

GAS ON THE TRAINS IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE GERMAN POISON FUMES.

DAILY SKETCH.

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No. 1,936.

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 24, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

The Roll Call—After The Railway Horror.



No muster of a British regiment after a fierce action at the front was more pathetic than this roll-call of the Royal Scots after the awful railway disaster near Gretna Green. They had left their depot 500 strong. Only 58 answered to their names when the roll was called in this daisy-spangled field on the Scottish border. Some were helping in the rescue work; many were lying dead on the railway banks or moaning in terrible agony.



Their comrades had met their death in an inferno, which left only the skeletons of carriages, and which had twisted ironwork into shapeless masses. The igniting gas on the troop train had proved more deadly than the poison fumes used by the Germans in the trenches.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

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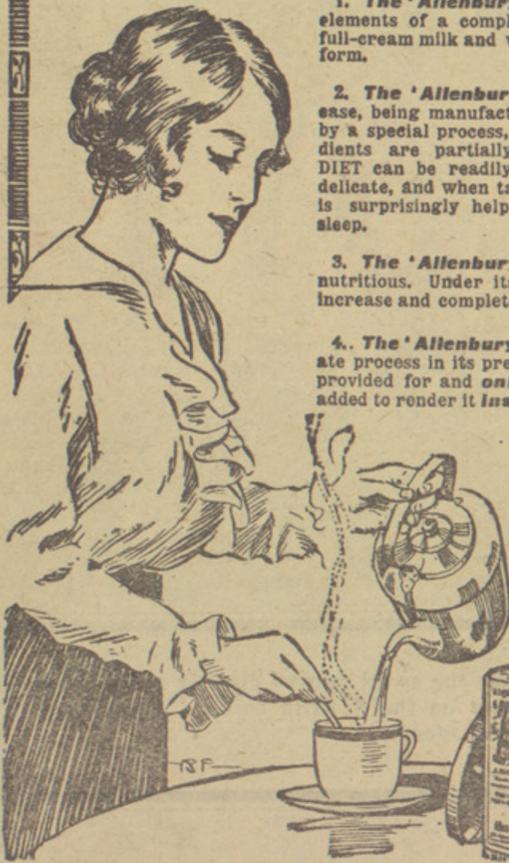
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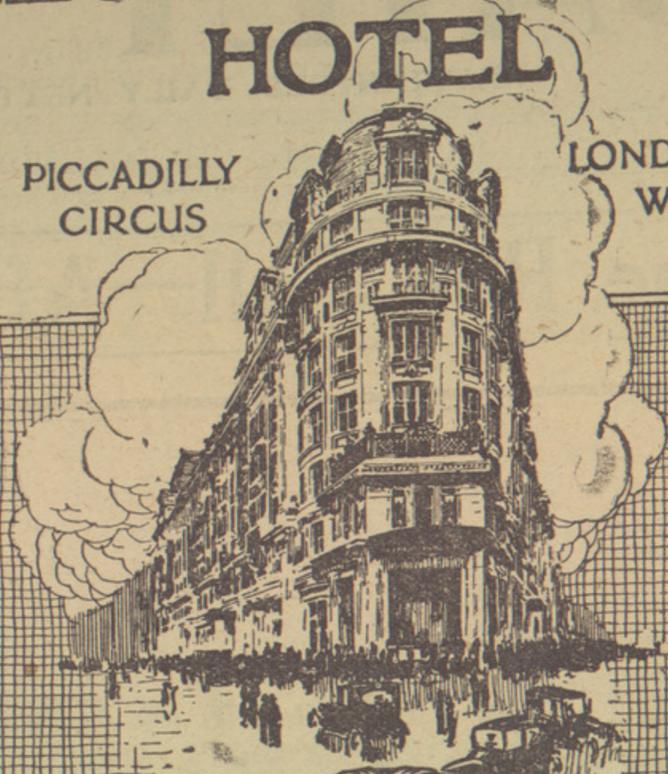
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RAILWAY REFORM.

STATISTICS prove that railway travelling is the safest form of locomotion, and British railways have the cleanest record in immunity from accident, taking the number of passengers and train-miles into account. But statistics are cheerless things when a big disaster occurs; and the Gretna Green accident is all the more horrible as it happens in a year when an appalling war is draining our life-blood. If there was ever a time to exercise caution and practise the preservation of human life it is now, when our losses are so heavy in other directions.

IT would not be proper at this stage to apportion blame for the Gretna Green disaster, but it is fitting that we should seek to bring about reform in those directions where reform is necessary. When I say that railway travelling is the safest form of locomotion I do not pay it any special credit. Railways ought to be safer than they are, considering the favourable conditions under which they operate. A railway company has its own private road, free from interference, and controlled by signals the entire way. The vehicles are self-steering, owing to the rails; and only the controllers of traffic have the power to shunt the trains from one set of rails to another. Considerable intervals of time elapse between the trains, and on the surface lines there is nothing comparable with the two-minute "tube" service or the ceaseless stream of high-speed motor traffic in London streets.

FOUR great reforms are yet required to bring railway travelling to the standard of safety which it is desirable that it should attain. They are:—

- (1) Automatic signals.
- (2) Automatic brake control.
- (3) Steel carriages.
- (4) Abolition of oil and gas lighting.

NONE of these reforms is impossible. All have been adopted to some extent, but, save on a few of the American lines, no determined effort has been made to apply the four improvements simultaneously. There is another matter which is often styled a reform, but which deserves to be made a cardinal rule of traffic, viz., that up and down traffic must not be introduced on the same line. The whole secret of the "tube" railway safety is that up traffic is absolutely shut off from down traffic. It took a good deal of hard fighting to bring about the innovation, and on surface railways and in road-locomotion and street traffic the system cannot be fully applied.

THE basis of trouble is the cost. This matter also delays the general adoption of automatic signals and brakes which would enable a small volume of traffic to be safely handled without the necessity of absolute separation of up traffic from down traffic. Indeed, it may be said that the cost of altering the lines would be prohibitive until the time comes when the traffic demands will call for hundred-mile-an-hour trains between London and the other great cities.

THERE is more pressing need for automatic signals, automatic brake control from signal boxes, steel carriages, and the introduction of electric lighting. But the railway directors grumble and declare that they cannot afford the expense. In the simple matter of train lighting they are conservative. The modern motorist insists on having his car electrically lighted, and so enterprising is the supply that the cheapest cars are now equipped with their lighting dynamos. But the railway companies stick to gas or oil lighting on their local trains; and we are very far off from the steel carriages which would save telescoping and fire horrors.

THE fact is, we want a Minister of Traffic, and behind him a business Government of practical men, who would keep the public services progressive and prosperous. The individual railway companies are too severely handicapped to carry out reforms quickly.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

Very Sabbath.

LONDON was full yesterday. For any fine Sunday in the summer the crowds would have been exceptional, for a Whit Sunday they must have been somewhere near a record. I took an early, a very early, walk abroad, and found an aspect of London I had never experienced before. You know that placid feeling a hot Sunday morning gives you in the heart of the country, a feeling which prompted someone in "The Green Carnation" to remark, "How very Sabbath the air is!"

The Policeman And Me.

WELL, I had that feeling in the heart of the West End yesterday morning when most of you were in bed. The sun poured down on Piccadilly and Leicester-square—practically deserted except for policemen and a few early church-goers. Bells were ringing—a faint distant tingle, a hymn-tune chime, or some deep boom as the hour struck—and it was hard to believe that one was in London, in war-time.

Men Of Sloth.

LATER on the pavements were as full as they are on weekdays, and to find a place on the top of a bus was almost an impossibility. The parks—the two that I saw, at any rate—were thickly dotted with people, and many thousands of apparently healthy young men sprawled on the grass taking sun baths in every conceivable attitude of sloth. And men of forty are being asked to enlist!

Shoppers Stay In Town.

NO DOUBT the tram strike had something to do with the diminished exodus. But a stronger reason was, I think, the disinclination to indulge in definite holiday-making, or to be away from town at all at such a crisis, when great things are happening and pending. The manager of a large West End establishment, where over 200 girls "live in," told me that whereas last year only eleven of them stayed in town over the holidays, this year only five have gone away.

Real Chestnut Sunday.

YESTERDAY WAS the real Chestnut Sunday. (I am still waiting to meet the man who fixes the calendar.) The blossom is late this year, and the people who deferred their visit to Bushey Park were well repaid for their unorthodoxy. The number of motor-cars that passed through the famous avenue must have established a record.

Up The River.

THE RIVER SEASON opened on Saturday in real earnest, and from Richmond to Hampton Court the stream was crowded with craft of all varieties. In one sumptuously furnished motor-boat Mr. Sze, the Chinese Ambassador—this is he, or, rather, Sze—and some of his family, who have a great liking for the river, were to be seen enjoying the sunshine and the flowers which deck the banks. Queen Amelie, Don Manoel, with his Hohenzollern princess, and many members of their large entourage—



—(Russell.)

who still form a considerable colony at Twickenham, were again admiring the beauties of Kew.

"Ain't He Nippy?"

THE other day Mr. Lloyd George hailed a taxi-cab and sprang into it with all the elasticity of a youth. On reaching his destination he jumped out and handed the correct fare, plus threepence, to the chauffeur. After a careful inspection of the interior of his vehicle, the chauffeur rearranged the cushions on his own seat, and just before driving off remarked to a bystander: "This 'ere Chancellor of ours, ain't he nippy?"

The "Debt Of Honour."

ONE woman closely associated with baccarat clubs, I hear, holds £10,000 worth of worthless cheques. This sort of thing is now a regular incident in the calculations of gaming house promoters. They expect to receive worthless cheques, and consider themselves singularly lucky, indeed, when any cheque is honoured.

From Experience.

SO we are advised to eat less meat! Well, some of the restaurant proprietors are giving a patriotic lead in this matter. The size of the "portion" is diminishing every day.

Esperantists Doing Their Bit.

THE ESPERANTISTS, I am told, are doing their bit for us. Many of them are fighting with the Allies. Even the language, I find, was made in Russia, or rather Poland. (Sorry!) One Esperantist addresses me as "Mr. Gossop." I suppose that is the Esperanto for it.

The King's Life In Train.

THE TRIP to Scotland and the North provided quite a new experience for the King so far as his living arrangements were concerned, for it was the first time that his Majesty has lived for the best part of a week on wheels in this country. The Royal train was in use every day, and all the entertaining the King did was on board. It is a miniature palace on wheels, and usually drawn by the locomotives "King George" and "Queen Mary."

Invitations Refused.

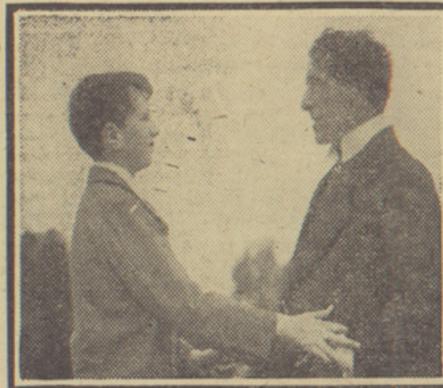
IT CONSISTS of day and sleeping saloons, one each for King and Queen, and there is for his Majesty also a smoking saloon, which is used as the card-room during a long journey. This is of mahogany, with delicate inlays of rosewood and satinwood. The King's day-room is still more elaborate—satinwood with ivory. I am told that the King refused a number of invitations to stay with well-known people, but he was on a business trip, and wished not to be hampered in any way.

"Get Along With It."

ONE of the party who accompanied the King round one of the works tells me that the thorough way in which his Majesty went into the detail impressed everybody. He was not content with the theoretical explanations given by the experts, but often asked that the foreman of a job, and sometimes even the charge-hand, should be presented, so that he could question him. Informality was the feature of the Royal inspection, and this probably impressed the employees more than anything else. "Well, get along with it as hard as you can," was the exhortation he frequently gave as he bade farewell to the men. It is believed that these Royal visits will stimulate the men to a 25 per cent. increase in their output.

K.C.'s Fighting Family.

MR. ELLIS GRIFFITH, K.C., I think, must hold a record for fighting relatives. Every relative of military age is in the Army, and not one of them knew anything about the Army before war



was declared. Mr. Ellis Arundel Griffith, his only son, left Cambridge to join the Army when only seventeen. He is now in the 13th Battalion of Royal Welsh Fusiliers. This is a happy snapshot of father and son.

A Change Without A Rest.

LORD AND LADY READING are spending Whitsuntide in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth. Although the Lord Chief Justice has gone for a change, he will not have much rest, for I believe he has a good deal of work to get through during the next few days. Had such not been the case it is probable that he would have gone on a golfing expedition with one or two friends whose names are not unknown in the political world.

In "Little Italy."

THERE WERE signs on Saturday of Italian war fever in the picturesque streets of Soho, which, by the way, is just as much "Little Italy" as Saffron Hill. Many shops displayed the Italian colours and a placard saying, "The proprietor is an Italian," not as a protection against looting Hun-baiters, but as a legitimate declaration of the national spirit. Other notices appeared on all sides drawing attention to a forthcoming "Dimostrazione Patriottica."

War Before Cooking.

A FRIEND OF MINE had to wait an abnormal time for dinner at a famous restaurant where there are a good many Italians, and when he complained the waiter threw up his hands and said: "It is no use. We can't get anything done in the kitchen to-night; they are all talking about the war, and there is nothing else that they will listen to."

"K. Of K." Firmly Fixed Now.

TALK is still of the inky attack on "K. of K." The one direct effect it has had, I am told by one who should know, has been to make it now impossible for Kitchener to go, if that had ever been contemplated. A secondary, and curious, result is that it has vastly improved the prospects of Lord Haldane if he wants to be Lord Chancellor in the Coalition Government. Lord Haldane's friends feel very strongly that he is being sacrificed in deference to the same sort of attack. An extraordinary case of criticism overreaching itself, this!

Novel Club Motive.

A WELL-KNOWN political club has vetoed on somewhat singular grounds the proposal to exclude from its reading-room this particular journal. The club takes half-a-dozen copies of the paper daily, and some members are curious to see what its next outburst will be. It will, therefore, punish it more in its circulation to let them read a club copy instead of buying copies individually.

Ministers Of Military Age.

ONE of the laws of political life—the rule that a man should resign all his directorships on entering the Ministry—is not likely to be very strictly observed in the Coalition Ministry. This question is also being asked in the clubs—Will men of military age and fitness be excluded from the Ministry? This would touch one or two ambitious young Under Secretaries.

Lady Jellicoe And The Children.

THERE ARE very few people who haven't heard of "The Children's Salon," that admirable plan for enabling "the children of the rich to help the children of the poor," which Mr. J. S. Wood, of philanthropic fame generally, has managed successfully for very many years. "The Children's Salon" has already endowed and founded ten cots for poor little sick kiddies in London hospitals. Besides, with its annual competitions in art, music, literature, dancing, it is in addition a sort of mutual improvement society for its members. One of these members is Lady Jellicoe, whose picture this is. She will present the prizes at the twenty-fourth annual competition, to be held at the Connaught Rooms on June 12.



—(Lafayette.)

Patriotic Melodramas.

TWO patriotic melodramas in one evening form rather an ordeal, an ordeal which I enjoyed tolerably cheerfully on Saturday. First of all I turned up at the Prince's Theatre, to take a taste of "For England, Home and Beauty," which is in four acts and twelve scenes. A concise explanation of the plot would be quite impossible, even with unlimited space. But there are "featured," as the film-mongers say, and as the programme tells you, a racing stable, an unmarried mother, an ancestral home, a real race with real horses and a female jockey, a German spy, the firing line in Flanders, and a field hospital.

