

DAILY SKETCH.

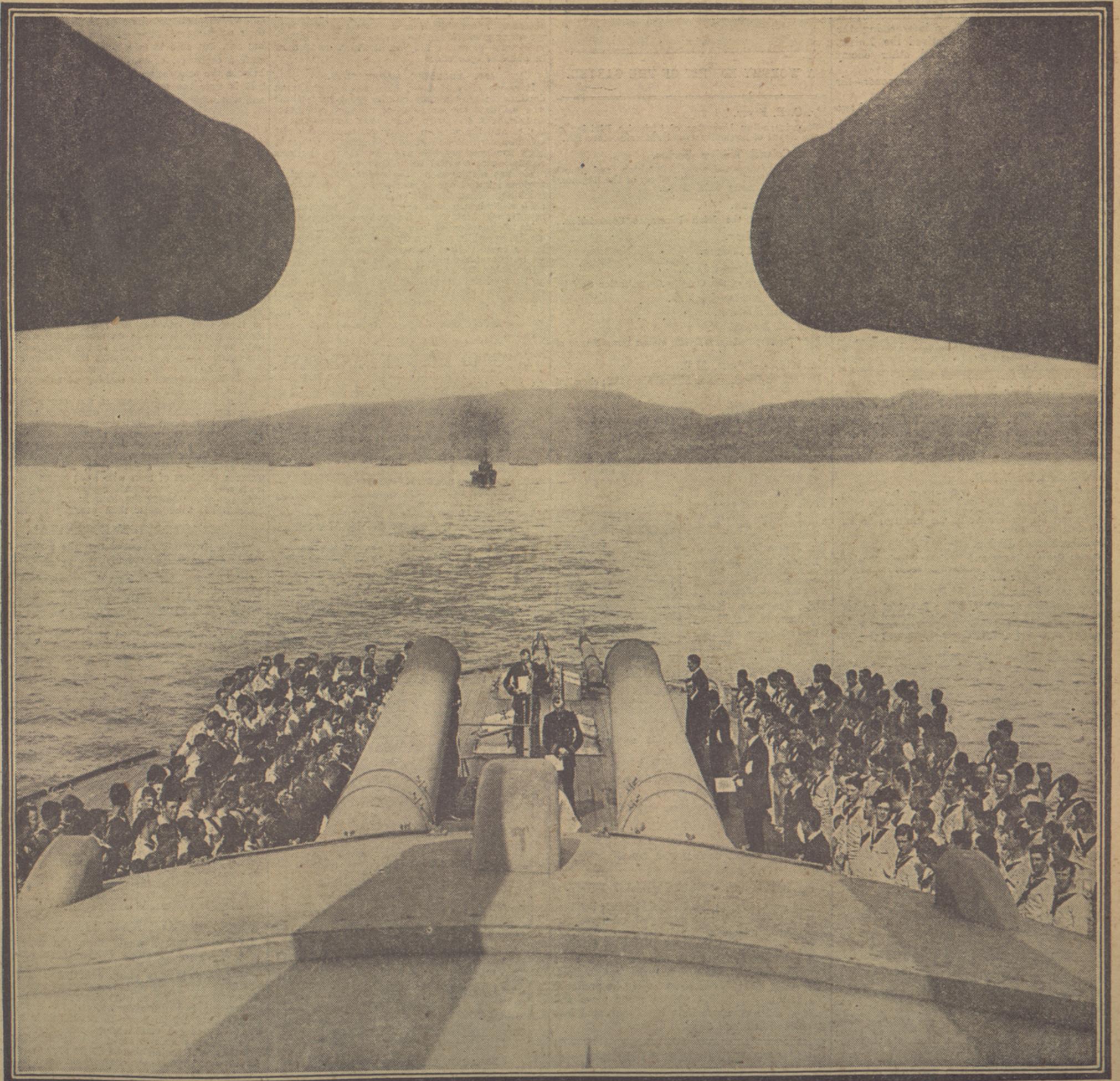
GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 1,945.

LONDON, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

WHEN THE "LIZZIE'S" GUNS ARE STILLED.



The sailors' hour of prayer aboard a battleship is always an impressive scene to look upon. But it is doubly so when the muster from quarter-deck and fore-castle is sounded to divine service in H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth. The monster muzzles of the 15-inch guns of the most powerful battleship in the world are thrust protectingly over the ship's company just as the towers of some great minster church shadow the nave and its kneeling people. It is the hour that Jack looks forward to—the hour of peace even in the din of war.—(C.N. photograph by the Official Photographer to the Dardanelles Expedition.)

WHAT THE KING THINKS OF LORD KITCHENER.

Signal Honour Bestowed Upon War Minister.

TWO BIRTHDAY PEERS.

Rewards For Services During The War To Come Later.

The King's answer to the unscrupulous attacks on Lord Kitchener has been to bestow upon the great soldier one of the highest honours in his power—the Knighthood of the Garter.

To-day is the official birthday of his Majesty, and the honour conferred upon the War Secretary is the outstanding feature of the customary awards announced on the occasion.

The Garter is, of course, one of the most exalted Orders in chivalry. Monarchs are proud to number themselves among its knights.

Only a few days ago, it will be remembered, the King, then, as now, rightly interpreting the sentiments of the nation, deprived the Kaiser, the German Crown Prince, and other enemy royalties of their membership.

But few peers, and only one commoner—Sir Edward Grey—possess the distinction.

The honours list also contains the names of two new peers, seven Privy Counsellors, six baronets, and 20 knights.

It will be noticed that the name of Sir Stanley Buckmaster, the new Lord Chancellor, is absent from the list; possibly his Majesty will specially confer a peerage upon Sir Stanley, although, of course, the Lord Chancellor is not necessarily a peer. A Commoner may preside over the House of Lords, although unable to participate in discussion.

Also, it will be remarked, there are no awards for war services. A note in the *Gazette* explains that these will be announced later.

