

THE NATION WANTS FIGHTERS NOT PLOTTERS.

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE CRITIC IS AS BAD AS THE SLACKER.



What's wrong with Kitchener? The man who has made Britain a great military Power in Europe without the help of conscription can afford to smile at the mean intrigues of smaller men. "Be a sportsman," the appeal of Corporal Brand, of the London Rifle Brigade, at the Corn Exchange yesterday, applies to others than young slackers. The man who talks and doesn't fight only earns the contempt of heroes like Bandsman Rendle, V.C., seen in the top picture addressing a recruiting meeting at Truro.

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE GLORIES OF YPRES.

Visit To The Ruins Of The Ancient Capital Of West Flanders.

DESTRUCTION FOR WHICH THERE IS NO COMPENSATION.

Only The Walls Of The Cloth Hall Left By The Huns.

By PERCIVAL PHILLIPS.

BRITISH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
Thursday Night.

Ypres and its glories are gone for ever. I spent an hour to-day among the ruins that lie on all sides of the broad central square.

It is impossible to paint the market-place of Ypres as I saw it in the sunshine this afternoon, with every building around it open to the blue sky, the broken walls of the Cloth Hall overshadowed by a fantastic fragment of the great church of St. Martin, the crumbling belfry sliced by a gigantic shell, but still overshadowed by the scarred and battered church tower, and over all the silence of death.

The town that was begins abruptly with a roofless café at the corner of the Rue Jules Capron.

DESOLATE, BUT DIGNIFIED.

At the end of the Rue d'Elverdinghe you turn abruptly to the right, and suddenly the fragments of the great church of St. Martin and the Cloth Hall are revealed—solemn and dignified even in their desolation.

You stand at the corner of the Place Vandepereboom (named in honour of a former burgo-master and Cabinet Minister, whose statue has been thrown face downward from its pedestal in front of the Halles).

On the right stretches a row of ragged walls as far as the Halles.

On the left are the Cloisters, the roofless nave and north transept of St. Martin's, and the north wall of the Halles with the statues of the Counts of Flanders still looking down from their niches, and one slender, pointed gable, higher than the wall itself, lifting skywards like a gigantic finger.

Behind you is the Marché-au-Betail, the street of the Guild Houses. They are gone, like the other relics of the Middle Ages—the Seamen's Guildhouse, the Guild of the Archers, the Guild of the Lace-makers.

IMAGES INTACT.

The former cathedral church of St. Martin has suffered in a curious manner.

This church, 317 feet long and 168 feet wide, was built in the 13th century by masons whose handiwork has stoutly resisted the shells showered upon it. The nave has suffered least; all the slender pillars, with the effigies of the Apostles perched high upon them, and triforium are intact, but there are three great holes in the vaulting and the windows are gone.

You climb over more heaps of rubbish and the dust of ages and come to the crossing. Look up. The church is covered only by the vault of heaven. On the south transept there remains only the end wall. The two chapels, that of St. Anna and the old parish chapel, have utterly vanished.

The shell that obliterated them carried away all the south side of the choir and shattered the fine Renaissance stalls.

The apse is there, whole but windowless, with the baroque reared—the one thing that might have been spared—undamaged.

THE GRAVE OF JANSENIUS.

The grave of Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres (founder of the Jansenists), is hidden under tons of debris.

As for the Cloth Hall, the walls still stand, but the fine old "Nieuwerk" on the east side has wholly disappeared. Only five stumps of columns remain to indicate the location of this 16th century open hall.

The 14th century Town Hall between the Nieuwerk and the Cloth Hall has likewise been blown to pieces.

The Gothic hewn-stone "Meat Market" in the Marché-Bas no longer exists except as a roofless shell that cannot be repaired. Another Gothic relic of the 14th century, the "Steenen"—converted into the post-office a few years ago—and the Hospice of St. Jean, in the Rue de Lille (founded in 1277), are no more.

"FINISHED, AND MY LIFE WITH IT."

Two vehicles were drawn up in front of St. Martin's when I came back into the Place Vandepereboom.

A little priest in a shiny, threadbare soutane helped to carry a few treasures from the sacristy and place them in the vehicles.

When I spoke to him he stopped and wiped the sweat from his wrinkled face.

"Finished," he said, thrusting one lean arm towards the roofless church, "finished, and my life with it."

He lifted a box of vestments, and pushed it into the ambulance. All the tragedy of Ypres was written in his face.

BOGUS HOSPITAL SHIP.

The German "hospital" ship Ophelia, arrested in the North Sea last October, was yesterday condemned as a lawful prize of war by Sir Samuel Evans, President of the Naval Prize Court.

He had come to the conclusion that she was used as a signalling ship for military purposes.

All cases of deaths in baths must be thoroughly investigated by an expert pathologist.—Home Office Order.

MOBILISE THE COUNTRY'S MANHOOD.

Liberal M.P. Says The Idea That A Volunteer Is Worth Three Pressed Men Is Obsolete—Are We Getting The Right Men For The British Army?

By The Right Hon. Ellis J. Griffith, K.C., M.P.

We are approaching the end of the tenth month of the war.

The people of this country are unanimous in sentiment and united in action. Leaders have addressed arguments and appeals from public platforms.

The voluntary principle upon which we relied in time of peace has survived 290 days of war.

Promiscuous recruiting has involved the inevitable result of many men being in the Army who could serve their country better elsewhere and of many men being outside the Army whose duty it was to join.

In the new armies created since war was declared there is a considerable majority of married men.

Between the ages of 19 and 38 there are seven million men, and of these nearly four million are unmarried.

In the early months of August and September men engaged in producing munitions of war joined the colours.

All this proves that sufficient care was not shown in organising the country for the purposes of the war.

The production of food, the supply of ammunition, the provision of armies, and the protection of commerce are the four outstanding problems upon which the mind of the nation must be concentrated.

There are other matters, too, that must not be lost sight of.

THE PROBLEM OF THE MOMENT.

The defence of the country is an obligation that ought to fall upon every citizen equally according to his capacity to render service.

No man has a right to purchase safety by the vicarious sacrifices of our voluntary Army.

As no one expects anyone else to pay his taxes, so, too, he should not consign the safety of his country to other and more willing hands.

The casualty records bear testimony to the terrible struggle that is taking place. The return of the wounded to the towns and villages of our country is a reminder of what is going on.

It is no longer necessary to advertise the existence of war by pictorial posters, or to hold public meetings for the same purpose. The grim realities of war are upon us from every side.

The urgent, overwhelming problem of the moment is how best to utilise the resources of the country for the purposes of the war. The duty is obvious, but how is it to be carried out?

Has the food supply of our country been organised?

Have our farmers been advised as to what they should grow?

Is there complete information of the coming harvest?

Have steps been taken to supplement it?

Is everything left to private effort, or is there some public control over matters which will so vitally concern the country during the winter?

Upon these points there is little or no informa-



Mr. E. J. GRIFFITH, K.C., M.P.—(Lafayette.)

tion, nor need there be if we have an assurance that these matters are attended to.

The adequate supply of ammunition is a duty that we owe to our soldiers in the field and to our Allies.

This is a subject of controversy into which I need not enter, but everyone feels that our soldiers should be as well equipped as possible, and anything short of this would be a crime.

We have been so long accustomed to a small standing army that it is not easy to accommodate our ideas to the situation which now faces us.

What may be wise in time of peace may be exceedingly foolish in time of war. What is done in time of peril need not be a guide to what is adequate in time of safety.

We are told that freedom and civilisation are in the balance.

The urgency of obtaining men and more men has been proclaimed. This very week an appeal is made for 300,000 more men, and the limit of age is extended to 40.

AN OBSOLETE IDEA

Are we sure that we are obtaining the right men; are we proceeding along the proper path to get the right men?

It has been the fashion in times past to decry what was called contemptuously the conscript army. The records of the last few months testify to the splendid courage and gallantry of those who have joined European armies on a compulsory basis.

The obsolete idea that one voluntary soldier was equal to three pressed men could not survive the trench fighting in France and Belgium.

It is an axiom of government in this country that all public burdens should fall on the shoulders best able to bear them, and that the burden should vary according to the capacity of the burden bearer. It is applied to taxation, and there is a graduation to meet particular cases.

The same principle ought to be applied to public service when it takes the form of military defence.

I have never met anyone who did not concede that if this country were invaded every man should be compelled to resist the invader and defend his country.

In other words, compulsion is justifiable if the peril is imminent.

COMPULSION IS JUSTIFIABLE.

Will anyone say that we are not now face to face with a grave emergency or that we ought not to use all resources we possess to avoid the possibility of invasion?

We are now defending our country in France and Belgium as truly as if the invader were on British soil.

The circumstances of the moment therefore justify the State in obtaining the services of the citizen to safeguard the country.

Appeal, request, exhortation have all been tried, and exhausted.

The unequal distribution of public service under present conditions is notorious.

One family gives an only son, another family withholds three or four sons. Is this fair? Is it reasonable?

There are married men who hesitate—and not unnaturally—to join the forces whilst unmarried men of eligible age and proved capacity stay at home and fill up posts formerly occupied by those who have enlisted.

It is the willing horse upon whom the weight of the work falls, and it is the willing soldier upon whom the defence of the country is laid.

Let us recognise the facts of the situation and act accordingly.

Let us concentrate on a single issue.

Let us organise and mobilise the manhood of our country.

When the imperative call is given I am confident that there will be a glad response.

CITY MEN AT THEIR WAR TRAINING.



The National Guard are earnestly training for military service. Many of them wealthy City men, they go regularly to Chelsea Barracks and, with coats off and sleeves tucked up, spend their leisure in physical exercises in the gymnasium.

THE FULL STORY OF THE CABINET CRISIS.

To Be Told In To-morrow's Sunday Herald.

WONDERFUL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Bit by bit the story of the causes of the Cabinet crisis are being disclosed. The daily papers are telling the story in piecemeal fashion, and the result is inevitably a maze of contradictions. The full "inside" story of the great events of the week, and the causes leading up to them will be told in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* to-morrow.

The vast circle who have always read Mr. G. K. Chesterton's articles with great interest will welcome the return of the famous writer to public work. He has happily recovered from his long illness and has written an article for to-morrow's *Sunday Herald* which tells us in the most incisive fashion "What is Wrong With Germany." The article is a brilliant analysis of Teuton hysteria.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome will deal with "The New Cabinet: What It Has To Tackle," and Mr. E. Temple Thurston will write on "The German Fighting Spirit: A Boxing Ring Incident And Its Moral."

Major Redway will write about the high explosive shells, and describe their value in modern warfare. Mr. A. Neil Lyons, the well-known humorous writer, will contribute a sketch, "Private Jupp's Mission."

The brilliant series of character sketches will be continued with an article on Lord Fisher, one of the great men of the week.

All these and many other important articles will be in to-morrow's *Sunday Herald*.

The *Sunday Herald* have secured a wonderful series of exclusive war photographs. Don't miss to-morrow's issue.

NEW CABINET NEXT WEEK.

Mr. Arthur Henderson For The Local Government Board.

Cabinet-making is going on slowly, and it is not expected that the full list of members will be announced until Tuesday.

As far as it has been provisionally formed, the new Cabinet stands:—

Mr. ASQUITH.—Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.
Sir EDWARD GREY.—Secretary for Foreign Affairs.
Mr. BONAR LAW.—Minister for War Munitions.
Mr. CHURCHILL.—Secretary for the Colonies.
Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON.—President of the Local Government Board.