Prince Siegfried.

AT THE Lyceum ("In Time of War" is the name of the play) they go one better. Here also we have a hospital, a German spy, and the firing line, but an "added attraction" is the Kaiser himself, otherwise Prince Siegfried, the War Lord, who barks out "Gott strafe England" like a good 'un. I can still hear the hisses for the villains and the cheers for the heroes, and heroines, and all sentiments heroic, which went on at both places.

A Recruiting Field.

PERSONALLY, I hate the war on the stage, whether in this full-blooded form, or as a military song scene in a revue, or even as a bad Barrie music-hall sketch. But these plays are stirring, straightforward affairs, and when someone on the stage talks of the slackers who are stopping at home, perhaps some of the clappers and "hear hearers" in the pit and gallery realise that the words might very well be applied to themselves.

A Quaint Mania!

A MAN I KNOW is always in search of new methods to gratify a fantastic imagination. He tells me that he lately conceived the idea of ringing up well-known people, just for the fun of the thing, to see how long he could keep them engaged on the telephone. He managed to get four whole minutes out of one celebrity, evidently one without an ear for nonsense!

MR. GOSSIP.

MANY SOLDIERS BURNT TO DEATH IN BLAZING TRAIN.

HORRORS OF THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER.

Troops Escaping From Blazing Wreckage Cut To Pieces By Express.

OFFICERS AND MANY MEN AMONG THE VICTIMS.

Four Trains Involved In The Most Appalling Smash That Ever Took Place On A British Line.

SUGGESTION THAT TRAGEDY WAS WORK OF A SPY.

Nothing in the records of railway disasters in the British Isles has equalled in magnitude or horror of detail the terrible happening at Quintins Hill signal-box, on the Caledonian Railway, nine miles north of Carlisle and about a mile south of Gretna Green, on Saturday morning.

Four trains were involved in the disaster—

A fast troop train travelling south with a contingent of the famous Royal Scots (about 500).

A local train which left Carlisle for the north at 6.10 a.m.

A London to Glasgow express, which left Euston at midnight.

A stationary goods train on a siding.

The local train was standing on a loop line to allow the fast Carlisle train to pass when the troop train, travelling at high speed, dashed into it.

Then into the wreckage and scenes of death already wrought by the collision of the two first trains dashed the express from Carlisle.

Those who saw the scene can never free themselves from haunting memories of it.

Flames had broken out in the wreckage of the troop train and the "local"; the shrieks and groans of the injured and imprisoned harrowed the rescue workers who had rushed to the scene. Soldiers were pinned under the debris, but many were actually scrambling out when the express leaped upon the shattered and burning mass and mowed down the gallant fellows who would have given their lives gladly for their country on the battlefield.

Death overtook its victims in several forms. Some were killed in the first crash; some were slaughtered by the onrush of the express, and others—compared with whose shocking end the fate of the others seems merciful—were roasted to death.

Up to a late hour there were conflicting reports as to the actual number of lives lost.

Mr. Matheson, general manager of the Caledonian Railway, told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday afternoon that the death roll was 158. The number of injured has been variously estimated at from 150 to 300. Most of the victims were soldiers.

It is probable that the inquest will be opened at Carlisle to-night.

The Board of Trade inquiry will be opened at Gretna to-morrow.

The suggestion has been made that the disaster owes its origin to the work of a German spy, who may have successfully tampered with the signals.

HARROWING SCENES OF THE GREAT DISASTER.

Thoughts Of Injured Soldiers Fly To The Battle Front.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CARLISLE, Sunday Night.

The scene at Gretna this morning was infinitely saddening. The railway was still blocked by portions of the wrecked trains; the embankment was a mass of twisted iron and debris; and in a field lay long rows of coffins.

There were 80 of them, and more were constantly arriving by motor vehicles from Glasgow, Dumfries, and Carlisle.

A long row of white sheets covered the remains of unrecognisable dead.

The horror of the scene seemed intensified by the fact that the morning was radiant with May sunshine.

Inside a little white-walled barn lay three bodies which had not been identified.

Gun-carriages which had been on the troop train lay beside the barn.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The disaster took place at what is known as the "Blockhat" at Quintins Hill, slightly to the north of Gretna Green.

At this point there are sidings on each side of the main line. The local train was on the main set of rails in advance of the Euston express, and it was necessary to shunt it to allow the London train to pass.

It has been the custom to divert the local train to the siding on the left or western side, but, for some reason not at present explained, those rails were occupied by a standing goods train, so that it was necessary for the signalman to send the "local" into the opposite siding, on the east, to wait there till the express had gone by.

The levers had been moved, and the "local" was moving slowly into the siding, when the troop train coming from the North swooped down upon it just before the engine had got clear of the main line.

The shock was terrible, and in a twinkling the engines of both trains were dashed over together with nearly all the carriages containing the troops. Whilst the local train suffered almost as severely, the London express was due, and it was impossible to stop its dash to death and destruction.

The collision between the troop and local trains had damaged and made unworkable the apparatus

for moving the signals, with the result that, so far as can be ascertained, the signal gave a clear passage for the oncoming express.

There is a slight curve at this section of the line, which would make it impossible for the driver of the first engine to see very far ahead.

TOO LATE FOR BRAKES.

However that may be, the express came along at a terrific speed, and before the brakes could be effectively applied dashed into the wreckage of the two other trains.

The two powerful engines of the express leaped upon the burning debris, and there was a mass of wreckage such as has never been seen on a British railway.

But even the three trains in ruins and on fire had not completed the awful scene of chaos, for the goods train which was on the western side became quickly involved, and within a few minutes from the first collision five locomotives were lying in all manner of positions within a space of 30 or 40 yards.

All that remained was a jumbled mass of iron and steel, the mighty engines battered almost out of recognition, and in the midst of a raging furnace.

The troop train was occupied by about 500 officers and men of the 7th Battalion of the Royal Scots, and it is feared that not more than about 50 of these

have come through the ordeal uninjured. They were the chief sufferers.

Information of the fearful event was quickly conveyed to Carlisle, and Mr. Campbell, the station-master at Carlisle, organised a special train, which hurried to Quintins Hill.

At once the ready helpers got to work, and the meadows on one side of the line were like a battlefield after the fight.

Many of the travellers were already dead, and the dying were lying on stretchers or on the grass faintly calling for help and moaning piteously.

Motor ambulances were hurried along, and the unfortunate victims who had not succumbed were taken to the infirmary and other institutions at Carlisle, but many died on the way.

The town was soon converted into a vast hospital, and considering the great number of wounded troops who were already being treated there this extra demand upon the authorities' resources was met with commendable promptitude.

"DINNA GREET, LASSIE."

Within a few hours of the disaster two young officers, with heads swathed in bandages, were moving calmly about preparing a list of the dead and injured.

"Dinna greet (cry), lassie," said one Scots soldier to a nurse as he was carried away to hospital terribly burned and injured, and he tried to smile at the weeping woman.

"If only we could have had a fight for it," said another, whose thoughts, mangled though he was, were of the fighting line in Flanders.

The troop train left Larbert, near Falkirk, at 3.45 a.m. on Saturday morning for an unknown destination.

When the northward bound express crashed into the overturned carriages of the troop train soldiers were emerging from the wreckage.

The scene which followed was one of sheer horror.

TROOP TRAIN IN FLAMES.

Engines and carriages were heaped up in utter confusion, and the shrieks and groans of the injured were pitiful.

Gradually the flames rose and then spread with great rapidity.

In a short time the entire troop train, consisting of nine carriages, was a roaring furnace.

Some of the soldiers were able to extricate themselves, and at once gallantly set to work to rescue their unfortunate comrades. There were loud cries for help, but in many cases it was impossible to do anything on account of the raging fire.

Scores of soldiers were pinned under the wreckage, and their bodies were burned to cinders.

The first crash is stated to have taken place at 6.45 yesterday morning.

It is thought that had it not been for the double collision the loss of life would not have been great.

SOLDIERS CUT TO PIECES.

The express mowed the Scots soldiers to pieces. The helpers from Carlisle numbered hundreds, and the local medical men did splendid work, in which they were well seconded by the members of the Red Cross Society and other relief staffs.

By eleven o'clock the rescuers had succeeded in attending to everyone of the injured, who were promptly sent to Carlisle.

THREE SCOTS OFFICERS KILLED.

A full official list of the Royal Scots victims had not been received at a late hour, but the following are stated to have either been killed in the collision or to have died in hospital:—

Major J. D. Hamilton.

Captain J. M. Mitchell.

Lieut. C. B. Salvesen, son of Colonel Salvesen, a former commander of the regiment, and nephew of Lord Salvesen.

Paymaster W. Payton.

Frank Scott, of Carlisle, the driver of the troop train; James Hama, also of Carlisle, fireman of the troop train; and Sam Dyer, of London, the sleeping-car attendant on the express, were also killed.

There had been no return given of the ordinary passengers who were killed or injured in the collision.

A PAGE OF HEROISM.

The British Eye-Witness's latest despatch, Percival Phillips' glowing description of the second battle for Ypres—the soldier's battle—and the story of the five new V.C.'s, will be found on page 12.

FIRST PICTURES OF THE TRAIN SMASH.

The Illustrated Sunday Herald Sold Out Everywhere.

JOURNALISTIC "SCOOP."

Only London Sunday Paper To Get The Photographs.

When a disaster occurs in an isolated district an anxious and naturally impatient public has often to wait many hours for the full story of the catastrophe.

This was the case with Saturday's terrible happening. The inaccessibility of Gretna Green and the limited telegraphic facilities rendered impossible anything like a detailed narrative in Saturday's evening papers.

Yesterday, however, the readers of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* had the story presented to them in a manner in which only an illustrated paper with a wonderful scheme of organisation, the ramifications of which cover every corner of the British Isles, could present it.

FIVE PAGES OF PICTURES.

Not only did the *Sunday Herald* publish a graphic story, but five pages were filled with exclusive pictures of the disaster which gave the readers a more vivid idea of the appalling magnitude of the catastrophe than mere words could tell.

Although the disaster occurred between three and four hundred miles from London the actual and terrible scenes were reproduced to the public in London and in most parts of Great Britain in a little more than twelve hours after they had heard the first tidings of the disaster.

IMMENSE PUBLIC INTEREST.

The *Illustrated Sunday Herald* was the only Sunday picture paper that published photographs, and the immense public interest reflected in the demand for the paper involved a tremendous strain upon the publishing staff.

The *Illustrated Sunday Herald* goes to every town and village in Great Britain, and the publisher, anticipating the demands of agents, sent extra copies everywhere. But, generous as that anticipation had been, it was considerably below the general demand.

ASKING FOR MORE.

Soon after the receipt of parcels by county and suburban agents telegrams for more copies literally poured in. Urgent telephone messages of a similar character were received as fast as they could be taken, while agents living close at hand came to the office personally to swell the demand.

The response to that demand was a valiant one. Machines working overtime yesterday morning poured out thousands upon thousands of extra copies, which were dispatched by motor or train to agents all over the country.

Even the tremendous extra supply with which the publisher did his best to satisfy the demand, did not meet the situation. After mid-day yesterday people went from pitch to pitch and shop to shop in order to get a paper, only in the end reluctantly to abandon the chase. Everywhere the answer was the same: "Sold out."

FELL THROUGH THE BOTTOM.

Soldier Who Would Rather Have Been In Flanders.

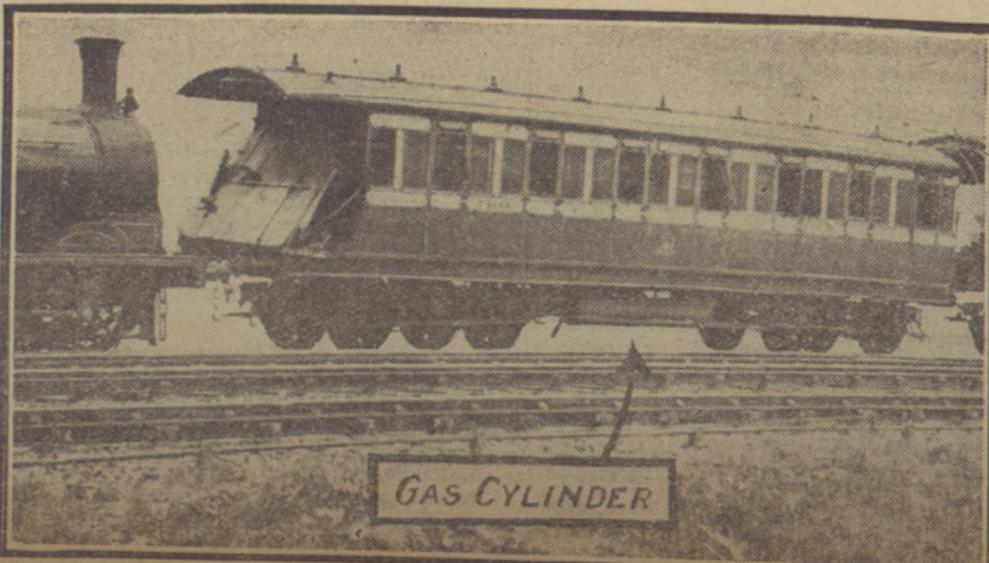
A private who lives at Armadale said that he had never seen or heard anything more terrible than that which had happened. "There were about 500 of us all together," he said, "eight in each compartment. Most of us were sleeping. The other boys were sitting up smoking and talking. Then came the awful smash. By God, what a smash it was! The major, a captain, and some lieutenants have been killed. There was a lance-corporal in the carriage with me, but what happened to him I don't know. As for myself, I fell through the bottom of the carriage and was badly crushed. I scrambled out as best I could.

"Most of the men belong to Edinburgh. It was quite light," he added, "when the accident happened. We left Larbert at about 3 o'clock, and when the collision occurred the train burst into flames at once. Men were thrown in all directions, and were crushed to pieces against the goods train.

"It was horrible. I would far rather have been out in Flanders. You do get a run for your money there. I was very badly knocked about, but I did my best in attending to the other men. We bandaged one another up as best we could, while the flames were bursting out all around us."

WORSE THAN THE TRENCHES.

A soldier home from France said the scenes beggared anything he had witnessed in the trenches. Men were lying about smashed in the most horrible manner, heads, legs and arms being disconnected from bodies; blood was scattered everywhere. His experiences in hauling horrible remnants of bodies from under wreckage were sickening.



GAS CYLINDER

AUSTRIA CUTS RAILWAYS & THROWS TROOPS ON FRONTIER

ALL BUT SIX VICTIMS WERE SOLDIERS.

260 Royal Scots Killed And Injured In Train Disaster.

MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

Railway Says Most Of Those In Hospital Are Doing Well.

The following telegram was addressed by Mr. Donald A. Matheson, general manager of the Caledonian Railway Company, to the King's Equerry at Buckingham Palace:—

In reply to your telegram transmitted to me here I beg to state with great regret, for the information of his Majesty the King, that as a result of the collision near Gretna of a south-going military troop train with a local train, the wreckage of which was immediately run into by the express train from Euston at 6.50 this morning, about 115 passengers were killed and about 150 injured, all with the exception of about six being soldiers; that is, about 109 soldiers were killed, of whom about six are officers.

The injured soldiers, about 150 in number, were quickly taken to hospitals and hotels in Carlisle, where they were visited this evening by Sir Charles Renshaw, chairman of the Caledonian Railway, and me, and were found to be carefully looked after by numerous doctors and nurses.

All the injured, with a few exceptions, are doing well. We gratefully beg to acknowledge his Majesty's message of sympathy, which will be made known.

THE KING'S GRIEF.