Last night's list is as follows:—

Barons.

Sir Francis Bertie.

British Ambassador in Paris since 1905. Born in 1844, the second son of the late Lord Abingdon, he entered the Foreign Office in 1863, and among other appointments has been Assistant Under-Secretary of State, 1894, and Ambassador at Rome.

Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie.

Permanent Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor since 1880. He is 69 years of age. In his younger days he was a keen sportsman, and when at Charterhouse captained both the cricket and football teams.

Privy Counsellors.

Lord Robert Cecil, M.P.

Recently appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; son of the late Lord Salisbury. After being beaten in the Wisbech division by Mr. Neil Primrose, his predecessor in the Ministry, he was elected for Hitchin.

Sir John Newell Jordan.

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking since 1906. He has spent nearly 30 years in the Far East.

Mr. Francis Dyke Acland, M.P.

Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture; until the formation of the National Government Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Previously he was Foreign Under Secretary; Liberal M.P. for Camborne.

Mr. Harold Trevor Baker, M.P.

Lost his position as Financial Secretary to the War Office on formation of the new Government; has sat as a Liberal for Accrington division since 1910.

Mr. George Cave, K.C., M.P.

One of the most promising members of the Unionist party; has sat for Kingston since 1906.

Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., M.P.

Unionist member for Exeter since 1910; formerly for Plymouth, 1900-1906.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P.

One of the Liberal Ministers—Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade—to lose office on reconstruction of the Government; has represented Tyneside since 1906.

Baronets.

Mr. Frank Bowden.

Of Nottingham. Chairman of the Raleigh Cycle Company.

Mr. Arthur Henry Crossfield.

Formerly Liberal M.P. for Warrington.

Mr. E. A. Goulding, M.P.

Declined office in the Coalition Government; Unionist member for Worcester since 1908; from 1895-1906 sat for Devizes.

Mr. Robert Park Lyle.

Member of the Royal Commission on Sugar Supplies.

Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Sits as Liberal for Blackburn; was Assistant Postmaster-General in 1903, but lost office on being defeated in January, 1910, in South Wolverhampton; authority on wireless.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

Has represented Gravesend as Unionist since 1900; author of many popular novels.

Knights.

Mr. Henry Doran.

Member of the Congested Districts Board, Ireland.

Mr. E. L. Fletcher.

Joint manager of the White Star Line; has rendered valuable services in connection with the transport of the British Expeditionary Force.



A WORTHY KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

Mr. C. E. Fryer.

Superintending Inspector of Fisheries Division of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries since 1903.

Lieut.-Colonel William Forbes.

General manager, London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, commanding officer of the Engineering and Railway Staff Corps.

Mr. J. A. Glynn.

Chairman of the Irish Insurance Commission.

Mr. John Lindsay.

Town Clerk of Glasgow.

Mr. Charles Stewart Loch.

Late secretary of the Charity Organisation Society.

Mr. James Mackenzie, M.D.

The heart specialist.

Mr. J. H. Maden.

M.P. for Rossendale, 1892-1900; eleven times Mayor of Bacup.

Mr. William Pearce, M.P.

Has sat for Limehouse as Liberal since 1906; chemical manufacturer.

Mr. Edward Rigg.

Superintendent of the operative department of the Royal Mint.

Mr. E. G. Saltmarsh.

Ex-president of the London Corn Trade Association, has rendered much service to the Government on various War Committees.

Mr. L. Chiozza Money, M.P.

Sits as Liberal for East Northamptonshire; an authority on fiscal matters.

Mr. James Murray.

Liberal M.P. for East Aberdeenshire 1906-10; trustee of Scottish National Galleries.

Mr. Frederick Needham, M.R.C.P.

Commissioner of the Board of Control (Liquor Traffic).

Mr. W. P. Nevill.

Stockbroker, of London, has advised the Treasury on Stock Exchange matters since the outbreak of war.

Mr. Erik O. Ohlson.

of Hull; has rendered valuable service to the Foreign Office.

Mr. William Napier Shaw, F.R.S.

Director of the Meteorological Office.

Mr. William Capel Slaughter.

Solicitor, of Messrs. Slaughter and May; has given great assistance as a member of the Sugar Commission and to the Board of Trade.

Mr. W. Slings.

Engineer-in-Chief, General Post Office.

KNIGHTHOOD FOR INDIAN POET.

It is announced in the Indian Honours list that the King has conferred a knighthood upon Mr. Rabindranath Tagore.

Mr. Tagore, the greatest of Indian poets, long ago won world-wide recognition, and two years back he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Since he was 19 years of age, when he produced his first novel, he has written many plays and poems, some of which have been translated into English. He is now 54 years of age.

WHAT ALL DECENT PEOPLE THINK

"Punch" gets straight to the point in its Kitchener cartoon of to-day. "John Bull" is made to say: "If you need assurance, sir, you may like to know that you have the loyal support of all decent people in this country."

MEN WHO ARE RISKING REPUTATIONS.

Days Of Trial Of Military Leaders And Politicians.

COURAGE TO BE ADMIRER.

These are days when reputations are being made—and unmade. Politicians who have built up a career that would earn them a favourable mention in history have to risk all in these days of trial. The country admires the courage of men who have established their names for their success in one department and who are willing to face tremendous tasks and to grapple with new and novel problems. They place their reputation in the melting-pot, and whatever the stern verdict of history may be their pluck must be admired by us now.

This is even more true of military leaders. During the progress of the war we do not hear much of the conduct of individual generals. It is inevitable that there will be successes and failures; there will be mistakes, which history will take into account. There will be many names of men who are doing great things now which will bulk largely in history—names, it may be, of which we are now in absolute ignorance.

MR. BELLOC'S REPUTATION.

