterday to the scene he created in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, said:

"I want to deny the statement in one of the newspapers that I bit the fingers of a member of Parliament. I bit nobody."

NO MORE RACING AFTER THIS WEEK.

Government Demands Full Use Of The Railways.

NEWMARKET EXCEPTED.

After this week, until the war is over, there will be no more racing, except at Newmarket.

Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, yesterday sent this letter to the Jockey Club:—

Dear Captain Greer,

The Government have ascertained and appreciate the motives actuating the Stewards of the Jockey Club in continuing to give their sanction to those of the race meetings which have taken place since the outbreak of the war, and we have been fully conscious of your desire to protect the interests of those persons who are dependent upon horse-racing and horse-breeding for their livelihood.

The general feeling on both sides of the House of Commons is, however, so strongly against the meetings being continued that the Government have felt the present moment opportune for a fuller consideration of the subject.

I have to inform you that owing to the circumstances of the war and in particular the necessity for keeping the whole of our British railway system free from congestion at any time for the rapid and unimpeded transit of troops and munitions, and the special conditions of the munition areas, we think it necessary to ask the stewards of the Jockey Club to suspend all race meetings in Great Britain after this week for the duration of the war.

The only exception to this general suspension should be at Newmarket, the peculiar circumstances and industries of which, dependent as they are entirely on racing, combine to make this exception expedient.

WALTER RUNCIMAN.

Mr. Runciman announced at a meeting in London last night that the Jockey Club had complied with the Government's request.

"That," he said, "is a striking instance of the sacrifices people at home are prepared to make while the younger generation is doing our work at the front." (Applause.)

HUNS ABDUCT RUSSIAN GIRLS.

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.

Refugees from Libau state that the Germans have shot the director of the Lithuanian theatre there who, during the winter, produced a play entitled "The Monsters of Kultur."

The Germans then searched, but in vain, for the actors and actresses engaged in the production.

Many girls have been abducted, and are now on board the German warships.—Reuter.

BERLIN ANGRY WITH ROME.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* publishes the following telegram from its Rome correspondent which says:

The mob has conquered. Italy's idol of parliamentarianism is shattered. This cannot be disguised by the fact that on Thursday the Cabinet will appear before Parliament with its programme—a programme that simply means a declaration of war against Austria.—Reuter.

BRITISH PROGRESS IN THE DARDANELLES.

Every Day Sees An Improvement, Says British Commander.

From Sir Ian Hamilton.

General Cox's Brigade repulsed with heavy loss an attack on his position made on May 12.

The following day a double company of Gurkhas advanced over half a mile. The ground thus won was consolidated during the night in spite of very strong counter-attacks.

On May 16 the Lancashire Territorial Division made considerable progress during the night, and on the following night further advanced.

The same day our howitzer batteries, with the aid of aeroplanes, blew up the ammunition wagons of the Turkish heavy howitzers, and later made a direct hit on one of the guns in front of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

The enemy's trenches and a new gun emplacement were demolished by howitzer fire.

Every day sees improvement in the Anglo-French position. The enemy are reported as having lost very heavily.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

CAIRO, May 10.

Wounded men tell some horrible tales of Turkish atrocities, the most ghastly of all being that recounted by some Dublin Fusiliers who witnessed the burning to death by the Turks of six of their wounded comrades.

An Australian who is now in Cairo, and who was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks for four hours, had his eyes gouged out. Many wounded British soldiers were found mutilated, some hanging by their hands from trees.—Reuter.

PIRATE IN A HURRY.

Fires One Torpedo And Returns Half An Hour Later To Sink The Ship.

All the officers and crew of the 4,000-ton steamer Drumcree, owned by Joseph Chadwick and Sons, of Liverpool, were landed at Cardiff yesterday and reported that their vessel had been sunk by a German submarine off Trevose Head, Cornwall.

The Drumcree was carrying a cargo of 6,000 tons of coal from Barry to Port Arthur. Her crew had no knowledge of a submarine being near until they saw the track of a torpedo, which struck their ship but did not sink her.

Without waiting to see what damage had been done the submarine made off. She returned half an hour later when the Drumcree had been taken in tow by the Norwegian steamer Tonto and fired a second torpedo into the Drumcree, but made no attack on the Norwegian ship.

The Newcastle steamer Dumfries (4,121 tons) was torpedoed off Hartland Point, all hands being saved; and the Aberdeen trawler Lucerne was sunk off Rattray Head, eleven of the crew being saved.

GERMANY FLOUTS THE VATICAN.

Germany has refused to continue the exchange of civilian prisoners unfit for military service until Great Britain treats commanders and crews of German submarines as prisoners of war.

By this refusal Germany has broken faith with the Vatican, which arranged the exchange of incapacitated civilians between the two countries.

A telegram was received in High Wycombe yesterday from the Marquis of Lincolnshire stating that his only son and heir, Lord Wendover, died in hospital at Boulogne yesterday morning.

At North London yesterday Alice Mary Wheatley, barmaid, was committed for trial upon a charge of having murdered Annie Josephine Wootten (30), the wife of an officer in the Bedfordshire Regiment.

GALLANT LONDON TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.

Lieut. H. B. Price, London Rifle Brigade.

Major H. G. Challen, 12th London Regiment.

2nd-Lieut. G. Davies, 24th London Regiment.

Major Challen has been wounded, and Lieuts. Price and Davies killed. Lieut. Price, a Canadian, was with a City stockbroking firm when war broke out. During the fighting round Ypres at the commencement of May he displayed signal bravery.—(Lafayette, Bassano, Lafayette.)

Extra Late Edition.

TRYING TO STOP THE WAR.

King George's Telegrams To The Kaiser.

WILLIAM THE HYPOCRITE.

"I Will Give Up The Idea Of An Attack On France If—"

In Blue Book form the Government last night issued a collection of diplomatic documents relating to the outbreak of war.

The most interesting revelations are copies of telegrams exchanged between London and Berlin in the later stage of the crisis.

Knowing what we do now of the Kaiser's preparations for war, his professions of a desire for peace brand him as an arch-hypocrite.

"WE ARE NOT PREPARED."

Prince Henry of Prussia to King George, July 30:—

I arrived here yesterday, and have communicated what you were so good as to say to me at Buckingham Palace last Sunday to William, who was very thankful to receive your message.

William, who is very anxious, is doing his utmost to comply with the request of Nicholas to work for the maintenance of peace. He is in continual telegraphic communication with Nicholas, who has to-day confirmed the news that he has ordered military measures which amount to mobilisation, and that these measures were taken five days ago.

We have also received information that France is making military preparations, while we have not taken measures of any kind, but may be obliged to do so at any moment if our neighbours continue their preparations. This would mean a European war.

If you seriously and earnestly desire to prevent this terrible misfortune, may I propose to you to use your influence on France and also on Russia that they should remain neutral? In my view this would be of the greatest use. I consider that this is a certain and perhaps the only possible way of maintaining the peace of Europe. I might add that Germany and England should now more than ever give each other mutual support in order to prevent a terrible disaster, which otherwise appears inevitable.

Believe me that William is inspired by the greatest sincerity in his efforts for the maintenance of peace. But the military preparations of his two neighbours may end in compelling him to follow their example for the safety of his own country which would otherwise remain defenceless. I have informed William of my telegram to you, and I hope that you will receive my communication in the same friendly spirit which has inspired it.

DID HE RESTRAIN AUSTRIA?

King George to Prince Henry of Prussia, July 30:—

Thanks for your telegram. I am very glad to hear of William's efforts to act with Nicholas for the maintenance of peace. I earnestly desire that such a misfortune as a European war—the evil of which could not be remedied—may be prevented. My Government is doing the utmost possible in order to induce Russia and France to postpone further military preparations, provided that Austria declares herself satisfied with the occupation of Belgrade and the neighbouring Serbian territory as a pledge for a satisfactory settlement of her demands, while at the same time the other countries suspend their preparations for war.

I rely on William applying his great influence in order to induce Austria to accept this proposal. In this way he will prove that Germany and England are working together to prevent what would be an international catastrophe. Please assure William that I am doing all I can and will continue to do all that lies in my power to maintain the peace of Europe.

BLAMING THE TSAR.

Emperor William to King George, July 31:

Many thanks for your friendly communication. Your proposals coincide with my ideas and with the communication I have this evening received from Vienna, and which I have passed on to London.

I have just heard from the Chancellor that intelligence has just reached him that Nicholas this evening has ordered the mobilisation of his entire army and fleet. He has not even awaited the result of the mediation in which I am engaged, and he has left me completely without information. I am travelling to Berlin to assure the safety of my eastern frontier, where strong Russian forces have already taken up their position.

King George to Emperor William, August 1:—

Many thanks for your telegram of last night. I have sent an urgent telegram to Nicholas in which I have assured him of my readiness to do everything in my power to further the resumption of the negotiations between the Powers concerned.

A TELEPHONE MISUNDERSTANDING.

Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London, to German Imperial Chancellor, August 1:—

Sir Edward Grey has just called me to the telephone, and has asked me whether I thought I could declare that in the event of France remaining neutral in a German-Russian war we would not attack the French. I told him that I believed I could assume responsibility for this.

(Continued on Page 10.)

SWEETHEARTS AND SISTERS OF FIGHTING MEN.

Miss Nancy Edwardes, second daughter of the famous theatrical manager, engaged to Mr. Harold O'Malley, of the Royal Flying Corps.—(Sarony)

Lady Mary Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, has all her three brothers serving in the Army.—(Val L'Estrange.)