Mr. Matheson received the following yesterday from the King's equerry:—

The King is shocked to hear of the terrible railway disaster near Carlisle, which has cost the country many valuable lives.

His Majesty deeply sympathises with those who have lost relatives and friends, and trusts that you can send a satisfactory report about the injured.

GAS-LIGHTED TRAINS A MENACE TO LIFE.

Previous Disaster Proved Its Danger In Accidents.

Would the heavy death-roll have been lessened had all the trains been electrically lighted?

This is one of the questions which will, no doubt, be investigated at the Board of Trade inquiry which Colonel E. Druitt, R.E., is to conduct, but the *Daily Sketch* is of opinion that an affirmative answer may at once be given.

On inquiry at Euston yesterday the *Daily Sketch* was informed that the troop train was lighted by gas and the Euston express by electricity. It was not known then what the lighting arrangements of the local train were, but they were believed to be either oil or gas.

According to the story of a special correspondent of the *Daily Sketch*, soon after the collision between the troop train and the local "a little flame was observed in the middle of the troop train."

LITTLE GAS FLAME THE ORIGIN.

This probably may have been the origin of the fire by which so many imprisoned passengers lost their lives.

Should this prove to be the case, it is certain to raise once more the question of danger to which gas-illuminated trains are exposed. This question has been brought prominently before the public notice on previous occasions when disasters of a similar kind have occurred.

Major Pringle, who conducted the Board of Trade inquiry into the Aisgill disaster, which occurred in September, 1913, when 14 lives were lost, was of opinion that a quantity of gas escaping from the cylinders ignited immediately after the collision.

DENUNCIATION OF GAS.

It will be of interest to recall his recommendation on this point. It was as follows:—

As regards illumination, Major Pringle again strongly urges upon railway companies the desirability of employing electricity as their standard illumination.

It cannot be expected that all the gas-lighted vehicles can be replaced at once. The expense would be too considerable.

But the policy of constructing all new stocks with electric lighting, and of replacing as early as possible the existing gas-lighted stock on main line and express services is in consonance with the trend of general practice all over the world, and one which is not impracticable from the point of view of expense.

COWARDLY CAMPAIGN AGAINST KITCHENER.

Failure Of Fleet-Street Intrigue Against Great War Minister.

HONOURED BY MEN WHO KNOW.

The disgraceful personal campaign against Lord Kitchener has reacted on the heads of its authors.

The only result has been enormously to enhance Lord Kitchener's popularity and to damage the newspapers which started it.

The King of the Belgians—who knows at first-hand the value of Lord Kitchener's services—has conferred the highest honour upon him by the grant of the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold.

A resolution condemning the attacks on Lord Kitchener was passed on the Cardiff Coal Exchange. The resolution, which will be sent to Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener, was carried with cheers. The members subsequently sang the National Anthem.

Lord Kitchener wired this reply: "My cordial thanks to your committee for the expression of confidence in your telegram."

Similar opinions were expressed publicly and privately in many parts of the kingdom during the week-end.

The *Weekly Dispatch* nevertheless continues the campaign begun by the *Daily Mail* and *Times*. Yesterday's paper said:—

The man who has had complete control of these matters (shells) since August last is Lord Kitchener.

It is believed that Sir John has appealed again and again for the right kind of shell—the high-explosive shell, as it is called—and until he gets these high-explosive shells we may look for a continuation of the present state of affairs.

No amount of abuse, or argument, will alter the fact that the Shell Scandal of the war of 1915 is far more deadly than the Boot Scandal of the Crimea.

Other newspapers comment on this deplorable exhibition as follows:—

"ORGANISERS OF ANARCHY."

There is no Minister whose ruin might not be accomplished if there is to be impunity for such methods as have been used against Mr. Churchill with temporary success and have been then attempted against Lord Kitchener, only to meet with an overwhelming ignominy of failure. We must stamp on this thing. Even if a Dictatorship has to be set up to do it, we must crush the organisation of anarchy and vendetta.—*Observer*.

"DAMNABLE ATTEMPTS."

It is no less necessary that we should also have a Coalition Press, which, sinking all rivalries and jealousies among newspaper proprietors, suppressing all unseemly scrambling after journalistic advantage, all paltry struggling after circulation, all scandalous subterranean movements of impure partisanship, and all damnable attempts under cover of the country's good to sow dissension between soldier and soldier, sailor and statesman, shall create a National Press to follow the lead of a National Government.—Mr. Hall Caine in *Reynolds's*.

WHAT GENTLEMEN THINK.

The suggestions that either Sir John French intended this statement to be read as an accusation against the Secretary of State, or that the Secretary of State has been usurping the functions of the Artillery Committees in order to create a case for the removal of Sir John French, could only have been put forward by persons entirely ignorant of the principles which govern the conduct of British gentlemen in face of a common danger.—Colonel Maude in the *Sunday Times*.

WHAT THE MAN AT THE FRONT EXPECTS.

A sergeant in the R.G.A., who also served in the South African War, writing from the front, says: Our losses are terrible. There are plenty of fit men still left in Great Britain, and the troops at the front are daily expecting to hear that conscription has been introduced.

"WHO'S FOR KITCHENER?"—"ALL OF US."



Trafalgar-square gives itself over at Whitsuntide to Labour demonstrations. Yesterday someone shouted "Who's for Kitchener?" and at once grievances and complaints were forgotten. They were all for him.—(*Daily Sketch* Photograph.)

AMBASSADORS' RECALL FROM ROME.

Frontier Crossed By Austrians: Encounter With Italians.

ENTHUSIASM IN LONDON.

Italy is perfecting her war plans with an almost uncanny deliberation.

No actual act of war has yet been committed beyond the repelling of an Austrian patrol which crossed the frontier.

Germany and Austria apparently intend to place on Italy the responsibility of declaring war; and Italy is making use of the opportunity to complete her mobilisation.

The mobilisation of the army and navy began yesterday, and is to be completed to-morrow. Italy will then strike, according to General Cherfils, the French military critic—

at a point where she will be most dangerous to our common enemy, and where she can most effectually ensure their demoralisation.

4-POWER COMPACT.

It is stated unofficially that Italy has joined the compact entered into by Russia, France and Great Britain not to sign a separate peace and to pursue the operations until terms can be agreed acceptable to all.

Prince von Bülow and Baron Macchio, the German and Austrian Ambassadors, according to a Paris message, presented their letters of recall to the King of Italy on Saturday afternoon.

They have not yet left the country.

AUSTRIA CUTTING RAILWAYS.

A message from Verona to Paris states that the Austrians are cutting all railway communications in the Friuli region, destroying the lines between Vosino and Borghetto and dynamiting bridges.

It is now impossible to reach the frontier from Rovereto, all the roads having been destroyed.

Forty thousand Tyrolese soldiers arrived on Thursday. The police are still arresting en masse Tyrolese people suspected of having pro-Italian sympathies.

FRONTIER FIGHT.

The *Giornale d'Italia*, in a special edition, announces a further encounter between Italian Chasseurs Alpins and an Austrian patrol which had crossed the frontier.

The Italians attacked and vigorously pursued the patrol.

RUMANIA MOBILISING.

The *Petit Parisien* says that, following the example of Italy, Rumania, without publicly issuing an official order of mobilisation, has mobilised almost the whole of its army.

KING OF HELLENES WORSE.

Berlin Surgeon Summoned To Perform Critical Operation.

PARIS, Sunday.

A message from Athens states that the condition of the King of Greece is very grave, and that Dr. Krauss, of Berlin, has been urgently summoned.

This course was decided on in consequence of doctors attending the Council of Ministers. It was then decided that a surgical operation was absolutely necessary.—*Exchange Special*.

A POSTHUMOUS HONOUR.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* includes the notice that the King has ordered the following appointment to the Most Honourable Order of the Bath in recognition of the most distinguished service in the field of the under-mentioned officer:—

To be an additional member of the military division of the second-class or Knights Commanders: Brigadier General William Throsby Bridges, C.M.G., Inspector-General, Council of Defence, Australian Commonwealth Forces.

Your Camera is a Money-Maker. The "way how" is told on page 10.

FUTURE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Cabinet Reconstructions Which May Leave Him Out Of Office.

LORD FISHER'S MOVEMENTS.

Unexpected Visit To Scotland For An Unknown Destination.

A week ago the Liberal Government, with Lord Kitchener as War Minister, Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher at the Admiralty, and most of the other offices held by well-tried statesmen, appeared to be firmly established and likely to last as long as the war.

This morning everything is unsettled except the facts that—

Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey retain their offices;

Lord Kitchener, after an unscrupulous Press campaign, holds a stronger position than ever;

Mr. Churchill leaves the Admiralty, and possibly retires temporarily from public life;

All the members of the late Cabinet placed their resignations in Mr. Asquith's hands, at his request;

Opposition statesmen are about to join a great National Ministry, including—

| CERTAIN. | PROBABLE. |
|------------------|------------------|
| Mr. Balfour. | Lord Derby. |
| Mr. Bonar Law. | Mr. Walter Long. |
| Mr. Chamberlain. | Lord Curzon. |
| | Lord Lansdowne. |

A CHURCHILL CANARD.

"There is not a word of truth in it. The whole statement is utter nonsense."

In the above words the story of Mr. Churchill's intention to go to the front was denied by Mr. Masterson Smith, Mr. Churchill's private secretary, when questioned by the *Daily Sketch* at the Treasury yesterday.

Mr. Churchill spent the week-end at his home near Godalming.

Whether he remains in politics or returns to the Army, he undoubtedly needs a short rest, for the recent strain has told on his health.

Should he decide to bar politics, there are one or two high posts, such as the Viceroyalty of India, which would be at his disposal, or, if he prefers participation in the war, a post, though not of a subordinate character, would soon be created for him.

LORD FISHER'S VISIT.

A new turn was given to political gossip yesterday by the unexpected visit of Lord and Lady Fisher to Scotland.

They arrived at Central Station, Glasgow, early yesterday morning.

The public was excluded from the platform. A motor-car was in waiting at the edge of the platform, and the reason given was that an ambulance train with injured was at the opposite platform. The few people on the platform, however, were amazed to see Lord and Lady Fisher step from the train, and at once cross to the car.

Before the car left the station Lord Fisher sent for Sir Charles Bine Renshaw, who had just returned from Gretna. He conversed with Lord and Lady Fisher for some time before they drove off.

MORE GERMAN DEFEATS.

Fight For The "Labyrinth" And For Positions Captured By The Allies.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday afternoon.

The enemy made several attacks last night between the sea and Arras. He was everywhere repulsed, and suffered very heavy losses. The first of these attempts occurred north of Ypres, east of the Yser canal. The Germans did not succeed in debouching.

Two other attacks were aimed at the north-eastern and south-western parts of the plateau of Lorette. They were not able to reach our lines.

Two further attacks were made against our positions at Neuville-Saint Vaast, in the village, in the cemetery, and further south in the region called the "Labyrinth."

At one point alone was the enemy able for a moment to gain a footing in one of our advanced trenches, but he was driven out of it, and left many prisoners in our hands.

In the Argonne (Eastern France) the Germans exploded several mines near our positions, and they attempted to occupy the craters thus formed with strong forces. Our infantry threw them back to their original line under a storm of bombs and grenades, inflicting heavy losses on them. The enemy's defeat was complete.—*Reuter*.

FACED DEATH IN MID-AIR.



Flight-Lieut. Openshaw, who lost control of his machine, which turned upside down while pursuing a German aeroplane. He was falling to earth hanging head down when he reached the control lever with his feet and righted the machine.

SPORTSMEN.



Lieut. L. S. Lloyd, 12th Hussars—(wounded)—a Cambridge oar.



Lieut. T. E. Brooks, Leicester Yeomanry—(killed)—a member of the Quorn Hunt.

PUSHFUL TIM.



Timothy Keegan, a 15-year-old bandman, found his way to the front as a stowaway.

THE COUSINS AT CRICCIETH.



Miss Lloyd George spends some of her Whitsun leisure at Criccieth in taking her little cousin, Master William George, for a donkey ride.

THE HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE MUST BE LOOKED AFTER EVEN IN THE STRESS AND WORRY OF WAR.



Five hundred delegates from all parts of the country attended the Whitsun conference of the National Union for Insurance at Bishopsgate Institute. It was stated that 10,000 members have been contributed to the ranks of the fighting men.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

A BEREAVED SISTER.



Miss Elaine Orde-Powlett has lost her eldest brother, Lieut. W. P. Orde-Powlett, Yorkshire Regiment, in action.—(Sarony.)

TWO HEROES OF THE BRITISH TRENCHES.



Lance-Corporal J. I. Chiney, of St. Helens, has been awarded the D.C.M. for efforts to carry a mine to the German position.



Private W. H. Hordinott, 1st Devons, killed at Zillebeke, was the first to meet the Germans in the Christmas truce in the trenches.

QUEEN AND BLIND GIRL.



Miss Dorothy White has received a gift from Queen Alexandra, who admired the blind girl's work.

LORD KITCHENER CALLS FOR MORE MEN

WAR OFFICE
WHITEHALL
S.W.

*I have said that I would let
the country know when more
men were wanted for the war.
The time has come and I now
call for 30000 recruits to
form new armies—*

*Those who are engaged on the
production of war material
of any kind should not leave
their work. It is to men who
are not performing this duty
that I appeal—*

Kitchener

NEW CONDITIONS OF ENLISTMENT. Age Limit now 40.

| | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|---|
| Age—19 to 40 | - - - - - | } Enlistment for General Service for the Duration of the War. |
| Height—Minimum, 5 feet 2 inches | - - - - - | |
| Chest—Minimum, 33½ inches | - - - - - | |

GOD SAVE THE KING.

WAS THE RAILWAY DISASTER, THE GREATEST THAT HAS EV



All were anxious to relieve his sufferings.



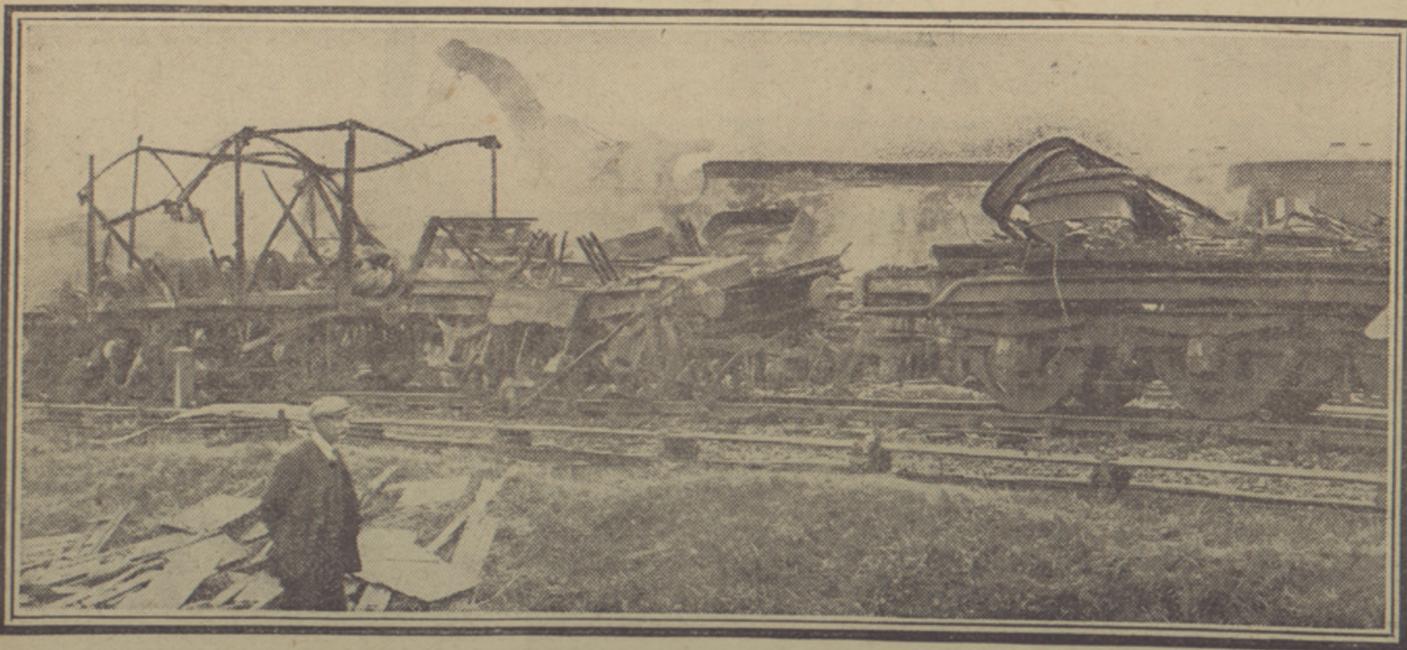
The scene of confusion and wreckage that followed the smash. Carriages with their living freight were hurled over



Sailors nursed the injured as tenderly as a woman and carried them from the scene.