It seems clear that we have already one man destined to play a part on the great jury which will estimate the qualities of military organisers and leaders and will judge the soundness of tactics and the wisdom of various operations. By common consent one great reputation has already been produced by the war—Mr. Hilaire Belloc's reputation as a writer on military operations.

He has displayed all the qualities essential, a profound knowledge of strategy, and calm, steady thinking. When the full military reports are available, and when reputations are in the balance, the country will look to Mr. Belloc for a judgment.

Mr. Belloc has already played a great part in steadying public opinion by enabling the people to take a broad view of the operations. He will make an important declaration in the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. All who would understand the meaning of the operations in these critical days should read Mr. Belloc's brilliant and lucid article in the *Sunday Herald*.

There will be other important articles in the *Sunday Herald*, and a fine series of exclusive war pictures.

HEROES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

List Of 420 Awards Includes 100 Medals Won At Neuve Chapelle.

Military honours fill 33 pages of last night's *Gazette*, and include the names of 420 officers and men.

For gallantry and devotion to duty in the Dardanelles 22 officers receive the Distinguished Service Order, while 14 officers and two non-commissioned officers are awarded the Military Cross.

The Distinguished Conduct Medal is awarded to 55 non-commissioned officers and men for bravery in that theatre of war.

For deeds in the Western area of the war, in East Africa, and Turkey-in-Asia 327 Distinguished Conduct Medals are awarded.

The naval honours list contains the names of 14 officers and men. Two officers are awarded the Distinguished Service Order, and three receive the Distinguished Service Cross.

Medals for conspicuous gallantry are awarded to four men and Distinguished Service Medals to five men.

An analysis of the 327 Distinguished Conduct Medals bestowed shows that no fewer than 104 (nearly a third) were won at Neuve Chapelle; 27 were gained at Givenchy and 24 at St. Eloi; while 17 were secured for gallantry in East Africa, and 12 in Turkey-in-Asia.

Ten medals were won on famous "Hill 60."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WOUNDED.



BRIG.-GEN. SIR P. W. CHETWODE. (Gale and Polden.)

Brigadier-General Sir P. W. Chetwode, Bart., D.S.O., has been wounded in France. He served previously at Chin Hills, Burma, 1892-93, and in South Africa, 1899-1902, gaining the D.S.O. in the latter campaign.

King George, the Queen and Princess Mary returned to Buckingham Palace yesterday from Aldershot.

LIBERAL M.P. DEMANDS NATIONAL REGISTER.

Sir Alfred Mond Urges Need For Prompt Action.

ONLY WAY OUT OF CHAOS.

How Present Methods Aggravate Inevitable Evils Of War.

The country is crying aloud to be organised for national service. Public men almost everywhere are advocating that every citizen should be given an opportunity of doing something to help on the war.

The national register, of which we have heard much but seen nothing, must be compiled without delay.

All through the land are men and women eager to "do their bit." They may be men able to fight, and in that case thousands are only awaiting a call which shall put them on the same footing as their neighbours. They may be beyond the fighting age, but able to take a hand in a factory, to stuff a cartridge, or to do something which will help in the completion of a shell.

It is time the Government knew who they are and what their capabilities.

UNIVERSITIES' LEAD.

Oxford and Cambridge have pronounced for national service. Some fifteen heads of colleges at Oxford have said:—

We would respectfully suggest that a definite day should immediately be fixed by our legislators as the date on and after which every citizen should know himself to be performing "under orders."

In war-time anything less is chaos. Sir Alfred Mond, Liberal M.P. for Swansea, pointed this out to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday. He holds strongly that our present haphazard system—or lack of system—is responsible for the utilisation of the nation's resources to the least advantage.

"A VERY GRAVE DANGER."

"The chief point that occurs to my mind," Sir Alfred said, "is that if we are going to withdraw an increasing number of men from industry—including agriculture—in an unsystematic kind of way, as we have been doing in the past, we run a very grave danger of stopping the production of things which are absolutely necessary and allowing to be continued the making of things which we can do without."

"For instance, it seems to me wrong to take away agricultural labourers, who may be badly wanted, and at the same time to leave men employed upon the production of luxuries."

"One of the results of this unsystematic method of ours is that we have enlisted thousands of workmen of the skilled artisan type, and thus made worse a shortage of men who have taken years to train and whom we cannot replace—younger men who can stand better the long hours necessitated by overtime than older men possibly could."

REGISTRATION ESSENTIAL.

"It is, therefore, essential that the manhood of the nation should be registered," the *Daily Sketch* suggested.

"Yes," Sir Alfred agreed, "but when it is registered it is perhaps still more essential that the Government should take the responsibility of deciding which industries are most vital and which we can allow for a time to slide."

"There would then have to be some system of allocation of men to jobs, and of transfer of men from non-essential to essential industries."

"There should be some kind of co-ordination between, say, the War Office and the Admiralty. We have actually heard of one department commandeering lathes which were working upon materials wanted for, another department. With registration and system we should avoid mistakes like these."

"In short," said the *Daily Sketch*, "the whole nation should be organised so that each unit should do that for which he or she is best fitted?"

"Exactly. The men whose duty it is to join the Army should be told so by some measure of compulsion. The fact that there are large numbers of men still ready to enlist is to me no sound argument against a proper system of military service."

"In fact, a system which allows large numbers of married men to enlist, but does not compel the single men is a double expense to the country—first, because of the allowances which have to be paid to the families of the married; secondly, because of the pensions which may have ultimately to be paid to their widows. This, to my thinking, is unfair and extravagant."

SINGLE MEN FIRST.

"To meet that I would have the unmarried men compelled to enlist before those who are married."

"I should like to point out that a national service system is no reflection whatever upon the self-sacrificing spirit of voluntarism. We none of us imagine that the men fighting for our brave Allies would not be ready to defend their several countries under a voluntary system."