Miss Gladys Wolryche-Whitmore, of Alton, Hants, to marry Captain Ronald Hopwood, R.N.—(Lafayette.)

Miss Ritchie, of Farnham, Surrey, engaged to Captain C. R. V. Savile, Royal Fusiliers, son of Brigadier-General Savile, D.S.O.—(Langfier, Ltd.)

THE LITTLE VISCOUNT AND HIS SISTER COLLECT FOR CHARITY.

The little Viscount Dalrymple and his sister, Lady Jean Dalrymple, were busy collecting for charities at the Royal Horticultural Society's show at Chelsea yesterday. Dressed as a sergeant of the Scots Guards the Viscount led a pony which is said to be the smallest in the world.

SAVED FROM THE LUSITANIA

A SURVIVOR THANKS ZAM-BUK.

Zam-Buk, the ever-ready "First-aid," has proved a friend in need to more than one survivor of the "Lusitania" tragedy, not only for healing the cuts and bruises caused by the buffeting of the waves and wreckage, but also for driving away the aches and pains produced by exposure.

Mrs. T. H. Robinson, who was saved, while her husband was drowned, writing from the residence of Mr. S. Baum, 28, St. Luke's-road, Pallin, Sunderland, states:—

"When I was being rescued, I caught my leg on the side of the boat, and sustained an awful wound, besides being bruised all over. When I got here I applied Zam-Buk to my injuries, with excellent results. Zam-Buk took away the pain, and healed the wound splendidly. I am sure that anybody else who uses Zam-Buk will find it very beneficial for cuts, bruises, or wounds of any kind."

This evidence of Zam-Buk's power to quickly heal wounds, aggravated even by exposure under the most trying conditions, clearly demonstrates the remarkable effectiveness of this unique balm. An ordinary ointment cannot possibly be so reliable or so useful in emergencies.

A box of Zam-Buk is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket, but in that small space is concentrated a wonderful soothing, healing, and antiseptic power. That is why Zam-Buk is a household word throughout the Empire, and should always be kept handy. Ashore and afloat Zam-Buk is a daily need.—Advt.

LUNTIN MIXTURE

A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS

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

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH,

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5½d.

TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.

FETCH AN AXE.

You need an axe to open some tins of polish if the lid gets stuck. Why don't you use the "Tins with Tabs" instead? You just pull the tab outwards and upwards to loosen the lid.

The tab is fitted to Day & Martin's Boot Polish, Floor Polish, Grate Polish, and Paste Metal Polish.

You get a far better polish made by the famous old British firm of Day & Martin, and you do away with all the bother of tins that get stuck.

The "Tins with Tabs" are an exclusive speciality of Day & Martin's.

Send a penny stamp for one of the "Tins with Tabs," stating the polish you need, or four stamps for the set of four, to Day & Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters Road, Stratford, London, E.—Advt.

'Hairs Never Return'

EJECTHAIR, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but, without pain or harm, **kills the roots absolutely and for ever.** Sent in plain cover for 7d., with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers, which will convince you EJECTHAIR is really a LASTING, PERMANENT Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to

THE EJECTHAIR CO. (Dept. D.S.)
682, Holloway Road, London, N.

COALITION & AMMUNITION.

COALITION and ammunition!—Well, of the two I think ammunition the more important for the nation just now. We may get no great improvement from a mixed Cabinet of Liberals and Conservatives, although tension will be relieved by the retirement of Lord Haldane, the removal of Mr. Churchill from the Admiralty, and the more direct participation of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bonar Law.

BUT we are at war. And men and ammunition are essential. Moreover, this Cabinet crisis is largely connected with ammunition. The other day the *Times* military correspondent sent a message from the Front in which he complained that our operations were hampered by the shortage of high explosive shells. This dispatch was a bombshell in itself. Why was the *Times* correspondent allowed at the Front? Why was he allowed to write a report which gave such important information to the enemy? How did the message pass the Censors?

THE subsequent revelations were not reassuring. The *Times* correspondent had been granted a unique privilege for some unexplained reason. His message had been passed by the Censors at the Front. It had passed through the War Office—but it had not gone through the Press Bureau. This is a scandalous revelation of confusion and mismanagement. Since the war started the Press has been subjected to the most ridiculous red tape and restrictions to hold back information which was either well known to the enemy or was of no importance to him. The war was conducted in such a fog of censorship that the public had little or no information of what was happening. The most brilliant deeds were obscured, and the war was presented to the public as a dull, official affair in which they had no interest but to supply men and money. But for the efforts of the Press the war would have been censored out of public knowledge. Improvement came as a result of persistent newspaper criticism, but heavy conditions of secrecy were imposed, and this process was often carried to an absurd degree.

NOW comes the *Times* revelation. We were unable to press home an important attack because we lacked the proper ammunition! Mr. Asquith, in reply to a question on the subject in the House, said that "any discussion would be not only inopportune but prejudicial to the strategical situation."

SURELY this is slamming the stable door with a vengeance! Our censorship organisation has allowed the revelation to be made that we are short of shells. But the matter is not to be discussed! If we really were short of high-explosive shells the *Times* correspondent was not the proper channel to convey the news to Parliament and to the British public. The War Office officials now assert that they take no responsibility for the statements contained in the message, and here we have a further confession of the muddling methods of the censorship. The supply of shells is a confidential matter between the authorities in the field, the War Office and the munition makers. The business of the Cabinet is to provide the facilities, and on a vital question of this nature the demand for more munitions should be made public if necessary through the Cabinet.

LORD KITCHENER has now dealt with the problem. He is "confident that in the near future we shall be in a satisfactory position with regard to the supply of shells." That should settle the matter for the public. It is Lord Kitchener's work to get these shells. It is the Cabinet's work to enable him to do so.

AND now we have the red herring of Coalition Government. Will it speed up the war? I doubt it. More probably the crisis will bring about a War Cabinet, with changes which will reduce present friction. So far that will be good. But if a really great change is to be made in the Government of the country in war and peace something more must be done than transferring a few politicians from one bench to another.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Winston's Smile.

ALL THE talk yesterday, of course, was about the reconstituted Cabinet. It seems *some* shuffle—only the Premier and the Foreign Secretary to remain at their original posts. No one of the Ministers (or ex-Ministers) who passed to and fro in the neighbourhood of Whitehall seemed very depressed. Even Winston, whom I ran into during the day, had a smile, though perhaps a fleeting one.

Fisher's Scrap Of Paper.

LORD FISHER, who generally manages to pass unobserved, attracted attention to himself by walking down the Mall bare-headed. He carried his hat in his left hand, and beat the air with his stick as he emphasised some point to a companion. As he approached the Admiralty Arch he drew from his breast pocket a little sheet of paper. I wonder what was on it.

Colonel Repington's Part.

IT IS NOW KNOWN that other circumstances combined with the Fisher-Churchill incident to cause the crisis. An important one was the dispatch of Colonel Repington to his newspaper which, although censored by the Army authorities, censured the War Office for not providing "shells, shells, shells." Colonel Repington, you know, is a military correspondent who once edited the War Office's official magazine. He has brought down a storm of criticism because he has visited the headquarters in the field as the private guest of Sir John French. And Mr. Tennant describes this special facility given to one correspondent as more or less accidental! What Lord Kitchener *thinks* is another story.

Labour In The Cabinet.

WESLEYAN; abstainer; are two of the epithets applied by *Who's Who* to the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, P.C., who is to represent Labour in the new Cabinet. I only mention them to say they give no notion of the very pleasant, tolerant and sagacious man, who has accepted a responsibility that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald refused at the outbreak of the war. I once played cricket against him—not that that signifies anything.

D'Annunzio And England.

THIS is Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet-war-propagandist; and this is his latest: "The tocsin has sounded. The cries of the multitude fill the most beautiful skies in the Heavens. I am mad with joy. The miracle of French regeneration will be repeated. The world will see an Italian miracle." Furiously busy with his propaganda, I expect he has forgotten for the time being his greyhounds and England. Last year he saw the Waterloo Cup contest for the first time, bought a dog from Colonel Legh, of Warrington, which, with others he has now in this country, are, or were, in training for an Altcar selection. Had not war broken out, I believe d'Annunzio would have come to live in England.

Prince Lichnowski's Furniture.

I WAS IN the old German Embassy, at Carlton House-terrace, the other day, and noticed that all the cupboards and drawers were securely sealed and stamped with the German Eagle. When taking over the Embassy on behalf of the Germans the American authorities had a careful inventory made of all the contents. Prince Lichnowski left most of his own furniture behind, but a large quantity of that at the Embassy is the property of the Government.

Count Mensdorff's In Store.

NOT SO was this the case at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, in Belgrave-square. During his long residence in this country Count Mensdorff furnished the Embassy at his own expense, and very tastefully. A few days before he left the country he had it all packed and stored in a West End warehouse. His personal office contained many reminiscences of his long friendship with the Royal Family, including large photographs of every member of the family. Queen Alexandra's photograph always occupied a conspicuous place on his writing-desk.

Baron Kuhlmann's Removal.

APROPOS the Baron Kuhlmann's furniture, some of the residents of Kensington are very indignant that it should be allowed to be moved during the war; indeed, I have heard sundry suggestions that steps even now might be taken to stop it. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith were both very friendly with the Baron before the war, and Mrs. Asquith visited the house in Palace-gate only the day before war was declared.

A "Temperate" Reformer.