THE BRAVE PRINCE OF WALES.

"He Has A Bigger Heart Than A Lot Who Are Hanging Back."

Private A. Butler, of the Coldstream Guards, writing to friends at Penarth, Cardiff, says:—

I must tell you about the Prince, who is here with us. I can assure you and all Welsh people he is as brave as a hero. Only last night he passed me when German shells were coming over.

You can take it from me that he is not only the Prince of Wales but a soldier and a man, and we are all proud of him.

He is not very big, but he has got a bigger heart than a lot who are hanging back in Great Britain. I hope, please God, he will come back safe and sound without a scratch.

THE KING AT BARROW.

Old Workman Who Wished He Had His Best Clothes On.

"Blast the Germans not with words but with work." This was the notice which made the King laugh at Barrow-in-Furness yesterday.

It was hung on the walls of the shell factory in Vickers' famous armament works.

The visit was not a public one, the only event approaching this being an inspection of troops at Furness Abbey, where his Majesty decorated 14 wounded heroes.

The King had a fine welcome from the men at the main entrance to the works. A crowd of some thousands had got into railway wagons and massed on the embankments. Every man was in his working attire, and as the King's car drove through slowly the workmen cheered wildly.

In each yard some of the oldest workmen were introduced to the King, who chatted a few minutes with each.

One old veteran named Connor, unaware of the honour in store for him, was dumbfounded when he was invited to be introduced to the King.

"What! with these old togs on!" he said. "I canna go like this. I'm none fit for sich a job."

He was escorted to where the King was standing.

"Well, Connor, how are you?" said the King.

"I'm aw reet, thank your Majesty," he replied, wiping his hands on his fustian, "but I only wish I were a bit more spick and span for this 'ere job."

The King shook hands with him laughingly, and hoped he would be at work for a long time to come.

The Mayor of Barrow said last night that he had the pleasure of telling the King before his departure that he was the first reigning Sovereign who had visited Barrow, and his Majesty replied that he was pleased he had come down, and he hoped it would not be the last time a King of England would visit Barrow.

More L.C.C. trams were running yesterday, and there are signs that the strike is being broken.

TRUST KITCHENER, THE MAN WITH BRITAIN BEHIND HIM

KITCHENER IGNORES HIS ENEMIES.

“Going On With His Arrangements To Grind The Germans Into Powder.”

TRUTH ABOUT THE SHELLS LIBEL.

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Lord Kitchener is quite unperturbed by the vitriolic attack made on him by the *Times*, *Daily Mail*, and *Evening News*. No one expected him to bother about it. As a friend yesterday remarked:—

He has had plenty of stones thrown at him in his time, so he is not likely to bother about any mud-throwing now. He goes on and will still go on imper- turbably making his arrangements to grind the Germans into powder.

Lord Kitchener still retains the full confidence of the Prime Minister, and he is not likely to want the support of the National Defence Cabinet as a whole.

He will probably never trouble, as he is above campaigning in the Press, to state what the facts are, but everyone knows that it is not true, as suggested in some newspapers, that “despite the repeated and urgent requests from our soldiers in France,” the War Office did not realise the need for high explosive shells.

As a matter of fact, the fullest possible supply of high explosive shells has always been sent, consistent with our ability to produce them, and it is not believed that when the *Times* military correspondent suggested that “the want of an unlimited supply of high explosives was a fatal bar to our success” the British force at the front had nearly exhausted the supplies which it had in hand. It may not have used them, but that is another matter.

Everyone knows perfectly well that the campaign against Lord Kitchener is mainly a conscriptionist one, because hitherto at any rate he has shared the view of the Government that sufficient numbers of men could be raised on a voluntary basis. He is to be ousted because he has held that view. To that end, no attacks are to be spared.

PUBLIC INDIGNATION.

Kitchener's 50-Minute Interview With The Prime Minister.

The campaign against Kitchener has been going on for some days; but it culminated yesterday in a *Daily Mail* article headed “Lord Kitchener's Tragic Blunder,” and a series of charges that—

Lord Kitchener “starved the Army in France of high-explosive shells”;

His career in South Africa was “not brilliant”;

He has no qualifications for “interfering with the strategy of the war.”

His efforts in creating the new armies are derided, and his patriotic appeal to the men of 40 is denounced as a “scandal.”

Quoting the Enemy.

The *Evening News* went the length of quoting with satisfaction, and the aid of flaming contents bills, the opinion of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, that Lord Kitchener was not suited to European warfare.

These unfair attacks on a great public servant were the subject of indignant comment in all parts of London yesterday. Men of all classes talked of nothing else, and were furious at what they held to be blows below the belt. The Stock Exchange and the Baltic called hurried meetings and passed unanimous votes of confidence in Lord Kitchener. Public feeling showed unmistakably that no Government could be formed without him.

Lord Kitchener himself paid no attention whatever to the clamour, and occupied himself as usual with the business of his department, except during an afternoon interview of three-quarters of an hour with the Prime Minister.

CONFIDENCE IN KITCHENER.

Hastily Organised Meetings At Stock Exchange And Baltic.

Members of the Stock Exchange organised a hurried protest meeting yesterday afternoon. About 1,500 members and authorised clerks were present when Mr. Charles Carlos Clarke (affectionately known in the House as “Charlie” Clarke) made a speech couched in vigorous terms denouncing the attacks and calling on members to refuse to buy any paper published by the same firm.

Somebody then produced a copy of the *Daily Mail*. Others were produced until there was a heap on the floor. These were set alight and burned with cheers.

A resolution condemning the paper for its attitude towards Lord Kitchener and expressing confidence in him was passed and sent to Mr. Asquith.

Similar resolutions were passed at other exchanges, including the Baltic, where three cheers were given for Lord Kitchener.

NEWSPAPER'S “TRAGIC BLUNDER.”

Venomous Attack Which Ignored The People's Trust.

There is every reason to believe (says the *Star*) that the *Daily Mail* has made the mistake of its life in its venomous attack on Lord Kitchener.

For once it has failed to gauge the real feeling of the man in the street—its usual criterion of the policy which should be profitable, and which should therefore be adopted—and the placard with which it defaced the walls of London this morning, “Lord Kitchener's Tragic Blunder,” has proved to be a tragic journalistic blunder of the first water.

“A LOT OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.”

The *Daily Sketch* is allowed to reproduce the following passage from a letter of an officer at the front in a position giving him special opportunities of knowing the facts:—

We have a lot of high explosives out here. I suppose one can never have too much, but I believe that the present output is very nearly sufficient if it continues.

Everything is going on well here, and it has been about our best week since the war began; but the sinking of the *Lusitania* seems to upset the people at home.

A lot of Germans tried to surrender yesterday, but their own guns shot them down. Fifty per cent. of the prisoners are only 17-18. We have killed very many thousands of Germans in the last fortnight.

BRITISH TROOPS CAPTURE GERMAN POSITIONS.

Our Men Display Great Gallantry In Forward Movement.

ENEMY AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN.

From Sir John French.

Friday Night.

Since my last report on the 17th inst. (Monday) operations have been hampered by the weather, but in spite of this our troops have made appreciable progress east and south of Quinque Rue.

The main characteristic of these operations has been numerous local fights for strong points behind the enemy's original lines.

In capturing several of these points our infantry have again displayed great gallantry.

On the remainder of the front there is nothing to report except minor artillery engagements.

Last night we brought down a German aeroplane in the neighbourhood of Ypres.

French Official News.

Friday Afternoon.

To the north of Ypres, east of the Yser canal, the Germans early in the night of the 20-21st delivered an attack on the French trenches.

At first they succeeded in gaining a foothold, but an immediate frontal attack drove them back and enabled the French to occupy some ground beyond their original positions.

Further to the south the British forces made some progress north of La Bassée.

WHOLE OF LORETTE MOUNTAIN WON BY THE FRENCH.

Position Bitterly Defended By The Germans For Over Six Months.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday Night.

Supplementary reports emphasise the importance of the defeat suffered by the Germans in the course of their attack during the night of May 20-21 to the north of Ypres.

The number of prisoners taken by us amounts to 150. We captured several trench mortars. More than 500 German bodies were counted on the ground.

The weather having improved, our troops delivered on the southern slopes of Notre Dame de Lorette an attack which had brilliant results.

They captured German works called “The White Road,” situated on the only one of the southern spurs of the Lorette mountain which the enemy partly held.

From this point the Germans with their machine-guns hampered our action, both on the plateau and to the west of Souchez.

The whole of the Lorette mountain and its spurs, which have been defended by the enemy for more than six months with extreme bitterness, are thus in our power.

We have conquered, on the other hand, that part of Ablain St. Nazaire which connected the positions of “The White Road” with the north-eastern extremity of the village where the Germans still are.

In the course of this action we took more than 250 prisoners, including several officers, and captured a gun. The enemy replied to our success by a very violent bombardment, but did not counter-attack.—Reuter.

GENERAL BRIDGES AVINGED.



Brig.-Gen. W. T. Bridges, died of wounds.



Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. R. Birdwood, wounded.—(Elliott and Fry.)

MELBOURNE, Friday.

General Sir Ian Hamilton has sent the following cablegram to Sir Hector Munro-Ferguson, Governor-General of the Commonwealth:—

The whole force mourns the death of Brigadier-General Bridges. The irreparable loss was brilliantly avenged yesterday by his own troops, who inflicted a loss of 7,000 on the enemy, our cost being under 500.—Reuter.

General Bridges was in command of the Australians in the Dardanelles. General Sir W. R. Birdwood had previously been wounded.

Extra Late Edition.

AUSTRIA STOPS THE ITALIAN MAILS.

Frontier Railways Torn Up To Hamper Troop Movements.

AWAITING THE FIRST BLOW.

Italy's Ambassador Assaulted In Berlin Streets.

No blow has yet been struck in the war between Italy and Austria, though a telegram from Udine (Venetia), quoted by Reuter, says the Austrian military authorities have sent back the Italian mails, have torn up the railway line, and have suppressed all railway and telegraphic communication between Italy and Austria.

In Berlin the Italian Ambassador was assaulted by a crowd as he was driving through the streets, but the Imperial Chancellor sent a hurried expression of regret, which was followed by an apology from the Foreign Secretary.

Up to a late hour last night the German and Austrian Ambassadors had given no indication of an intention to leave Rome, but unofficial reports say they will take their departure to-day.

It is probable that Austria and Germany will delay decisive action in order to force Italy to make the first hostile move and to gain more time for their own military preparations.

AUSTRIA FIRST.

According to the *Messaggero*, says a Reuter Rome telegram, the Council of Ministers will meet after the sitting of the Senate, and will probably draw up the formula for the declaration of war on Austria.

A Rome telegram declares that the Italian policy is opposed to delay, and Germany and Austria will be forced to ask Italy for explanations immediately.

Among Austria's preparations for war is a new levy for the army at Trieste, by which she hopes to remove from the country everybody likely to assist Italy when war begins.

Austrian troops are constantly being sent to the frontier.

“God punish Italy” is the new motto in the German Press.

It is announced that the Kaiser will return to Berlin, where it is expected he will make an appeal to the nation denouncing Italy's “treachery.”

Furious denunciations of Italy appear in the German papers, some of which accuse King Victor's Government of “treason.” Thousands of Italians in German towns have been prevented from returning to their native country, and employers have refused to pay their wages.

POISON BOMBS FROM ZEPPELINS.