"But that does not affect the point, which is that the whole nation should do its share and that men should not have the onus thrust upon them of making up their minds whether they will be doing the best thing by throwing up their employment to join the Army, or whether it is their duty to stay where they are. The Government should take that responsibility from off their shoulders."

"Parents, also, would be saved from having to decide whether to give up their sons and see them lose positions which may be taken by men not so patriotic."

"These are just a few of the reasons for a system of national service."

CURSES FOR ENGLISH ON PRINCE RUPPRECHT'S BIRTHDAY

FRENCH SUCCESS IN THE BATTLE OF THE LABYRINTH.

Group Of Houses Taken And Held At Neuville.

MORE TRENCHES CARRIED.

Germans Claim Recapture Of Sugar Refinery At Souchez.

The French are still making progress north of Arras.

In the "Labyrinth" field fortress, south-east of Neuville, they have carried several trenches and in Neuville itself have captured and held a group of houses.

No mention is made in yesterday's French official report of the Souchez sugar refinery, but the German official report claims that it has been recaptured.

This is another instance of the Germans' mode of winning battles by telling half the truth. The sugar refinery was retaken by the Germans on Monday night, but the French drove them on at dawn on Tuesday, and remain masters of the position.

Rheims Cathedral is again being bombarded, but of this the Germans make no mention.

RHEIMS BOMBARDED AGAIN.

Another Group of Houses at Neuville Taken By The French.

French Official News.

PARIS, Wednesday Afternoon.

In the sector north of Arras fighting continued last night. In the "Labyrinth," south-east of Neuville, we carried several trenches and made further prisoners.

The total number of prisoners taken since Monday evening at this point is over 450.

At Neuville itself we captured a group of houses, in which we maintained ourselves, in spite of several counter-attacks.

In other parts of this sector, notably at Lorette, there was artillery fighting.

On the remainder of the front there is nothing to report beyond a bombardment, which was twice repeated, of Rheims, and especially of the cathedral.—Reuter.

BERLIN CLAIMS A SUCCESS.

"The Sugar Refinery At Souchez Has Been Recaptured By Us."

German Official News.

BERLIN, Wednesday Afternoon.

Near Bixschoote, north-east of Steenstraete, we shot down an English aeroplane, capturing the two occupants, a Belgian and an English officer.

We have recaptured the sugar refinery west of Souchez which the French yesterday afternoon occupied.

Yesterday evening's French attack against our positions near and south of Neuville was repulsed and only a small piece of trench jutting out across the road from Neuville to Ecurie was occupied by the enemy.

In the Bois Le Pretre hand-to-hand fighting for a small portion of a trench is proceeding.—Reuter.

ALLIES' AIRMEN OVER OSTEND.

Several Coast Batteries Reported Destroyed.

While the Zeppelins were making their futile raid on London on Monday night Allied airmen were paying another visit to Ostend.

According to the Central News Amsterdam correspondent the aviators dropped many bombs, destroying, it is reported, several coast batteries.

Notwithstanding heavy fire by anti-aircraft guns, the airmen escaped safely.

A wireless Press message from Berlin admits that the airmen bombarded Ostend. "They damaged some houses," it is stated, "but no other damage is reported."

AUSTRIAN FLEET IN HIDING.

Italian Warships Vainly Seeking Battle With The Enemy.

Italian Naval Official News.

Our fleet yesterday cruised the whole day in the vicinity of the Dalmatian Archipelago, but, according to the reports received up to the present, the enemy made no appearance.

In the meantime our warships have again destroyed the new semaphore and wireless stations on the island of Lissa, which had already been destroyed by the French naval bombardment last November, but which the Austrians had rebuilt.

We also destroyed an important observation station to the north of the island of Curzola.—Reuter.

Between Monday and noon yesterday about 800 recruits enrolled in Manchester, largely owing to the efforts of women recruiters.

KILLING THE ALLIES BY CURSING THEM.

"Damns" For The English And "Annihilation" For The French.

PRINCE RUPPRECHT'S BIRTHDAY ASPIRATIONS.

It was not inappropriate that the birthday of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, one of the most notorious instigators of German butchery, should be celebrated by curses.

On that occasion (May 18) a German military paper, the *Lille War News*, printed the following article which, says "Eye-Witness" at the front, is illustrative of the incitements issued to the troops:

Comrades, if the enemy were to invade our land, do you think he would leave one stone upon another of our fathers' houses, our churches, and all the works of a thousand years of love and toil? . . . and if your strong arms did not hold back the English (God damn them) and the French (God annihilate them), do you think they would spare your homes and your loved ones? What would these pirates from the Isles do to you if they were to set foot on German soil?

This outburst, says "Eye-Witness," is rather remarkable, inasmuch as it is an exhortation to defend the soil of the Fatherland, and not to drive back the Allies and capture Calais or Paris—operations about which we have up till now heard so much.

PREFERS TO FIGHT AMERICA.

German Press Attacks President Wilson And His Cabinet.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.

The German Press is starting a new campaign against America, whom it violently reproaches, and states in practice American neutrality is friendly to the Allies and unfriendly to Germany.

The news that President Wilson is dissatisfied with the German "reply" to the Lusitania Note induces new attacks against Dr. Wilson, Mr. W. J. Bryan, and the American Administration.

With the consent of the military censorship the papers state that if Germany must choose between a rupture with the United States and a stoppage of submarine warfare, she will undoubtedly favour a rupture, whatever the consequences.

The *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Munich, points out that the leading ammunition firms in America are either headed by German-born Americans or financed by German money, and the paper suggests that the Government should deprive bad patriots of German citizenship.—Exchange.

FATEFUL HALF-HOUR'S TALK.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

Count von Bernstorff was closeted with President Wilson for 30 minutes. He refused to make any statement in connection with his visit, and the White House is also silent on the matter.—Exchange.

PIRATES' WOMAN VICTIM.

Stewardess Drowned When Escaping From Torpedoed Steamer.