MR. F. N. CHARRINGTON has certainly added to his laurels as a temperance reformer. His little expedition up the floor of the House of Commons will go down in history as an example of militant methods with which the achievements of Carrie Nation at her best pale into insignificance. A friend of mine who witnessed the incident made a terrible mistake. He felt sure that the intruder, whom, of course, he did not recognise as Mr. Charrington, must be someone who in alcoholic excitement had come to protest against the Whisky Bill. He is now interested to find that an excessive zeal for teetotalism seems to produce similar effects.

Subtle Methods.

IT SHOULD be pointed out in justice to Mr. Charrington that he was no ordinary brawler. His methods were much more subtle. To rely on the innocence and good nature of the newest member of the House to gain admittance to the Lobby shows that teetotal zeal has its refining influence. Anyone else might have risked a vulgar encounter with a policeman at the very outset.

The "Bauble."

THE MACE that Mr. Charrington dragged on to the floor of the House of Commons is not the "bauble" that Cromwell had removed, but the new mace ordered on the accession of Charles II. The House has had in all three maces, the first of which disappeared after the execution of Charles I. Cromwell's bauble also disappeared, but it is claimed that it is identical with a mace preserved in the museum at Kingston, Jamaica.

Proud Of Us.

A CANADIAN who has come over here to enlist was confiding his impressions to me yesterday. "There are lots of things," he said, "which show that the old country still wants waking up. But the spirit and type of her young men make me proud to be called a Briton." To anyone who has first-hand knowledge of the campaign that Germans and hyphenated Americans have carried on in Canada during the last ten years, this compliment means great things!

On H.M.S. Goliath.

AMONG THE officers of H.M.S. Goliath who are missing and presumed to have lost their lives is Lieut. H. W. N. Orde, a son of the secretary of the Royal Automobile Club. It is only about a month since the young lieutenant received the Distinguished Service Cross in recognition of his bravery and skill during the operations at Dar-es-Salaam in November, when he brought H.M.S. Helmuth safely through the narrow strait under exceptionally heavy fire after he had been wounded.

A Busy Man.

HERE IS a portrait of Mr. A. M. Broadley, who, as I told you yesterday, is ill. He has had an extraordinary career, as lawyer, author, journalist and collector. In addition to being counsel for Arabi Pasha, he represented the Bey of Tunis in his differences with the French Republic. He is a great Freemason, and has indeed written a History of Freemasonry in Malta and Tunis, as well as many volumes of more general interest. His recreation is the collection of portraits, prints, medals and MSS. relating to Napoleon and Nelson.

"Put Me Down For Yorkshire."

ANOTHER recruiting story for you. A London man, father of five children, went to enlist. As he said, if the unmarried man won't go the married men must. "What would you like to join?" he was asked. "Anything," he said. "How would the East Yorkshires do?" "Put me down for Yorkshire," replied the new soldier. "I've met some of them down here, and I owe them something."

The Final Sacrifice.

I HAVE JUST HEARD of a boatman who has three sons in the Navy, one in India, and another home wounded from the front. He himself is doing coast-guard duty. "I am over 60," he said the other day, "and have given my five sons. I cannot give any more unless I give the old woman, can I?"

"Khaki Kid" Grown Up.

THE "KHAKI KID" has grown up! I have now seen a middle-aged woman wearing a long military coat and hat, very like our soldiers' uniform. Also I saw a party of soldiers salute her—ironically, of course. Perhaps that will cure her.

Sarah Brooke Married.

—(Yevonde.)

YOU WILL be interested to hear that that fine actress Sarah Brooke is married—has been for three months. On February 10 she married Mr. Ronald Hamilton so quietly that—I only heard about it yesterday. But the stage is not to lose her, for she is to reappear shortly in the provinces in the title rôle of "Comtesse Coquette." The last time I saw her she had a miserable little part in that American Pullman carnival "Excuse Me," which soon excused itself from the Garrick. It sounds almost incredible to read in books of reference that Mrs. Hamilton first appeared on the stage nearly 20 years ago.

One Of The Intellectuals.

IT WAS A PITY to see her in such a part. Really, she is one of our most intellectual actresses. Her house in Upper Berkeley-street I remember as one of the daintiest, all white and gold, her drawing-room rich in old prints. Off the stage she liked to dress in white. One Ascot Sunday I saw her on a yacht in Boulter's Lock, looking particularly radiant.

A Quiet Costume.

THEY SAY that women are dressing fairly quietly this season because of the war, but you can make something of a sensation even with nothing but black and white to work on. The other afternoon I saw a lady of majestic mien crossing Piccadilly. She had a black dress, which she was holding nearly up to her knees, and something more than a cart load of white furs. The whole was crowned by three of the most enormous feathers ever seen on a hat; the Prince of Wales's feathers come to life apparently. Imagine all this being chased across Piccadilly on a wet afternoon by four taxis and a motor ambulance!

The Earl's Court Misogynist.

I WAS WAITING at Earl's Court—you know those waits at Earl's Court when the only train going in your direction is a "non-stop." By way of killing time I read the advertisements, and presently came across one in which we are invited to seek "God's country," leaving (of course, by Underground) "Man's town with its turmoil," underneath which some soulless brute had written "and your wife." So you see that, in spite of the better feelings with which the war is supposed to have blessed us, there are misogynists still among us.

Man Who Likes "Blood Curdlers."

ONE OF THE MEN responsible for the most successful play of the season, curiously enough, finds reaction from his strenuous duties in reading boys' books. "I never read anything else," he said yesterday, bearing away a grand assortment of blood-curdling adventures with pirates and cannibal chiefs! "I infinitely prefer the average desert island in the South Pacific to the Mayfair drawing-room or the woman with a past! I would rather see the hero walk the plank than hear that he has been cited in a divorce case!"

The Farewell Flower.

THE FLOWER-STALL at Victoria Station is now always crowded with forget-me-nots. Noticing the lavish display of the much legended little flower I remarked to the lady in charge what quantities of forget-me-nots she had. Her reply was that there was a ready and quick sale for them. It is easy to conjecture the reason. The little blue emblems of true love might well prove to be the parting gift between a soldier and his sweetheart.

Novel Accompanist.

THE PUBLIC are in no mood for "heavy" songs these days. I see Miss Gertrude Lonsdale, who gave a vocal recital on Tuesday realises this. Her programme was made up of "light" songs by Purcell, Elgar, Quilter and others, and very successful all of them were. One of the novelties of the concert was the accompaniment of all the 21 songs by a piano-player, although there were many real live accompanists present. At the close Miss Lonsdale—here she is—was presented with 20 boxes of flowers, so there is still some money about.

MR. GOSSIP.

NO QUARRELLING! THERE'S NO ROOM FOR GOSSIP AND

The Kensingtons in the trenches. They have lost severely.

The quaint old charcoal burner is a great favourite with the men of the H.A.C.

The new coalition—Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill
Balfour as

London Rifle Brigade men in the trenches which they held unbroken from December to March.

Men of the H.A.C. set up a new camp just behind the firing line.

In this quiet little churchyard at Givenchy many of the Territorials now rest side by side with the enemy they routed in fair fight.

The Westminster Dragoons enjoy a bathe in the tropically warm waters of the Suez Canal. What price the Serpentine now!

The Prime Minister with his wife and daughter arriving
realise

To the man in the trenches—the man who has sacrificed all for Empire—it must be humiliating to read of dissensions and intrigues at home. As if there were not enemies e

INTRIGUE WHEN MEN ARE FIGHTING AND DYING FOR EMPIRE.

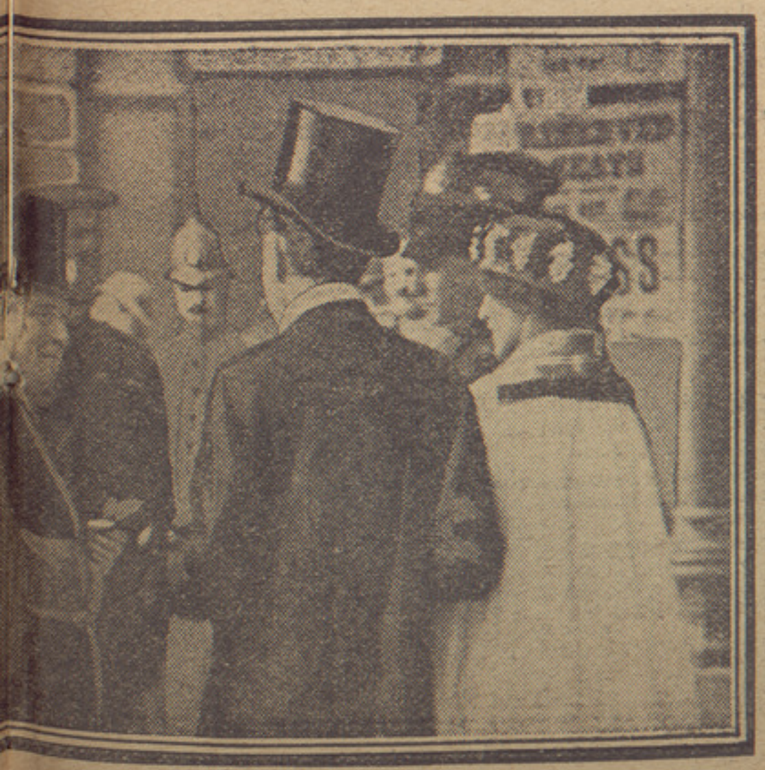
aving the Admiralty together yesterday. The gossips suggest rchill's successor.

Around this wayside shrine the Territorials saw some of the hardest fighting they have yet faced.

A Kensington Rifleman makes a periscope of his bayonet.

