

Germans Murder Gassed British Soldiers In The Trenches

DAILY SKETCH.

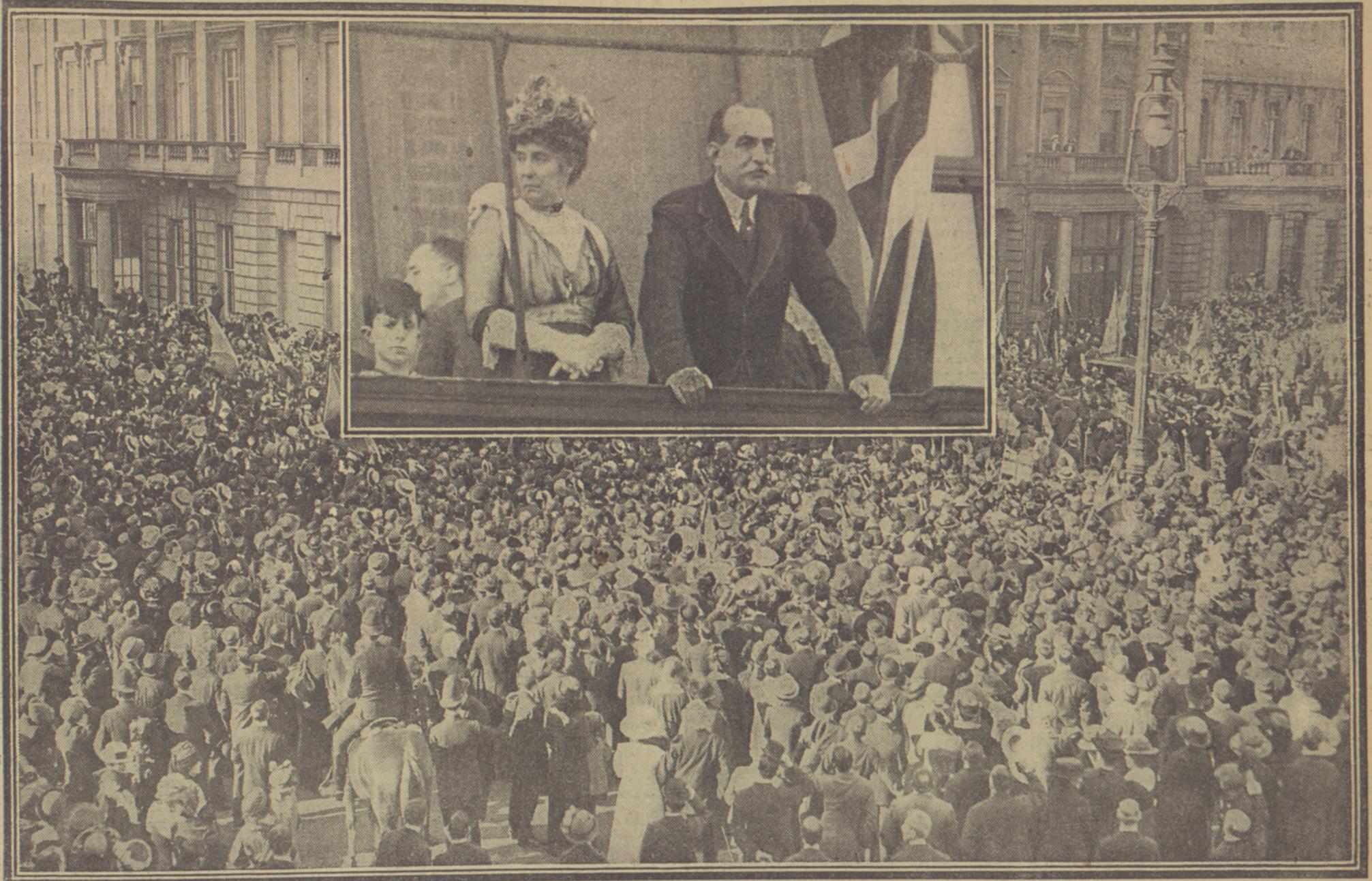
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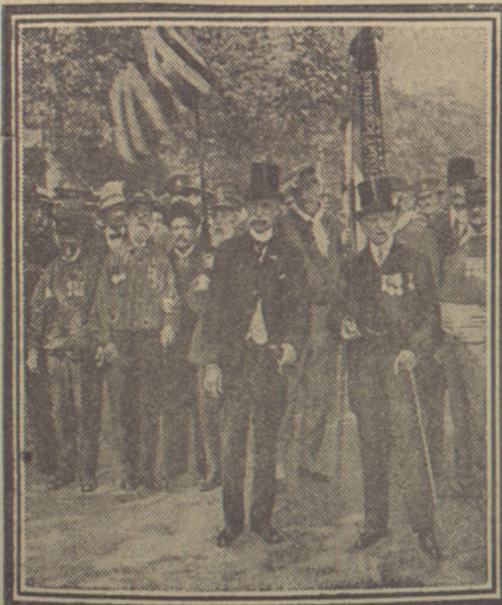
LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

ITALIANS IN LONDON HAIL "THE DAY."



The Italian Ambassador (the Marquis Imperiali) and his wife acknowledging the cheers of his countrymen from the balcony of the Embassy.



Veterans who fought with Garibaldi. Italians in London, now called to the colours of their country, marching through Piccadilly. London Czechs show their sympathy. It was a wonderful procession that marched from the Embankment to the Italian Embassy. Men who fought with Garibaldi forgot their years as they bravely stepped out carrying banners bearing scrolls of honour, and behind them came the sons of Italy and their wives and daughters. The soul of Italy is behind the bodies of her fighting men.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

AIR BOMBS KILL 2 WOMEN AND INJURE OTHERS.

Zeppelins Again Drop Murder Missiles On Southend.

CHASED AWAY TO SEA.

Young Girl's Splendid Pluck Saves Little Sister's Life.

From the Admiralty.

Late on Wednesday night a Zeppelin visited the East Coast of England. Bombs were dropped on Southend.

The casualties reported up to date are two women killed and one child badly injured.

Very little material damage was done.

Aeroplanes and seaplanes proceeded in chase, but the Zeppelin succeeded in escaping in an easterly direction.

DEAD.

Miss May Fairs, Westbourne-grove, Westcliff.

Another woman whose name is not given.

INJURED.

Mrs. Florence Smith, Farrindon, Westminster Drive, Westcliff.

Queenie Pateman, aged 7 years, who is suffering from burns and shock.

Mr. Kent, North-road, Leigh, struck in leg by bomb fragment.

A boy named Crince, Woodfield Park Drive, Leigh, injured by burns.

The raid took place about 11 o'clock at night—quite two hours earlier than the previous one on Monday, May 10, when Mrs. Whitwell (63) was killed while in bed.

CIRCLED OVER THE TOWN.

But Inhabitants Showed Little Fear While Gazing At Murder-Machines.

The attack was heralded by a Zeppelin being seen coming from a north-easterly direction. After circling over Southend, Westcliff and Leigh-on-Sea, it went off in the same direction whence it came. As bombs were still falling, it was evident that another Zeppelin had taken up the attack. About the same time Burnham-on-Crouch, another undefended town, was also visited.

The two invaders dropped bombs in all parts of the borough. They showed no undue haste in their cowardly work, as they manoeuvred over the district for quite an hour. Nearly 100 bombs were dropped on Southend, Westcliff and Leigh, but very few alighted on buildings. The people of Southend were but little disturbed by the raid.

Many of the residents, in fact, contrary to official advice, thronged the streets and watched the movements of the German murder machines.

Notwithstanding the sight of the air pirates right overhead those of the public who had not gone indoors continued to gaze until they saw the white, gleaming sides of the vessels disappear in the bright moonlight. Meanwhile the greater part of Southend slept right through the raid—as, indeed, the inhabitants of any undefended town might be expected to.

KILLED ON THE SPOT

Miss Fairs was a visitor to the town for the Whit-eun holidays. She was killed at the corner of East-wood-road, her death being instantaneous. She had just alighted from a tram, and the bomb fell on her head.

In several parts of the town houses were fired, but the fire brigade, which turned out very smartly, had little difficulty in coping with the flames.

In their efforts the firemen were considerably helped by the inhabitants, whose experience of Zeppelin raids is now becoming somewhat considerable. As compared with the previous raid small damage was done.

After the raiders left Southend they appear to have visited Pitsea, which is a few miles away, for a large number of explosions were heard in that direction.

Another Zeppelin was reported over Shoeburyness, but it withdrew without doing any damage.

MINNIE PATEMAN'S PLUCK.

Sixteen-Year-Old Girl's Dash At Flames To Save Sister.

The Huns' death-roll would have been larger, but they were balked through the pluck of a girl of sixteen years of age. Her name is Minnie Pateman.

Little Queenie Pateman, aged seven, who is now in Southend Hospital suffering from serious burns on her back and legs, caused by one of the incendiary bombs, was sleeping in a small bed on the top floor of 3, Broadway Market, when the raid occurred.

A bomb struck the roof and crashed through on to the bed. In a second the bedclothes and the child's nightdress were ablaze.

Outside the house watching the Zeppelin was Mrs. Pateman, with her daughter Minnie. Immediately the bomb struck the house Mrs. Pateman rushed inside and upstairs for her children.

When Mrs. Pateman reached the room where Queenie lay in bed, and Joey, aged 12, in another, were sleeping, she found that the little girl's bed

was a mass of flames. She at once tried to beat the flames down with some clothes, but only partially succeeded.

At this moment Minnie, realising that her little brother and sister were in danger, rushed into the house and up to the bedroom, put her hands through the flames and snatched her younger sister from the bed. Wrapping some clothes round her she took the little one to a neighbour, who carried her quickly to a doctor and then to the hospital. She is there lying seriously burnt, but alive, thanks to her sister Minnie, who is herself suffering from burnt hands.

An amusing side to this incident was told to the *Daily Sketch* by Mrs. Pateman, who, in spite of her great anxiety for Queenie, could not repress a smile when she said, "Little Joey, who was sleeping in the same room, knew nothing about it. I had to thump him before I could get him to wake!"

Mr. Pateman is a private in the King's Royal Rifles, and only left home on Friday last. His only worry, he said, was that the Zeppelins might come again.

DASH DOWN STAIRCASE.

Young Boy Of Seven's Escape When Warned By His Father.

A remarkable escape of a whole family was that of Mr. Montagu Cruse, his wife and children.

Mr. Cruse was on the bedroom landing when a bomb crashed through the roof and the petrol in it set fire to the staircase.

Mr. Cruse at once caught hold of his daughter Nellie and threw her safely into the arms of friends from the bathroom window.

His son, aged seven, was asleep in bed in the back room, and Mr. Cruse shouted to him to get downstairs. The boy at once did so, while his father looked after his wife and other daughter.

This was safely accomplished, but his plucky little son was burnt in his dash down the burning staircase.

ATTACK ON "FORTIFICATIONS"!

The German official news from Berlin yesterday reported the raid as follows:—

An air attack was successfully carried out on the fortifications of Southend, on the Lower Thames.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN GRENFELL.

Lord Desborough Gives His Eldest Son To His Country.

Lord Desborough's eldest son, Captain the Hon. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., died in Boulogne Hospital yesterday from wounds in the head received when gallantly leading his company of Royal Dragoons in a recent battle.

Captain Grenfell was badly wounded by shrapnel. An operation was successfully performed, but



CAPT. THE HON. J. GRENFELL, D.S.O.—(Maull and Fox.)

serious symptoms arose, and a second operation followed.

A telegram to Taplow Court, Maidenhead, stated that Captain Grenfell's condition was rather less serious. The improvement was not maintained, and Captain Grenfell died in the presence of Lord and Lady Desborough.

Lord Lincolnshire's heir, Lord Wendover, died from wounds at Boulogne the other day.

LADIES FORM A RIFLE CORPS.

Stegness ladies at a meeting in the Drill Hall yesterday decided to form a ladies' rifle corps, and appointed Miss Eastwood, daughter of the commandant of the local volunteer training corps, secretary. An instructor attached to the soldiers stationed locally afterwards taught the ladies how to handle a rifle, and some of them put in some practice at the range.

THE TRAM STRIKER FIASCO.

During yesterday several hundred applicants were selected as motormen and conductors to replace the L.C.C. trammens on strike. Men above the Army age were, it was said, speedily returning to duty, and it was possible to augment the number of cars in the service during the evening.

The Red and Blue Unions have joined forces, and are hoping for an early settlement.

ROYAL VISIT TO ALDERSHOT.

King George and the Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary, left Buckingham Palace by motor-car for the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, yesterday.

HOW TO LIVE MORE CHEAPLY IN WAR-TIME.

A Talk On The Greatest Of All Women's Problems.

ADVICE BY A FOOD EXPERT.

"There is no nation under the sun so extravagant with food as the British," declared a doctor to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday. "We eat the wrong kind of food, cook it in the wrong way, and throw away the most nutritious and sustaining part of the food. Efforts to teach the British people economy in food have always failed," he declared emphatically.

The physician's declaration may be perfectly true of the past, but the British people are now forced to study food economy. The rapid rise in prices has caused a revolution in dietary, and the cry of the housewife now is "What shall we eat?"