Keep Out The Gas By Closing Your Doors And Windows.

The following notice was issued from Scotland Yard last night:—

A notice was issued early in the year advising members of the public in the event of an air raid to take refuge in houses so as to be out of the way of falling fragments of the shells that might be fired at enemy aircraft.

The Commissioner of Police is advised that it would be well for persons thus taking refuge to keep all windows and doors on the lower floors closed so as to prevent the admission of deleterious gases.

24,000 BRITISH PRISONERS.

Prisoners of war in Germany and Austria-Hungary now total 1,386,000, says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:—

Russians	1,017,000
French	254,000
Serbians	50,000
Belgians	40,000
British	24,000

MEAT LINERS COMMANDEERED.

The Government has commandeered the refrigerated spaces on practically all ships that bring meat from Australia, New Zealand, and the River Plate in order to secure a regular and efficient supply of meat for the Allied Armies.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY AT SUNBURY.

Private E. H. K. Wilkinson and Private W. A. Tolley, of the H.A.C., were boating with lady friends at Walton-on-Thames last night, when the strong current carried the skiff over Sunbury weir. Private Tolley and a Miss Hodges were drowned; the others got safely ashore.

DON'T FORGET TOMMY'S SMOKE.

The eve of the Whitsun holidays is not a bad time to give a thought to the boys at the front. So while our readers are taking their own well-earned pleasure, will they please send the *Daily Sketch* ample funds to give our Tommies the pleasure of a restful smoke at the front?

Yesterday's list is as follows:—
Customers, Railway Hotel, Leyland (3rd cont.), £1 17s.; (Ladies) Northendon Golf Club Competition, 15s. 3d.; Miss Riddill, Kilkenny, 10s.; Employees, Railton, Campbell and Crawford, Liverpool, 6s.; Employees, Allen, Fairhead and Son, Enfield, 5s. 6d.; H. Cowan, London, K.B., Liverpool, C.J., Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. and Mrs. G.H.W., Marlborough, £1; Grateful, Manchester, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Miller, Bearsden (18th cont.), 2s.; Mrs. Stott, Watford, 1s.—£4 19s. 3d.

TWO PRETTY BRIDES OF NAVY MEN.



Miss Norah May Hogg and Engineer-Lieut. A. Ostens, R.N., just married at Middlesbrough.



Miss V. Patterson becomes the bride of Commander Barry Bingham, R.N., of H.M.S. Hornet, third son of Lord Clanmorris.—(Langfrier, Ltd.)

GASSED.



Lieut. W. L. Brownlow, Northumberland Fusiliers, whose mother hears he is killed.—(Langfrier, Ltd.)



2nd Lieut. H. E. R. Widnell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, a victim of German gas.—(Lafayette.)

BETTY THE BEAUTIFUL.



Miss Winifred Barnes charms all who see her in "Betty" at Daly's Theatre.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

BLACKPOOL JOYS UNDER EASTERN SKIES.



Wounded Tommies, back in Egypt from the Dardanelles, find plenty of recreation at Heliopolis. The swing-boats recall for the Lancashire lads some of the joys of Blackpool.

LADY BEATTY PAYS A VISIT TO LEICESTER.



Lady Beatty, wife of Admiral Beatty, visited Leicester to open a bazaar and inspect a motor-ambulance for removing wounded to the military hospitals in the town.

G. K. CHESTERTON

With all his old power of incisive writing on

WHAT IS WRONG WITH GERMANY?

A brilliant and searching analysis of TEUTON HYSTERIA. Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has just recovered from a serious illness, and his return to duty will be welcomed by all. Read his notable contribution in this week's

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

Apart from this, Sunday's issue is certain to be a notable one. The great question of the week has been the establishing of a COALITION GOVERNMENT. You will get the full, exclusive, "inside" story concerning this great national move. Other features will be

JEROME K. JEROME

on the New Cabinet. WHAT IT HAS TO TACKLE.

A. NEIL LYONS

the well-known humorous writer, on "PRIVATE JUPP'S MISSION."

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

on German Fighting Spirit, a boxing-ring incident and its moral.

LORD FISHER

A Character Sketch of the First Sea Lord about whom so much was written last week. By one who knows him.

MAJOR REDWAY

The alleged lack of high explosive shells has been referred to as a contributory cause in the sudden Government Crisis. Major Redway will tell you all about these shells and their purposes.

The Bank Holiday Number will be full of Articles and Sketches you want to read, and in addition you get Pages and Pages of Exclusive War Pictures.

BE CERTAIN YOU SECURE SUNDAY'S ISSUE OF THE

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

HANDS OFF KITCHENER!

A DASTARDLY and treacherous attack is being made upon Lord Kitchener. If the nation does not declare its mind on the subject we may see the great soldier harried from office by a clique of sensation mongers.

THE public has not been fairly treated in this military-political crisis. A good deal has been kept back, and some devilish work has been concealed. In the effort to save their own skins the politicians have come perilously near to jeopardising the progress of the war. We must reserve judgment on many points. But the cardinal fact must be kept before our minds that Lord Kitchener is not to be manœuvred from active participation in the war administration. Let the politicians and the Press play at Cabinet-making if they have nothing better to do. But the nation must keep the soldiers at their work, and be sure that they are not lacking in war supplies.

AS far as the public have been informed, the trouble has arisen from the alleged shortage of high explosive shells in the British artillery. Lord Kitchener is accused of keeping the Cabinet in ignorance of that shortage. It is hinted that he disagreed with the military authorities in the field as to the amount of high explosives required, and the insinuation is made that but for his error of judgment bigger supplies could have been sent. In other words, Lord Kitchener is accused of having committed a technical blunder which set up serious friction between the commanders at the front and the War Office.

THIS is a deplorable affair, if it be true. But still more deplorable is the manner in which it has been brought to the public notice. By some "accident" the *Times* military correspondent goes to the front. He issues a sensational report on the shortage of high explosives and the loss sustained thereby. By some extraordinary blundering this most serious revelation of military secrets is got through the home censorship. The information is placed in the hands of the Opposition leaders, and it is published in the *Times*. Through one or other of these channels the Cabinet learns of the shortage of high explosive shells, which it is alleged Lord Kitchener kept silent about; and the Cabinet also learned, we are asked to believe, that there was a disagreement of opinion between the field officers and the War Office on this matter.

IT was probably feared that if the subject had been thrashed out in Parliament it might have ended in a sudden dissolution of Government. To save the situation the Cabinet adopted the plan of a Coalition Government, and now in the middle of the great war we have the various political parties squabbling for jobs, and we have Lord Kitchener exposed to venomous attacks which are calculated to drive him from office.

THE whole affair is disgraceful, for it reveals Press and political intriguing of a most sinister kind. Going right back to the source of the affair we may ask why did not the field commanders lay their complaint about ammunition before the Cabinet? It was most irregular to allow the matter to be taken up by a newspaper. Lord Kitchener may have made a technical error. His artillery advisers at the War Office may have blundered badly. If the mistakes seriously endangered our progress in the field it was matter for the Cabinet and not for a newspaper.

THE mischief is done now. The Cabinet is busy saving its face. The politicians are haggling for offices. As long as the unrest does not affect the war we can ignore it, for we need have no delusion as to the improvement which will come from a Coalition or mongrel Government. But the nation must stand firm and united in demanding that Kitchener must remain. Let him have assistance. Let the Cabinet know what the field commanders want.

But Kitchener must not go!

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

Strength indeed.

I'M GLAD to see that genial soul, the Duke of Manchester, out and about again. He has had a long and rather serious illness, and for many weeks he was in a bad way. However, I saw him at Ciro's a couple of nights ago, looking fit and well again, and strong enough to stand the band. He was in uniform, that of a Lieut.-Commander of the R.N.V.R., and it suits him passing well. The next morning he was up betimes, shopping in Bond-street in a big closed car.

Wilfred Curwen.

DAY BY DAY the tale of one's acquaintances and often, alas, of one's intimate friends, who have died the best of all deaths, grows longer. The latest addition as far as I am concerned is Lieut. W. J. H. Curwen, of the Royal Fusiliers, who was in one of the recent lists of killed. Wilfred Curwen was quite a famous person in his way, particularly in the athletic world. I remember him at Magdalen about ten years ago, when he had just come up from Charterhouse with a big reputation.

"Double Blue."

HE SOON BECAME a "double blue"—rare and coveted distinction—playing in the Oxford "soccer" eleven two years running, and playing cricket against Cambridge as well. Although he was a fine all-round cricketer and a brilliant bowler, Curwen never quite "came off" in this line to the same extent as he did on the football field.

George Graves Imitator.

THERE WAS a good deal in Wilfred Curwen besides his athletics. Tall, fair, and distinctly good-looking, he was one of the cheeriest souls imaginable. He knew plenty about men, matters and literature, and had a keen sense of humour. Like so many undergraduates of that day, he went in for amateur theatricals (the craze was very strong at the time), and appeared in an O.U.D.S. production of "Measure for Measure." He was one of the many thousands who imitate George Graves and one of the very few who could do it successfully.

The Wedding Rush.

HAVE YOU noticed what an extraordinary boom there has been in engagements in the last few days? I don't know whether it is the example of spring or the approaching departure of the new armies, but on two days I counted twenty-five of these announcements in the "fashionable news" column of a morning paper. And of the five-and-twenty prospective bridegrooms only two were not in one of the Services—a pretty strong hint to the "won't go's." May, as all girls know, is supposed to be unlucky for weddings; so wait till we get into June, and they won't have time to sweep out St. George's, Hanover-square, between the ceremonies.

Civil Service Marriages.

I AM TOLD there has recently been quite a crop (some call it an epidemic) of weddings in the ranks of Civil servants. Perhaps it is due to the example set by the "boys" at the front, who get married in large numbers on their short spell of leave home. But more likely it is due to the double increment granted by (or wrung from) the Treasury to those getting less than £3 a week. And the number of these is larger than most people imagine.

Another Flag To Buy.

GET YOUR Italian flags ready. The last two days there has been a considerable demand for them, and people whose business establishments sport flagstuffs have been buying them up. Besides, that green, white and red will add a pleasant variety to the colours of the Allies.

Lusitania's Effect On Millinery.

FOR MONTHS and months the war made little or no difference to the fashionable West End hat-mongers and costumiers. In many cases there was even a boom. Now the slump has set in, suddenly and severely. The Lusitania tragedy caused it, I was told yesterday.

How Barristers Suffer.

I AM TOLD there is a barrister whose income for the first half-year of 1914 was well over five thousand pounds. Since then he has been glad enough to earn five. He is too old to enlist, so it is rather hard luck on him.

At The (Brighton) Front.

THE CAMP of the National Guard at Brighton commences to-day. Something like two thousand members are expected to turn up, for Brighton is a very nice place. Comparatively few are taking advantage of the opportunity of going under canvas, billets being much more popular. The Grand, the Metropole, the Old Ship, and other well-known houses have been selected, and I am assured that every arrangement has been made for the comfort of the citizen soldiers—but not at ninepence a night.

Eight O'Clock Reveille.

REVEILLE will be at eight o'clock, and long days of drill and marching have been mapped out. I met a National Guardist on his way to Victoria yesterday. He was carrying an old-pattern Yankee rifle with a fearsome bayonet attached. It seemed to me to weigh something over a ton. "Heavy?" he said; "rather, but our drill instructors say we shan't feel it after a couple of hours. I suppose they mean we shall be unconscious."