Forty-six survivors of the steamer *Saidieh*, of London (1,984 tons), bound from Alexandria to Hull with a cargo of cotton seeds and onions, were landed at Chatham on Tuesday night.

They had been picked up in the Thames estuary by a naval patrol boat.

The ship had been torpedoed and sunk without warning by a German submarine.

The crew brought with them the body of Mrs. Sarah Hasskin (52), a Russian Jewess, the stewardess, and the only woman member of the ship's company, who fell into the sea with others through an accident in lowering one of the boats.

Although only in the water for three minutes, she was dead when picked up.

An inquest was held at Chatham yesterday.

The chief officer of the ship stated that he neither saw or heard anything until the explosion occurred.

PORTUGAL INCENSED BY PIRACY.

LISBON, Wednesday.

The democratic Press organs protest indignantly against the action of the Germans in sinking two Portuguese ships, and urge the immediate necessity of Portugal openly declaring her belligerency and recalling her diplomatic representatives.—Central News.

NAVAL FLYING MAN KILLED.

The Admiralty last

night announced two

casualties in the Royal

Naval Air Service. Flight

Lieutenant Douglas M.

Barnes has been killed,

and Flight-Sub-Lieut

Benjamin Travers has

been slightly wounded.

The date and place of the

occurrences are not

mentioned.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. BARNES. (Birkett.)

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING IN GALLIPOLI HILLS.

British Inflict Heavy Losses On The Turks.

STUBBORN BATTLE ON FRENCH FRONT.

From Sir Ian Hamilton.

Wednesday Night.

During Tuesday close hand-to-hand fighting occurred on our northern front.

At the northern section of our position, in front of what is known as Quinn's Post, two saps of the enemy were rushed by our men, with the intention of filling them in, but heavy bombing checked work, and one party had to fall back.

The other party still holds on to its position between our firing line and that of the enemy.

This action necessitated heavy artillery support, to which the enemy replied vigorously, regardless of expense.

Throughout this fighting the enemy again lost heavily.

On the southern section the Turks made repeated attacks during the night of Tuesday-Wednesday against the French right, and twice recaptured the fort captured on Saturday.

On both occasions the enemy were driven out, and the new French front remains intact.

On the British front all was quiet.

PRZEMYSL'S DANGER.

Germans Claim To Have Stormed More Of The Fortifications.

Germany continues to claim successes in her attempt to invest Przemysl.

Yesterday's official report from Berlin stated that "two further fortifications of the fortress of Przemysl near Hunkowicki were yesterday stormed."

This follows the German story that three forts to the north of Przemysl—Nos. 10a, 11a, and 12—had been captured.

The Russian official statement of Tuesday night admitted that in hand-to-hand fighting at the forts to the west and north-west—Nos. 7 to 11—the enemy charged over the glacis of Fort 7 and at some points gained a footing in the precincts of the fort, but were repulsed.

300,000 RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

German Story Of Enormous Captures During May.

German Official News.

BERLIN, Wednesday.

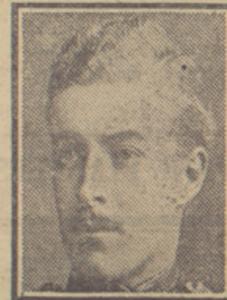
In the south-eastern war theatre during May 863 officers, 288,869 men, 251 cannon, and 576 machine guns were captured. The allied troops under General Mackensen took of the above total 400 officers, among them two generals, 152,254 men, and 160 cannon, among them being 28 heavy guns and 403 machine guns.

The total number of Russian prisoners captured by the allies during May amounts to some thousand officers and over 300,000 men.—Reuter.

LORD AND M.P. IN THE LIST.



MAJOR G. R. LANE-FOX. LT. LORD HOLMPATRICK. (Russell.)



(Lafayette.)

Among the officers reported wounded in the latest casualty lists are Baron Holmpatrick, a lieutenant in the 16th Lancers, and Major G. R. Lane-Fox, Yorkshire Hussars, M.P. for Barkston Ash (Yorkshire West Riding). This is the second time Lord Holmpatrick has been wounded.

LONDON TRAMS RUNNING AGAIN.

Practically a normal service of trams was running on all the routes of the London County Council's system yesterday and the strike was apparently over.

In many cases former employees of the Council were able to give adequate reasons for their not joining the Army, but in others the Council is adhering to its refusal to reinstate those who are suitable for the Army.

'SHOOT STRIKE LEADERS,' SAYS EARL.

Earl Manvers, addressing a meeting at Nottingham yesterday, advocated the establishment of martial law in strike districts, and suggested that the ringleaders should be shot.

BRITISH SOLDIERS' CHEERY OPTIMISM.

Insuppressible Good Spirits Of The Boys At The Front.

BITTER FIGHTING MEN.

Poisonous Gases Arouse Feeling The Huns Will Regret.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, June 1.

An army that is always cheerful cannot be beaten.

I passed a battalion just now, marching into billets after three weeks of cramped trench life. All the men were singing. A few hours earlier I saw another battalion marching to the trenches, and they, too, were singing.

The men who came out were dirty and tired; the men who went in were leaving comfortable billets for a troglodyte existence, with the triple menace of sniping, shelling, and gas poisoning, yet one lot appeared as happy as the other.

The more I see of the British Army in the field the more I am impressed by its cheery optimism and unquenchable good spirits. It works and plays with the same good-humoured zest; nothing can dishearten it.

RELENTLESS FIGHTERS NOW.

Until the gas-poisoners began their work it was an army that regarded the foe facing it impersonally.

Killing was the business in hand, but killing without malice; flower-covered graves for dead enemies, and cigarettes for live prisoners.

Now the business of killing is full of bitterness, and there are no flowers.

Yet even the menace of the new death has not choked the spirit of cheerfulness.

Men take their turn in the gas zone with a grim resolve to swell the enemy's casualty list with their own, but they can jest even when they are gasping for breath.