A food expert has written an illuminating article for the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, which will help to solve what is first and foremost a woman's problem. It will be directed to showing how economies may be effected, and how the highest value may be obtained from certain kinds of food.

A DARING SATIRE.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's articles in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* have gained a vast circle of readers, and every week numerous letters of appreciation are received. In next Sunday's issue Mr. Jerome will give us a daring satire on the babel of clamour which has recently arisen. He imagines this to be taking place in Germany, and enables us to realise how we should then regard it.

"The stiff upper lip—that can smile." In this striking phrase Sir James Yoxall, M.P., epitomises what he believes should be the national attitude in the great struggle before us. He has written an inspiring article for the *Sunday Herald*, in which he will examine the points of view of the pessimist and optimist, and discuss the legitimacy of various forms of pleasure-seeking.

Mr. Asquith is now the national Premier in a sense more real than ever before. His personality will be the subject of a character sketch in the *Sunday Herald*. This series of articles, written by a prominent politician, have been the subject of much comment in Government circles, and have been pronounced the most remarkable character sketches ever written.

Women's interests will be specially catered for in the next issue of the *Sunday Herald*, which gives the most interesting articles on fashions and the topics of the home. There will be another wonderful series of exclusive war photographs in Sunday's issue.

HOW WOMEN CAN RECRUIT.

Methods Of London Mayoress And Her Corps Of 600 Gentle Persuaders.

If the women of Finsbury can prevent it, Lord Kitchener shall not lack recruits. They have formulated, and are in the act of carrying out, an admirable scheme for securing recruits.

The Mayoress of Finsbury, Mrs. W. R. Cooke, has formulated it. The outline she gave of it to the *Daily Sketch* shows it to have been well conceived and practical.

She has appealed to the women of the borough to help her in enlisting men for the Finsbury Rifles, and at a public meeting in the Town Hall 600 women pledged themselves as members of her recruiting army.

"What we feel," Mrs. Cooke said, "is that the men who are out in France are fighting for us. They are protecting us from possible danger. It is up to us to do something to help them.

"We can't fight. We can't handle a gun. Most of us wouldn't know what to do with it if we had one. But we can take a hand in supplying our defenders with the support they so much need.

"The Mayoress has already done a good deal herself. By her unaided efforts, by the exercise of her powers of persuasion—and they are considerable—she has been able to put about 200 young Britons in the right way. The methods she adopts are those to be adopted by her Corps of Gentle Persuaders.

"I walk into a shop," she said, "and ask to be shown a certain article. If the assistant who comes to serve me is of military age, I begin to talk to him about his duty to the country, and to us womenfolk especially. It frequently has the desired effect.

"The other day I revisited a certain shop, and asked for the assistant who served me before. 'Oh! I was told, 'soon after you left him the other day he went away and joined the Army.' So, you see, it really does work."

Not only are the women of Mrs. Cooke's brigade going to tackle the young men; they have laid plans for the wives and mothers and sisters and sweethearts of the men.

"Mrs. Jones has a feeling," the Mayoress explained, "that it is not fair that her sons should be out fighting and the sons of Mrs. Perkins next door are not. So the Mrs. Joneses are inviting the Mrs. Perkinses to tea parties, and talking it over with them, so to speak.

"We have great hopes of the tea parties."

SIR E. CARSON AND THE KAISER.

Sir E. Carson says the statement that he "went to Germany and accepted the Kaiser's personal hospitality" is untrue.

The foundation, I suppose, of this myth (he proceeds), is that in 1913, when staying at Homburg, I was invited with other English visitors, including generals and ambassadors, to a private luncheon party at which the German Emperor was a guest. This is the only occasion upon which I have ever met his Majesty.

MURDER BY GERMANS IN THE TRENCHES.

Gassed English Victims Bayoneted In Cold Blood.

CHEMISTS' VICTORY.

Poison Fumes Freed When British Army Was Sleeping.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.

Wednesday Night.

A steady north-east wind blowing from the German trenches across the Ypres salient of our front has enabled the enemy to revenge themselves for successive losses north of La Bassée by poisoning a large number of British soldiers.

Early on Monday morning and again yesterday (Tuesday) they loosed clouds of chlorine gas from the cylinders massed along their front trenches, sending a solid bank of vapour higher than the surrounding cottages, across the intervening fields to the British lines.

It was the greatest attack yet made by the chemists who are the forlorn hope of the German Army.

Ever since the last gas experiments, which temporarily lost us a few trenches in the Ypres salient, the wind has blown from other quarters.

The Germans utilised this lull by bringing up a large supply of chlorine and of explosive shells which furnish the inevitable setting for their wholesale attempts at suffocation.

WHEN THE LION SLEEPS.

Realising that British troops are best attacked when they are asleep, the enemy cleared their front line and opened the cylinder taps while our infantry—save the usual men on duty—were trying to snatch a few hours' rest in their trenches.

It was about 3.30 and a clear morning. A brisk breeze carried the dense cloud of gas smartly towards our line, and it enveloped the men before many of them were awake, and before many others had an opportunity of adjusting their respirators.

Almost immediately the heavy German guns began showering high explosive shells which burst in the dense fog, and caused a number of casualties without producing the desired effect—that of demoralisation.

DAZED BUT CALM.

The men stuck at their posts without exception until ordered to retire, and then those who fell back did so in good order—dazed and gasping, but still calm.

Screened by gas, the enemy's infantry attacked in several places. The attack succeeded better than previous attacks, because they advanced behind the cloud of poison to trenches in which most of the occupants were dying of suffocation and unable to resist.

MURDER OF THE HELPLESS.

They bayoneted many British soldiers who were struck by gas and helpless.

Wherever a victim of the poison had strength enough to roll to his rifle he made a gallant attempt to save himself.

Men who escaped declare that the enemy killed the victims of gas wherever they found them.

The result of this "victory" was to give the Wurttemberg battalions winning it a strip of the salient for the moment.

In some instances our men when driven out by gas suffered so slightly that they were able to counter-attack and drive the invaders out.

But the gas won, wherever it settled in sufficiently dense clouds to make a protracted stay in the trench dangerous.

PEASANTS POISONED.

It continued its devastating course across miles of open country behind our lines—through Ypres and the villages westward of it, poisoning the air and causing hundreds of inoffensive peasants to become ill.

The scene at the casualty clearing stations behind our front on Monday was a terrible one. One station handled several hundred patients, of whom only 17 died. The men were brought in ambulances, the worst cases being carried into a ground-floor room, with open windows on two sides, where surgeons and dressers worked unremittingly to save them.

"Gas poisoning has again given us the worst phases of the suffering caused by war," said one of the surgeons to me to-day.

The scene in this room was beyond description—strong men rolling in sheer agony on the floor, begging to be allowed to die, or pleading to be given enough strength to take them back to the trenches, in order to meet their enemies again.

THE SERGEANT'S WINK.

I walked through the pleasant garden where other gas victims lay under the trees. Four or five sat in a row on a school form, patiently waiting their turn with the surgeons. The patience of all of them was pathetic. They bore their sufferings uncomplainingly. I heard no word of regret or self-pity.

One broad-shouldered sergeant, with muscles like whipcords and grey service shirt thrown back from his heaving chest, even gave me a feeble wink, although shaken by the mere effort to keep alive.

You cannot kill an army such as this with gas.

SCOTCH EXPRESS DERAILED.

The 11.30 a.m. Midland Glasgow express from St. Pancras was derailed at Carlisle yesterday. Many passengers were shaken, but no one was seriously injured.

THE SIXTH BATTLESHIP LOST IN THE DARDANELLES.

BATTLESHIP MAJESTIC SUNK OFF GALLIPOLI.

Most Of Crew Stated To Have Been Saved.

CONSTANTINOPLE RAIDED.

Submarine E11 Fires First Shot At Turkish Capital.

DISASTER AT SHEERNESS.

Auxiliary Ship Blown Up: Only One Survivor.

From the Admiralty.

Thursday Night.

An enemy submarine torpedoed and sank H.M.S. Majestic (Captain H. F. G. Talbot) this morning whilst she was supporting the Army on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Nearly all the officers and men were saved.

H.M. auxiliary ship Princess Irene was accidentally blown up in Sheerness Harbour this morning.

So far as is yet known only one survivor, Stoker David Wills, was picked up.

Wills has sustained burns from the explosion.

The following three men belonging to the Princess Irene were not on board at the time of the disaster: William James Paice, A.B.; John T. Sutton, signalman; James Thompson, chief steward.

Seventy-eight dockyard workmen are reported to have been on board the Princess Irene this morning, and must have perished.

Several men belonging to vessels lying close to the Princess Irene were wounded by falling splinters.

H.M.S. Majestic, a pre-Dreadnought of 14,900 tons, was launched at Barrow in 1895. She carried 750 men, was armed with four 12-inch and 12 6-inch guns, and steamed 17 knots.

The British and French navies have now lost six battleships, in the operations in the Dardanelles:—

Ocean.
Irresistible.
Goliath.
Triumph.
Majestic.
Bouvet (French).

PRINCESS IRENE A C.P.R. LINER.

Internal Explosion Destroys Minelayer With Heavy Loss Of Life.

One body picked up has been identified as that of a man named Turner, of Luton, who was serving in the vessel. Two lighters are stated to have been sunk, but there was no one on board them at the time.

The minelayer Princess Irene was blown up as the result of an internal explosion yesterday morning.

Nothing remains of the vessel, which was a Canadian Pacific liner before the war. Besides the crew 78 dockyard men were on board.

DIED AT THEIR POSTS.

Victims Of The Sheerness Disaster Who Should Not Be Forgotten.

The following notice was posted outside Sheerness dockyard last night, signed by Rear-Admiral Prendergast, Superintendent of the dockyard:

It is much regretted that the following workmen, as far as can be ascertained at present, have lost their lives in the execution of their duty at Sheerness shipyard:

J. Rixon, W. Pack, A. Wiseman, R. Burrows, H. Grant, J. Stride, F. Lott, J. Rogers, T. Young, W. Barling, H. Quick, E. Princhett, R. Sterling, S. Chittick, B. Tweedle, R. Wood, G. Turner, J. Stevens, J. Slade, F. Brizzor, W. Chittick, F. Adams, H. Farley, J. Daniels, B. Harris, R. Trowell, R. Jenner, J. Rowswell, J. Wigley, T. Troon, W. Lamblin, J. Lupton, G. English, T. Stead, A. Spears, G. Garvin, H. Strevens, G. Hawkins, and R. Irons.

The following are shipwright apprentices:—
A. Newman, J. Grant, C. Dawe, S. Bridges, J. Golding, S. Dryke, and R. Howell.

The following skilled labourers were also killed:—
F. Noakes, W. Susans, J. Blee, H. Noakes, T. Clay, M. Wood, F. Brow, J. Mills, J. Dear, H. Bolton, A. Akhurst, P. Clary, J. Collingbourne, H. Brown, A. Barton, J. O'Callaghan, W. Smith, E. Kimber, A. Lawrence, A. Burgess, W. Keen, J. Buckhurst, E. Callahan, W. S. B. Pickford, and G. T. Watts.

The following boys also lost their lives:—

H. Cheeseman, C. Fisher, B. Smelling, J. Brown, and W. Harrison.

Pathetic scenes were witnessed outside the dockyard gates. No mention is made in the official communication of where these men lost their lives.

BRITISH SUBMARINE ENTERS CONSTANTINOPLE.

Turkish Transport Torpedoed At The Arsenal.

From the Admiralty.

Thursday Night.

A message has been received from the Vice-Admiral, Eastern Mediterranean, reporting that submarine E11 (Lieutenant-Commander Martin E. Nasmith) has sunk in the Sea of Marmora a vessel containing a great quantity of ammunition, comprising charges for heavy howitzers, several gun mountings, and a 6-inch gun.

She also chased a supply ship with a heavy cargo of stores, and torpedoed her alongside the pier of Rodosto.

A small store ship was also chased and run ashore.

Submarine E11 entered Constantinople and discharged a torpedo at a transport alongside the arsenal.

The torpedo was heard to explode.

'FEW OF TRIUMPH'S CREW SAVED.'

German Version Of Sinking Of British Battleship Off Gallipoli.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

The German newspapers have received from Constantinople details respecting the sinking of the Triumph which show that for several days she had entered the Kari Burnu waters, and bombarded the Turkish positions.

At 12.30 p.m. on Tuesday the Triumph was torpedoed off Kari Burnu.

There was a terrific explosion, the ship immediately listed, and within seven minutes she was keel upwards, and sank so rapidly that only a small number of her crew could be saved.—Central News.

According to an official telegram from Constantinople the British battleship Triumph was torpedoed by a German submarine. The explosion turned the Triumph over on her side within a minute. Seven minutes later the ship had turned turtle, and was floating keel upwards, after which she sank rapidly.—Reuter.

"CAPTURE OF A TRANSPORT."

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

An official statement published in Constantinople says: "A transport ship, escorted by the French cruiser Jules Michelet, attempted to make a landing at the port of Bodroum (Asia Minor), under the protection of the ship's guns. We killed one enemy officer and 16 men, wounded five, and captured the transport vessel with one gun, eight rifles, and a case of ammunition. We had three soldiers and two civilians wounded."—Reuter.