"Merry Widow" To Happy Bride.

MISS EFFIE MANN, who for a long time was a "Merry Widow"—she won immense success in the provinces playing the title rôle in that famous (and German) comic opera, is now shortly to become a happy bride. She is engaged to Captain A. G. Lias, of the West Riding Regiment (Duke of Wellington's Own). Miss Mann has a celebrated father, no less a person than Mr. Tom Mann, whose championing of the cause of "the workers" has always been ardent even to martyrdom. By the way, what has happened to Mr. Tom Mann?



—(Daily Sketch.)

Looking Ahead.

AN enterprising firm in Cheapside is looking ahead. On a huge hoarding are pictures of famous generals and admirals, and above the words: "When Peace is declared don't forget to buy your decorations at —."

A New Use For Zeppelins.

I WISH Count Zeppelin, creator of the gasbag fiasco, could have overheard a remark which I caught yesterday. I was passing a shop window in which was displayed, among other war relics, a considerable piece of the framework of a Zeppelin which came to a sad end somewhere in France. Two men were gazing at it. Said one: "I could do with that bit of tin for my garden. It would make fine trellis work!"

Elemental Humour.

THE elementary forms of humour are the best, after all. Change hats with a man, and you'll be sure of a laugh. Likewise, a huge new motor-car, a glittering, gorgeous thing of silver and grey, being drawn along Piccadilly yesterday morning by a rather moth-eaten shire-horse caused plenty of innocent merriment.

Russian Tenor's Courageous Venture.

NOW THAT for the moment London is, operationally speaking, a desert, the thanks of all music-lovers are due to Vladimir Rosing, the young Russian tenor, who, with really immense courage, is launching a season at the London Opera House next Saturday. With Covent Garden (unassailable rival!) indefinitely closed, one serious difficulty is out of the way, but M. Rosing's venture is none the less plucky, for opera is a risky thing at all times, and when the war is on, well, the chances of a crash are not diminished.



—(Hana.)

New To England.

M. ROSING will himself appear in the chief rôle in the opening opera, Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," which has never before been heard in England. The last list of productions contemplated includes Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Mozart et Salieri," César Cui's "Mam'selle Fifi," Rachmaninoff's "Aleko," Moussorgsky's "Geniiba," as well as some French works and Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," with a real Japanese prima-donna; and if the printing people don't get these horrible names right, you really must forgive them.

The Arcadians.

I HOPE "The Arcadians," once again delighting people at the Shaftesbury, will have better luck than the majority of musical comedy revivals, which, with the exception of "The Girl in The Taxi," haven't exactly "struck ile" of late. But I always thought "The Arcadians," mainly because of its first act, was a cut above its fellows. Certainly Lionel Monckton has never written better music; some of the vocal quartettes are quite Sullivanesque in their smooth writing and happy inspiration.

Merry And Bright.

I MISSED THE quaint caperings of Dan Rolyat, but he has a very efficient substitute, and Miss Hope Charteris sings so sweetly that you don't regret the absence of Miss Florence Smithson too much. Mr. Harry Welchman, Apollo-like, and Mr. Alfred Lester, gloomily funny as of yore, remain of the original cast; Miss Cicely Courtneidge, a young lady who improves quickly and vastly, makes a dainty heroine, and her fiancé, Mr. Jack Hulbert, will be an excellent comedian for this sort of work when he learns to stand still occasionally, and lurch less.

Lyrics v. Light Verse.

ALL "THOSE CONCERNED" were there. Robert Courtneidge, hospitable soul, held as of old an informal reception, Lionel Monckton gravely listened to his own tunes from the back of the circle, Mark Ambient was being told how "refreshing" his play is (perfectly true), and Arthur Wimperis, who can write lyrics better than any man living, was expounding the difference between lyrics, as such, and light verse. Quite an interesting point, by the way.

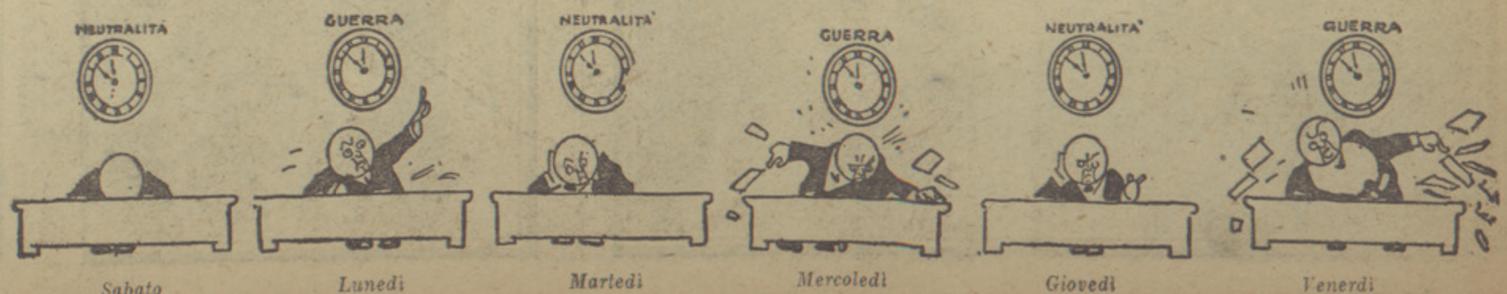
Practice And Precept.

A SCOTTISH MINISTER who has joined the forces as a private was asked his reason for so doing. He confessed that he had for some months after the outbreak of war brought in large numbers of recruits from his own and neighbouring congregations. But one day a newly-enlisted man said to him: "Look here. You're no older than I am. Why don't you practise what you preach?" That remark, he says, made his own duty plain to him.

Sorry.

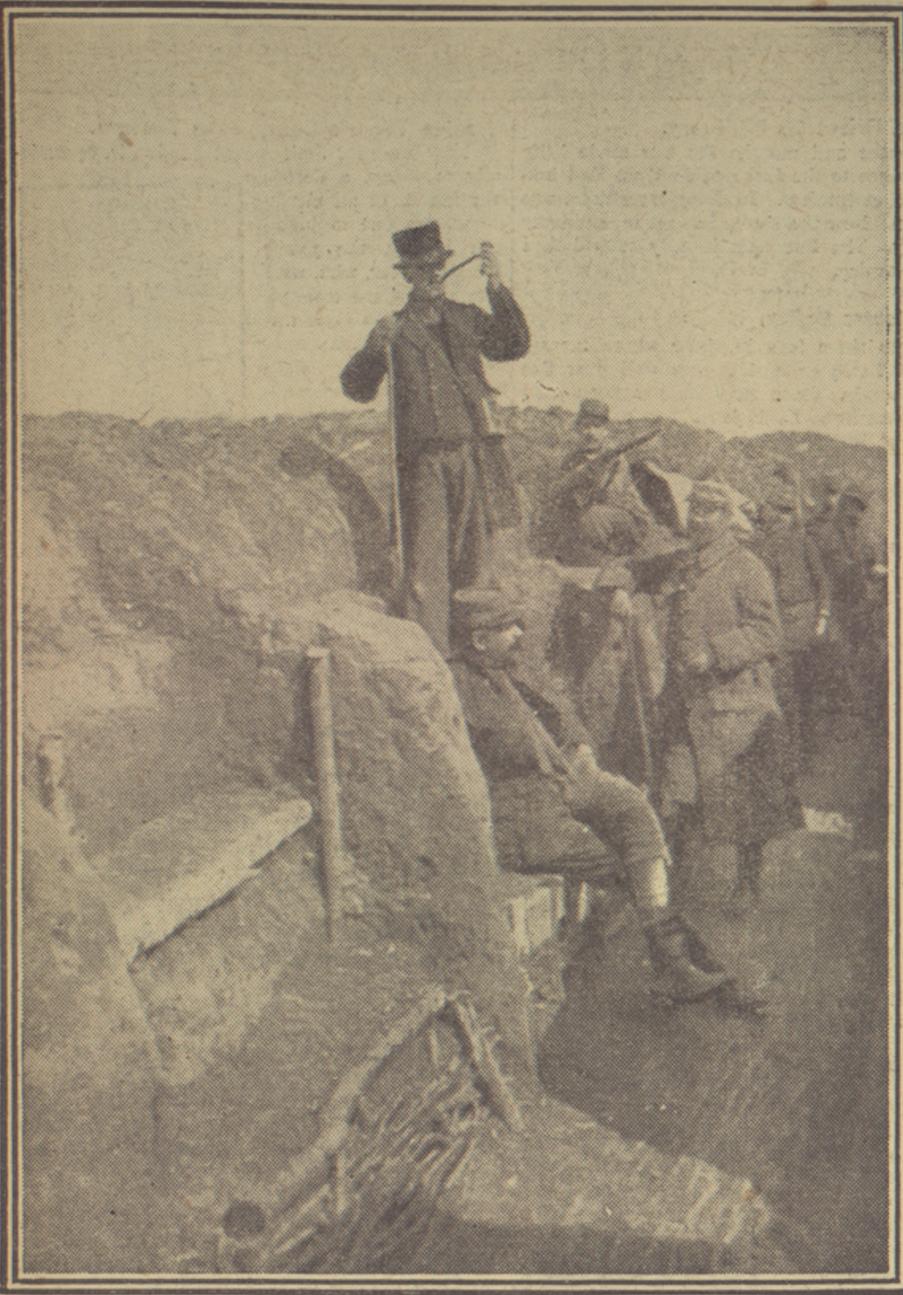
"COULD YOU send me a copy of words and music of Martin Harvey's 'The Only Way'?" writes a correspondent. No, my friend. But I've got a snappy little orchestral arrangement of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

MR. COSSIP.



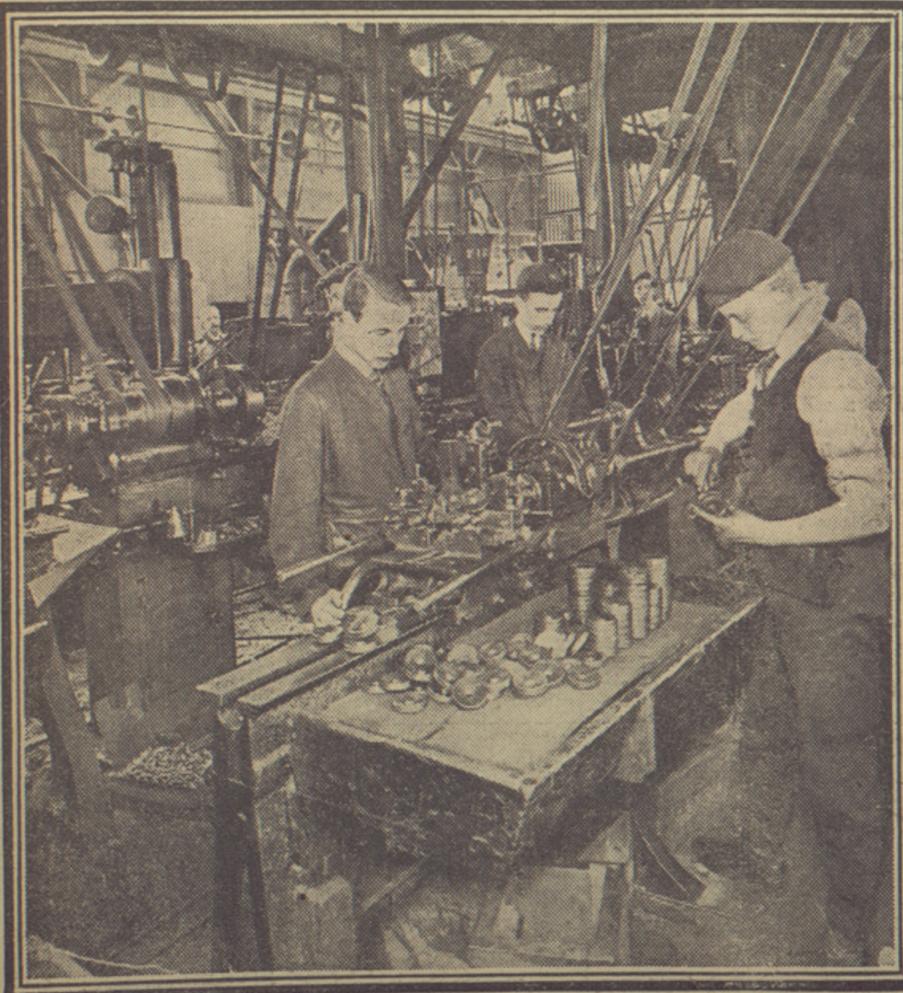
Here is a little cartoon depicting a week in the life of Salandra, the Italian Premier, ending, you notice, in "War" on Friday. I would not have dared to be so flippant myself at the expense of a gallant little nation with a big Army, but as it was drawn by an Italian and published by an Italian journal, I suppose it's all right.