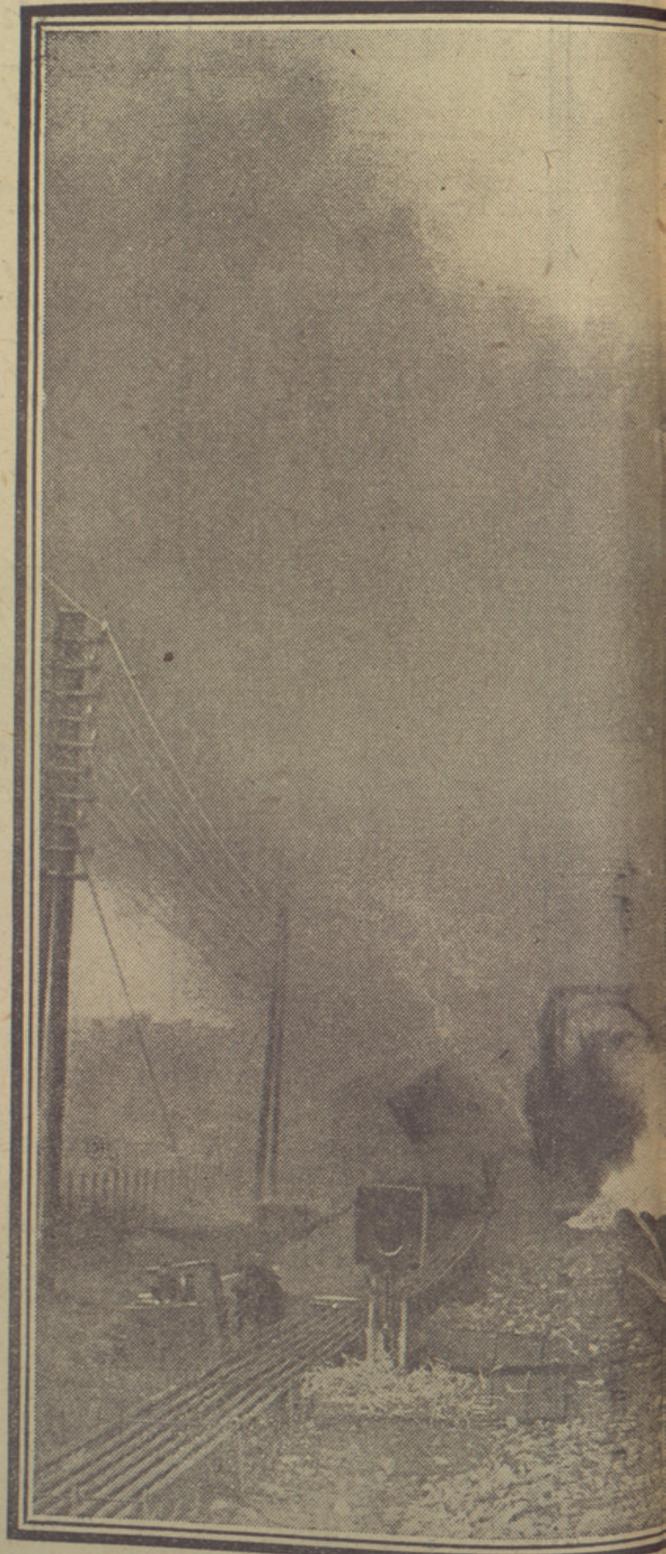


Rifles were found all over the line.



What chance of escape could the men and women have had from the fierce fire, when the flames could consume wood and iron in this fashion? The collision caused the loss of many lives; the fire added agony to death.

Was it merely an unhappy chance that the troop train suffered most in the disaster and yielded the largest number of victims, or was it the design of a German spy unduly familiar with military



"Great flashes of flame and columns of smoke rose from comrades were meeting an agonising death, but we could not escape the heat was awful. It was an

ER OCCURRED IN THIS COUNTRY, CAUSED BY A GERMAN SPY?



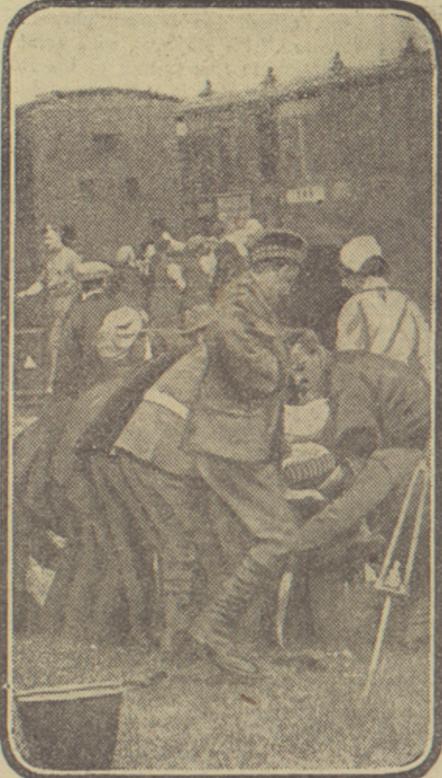
the embankment. Doors, windows, and floors had been smashed to splinters, and under the debris lay maimed and broken bodies.



Fetching water for the parched throats of the injured.



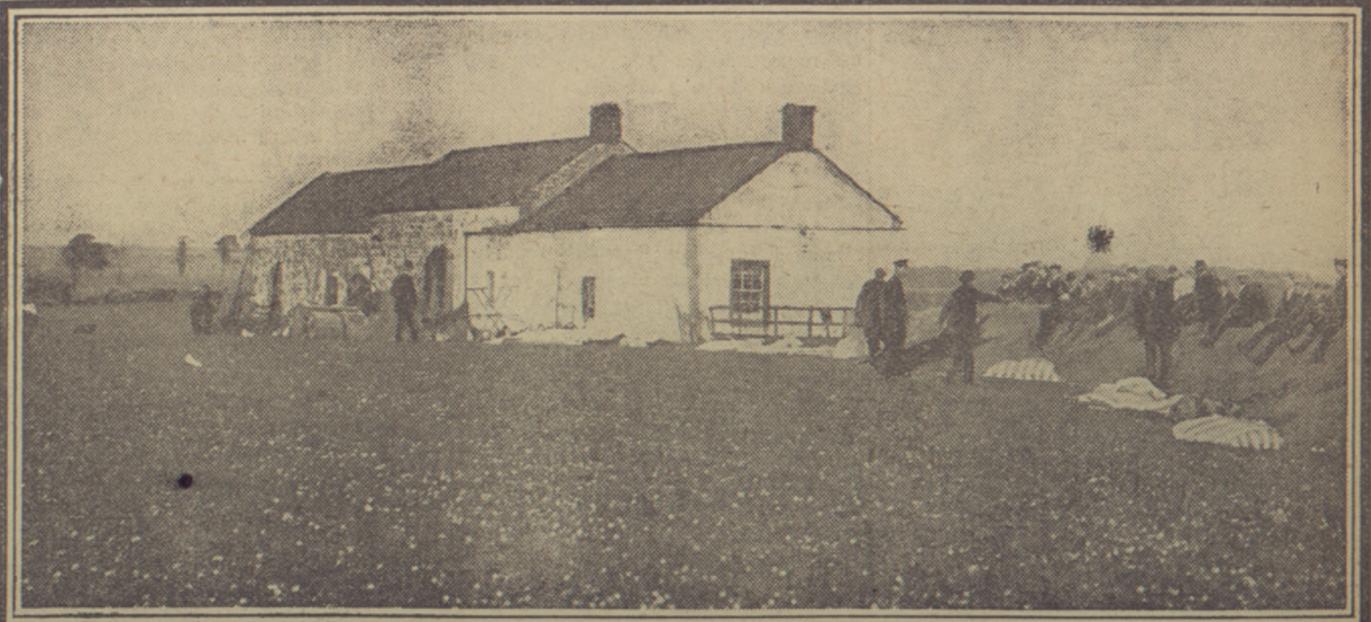
the burning trains. Soon we were helpless. We knew that our only look on. An east wind fanned the fury of the blaze, and a appalling sight."—(An eye-witness's story.)



Soldiers assisted the nurses.



Doctors hurried from Carlisle in motor-cars to the temporary hospital in the fields.



The little farmhouse at Quintin Hill which was turned into a hastily-improvised mortuary. Here were conveyed the first victims, beyond all help, to be taken from the wreckage after the flames had spent themselves.

movements and with opportunities for train-wrecking on an inadequately guarded portion of the line? That soldier and civilian alike should perish would add to the success of a German plot.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)

THEATRES

DELPHI.—TO-NIGHT and TO-MORROW at 8. Mr. George Edwardes' Revival, *VERONIQUE*. A Comic Opera. LAST 2 PERFORMANCES. BOX OFFICE (2645 and 8886 Gerrard), 10 to 10.

LDWYCH. THE DAIRYMAIDS. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8. Nightly 8. Matinees Weds. and Sats., 2.30. Popular Prices, 6d. to 7s. 6d. Gerr. 2315.

AMBASSADORS.—Nightly at 9.0. *ODDS AND ENDS*. Revue, by Harry Graitan. (Last 8 performances.) At 8.30, Mme. HANAKO in "OTAKE" Matinee Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

APOLLO. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. Charles Hawtree's Production. *STRIKING!* By Paul Rubens and Gladys Unger. At 8, Mr. Charles Cory. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production. *BETTY*. TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinees Sats., at 2. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—Evenings at 9 (excepting To-morrow (Tuesday). CHARLES FROHMAN presents *MILIE GABY DESLAYS IN ROSY RAPTURE*. Preceded at 8.15 by *THE NEW WORD*. Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. MATINEE THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GAIETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. New Musical Play. NIGHTLY, 8.15. Mr. George Grossmith's and Mr. Edward Laurillard's Production. Matinee Every Saturday at 2.15.

GARRICK (Ger. 9513). *YVONNE ARNAUD*. To-day at 2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." SPECIAL MATINEE TO-DAY at 2.30.

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

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. Last 2 Weeks. *THE RIGHT TO KILL*. Last 2 Weeks. From the French of M. Froude. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyser. HERBERT TREE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. IRENE VANBRUGH. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. Gerr. 1777.

KINGSWAY. Liverpool Commonwealth Co. To-night at 8.15. COUSIN KATE, by Hubert Henry Davies. To-morrow (Tues.) and Every Evening at 8.15. A BIT OF LOVE, by John Galsworthy. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway, WLADIMIR ROSING'S Russian and French Grand Opera Season, commencing Saturday next with "PIQUE DAME." (First time in England.) Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Boxes four to 1½ gns. Box Office now open. Phone Holborn 6840.

LYRIC. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.15. MAT. TO-DAY, and WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30.

NEW. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY presents *THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS*. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday, 2.30.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. SPECIAL MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2.30. Box Office, 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9437.

ROYALTY. VEDRENNE AND EADIE. DENNIS EADIE in *THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME*. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office (Tel. Ger. 3903) 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. Sir George Alexander Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. A New Drama. *THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY*. By Chester Bailey Fernald. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR. DAILY, 2.30. *THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE*. The Method of Holding Our Empire, including Neuve Chapelle Battle, Troops in Training, Heroes of Hill 60. NIGHTLY at 8.—BRITON'S DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN. EVENINGS at 8. MATINEES WEDS. at 2. Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. ALFRED LESTER "ALWAYS Merry and Bright." Box Office 10 to 10. Prices, 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.

STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE. TO-NIGHT at 8. JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY. Matinee Every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE. BABY MINE. Evenings at 8.45. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. WEEDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOEY. At 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones.

WYNDHAM'S. "RAFFLES." Evenings at 8.30. GERALD du MAURIER as "RAFFLES." Matinee Wednesday Next, at 2.30.

VARIETIES

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

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. MARY MOORE and CO. in "MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE"; GEORGE ROBEY, ROBERT OBER in "A REGULAR BUSINESS MAN"; ALBERT WHELAN, Jas. A. WATTS, STONE and KALISZ, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.35. Mat. Sat., 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES. ETHEL LEVEY. JOSEPH COYNE. Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane, etc. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

HIPPODROME, LONDON. Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production entitled "PUSH AND GO." including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORAIN, 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 DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Oxford Circus, W. DAILY at 2.30 and 8. BRILLIANT PROGRAMME. "THE CURIOUS CASE," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. (Mayfair 1545).

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

PALLADIUM.—8.10 and 9. Mats. Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. LITTLE TICH, RUTH VINCENT, BILLY MERSON, FRED EMNEY and CO., MAIDIE SCOTT, DAISY JAMES, DERRA DE MORODA, 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 (Bank Holiday) from 3 p.m. (weather permitting).

PERSONAL.

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

DO THE MEN AT HOME REALISE?

Lady Sarah Wilson Rebukes The Self-Complacent Britons Who Are Lulled Into False Optimism.

Does the nation realise its duty and the gravity of the crisis? Lady Sarah Wilson who writes below on this subject, has given her husband for her country, and has done splendid work nursing wounded soldiers at the front

Does Great Britain realise the war? How often have we heard this question during the past few months. In many ways we may be thankful that we can reply in the negative, and that, on the surface anyway, our fair land is as yet practically untouched by the grim spectre of slaughter and destruction. But this state of outward calm and peace brings many drawbacks in its train. No one will deny that Englishmen have nobly responded to their country's call, and that Englishwomen, by their influence and work, have borne their share in the devoted service that their dead ones have so readily given; but all the same, the tragic aspect of this war has, up to the present, only been revealed to those whom duties and work have called over the Channel.

THE APPEAL FROM FRANCE.

Go to any of our large hospital and military bases on the Continent and you will find a totally different atmosphere. It is not only the arrival of the ambulance trains with their ghastly burdens, the pathetic procession of hospital ships leaving the harbour, but it is also that every person you meet (English or any other nationality) is engaged either in military work or in alleviating the sufferings caused by the ravages of war. There is no room for anything else—for any games, for any sport—in the lives of those who are not in the firing line.



LADY SARAH WILSON. (Swaine.)

In France you see buildings, evidently begun before the war, standing as they were left last August, with rotting scaffolding—tiny children are engaged in selling newspapers or in waiting at hotels with admirable precociousness—sturdy women are to be met on the roads with huge loads of firewood, the size and weight of which would greatly surprise some of our country wenches.