TRAWLER FIGHTS SUBMARINE.

Belgian Skipper Tries To Ram Pirate Craft That Sinks British Ship.

A fight between a trawler and a German submarine was described on the arrival at Milford Haven yesterday of the Belgian trawler Jacqueline with the crew of the Montreal steamer Morwenna, which was sunk about 160 miles south by west of Milford Haven. One man was killed and three were wounded.

When the Jacqueline came up, the submarine was shelling the Morwenna, and the trawler's skipper, Arsene Blondi, daringly put on full speed and tried to ram the submarine. The Morwenna was sunk, but the Jacqueline rescued the surviving members of the crew.

Then followed a duel between the submarine and the trawler. The Germans fired many shells at the Jacqueline without hitting her, and Captain Blondi continually attempted to ram the submarine until she finally made off.

The Morwenna, which was bound from Cardiff to Sydney in ballast, was a steamer of 1,400 tons, owned by the St. Lawrence Shipping Co., of Sydney. The crew of the Danish steamer Betty (2,000 tons), which was torpedoed and sunk in the North Sea on Wednesday by a German submarine, was rescued and taken to the Tyne yesterday.

Skipper Wright, of the Grimsby trawler Cetus, reports that on May 19 he found a boat in the North Sea marked "Euclid 370 Hull," in which were a basket of fresh fish, a breaker of water and some sailors' clothing.

The Secretary of State for War places on record in an Army Order issued last night his appreciation of the gallantry and devotion to duty of Major R. A. Richardson and the officers, N.C.'s, and men of the 1st Warwickshire Yeomanry, when the transport Wayfarer was torpedoed on April 11.

NEW FIRST SEA LORD.

Admiral Sir Henry Jackson Succeeds Lord Fisher.



ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON.

Admiral Sir Henry B. Jackson, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., has been appointed First Sea Lord of the Admiralty in the place of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverston.

KING VICTOR GOES TO THE FRONT.

He Takes Command But Tries To Reach His Post Incognito.

The King of Italy has taken supreme command of his land and sea forces and has gone to the front to share the hardships of his subjects.

King Victor tried to reach the front incognito, but without success.

The Duke of Genoa, the King's uncle, has been appointed to what is really a Regency in the monarch's absence from Rome.

On assuming command of his forces, says Reuter, the King issued this Order of the Day:—

Soldiers of Land and Sea.—The solemn hour of vindication of the national claims has sounded.

Following the example of my great ancestor, I assume to-day supreme command of the land and sea forces, with sure confidence in the victory which your valour, your self-sacrifice and your discipline will bring.

The enemy whom you prepare to fight is seasoned and worthy of you. Favoured by ground and by scientific preparation, he will offer you an obstinate resistance, but your indomitable dash will certainly defeat him.

Soldiers, yours is the glory of hoisting the tricolour of Italy upon the sacred bounds which nature places as the confines of our country; yours the glory of accomplishing the work undertaken with so much heroism by our fathers.

(Signed) VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Grand Headquarters, May 26.

"LITTLE ITALY'S" HOLIDAY.

Men Off To Fight For Their Country March In A London Procession.

London Italians took part yesterday in a public demonstration of their enthusiasm for the war into which their country has entered.

Italians and their British sympathisers gathered on the Embankment, and marched through crowded streets with bands playing and banners flying to the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor-square, there to cheer for the war and the Allies, and display the flags of the provinces they seek to release from the Austrian yoke.

Prominent in the procession were Garibaldi veterans in the picturesque uniforms of more than half a century ago and hundreds of enthusiastic young men who are returning to their country to fight her battles. The English portion of the procession included many of their comrades in khaki.

When the demonstrators arrived in Grosvenor-square the Ambassador, the Marquis Imperiali, addressed them in Italian from the balcony of the Embassy.

AUSTRIANS CLAIM SUCCESS

Austrian Official News.

VIENNA (via Amsterdam), Thursday.

In the Italian theatre of war, near Caprile, two Italian companies were annihilated by machine gun-fire.—Central News.

CALL TO BELGIANS IN BRITAIN.

All male Belgians from 18 to 25 years of age residing in the United Kingdom and not yet in the Army, are required, without any exception, to enrol themselves as part of the Militia levy of 1915.

GREAT AIR RAID INTO GERMANY.

18 Machines Attack Important Poison Factory.

BUILDINGS SET ON FIRE.

Airman's 400-Mile Journey In 6 Hours' Flight Over Frontier.

French Official News.

PARIS, Thursday.

One of our air squadrons, composed of 18 aeroplanes, each carrying heavy projectiles, bombarded this morning at Ludwigshafen the chemical factory belonging to the Baden Aniline Dye Company, now one of the most important factories of explosives in Germany.

The results proved the efficacy of the bombardment. Several buildings were struck and fires broke out in many places.

The aviators were nearly six hours in the air, and covered a distance of 400 miles.

This expedition against an important military establishment was a retaliation for the German air raid on Paris.

The air raid on Ludwigshafen ranks among the most important of the war. The factory which was set on fire is one of the largest of the kind in Germany, and great secrecy has been observed as to the work carried on there during the war.

It is reported that large numbers of workmen were drafted into Ludwigshafen some time ago.

[Ludwigshafen is on the northern arm of Lake Constance, and is 20 miles from Friedrichshafen, the Zeppelin headquarters, where previous air raids have been made.]

The Belgian troops yesterday evening repulsed two German attacks to the north and south of



Dixmude. The first was driven back by a counter-attack and the second was stopped by the Belgian fire. In the sector to the north of Arras two actions were fought during the night.

To the south-west of Souchez we carried one of the enemy trenches at the Chateau de Carleu, capturing prisoners, including an officer.

To the east of Neuville St. Vaast the Germans attempted an attack, which was broken up by our artillery.

There have been artillery engagements at several points on the front, particularly near Rheims and in the Vosges.—Reuter.

"ATTEMPT TO BREAK OUR LINES."

German Admission Of Heavy Series Of French Attacks.

BERLIN, Thursday Afternoon.

Regardless of the great failures of Wednesday, the French repeated their attempts to break through our lines between Vermelles and the Lorette Hills [West of Lens, the key to all this region of Northern France]. Very strong forces were brought forward for a storm attack along a narrow stretch of six miles; but the attacking force was everywhere repulsed. We are in full possession of our positions.

An uncommonly large number of fallen Frenchmen are lying in front of the German trenches.

A further attack was directed in the late evening against the line Souchez-Neuville [south-west of Lens on the military road to Arras], south of Souchez. The battle has not yet come to a conclusion. Wireless Press.

FIERCE ATTACK NEAR NORTH SEA.

Belgian Official News.

HAVRE (temporary capital), Thursday Afternoon. The enemy's artillery yesterday showed activity. It bombarded our advanced positions and the village of Oostkerke.

Our batteries replied successfully, especially towards Schoore, where their fire caused some fires and violent explosions.

A REMINDER.

The approach of warmer weather finds most of us making changes in our mode of living. Heavy clothes are discarded with a sigh of relief. Spring cleaning is in full swing, and things are brightened up to harmonise with brighter weather. The fresh air and sunshine take us out of doors as much as possible.

But there is another important matter to consider if we wish to live in accordance with and derive benefit from the changed conditions.

Eat suitable food. Heavy meat dishes and other heavy foods suitable for the winter will not do now.

Something light and nutritious which does not overheat the blood is what the season demands, and one of the most suitable spring foods under this heading is St. Ivel Lactic Cheese.

Cheese as a food is superior to meat; weight for weight it contains more nutriment and body-building properties, but it is especially suitable as the weather gets warmer.

Some people, however, cannot digest certain kinds of cheese. St. Ivel Lactic Cheese can be digested by all.

Thousands of these wonderful little cheeses are sent daily to all towns in the kingdom direct from Yeovil, in the West Country.

Grocers and dairymen sell them at the popular price of 6d. each.—Advt.

"FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE."



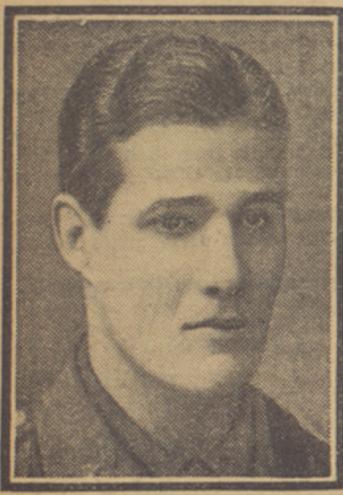
The soldier a few months ago was following the plough. At a Cumberland hiring fair he was busy persuading farm hands to follow his example and join the colours.

AN OUTING ON THE DEE.

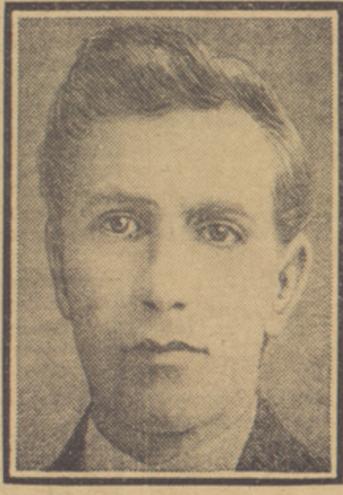


Wounded soldiers to the number of 123 were given an outing on the Dee by members of the Motor Boat Club, Chester. It was a great treat for them.

THEIR COUNTRY NEEDED THEM—THAT WAS ENOUGH.



2nd Lieut. D. Pike Stephenson was a Jamaica Rhodes scholar at Oxford. He was fatally wounded when throwing bombs into the German trenches.



The Rev. W. S. Whiting, Fakenham, Norfolk, has resigned his pastorate to serve his country. He is a lance-corporal in the R.E.



2nd Lieut. T. F. Stocker, R.E.—killed—was a son of Surgeon-Major E. G. Stocker, R.E., recently reported as wounded. He was only 20.

A NEW SOPRANO.



Miriam Licette, the new English soprano, who is singing at the series of promenade concerts at the Albert Hall.—(Dover-street Studios.)

BOTH FIANCEES.



Miss Constance Stovin is the fiancée of Lieut. G. C. W. White, 13th Cheshires.—(Sarony.)



Miss Ethel Leader, the eldest daughter of Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., is marrying next month Mr. R. J. May, of Norwich.—(Sarony.)

REPORTED DEAD, BUT ACTUALLY A PRISONER OF WAR.



Good news has been heard of 2nd Lieut. R. G. Malby (seen seated), 13th London (Kensingtons), whose death was reported. He is a prisoner in Germany and quite well. He was the only officer left, and with twelve men was surrounded.



Brother Bill says:
I'm glad the home folks remembered that I liked Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe so much. It's fine stuff for route-marching on—keeps you going. Oh, yes! I soon get through a tin, you see there's a few other fellows in my regiment!
Just try it.

Your Cakes and Puddings will cost you less if made with

Cakeoma

for Cakeoma is naturally so rich in itself that eggs may be dispensed with if a little more milk is added.

Send for Free Recipe Book to
LATHAM & Co., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

CUT DOWN EXPENSES!

IN looking through the salary list of the new Cabinet one may find much material for pondering over, more especially in this period of war, when all our energy and wealth should be directed to the single purpose of beating the Germans. First let us consider this list:—

- Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) £5,000
- Foreign Secretary (Sir E. Grey) ... £5,000
- War Secretary (Lord Kitchener) ... £5,000
- First Lord of Admiralty (Mr. Bal-four) £4,500
- Chancellor of Exchequer (Mr. M'Kenna) £5,000
- Minister of Munitions (Mr. Lloyd George) —

THIS group of men is the most directly concerned with the war. It is by their work that this war Government must stand or fall. No salary is ascribed to Mr. Lloyd George in his new position, but assuming that he will receive £5,000 we have in round figures that the six war members of the Cabinet receive £30,000 a year for their services. For responsible men doing important work these salaries are not excessive.

NOW take this list of three other members of the war Government, and contrast it with the first list:—

- Lord Chancellor (Sir S. Buckmaster) £10,000
- Attorney-General (Sir E. Carson) ... £7,000 and fees.
- Solicitor-General (Mr. F. E. Smith) £6,000 and fees.

HERE we have three lawyers, filling legal posts, and receiving £23,000 and fees, or an average of over £7,000 a year (without fees), as compared with the net average salary of £5,000 a year earned by the war members of the Government. Probably with their fees and pickings the lawyers rake in about £10,000 a year each.

THE point to concentrate on is that we are at war for our existence. We cannot beat the Germans by hurling legal documents at them. The Lord Chancellor, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General will kill fewer Germans than any three private soldiers who risk their lives for the munificent salary of a shilling a day. Even in their legal capacities these three ornaments of the Bar can do little to help us to victory, since the war is not being fought in the Law Courts.

HERE, surely, is matter for adjustment. The three great lawyers owe their present salaries to the war. If they were put to earn an equivalent amount in law court practice they would find it very difficult, because the kind of litigation on which they thrive is one of the luxuries that the war has much interfered with. I do not seek to belittle the talents of the noble trio, but I would suggest that as it is war time, and as they are of small use to us in winning the war, their salaries might be cut down by half, that is, to the level of Lord Kitchener's.