COMEDY IN THE FRENCH TRENCH



This French soldier amused his comrades by dressing up in the apparel of a village mayor, including the tall hat, and inspecting the trenches with mock ceremony.

BOYS GIVE UP THEIR HOLIDAY FOR COUNTRY.



Boys of the Acton and Chiswick Polytechnic School are spending their holidays in a patriotic way. Here are some of them at a Willesden engineering works making caps for shells.

AN UNUSUAL SEASIDE SPECTACLE.



War brings strange scenes to our seaside towns. Among the crew landed at Ilfracombe from the steamship Dumfries, which was torpedoed off Cornwall, were many dusky-faced Lascars.

CHEATED THE POISONERS.



These four Canadians cheated the German gas poisoners. Though affected by the fumes they have recovered and are still in France.

ALL IN A WEEK.



Only a week ago they were in the trenches near Ypres. Now they are at the Barford (Warwickshire) Red Cross Hospital.

THE FIELD OF SPORT HAS GIVEN GEN



2nd Lieut. D. F. McConnell, of the R.F.A., who has been wounded, is a well-known racquets player.



Lieut. Naylor, Welsh was an all-round



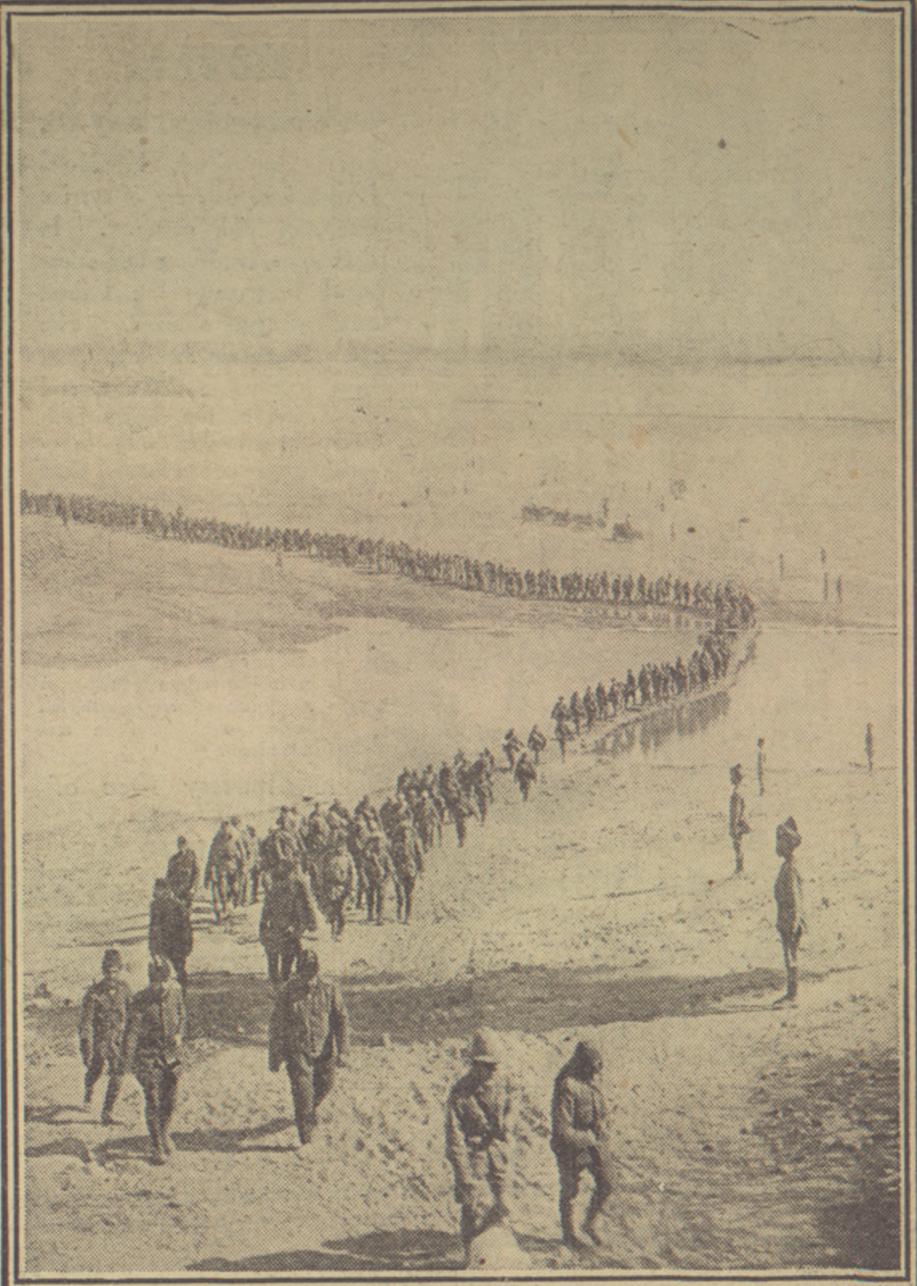
Lieut.-Colonel the Freke, commanding Yeomanry, who was

THE KING THINKS OF HIS HORSE.



The King was not too preoccupied, even during his busy visit to the armament workers on Tyneside, to forget a lump of sugar for his charger.

A LONG LINE OF CAPTURED TURKS



Like one never-ending line, the Turkis' prisoners of war captured in the Dardanelles trail across the sandy waste on their way to concentration camps "somewhere in the East."

PROUSLY TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



usiliers, killed, sketer.



P. C. Evans—2nd Lieut. R. du B. Evans, Shropshire L.I., a Hampshire cricketer, is a wounded prisoner of war.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.



Only 25 yards from the enemy's lines! The French captain takes an anxious look-out.

IT WILL BE A SLOW JOURNEY.



"To London" is what these German soldiers have written on their carriage. They will find it a tedious journey.

THE VISITORS WHO ARE NOT WANTED.



This French family look little pleased at the presence of their unwelcome guests—German soldiers who have been billeted upon them.



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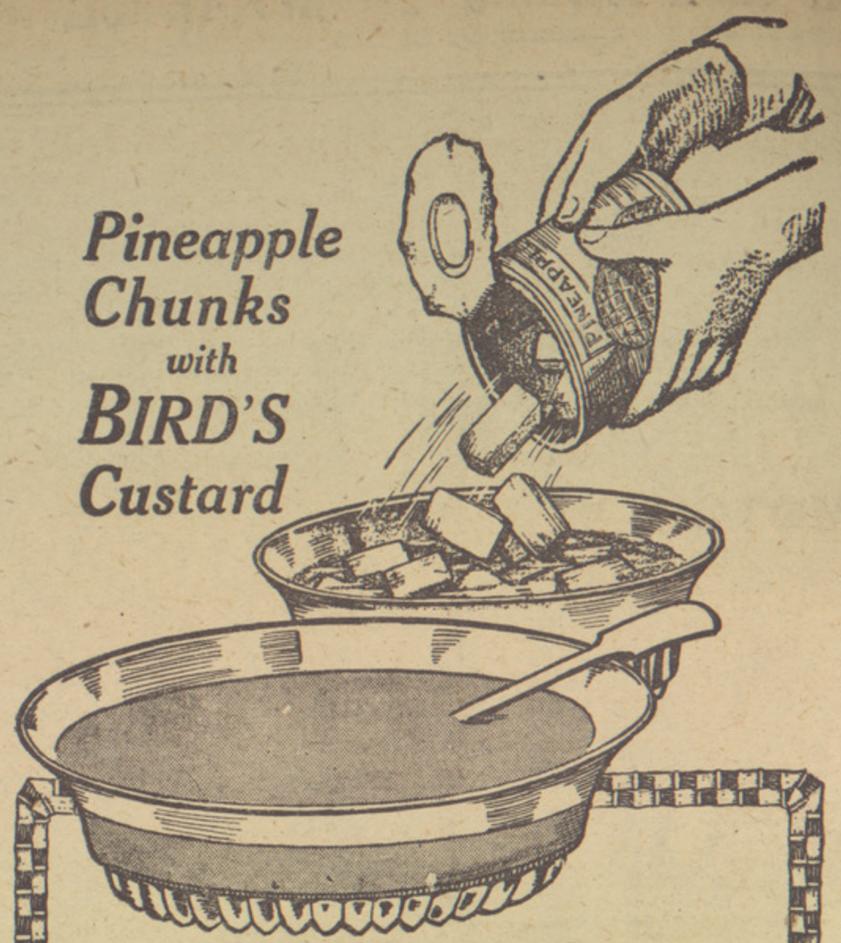
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For other Amusements see page 9.

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COMPLETE.



What Women Are Doing:

Three First Nights—Socks and Shirts in Bryanston Square—Society Back For Whitsuntide.

ALTHOUGH it is all very impossible, "The Day Before the Day" at the St. James's Theatre was most exciting and thrilling, especially the second and third acts. Lyn Harding has the most to do, speaking three languages and going through wonderful adventures. Miss Grace Lane wears some very pretty frocks, and her admiring husband, Kenneth Douglas, safely back from his very successful American tour, was in the stalls. The white evening gown that Miss Lane wears in the last act suited her admirably. There was the usual St. James's first-night audience. I met many people I knew very intimately, and quite a few who have not that advantage!

The Duchess of Rutland sat with Lady Tree, both wearing very similar coloured gowns, a rather vivid shade of vieux rose. Mrs. Lionel Harris looked striking in black, and sat with Mr. Marshall Hall. Mme. André Messager, in a cerise velvet cloak, brought her pretty daughter. Lady Arthur Paget was there, and I also admired Miss Madge Titheradge in an emerald-green gown.

Stacks Of Socks And Shirts.