I sat in the grounds of a casualty clearing station one afternoon watching the endless procession of Red Cross motor-cars discharging their doleful burdens under the trees. I heard very few cries of pain.

These men had been brought direct from the battlefield, with only a halt at the dressing station where first-aid is rendered. Many were, of course, wholly disabled, but those who could use their legs pluckily walked or hobbled into the dressing-room one after the other.

MOMENTS OF TRAGIC DOUBT.

They reminded me of schoolboys waiting for the headmaster, as they sat in rows—silent, rather dazed, with their thoughts still fixed on the battlefield they had just left.

You could see that they were in doubt about themselves. A boy with a shattered wrist watched the busy chaplain furtively, and shrank away when he approached.

I am sure they connected the figure with the black shoulder-straps and clerical collar with the little cemetery they had passed on the road.

None of them felt in the least inclined to die, but—what would the surgeons say?

They disappeared in turn through the open door of the clearing station. Presently they came hobbling back into the sunshine—happy, all of them, for they would soon be "fit."

They joked with each other as they sat or lay around the garden, waiting for the ambulances that would take them to the coast.

SONG OF THE MEN WHO WERE "DRY."

My motor-car halted at cross-roads to let a famous battalion of infantry pass. Big men they were—some of the pick of England's manhood. They had been tramping for hours through a blinding cloud of dust, and faces, uniforms, caps were thickly powdered with it.

They sang, coughingly, a weird song about being very dry—dry—dry—how dry—how dry! Tunics were unbuttoned and thrown back, perspiration streamed in rivulets down their grey cheeks, and they were tired—dog tired. Yet they sang.

Two little boys ran out of a cottage carrying pails of water and cups. The pails were emptied by these thirsty men in a few seconds, with many a joke for the bashful youngsters who did this service.

SUBLIME CONTENTMENT FOR A WHILE.

I saw another famous battalion—shorn to a third of its original strength by German shells—march into billets in a village near my quarters.

For a fortnight these men had endured all imaginable horrors in the salient of the British line beyond Ypres.

They sat around that night, in cottage doors, in fields, and along hedges, smoking and writing letters home or watching the crimson sunset, with an air of utter contentment such as I have seldom seen.

"It's a good old world," said a corporal (who is a barrister when he is at home) sitting with two comrades near my gate. "This place beats our dugouts, what! Wonder when we're going back."

"Don't care," said his companion. "It's all in a lifetime."

"Once when I was in Berlin I proposed the health of the Kaiser. God forgive me; I'll never do it again."—Will Crooks, M.P., at Worthing last night.

KITCHENER CALLS FOR 300,000 MORE MEN LIKE THESE.



These are only a few of the men whom Lord Kitchener, with a wave of his finger, has called to the colours. As the battalions trail by in review order the experienced eye of the great soldier critically surveys the fighting-machine which he has created.

OCTOBER'S BRIDE IS JUNE'S SAD WIDOW.



Captain Gerard O'Callaghan (Royal Irish Regiment), just killed in action, married only last October at Clogheen, Tipperary, Miss Joan Grubb, a well-known horsewoman.

WORTHY OF THE SWORD THEY GAVE HIM.



Six weeks ago Captain Raymond Greene, M.P. for North Hackney, was presented by his constituents with a sword of honour. Serving with the 9th Lancers he has now been wounded in action.

THREE FAIR FIANCEES OF FIGHTING-MEN.



Miss Hermione Foster, of Hornby Castle, Lancashire, engaged to Lieut. C. Gordon Ross, of the 17th London Regt.—(Sarony.)



Miss E. Wolryche-Whitmore, of Alton, Hants, is to marry Captain R. A. Hopwood, R.M.—(Langflier, Ltd.)



Miss Evelyn Taylor, of Surbiton, engaged to Lieut. H. T. Baillie-Grohman, R.N.—(Swaine.)



BABY BURVILLE.

"The result of Virol really surprising."

42, King Street, Hammersmith, W.
10th February, 1915.

Dear Sirs,

I send you herewith photo of Baby Guy, who had to be fed by bottle from birth. The great difficulty was to find a food to suit him; but, although several highly recommended Patent Foods were tried, none of them agreed with him, the result being that at two months old he weighed less than at birth, and I really despaired of rearing him. At this time a doctor to whom I went for advice suggested "Virol." The result was really surprising—a gain of 1-lb. in weight in the first week! I have continued with Virol ever since. At two years and three months he is as healthy looking a child as one could wish to see.

Yours truly,
(Signed) (Mrs.) G. BURVILLE.

VIROL

Nervous exhaustion is a sure sign of low physical condition, and is overcome by the wonderful food power of Virol.

In Jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

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BABY'S LONG CLOTHS, 82 articles, 2/11, or 2/ weekly; home-made garments; worth £4; Robes, etc.; approval free first 2/-—Mrs. SCOTT, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES! Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow Discount for Cash or supply goods payable in Monthly instalments.

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FITS CURED by French's Remedy. Simple home treatment; 25 years' success; 1,000 testimonials in one year. Pamphlet Free.—FRENCH'S REMEDIES, LTD., 336, South Frederick-street, Dublin.

A NATIONAL STOCK-TAKING.

GERMANY is the card-index nation; Britain is like a great, old-fashioned, rambling business concern conducted on the lines that what was good enough in grandfather's time is good enough for all time. The war has proved to us that things must be changed. We do not want the card-index inquisition carried to the maniacal extent prevalent in Germany, where an enormous army of thick-headed officials ompile an immense amount of utterly useless information.

BUT we need a common-sense stock-taking of our national resources. We require a thorough overhaul of our administrative methods, and, most important of all, we want to know exactly where we stand as regards:—

- (1) Men suitable for military service.
- (2) Skilled workers in the munition and transport industries.
- (3) Men employed in non-essential labour.
- (4) Women substitutes for male workers in classes 2 and 3.