BY this stroke we would save the nation £15,000 a year, a sum which might be used as the nucleus of a fund, say, for adding a few pence a day to the pensions of maimed soldiers. If we cut down by one-half the salaries of the other members of the Cabinet not directly concerned with the war we should save another £25,000 a year.

NEXT let us take the members of Parliament. The nominal strength of the House is 670. Each member is entitled to a salary of £400 a year. Assuming that they all take it, there is an expenditure of £268,000 a year. By cutting down the salary to £200 a year we would save £130,000 in round figures. Thus we have:—

- Saving on law officers £15,000
- Saving on other non-war members of the Cabinet £25,000
- Saving on members of Parliament £130,000

Total annual saving £170,000

WHY not save this £170,000 during the war? Many business and professional men outside the Government are hard hit and are living on small salaries or on their savings. By a thorough overhaul of the Government expenditure we might save £200,000 a year.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

New Cabinet And The Secret Knob.

IT WAS NOTICEABLE that some of the Cabinet Ministers attending the meeting yesterday were new to their office, for several were unacquainted with the trick of opening the door of "No. 10" by pulling the small knob, which releases a catch inside. Lord Curzon, I am told, went through the ceremony of knocking. Mr. Bonar Law and several of his colleagues, who have been very frequent visitors lately, passed straight in.

Kitchener And Churchill.

THERE HAVE BEEN many rumours lately that the relations between Lord Kitchener and Winston Churchill were not of a most cordial nature. Whatever truth there may be in these stories, the fact remains that Winston, walking across the Horse Guards, arrived at "No. 10" almost simultaneously with Lord Kitchener's car. The War Secretary hurried into the house without noticing Mr. Churchill, who appeared embarrassed. Of course, it may be that the War Minister was too engrossed to see anything, but the incident was commented on by the public watching the arrivals.

The Compressed Lip—

THE GREETING between the Opposition members of the Government—to be Irish for a moment—Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Walter Long, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, on the other hand, was very cordial and full of handshakes. Then they went in to the Cabinet together. Most of the new men were in frock coat and silk hat, but Mr. Walter Long wore a summer grey tall hat and light suit. Winston wore a grey suit and a compressed lip, always an indication of "something wrong"



And The Bitten Thumb.

I HAD rather a pathetic little glimpse on Wednesday afternoon. It was of Winston walking up Whitehall past the Admiralty. He was biting his thumb—whether at some opponent or not I do not know, but as I saw him glance up at the building I would have given much to know what exactly he was thinking. There is no doubt what the passers-by who recognised him thought, for "Winnie" has never stood higher in the public estimation than since he sank a natural sense of injury in patriotism, and took a subordinate place in the Cabinet. It will not be subordinate long.

For The Next Trafalgar.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Churchill has retired from the Admiralty, most of the chief appointments in the Fleet, including that of Sir John Jellicoe, remain as he made them. Mr. Churchill's preference for young men has already done the country inestimable service, and the value of his appointments is not even yet fully realised. An interesting fact is that it was a "collateral ancestor" of Mr. Churchill, the second Earl Spencer, who was one of the first to recognise Nelson's genius.

Man Who Chose Nelson.

THIS EARL SPENCER was First Lord in Pitt's famous administration of 1794-1801. He chose Nelson for an independent command, thereby making possible the victory of the Nile. It was in Lord Spencer's administration that Camperdown and St. Vincent were fought. Another Lord Spencer was First Lord under Mr. Gladstone, and promoted a famous shipbuilding programme. The Spencer-Churchills (Dukes of Marlborough) and the Earls of Spencer have a common ancestor in the third Earl of Sunderland, the celebrated Minister of William III. and Queen Anne.

Changed Tune.

A GOOD STORY is going the rounds abroad with regard to the Oxfordshire Hussars, the first that were sent up to reinforce the British line in Flanders. It was in the early stages when everything was critical. When the Hussars arrived the general said, "Who are you?" They told him, and his ejaculation was, "God help us!" Apparently no one knew anything of the new troops, and afterwards they heard that they were all expected to bolt. Still, they remained three days under heavy fire, and were then sent back to rest. Then again they were sent to the front, and once more the general asked, "Who are you?" They told him, and he replied, "Then we're all right."

"The Kipling Of Canada."

MR. R. W. SERVICE, poet and novelist, known in the West as the "Kipling of Canada," does not believe that the pen is mightier than the sword. Although his works are known over the greater part of the world—a quarter of a million "Songs of a Sourdough," I believe, have been sold—he will be somewhere in France close to the firing line by the time you read this.

What His Patriotism Entails.

I MET him on Wednesday in London only an hour or so before he left for the battlefield. He is now plain number so-and-so, a chauffeur in the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps, an organisation under the auspices of the Red Cross. Mr. Service is giving up a great deal; but, as he said to me on Wednesday: "I felt I ought to do my little bit, so that's all there is in it." I like that "that's all there is in it."



(Daily Sketch.)

Some Of His Books—

R. W. is very cosmopolitan, and feels at home in Canada, America, France, and England; but he prefers Paris as a home, and there he has lived for two or three years. "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," "Trail of 98," "The Britannia"—the last two named works of fiction being his last written novels—are some of the works of "Driver Service."

And His Comrades.

AMONG the members of his corps are many Harvard men. Several of them are multi-millionaires, and own half a dozen cars, but all are content to drive one for the great cause.

Butterfly In Albemarle Street.

ONE WOULD not be surprised to see a Zeppelin hovering over Albemarle-street, perhaps, but to see a butterfly rounding the corner by Garrard's in the bright sunshine is unusual enough to deserve comment. I was gazing idly down the street one day this week when a perfect specimen, *blanc de neige* in colour, fluttered gracefully up in the air.

Pink Dress At 80.

I ONCE SAW Lady Cardigan at Deene Park—a glorious place, by the way. She was leaning over one of those stone bridges with which the gardens abound, with a pink silk sunshade, a pink dress, and white silk stockings. She must have been well over 80 at the time (she had been patted on the head as a child by George the Fourth), but she was still beautiful, and I have never seen a more intelligent face.

Old-Time Dinner Party.

THE PARTY of which I was a member (we had motored over from the house where we were staying, about ten miles away) was invited to dine at Deene the following night. I shall never forget that dinner party. One felt transplanted to the 'forties, with all the grace and dignity of an even earlier age. The long, polished table was without a cloth, but gleaming with rare old silver; candles were the only light, the chef was a genius, and our marvellous hostess, holding a court like any queen, talked of long-dead worthies with the animation of a commère in a French revue.

Volunteer Firemen.

SLOWLY but surely the various Volunteers—the men you see walking about in grey-green uniforms—are getting official recognition. The London Volunteer Rifles—formerly the Optimists—I hear, have now been asked to assist the L.C.C. Fire Brigade to cope with any increased fires that may be caused by Zeppelin raids, and men from the corps are now undergoing training at the South-west Fire Brigade headquarters. The corps, whose headquarters are at 26, Pancras-road, N.W., has done a lot of good work in conveying wounded and in looking after Belgian refugees.

Hunlike.

At the end of eight months' warfare those smart English have grasped the situation and come to the conclusion that fighting the Germans is not quite like pig-sticking after all.—*Die Post*. But, isn't it?

Will The Kaiser Train Frogs?

DURING a thunderstorm near Gibraltar, I read, a cloud belched forth millions of tiny frogs—a "frightfulness" which the Kaiser might have been expected to think of first. But he will have to mobilise his cats and dogs first, I suppose.

Antonio Cippico.

I WAS lunching at Pagani's this week with Dr. Antonio Cippico, the Italian patriot, who read the address to the Italian Ambassador at the great *dimostrazione* in Grosvenor-square yesterday. Cippico, who is a native of Dalmatia, one of the provinces which the Italians seek to recover from the hated Austrians, recently heard that he had been sentenced to death for high treason at Zara, his native town. But he is not a penny the worse for it, and pursues his duties as usual in Gower-street. He is Professor of Italian Literature at University College.

Daisies Verboten.

CIPPICO has given me a vivid picture of what the Italians have had to put up with in Dalmatia—where it has been the policy of the Austrians to favour the Croatian inhabitants at the expense of the Italians. He himself once got into serious trouble in Dalmatia simply by wearing a daisy in his buttonhole. The daisy was, of course, out of compliment to Queen Marguerite, the mother of the King of Italy.

His Business.

THE POLICE have been a great deal smarter in watching alien enemies in London than most people give them credit for. An aged Hungarian applied for permission to be exempted from the 9 o'clock indoors order on the score that his business kept him out late. "We know all about you," was the unexpected reply, "you are the last customer to leave the — Arms in — Street every night. It will do you good to get home a bit earlier."

A Popular "Villain."

THIS is Charles Cartwright, a fine old Adelphi villain, who has just died. He made his first appearance at Exeter in 1874, passed via the Aquarium to the Lyceum, and thence to the Adelphi. Later he joined forces with Olga Nether sole in a big Australian tour. He was not always a villain. He occasionally became quite genial as Peggotty. He had not been seen in the West End theatres very much of late years. The last time I saw him was with Robert Loraine in G. B. Fernald's clinically-named comedy "98.9"



(Barnett.)

Basil Hallam's New Song.

"THE PASSING SHOW" is not content to rely on its original attractions, and, like the Athenians of old, the powers that be at the Palace are always searching after some new thing. They have just found, and produced, two new things. One is a new song from Basil Hallam, "Good-bye, girls, I'm through," with the inevitable female support. It is a pretty business, with, in the circumstances, a topical, even a sentimental tinge, and Basil sings it as only Basil can. I tremble at the thought of coming imitators.

"What We Are Coming To."

THE OTHER NOVELTY, "What we are coming to," is a whimsical sketch which you always think is going to be a wee bit risqué. But things don't really develop on this line, not, be it said, with any loss to the amusement the trifle affords. When all able-bodied men are "somewhere in France" (or Germany) it is obvious that schoolboys or grey-beards must be lovers or husbands—that's all. For the rest, "The Passing Show" is as brilliant and cheery as ever, with Elsie Janis as the most valuable of a good hand of trumps.

Lord Ribblesdale And The Georgian Gags.

I FIND IT DIFFICULT to avoid the temptation of looking into the Empire about 10.30 any night when I am in that direction and have a few minutes to spare. This is the time when George Graves is initiated into the mysteries of the Fox Trot, and the initiation gets funnier each performance. On Wednesday Lord Ribblesdale was an interested spectator, and the dignified features of our most picturesque peer did "some" relaxing at the Georgian gags.

A Dramatist's Adventure.

I HEAR THAT Hermann Scheffauer, the author of "The New Shylock," has availed himself of his American citizenship to go to Berlin to collect "royalties"—not kings and queens, the other kind. His English wife is about to join him there, which should provide her with some strange experiences. Although technically protected from molestation, on the ground of American citizenship, Berlin can hardly be a bed of roses just now—to an English woman.

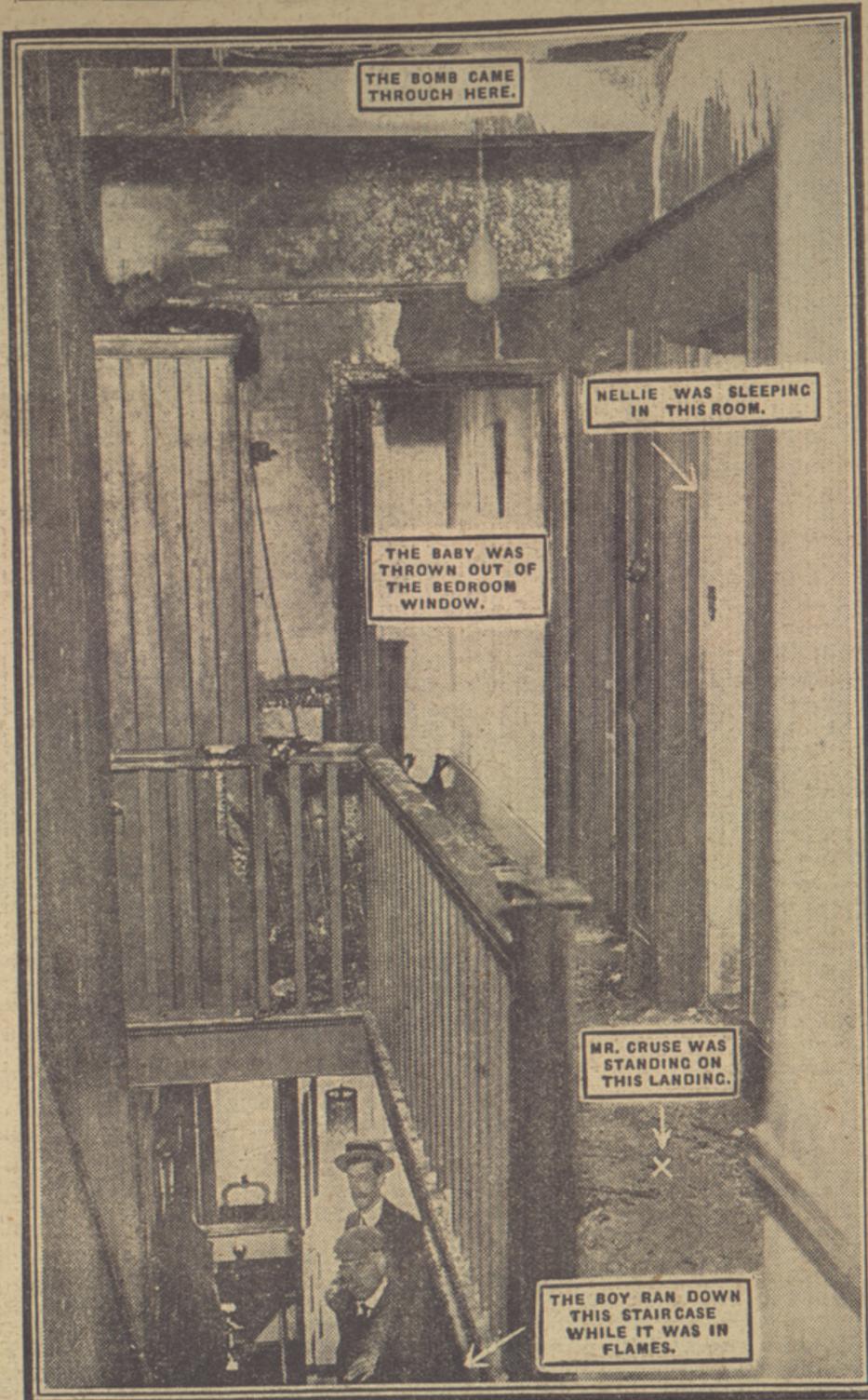
MR. COSSIP.