There was a very charming "At Home" given by Viscountess Parker and Lady Brynmor-Jones at Bryanston-square, Lady Brynmor-Jones' house, on Wednesday afternoon, to which I was bidden. Every guest was asked to bring either socks or shirts for the men of the London Welsh battalions, and there must have been an enormous response—I found the hall literally stacked with parcels. Lady Parker, in black charmeuse, with beautiful diamonds and a large black hat crowned by white ostrich feathers, received the guests with Lady Brynmor-Jones, who was in tête de nègre taffeta embroidered in pink rose buds, wearing a large hat and feathers to match. Mrs. Lloyd George, in black, brought her eldest daughter, Olwen, who looked extremely well in a pastel-blue cloth coat and skirt and a large flat sailor-shaped black hat. Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, Mrs. Edward Sassoon, Lady Matheson, Lady Waterlow, Lady Henderson and a great many more equally interesting ladies were there.



LADY BRYNMOR-JONES.—(Lafayette.)

New Bond-street Gowns.

Winifred called for me yesterday morning in her new De Dion car, which, by the way, she drives herself, to come and help her fit on her newest evening gown, which promises to be entirely delightful, if not a certain cure for her depressed state of mind. We drove to Handley Seymour's, where the gown is being made of soft black tulle and Chantilly lace. The corsage is just a band of black crape satin held in place by strands of jet beads and tulle.

There are some beautiful frocks at this famous Bond-street salon. I saw some lovely white muslin dresses which reminded me of the Early Victorian days. Then there was a white net frock very full in the skirt and fairly short, that had bands of white organdie muslin all round up to the waist. A simple little crossover bodice, hand-worked in Belgian embroidery, finished off at the waist by a narrow band of black velvet and a tiny nosegay of spring flowers. A pale blue linen coat and skirt, just what I needed, had a full skirt with four one-inch tucks running round the wide hem, set in from a yoke and having side "trouser" pockets. A short loose coat piped round the collar and cuffs with pink and white taffeta, and the sleeves three-quarter length. Another was a navy blue afternoon gown in "Georgette," which resembles chiffon in texture, has a tucked skirt, with little pleated apron effect hanging in front. The bodice is very simple, with a tucked vest of white chiffon and pearl buttons. The sleeves are rather full and hanging—all really beautiful gowns.

Another First Night.

I have been to three first nights this week, and finish up to-night with a revival of "The Dairymaids"! On Thursday evening "The Arcadians" was produced again at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The music is wholly delightful, and Miss Hope Charteris has a very pleasing voice. I wondered why so many apparently

young men who were on the stage were not answering their country's call to arms.

In Town For Whitsun.

A great number of people have just returned to town and will not be going away for Whitsuntide. The Countess of Ranfurly and her daughter, Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, who have been away for some time at Northland House, Dungannon, have returned to Lennox-gardens. The Earl of Westmeath and his sister, Lady Emily Humphreys, are also again in town. The Countess of Erne has returned from Ireland.

Concert At Claridge's.

Under the patronage of Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll a chautant took place on Thursday afternoon at Claridge's to raise additional funds for the Argyllshire Ambulance and Recreation Hut. The rose ballroom was crowded with notabilities.



MRS. GODFREY MILLER MUNDY.—(London Stereoscopic.)

Viscountess Cole and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Godfrey Miller Mundy, with Miss Nancy Greenfield and Miss May Davies, were responsible for the programme. There were interesting items by Lady Tree, Miss Mabel Sealby, Miss Marjorie Hamilton, Mrs. Miller Mundy (who gave some splendid imitations), Mr. Nelson Keys, Mr. Gerald Kirby, and Mr. Nat D'Ayer (the composer of many of the newest ragtimes, including "Ten Million Germans"). Among the busy programme-sellers were Mlle. de Bittencourt, Miss Joan Musgrave, Miss Clare Tennant, Mrs. Scott Murray, Miss Magdalen Curzon. I noticed in the large audience the Comtesse Jacqueline de Portales, Lady Balfour of Burleigh, Evelyn Countess Annesley, Mrs. Greenfield, Mrs. Scott Robson, and Miss Felicity Tree.

Lady Tree looked very well in a black-and-white striped taffeta with a large blue hat; Miss Nancy Greenfield was very pretty in black striped taffeta, with a broad white hat and aeroplane wings; Mrs. Miller Mundy wore shot blue and green silk with a tiny toque in tulle to match; and Miss Joan Musgrave's black dress was veiled with flounces of d'Alençon lace.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- B. UZZELL (Kentish Town).—You might be able to get the badge at Selfridge's.
- H. RICHARDSON (Nelson, B.C., Canada).—A home has been found for the widow of a soldier killed at Mons. Many thanks for your kind offer from so many miles away.
- "AVE".—Why don't you go into a general hospital if you are over 23 and train as a nurse? Only fully-trained nurses are required.
- MISS T. BEESLEY (Cricklewood).—Shall not forget your kind offer.
- E. DINNEY (Clapton).—Write to the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.
- HILDA HELE (W. Dulwich).—Serbian Relief Fund—parcels to Lady Ralph Paget, 195, Queen's-gate, S.W.; cheques to Sir Edward Boyle, 22, Berners-street, W.
- G. L. (Palmer's Green, N.).—Write to the Women's Emergency Corps—address above. So glad you like my page.

REMEMBER THAT £1,000.

£1,000 is offered in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by Daily Sketch readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the Daily Sketch. These coupons will appear daily until November next, when the competition closes.

After the judging, which will be done by experts under the auspices of the Royal School of Art Needlework, all the work will be exhibited in a suitable hall in London, and, except in cases where the competitors feel unable to offer their entries, will be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association. The presentation of work is entirely optional.

In order to take part in the competition readers must send a large stamped self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, Daily Sketch, London, E.C., for full details and an entrance form.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.



Our Portrait is of Mr. W. Bridal, of 23, Strand Street, Newtown, Mountain Ash, Glam., who writes:—

"It gives me great pleasure in telling you about the remarkable cure I found in 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' for

Boils and Pimples

After having suffered from time to time from both, and trying all kinds of so-called remedies, and being under doctor's treatment, I thought of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' having tried it years ago with success for a similar complaint. After taking one bottle it seemed to drive them out, and after the second bottle I found a decided improvement, and continuing with your Mixture I can honestly say I am quite cured. I cannot speak too highly of it." In a further letter received Mr. Bridal writes: "I have not had any Boils of any kind since I was cured by your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and that is over four years ago."

Do You Suffer

from any disease due to impure blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Caut, etc.?

If so, don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to effect a lasting cure.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

By reason of its Remarkable Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/9 per bottle (six times the quantity 11/-).

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

Since the outbreak of War the price of Cheddar, Continental and Colonial Cheese has been steadily increasing, but there is no increase in the price of the delicious, health-giving St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, and the supply can meet the heaviest demand.

IT IS ECONOMICAL to buy St. Ivel Lactic Cheese because there is no rind and no waste.

Price as usual

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HIPPODROME, LONDON. Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production, entitled "PUSH AND GO."

including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORRAINE, ANNA WHEATON, HARRY TATE, GERALD KIRBY, JOHNNY HENNING, LEWIS SYDNEY, CHARLES BERKLEY, and enormous Beauty Chorus, etc. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 650

MASKELYNE AND DEVAULT'S MYSTERIES.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Oxford Circus, W. DAILY at 2.30 and 8. BRILLIANT PROGRAMME "THE CURIOUS CASE," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. (Mayfair 1545)

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW of 1915." at 8.35, with ELSIE JANIS, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN etc Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0. Matinee Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.—THE 1,000,000 DOLLAR GIRL. GEO. ROBEY, MAIDIE SCOTT, G. H. ELLIOTT, DAISY JAMES, VOLANT AND HIS FLYING PIANO, CISSIE LUPINO, etc., etc

EXHIBITIONS.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset. Admission, Sundays, Fellows and Fellows' orders only; Mondays and Saturdays, 6d.; other days, 1s. Children always 6d.

AVIATION.

HENDON FLYING DISPLAYS.—Whitsun Holidays. To-day (Sat.), Sun., and Bank Holiday from 3 p.m. (weather permitting.)

CAMPING.

Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review Post F.c.—C. K. PATHE, The Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick.

PERSONAL.

LUSITANIA SURVIVORS.—Will anyone who saw Mrs. Martin-Davey on a raft, with a pink jersey on, kindly communicate with Mrs. Harvey, 25 Trafalgar-place, Devonport, who will be deeply grateful.

THE GOVERNMENT'S CONCESSION.

Extra Race Meetings To Be Held At Newmarket.
PERHAPS AT NEWBURY, TOO.
Hare Hill Wins Exciting Race For Salisbury Cup.

The following statement was issued last evening by the stewards of the Jockey Club:—

The stewards of the Jockey Club are able to state that the Government see no objection to extra race-meetings being held at Newmarket so as to keep horses in training and facilitate the holding of the yearling sales usually held at Doncaster, and they have reason to hope that later in the season it may be possible to carry out a moderate programme of racing, for which, it has been explained to the Government, so many horses are trained.

It will be realised by all those conversant with the question involved in the stoppage of racing how much these concessions will do to curtail the resulting unemployment and prevent the institution of racing from becoming extinct.

Lord Derby said last night that possibly some meetings might also be permitted at Newbury, a district whose interests are almost as much bound up with racing as is Newmarket.

Runners were very plentiful at Salisbury yesterday, and no fewer than twenty-five put in an appearance for the Stonehenge Selling Plate.

Scotch Duke was made a good favourite, but he had to put up with third place, a fine finish between Joywheel and Orbino ending in favour of the former by a head.

De Mestre won a couple of races for Mrs. Martin, the animals being Move On and Cringlemire, and each started at the nice price of 6 to 1.

There was a capital betting race for the Salisbury Cup, and an excellent finish resulted.

The Chester Cup winner, Hare Hill, came out on top, but he only had a neck to spare over Gay Lally, who in turn was only a neck in front of Verger II.

Julian landed the odds in the Foal Stakes, and the afternoon wound up with Silver Ring taking the Longleat Plate.

To-day will be the last chance owners and trainers will have of winning a race until the Newmarket First July Meeting, and fields are certain to be very large on the Rays Meadows.

WINDSOR SELECTIONS.

- 2.0—MIX UP. 3.30—WARDEN.
- 2.30—MOTOR WRAP. 4.0.—DAME D'OR COLT.
- 3.0—MAZABUKA. 4.30—MINTON CHINA.

Double.

MOTOR WRAP and MINTON CHINA.

WINDSOR PROGRAMME.

2.0—ROMNEY HANDICAP of 150 sovs; 5f.	
Roseville	4 9 5
Orbino	5 8 0
Dodger	4 7 13
Mix Up	5 7 9

The above have arrived.

National Anthem	4 8 5	Forfeit Lass	4 7 8
Holt's Pride	6 8 5	Light Division	3 7 7
Iron Duke	6 8 3	Sandrian	6 7 6
Crossed	4 8 2	Tatava	3 7 5
Wild Arum	4 8 0	Red Star	4 7 4
Wamba II.	4 8 0	Lusca	3 7 4
Faine II.	4 7 13	Eagle's Nest	3 7 3
Lord Westbury	6 7 13	Meduse	3 7 1
Mazboot	4 7 13	Cringlemire	3 6 10
Irish Rose	5 7 13	Little Mabel	3 6 8
Mariota	3 7 12	Formula	4 6 7
Queen of the Brush	5 7 11	Eaque	3 6 7

2.30—T.Y.O. SELLING PLATE of 103 sovs; 5f.

Fauvette	8 9	Princess Malen f ..	8 9
Storm Queen	8 9	Phobe	8 9

The above have arrived.