UNDER various titles this work is described, the most common being that of a National Register. Incidentally, a great deal of fudge is being written on the matter by people who are painfully ignorant of Political Economy, Trade Union developments, the Census returns, and the work of social research done by various scientific bodies not known to the general public or to the politicians. In point of fact, if the new Government goes about the matter in a proper way it can get the information quickly, and it will do an immense service by officially collecting and developing a mass of information which every intelligent Briton should have at his service.

THE Government must take the public more into its regards on this matter of men, and also as regards munitions. The people have placed implicit confidence in the State, and we continue to urge them in maintaining that confidence. But faith is severely tried when results are long delayed, and when an unnecessary secrecy chills the enthusiasm of the people. We do not ask for information which would be of use to the enemy, but we invite the Government to give us practical assurance that the munition production is now on a business-like basis, and we invite some information about the National Register which will show us that the nation's stock-taking in men is going on. Some indication of intention would allay anxiety.

IT is of prime necessity now that every man be in his best place with regard to the national requirements. We want to know the military and industrial capabilities of every male, so that in case of necessity there may be a smooth and rapid readjustment of men and employments to cope with any crisis. This is a wise and necessary precaution. So, too, with female workers, we need a national register which would enable us to make good any changes in male employment.

THIS must not be confused with conscription. It is in effect a census of efficiency, which in time of peace as in war will be useful. Germany's great industrial advance was in no small degree due to the organisation of labour. Her plans suffer from over-elaboration, but we muddled along without any plan at all until the Labour Exchanges touched on the fringe of the problem.

THERE need be no secrecy about this work. Germany already knows the vital facts about us far better than most Britons. But it will ease the mind of the public, and it will facilitate recruiting and munition work if we know that every man is employed to the best advantage. This stock-taking would give data of enormous value after the war when there will be a shortage of male labour, and when we must depend on our organised women workers to compete with alien and German labour. Every moment now is precious. Delay may bring us unprepared to a crisis where the most drastic methods must be suddenly and wastefully taken.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

Queen Alexandra's Summer Villa.

VILLA HVIDORE, where Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Tsaritsa Marie, have spent many happy summer holidays, I hear, is to be used this year for convalescent British and Russian officers. It stands on the coast in the Sound some seven or eight miles out of Copenhagen. Hvidore means "White Ear," an "ear" in this sense being a narrow "neck" of land jutting out into the sea. The anatomy seems a bit mixed, but I am assured it is all right.

K.P. For His Uncle.



—(Lafayette.)

THIS is Lord Bessborough whom the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—his nephew—has appointed a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, of course at the King's command. It is only a little while ago that the French President conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. As already he was a C.V.O., C.B., and a Knight of Grace, St. John of Jerusalem, he is pretty well decorated now. As he knows Ireland well—and has two residences there—he will be able to give much useful advice to his Lord Lieutenant nephew. He also finds time to look after the welfare of the L.B. and S.C. railway as chairman. He has the good looks of the Ponsonbys.

Officers' Life Insurances.

WHEN the war broke out several of the insurance companies issued life policies to officers who went on active service at comparatively small premiums. The death-rate at the front has been so high, however, that in most cases these special rates have been withdrawn, and officers who now want to insure against the risk of German bullets and high explosives have to pay an extra premium at the rate of twelve guineas and up to £20 per cent. Since the beginning of hostilities one company has paid £503,295 on the lives of soldiers and sailors who have fallen.

"Our New C.O."

A YOUNGSTER in an infantry battalion sends me a pen picture of his new commanding officer—"Our new C.O.? I don't love him, and I don't think he loves me. He is a dug-up major man, years away from the Service. A fussy old-maidish person, always inspecting kits, and broken plates, and basins. Soldiering does not interest him much; but he is very great on wash-houses."

Gas Huns.

A MAN who knows these things tells me that in peace time alone 200 analytical and research chemists are employed at the Badische Anilin works which the French airmen raided. As a matter of fact, the chief gas-Huns are the Chemische-Fabrik-Griesheim-Elektron-Aktiengesellschaft-mit-beschränkter-Haftung (nasty people to bandy words with), who invented the electrolytic chlorine process. But the Badische does all the dirty work for them.

The Dead Man's Return.

A SOLDIER who had been announced officially as dead turned up very much alive at his home the other day much to the amazement of his wife. "But you're dead," she cried, "you're dead, and I've drawn your insurance money." So altered was his appearance that the wife really could hardly recognise him.

Did The War Office Believe Him?

IN the meanwhile the soldier had been busy at the War Office proving himself to be alive.

Blank Slacker, Esquire.

THE anonymous postcard is being used with great effect in the districts near London to wake up the river and tennis Knut to a sense of his responsibilities. I saw one of these missives yesterday. The man who had received it, and showed it to me, was very hurt about it, as he well might be. But he has enlisted now.

Britons Never, Never Will Be—Waiters.

APROPOS the serious shortage of waiters, I learn that the generous scheme launched a short while ago by the Incorporated Association of Hotels and Restaurants to train British boys as waiters has failed to attract British youths. They simply don't want to be waiters, however good the money and rosy the prospects. This being so, it is useless to grumble if our waiters are foreigners.

Trinity Monday.

TRINITY MONDAY in Dublin, I am told, passed off very quietly this year—so many students have figured in the casualty lists. But in other days—! You remember the story of the man who went down to the police station to bail the others out. "I'm the Junior Dean," he kept exclaiming excitedly, "and must have these men out." "You the Junior Dean!" said the police official, "why you're as drunk as the rest of them. In you go!" And, as the veracious chronicler of the time has it, "In he went."