THE SAILOR COMEDIAN.

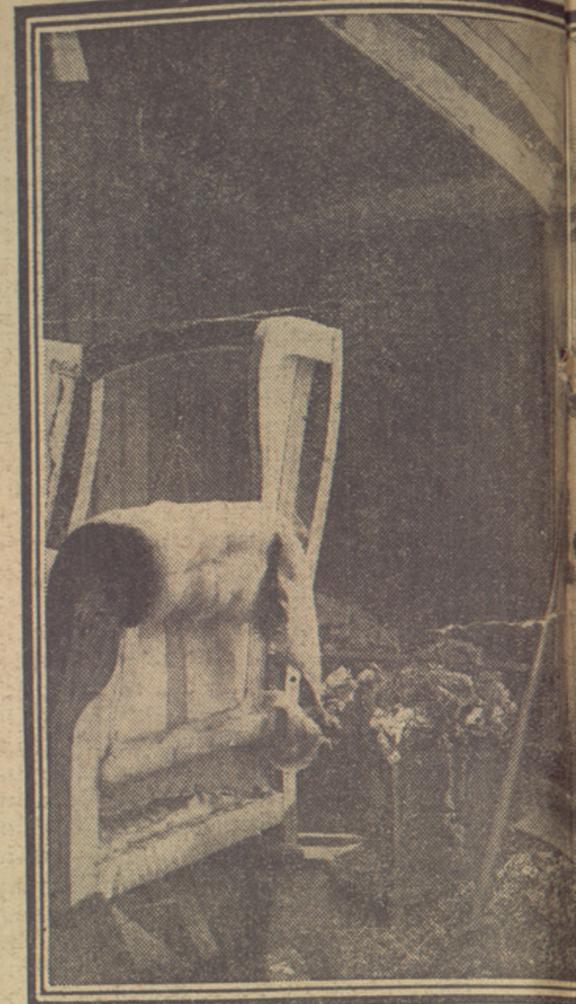
HUN AIRMEN KILL WOMEN WHILE OUR AVIATORS



At the deck concert the "star" turn was this sailor, who impersonated George Robey. Our sailors are really "jolly tars."



How Mr. Cruse saved his family. The baby fell into the arms of a policeman. The boy obeyed his father's orders and dashed down the stairs through the flames.



A workshop wrecked in the raid. Did the Huns think desire was greater than their power to kill, and



Miss M. Fairs, daughter of a Bow dental surgeon, was killed in the street.

SOLDIER M.P. SAMPLES THE BISCUIT RATIONS SERVED OUT TO THE TROOPS.



Mr. Wedgwood Benn, M.P. now in khaki, is serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. Here he is seen at Alexandria, tasting the biscuits issued to the troops as part of the day's rations.



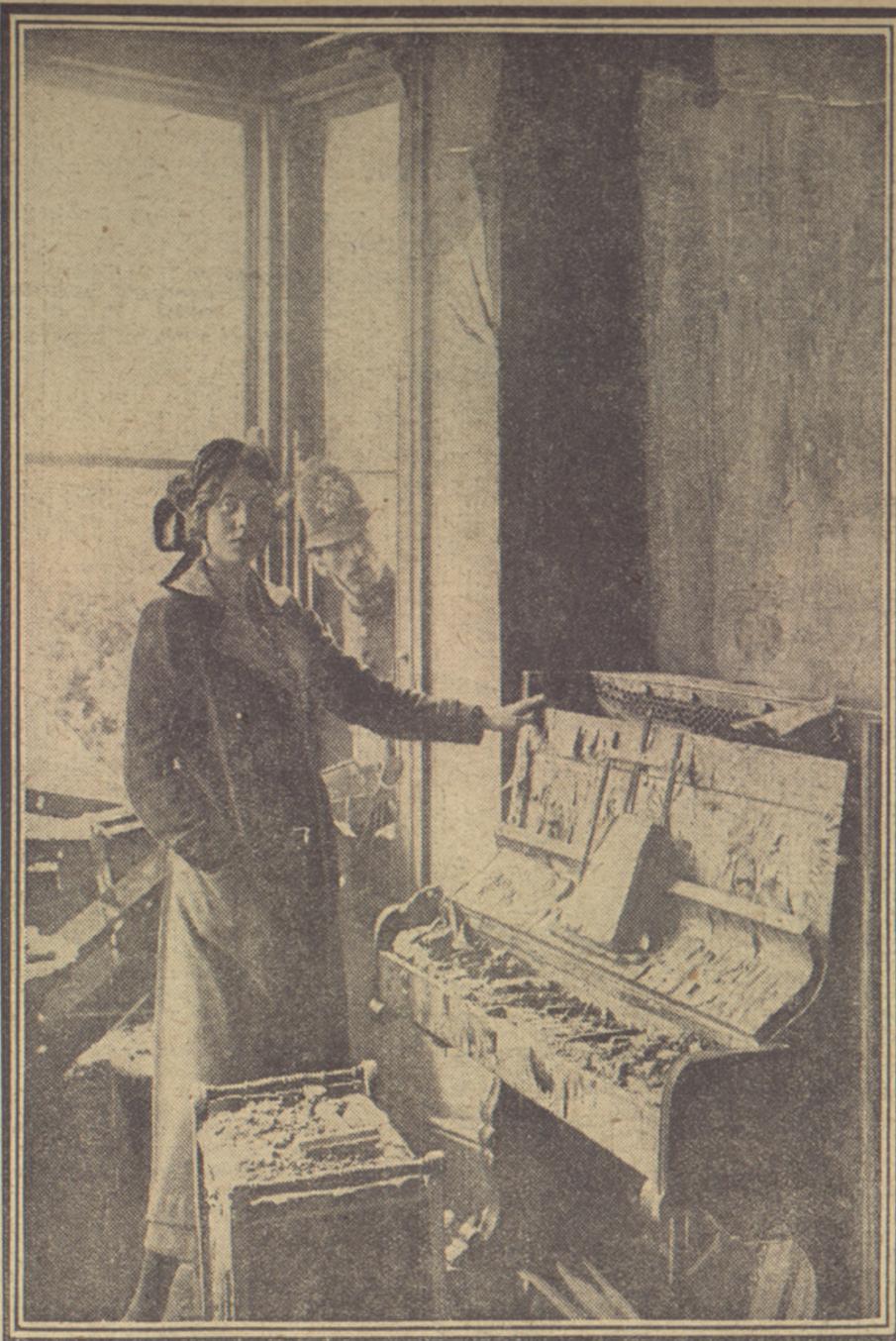
Willie Churchlow, aged nine, was in the same room in which a little girl was badly burned, but he escaped. Little eight

ENEMY'S EXPLOSIVE FACTORY DESTROYED.

THE BOY-PIPER HERO.



Was this place an ammunition factory? Their murderous
they only knocked the stuffing out of the chairs.



One of the bombs penetrated the roof and first floor of a house. It chiefly damaged
the piano.



Andrew Wishart, the brave boy-piper, who played the
1st Black Watch into action. Though almost riddled
with bullets he continued to pipe with one hand.



Reginald Sheffield had a narrow escape. He is only
months old—the age that tempts the Huns to their worst
efforts.

A STATESMAN WHO BELIEVES IN SEEING THINGS FOR HIMSELF.



Earl Curzon of Kedleston never misses a chance of acquiring knowledge at first hand. He went to the front to see things for himself, and had many
a chat with the fighting men.

WONDERFUL HOME "BEAUTY DRILL" COURSE FREE.

FREE OFFER OF A SUPPLY OF THE NEW "ASTINE" VANISHING CREAM AND SIX COMPLETE LESSONS IN COMPLEXION CULTURE.

A Triple Gift which Includes Particulars of an Important £10,000 Profit-Sharing Gift Scheme.

TO every woman who takes pride in her appearance, her complexion, the condition of her hands, arms, etc., this announcement is of wonderful interest. On this page are published particulars of some fascinating "Beauty Drill" exercises, specially devised by a Royal Specialist and Beauty Expert.

He gives here a short but complete "course" of home beauty treatment, coupled with a magnificent free gift which will enable every lady reader to gain without cost practically the same benefits as would be secured by a personal visit to an expensive West End

pounds in the course of the year. Delightfully simple to use on every occasion, it is never-failing in its results, and equally suitable for everyone, no matter what the present state of the complexion. What impresses one as really marvellous is the exquisite bloom of youth and beauty that is brought into evidence

"Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, you receive:—

1. A trial supply of "Astine" Vanishing Cream, the wonderful toilet discovery which has a marvellous tonic, cleansing

tion and improvement of your beauty and to secure a healthy complexion.

3. Official details of the £10,000 Profit-Sharing Gifts, showing how you may obtain an exquisite, artistic and effective boudoir outfit absolutely free of all cost.

When you have made your free test of this delightful toilet specific you will find that "Astine" Vanishing Cream is sold in pots at 1s. and 2s. 6d., and can be obtained from Chemists all over the World, or direct from the "Edwards' "Harlene" Co. on remittance. Foreign postage extra. All cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Insist upon "Astine" Cream; there is nothing "just as good."

1. TO REMOVE WRINKLES LINES OR PUCKERS AROUND THE MOUTH.—Take a little "Astine" Cream upon the tips of the first and second fingers of each hand and gradually "walk" them ALONG the line you wish to eradicate, using a fair amount of pressure when doing so. Repeat several times, renewing the application when the fingers go dry, and finish with a rapid circular movement upwards and outwards at either side of the mouth. A touch of "Astine" Cream rubbed gently upon the lips until it disappears keeps them in good condition and prevents chapping.

2. TO SMOOTH THE SKIN OF THE FOREHEAD AND TO REMOVE WRINKLES AND LINES.—Apply the Cream as in No. 1, rubbing and pressing along the line of the wrinkle and aiding the massage with the edge of the thumb if necessary.

3. TO REMOVE CROW'S FEET FROM AROUND THE EYES, AND TO PREVENT "PUFFINESS."—With a little "Astine" Cream upon the tip of the second finger of each hand, work rapidly around the eyes as shown in the illustration.

4. TO WHITEN THE NECK AND THROAT AND ALLEVIATE DOUBLE CHIN.—Take a little "Astine" Cream and rub it firmly all round the throat and neck under the jawbone with the tips of the fingers. Then press gently upwards with the hand as shown in the illustration, to just above the jawbone. Now relax and come very lightly and gently down again. Repeat about a dozen times.

5. TO ROUND THE WRIST AND FOREARM, WHITEN THE SKIN AND GIVE A GRACEFUL SOFTNESS AND CONTOUR.—Take some "Astine" Cream on the tips of the fingers and rub it into the wrist and lower forearm. Then, with the other hand placed as shown in the illustration, work rapidly round backwards and forwards.

6. A SPLENDID NEW METHOD "BEAUTY DRILL" TO WHITEN THE FINGERS AND BEAUTIFY THE NAILS.—Smear a little "Astine" Cream upon the pad of the thumb and the tip of the first finger. Then gently press upwards and from the sides, travelling up each finger in turn until the knuckle is reached. To beautify the nails and keep back the loose skin at the base firmly press the pad of the thumb all round the nail.

"Astine" Vanishing Cream that has aroused so much excitement in the world of feminine activity, every lady reader will naturally be eager to accept it, and thus commence, without loss of time, exercises which will effect an astonishing improvement in even the worst of complexions and the roughest hands and arms.

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING.