Athumia c	8 12	Tregnum	8 9
Dolphin	8 12	Amphletta f	8 9
Goeben	8 12	Cribbage	8 9
Winking Girl	8 9	Primrose Lane	8 9
Forlar Jetty	8 9	Risca II. f	8 9
Discretely	8 9	Motor Wrap	8 9
Turbredian	8 9		

China Blue	8 3	King's Chancellor ..	7 11
Market	8 3	Savoyard	7 11
Syracuse	8 0	Mazabuka	7 5
Irish Earl	7 12	Broomdown	7 4

The above have arrived.

Sandmole	9 0	Elevator	7 11
Berlingot	8 1	Ghent	7 11
My Birthday	8 1	Sir George	7 8
Fatal	8 0	Stonewall	7 7

3.30—HOLYPORT SELLING HANDICAP of 103 sovs; 5f.			
Melton Flier	4 9 0	Pictoria	3 7 13
Romanesque	3 8 4	Little Proof	3 7 9
Money Bag	3 8 0	Lola II.	3 7 8

The above have arrived.

Fair Mile	4 9 3	Ellerslie	3 8 2
September Morn	4 9 0	Tollendal	4 8 2
Beethoven	4 8 12	Warden	4 8 2
Iron Orb	4 8 12	Morales	3 8 0
Runciman	4 8 12	Clarita	5 7 8
Town Councillor	5 8 10	Gallant Jack	3 7 8
Albany Beef	4 8 8	Ashworth	3 7 8
Llanthony	3 8 6	Court Cards	5 7 6
Druella	3 8 5	La Cambre	3 7 4
Move On	3 8 5	Earl Lucifer	3 7 0

4.0.—SPEEDY 2-Y.O. PLATE of 200 sovs; 5f.			
Chequon	9 3	Shotland	8 4
Fibreman	8 7	Marsh Marigold f ..	8 4
Dame d'Or c	8 7	Alderley	8 4

The above have arrived.

Marchetta f	9 0	Esther	8 4
Lady Isabel	9 0	March Mist	8 4
Bonanza f	9 0	Flying Beauty	8 4
Riseley Moss f	9 0	Alannah	8 4
Principal Girl	8 9	Pantomime Girl ..	8 4
Cocoa	8 7	Lady Binna	8 4
Sarrasin	8 7	Frances Mabel	8 4
Flotation	8 7	Salome	8 4
One	8 7	Lady Sunshins	8 4
Irish Brigade	8 7	Nova Scotia	8 4
Violet Schomberg o	8 7	Jeunesse	8 4
Grosely Robert	8 7	Edna	8 4
Orphrey	8 7	Nota Daidy	8 4
Cheshire Cat c	8 7	Dame Blanche	8 4
Helique	8 7	Little Tinks f	8 4
Symmetrical	8 7	Purple and Gold ..	8 4
Rupertus	8 7		

3.0.—SLOUGH 4-Y.O. PLATE of 103 sovs; 1m. 5f. 150yds.			
Robert Lee	8 6	Daly Lad	7 13
Prawle Point	8 2	Lady's Collar	7 13

The above have arrived.

Guiscard	8 2	Strange Saint ..	7 13
Sardinia	7 13	Lady Killer	7 13
Minton China	7 13		

THEY ARE ONLY THOUGHTLESS—NOT TRAITORS



Have you anything to quarrel about with anybody? If so, now is the time to start the fight.

SALISBURY RESULTS.

2.0.—Stonehenge Selling Plate.—JOY WHEEL, 9-11 (Wing). 1: ORBINO, 10-0 (F. Bullock); 2: SCOTCH DUKE, 9-11 (Rickaby); 3. Also ran: Biter Bit, Fairmile, Canonite, Bobbin II, Zebra, Prince Rupert, Voiscian, Father Creeper, Black Pirate, Heathercombe, Knock Out, Eligible, San Juan, Knight of the Heather Charger, Earl Flotsam, Cherry Stone, Joyful Jean, Meadowcroft, Kiss in the Ring, Lucky Thought, Flying Beauty. Betting: 5 to 2 Scotch Duke, 6 to 1 Orbino, 7 to 1 Meadowcroft, 10 to 8 Father Creeper, Zebra, Biter Bit, Knock Out, Fair Mile, JOY WHEEL, 25 to 1 others. Head; 1½ lengths.

2.30.—Wilton Selling Handicap.—MOVE ON, 7-2 (Dick); 1: RECONDITE, 9-0 (F. Bullock); 2: SEPTEMBER MORN, 7-13 (P. Alden); 3. Also ran: Starboard Light, Toothbrush, Lady Farman, Craugh Patrick, Montague, The Crown, Tatman, Vassal, Rowstock, Marchmont, Monotone, John Knox. Betting: 7 to 2 September Morn, 5 to 1 Recondite, 6 to 1 MOVE ON, Tatman, 10 to 1 Toothbrush, Lady Farman, 100 to 7 others. ¾ length; 2 lengths.

3.0.—Salisbury Cup.—HARE HILL, 8-13 (Clark); 1: GAY LALLY, 9-5 (F. Bullock); 2: VERGER II., 7-6 (R. Stokes); 3. Also ran: Rivoli, Watergruel, Boots, Blue Danube, Gravelotte, Broadwood, Kanran, Thimble Hall, Knight of Peace, Flocon. Betting: 5 to 2 Flocon, 3 to 1 Rivoli, 5 to 1 Boots, 6 to 1 Gay Lally, 100 to 15 HARE HILL, 100 to 8 Watergruel, Gravelotte, 100 to 7 others. Neck; same.

3.30.—Maiden (at entry) Plate.—CRINGLEMIRE, 8-0 (E. Huxley); 1: GUENOC, 8-7 (Donoghue); 2: HERCULANEUM, 8-0 (Wing); 3. Also ran: Caxton, Slow Harry, Van Der Hum, Polycreta, Orange Lady, Helouan, Rock Plant, Almholme, Pangbourne, Apostrophe, Donald, Ethel Catherine. Betting: 3 to 1 Herculanum, 4 to 1 Guenoc, 9 to 2 Apostrophe, 5 to 1 Pangbourne, Polycreta, 6 to 1 CRINGLEMIRE, 100 to 7 others. Length; 3 lengths.

4.0.—Salisbury Foal Stakes.—JULIAN, 8-2 (W. Huxley); 1: BONNY CREEPER F., 7-13 (Foy); 2: GROGRAM, 8-2 (Donoghue); 3. Also ran: Queen Camilla g. Betting: 5 to 6 JULIAN, 6 to 4 Grogram, 7 to 1 Bonny Creeper f, 10 to 1 Queen Camilla g. Length; same.

4.30.—Longleat Plate.—SILVER RING, 8-4 (Donoghue); 1: JUGURTHA, 8-2 (F. Bullock); 2: THE REVENGE, 9-9 (W. Huxley); 3. Also ran: Diamond Ring, Lancifolia, Lady Golithly, Rip Van Winkle. Betting: Evens SILVER RING, 11 to 8 The Revenge, 100 to 8 Lancifolia, 20 to 1 others. 3 lengths; 4 lengths.

TO-DAY'S ATHLETICS.

Southern C.C.C.A.'s one mile inter-team military race, at Queen's Parade, Aldershot; 15th Cavalry Reserve Regt. Marathon race, at Colchester; Leys School Sports, at Cambridge; Bob Hunter's Sports, at Brown's Ground, Nunhead.

Another member of the Ilford F.C. has joined the Forces, this being J. Bibby, who entered the 1st Sportsman's Battalion on Thursday. He is a good all-round player, though he is probably most effective as a full-back.

The Sportsman's Battalion team to meet Dalgety at Sydenham this afternoon is: Lieut. Rutherford, Lieut. Hayes, Sergt. Skuse, Sergt. Burgess, Privates J. Hendon, Penfold, Arnold, F. E. Smith, Mercer, Rawlings and Lewis.

Against Derrick Wanderers, to-day and Hampstead Wanderers on Monday at Mannway, Blackheath, and Tufnell Park respectively, the following will play for the First Sportsman's Battalion: Private E. G. Hayes, Sergt.-Major Williams, Sergt. Marsden, Lieut.-Col. Leith, Lieut.-Col. W. E. Bates, Privates E. Hendon, Sandham, Diamond, Waters, Batson and Smith. TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald) 22 8 2 20 6 25, 19 23—22 8 3 8 22 11 2. GALLIARD (Sun-Jay Chronicle)—*2 5 1 6 2 23 15—3 5 24 25 6—9 26 23 25 6 4 5 22. DESMOND (Empire)—*26 7 17 18 26 1 16 23 1 8 10—3 10 1 2 18 13 7 8 8—17 1 10 1 16 13 16 7 5.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER E. C. BOYLE AWARDED V.C.

Officers And Crew Of E14 All Get Distinguished Honours.

Last night's London Gazette contained the name of Lieut.-Commander E. Courtney Boyle. He figures in the Gazette as the recipient of the Victoria Cross for his daring deeds as commander of the E14.

The achievements of Lieut. Boyle and his gallant men in the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora have for a long time been on everyone's tongue.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER BOYLE.

Portsmouth is especially proud of him, for Southsea is his home, and it is there that his charming young wife resides.

He is the son of Colonel and Mrs. Edward Boyle, of Onslow-square, and has a brother in the Manchester Regiment.

Distinguished Service Crosses are also conferred on Lieut. Edward G. Stanley, R.N., Acting-Lieut. Reginald W. Lawrence, R.N.R., while Distinguished Service Medals are also awarded to every member of the crew.

VERY LITTLE DOING.

Whitsun Holidays Make Stock Exchange Affairs Quiet.

There was not much business doing on the Stock Exchange yesterday, the holidays casting their shadow before. The scrips of new loans, however, continued to meet with inquiry.

American securities were a little better with the exception of Chesapeake, which further declined.

Home Railway stocks gave way slightly. It is now expected that the issue of £1,000,000 4½ per cent. redeemable preference stock by the North-Eastern Railway Company will be made after the holidays.

Among Kaffirs Modder Deep were bought in anticipation of an early payment of dividend, and there was a further advance of 5½s. in the Van Ryn Deep.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American, 9 to 10 up; Egyptian, 7 to 9 up.

MANSION POLISH

"A Brighter Time"

A Brighter Time is in store for every Housewife who calls in the aid of MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee. With her new and superior

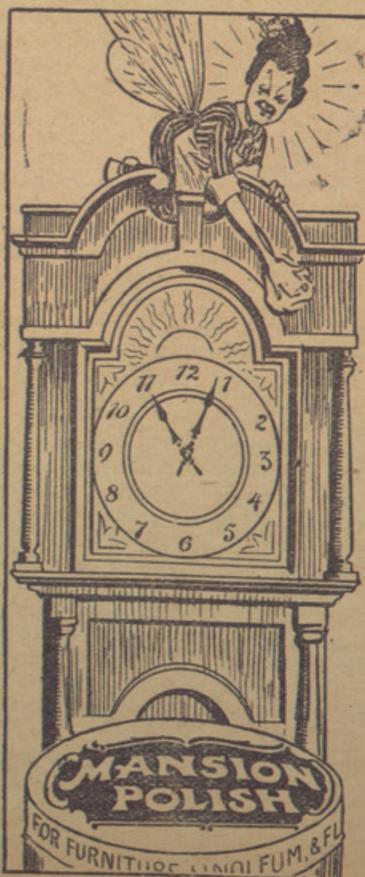
MANSION POLISH,

the greatest of all labour-savers, she immediately imparts an air of brightness to every corner of the home, restoring Furniture—antique and modern—Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors to all their original beauty, and greatly lengthening their wear. Mansion Polish also preserves, renovates and prevents finger-marking.

Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. Of all Dealers. Prepared by

THE CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., LONDON AND MANCHESTER.

Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Bowl Polish.



"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

My Lord's Strategy.

"To Fiume!"

"Yes. You know he has a brother coming home from America."

"I know that."

"His ship is due in at Fiume the day after tomorrow. Leopold must start by the same train as your father to-night in order to catch the express for Fiume at Budapest to-morrow."

"Did he tell you all that?"

"I have known all along that he meant to meet his brother at Fiume, and yesterday he said some thing about it again. So you see, my pretty one, that we can have a comfortable little supper this evening without fear of interruption. We'll have it at ten o'clock, when the supper-party is going on at the barn, eh? We shan't be interrupted then. So give me that duplicate key, will you, and I can slip in quietly through the back door without raising a bit of gossip or scandal. Hurry up now! I shall have to be going."

"I can't now," she protested. "Leopold hasn't taken his eyes off me all this time."

"Oh! if that is all that is troubling you, my dear," said the young man coolly, "I can easily settle our friend Leopold. Hirsch!" he called loudly.

"My lord?" queried the other, with the quick obsequiousness habitual to the downtrodden race.

"My horse is kicking up such a row outside. I wish you'd just go and see if the boy is looking after him properly."

"Now Fetch The Key."

Of course it was impossible to do anything but obey. My lord had commanded; in the ordinary way the poor Jew shopkeeper would have felt honoured to have been selected for individual recognition. Nor did he do more now than throw one of those swift looks of his—so full of hatred and of menace—upon Klara and the young man; but the latter, having given his orders, no longer condescended to take notice of the Jew and had once more engaged the girl in animated conversation.

Had Klara thought of looking up when Leopold finally obeyed my lord's commands and went to look after the horse, she could not have failed to realise the danger which lurked in the young man's pale eyes then. His face, always pale and olive-tinted, was now the colour of ashes, grey and livid and blotched with purple, his lips looked white and quivering, and his eyebrows—of a reddish tinge—met above his nose in a deep, dark scowl.

But my lord had thrown out a casual hint about a gold watch, and Klara had no further thought for her jealous admirer.

"Now go and fetch the key," said Count Feri, as soon as the door had closed on Leopold.

The hint of the gold watch had stirred Klara's pulses. A tête-à-tête with my lord was, moreover, greatly to her liking. He could be very amusing when he chose, and was always generous; and Klara's life was often dull and colourless. A pleasant evening spent in his company would compensate her in a measure for her disappointment at not being asked to Elsa's ball, and there was the gold watch to look forward to, above all.

"May You Break Your Neck."

Taking an opportunity when her father was absorbed in his game of tarok, she went into the next room and presently returned with a key in her hand, which she surreptitiously gave to my lord.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the young man gaily. "Klara, you are a gem, and after supper you shall just ask me for anything you have a fancy for, and I'll give it to you. Now I'd better go. Good-bye, little one. Ten o'clock, sharp, eh?"

"Ten o'clock," she repeated, under her breath. He strode to the door, outside which he found Leopold waiting for him.

"The horse was quite quiet, my lord," said the Jew sullenly; "the boy had never left it for a moment."

"Oh! that's all right, Hirsch," rejoined my lord indifferently. "I only wanted to know."

Of course he never thought of saying a word of thanks or of excuse to the other man. What would you? A Jew! Bah! not even worth a nod of the head.

Count Feri Rákossy had quickly mounted his pretty half-bred Arab mare—a click of the tongue and she was off with him, kicking up a cloud of dust in her wake.

But Leopold Hirsch had remained for a moment standing on the doorstep of Ignác Goldstein's house. He watched horse and rider through that cloud of dust, and along the straight and broad highway, until both had become a mere speck upon the low-lying horizon.

"May you break your accursed neck!" he muttered fervently.

Then he went back to the tap-room.

CHAPTER XX.

"You Happen To Be Of My Race And Of My Blood."

He strode at once to Klara, who greeted him with an ironical little smile and a coquettish look out of her dark eyes.

"You never told me that you were going away to-night, my dear Leopold," she said suavely.

"Who told you that I was?" he retorted savagely.

"It seems to be pretty well known about the place. You seemed to have been talking about it

pretty freely that you were going to Fiume to meet your brother when the ship he is on comes in."

"I meant to tell you just now, only his lordship's arrival interrupted me," he said more quietly.

"And since then you have been busy making a fool of yourself before my lord, eh?" she asked.

"Bah!"

"And compromising me into the bargain, what? But let me tell you this, my good Leopold, before we go any further, that I am not married to you yet, and that I don't like your airs of proprietorship, *sabe?*"

He could not say anything more just then, for customers were departing, and she had to attend to them; he did not try to approach her while she was thus engaged, but presently, when her back was turned, he contrived to work his way across to the door which gave on the inner room, and to push it slightly open with his hand, until he could peep through the aperture and take a quick survey of the room beyond.

Klara had not seen this manoeuvre of his, although she had cast more than one rapid and furtive glance upon him while she attended to her customers. She was thankful that he was going away for a few days; in his present mood he was positively dangerous.

She had lighted the oil lamp which hung from the centre of the low, rafted ceiling, the hour was getting late, customers were all leaving now one by one.

Erős Béla was one of the last to go.

He had drunk rather more silviorium than was good for him. He knew quite well that by absenting himself from the pre-nuptial festivals he had behaved in a disgraceful and unjustifiable manner which would surely be resented throughout the village, and though he was quite sure that he did not care one brass fillér what all those ignorant peasants thought of him, yet he felt it incumbent upon him to brace up his courage now before meeting the hostile fusillade of eyes which would be sure to greet him on his return to the barn.

He meant to put in a short appearance there, and then to finish his evening here in Klara's company. He felt that his dignity demanded that he should absent himself at any rate from the supper, seeing that Elsa had so grossly defied him.

A Rebuff For Béla.

"At ten o'clock I'll be back, Klara," he whispered in the girl's ear as he was about to take his departure along with some of his friends, who also intended to go on to the dance in the barn.

"Indeed you won't," she retorted decisively, "I have no use for you, my good Béla. You are almost a married man now, remember!" she added with a laugh.

"I'll bring those bottles of champagne," he urged; "don't be hard on me, Klara. I'll give you a good time to-night, and a nice present into the bargain."

"And ruin my reputation for ever, eh? By walking into the tap-room when it's full of people, and carrying two bottles of champagne under your arm—or staying on ostentatiously after everyone has gone and for everyone to gossip. No, thank you; I've already told you that I am not going to lend myself to your little games of vengeance. It isn't me you want, it's a petty revenge upon Elsa. To that I say no, thank you, my good man."

"Klara!" he pleaded.

"No!" she said, and unceremoniously turned her back on him.

He went off, sullen and morose, and not a little chaffed for his moroseness by his friends.

The tap-room was almost deserted for the moment. In one or two corners only a few stragglers lingered; they were sprawling across the tables with arms outstretched. Ignác Goldstein's silviorium had proved too potent and too plentiful. They lay there in a drunken sleep—logs that were of no account. Presently they would have to be thrown out, but there was no hurry for that—they were not in the way.

"You Must Come In By The Front Door."

Ignác Goldstein had gone into the next room. Klara was busy tidying up the place; Leopold approached her with well-feigned contrition and humility.

"I am sorry, Klara," he said. "I seemed to have had the knack to-night of constantly annoying you. So I'd best begone now, perhaps."

"I bear no malice, Leo," she said quietly.

"I thought I'd come back at about nine o'clock," he continued. "It is nearly eight now."

She, thinking that he had his own journey in mind, remarked casually:—

"You'd best be here well before nine. The train leaves at 9.20, and father walks very slowly."

"I won't be late," he said. "Best give me the key of the back door. I'll let myself in that way."

"No occasion to do that," she retorted. "The front door will be open. You can come in that way like everybody else."

"It's just a fancy," he said quietly; "there might be a lot of people about just then. I don't want to come through here. I thought I'd just slip in the back way, as I often do. So give me the key, Klara, will you?"

"How can I give you the key of the back door?" she said, equally quietly; "you know father always carries it in his coat pocket."

"But there is a second key," he remarked, "which hangs on a nail by your father's bedside in the next room. Give me that one, Klara."

"I shan't," she retorted. "I never heard such nonsense! As if I could allow you to use the private door of this house just as it suits your fancy. If you want to come in to-night and say good-bye you must come in by the front door."

(To be continued.)

IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes CONSTIPATION.

That is not the LIVER, it is BOWEL INDIGESTION.

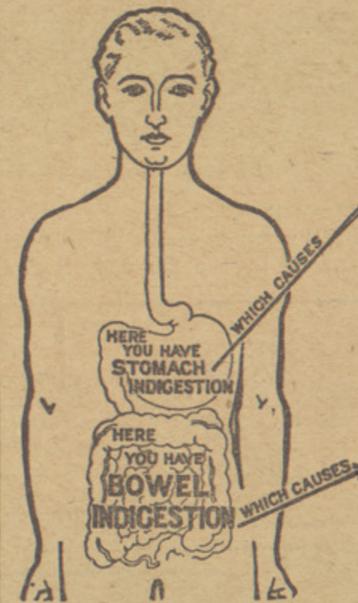
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GASES in Stomach or eructations.
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ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel, or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Gripping and Constipation with all its misery.

quite healthy it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore, your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.

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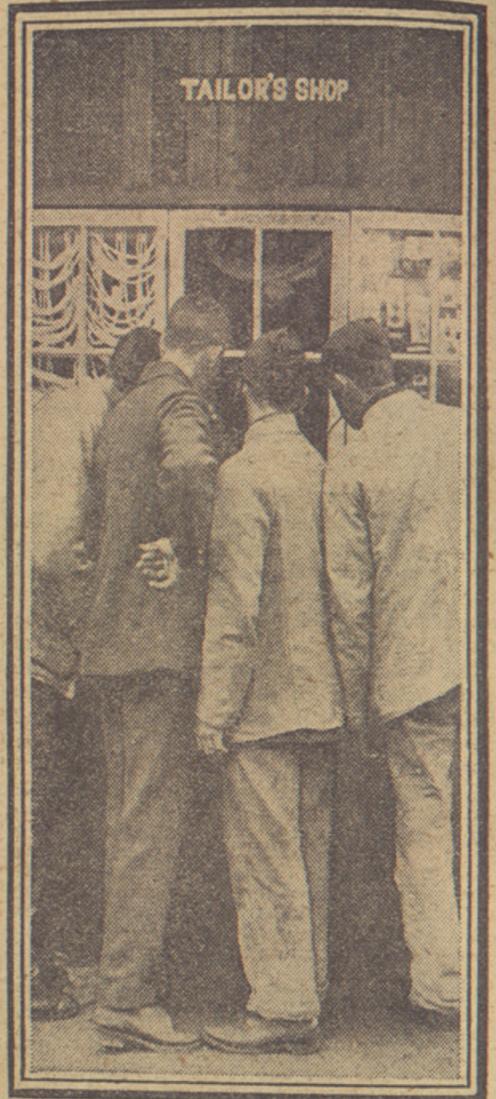
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A BIT OF NO 2 CAMP, FRANCE.

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"Any clothes large enough in there for us?"



M^r GEORGE BULL . PRESENTS . SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE
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