And fresh from these scenes, one returns to London, to find things very much as they were this month of May a year ago, and one almost wonders if the other side of the picture is only a terrible nightmare.

I am quite certain that if the full meaning of these five little words, "holding the line in Flanders," were fully grasped at home, the question of "to be or not to be" as regards racing, for instance, would scarcely be a debatable one.

When all the cargo has to be jettisoned to bring the vessel safe to port, when the flower of England's manhood and that of her colonies and possessions are cheerfully laying down their lives in this just cause, when the wisest and greatest of our statesmen and soldiers tell us that every nerve must be strained to end the war successfully and quickly, surely questions of sport and pleasure may safely stand aside.

THE SELF-COMPLACENT BRITON.

With all our splendid qualities there is no doubt that our disposition, as a race, is to be too self-complacent. Many years ago, when our present King, at the conclusion of his world-tour, coined the famous phrase: "Wake up, England," his Majesty, with great insight, drew attention to this failing of his future subjects, and bearing this fact in mind, it is additionally unfortunate that the "powers that be" have deemed it necessary to keep the general public so much in the dark as regards the events of the war.

When one sees day after day scarcely anything reported but what is satisfactory, it is small wonder that many should argue against healthy amusements being stopped—against accentuating the gloom and sadness of these months.

If, however, daily some "lurid pictures" by brilliant pressmen of the various episodes of the struggle were given to the world, in addition to the guarded accounts from the pen of an "Eye-Witness"; if we were allowed to know of trenches having to be abandoned instead of the mere statement of their being retaken (at terrible cost), I think there would be more unity and determination in England. It would certainly be more fair to the nation at large, of whom even on the Continent people are wont to murmur, in the words of the parable of old: "Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

A CAMERA IS A MONEY-MAKER.

How You Can Turn A Hobby Into A Gold Mine.

Have you an eye for news-pictures? If you have there is money waiting for you.

The amateur photographer who knows the difference between a news-picture and an art study can make his camera pay for itself a hundredfold.

This fact has been brought home to hundreds of *Daily Sketch* readers by our competition for amateur photographers. Previously they allowed their photographic efforts to rest calmly in their albums of snapshots; now they send them to us. If they have not won big prizes, they have shared amongst them the large sum the *Daily Sketch* pays weekly for news-pictures.

A striking instance of the value of always having your camera with you is that of Mr. McCormick. He was the wireless operator on the Lusitania, and he took pictures as the Cunarder sank beneath the waves. Unfortunately the salt water spoiled his final films; but he succeeded in saving the first few of the roll. His reward for being enterprising is our £100 cheque.

FOR THOSE ACROSS THE SEA.

The first period of our competition is over, but so popular has it proved that we have had to extend its life. We say *have*, because it is in fairness to some of our overseas readers that we are doing so.

It is no idle boast on our part when we say that the *Daily Sketch* finds its way to all parts of the world. In the backwoods of Canada, in the

Australian bush, in the depths of the Dark Continent; in fact, wherever a white man has gone the *Daily Sketch* follows.

These places have no daily collection of letters and often weeks pass before they can send a mail. Then the journey to Shoe-lane occupies some weeks, with the result that complaints have reached us from readers who have not had a fair chance.

It is primarily to help these, and also our men at the front, who were prevented for part of the time from using their cameras, that we have extended the period of the competition.

It still remains open to all amateur photographers, so weigh in with your news pictures.

THE WORK AND THE REWARD.

A final reminder. What you have to do:—Snap a good, topical picture. Send it to us without delay.

Mark "Amateur" on the package and enclose your name and address.

If you send prints as well, put your name and address and "Amateur" on the back of each.

That is what you have to do. We, on our side, will pay well for each photograph used, give a weekly prize of £100 for the best news picture sent in, and at the close of the competition allot the following prizes: £500, £250, £100, £50, £25, £25—in all, £1,000.

The winners of this £1,000 will be selected from all who have taken part in our competition from the first. You may already have won £100, or you may win £100, and still you have the opportunity of going in for all the above-mentioned big prizes.

GOOD-BYE FOR EVER SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND PLEASANT TREATMENT THAT REMOVES HAIR PERMANENTLY.

Large Trial Supply Sent to Every Reader

FREE.

THE "DUVENETTE" METHOD of removing Superfluous Hair is delightfully pleasant and simple, and is so entirely different from the messy and burning processes hitherto employed, that ladies are strongly advised to grasp this opportunity of permanently ridding themselves of the trouble of Hairy Growths. Thousands of ladies have been treated by means of "Duvenette," and one and all agree that the results are truly delightful. To feel oneself free for ever from the affliction of Hair on the Face is worth much, but when, in addition to this blessing, it is realised that "Duvenette" has brought about an incredible improvement in the skin and complexion, removing various spots and blemishes, my patrons are at a loss for suitable words to express their gratification and pleasure.



Remember that after using "Duvenette" the hairs can never grow again, for the roots are completely destroyed.

SECURE THE GIFT OF YOUTH.

A clear complexion and a skin free from hairy growths are the greatest charms of youth. They rightfully belong to every woman till long after middle age is passed. Superfluous Hair and a poor complexion undoubtedly add very much to a woman's apparent age, besides

making her look unnatural and coarse. If you are middle-aged or elderly, and have been troubled with hair on the face for years, your case is just as curable as if you had only lately detected the tendency. If the first fine hairs have appeared only recently, stop them growing and increasing at once by the use of "Duvenette," the only safe and reliable treatment. If you do not, they are certain to develop into a stronger and coarser growth.

The Duvenette method is so agreeable and easy that readers are recommended to lose no time in obtaining the free treatment and the reliable information on the subject contained in a booklet which will be sent to all applicants.

Although this method of removing hair from the face has only been before the public a comparatively short time, Mrs. Duvene has already received thousands of letters of gratitude from women in all stations of life who have been relieved of their affliction by "Duvenette" and the hints contained in this book, and it may interest readers to see a specimen taken at random from these letters. The one in question was written by Mrs. D. Graham, of Bedford, and it reads as follows:—

I carried out the instructions which you sent me, and I must tell you that I think your system is wonderful, for the hairs I had on my lips are all gone. Mine was a bad case, as I had such a strong growth, having used a depilatory for nearly eight years, and I am truly thankful for your assistance. Since using your remedy my skin has gradually improved, and is now soft and smooth. Amongst other interesting facts disclosed by this book is that, by removing the hairs and improving the skin of the face by means of "Duvenette," one may easily look anything from ten to twenty-five years younger than formerly. Very convincing photographs illustrating this change in appearance are shown.

As only a limited edition of this book is available for public distribution, you are advised to write for a copy without delay. Give your name and address distinctly, saying whether you are Mrs. or Miss, and enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing of the book and the free supply of "Duvenette." Application should be made to—

A. C. E. DUVENE,
142, Wardour Street, London, W.



THE KHAKI SPORTSMAN CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE CRANK CRITIC.



Captain Beatty, Admiral Beatty's brother, was among the spectators. England always takes a chance.



Everyone a soldier and everyone a sportsman—a crowd of cheery faces at Windsor races on Saturday. Each knows that the sporting spirit has made England what it is. "Why all this talk about stopping racing?" they ask.

LONDON'S CALM THE LESSON TO THE EMPIRE.



The Whitsun demonstrations in Trafalgar square were a holiday picnic for Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police. In his bowler hat he moved unnoticed among the crowd.

"WAR, WAR, WAR." THE CRY OF ITALY IN LONDON.



The crowd that gathered yesterday outside the residence of the Italian Ambassador in London.—"England our friend, Germany our enemy," was their shout. — (Daily Sketch Photographs.)

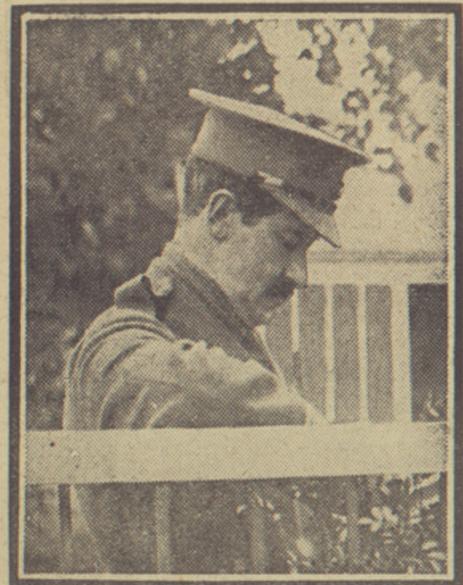


Lady Huntington, whose husband has been wounded, wears his miniature portrait on her armlet. England, like her ladyship, loves a good soldier and a good horse.

LITTLE PATRIOTS.

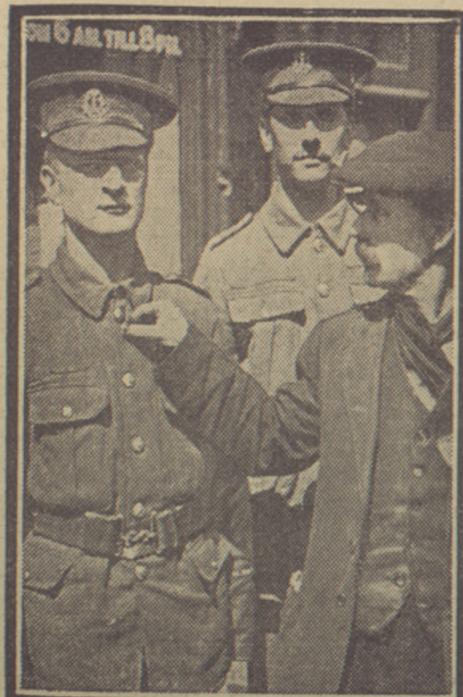


Little Italians, dressed in the uniform of the Bersaglieri, Italy's crack regiment, were in the London demonstration yesterday.



Lord Rosslyn can combine sportsmanship with khaki.

THE RED, WHITE, AND GREEN.



Many soldiers in London yesterday wore the national colours of Italy.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

SAXONS BUTCHERED BY PRUSSIAN GUNS.

Shot Down For Trying To Surrender To The British.

FIGHTING ADVANCE CONTINUED.

Germans In Khaki Shout: "Don't Shoot; We Are Grenadier Guards."

By the British Eye-Witness.

Our action during the first half of the week has consisted almost entirely in consolidating and expanding the gain in ground made on Sunday, the 16th.

The ground our troops were holding projected as two salients into the enemy's territory—one south of Richebourg l'Avoué and the other to the north of Festubert.

The purpose of the operations undertaken on Monday was to connect up the space which lay between them. In this we were successful.

At about 9.30 a.m. on Monday our forces attacked the enemy. The Germans here, pressed on three sides, subjected to a cross fire from several directions and to continuous bombing, reached the limits of their endurance during the morning, and over 300 surrendered.

After this area had been made good by us fighting continued throughout the day, and our troops, having joined hands, pressed the enemy still further eastwards, forcing them out of one post after another.

As the afternoon wore on more prisoners fell into our hands, entire groups of men giving themselves up.

The centres of the hostile resistance in this quarter were the clusters of buildings, which were very strongly held and surrounded by net works of trenches, dotted with numerous machine-gun posts; and in front of one of the nests of works near the farm of Cour de l'Avoué, between La Quinque Rue and Richebourg-l'Avoué, a horrible scene was witnessed by our troops.

During the day desperate fighting was going on in front of this farm, when the remains of a battalion of Saxons, which, it appears, had been hastily brought down from farther north and thrown into the fight, having decided to surrender as a body, advanced towards our line.

Not knowing what the movement of this mass of men implied, our infantry poured a hail of bullets into them, whereupon the survivors, some hundreds strong, halted, threw down their rifles, and held up their hands, and one of their number waved a white rag tied to a stick.

KILLED BY THEIR COMRADES.

Our guns continued to fire from the rear. Whether our infantry—who by this time have had some experience of the treachery of the enemy—would have paid any attention to these signals is uncertain.

But the matter was taken out of their hands; for as soon as the Prussian infantry on the north of this point realised what their Saxon comrades were trying to do they opened rapid fire from the flank, enfilading the mass.

It appears that the news of what was happening must have been telephoned back to the German artillery further east—which was also probably Prussian—since its guns suddenly opened on the Saxon infantry.

Under this combined fire most of the latter were very soon accounted for.

Among the many scenes of the war there has probably been no more strange spectacle than that of the masses of grey-coated soldiers standing out in the open, hands raised, amidst the dead and dying, being butchered by their own comrades before the eyes of the British infantry.

The fact that the victims of this slaughter were Saxons was a source of regret to us, since the Saxons have always proved themselves more chivalrous and less brutal than either the Prussians or the Bavarians—in fact, cleaner fighters in every way.

By midday the total front of the "bite" taken by us out of the enemy's position was almost exactly two miles long, but as trenches and isolated posts were retaken several times the exact situation at any moment, as is usual in such cases, is somewhat obscure.

It is reported that when the men of one brigade, which had been expecting the order to advance, were informed that they would not be wanted for the moment they spent the rest of the day sharpening their bayonets. There were others who had suffered from the enemy's gas, or had seen its effects on their comrades, and as they fell in by the roadside previous to the advance they were heard to remark that "they were going to get a bit of their own back."

One satisfactory incident was the destruction of a party of about 60 Germans who were dressed in khaki taken from the dead. These men advanced towards a trench held by us, and one of their number called out in excellent English: "Don't shoot, we are the Grenadier Guards." But when an officer climbed out of the British trench and walked a few yards towards the supposed Grenadiers he was suddenly fired on by them. Luckily, he was not hit; and his men, who were quite prepared for possible treachery, immediately opened fire and charged with the bayonet. Some of the Germans stood and fought to the last but most turned and tried to escape. All were killed.

THE EPIC OF YPRES—WITH SOME NAMES.

A Story Lifting The Veil Of Anonymity That Cloaks Our Heroes: Imperishable Deeds of Gallantry.

Told by Percival Phillips.

BRITISH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, May 19.

When the story of the second battle of Ypres can be written in detail it will yield one of the finest stories of heroism and endurance in the history of the British Army.

Above all, it is the story of a "soldiers' battle"—a battle fought under new conditions, which demanded all the initiative and self-reliance of the men who held the salient.

At no time did the Germans attempt a great infantry attack. Whenever their infantry came forward in the usual close formation our troops hurled them back again demoralised.

Whenever the news was passed along the trenches that another infantry attack was impending fresh hope was raised that the Germans meant to fight. The battalions which were holding a position on the extreme right of the northern face of the salient actually got out of their trenches on one occasion and cheered when they saw the enemy preparing for a bayonet rush.

"Come on, you blighters," they shouted, "give us a chance to get at you!" Every German who got within fifty yards of these trenches was killed; the others fled.

DRIVEN FORWARD TO DEATH.

Not a single German infantry attack got home. One officer has told me how he watched them repeatedly forming up on the Grafenstapel ridge, 2,000 or more at a time, under officers who drove them forward in the attempt to profit by this incredible bombardment. The solid mass lumbered across the riddled fields until our men could distinguish every frightened face, and then, as great gaps were blown in the line, it wavered and was broken.

The occupants of the shattered British trenches watched these hesitating advances contemptuously. It was clear that the German infantry had no stomach for suddenly falling flat and trying to burrow into the soil with their hands. When a man fell dead or wounded, a comrade would use his body as cover. Some of them even dragged two or three helpless men into a heap and then crouched behind this impromptu shield.

HE SAID HIS PRAYERS.

Many showed abject terror. One middle-aged Wurtemberger ran blindly during the charge of his battalion, until he nearly reached a trench held by the North Somerset Yeomanry, then knelt down and said his prayers. Men were dropping all around him. . . . The Somersets waited until he finished his prayers.