The H.A.C. gets to work on unpacking tyres from the transports.

The cook of the H.A.C. at work. He is the most popular man in the regiment.



g at the patriotic meeting at the Guildhall yesterday. The women e what war means.

The 2nd City of London Regiment aboard a transport on their way to the front. They are all eager to meet the foe.

In this wood near Hill 60 the London Territorials were engaged in desperate fighting. They suffered heavy losses, but covered themselves with glory.

s enough abroad, that Fisher must be played up against Churchill, and French against Kitchener! The message from the man in the trenches is "More men, more munitions—less talk."

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

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

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES! Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow Discount for Cash or supply goods payable in Monthly instalments. Established 20 years. CHARLES RILEY, Desk 3, Moor-street, Birmingham. Please mention *Daily Sketch* when writing for lists.

CENTURY CHINA BARGAINS.—Household and Individual Orders at Factory Prices. Single Dinner, Tea, Toilet Services, beautiful designs, from 3s.; Complete Home Outfit, 21s.; 30,000 satisfied customers. Church, School and Catering China, 100 persons set, 37s. 6d., name inscribed, 49s. 6d. Profitable Bazaar Parcels, 10s. 6d. Complete Illustrated Catalogue Free. Presents offered. Write to-day.—CENTURY POTTERY, Dept. 390, Burslem.

What Women Are Doing:

Society At Chelsea Flower Show—Another Buffet For The Soldiers—The Duchess Of Westminster's Work.

DETERMINED to be early to see both the flowers and the people I hied me to the Royal Horticultural Show at Chelsea, on Tuesday morning. The flowers were there in all their beauty and gorgeous colouring and the people were there also, but clad in sad-coloured raiment, for alas! the rain was pouring down relentlessly and the beautiful grounds were covered with mud inches deep. Macintoshes, short skirts, stout boots, and umbrellas were the only wear; it was pathetic!

Beautiful Flowers.

The flowers were, if possible, lovelier than ever, and the show of carnations, roses, and tulips was a perfect joy. Suttons had a great display of salpiglossis, and Dicksons, the Belfast nurserymen, showed the finest tulips and sweet peas I've ever seen. Also admiring the flowers I saw the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, in a neat black tailor-made, and accompanied by her sister. Lord and Lady Nunburnholme were ordering that lovely "Cinderella" at Attwood Brothers' carnation stand. Lady Nunburnholme looked very well in black, with grey fox furs and a large hat with floating veil. Lady Alington was also ordering some of her favourite carnations. Sir Dighton Probyn and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys were early visitors, and I also caught sight of Lady Llanberis, the Baroness de Brienen and Lord Grenfell, who is the president of the show. The most delicious pots of raspberries and strawberries filled the air with a delightful perfume and made my mouth water. The Glynde College of Women Gardeners had a splendid show of flowers and fruit, and as all the work is done by women, the Queen, who is keenly interested in the developments of work for women sent a generous donation of £50 to the College.

Distinguished Visitors Brave The Rain.

The Hon. John Ward got the silver medal for carnations grown at Chilton, his place at Hungerford. Viscountess Wolseley was there looking after her stall of garden produce as well as flowers from her college at Glynde.

The Duke of Manchester came early, as did the Duchess of Wellington. I saw Lady Freemantle strolling round in a brown velvet rain cloak. Lord Rothschild and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild were admiring the magnificent display of tulips. I met Lady Paget, the Countess Grey, and Lady Leconfield. Little Viscount Dalrymple, dressed in the uniform of the Scots Guards, could scarcely get the little Shetland pony through the crowd. He was leading it round collecting for the Horticultural War Relief Fund.

Helping Tommy Atkins.

A new and much-needed buffet for our soldiers will be opened to-morrow at London Bridge Station. Three ladies, the Countess of Lanesborough, the Countess of Limerick and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Bingham have undertaken the work of the whole scheme, assisted by 40 well-known Society ladies. In their hands this buffet should be a great success, as all three ladies are indefatigable workers and most clever organisers. Gifts of tea, coffee, sugar, cakes, chocolates and, of course, cigarettes, will be gratefully received by Lady Limerick, if sent to London Bridge Station, where she herself is working practically night and day in order to have the buffet ready, which is so urgently needed.

HON. MRS. CECIL BINGHAM. —(Lallie Charles.)

Return Of Martin Harvey.

Mr. Martin Harvey had a great reception when he revived "The Breed of the Treshams" at the New Theatre. I didn't care for the play, but most of the audience, however, did, and the popular actor and his wife, Miss De Silva, were recalled again and again, and were presented with quantities of flowers. Mr. Harvey had to make a speech, which he did very neatly, thanking his friends for "the rollicking way in which they received a rollicking play"! In the stalls few notabilities were present. A nurse in brilliant scarlet uniform with a flowing white veil attracted my special attention. Countless maidens had bandaged their brows in gold and silver galon, and I was envious of a superb ermine coat which enveloped a pretty girl with a circlet of diamonds round her hair.

Lady Townshend's Loss.

Marchioness Townshend, who before her marriage was Miss Gwladys Sutherst, is suffering severely from shock as the result of the loss of her father in the sinking of the Lusitania, and for the present is not allowed to see friends. The blow is the more prostrating as Mr. Sutherst was not expected to sail in that vessel. I was glad to hear that Lady Townshend is a little better.

Another Clever Russian Musician.

I had the pleasure of meeting and hearing the celebrated Russian artiste, Sacha Votitchenko, who plays "the tympanon" so exquisitely. A few weeks ago Votitchenko gave a most successful concert at the Waldorf Hotel, but unfortunately many critics were prevented from being present, as his concert clashed with the All-British Concert at the Queen's Hall on that day. Votitchenko has decided to give an exposition at the Hotel Metropole on the 26th, and is inviting a great number of his friends. Many celebrities, including Mrs. Asquith, the Dowager Lady Chesterfield, the Dowager Lady Anglesey, the Russian Consul, and also all the musical critics in London. Votitchenko will play on "the tympanon"—accompanied by that brilliant artiste Miss Elsa Maxwell—old seventeenth century Russian, Persian and French music. The tympanon upon which this great artiste plays was presented to an ancestor of his by Louis XIV., and is quite the most wonderful instrument I have ever heard. In tone it very much resembles a combination of the violin and harp. Votitchenko has a striking personality and plays with the greatest expression and taste.

SACHA VOTITCHENKO.

He has presented me with a Siberian cross charm, which I shall always treasure, and the photograph of himself, a copy of which has been reproduced above.

A Little Secret.

It is whispered that a wonderful scheme is afloat to help the National Society of Day Nurseries, of which Muriel Viscountess Helmsley is the chairman. There are rumours of a children's pastoral play at Ranelagh and a delightful time for the kiddies—the more fortunate ones to help their poorer brothers and sisters.

Fine Work Of A Duchess.

I hear from George, who was wounded in the chest at Hill 60, and taken to the Duchess of Westminster's Hospital at Le Touquet, of the splendid work that is being done there for the wounded soldiers. The help given by the Duchess herself is beyond praise, he writes. She is not doing actual nursing herself, but helping in every way to assist and cheer those who are, and by her presence giving great comfort to the wounded. Pants and vests, he adds, are badly needed there.

A New Recipe.

"Send me a recipe for eggs to take the place of fish," writes Dora; "I can't buy fish, it's too dear." This is a delicious way of cooking eggs and just the right dish for luncheon or dinner:—

"Eggs and Corn."—Poach the eggs, allowing one for each guest, and place in a fireproof saucer. Have ready a tin of American corn—there are several excellent brands—and heat in a saucepan with a lump of butter, pepper and salt. Also a little tomato sauce, made from a purée of fresh tomatoes. Put a large tablespoonful of corn either side of the egg and a spoonful of tomato sauce, and serve very hot.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

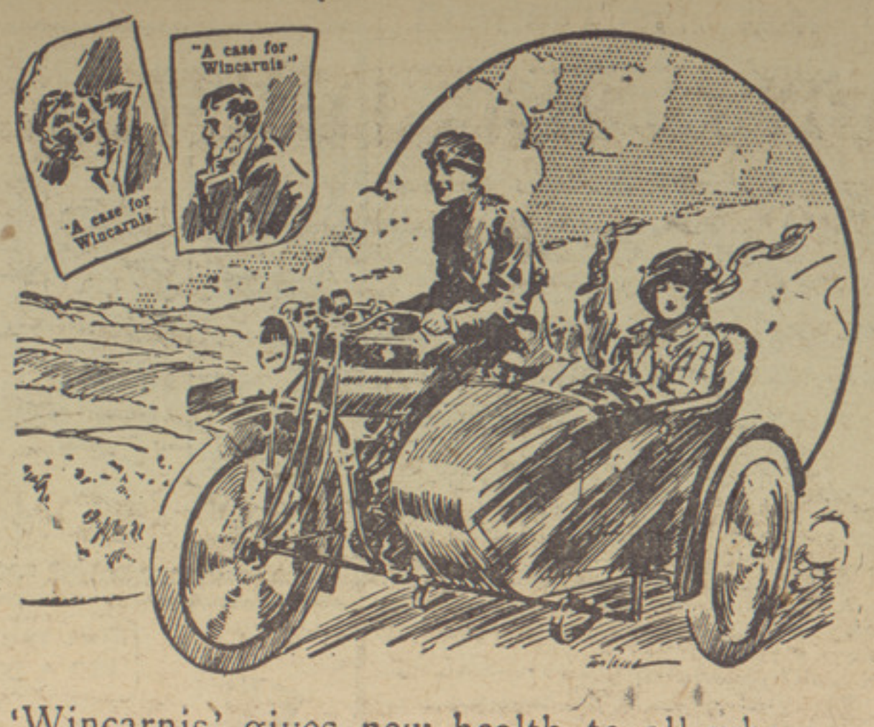
GLADYS CARBUTT and FRIENDS (Birmingham).—Write to the Women's Emergency Corps. See address above.