It should be clearly understood that there is absolutely no charge made for the gift of this splendid toilet preparation, "Astine" Vanishing Cream. This with the full course of lessons in Beauty Culture and particulars of a great £10,000 Profit-sharing Gift Distribution are offered Free to celebrate the extraordinary success of this wonderful achievement in beauty culture.

The newly discovered and almost magical "Astine" Beauty Cream, free supplies of which are so generously offered to the public, is indeed a revolution in the art of Beauty Culture—a revolution that every woman will hail with delight—one that will save the seeker after beauty many

with almost the first application of "Astine" Vanishing Cream. When the complexion is looking its worst, the skin appears dull, faded, and almost "lifeless," one touch brings back all the natural clearness and brilliancy.

THE IDEAL OF TOILET CREAMS.

When you take "Astine" Cream upon the fingers and massage it into the dull, faded, wrinkled or blemished skin, an astonishing and striking improvement is immediately noticeable, and yet when the exercise is finished there is no Cream visible. It has all vanished, having been absorbed into the skin! This is perhaps the greatest factor in the success of "Astine" Vanishing Cream. All its wonderful soothing and beautifying properties are thus brought into the greatest possible use. It is cooling, refreshing, and has a faint but entrancing perfume.

PARTICULARS OF THE £10,000 PROFIT-SHARING GIFTS.

By simply filling in your name and address on the form given here, and sending it to Edwards'



The free supply of this exquisite beauty cream which you can secure by simply forwarding the application form below, will be found admirable for carrying out the whole of the complete course of "Beauty Drill" given on this page.

and beautifying effect upon the skin.

2. Specially written instructions, comprising "Beauty Drill" Rules which will enable you to use the Cream to the fullest advantage for the preserva-

POST TO-DAY THIS SPECIAL BEAUTY GIFT COUPON.

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

Dear Sirs, Please send me by return a Free supply of "Astine" Vanishing Cream with your home beauty course and full particulars of the £10,000 Gift Plan. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage to any address in the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME ADDRESS

"Daily Sketch," May 28, 1915.

ALDWYCH. THE DAIRYMAIDS. Nightly at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. Musical Comedy at Popular Prices. Gallery 6d., Pit 1s. Booked Seats from 2s.

AMBASSADORS.—Nightly at 9.0. ODDS AND ENDS. Revue, by Harry Grattan. (Last 3 performances.) At 8.30, Mme. HANAKO in "OTAKK." Last Matinee To-morrow, at 2.30.

APOLLO. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. Charles Hawtreys' Production. STRIKING! By Paul Rubens and Gladys Unger. At 8, Mr. Charles Cory. Matinee To-morrow (Sat.) at 2.

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

DUKE OF YORK'S.—TO-NIGHT at 9 (Last 3 Performances). CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS in ROSY CAPTURE. Preceded at 8.15 by THE NEW WORD. Both plays by J. M. Barrie. LAST MATINEE TO-MORROW (Saturday) at 2.30.

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

GARRICK (Ger. 9515). YVONNE ARNAUD. Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." YVONNE ARNAUD as "Susanna."

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

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. THE RIGHT TO KILL. Last 2 Weeks. From the French of M. Frondaie. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Francis Keyzer. 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 (Last 3 Performances). A BIT OF LOVE. By John Galsworthy. MATINEE TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway.—Russian, French and Italian Opera, directed by Wladimir Rosing. To-morrow, "PIKOVAYA DAMA (The Queen of Spades)." (First time in England). Prices 10s. 6d. to 1s. Box Office now open. Holborn 6840.

LYRIC. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ON TRIAL." MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

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

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-MORROW, at 8.30. FRANK CURZON will produce a new play, in 3 acts, entitled "THE LAUGHTER OF POOLS," by H. F. Maltby.

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

ROYALTY. VEDRENNE AND EADIE. DENNIS EADIE in THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR. DAILY, 2.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. Including Nuits Chaudes Battle, The Italian Army. NIGHTLY at 8. BRITONS' DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

Box Office (Tel. Ger. 3903) 10 to 10. Sir George Alexander Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. A New Drama THE DAY BEFORE. By Chester Bailey Fernald. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN. TO-NIGHT 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. JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Matinee Every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

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

VARIETIES. ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard!" THE NEW REVUE. LEE WHITE, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, A. Austin, B. Lillie and ROBERT HALE. Burns 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"; ALFRED LESTER, ROBERT OBER in "A REGULAR BUSINESS MAN"; ALBERT WHELAN, Jas. A. WATTS, STONE and KALINZ, 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 LORRAINE, ANA 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.—6.10 and 9. Mats. Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. LITTLE TICH, RUTH VINCENT, TOM CLARE, FRED EMNEY and CO., MAIDIE SCOTT, DAISY JAMES, DERRA DE MORODA, etc.

EXHIBITIONS. MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street Station. Heroes of The War on Sea and Land. Unique Relics from the Battlefields, including an Iron Cross. War Maps, Modelled in High Relief. Lectures Daily. Free Cinematograph Performances. Latest Pictures from the Front. Open 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

WONDERFUL CURE FOR INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, &c.

SPLENDID RECIPE PROVED UNFAILING. Thousands of men and women suffer day after day torture from the effects of digestive disorders who need suffer no longer. There is a splendid remedy proved unailing in all cases of indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, drowsiness, giddiness, flatulence, that has been tried and tested in thousands of homes for over seventy years. This wonderful cure, known as Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills, gives immediate relief, and persevered with will overcome the most stubborn case when all other remedies fail. Ask for and insist upon Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills, sold by all chemists at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. or 4s. 6d. If you desire perfect health, a clear skin, and a superabundance of energy keep a supply of Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills always at hand. Refuse all substitutes. free on remittance in plain cases direct from the proprietors, Dr. Charles Rooke, Ltd (Dept. 30), 19, Darlington-st. Leeds.—Adv.

SPECIAL VALUE IN PANAMA HATS.

THE IDEAL SUMMER HEAD WEAR FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN.

FINE QUALITY PANAMAS.

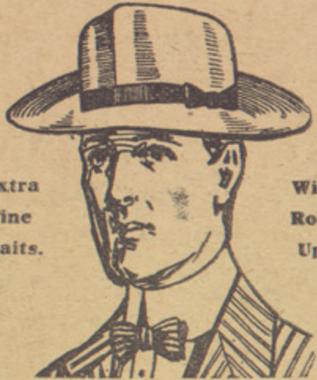
THE Hat for Lady Tennis Players.



EXTRA FINE PLAITS.

Trimmed with Black and various Coloured Ribbons. Silk Lined. Also excellent for holiday or ordinary wear. 8/4

GENT.'S PANAMA HATS.



Extra Fine Plaits. Will Roll Up.

GENUINE PANAMAS.

Splendid shapes. Will suit anyone. Unequaled for wear and comfort.

Packed in Box. Carriage Paid.

7/9 and 10/6.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

The Bathing Frock—but not for bathing.

To say that every well-packed trunk for a really happy and simple seaside holiday should contain a bathing dress or two, sounds rather absurdly unnecessary, but the up-to-date holiday girl doesn't just mean a woven swimming suit, or even a smart taffeta gown for actual immersion, when she says "bathing-dress." She means the easily-put-on frock that makes bathing a less complicated performance.

Many a joyous swim has been forgone because of the hooks and eyes, the belts and collars of an over-elaborate summer gown. Even with the comforts of a bathing hut or tent the "fag" of dressing and undressing takes from the pleasure of the bathe, while in primitive places where these processes must be gone through on the open beach it is imperative that a one-piece frock, with no detachable fixings to be blown away or left behind, should be devised.

A Frock Of No Fastenings. The bathing-frock of which a sketch has been made was of rose-patterned white cambric, the fullness held at the waist by two casings of pink cambric which covered elastic bands. These enabled the frock to be slipped over the head, and no fastenings were required. At the neck the fullness was

A "bathing dress" for the holiday wardrobe.

drawn up on a tape which was soon tied. Nothing could be easier to put on, yet the frock does not look careless or sloppy. When choosing a bathing-frock it is advisable to get opaque material, as petticoats are not then required. Silk does not at first seem appropriate for the simple life, but nothing is more comfortable to wear in hot weather than a soft washing silk, and nothing is easier to keep in order, as its appearance is not ruined by the least splash or crease.



Sometimes, when old fashion-plates are being looked over, roars of laughter will greet a "bathing-dress" of ruffled and spreading silk which almost reaches the ground and is crowned with a feathered bonnet, but the holiday girl was not so stupid as to try to bathe in this, even when the eighteenth century was young. It was a gown especially designed to save trouble in undressing and dressing for her dip.

A Century Old.

The long-waisted batiste and zephyr frocks, made rather on the lines of a child's overall and fastening down the front, are easily adapted into very smart and practical bathing frocks.

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Our Portrait is of Mrs. E. Goonan, of 33, Lingwood St., Temple St., C-on-M., Manchester, who writes:—

"Whilst living in India some years ago, where my husband was stationed with his regiment, I hurt my foot with a stone, which caused a severe

Ulcerated Foot & Ankle

"I attended the Army Hospital in India for three years, the wounds being treated with caustic. I then came home to England. The doctor said no medicine could do me any good, so he did not prescribe any. I also tried many patent medicines without the slightest relief. I then started taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and could soon put my foot on the floor, and also was able to sit free from pain, which I had not been able to do for four years. I was entirely cured in less than two months after taking two large bottles. My brother also took 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' many years ago when he was suffering from PILES, and it made a complete cure in his case. You are at liberty to make whatever use you like of this testimony, trusting similar sufferers may benefit from my experience."

Do You Suffer

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

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

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

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

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

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

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

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Cockle's

A Reputation of over 100 years.

ANTIBILIOUS

Pills

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, DEPRESSION.

Of Chemists throughout the world, 1/12 & 2/9.

JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London.



ONLY A FEW PIMPLES

But Many More May Come if You Neglect Them. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most effective in clearing the skin of pimples. Sample each free by post. Address F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse-square, London, E.C. Sold everywhere.

That Sought-for Opportunity For Women.

"I WOULD be grateful if you would let me have six entry forms for the £1,000 Needlework Competition, as I wish to enter several pieces of work," writes a Yorkshire reader of the *Daily Sketch*. "I feel there is so little we women can do that we really ought to do our very best when an opportunity does arrive." That is the spirit in which hundreds of women are entering the big patriotic competition.

£1,000 is offered in prizes for the best piece 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:—

- (1) Church embroidery.
- (2) Embroidered bedspread.
- (3) Chair seat cover in petit point or gros point.
- (4) Drawn thread work tea-cloth.
- (5) Cut work tea-cloth.
- (6) Filet or crochet border for tea-cloth, a yard square.
- (7) Crochet corners for tea-cloth (4).
- (8) Crochet chair back.

- (9) Embroidered and initialled handkerchief.
- (10) Lingerie blouse (no lace to be used).
- (11) Set of embroidered lingerie (no lace to be used), consisting of chemise, knickers, camisole and nightgown.
- (12) Hand-made lace collar.
- (13) Sofa back in linen 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.
- (25) Lady's dressing gown, material not to cost more than 10s.
- (26) Set of first garments for an infant. Ease in washing and putting on to be taken into account.
- (27) Knitted sports coat, wool.
- (28) Smock to fit a boy of three.
- (29) Spray of silk or satin flowers, suitable for decoration of evening gown.
- (30) Set of 6 artistically threaded bead chains.
- (31) Work basket in bass work.
- (32) Set of buttons.

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's doll.

For Boys under Nine—

- Class 33e. Best piece of knitting.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

Throughout the present campaign our brave Soldiers have found CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN a true "Friend in Need." Rubbed upon the feet, as well as upon the Boots, it prevents soreness. Prepared by Makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. -Advt.

"O'LEARY, V.C., KILLED."

Soldier Says He Fell In The Last Big Battle In France.

IRISH HERO'S SPLENDID FEAT.

An artilleryman serving with the forces in France has written under Monday's date to a friend in Macroom, stating that Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C., was killed in the last battle.

Up to yesterday O'Leary's parents had received no official communication on the subject, but as the above statement was censored it is feared that the sad news is correct, although a postcard from O'Leary himself, dated May 21 (last Friday), has been received at his home.

A sum of £300 has been collected as a national tribute to O'Leary by a local committee, and it was hoped he would soon be given the opportunity of



SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY.

visiting his parents, and receiving at the same time his military decorations and the congratulations of his fellow-countrymen.

HOW HE WON HIS V.C.

Michael O'Leary was lance-corporal in the 1st Battalion Irish Guards when he won the V.C. for conspicuous bravery at Cuinchy on February 1.

When forming one of the storming party which advanced against the enemy's barricades, he rushed to the front and himself killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade, after which he attacked a second barricade about 60 yards further on, which he captured, after killing three of the enemy and making prisoners of two more.

Lance-corporal O'Leary (stated the *London Gazette*) thus practically captured the enemy's position by himself, and prevented the rest of the attacking party from being fired upon.

O'Leary was trained at the depot of the Brigade of Guards, Caterham.

INDIGNANT 'PHONE GIRLS.

A New Champion Of Women's Rights Arises In The G.P.O.