During the night of the 31st the Lancashire Fusiliers and Essex held a line which was suddenly enveloped in clouds of poison gas. The Lancashire Fusiliers suffered most, although some of the Essex battalion were also incapacitated. A man of the former regiment, named Lynn, was in charge of a machine gun. When he saw the thick mass of vapour drifting towards his trench he jumped on the parapet without a respirator, and played his machine gun on the gas and the German trenches behind.

The gas swept over the Fusiliers, enveloping Lynn, who still worked his gun, although coughing and hardly able to see. The Germans were advancing cautiously beyond the vapour, and he poured a steady fire into them, still crouching on the top of the parapet in an exposed position. They fell back, and when a second half-hearted attempt was made later, Lynn again turned his gun against them and they failed again.

ABOVE THE WALL OF GAS.

The height of the wall of gas varied, but it appears to have been at least seven feet above the ground. Sergeant W. Cooke, of the Dublins, had a curious experience. He was hidden on the roof of a farmhouse sniping Germans with great success, when the gas swept over the ground below. He was untouched. Later, he came to earth, and the remaining fumes made him dizzy.

"It's not healthy down here," said Sergeant Cooke, and he climbed back on the roof, where he was constantly under fire.

During his vigil at this post Cooke killed a patrol of ten Germans who were crawling down a trench, shooting one after the other. Then he jumped down, ran along the trench, and captured the lieutenant in charge, bringing him back with his hands in the air and his face purple with rage.

It was difficult to get the men to abandon trenches even when necessary. The 5th Welsh Fusiliers were exposed to a galling fire from two sides, but their commanding officer kept sending back cheery messages something like this:—

"Our right is being turned, but we are quite comfortable."

And later:—

"I have two machine guns in my rear, but we can hold on, without trouble. Think it better to wait until dark."

When the remnants of this gallant battalion fell back on the second Verlorenhoek line it had few surviving officers unhurt and no non-commissioned officers. The fragments of companies were mostly commanded by lieutenants.

HOW A GENERAL DIED.

Certain Northumberland Territorial battalions attacked St. Julien on the afternoon of the 26th, and, after advancing steadily, isolated parties of the 6th Battalion got 250 yards forward of the first line, and occupied some small trenches which

the enemy had abandoned. These they held until dusk, when they retired to the first line.

Brigadier-General Riddell, who was in command of these operations, was killed about half-past three. He was on his way to a farmhouse in order to get in closer touch with his men, and while walking along an exposed road was hit by a rifle bullet.

When one battalion of the King's Own was blown from its trenches, and Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, the commanding officer, had been killed, Captain Weatherhead, the adjutant, collected a few survivors—"not more than ten," said one of them, and started back through the blinding smoke to the support trenches in the hope of driving the Germans out of the firing line. They got within thirty yards, when the adjutant and eight men were killed by a gas shell, the fumes of which nearly suffocated the others.

A non-commissioned officer of the King's Own worked a machine-gun, after the other men with him had been killed, till the gun was useless.

STORY OF SHELL-TRAP FARM.

"Shell-trap Farm," a group of ruined buildings where 117 shells fell in 40 minutes, was the pivot of some of the most desperate hand-to-hand fighting, which showed that whenever our men had a chance of meeting their foes they were always in the ascendancy.

The Germans made frequent dashes to establish machine-gun parties in the shelter of the ruins.

During one frenzied burst of shelling it was reported that the enemy had gained a trench near the farm. A company of the 2nd Essex was ordered to dislodge them. Up they came at the double, "dodging the shells," as one officer told me, "and disregarding every rule of warfare," and, with heads down, dashed through the impenetrable smoke straight into the trench, bayonetting every man there. The men of the London Rifle Brigade, who watched the charge, stood up in their trenches and cheered as the men of Essex came back.

Shell-trap Farm was held by us that day, but taken by the Germans at night. Two platoons of the 1st East Lancashires went forward early next morning and retook it with the bayonet. The Germans took it back that night. Then the South Lancashires charged the farm, swept like a whirlwind through the shelters and improvised dug-outs, and cleared it of Germans. We still hold it. The most round about is choked with the bodies of British and German soldiers. The enemy has not dared to attack since.

While the 4th East Yorks (Territorial) were being heavily shelled, and it appeared that the entire battalion would be wiped out, Captain Easton, although wounded three times, staggered up and down the trench encouraging the men, and refusing to go to a dressing station.

RAILSTON AND THE THREE.

Two wounded men of a Rifle Brigade battalion appeared at a brigade headquarters and said that very few were left in their trenches. Captain Railston, the only surviving officer, would not abandon his position.

"I'm damned if I retire," he said, just as a "Ypres express" shell exploded in front of the half-wrecked trench, burying him in the debris.

His men dug him out. A moment later he was buried again by another explosion. Again his men dug him out, this time wounded. Then the German guns began destroying the traverses one by one.

Finally only three men and Captain Railston were left alive. The men refused to leave him, and ran up and down the trench, stumbling over sandbags and corpses, firing first at one point and then another, and "bluffing" the German infantry so that they did not dare attack. Finally two companies of the Yorks and Lancasters came up and reinforced the position.

The London Rifle Brigade lost 117 men from shelling in one day while their left rested on Fortuin. That night a German working party was seen from their trenches. The Londoners rushed their machine guns forward and wiped them out.

"SHOWING THE BOSCHES HOW."

The regimental sergeant-major of the Buffs, with twenty men, got into a trench where thirty surviving men of the Royal Fusiliers were "sticking it." They fought until only the regimental sergeant-major, one soldier, and two telephone operators were left, and of the trench they had held for hours nothing at all was left.

Lance-Corporal Cooper, of the King's Own, saw that the Germans were surrounding a farmhouse in which a British patrol had taken refuge. He gathered ten men on his own initiative, and led a bayonet attack which scattered the Germans.

When the order to retire from Zonnebeke reached the King's Own on the evening of May 3 the men of one company cleared up the rubbish and even swept the wooden flooring "to show the Bosches how a British trench was kept." Many insulting messages and challenges were pinned to the sandbags.

The Germans did not know the British had fallen back until late next morning.

When Lieut.-Colonel Stephenson, of the 3rd Middlesex, was struck down by a shell and lay dying, he turned to his men and said: "Die hard, boys!"

The men who died, died hard. They fought to a finish. The men who are left are waiting to avenge them.

What about the men who have stayed at home?

FIVE NEW V.C.'S.

Lieut. Moorhouse's Widow Will Get His Medal.

CORPORAL WHO HELD GERMANS AT BAY.

Five more Victoria Crosses have been awarded. In one instance, unfortunately, the recipient died of his wounds.

The official record of the gallant deeds is as follows:—

No. 8191 Corporal William Anderson, 2nd Battalion, Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment).

For most conspicuous bravery at Neuve Chapelle on March 12, 1915, when he led three men with bombs against a large party of the enemy who had entered our trenches, and by his prompt and determined action saved, what otherwise might have become, a serious situation.

Corporal Anderson first threw his own bombs, then those in possession of his three men (who had been wounded) amongst the Germans, after which he opened rapid rifle fire upon them with great effect, notwithstanding that he was at the time quite alone.

No. 10523 Private Edward Dwyer, 1st Battalion, The East Surrey Regiment.

For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty at "Hill 60" on April 20, 1915. When his trench was heavily attacked by German grenade throwers he climbed on to the parapet, and,



LANCE-CORPORAL EDWARD DWYER.

although subjected to a hail of bombs at close quarters, succeeded in dispersing the enemy by the effective use of his hand grenades.

Private Dwyer displayed great gallantry earlier on this day in leaving his trench, under heavy shell fire, to bandage his wounded comrades.

No. 10531 Private Robert Morrow, 1st Battalion, Princess Victoria's (Royal Irish Fusiliers).

For most conspicuous bravery near Messines on April 12, 1915, when he rescued and carried successively to places of comparative safety several men who had been buried in the debris of trenches wrecked by shell fire.

Private Morrow carried out this gallant work on his own initiative, and under very heavy fire from the enemy.

2nd Lieutenant William Barnard Rhodes-Moorhouse, Special Reserve, Royal Flying Corps.

For most conspicuous bravery on April 25, 1915, in flying to Courtrai and dropping bombs on the railway line near that station. On starting the return journey he was mortally wounded, but succeeded in flying for 35 miles to his destination, at a very low altitude, and reported the successful accomplishment of his object. He has since died of his wounds.

2nd Lieutenant Geoffrey Harold Woolley, 9th (County of London) Battalion, The London Regiment (Queen Victoria's Rifles), Territorial Force.

For most conspicuous bravery on "Hill 60" during the night of April 20-21, 1915.

Although the only officer on the hill at the time, and with very few men, he successfully resisted all attacks on his trench, and continued throwing bombs and encouraging his men till relieved. His trench during all this time was being heavily shelled and bombed and was subjected to heavy machine-gun fire by the enemy.

GREENGROCER'S ASSISTANT TO V.C.

Ted Dwyer started his career as a greengrocer's assistant at Knightsbridge. That calling was not eventful enough for him, so three years ago—he is only nineteen now—he enlisted in the East Surrey Regiment.

Now he is a lance-corporal and a V.C., and his mother "is sure he deserves it." He was made lance-corporal shortly after the affair at Hill 60.

Ted's parents, who live at Lintaine-grove, Fulham, have given two other sons to the service of their King. The eldest, Charlie, who belongs to the 2nd Worcesters, was wounded in the Battle of the Marne, but he has recovered and returned to France. The other son, James, is at the Dardanelles.

Mrs. Dwyer told the *Daily Sketch* that Ted had mentioned in a recent letter that he understood he was to get some distinction, and thought it was the D.C.M.

"He was always a good boy," said the mother. "Yes, and was always ready to tackle anything," added the father.

FATHER AND SON AS RECRUITS.

Among a large batch of recruits who joined the third 24th Battalion the London Regiment (the Queen's) during the week were father and son, ages respectively 38 and 19.

Both worked for the same firm, the members of which have made the recruits a handsome present as a souvenir.

PATRIOTIC SCENES AT WINDSOR.

National Anthem At Fall Of Racing Curtain.

IMPORTANT BELGIAN SUCCESS.

Racing closed on Saturday until the next meeting at Newmarket amid extraordinary scenes on Rags Meadows at Windsor.

The crowd was very much larger than it would have been in ordinary circumstances. There seemed to be a feeling over all that the occasion was something historical in the annals of racing.

The boys in khaki—and they were everywhere in evidence—emphasised the note of war, and wounded officers and men, who moved about among the crowd, were obviously enjoying the sport and pleasure of the day.

There was a notable absence of young men who might be described as "slackers"; the attendance was representative of a nation in arms. It bore no relation whatever to the highly-coloured descriptions which ignorant and prejudiced opponents of racing have been applying to similar war-time meetings.

INDIGNANT RACEGOERS.

Several incidents demonstrated the anger of racegoers, who, not unnaturally, are indignant at the silly Press campaign against the policy of "carry-on."

There seemed to be a general feeling that the prospect is not so dark as the scaremongers would make it.

Among other fighting men in evidence were Lord Rosslyn, Sir William Cooke, and Captain Beattie (brother of the Admiral).

The club was well filled with county representatives, and others present included Lord Carnarvon, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Essex and Lord Marcus Beresford.

The whole company present joined in the singing of the National Anthem and gave rousing cheers for his Majesty.

A BIG BELGIAN.

The sport was quite good and the fields were big. The chief event, the Royal Windsor Three-Year-Old Handicap, saw Fatal change his luck. He was most unfortunate when fourth to Sandmole at Epsom, and the 3lb. difference in his favour enabled the Belgian-owned and ridden colt to prevail in an exciting finish with China Blue, the favourite, who was half a length in front of the top-weight, Sandmole.

A plunge on Light Division (Old Castle) in the Romney Handicap did not materialise, Mazboot winning for Captain Cheape at 20 to 1. On the other hand, Motor Wrap was always winning the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate.

Robinson took two chances in the Speedy Two-Year-Old Plate with Mr. F. Curzon's Lady Isabel and Lady Binns, but the former, a dual winner, was worsted by the other, who had previously earned two seconds and as many thirds. In turn the daughter of Picton—Rambling Rose was beaten by Sir William Cooke's son of Bayard—Dame d'Or, who should have won when beaten by Roi d'Ecosse at Newmarket. Dame d'Or colt cost his owner 3,000 guineas.

Previously Iron Orb had won the Holyport Selling Handicap without a quotation, and finally Prawle Point gained a narrow victory over Sardinia in the Slough Four-Year-Old Plate.

GIMCRACK.

WINDSOR WINNERS AND PRICES.

- 2. 0, Romney Handicap, Mazboot, 20 to 1.
- 2. 30, Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, Motor Wrap, 2 to 5.
- 3. 0, Royal Windsor Three-Year-Old Handicap, Fatal, 8 to 1.
- 3. 30, Holyport Selling Handicap, Iron Orb, 100 to 7.
- 4. 0, Speedy Two-Year-Old Plate, Dame d'Or, 8 to 13.
- 4. 50, Slough Four-Year-Old Plate, Prawle Point, 11 to 4.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION FINANCE.

The accounts of the Football Association, which will be placed before the annual meeting at the Holborn Restaurant (Caledonian Salon), London, on Monday, May 31, at 5.30 p.m., show that on the general account the expenditure was £5,793 14s. 9d., including salaries and auditors' fees £934 4s. 6d., expenses of Council and Consultative Committee £1,365, the Cup semi-finals and finals £1,355 18s. 10d. (including £268 1s. 2d. conceded to the amateur semi-finalists and finalists, and an income of £7,589 19s. 0d., of which £6,318 5s. 3d. came from the semi-final and final ties of the F.A. Cup. Left to be divided among the clubs playing in the semi-final and final ties of the competitions is £1,596 4s. 3d. The final tie at Old Trafford yielded £4,052 9s.

There was a loss of £31 14s. 3d. on the International Match account. Cash at the bank stands at £5,497 16s.

SPORT BY THE WAY.

Tonbridge School beat Haileybury by 188 and 174 to 185 and 45.

Donoghue heads the list of winning jockeys with 27 firsts. Wing, 21, comes next, and Rickaby, 20, is third.

Driver Joe Johns, of Merthyr, outpointed Arthur Evans, of Tiphil, for the light-weight championship of Wales.

Pannure, Revalenta, Crown Imperial and Tame Duck are being taken to New Zealand by G. Price, the well-known "down under" trainer.

The match at Thurston's, Leicester-square, between the present and the budding billiard champion resulted: Inman, 18,000; Newman, 17,594.

There is scarcely a single sports gathering to-day in any part of Great Britain where some event or other for his Majesty's forces does not figure in the programme.

W. G. Grace, the Jam of Nawanager ("Banji"), H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, G. J. V. Weigall, A. C. MacLaren (captain), Hayes, and Hobbs will figure on an Army Service Corps side at Calford to-day.

Patrons of boxing have been specially catered for by the management of the Blackfriars Ring for to-day. In the afternoon Joe Wilson, Stepney, meets Alf Mansfield, Aldgate, over 15 rounds, and at night Dai Roberts, Wales, opposes Sid Staggs, Deptford.

French boxers figured in both of the ten rounds contests at the Ring on Saturday night. In one Private Jack Daniels, Royal Fusiliers, received the decision on points over Jean Constant, France, and Leon Bedou, France, was outpointed by Billy Wells, Bermondsey.

In the swimming races between St. Paul's School and Dulwich College at West Kensington the former won all four events, the sprinters through F. H. Newman, 100 yards in the school record time of 63 5/8 sec., L. N. Gaskell, 50 yards, in 27 4/8 sec., and the 220 yards team race in 1min 55 sec., and the water polo match by five goals to nothing.