M. L. LAIT (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—Many thanks for woollies. Socks are still required.

A. J. (Port Dinorwic).—Sorry I cannot send you the address. So glad you like my page.

VERITAS (Chiswick).—Apply Somerset House.

MISS MARY GREEN (Cricklewood).—You are a very brave girl. Write to the Red Cross, 83, Pall Mall, S.W., and offer yourself for assisting in the grafting of flesh.



'Wincarnis' gives new health to all who are

Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down.'

What a blessing new health would be to you who are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," or "Run-down"—what a comfort to know that 'Wincarnis' will give you the new health and new life you so much need.

The reason is easily understood. 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one—all combined in a delicious, life-giving beverage. This four-fold combination gives 'Wincarnis' a four-fold power. It promotes new strength—it creates new blood—it builds up new nerve force—and it surcharges the whole body with new vitality. That is why 'Wincarnis' makes you feel so well so quickly. That is why countless thousands of people are, to-day, enjoying "'Wincarnis' health." That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'

WINCARNIS

is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to you if you are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down"—or a martyr to Indigestion—or subject to Sleeplessness—or are striving vainly to regain strength after an exhausting illness. Remember you can take 'Wincarnis' with every confidence as it does not contain drugs as do some "Tonic Wines." Therefore it can be given with perfect safety to aged people and the weakest invalids. 'Wincarnis' is

Especially valuable after Influenza

because it speedily overcomes that terrible weakness Influenza leaves behind.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.'

To-day is the best day for you to buy a bottle.

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W259, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Sketch, May 20/15.

_____

DO IT—TO-DAY!

Start your cure to-day by taking Iron-Ox Tablets.

When the body is weakened by little ailments, the health and vitality below par, you are at the mercy of any disease. Do not neglect premonitory warnings of serious ill-health, such as indigestion, weariness, headaches. Iron-Ox Tablets will tone up and regulate your system and enrich the blood, giving it that vigorous strength which enables you to resist disease. Iron-Ox Tablets are safely laxative and keep you healthy, strong and robust. Iron-Ox Tablets are not a new remedy. They have stood the test of years. They can be obtained at all chemists, and are packed in dainty aluminium cases for the waistcoat pocket or purse. 50 Tablets cost 1s., 250 Tablets 4s. Ask your chemist for them, or send direct to the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

50 TABLETS 1/- 250 TABLETS 4/-

IRON-OX TABLETS

At all Chemists.

WHITE PROPHET'S SUCCESS.

Good Sport And Plenty Of Runners At Bath.

A CLOSE FINISH.

Runners were more plentiful for the concluding stage of the Bath Meeting, and there was some good sport.

The Somersetshire Stakes provoked some good wagering, and at the finish the Manton candidate, Blackaton, was given the preference over Steady Trade.

The latter was beaten out of a place, and though Blackaton ran well she found more than her match in White Prophet, who beat her by half a length.

No finer finish could be wished for than that in the Kelston Selling Handicap.

The horses concerned are very moderate, but three of them passed the post almost in a line, and it was impossible for anyone except the judge to say which had won. He decided that Wild Lass had got home by a short head from High and Dry and Rowstock, who dead-heated for second place.

Queen's Loch dominated the market on the Licensed Victuallers' Selling Plate, and she won cleverly from Knock Out.

Reprisal made amends for her unfortunate experience at Gatwick by taking the Weston Stakes in easy fashion.

Sweetest Melody proved the pick of the twelve runners in the Bath Welter Handicap, and Sweet Sun completed a double for F. Hartigan by taking the County Plate. Queen's Loch was Hartigan's other winner.

GIMCRACK.

SALISBURY SELECTIONS.

2. 0—LIGHT COMEDIAN. 3.30—CON CREGAN.
2.30—HOBO. 4. 0—EGRETTA.
3. 0—KODAK. 4.30—*ELAINE.

Double.

EGRETTA and ELAINE.

SALISBURY PROGRAMME.

2.0—JUVENILE SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs; 5f.

Muddle	9 0	Fickle Hackle	8 11
Light Comedian	9 0		

The above have arrived.

Dumb Fish	9 0	Martinhoe	9 0
Juggins	9 0	Bombaria	8 11
Margaret Ada c	9 0	Lady Letitia f	8 11
Lonely Light	9 0	Simply	8 11
Slogan c	9 0	B.T.	8 11
Blue Feather c	9 0	Mary Mac f	8 11
Belle Poule c	9 0	Lady Rosary	8 11

2.30—STAND SELLING HANDICAP of 150 sovs; 1m.

Oiseau Bleu	6 10 4	Roy Hamilton	4 8 12
Sir Josh	6 9 6	Dan Dancer	5 8 11
Poultry Claim	5 9 4	Mint Julep	4 8 8
Volo	4 9 1	Court Bleddyn	3 8 0
Hobo	4 8 13		

The above have arrived.

Sardinia	4 9 12	Eaneva	3 8 10
Courageous Lad	a 9 10	Snookum Joe	3 8 8
Kafue	4 9 8	Tar Baby	3 8 4
Northvale	4 9 6	Ashworth	3 8 4
Landwehr	3 9 2	Owhen	3 8 0
Shellfire	4 9 1		

3.0—STEWARDS' HANDICAP of 200 sovs; 1m.

Ashore	5 11 2	Dick Deadeye	4 10 9

The above have arrived.

Tremolite	6 11 8	Well Well	3 10 5
Kinsella	a 11 7	Cheriton	3 10 5
Kodak	6 11 3	Henry Sidus	3 10 5
Beaurepaire	a 10 10	Maid of Sker	5 10 1
Best Boy	4 10 10	Picton Lad	4 9 12
Uncle Jim	4 10 8	Aneroid	4 9 7
Recondite	4 10 8		

3.30—SALISBURY STAKES, 5 sovs, unless dec, with 200 sovs added; 2-y.o.; 5f.

Cloak and Sword	8 9	Ampleforth	8 9
Sultan of Egypt	8 9	La Flotte	8 6
Trevella	8 9		

The above have arrived.

Con Cregan	8 9	Barnie	8 6
Irish Recruit	8 9	Milly's Troth	8 6
Flame II c	8 9	Lady Colin	8 6
Bankrupt	8 9	Gay Goshawk	8 6
Auteur	8 9	Oriole f	8 6
Falaise II. f	8 6	Sandlemac	8 6
Supreme	8 6	Little Tinks f	8 6

4.0—WILTSHIRE HANDICAP of 300 sovs; 6f.

By George	4 9 7	Egretta	5 7 9
Red Finch	4 9 6	Saneso	4 7 9
Wise Symon	6 9 2	Yankee Pro	3 7 8
Courageous	4 8 7	Dernier Cri	3 7 4
Amoureuse	4 8 6	Nancy O'Neil	5 7 2
Eager Eyes	3 8 6	Prepaid	4 7 0
Thrice	3 7 11		

The above have arrived.

Grey Barbarian	6 8 10	Michigan	3 7 2
St. Antoine	5 8 2	Father Creeper	5 7 1
San Juan	5 7 4		

4.30—CITY BOWL, value 100 sovs; 1½m.

Elaine	3 7 9	Valona	3 6 12

The above have arrived.