A new champion of women's rights has come to the front in Miss Olive A. Johnson, a tall, good-looking girl, who occupied a prominent position in a large meeting of 'phone girls at the Memorial Hall last night.

Much may be heard of Miss Johnson in future if she continues to switch on subscribers at the Sydneyham Exchange to which she has been transferred as a mere operator from the City Exchange where she was an Acting Assistant Supervisor.

The Post Office, as a war measure, is endeavouring to employ women at night provided they volunteer for the job. The Postal and Telegraph Clerks' Union is opposed to women's work at night on the ground that it may affect the position and prospects of men now employed.

Miss Johnson was the recognised representative in the Exchange of the union. A girl asked her if she should volunteer. As a union loyalist Miss Johnson replied negatively, and the authorities retaliated.

The union is taking up her case as a battle cry, but there will be no withdrawal of labour, as it is war time.

WOUNDED IN SIX PLACES.

Sergeant Newman, 3rd City of London Royal Fusiliers, distinguished himself at Neuve Chapelle by the gallant manner in which he rallied his men and led them on the German trenches. For this conduct he has not only been given the D.C.M., but was promoted sergeant on the field. A Boys' Brigade belt he happened to be wearing is believed to have saved his life. It prevented a bullet entering a vital part. As it was the sergeant was wounded in six places.



SIX PLACES

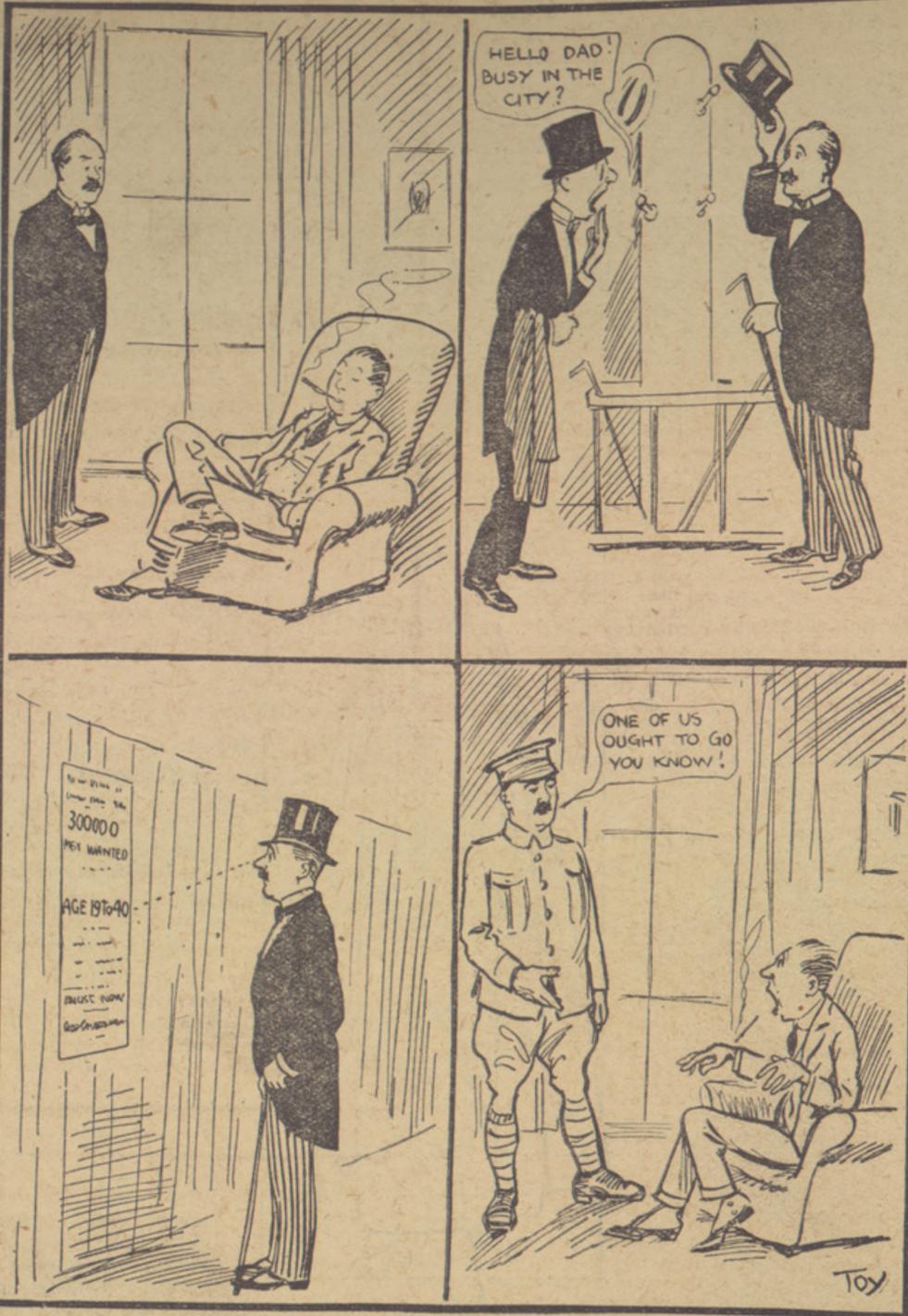
TOMMY'S WARM WELCOME HOME.

Sir James Crichton-Browne told a good story at the Royal Society of Medicine last night.

An anxious mother, he said, told him the other day that the first intimation she had of the return of her son from the front was a telegram from Southampton:—

"HAVE READY HOT BATH AND LOTS OF SOAP."

SHAMING THE SHIRKER.



A story not needing words.

£50 PRIZES FOR TOMMIES

Whose Pictures Won In The Daily Sketch Competition.

Two of our fighting "Tommies," one in France and the other at the Dardanelles, have just had dispatched to them letters which they will doubtless welcome.

They are the dual winners of last week's *Daily Sketch* competition for amateur photographers, and the prize of £100 has been divided between them.

Their achievements with the camera are well worth the prizes they have won. The wonderfully vivid and realistic series of photographs published in the *Daily Sketch* and fittingly described as "The Alley of Death and Glory" had been taken shortly after our lads had carried a village at the point of the bayonet. The soldier whose camera secured these snapshots thus receives £50—a good deal more than his pay as a private since the war began.

The photographs from the Dardanelles, which have won for another private the other half-share of the £100, show an equally interesting phase of the war. They present the story of the most important change in the soldier's career—that from a light-hearted "Tommy," revelling in horse-play aboard a troopship, to the serious business of his life—preparation for real active service.

TELLING HOW THE WAR BEGAN.

The diplomatic documents relating to the outbreak of the war, which were recently issued as a Parliamentary paper, are now published in a strongly-bound edition at a shilling.

As an appendix to the German White Book, the volume includes the report of the speech of the German Imperial Chancellor before the Reichstag on August 14, 1914.

BRITAIN'S WAR.

"We alone can win this war," declares Mr. Austin Harrison in this week's *Sunday Chronicle* in urging the need for real national organisation. "We cannot now count on Russia for absolute decision," he writes, "and we shall be unwise to regard Italian intervention as a factor. It is our war, the war between England and Germany. To win it we shall have to put the whole country on a war basis. We must have national service and one single national voice."

The Welshmen billeted at Northampton include six of seven brothers named Booth, all belonging to the Monmouthshire Regiment.

PRICES WELL MAINTAINED.

But The War Is Responsible For Big Drop In Catering.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday the demand for scrips of new issues showed some falling off, but prices nevertheless were well maintained.

A feature was a continued demand on Cape account for Far Eastern Rand mining shares, and notably for Geduld and Modderfontein. It is hoped that the former will pay an increased dividend in July.

British and Argentine meat shares attracted buyers and rose to 15s. Eastmans were also inquired for.

Brazilian Traction shares further declined to 50. Owing to war conditions, the trading accounts of J. Lyons and Co., the well-known caterers, show a material reduction in profit for the year ended March 31, 1915, compared with the previous twelve months, and the final dividend of 4s. per share now announced makes only 32½ per cent. for the year, compared with 42½ per cent. for 1913-14.

The profits of Brunner, Mond and Co. for the year ended March 31, 1915, are returned at £799,000, compared with £769,000 for the previous twelve months. Thus it is clear that the reduction in the dividend from 27½ to 25½ is purely a precautionary measure for which the directors are to be commended in present circumstances.

SEND SMOKES TO OUR FIGHTERS!

To-day's contributions to the *Daily Sketch* Fund for Cigarettes for the men in the fighting line are:—13s. 2d.—Patrons, Ideal Billiard Rooms, Sunderland (9th cont.). 4s. 1d.—Nell and Jack, Nokomis, Canada; Mrs. C. Swan, Nokomis, Canada. 2s. 6d.—W. Rowe, Penzance. 1s.—R. Wilks.

A "DERBY" AT NEWMARKET.

Three Days' Racing Arranged For Ascot Week.

£1,000 EVENT.

Though the Derby has been abandoned there is to be an unofficial Derby.

In the *Racing Calendar* yesterday it was announced that a three days' meeting, June 15, 16, 17, has been arranged for Newmarket, and that there will be an event for horses entered for the Derby.

The announcement is as follows:—The meeting will take place in the week originally fixed for Ascot, first day, June 15.

New Derby Stakes: A sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, with 1,000 sovs. added, given by Lord Derby, for three-year-olds, entire colts and fillies, which are entered in the Epsom Derby, 1915. Colts to carry 9st. and fillies 8st. 9lb.; second to receive 200 sovs., and the third 100 sovs. out of the stakes.

Sussex Stakes course, one mile and a half. Ten entries, or the race to be at the option of the stewards.

A three-year-old handicap of 200 sovs. A selling plate of 200 sovs. The Chesterfield Handicap of 200 sovs. Tuesday, Two-Year-Old Plate of 300 sovs., a maiden T.Y.O. Plate of 103 sovs.

Second day, Wednesday, June 16. June Stakes of 20 sovs. each with 1,000 sovs. added, weights and allowances for this race are the same as those in the conditions of the Coronation Cup at Epsom. Three-Year-Old Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 500 sovs. added, Welter Handicap of 200 sovs. Apprentice Plate of 103 sovs. An all-aged felling plate of 103 sovs. A Moderate T.Y.O. Plate of 103 sovs.

Third day, Thursday, June 17: New Oaks Stakes; a sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, with 1,000 sovs. added, for three-year-old fillies, which were entered in Epsom Oaks, 1915, to carry 9st. each. The second to receive 100 sovs., third 50 sovs. out of the stakes. Sussex Stakes course, one mile and a half. Ditch two-year-old stakes of 10 sovs. each for starters, 300 sovs. added.

July course handicap of 300 sovs. Visitors' handicap of 200 sovs. Two-year-old selling plate of 103 sovs. A selling plate of 103 sovs.

All the principal races close on Tuesday next. A meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Derby House, Stratford-place, on Wednesday, June 2, at three o'clock.

ONCE PLAYED FOOTBALL AGAINST THE HUNS.

By the death at Ypres of Sergeant Littler, 2nd Batt. Royal Rifles, the Army loses a very keen football player. He possessed once a dozen medals for success on the field, and was much in request at Army League matches. For some time he was a valued member of the Brentford Football Club. In 1913 he played in the Amateur International against Germany.



DESMOND (Empire):—*12 7 20 20 19 17 7 13 11 16—3 5 13 2 7 16 25 7—17 4 3 19.

Wash fine fabrics with Vic

because it is the safe soap. Contains no free soda or other injurious matter to fade or rot the material. Also because it is easiest and quickest: you don't rub—you simply steep. See simple directions on every packet.

8, ARTHUR STREET, MONUMENT, LONDON, E.C.



ALL THE WAY FROM AUSTRALIA

"Bournville"

(Regd. Trade Mark)

"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCT"
The Medical Magazine
MADE BY CADBURY



"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

The Master Of The Place.

Despite loud protests from the dancers, the csárdás was brought to a lovely and whirling close. Panting, hot and beaming, the dancers now mingled with the rest of the throng, and a pandemonium of laughter and chatter soon filled the barn from end to end.

Elsa, in accordance with the custom which holds sway even at village dances, was even now turning to walk away with her partner, whose duty it was to conduct her to her mother's side. She felt wrathful with Béla—as wrathful, at least, as so gentle a creature could be. She was ashamed of his behaviour, ashamed for herself as well as for him, and she didn't want to speak with him just now.

But he, still feeling dictatorial and despotic, had not yet finished asserting his authority. He called to her loudly and peremptorily:

"Elsa! I want a word with you."
"I'll come directly, Béla," she replied, speaking over her shoulder. "I want to speak to mother for a minute."

"You can speak to her later," he rejoined roughly. "I want a word with you now."

And without more ado he pushed his way up close to Elsa's side, elbowing Barna Móritz with scant ceremony. An angry word rose to the younger man's lips, and a sudden quarrel was only averted by a pleading look from Elsa's blue eyes. It would have been very unseemly, of course, to quarrel with one's host on such an occasion. Móritz, swallowing his wrath, withdrew without a word, even though he cursed Béla for a brute under his breath.

"After To-morrow."

Béla took Elsa's arm and led her aside out of the crowd.