GALLIARD (Sunday Chronicle).—20 8 7 22 24 26—2 23 22 16 24 25 6 5 23 25—9 26 22 26 1.

DESMOND (Empire).—15 4 20 5 24 14 16 10 4 16—17 2 1 11 20 14 7—3 7 20 7 7 17.

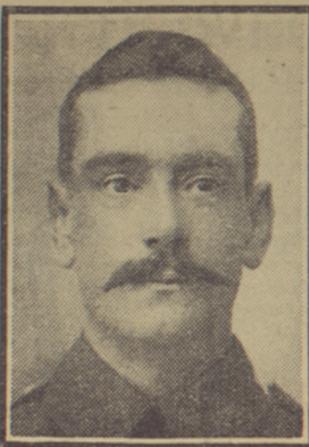
THE KING HONOURS BRAVE SOLDIERS.



Corporal E. Jones.



Private F. Jacobs.



Corporal T. Davis.

Three brave soldiers who received Distinguished Conduct Medals from the King during his visit to Barrow-in-Furness. Jones and Davis both belong to the 1st Liverpools, and Jacobs to the 1st Royal Welsh Liverpools. Jones went out under heavy fire and made a sketch of the German trenches, Davis from a house only 80 yards from the German lines picked off a number of the enemy, and Jacobs rescued a wounded comrade when shells were falling thick and fast.

NOTABLE MILITARY ATHLETES.

Former London Scholar's Brilliant Form At Cambridge.

Trumpet-Major Brown was a very successful competitor at the 2nd Reserve Cavalry Regiment Sports, which were witnessed by a large number of people on the Cavalry Brigade recreation ground, Aldershot, on Saturday.

He won the 100 yards race in 11sec., after doing a fifth of a second better in his heat, won the quarter-mile in 60sec., the 120 yards hurdles race in 19 2/5sec., and the long jump at 17ft. 9in.

C Squadron did well in inter-team events, winning the mile relay race in 4min. 16 4/5 sec., the 3 1/2 miles cross-country race, and the open tug-of-war.

A mile race, open to the garrison, was won by Sergt. O'Brien, 12th Cavalry Regiment, in 5min. 6 2/5sec.

FULL-KIT MARATHON.

The 13th Cavalry Reserve Regiment held another eight miles race in full service dress, including rifle, bandolier, bayonet and puttees, at Colchester.

Pte. Dye, A Squadron, although failing to equal his brilliant performance of five weeks ago, won even more easily than he did before, completing the course in 75 1/2 min., and beating the second man, Pte. Richardson, C Squadron, by about a mile. Pte. Marshall, B Squadron, was third.

A BRILLIANT SCHOOLBOY.

The Leys School Sports were concluded at Cambridge. The London scholar, F. H. Potter, who had won the 100 yards, quarter-mile, and half-mile, from scratch, on the preceding days, was again in fine form, winning the 150 yards handicap (open to the school) from scratch, in 16 1/5sec., and the long jump with a leap of 19ft. 10in. Although only 17 years of age, this promising athlete is already over six feet high.

TRUMPETER STANTON'S REPETITION.

There was a large attendance at the annual sports promoted by Bob Hunter, trainer of the Millwall Football Club, which were held at Brown's Grounds, Nunhead, on Saturday, and with numerous entries for the open events, some spirited racing was seen.

In the 100 yards open handicap, G. Rule, 13 yards start, beat S. C. Wilson, who had three yards start, and who is said to be one of the fastest sprinters in London, by inches, in 10 2/5sec. on a heavy grass track.

The football players' 100 yards handicap went to A. May, Billingsgate F.C., 10 yards start, in 10 3/5sec.; W. Payne, 31 yards start, took the 200 yards open in 21sec., and A. Wood, 65 yards, secured the mile bicycle open handicap in 3min. 25sec.

Trumpeter Stanton, R.E., repeated his victory of last year by capturing the open mile flat race, his time from the 50 yards mark being 5min. 1 3/5sec., and Private A. Wiffin, R.W.K. Regiment, scored a well-deserved win in the open half-mile, which he gained, with 35 yards start, in 2min. 7 4/5sec.

AN INTERPRETER'S ADVENTURES.



Harry Zeitum, who speaks Arabic, Greek, and Turkish, as well as most other European tongues, and was well known as an interpreter at Bow-street Police Court, has been wounded in action. He has just come home with a satisfactory discharge from hospital, and is now applying for a commission as interpreter with the British forces. An Egyptian-born British subject, he helped to organise the British Volunteer Corps of the Foreign Legion in France.

THE WOMEN TICKET COLLECTORS.

A more than usually polite request to submit one's ticket for clipping yesterday morning at the Finsbury Park Station of the Piccadilly-Brompton Tube Railway awakened passengers to the fact that women ticket collectors are now the order of the day.

SUBMARINE FLIES BRITISH FLAG.

Captain's Surprise Whilst Having Tea In His Saloon.

Captain Campbell, of Liverpool, master of the ship Glenholm, which was torpedoed 14 miles south-west of Fastnet at 5 p.m. on Friday, interviewed yesterday, stated that the third mate sighted in the distance what appeared to be a British destroyer with the white ensign flying.

"He at once called me. At the time I was having tea with my daughter in the saloon, and immediately came on deck, to find a monster submarine, about 300 feet long, with signal flying 'Abandon ship; we are going to sink you.'

"I at once ordered two lifeboats to be launched, called all hands on deck, and as we left the ship 38 shots were fired at her without sinking her. In order to complete her destruction a torpedo was launched.

"From the time the first shot was fired until she went down 35 minutes elapsed.

"Not content with sinking my vessel the pirates gave me a parting salute in the form of a shot at the boat I and my daughter were in. I am glad to say their marksmanship was not of the best.

"We were in the boats all night, and were picked up on Saturday and landed at Berehaven at six o'clock, after rowing right into the harbour.

QUEEN AND WRECK GIRL.

Many Offers. To Adopt Tiny Lusitania Survivor.

When the Lusitania was going down a Canadian journalist, Ernest Cowper, placed in the lifeboat a six-year-old girl, Helen Smith.

He was thrown in the water, but when picked up the first occupant of the boat to welcome him was the little girl.

Queen Alexandra has made a request for full particulars of little Helen Smith, who, through the disaster, is orphaned. Many offers to adopt her have been made.

SOLDIERS THREE.

Portrait Picked Up In Manchester And Identified At The Front.

The Daily Sketch a few days ago published a series of romantic little stories compiled from letters received in connection with the publication of photographs which had been picked up at the front. Many of these pictures had been identified by friends at home.

Here is a story of a photograph picked up at home and identified at the front. The Daily Sketch published a photograph of three soldiers which a young lady had found in Oldham-street, Manchester.

It was subsequently identified as a portrait of three brothers home on leave, and one of the brothers received a communication from a comrade in his own section at the front who had recognised him in the portrait.

CARRIED DISPATCHES UNDER FIRE.

The motor cycling section of the Royal Engineers have done splendid work carrying dispatches under all sorts of conditions. Sergt. Lazzell is one of them, whose services have been recognised by the conferring on him of the Distinguished Conduct Medal. "On many occasions," the official report states, "he conveyed operation orders over heavily-shelled ground and delivered them in good time."

The White Feather League is becoming active, and young women were busy in several parts of London on Saturday giving the emblem of cowardice to the young street loungers.

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

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

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—Adv't.

Brothers and Sons Are Being Poisoned.

By Deadly German Gas—A "Lifeguard" Respirator Would Save Them!

The "Lifeguard" Respirator is made with aluminium frames, and weighs only one ounce. It is comfortable to wear, and affords ABSOLUTE PROTECTION from asphyxiation. Price (with five Renewal Pads) 3/-

Packed in strong leather-board box and sent post free in British Isles. If sent direct to Expeditionary Forces 3s. 6d. each, post free. SIR JOHN FRENCH says:—

"I am of opinion that the enemy has decided to use these gases as a normal procedure, and that protests will be useless."

Order a "Lifeguard" To-day. We'll despatch it at once! The HALL MANUFACTURING CO., 238, Malmesbury Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham.

Descriptive pamphlet sent post free on request!

I'm not greedy, but I do like a lot of 'Golden Shred' MARMALADE

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

No more acceptable Gift can be sent to Officers and Men at the Front than BRAND'S Meat Lozenges. WORLD-RENOUNDED for their SUSTAINING PROPERTIES. In Boxes 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9. Sold Everywhere.

MACKINTOSH'S IT'S ALL "GOODNESS." Try also Mint de Luxe & Chocolate de Luxe TOFFEE de LUXE

MONEY TO LEND. ABSOLUTE private advances to all employed at Banks, Insurance, Civil Service, Clerks, etc. No sureties or delay. Compare my terms with any other office. Phone Bank 912. W. H. WHITEMAN, 42, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.

A LOAN by post at 6d. per £ int. to workmen and all classes from £5 to £500.—Apply M. ISAACS, East Parade, Leeds.

£5 TO £5,000 on Note of Hand in a few hours, no sureties, easy payments; distance no object.—ARTEUR & WHITEMAN, 229, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury Park, N.

Wedding Conventions Ignored By The War-Bride.

Bridal Gowns Of Cotton.

LESS COSTLY, BUT MORE PICTURESQUE, BECOMES WAR-WEDDING GEAR.

THE war-wedding, hastily arranged and quietly carried out, has upset many of the traditions of bridal finery, and girls who before the war would have thought a wedding scarcely legal without white satin, orange blossom, and heirloom lace, have gone calmly to the altar in an everyday walking suit, without so much as a new pocket-handkerchief, in place of a trousseau.

All war-weddings are not so hurriedly accomplished, but often when there is ample time for full preparation the war-bride hesitates to spend much on a luxurious gown, or to elaborate the details of a ceremony that is a preliminary, not only to a feast, but to a farewell.

That is why the cotton wedding has come into being. The bride doesn't always wish to surrender her symbolic white gown, and since it hasn't to be costly—why, then it may be cotton, and cheap, and quite surprisingly charming.

Of course, the cotton wedding-gown is not necessarily cheap, for its cost may be worked up by lace and hand embroidery far beyond that of a plain satin one, but wonderful things can be done with unadorned white tulle voile and cotton net.

A Chance For Sentiment.

A point in favour of the cotton gown is that it may be cut on lines as picturesque as the bride may wish for. Its inexpensiveness allows that it may be laid away in lavender after the ceremony and never worn again, so that it does not have to be designed with a view to future usefulness. Few brides can afford to keep a heavy satin gown eating its head off, so to speak, and so must think of its further career as a ball or presentation gown when having it cut.

It is a bride's privilege that she need not be fashionable, so the short stick-out skirt is ignored when a bridal gown is under discussion, and the long clinging styles still hold their own. Bridesmaids, however, are wearing very pretty gowns which are short and full, and flounced from waist to hem.

An American Importation.

There is seldom time to collect bridesmaids for a war-wedding, but often a single grown-up sister or friend will officiate as maid-of-honour. If the bride wears cotton, of course the maid must not appear in silk or chiffon, but must wear that humble fabric too.

The maid-of-honour is an American institution, and attends on the American bride even when there is a bevy of bridesmaids as well, but here



A cotton gown for a war-bride's maid-of-honour.

it is only the single attendant who gets the more imposing title.

New Notions For The Bridal Veil.

The close hairdressing and tight-fitting hats of the past few months have made possible many new arrangements of the bridal veil which would have seemed eccentric in the days of the wide coiffure. Sometimes a silver fillet passes across the forehead fitting the head closely like one of the long, narrow hats. The tulle of the veil shows the least little bit possible below the fillet, and is softly puffed over the top of the head, then falls over back and shoulders.

A pretty bride-to-be is having her plain tulle veil wired a little so that it stands up like a Spanish comb at the back of the head, and does not cover her face at all.

Striped Frocks For Bridesmaids.

Her bridesmaids are to wear frocks of striped silk, an inch-wide stripe alternating with a cream one scattered with flowers. Petticoats, tuckers, sleeve-frills and mob-caps for these frocks are all of cream net.

The trousseau which contained "dozen dozens" of everything is an absurdity of the past, for fashions nowadays change in lingerie just as much as in frocks and hats. A bride of two years ago who laid in a large supply of under garments would find herself requiring things of an entirely new design at the present day. Not only do the garments change in shape and trimming, but new garments are evolved. A notion of to-day is the chemise knickers and camisole which are all in one—a garment that saves much sorting out, especially when coloured lingerie is worn.

Single-Minded Furnishing.

LEFT TO HERSELF, THE WAR-BRIDE EXERCISES HER INDIVIDUALITY.

"NO, I'm not doing much in these days," said a well-known furnishing expert, "but I'm not worrying a great deal, for I think that war conditions will be good for my business in the long run."

Asked to explain, he declared his belief that interest in household decoration was steadily growing, especially among war-brides, who, left to themselves to furnish a little house or flat, become enthusiastic about their task. Just now the war-bride is spending as little as possible on her solitary nest, but later on the furnishing expert will reap the benefit of her keen interest.

In normal times furnishing is often carelessly done by young people before their wedding. The bride is absorbed by her trousseau and wedding arrangements, and has a hundred other excitements. The bridegroom, too, seldom takes the furnishing very seriously. Possibly the two are not yet on sufficiently intimate terms to discuss their new home seriously, or each is afraid of wounding the other by objecting to some particular article or scheme. The result is an unoriginal collection of compromises.

No Wedding Presents An Advantage.

Wedding presents have also been rather in the way of the artistic ideals of young people. The premeditated wedding always brought with it a collection of articles which were in themselves enough to swamp any attempts at individuality in the new home, but nowadays the wedding is so suddenly planned and carried out that there is no time for pictures and salad-bowls, the dinner-gongs and fire-screens to be sent, and relatives will send the ever-welcome cheque instead.

One war-bride who has fitted up a tiny flat since her husband went back to France proudly declares that there is "nothing big" in it, and that consequently it has an air of space. There are no "suites," but separate pieces of furniture especially chosen for each space. Even the dinner service is a smaller size than usual.

This bride is one of many who have refused to lay in large stocks of cutlery and china for the occasional crowd of guests. "Extra things can always be hired," she declares, "and it is not economy to store and clean things that are only used a few times a year."

Schemes For Blonde And Brunette.

Women who furnish leisurely and entirely "on their own" are in some cases arranging their decorations to suit their own colouring. Thus a blonde builds up for herself a grey background, while a brunette works out a scheme in oak and amber.

Willow-patterned ware is chosen by the blonde, while the brunette may select the rich-hued "golden pheasant" patterns. White and gold are effective surroundings for the red-haired woman.

Pictures are not always forthcoming from the scanty furnishing allowance of the war-bride, but she doesn't worry about that. She has panels of chintz or tapestry put up on her plain-coloured walls, and finds the result quite cheery.

HOW THE THOUSAND POUNDS WILL BE DIVIDED IN THE PATRIOTIC NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

£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.

The competition is divided into the following classes:—

£120 has been allotted to classes one, two and three, and will be divided in each class into—
 First Prize, £20.
 Second Prize, £10.
 Third Prize, £5, and
 Five Prizes of £1 each.

The classes are:—

- (1) Church embroidery.
- (2) Embroidered bedspread.
- (3) Chair seat cover in petit point or gros point.

£735 has been allotted to the classes from 4 to 24 inclusive, and will be divided into prizes as under in each class:—

- First Prize of £10.
- Second Prize of £5.
- Third Prize of £3.
- Twenty Prizes of 10s. each.
- Twenty Prizes of 5s. each.
- Sixteen Prizes of 2s. 6d. each.