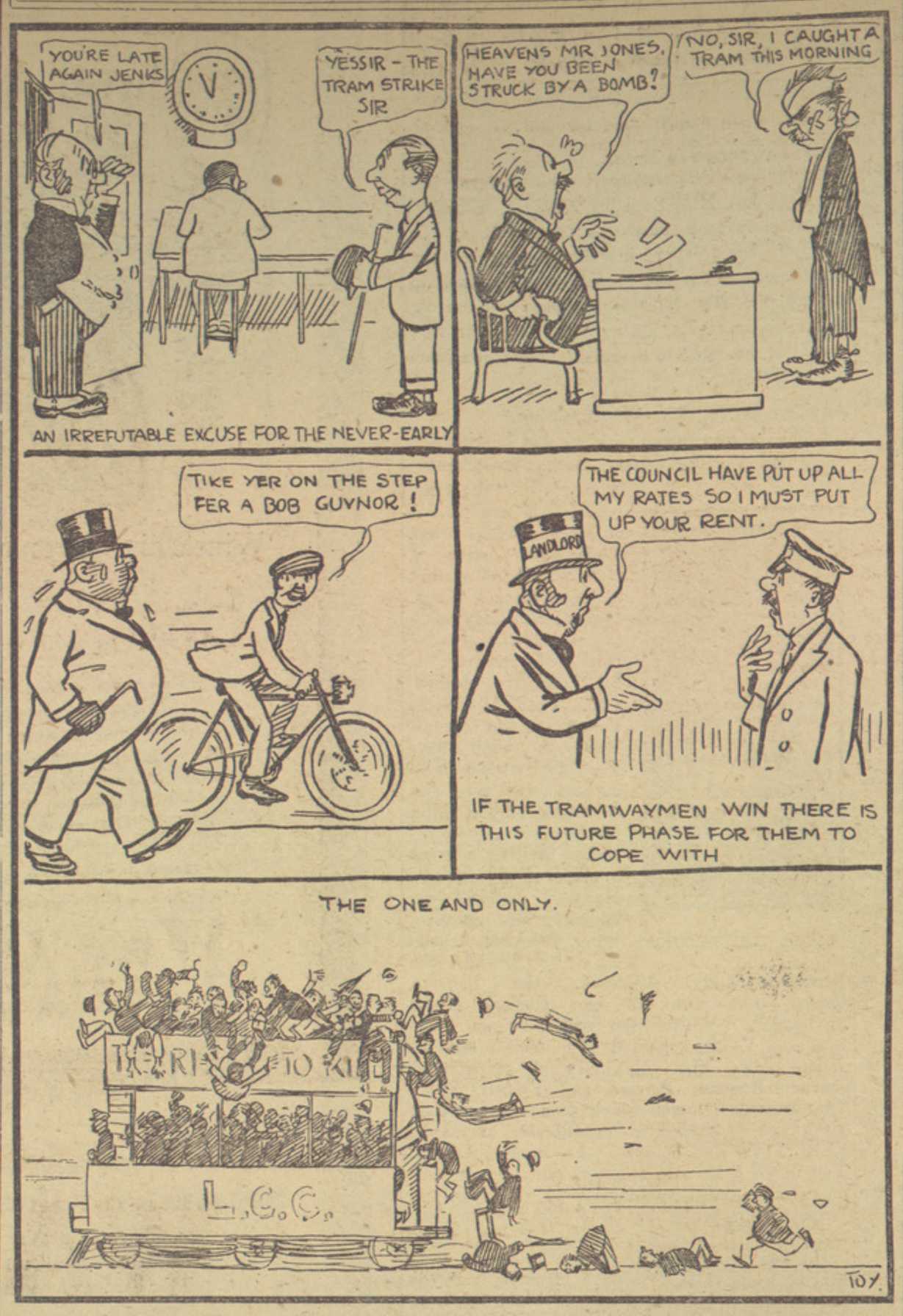
Royal Weaver	5 9 0	Dragoman	3 6 12
Crossard	5 8 11	Strong Boy	3 6 12
Sweet Sun	4 8 10	Canard	3 6 8
Sir Tristram	5 8 7	Sir Accalon	3 6 8
Lesto	a 8 4	Glenschelane	3 6 5
Minton China	4 7 10		

AVOID FACE CREAMS CONTAINING ALKALI.

LONDON CHEMIST DISCOVERS CAUSE OF HIS WIFE'S COMPLEXION TROUBLES.

Most ladies think that if a complexion cream feels nice and smooth on the skin, has a beautiful silky sheen, a pleasant perfume, a pretty label, or sells at a fairly high price, it must be a good thing to use on the face. They do not know that many creams contain alkali in the form of caustic soda and potash which always dry out and ruin the skin There must be a little alkali in cream or it would be acidulous and spoil, but there are alkalies and alkalies, some pure, some poisonous Refined sodium carbonate, for instance, costs several times as much as common washing soda or potash, yet you cannot see any difference, but if you use the latter long enough your skin will feel a difference. Caustic alkalies are used in cream because they are cheap, but they contain such impurities as lead, arsenic and iron. Take the case of my wife, as an example. Her complexion became so bad that she began to lose sleep at night worrying about wrinkles, and it was not until I analysed the cream she used that we found out what was wrong. I asked her to use only a guaranteed pure non-greasy cream like Crème Tokalon, and now she has a skin like my five-year-old daughter. I'll refund money to any customer who uses a 1/3 pot of this cream and does not have the same results.—Advt.

THE TRAMWAY STRIKE—SOME SEQUELS.



TRAM STRIKERS MARK TIME.

In spite of Mr. Runciman's statement in the House of Commons that the Board of Trade was intervening in the London tramway strike the men's leaders stated last night that no communication had been received. Mr. Ben Smith, of the Vehicle Workers' Union, said his members were willing to accept arbitration.

There is no prospect of an immediate return to work, and the likelihood of the strike spreading to East London is being discussed.

BATH RESULTS.

1.50.—Licensed Victuallers' All-Aged Selling Plate.—QUEEN'S LOCH, 9-11 (Rickaby), 1; KNOCK OUT, 9-11 (Trigg), 2; BOBBIN II., 10-0 (H. Watts), 3. Also ran: Galleot, Flareaway, Mauve Cabin, White Socks, Jaroslav, Ney, Little of the Best, Smartindal, Double f. Betting: 5 to 4 QUEEN'S LOCH, 4 to 1 Knock Out, 7 to 1 Galleot, 100 to 8 Bobbin II., Mauve Cabin, 20 to 1 others. ½ length; 3 lengths.

2.20.—Kelston Welter Selling Handicap.—WILD LASS, 8-1 (W. Collis), 1; HIGH AND DRY, 8-13 (J. Evans), †; ROWSTOCK, 6-9 (Searle), †. Also ran: Cherry Fly, Shinfield, Graceful Flight, Birthday Clothes. Betting: 5 to 2 WILD LASS, Shinfield, 4 to 1 High and Dry, 5 to 1 Graceful Flight, 10 to 1 others. Short head; dead-heat.

3.0.—Somersetshire Stakes.—WHITE PROPHET, 7-2 (P. Allden), 1; BLACKATON, 7-5 (R. Cooper), 2; CEYX, 7-3 (O. Grant), 3. Also ran: Fill Up, Santissima, Royal Weaver, Watergruel, Nihilist Steady Trade, Yonkers, Bed-Time, Tinklebell. Betting: 11 to 4 Blackaton, 7 to 2 Steady Trade, 7 to 1 Fill Up, 8 to 1 Watergruel, WHITE PROPHET, 10 to 1 Royal Weaver, Bed-Time, 100 to 8 Nihilist, 100 to 7 Ceyx, 20 to 1 others. ½ length; 3 lengths.

3.30.—Weston Stakes.—REPRISAL, 7-10 (Robbins), 1; PRINCIPAL GIRL, 8-1 (Donoghue), 2; STANBOROUGH, 8-5 (E. Huxley), 3. Also ran: Bodenham, Iron Bedstead, Thirsty, Martagon Queen, Talesia, Prince Myram, Display, Falernus. Betting: 9 to 4 REPRISAL, 3 to 1 Stanborough, 7 to 1 Thirsty, 8 to 1 Principal Girl, Bodenham, 100 to 8 others. 3 lengths; same.

4.0—Bath Welter Handicap Plate.—SWEETEST MELODY, 7-11 (Moylan), 1; DINNER BELL, 6-9 (K. Robertson), 2; KISKATOON, 7-4 (Gardner), 3. Also ran: Pastime, De Grey, Lavolt, Marcoussis, Highlight, Grayling IV., Loxwood, If It, Why Tell Me. Betting: 3 to 1 Why Tell Me, 5 to 1 Lavolt, Dinner Bell, 7 to 1 Loxwood, If It, 8 to 1 Pastime, 10 to 1 De Grey, Kiskatoon, 100 to 8 SWEETEST MELODY and others. 1½ lengths; head.

4.30—County Moderate Plate.—SWEET SUN, 9-0 (Rickaby), 1; LORD WAVELET, 6-13 (Collis), 2; MISS DENIS, 7-13 (Scourse), 3. Also ran: Golden Horde, Jason III., Philander, Ardath, Penally, Theseus. Betting: 6 to 4 Ardath, 100 to 30 SWEET SUN, 7 to 1 Miss Denis, 8 to 1 Golden Horde, 10 to 1 others. 3 lengths; head.

THRICE OPEN GOLF CHAMPION DEAD.

Bob Ferguson, who, in the 'eighties, won the open golf championship three years in succession, died at Musselburgh yesterday at the age of 69.

Owen Moran is already very fit for his match with the improved Welshman, Llew. Edwards, for the feather-weight championship on May 31. At Worcester yesterday he informed the *Daily Sketch* that he expects to win.

TETRARCH (*Illustrated Sunday Herald*): 23 17 3 23 9 9 8—23 19 8 11 2 23.

DESMOND (*Umpire*): *18 9 16 18 10 10 7—23 1 2 23 16 18 9 7 2—18 8 7 6 2 18.

GALLIARD (*Sunday Chronicle*): *6 22 5 24 25 6—26 13 15 24 11 6—2 24 11 12 2 6 5 2 6 18 6.

TRYING TO STOP THE WAR.

(Continued from Page 3.)

Emperor William to King George, August 1:—

I have just received the communication of your Government offering French neutrality under the guarantee of Great Britain. To this offer there was added the question whether under these conditions Germany would refrain from attacking France.

For technical reasons the mobilisation which I have already ordered this afternoon on two fronts—east and west—must proceed according to the arrangements made. A counter-order cannot now be given, as your telegram unfortunately came too late, but if France offers me her neutrality, which must be guaranteed by the English Army and Navy, I will naturally give up the idea of an attack on France, and employ my troops elsewhere.

I hope that France will not be nervous. The troops on my frontier are at this moment being kept back by telegraph and by telephone from crossing the French frontier.

"YOU MUST KEEP FRANCE QUIET."

German Imperial Chancellor to German Ambassador in London, August 1:—

Germany is ready to agree to the English proposal in the event of England guaranteeing with all her forces the unconditional neutrality of France in the conflict between Germany and Russia.

Owing to the Russian challenge German mobilisation occurred to-day before the English proposals were received. In consequence, our advance to the French frontier cannot now be altered. We guarantee, however, that the French frontier will not be crossed by our troops until Monday, August 3, at 7 p.m. in case England's assent is received by that time.