"You know," he said roughly, "how I hate you to mix with that rowdy lot like you do; and you know that I look on the csárdás as indecent and vulgar. Why do you do it?"

"The rowdy lot, as you call them, Béla," she replied firmly, "are my friends, and the csárdás is a dance which all true Magyars dance from childhood."

"I don't choose to allow my wife to dance it," he retorted.

"And after to-morrow I will obey you, Béla. To-day I asked my mother if I might dance. And she said yes."

"Your mother's a fool," he muttered:
"And remember that to-night I take leave of my girlhood," she said gently, determined not to quarrel. "My friends like to monopolise me . . . It's only natural."

"Well! They are not my friends, anyway, and I'd rather you did not dance another csárdás to-night."

"I am sorry, Béla," she said quietly, "but I have promised Fehér Károly and also Jenő. They would be disappointed if I broke my promise."

"Then they'll have to be disappointed, that's all."

She made no reply, but looking at her face, which he saw in profile, he could not fail to note that her lips were tightly set, and that there was an unwanted look of determination round her mouth. He drew in his breath, for he was quite ready for a second conflict of will to-day, nor, this time, was the issue for a moment in doubt in his mind. Women were made to obey—their parents first and then their husbands. In this case Béla knew well enough that his authority was fully backed by that of Elsa's mother—the invalid father, of course, didn't count, but Kapus Irma wanted that house on the Kender Road, she wanted the servant and the oxen, the chickens and the pigs, she wanted all the ease and luxury which her rich son-in-law would give her.

No! There was no fear that Elsa would break her tokened word. In this semi-Oriental land, where semi-Oriental thought prevails, girls do not do that sort of thing—if they do it is to their own hurt, and Elsa was not of the stuff of which rebellious or perjured women are made.

Therefore Béla now had neither fear nor compunction in asserting that authority which would be his to the full to-morrow. He felt that there was a vein of rebellion in Elsa's character, and this he meant to drain and to staunch till it had withered to nothingness. It would never do for him—of all men—to have a rebellious or argumentative wife.

"Well, then, that's settled," he said, with absolute finality; "you can go and talk to your precious friends as much as you like, so long as you behave yourself as a tokened bride should, but I will not have you dance that abominable csárdás again to-night."

"And have you behaved to-day, Béla," she retorted quite gently, "as a tokened bridegroom should?"

"That's nothing to do with it," he replied, with a harsh laugh. "I am a man, and you are a girl, and even the most ignorant Hungarian peasant will tell you that there is a vast difference there. But I am not going to argue about it with you, my dear. I merely forbid you to dance a dance which I consider indecent. That's all."

"And I am sorry, Béla," she said, speaking at least as firmly as he did, "but I have given my promise, and even you would not wish me to break my word."

"You mean to disobey me, then?" he asked.

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"Certainly not after to-morrow. To-day I have my mother's permission, and I am going to dance one csárdás now with Fehér Károly and one after supper again with Jenő."

Last Hours Of Freedom.

They had both unconsciously raised their voices during these last few words, and thus aroused the attention of some of the folk, who had stood by to listen. Of course, everyone knew of Béla's aversion to the csárdás, and curiosity prompted gaffers and gossips to try and hear what would be the end of this argument between the pretty bride—who certainly looked rather wilful and obstinate now—and her future lord and master.

"Well said, little Elsa!" came now in ringing accents from the foremost group in the little crowd; "we must see you dance the csárdás once or twice more before that ogre has the authority to shut you up in his castle."

"Moreover, your promise has been made to me," asserted Fehér Károly lustily, "and I certainly shall not release you from it."

"Nor I," added Jenő.

"Don't you listen to Béla, my little Elsa," said one of the older women; "you are still a free girl to-day. You just do as you like—to-morrow will be time enough to do as he tells you."

But this opinion the married men present were not prepared to endorse, and one or two minor arguments and lectures ensued anent a woman's duty of obedience.

Béla had said nothing while these chaffing remarks were being passed over his head; and now that public attention was momentarily diverted from him he took Elsa's hand and passed it under his arm.

"You had better go to your mother now, hadn't you?" he said, with what seemed like perfect calm. "You said just now that you wished to speak to her."

Elsa allowed him to lead her away. She tried vainly to guess what was going on in his mind. She knew, of course, that he must be very angry. Erős Béla beaten in an argument was at no time a very pleasant customer, and now he surely was raging inwardly, for he had set his heart on exerting his authority over this matter of the csárdás, and had signally failed.

But she could not see how he felt, for he kept his face averted from her inquiring gaze.

Kapus Irma greeted her future son-in-law with obvious acerbity.

"I hear you have been teasing Elsa again," she said crossly. "Why can't you let her enjoy herself just for to-night, without interfering with her?"

"Oh! I am not going to interfere with her," he replied with a sneer. "You have given her such perfect lessons of disobedience and obstinacy that it will take me all my time in the future to drill her into proper wifely shape. But to-night I am not going to interfere with her. She has told me plainly that she means to do just as she likes, and that you have given her leave to defy me. Public opinion, it seems, is all in her favour, too. So I have just brought your dutiful daughter back to you, and now I am free to make myself scarce."

"To make yourself scarce?" exclaimed Irma. "What do you mean?"

"I Go Elsewhere."

"Just what I say. I am not going to stay here, where I am jeered at by a lot of loutish, common peasants, who seem to have forgotten that I am paying for their enjoyment and for all the food and drink which they will consume presently. However, that's neither here nor there. Everyone seems to look upon this entertainment as Elsa's feast, and upon Elsa as the hostess and the queen. I am so obviously in the way and of no consequence. I go where I shall be more welcome."

He had dropped Elsa's arm and was turning to go, but Irma had caught hold of his coat.

"Where are you going?" she gasped.

"That's nothing to do with you, is it, Irma néni?" he replied dryly.

"Indeed it is," she retorted; "why, you can't go away like that—not before supper—you can't for Elsa's sake—what would everybody say?"

"I don't care one brass filler what anybody says, Irma néni, and you know it. As for Elsa, why should I consider her? She has plenty of friends to stand by her, it seems, in her disobedience to my wishes. She has openly defied me, and made me look a fool. I am not going to stand that, so I go elsewhere—or I might do or say something which I might be sorry for later on—see?"

He tried to speak quietly and not to raise his voice, but it was also obvious that self-control was costing him a mightily vigorous effort, for the veins in his temples were standing up like cords, and his one eye literally shone with a sinister and almost cruel glow.

Kapus Irma turned to her daughter.

"Elsa," she said fretfully, "don't be such a goose. I won't have you quarrelling with Béla like this, just before your wedding. Just you kiss him now, and tell him you didn't mean to vex him. We can't have everybody gossiping about this affair! My goodness! As if a csárdás or two mattered."

But here Béla's loud, harsh laugh broke in on her mutterings.

"Don't waste your breath, Irma néni," he said roughly. "Even if Elsa were to come and beg my pardon now I would not remain here. I don't care for such tardy, perfunctory obedience, and this she will learn by and by. For to-night, if you and she feel ashamed and uncomfortable—well so much the better. Village gossip doesn't affect me in the least. I do as I like, and let all the chattering women go to h—l. Good-night, Irma néni—good-night, Elsa! I hope you will be in a better frame of mind to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

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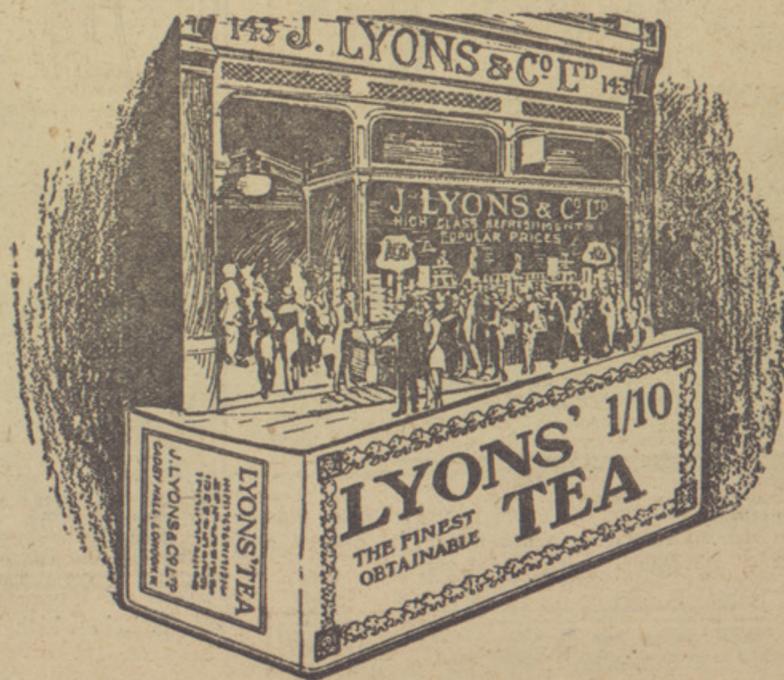
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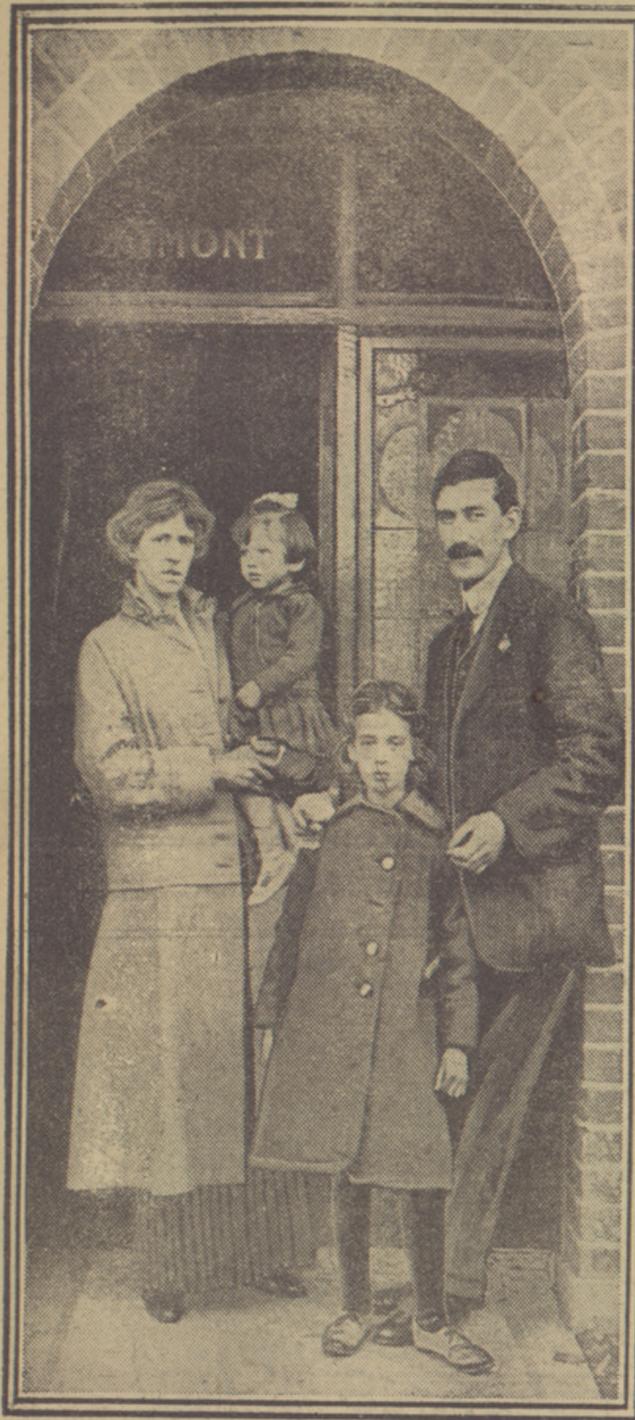
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THE BABY-KILLERS BAULKED OF ANOTHER "VICTORY."



Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Cruse, whose house was "bombed." Mr. Cruse threw the little girl out of a window into friends' arms.



Minnie Pateman, aged sixteen, snatched her little sister, Queenie, from the blazing bed which the Zeppelin bomb had set afire.



Queenie Pateman, aged seven, was sleeping when the bomb fell. Though rescued by her sister she was badly burned.



This bed, in which little Queenie Pateman was asleep, was set in flames by a petrol bomb, dropped on the house by Zeppelin raiders.



Nellie Williams found that a German bomb had flattened her hat, but the damage can soon be mended. The Baby-Killers have made another raid on Southend, and if they cannot altogether claim a "victory" it is only because of timely deeds of heroism by which the lives of several sleeping innocents were promptly saved. About a score of incendiary bombs were dropped and houses were set on fire, the Huns' object, as usual, being to burn non-combatants, preferably women and children, in their beds. But so little fear is there of the Zeppelin raiders that the townspeople promptly turned out with pails of water and helped the authorities to extinguish the flames.



Chubby Joey Pateman slept on till his mother wakened him. Little Montagu Cruse ran down a blazing staircase.

Mrs. Pateman bravely tried to put out the flames that enveloped little Queenie. The flames that enveloped little Queenie. The flames that enveloped little Queenie.