The classes are:—

- (4) Drawn thread work tea-cloth.
- (5) Cut work tea-cloth.
- (6) Fillet or crochet border for tea-cloth, a yard square.
- (7) Crochet corners for tea-cloth (4).
- (8) Crochet chair back.
- (9) Embroidered and initialled handkerchief.
- (10) Lingerie blouse (no lace to be used).
- (11) Set of embroidered lingerie (no lace to be used), consisting of chemise, knickers, camisole and nightgown.
- (12) Hand-made lace collar.
- (13) Sofa back in linen appliqué.
- (14) Casement blind in darned net.
- (15) Cushion cover in coloured embroidery.
- (16) Embroidered panel for fire screen.

(17) Portière in Old English embroidery.

(18) Footstool cover in tapestry work.

(19) Embroidered house-gown.

(20) Embroidered and painted picture.

(21) Painted dessert d'oyleys (set of 6).

(22) Doll dressed as a child.

(23) Doll dressed in character.

(24) Theatre bag in bead work.

£75 has been allotted to classes 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29, and will be divided into the following prizes in each class:—

- First Prize of £5.
- Second Prize of £3.
- Third Prize of £1.
- Six Prizes of 10s. each, and
- Twelve Prizes of 5s. each.

These classes are:—

- (25) Lady's dressing gown, material not to cost more than 10s.
- (26) Set of first garments for an infant. Ease in washing and putting on to be taken into account.
- (27) Knitted sports coat, wool.
- (28) Smock to fit a boy of three.
- (29) Spray of silk or satin flowers, suitable for decoration of evening gown.

£30 has been allotted to classes 30, 31, and 32. In each of these classes there will be:—

- First Prize of £3.
- Second Prize of £2.
- Third Prize of £1, and
- Eight Prizes of 10s. each.

The classes are:—

- (30) Set of 6 artistically threaded bead chains.
- (31) Work basket in bass work.
- (32) Set of buttons.

£40 is to be won by boys and girls in class 33. In each of the five sections of this class the following prizes will be awarded:—

- First Prize of £1.
- Second Prize of 15s.
- Third Prize of 10s.
- Twenty Prizes of 5s.
- Six Prizes of 2s. 6d.

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

For Girls under Fifteen—

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

For Boys under Nine—

- Class 33e. Best piece of knitting.

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 XX.—(Continued.)

Klara Pale And Trembling.

"It's just a whim of mine, Klara," urged Leopold, now still speaking quietly—almost under his breath—but there was an ominous tremor in his voice and sudden sharp gleams in his eyes which the girl had already noted, and which caused the blood to rush back to her heart, leaving her cheeks pale and her lips trembling.

"Nonsense!" she contrived to say, with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders.

"Just a whim," he reiterated. "So I'll take the key, by your leave."

He turned to the door of the inner room and pushed it open, just as he had done a while ago, and now—as then—he cast a rapid glance round the room.

Klara, through half-closed lids, watched his every movement.

"Why!" he exclaimed, turning back to her, and with a look of well-feigned surprise, "the key is not in its place."

"I know it isn't," she retorted curtly.

"Then where is it?"

"I have put it away."

"When? It was hanging on its usual nail when I first came here this afternoon. I remember the door being open, and my glancing into the room casually. I am sure it was there then."

"It may have been; but I put it away after that."

"Why should you have done that?"

"I don't know, and, anyhow, it's no business of yours, is it?"

Leopold's Savage Demand.

"Give me that back-door key, Klara," insisted the young man, in a tone of savage command.

"No!" she replied, slowly and decisively.

There was silence in the little, low, raftered room after that, a silence only broken by the buzzing of flies against the white globe of the lamp, and by the snores of the sleepers who sprawled across the tables.

Leopold Hirsch had drawn in his breath with a low, hissing sound; his face, by the yellow light of the lamp, looked ghastly in colour, and his hands were twitching convulsively as the trembling fingers clenched and opened with a monotonous, jerky movement of attempted self-control.

Klara had not failed to notice these symptoms of an agony of mind which the young man was so vainly trying to hide from her. For the moment she almost felt sorry for him—sorry and slightly remorseful.

After all, Leo's frame of mind, the agony which he endured, came from the strength of his love for her. Neither Erös Béla, nor the young Count, nor the many admirers who had hung round her in the past until such time as their fancy found more permanent anchorage elsewhere, would have

suffered tortures of soul and of heart because she had indulged in a mild flirtation with a rival. Erös Béla would have stormed and cursed, the young Count would have laid his riding-whip across the shoulders of his successful rival and there would have been an end of the matter. Leopold Hirsch would go down to hell and endure the torments of the damned, then return to heaven at a smile from her, and go back to hell again and glory in his misery.

But just now she was frightened of him; he looked almost like a living corpse; the skin on his face was drawn so tightly over the bones that it gave him the appearance of a skull with hollow eyes and wide, grinning mouth.

Outside an owl hooted dismally. Klara gave a slight shiver of fear and looked furtively round her to see if any of the drunkards were awake. Then she recollected that her father was in the next room, and presently, from afar, came shouts of laughter and the sound of music.

Klara Faces Her Jealous Lover.

She woke as from a nightmare, gave her fine shoulders a little shake, and looked boldly into her jealous lover's face.

"By the Lord, Leo!" she said, with a little forced laugh, "you have given me the creeps, looking as you do. How dare you frighten me like that? With your clenched hands, too, as if you wanted to murder me. There, now, don't be such a silly fool. You have got a long journey before you; it's no use making yourself sick with jealousy just before you go."

"I am not going on a journey," he said, in a toneless, even voice, which seemed to come from a grave.

"Not going?" she said, with a frown of puzzlement. "You were going to Fiume to meet your brother, don't you remember? The ship he is on is due in the day after to-morrow. If you don't start to-night you won't be able to catch the express at Budapest to-morrow."

"I know all that," he said, in the same dull, monotonous tone; "I am not going, that's all."

"But . . ."

"I have changed my mind. Your father is going away. I must watch over you to see that no one molests you. Thieves might want to break in . . . one never knows . . . anyhow, my brother can look after himself . . . I stay to look after you."

For a moment or two she stood quite still, her senses strained to grasp the meaning, the purport of the present situation—this madman on the watch outside—the young Count, key in hand, swaggering up to the back door at ten o'clock, when most folk would be at supper in the barn, her father gone, the village street wrapped in darkness!

Leopold, by a violent and sudden effort, had regained mastery over the muscles of his face and hands, these no longer twitched now, and he

answered her look of mute inquiry with one of well-feigned quietude. Only his breath he could not control, it passed through his throat with a stertorous sound, and every now and then he had to pass his tongue over his dry, cracked lips.

Thus they stood for a moment eye to eye; and what she read in his glance caused a nameless fear to strike at her heart and to paralyse her will. But the next instant she had recovered her presence of mind. With quick, febrile movement she had already taken off her apron and with her hands smoothed her unruly dark hair. Then she made for the door.

Less than a second and already he had guessed her purpose; before she could reach the door he had his back against it and his nervy fingers had grasped her wrist.

"Where are you going?"

"Out," she said curtly.

"What for?"

"That's none of your business."

"What for?" he reiterated hoarsely.

"Let go my wrist," she exclaimed, "you are hurting me."

"I'll hurt you worse," he cried, in a broken voice, "if you cross this threshold to-night."

But he released her wrist, and she, wrathful, indignant, terrified, retreated to the other end of the room.

"Go out by the back door," he sneered, "if you want to go out. You have the key, haven't you?"

"My father . . ." she began.

"Yes!" he said. "Go and tell your father that I, Leopold Hirsch, your affianced husband, am brow-beating you—making a scene, what?—because you have made an assignation with my lord the young Count, here—at night—under your father's roof—under the roof of a child of Israel! You! An assignation with a dirty Christian! . . . Bah! Go and tell your father that! And he will thrash you to within an inch of your life! We are Jews, he and I, and hold the honour of our women sacred—more sacred than their life!"

Honour Of Women More Sacred Than Life.

"Don't be a fool, Leopold," she cried, feeling that indeed, between her father and this madman, her life had ceased to be safe. She looked round her helplessly. Three or four besotted fools lying helpless across the tables, and all the village dancing and making merry some two hundred metres away, her father—implacable, as she well knew, where her conduct was concerned—and this madman ready to kill to satisfy his lust of vengeance and of hate—she felt that indeed, unless Heaven performed a miracle, here was the beginning of an awful, an irredeemable tragedy.

"Leopold, don't be a fool," she reiterated, trying with all her might not to appear frightened or

scared or confused. "I have promised Kapus Elsa to go to her dance for half an hour. I had forgotten all about it. I must go now."

"Go and change your dress, then," he retorted with a sneer, "then you can go out by the back way. You have put the key away somewhere, haven't you? You know where it is."

"You are mad about doors to-night. I tell you I am going out now, by that front door—at once!"

"And I tell you," he said, slowly and deliberately, "that if you cross the front door step I will call your father and tell him that you go to meet your lover—a Christian lover—the young Count—who would as soon think of marrying you as he would a nigger or a kitchen slut. Before you will have reached the high road your father and I will be on your heels, and either he or I will strangle you ere you come within sight of my lord's castle."

"You are mad!" she cried. "Or else an idiot."

"Better look for that back-door key," he retorted.

"What has the back-door key to do with it?" she asked sullenly.

Where Is The Key?

"Only this," he replied, "that while that monkey-faced dog of a Christian was whispering to you just now, I know that the key was hanging on its usual peg, but I heard something about 'supper' and about 'ten o'clock.' May he break his neck, I say, and save me the job. Then he ordered me out of the room. Oh! I guessed! I am no fool, you know! When I came back I looked into your father's room—the key was gone, and I knew. And what I say is, why can't he come in by the front door like a man, if he has nothing to hide? Why must you let him come in like a thief by a back door, if you have nothing to be ashamed of? The tap-room is open to anybody. Anybody can walk in and get a drink if they want to. Then why this whispering and this sneaking?"

He was working himself up to a greater and ever greater passion of fury. He kept his voice low because he didn't want Ignác Goldstein to hear—not just yet, at any rate—for Ignác was a hard man and a stern father, and God only knew what he might not do if he was roused. Leopold did not want Klara hurt—not yet, at any rate—not until he was quite sure that she meant to play him altogether false. She was vain and frivolous, overfond of dress and of queening it over the peasant girls of the village, but there was no real harm in her. She was immensely flattered by the young Count's attentions and over-ready to accept his presents in exchange for kisses and whisperings behind closed doors, but there was no real harm in her—so at least Leopold Hirsch kept repeating to himself time and again, whenever jealousy gnawed at his heart more roughly than he could endure.

(To be continued.)

STOMACH & BOWEL INDIGESTION

CAUSES

THAT BURNING SPOT BEHIND THE SHOULDER BLADE WITH ACIDITY & DEPRESSION

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K.E., of Lewisham, writes:—"I have intended writing you, but have been waiting to make sure I am cured. It is weeks now since I finished my second tube of Cicfa. I have taken none since, and I have had no return of the indigestion in either Stomach or Bowel, so I can safely say I am cured."

I shall always bless the day I wrote for your free sample. The second day of taking Cicfa I felt a trifle better, and now I feel ten years younger. Previous to taking Cicfa I was in such a bad state of depression and misery I used to wish I had courage enough to poison myself. I could not eat or drink anything and keep it down for long. I used to hate going out anywhere, as I had such an

INTENSE BURNING PAIN BEHIND MY LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, and the acid would suddenly rise into my mouth and I would vomit. I often turned so giddy,



too, that I would have to clutch anything near me, and in the morning getting out of bed I have fallen many times. I tried all sorts of things and all kinds of treatment, but I got into such a low state that nothing did me any good until I took Cicfa. I tell everyone I hear of having indigestion how Cicfa cured me, and my advice to all indigestion sufferers is: 'Don't wait and put it off, but get Cicfa at once and try it for yourself.' Believe me, gratefully yours, K. E."

Read carefully, and you will understand why K. E., of Lewisham, feels so grateful. When death seems preferable to sufferings caused by Indigestion they must be hard to bear. That burning pain behind the left shoulder blade, that burning acid frequently rising in the throat, that giddiness so severe as to cause stumbling and even falling, and that profound depression and feeling of unutterable misery were all directly caused by Indigestion in Stomach and Bowel.

Nothing brought relief till Cicfa was taken, because there is no remedy except Cicfa, which contains what Nature requires to ensure digestion of the food in both Stomach and Bowel. But Cicfa brought immediate relief, and very soon a complete cure. The reason is simple. It is this: Cicfa contains exactly what is needed to start digestion of all the Albuminous food, such as eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and also what is needed to immediately start digestion of all the Starchy food like bread, potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., in the Bowel, and also to cause digestion to continue till all the food is completely digested in both Stomach and Bowel.

The fact that over 9,000 British Doctors have used Cicfa, and nearly 900 of them

have written us of the splendid results they have obtained by either taking Cicfa themselves or prescribing it, is proof that Cicfa does not belong to the class of patent medicines, and is indeed a wonderful combination of Digestive Ferments.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your Digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak Digestion. Keep your Digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist Digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

MANY MARTYRS LIKE MYSELF, SUFFERING FROM

GASTRIC CATARRH or INDIGESTION

STOMACH

ON SEEING HOW **CICFA** CURED ME WOULD BE GLAD TO ACCEPT YOUR FREE OFFER.

Mr. T. C., of Tooting, has just written:—"I recently suffered very much from Gastric Catarrh or Stomach Indigestion. I was finally given medicine and advised not to eat meat, potatoes, or vegetables, but to live entirely on milk puddings and such-like."

"I did this for some time, and I must say I was eased, but that was all—I was not cured."

"On reading your advertisement I felt I must try Cicfa. After taking your free sample and a tube (large size) I am completely cured of my ailment, for which I am most thankful, and I would recommend Cicfa to all sufferers of chronic indigestion pains."

"You are at liberty to use this for publication, because there are MANY MARTYRS LIKE MYSELF, who, on learning how Cicfa cured me, would be glad to accept your splendid Cicfa offer."

More than sympathy is offered to the millions of martyrs to Indigestion by Mr. T. C., of Tooting. He has suffered tortures from Indigestion. He tried all kinds of medicines with dieting and advice. He was not cured. He was merely eased.

He read a Cicfa advertisement and realised it was not an ordinary advertisement. It contained information which he considered valuable, instead of bald statements. He saw that scientific REASONS were given as to why Cicfa cured Indigestion, and that Indigestion may be in the Stomach or Bowel, or both.

No other advertisement had ever contained this information. He concluded that as the information about Indigestion was so superior to all others, it was probable that the remedy offered was equally superior.

As he had tried nearly everything else, he knew that unless it was unlike all the other remedies, it could not cure him.

He sent for a sample; the sample so convinced him that he purchased a tube (large size), and by the time he had finished that he was cured.

This will appear remarkable to thousands, and it is remarkable, but it is true. Cicfa is unlike any other remedy because it is the only remedy which contains what Nature requires to cause the Stomach to do its own digesting; also to cause the Bowel to do its own digesting, and to perfect the Bile

Circulation and remove all liver obstructions. That is why Cicfa is the only cure for Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel.

Mr. T. C. is anxious that all sufferers should know these facts. Read what he says above.

WARNING.—Let no person impose upon you by selling you one of the worthless imitations of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7½d.) now on the market.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa is the only cure.

Cicfa is sold everywhere. Price 1/1½ and 2/9. You Save Money by buying the 2/9 size, because it contains as many tablets as three 1/1½ size.

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Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and one penny stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



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