King George to Emperor William, August 1:—

In answer to your telegram, which has just been received, I believe that there must be a misunderstanding with regard to a suggestion which was made in a friendly conversation between Prince Lichnowsky and Sir Edward Grey when they were discussing how an actual conflict between the German and the French armies might be avoided so long as there is still a possibility of an agreement being arrived at between Austria and Russia. Sir Edward Grey will see Prince Lichnowsky early to-morrow morning in order to ascertain whether there is any misunderstanding on his side.

German Ambassador in London to German Imperial Chancellor, August 2:—

The suggestions of Sir Edward Grey, based on the desire of creating the possibility of lasting neutrality on the part of England, were made without any previous inquiry of France and without knowledge of the mobilisation, and have since been given up as quite impracticable.

POLITICS AFFECTS MARKETS.

Important Bank Makes Striking New Departure:

The political troubles were responsible for a falling off of business in the Stock Exchange yesterday and rather a dull tone prevailed throughout the "House."

Scrips of new loans were exceptionally firm, and East Indian Railway 4½ per cent. debentures was bid for at ¼ discount.

American securities were generally easier, but as a rule prices were over the parity of Wall-street, the market being cheered by a report that an arrangement had been come to between Germany and the United States regarding shipping.

Elsewhere will be found an announcement by Lloyds Bank Ltd., referring to the establishment of a savings bank department, which will no doubt be found extremely useful by the thrifty public.

A circular issued by the directors of the Mexico Tramways Company discloses a deplorable condition of affairs in Mexico, and the board are conferring with the trustees for the bondholders as to what further steps, if any, they should take to protect their interest.

A similar announcement is made to bondholders and shareholders of the Mexican Light and Power, the Mexican Light Company, and the Pachuca Light and Power Company.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet; American 4 to 6 down; Egyptian 5 to 6 down.

SMOKES FROM MANY PARTS.

And Tommy Wants Still More To Puff Between The Fights.

Cabinets may come and Cabinets may go, but there are some things which have become so necessary to the successful conduct of the war that their even flow to the front must on no account be disturbed.

One of these is Tommy's smoke. Lord Kitchener asks for 300,000 more men. The *Daily Sketch* asks for the money with which to send out many more than 300,000 cigarettes.

Malcolm Garside, Employees and Friends Warrington, £3; *Daily Sketch* Machine Room Assts., per P. Wright (two weeks' sub.), £1 2s. 7d.; Customers Foresters' Arms, Nantwich (11th cont.), Miss Saward, Teddington, £1; Hans Renold, Ltd., Burnage Auto Dept. (32nd cont.), 8s. 6d.; Employees, Smale and Bros., Bollin Mills, Macclesfield, 7s.; J. Hodgson, York, A. Thornborrow, Burton, Mrs. Popham, Beckenham, 15s.; Patternmakers, McKie and Baxter, Govan, 4s. 6d.; Four of the Employees, A. and C., Ltd., Hackney (3rd cont.), 4s.; Miss Glynn, Harlington, Jennie Stocks, Accrington, 6s.; Miss Cleaver, Liverpool, 2s. 6d.; Mrs Hampshire, Liverpool, Patriot, Manchester, May Dennett, Carlisle, 6s.

The contents of *Newnes Illustrated*—a new weekly issued by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.—includes over fifty topical pictures and a coloured supplement, "Off to the Front." *Newnes Illustrated* is issued at twopence.

WHAT THE THIN FOLKS SHOULD DO TO GAIN WEIGHT.

Physician's Advice for Thin, Undeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food fads, physical culture stunts and rub-on creams, resign themselves to life-long skinniness, and think nothing will make them fat Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently-discovered regenerative force makes fat grow after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called Sargol. Six strength-giving, fat-producing elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this peerless preparation, which is endorsed by eminent physicians and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient.

A month's systematic use of Sargol should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated fats to the blood. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply Sargol, and say there is a large demand for it.

While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve tonic and vitaliser, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.—Advt.

PERSONAL.

LUSITANIA SURVIVORS.—Will anyone who saw Mrs. Martin-Davey on a raft, with a pink jersey on, kindly communicate with Mrs. Harvey, 35, Trafalgar-place, Devonport, who will be deeply grateful

HEALTH RESORTS.

A BEAUTIFUL Holiday Guide to Southport post free from Town Clerk 39, Town Hall Safe Sea Bathing Lake

£1,000 FOR WOMEN TO WIN.

Every woman who is clever with her needle and wishes to put her cleverness to good account should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for details of a £1,000 prize scheme.

This sum is offered by the *Daily Sketch* for needlework done by its readers. After the prizes have been awarded, all the entries will be exhibited in aid of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association. Competitors may also offer their work for sale in aid of the wounded.

Cut out the coupon which appears below. Twenty-four of these must accompany each entry, but there is no entrance fee, and in many of the thirty-three classes there need be only a small outlay in materials.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH £1,000 PATRIOTIC NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

CHAPTER XVIII. (continued).

How Béla Punished Elsa.

"Oh! be quiet now, Leo," she said impatiently. "Can't you see that my hands are as full as I can manage, without my having to bother about you and your jealous tempers?"

She elbowed him aside and went to the counter to serve a customer who had just arrived, and more than a quarter of an hour went by before Leopold had the chance of another word with her.

"You might have a kind word for me to-night, Klara," he said ruefully, as soon as a brief lull in business enabled him to approach the girl.

"Why specially to-night?" she asked indifferently.

"Your father must go by the night train to Kecskemét," he said, with seeming irrelevance. "There is that business about the plums."

"The plums?" she asked, with a frown of puzzlement, "what plums?"

"The fruit he bought near Kecskemét. They start gathering at sunrise to-morrow. He must be there the first hour, else he'd get shamefully robbed. He must travel by night."

"I knew nothing about it," rejoined Klara, with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders. "Father never tells me when he is going to be away from home."

"No!" retorted Leopold, with a sneer, "he knows better than to give all your gallants such a brilliant opportunity."

"Don't be a fool, Leo!" she reiterated with a laugh.

The Lover Keeps Watch.

"I don't give any of them an opportunity, either," resumed the young man, while a curious look of almost animal ferocity crept into his pale face. "Whenever your father has to be away from home during the night, I take up my position outside this house and watch over you until daylight comes and people begin to come and go."

"Very thoughtful of you, my good Leo," she rejoined dryly, "but you need not give yourself the trouble. I am well able to look after myself."

"If any man molested you," continued Leopold, speaking very calmly, "I would kill him."

"Who should molest me, you silly fool? And, anyhow, I won't have you spying upon me like that."

"You must not call it spying, Klara. I love to stand outside this house in the peace and darkness of the night, and to think of you quietly sleeping whilst I am keeping watch over you. You wouldn't call a watchdog a spy, would you?"

"I know that to-night I shan't sleep a wink," she retorted crossly, "once father has gone. I shall always be thinking of you out there in the dark, watching this house. It will make me nervous."

"To-night . . ." he began, and then abruptly checked himself. Once more that quick flash of passion shot through his pale, deep-set eyes. It seemed as if he meant to tell her something, which on second thoughts he decided to keep to himself. Her keen, dark eyes searched his face for a moment or two; she wondered what it was that lurked behind that high, smooth forehead of his and within the depths of that curiously perverted brain.

Before she had time, however, to question him, Erös Béla made noisy irruption into the room.

He was greeted with a storm of cheers.

"Hello, Béla!"

"Not the bridegroom, surely?"

"When You Are Married."

"Who would have thought of seeing you here?"

While Leopold Hirsch muttered audibly:

"What devil's mischief has brought this fellow here to-day, I wonder?"

Béla seemed in boisterous good humour. With somewhat ostentatious hilarity he greeted all his friends, and then ordered some of Ignácz Goldstein's best wine for everybody all round.

"Bravo, Béla!" came from every side, together with loud applause at this unexpected liberality.

"It is nice of you not to forget old friends," Klara whispered in his ear, as soon as he succeeded in reaching her side.

"Whew!" he ejaculated with a sneer, "you have no idea, my good Klara, how I've been boring myself these past two hours. Those loutish peasants have no idea of enjoyment save their eternal gipsy music and their interminable csárdás."

"For a man of your education, Béla," said Klara, with an insinuating smile, "it must be odiously dull. You would far rather have had a game of cards, wouldn't you now?"

"I would far rather have had you at that infernal dance, so as to have had somebody to talk to," he retorted savagely.

"Oh!" she said demurely, "that would never have done. Elsa must have such a lot to say to you herself. It would not be seemly for me to stand in the way."

"Elsa, as you know, has that silly csárdás on the brain. She has been dancing ever since six o'clock and has only given me about ten minutes of her company. She seems to belong to-night to every young fool that can dance, rather than to me."

"Ah well! When you are married you can stop all that, my good Béla. You can forbid your wife to dance the csárdás, you know. I know many men who do it. Then Elsa will learn to appreciate the pleasure of your conversation. Though she is no longer very young, she is still very ignorant. You will have to educate her . . . bring her up to your own level of intelligence and of learning. In the meanwhile, do sit down and drink with those who, like yourself, have come here for an hour or two to break the monotony of perpetual czigány music and dancing."

She busied herself with drawing the corks of a number of bottles, which she then transferred from the end of the room where she stood to the tables at which sat her customers; she also brought out some fresh glasses. Béla watched her for a moment or two in silence, unconscious of the fact that he, too, was being watched by a pair of pale eyes in which lurked a gleam of jealousy and of hate. Suddenly, as Klara brushed past him carrying bottles and glasses, he took hold of her by the elbow and drew her close to him.

"These louts won't stay late to-night, will they?" he whispered in her ear.

"No, not late," she replied; "they will go on to the barn in time for the supper, you may be sure of that. Why do you ask?"

"I will have the supper served at ten o'clock," he continued to whisper, "but I'll not sit down to it. Not without you."

"Don't be foolish, Béla," she retorted. But even as he spoke, a little gleam of satisfaction, of gratified vanity, of anticipatory revenge, shot through her velvety dark eyes.

"I warned Elsa," he continued sullenly; "I told her that if you were not at the feast, I should not be there either. She has disobeyed me. I must punish her."

"So?" she rejoined, with an acid smile. "It is only in order to punish Elsa that you want to sup with me?"

"Don't be stupid, Klara," he retorted. "I'll come at ten o'clock. Will you have some supper ready for me then? I have two or three bottles of French champagne over at my house—I'll bring them along. Will you be ready for me?"

"Be silent, Béla," she broke in hurriedly. "Can't you see that that fool Leo is watching us all the time?"

"Curse him! What have I got to do with him?" muttered Béla savagely. "You will be ready for me, Klara?"

"No!" she said decisively. "Better make your peace with Elsa. I'll have none of her leavings. I've had all I wanted out of you to-day—the banquet first and now your coming here. . . . It'll be all over the village presently—and that's all I care about. Have a drink now," she added good-humouredly "and then go and make your peace with Elsa . . . if you can."

She turned abruptly away from him, leaving him to murmur curses under his breath, and went on attending to her customers; nor did he get for the moment another opportunity of speaking with her, for Leopold Hirsch hovered round her for some considerable time after that, and presently, with much noise and pomp and circumstance, no less a personage than the noble young Count himself graced the premises of Ignácz Goldstein the Jew with his august presence.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Young Count's Flirtation.

He belonged to the ancient family of Rákosy, who had owned property on both banks of the Maros for the past eight centuries, and Feri Rákosy, the twentieth-century representative of his mediæval forbears, was a good-looking young fellow of the type so often met with among the upper classes in Hungary, quite something English in appearance—well set-up, well-dressed, well-groomed from the top of his smooth brown hair to the tips of his immaculately-shod feet, in the eyes an expression of habitual boredom, further accentuated by the slight, affected stoop of the shoulders and a few premature lines round the nose and mouth—and about his whole personality that air of high breeding and of good, pure blood which is one of the chief characteristics of the true Hungarian aristocracy.

He did little more than acknowledge the respectful salutations which greeted him from every corner of the little room as he entered, but he nodded to Erös Béla and smiled all over his good-looking face at Klara, who in her turn welcomed him with a profusion of smiles which brought a volley of muttered curses to Leopold Hirsch's lips.

While he held one hand rather longer than was necessary, she with the other took his hat from him, and then, laughing coquettishly, she pointed to a parcel which was causing the pocket of his well-cut Norfolk jacket to bulge immoderately.

"Is that something for me?" she asked.

"Of course it is," he replied lightly; "I bought it at the fair in Arad for you to-day."

"How thoughtful of you!" she said, with a little sigh of pleasure.

"Thoughtful?" he retorted, laughing pleasantly. "My good Klara, if I hadn't thought of you I would have died of boredom this afternoon. Here, give me a glass of your father's best wine and I'll tell you."

He sat down with easy familiarity on the corner of the table which served as a counter. Klara, after this, had eyes and ears only for him. How could it be otherwise, seeing that it was not often a noble lord graced a village tap-room with his presence. Conversations round the room were now carried on in whispers; tarok cards were produced, and here and there a game was in progress. Those who had drunk overmuch made themselves as inconspicuous as they could, drawing themselves closely against the wall, or frankly reclining across the table with arms outstretched and heads buried between them out of sight.

An atmosphere of subdued animation and decorum reigned in the place; not a few men, oppressed by their sense of respect for my lord, had effected a quiet exit through the door, preferring the jovial atmosphere of the barn, from whence came, during certain hushed moments, the sounds of music and of laughter.

(To be continued.)

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"Up to five months old baby was quite strong, but about that age he fell ill, and soon wasted away till he was just a little shadow. He could hardly take food of any kind. I had reared him on the breast, but when he became so poorly I tried special foods and other things. It was no use. Baby could not take them, and he did not get a bit better. He was in pain, too, and cried a lot; such a pitiful moaning little cry—I can't tell you how it distressed me. It was always in my ears; even when I ran out on an errand I seemed to hear it all the time. Poor baby! He could not sleep either, and I had to be in readiness to run to him at all hours day and night.

"Of course, I had medical advice. I also kept trying everything people told me about; but no benefit at all resulted. Then I took baby to hospital, only to be again disappointed. I got weary of going. One day I had brought baby home from the dispensary more like a dead than a living child, and I was almost in despair. As a last effort I thought I might try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and my husband agreed. So we got some for baby. That night he slept; and the next day was clearly better. He never looked back, and now, at 10 months, is ever so bright and well."

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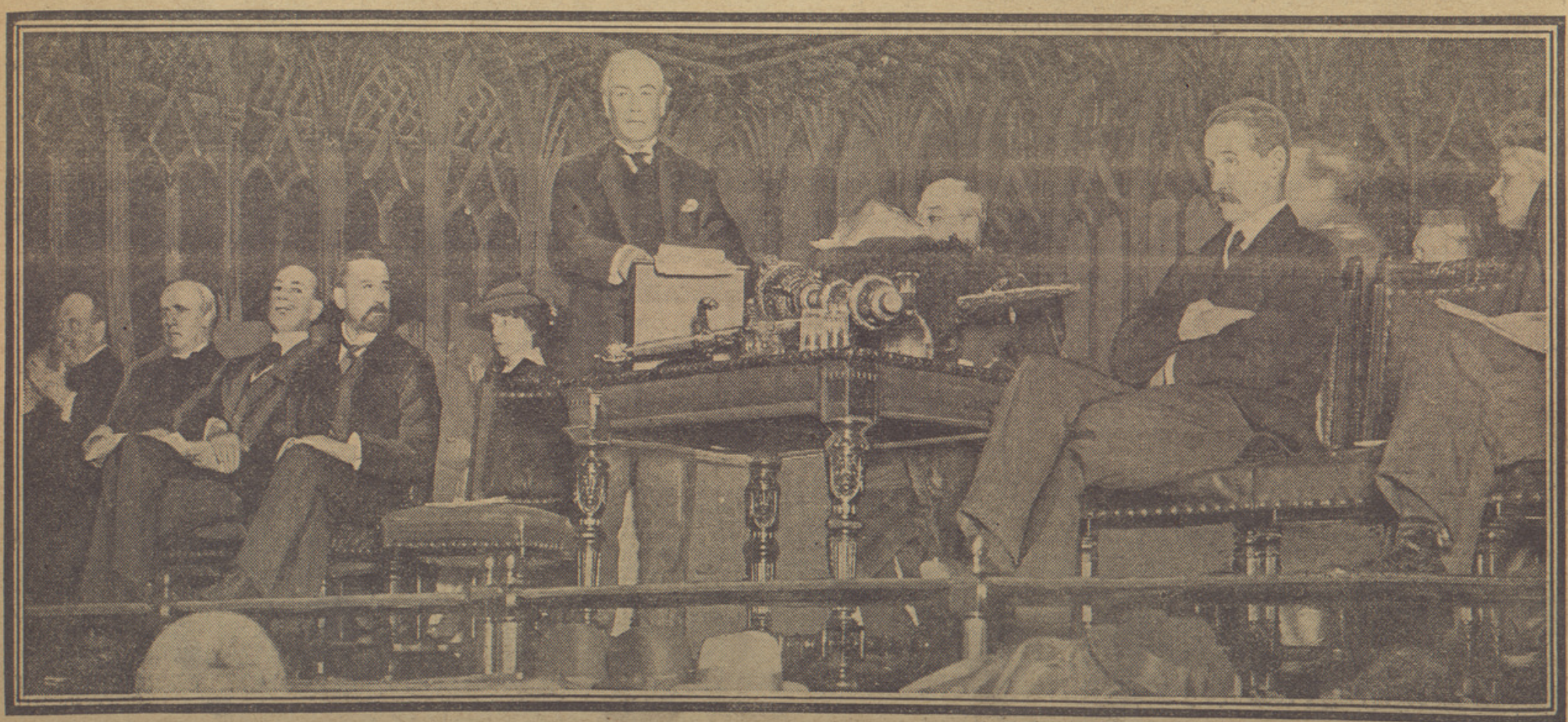
PEER AND CITY CLERK FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WHILE POLITICIANS SQUABBLE.

Second-Lieut. R. G. Malby, of the "Kensingtons," in the trenches. He was killed while leading an assault during the recent severe fighting. He is also inset.

Lord Howard de Walden (on extreme right), the millionaire poet-peer, watching the Westminster Dragoons trench-digging in readiness for the Turk.



Sir George Reid (Australia), the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, the Hon. W. P. Schreiner (South Africa), Mr. Asquith, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Bonar Law at the Guildhall meeting yesterday.

The men who have thrown up their jobs to fight in the trenches, and the Colonials who are now at the front, cannot understand all this talk of quarrels in Whitehall. They know that talk won't kill the enemy. Mr. Asquith, in the Guildhall yesterday, spoke of the unity and solidarity of the Empire. "One in purpose and one in heart for the common cause," said the Premier. Then let the politicians and the party journalists show it.—(*Daily Sketch* Photographs.)

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