22 Changes.

AMONG THE thousands who have come from overseas to fight for this country there can be few who have taken more trouble than Sub-Lieutenant T. M. Chambers, of the Royal Naval Division, wounded in the Dardanelles. He was an engineer in Chile. He threw up his work, and crossed the country to reach an Atlantic port, whence he obtained a passage for home. In all, he made 22 distinct changes on his journey, a good deal of which had to be covered on foot.

What! No Soap?

A WELL-KNOWN barrister of the Inner Temple, whose chin is always immaculate, astounded me yesterday by declaring that he never used soap for shaving! He contends that the ordinary morning toilet is ample preparation for the razor, and advances the theory that soap only became necessary through the reprehensible habit of being shaved in one's clothes—and by the barber.

The Stones Of Venice.

AN Italian friend tells me that at least a month ago the precaution was taken of removing from Venice the great majority of her art treasures. It would puzzle the most inept air-vandal to miss St. Mark's; so it must be a relief to the Huns to know that buildings of historic interest cannot be moved as well as their contents.

"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY—"



Hoch! Hoch! Septuagenarian Warriors! We go to Rome.
Mein Gott! On foot!

(The last class of the German Landsturm has been called out.)

"Growler's" New Bark.

I AM GLAD the *Growler* is not dead. I don't mean the one you ride in, but the one they write in. It is the bright organ of the 16th Service Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, which was so bright that it eclipsed itself. It has now emerged from the penumbra, or wherever it has been, thusly: "Our inkpot is full, the cash-box is empty, and we are prepared to write bloodshot words for ever and a few odd days." That is a good restart, anyway.

The Night Before The Morning After.

HERE IS one of its scintillations:—
Scene: A Tent.
Time: 9.30 p.m., 20th May, 1915.
Plaintive Boy: "Orderly! Orderly!"
Orderly (sleepily): "Well?"
Plaintive Boy: "I've lost my tent. I don't know which is — and which is myself! Put us both to bed, like a good chap, and we'll sort ourselves out in the morning!"

"Not Hymns of Hate," I Hope.

A TALKING MACHINE company are altering their articles of association, with the object of providing for the manufacture of munitions of war. I wonder whether these will include "Hymns of Hate."

Massed Attag.

I WAS attagged yesterday by many fair ones who certainly forgot me not.

Vera Coburn.

HERE is a charming picture of Vera Coburn, who is to take the part of Lallie Bindloss in "The Angel in the House," a comedy by Eden Phillpotts (the novelist) and B. MacDonald Hastings (the dramatist), at the Savoy Theatre to-night. If you go to the play you will also see Mary Glynne and Lady Tree, H. B. Irving and Holman Clark. And (whisper it) the Temple of Eros.



—(Hoppé.)

Sir Thomas.

SO SIR TOMMY LIPTON has got a special Serbian decoration to wear alongside his K.C.V.O. and his Crown of Italy, and, from what I have heard, he deserves it, for that job out in Serbia wasn't precisely the thing for a squeamish person when he took it on. Perhaps, after all, Sir Thomas will ascend higher on the special recommendation of the allied Sovereigns. It was whispered that a certain King did want to put Lipton on an honours list with a peerage to his name and that the Premier of the day wasn't having any—and said so. But times have changed, and Sir Thomas is learning new qualifications.

In The Side-Car.

IN BOND-STREET the other morning I noticed a young officer, with his left leg off from the knee, riding a motor-cycle. Resting in the side-car were his crutches. The manner in which civilians saluted him and the policeman on duty made way for him through the traffic was a joy to see.

Far From The War.

A LUCKY FRIEND who has been able to shake off the dust of London for a few days, and is now rusticated in North Devon, writes me that he is living in a six-roomed cottage surrounded by downs which slope in some places to 50-100 feet above the level of his bedroom window. As he lies in bed he can see rabbits at play. Farther up are sheep dotted about, so far above him that they look like tiny dots. There, at least, one cannot imagine a war to be raging.

The Only Effect.

THE only inconvenience caused by the war that he can see is the cessation of the steamer running to the various neighbouring places of interest, including spots on the Welsh and Cornish coasts. Patrol boats stationed just off the coast help to remind them that there is a war on.

Old Ladies Not Troubled.

DURING tramps over the moorlands he came across many people who had never seen an aeroplane. The other day he took tea in a cottage presided over by two old peasant women—sisters—who had never even seen or been in a railway train. And neither will see 60 them. They knew there was a war, though. But "them Roossians will soon send them to the rightabout," one of them said. Having thus settled the war, she asked "what London weather was like nowadays?"

Why Don't We Wave?

PASSING through Barnstaple, he saw some 200 fresh recruits—soldiers of but an hour or so—marching out of the Devon Regiment depot. There were smiles of pride on many a spectator's face, tears hastily brushed away on many a black-garbed figure; but, as with us in London, there was no cheering. When will we learn to wave, unashamed, a hand in recognition of the chivalry of our new soldiers?

Old Lady's Tribute.

I SAW a touching incident the other night at one of those music-halls where you don't "dress" for the stalls. A dear old lady sitting in front of me was wearing her hat. At the interval the band played one of those wonderful combinations of national airs which are heard everywhere these days. When it reached "God save the King" we all rose, the old lady with us. Extracting her hatpins, she actually removed her hat, whispering to her companion: "I must take it off now."

Time's Revenge.

I HEAR a good story of a detective from a northern city who has lately joined the Army. In his company he found three men with whom, much to their disadvantage, he had had professional dealings. One of them is the ex-policeman's corporal, "and a jolly good corporal, too," says the detective. They have called a truce for the period of the war.

MR. CCSSIP.

"CLEAR OUT OF SOUTH AFRICA"—HOW JOHANNESBURG RETALIATED



A section of the huge crowd had gathered in the streets to watch the wrecking of the buildings. They looked on quite unmoved. Anger had excluded all pity for a race of vipers.

Stirred to bitter anger by the sinking of the Lusitania and other German outrages, the people of Johannesburg attacked hotels and shops in the hands of Teuton tenants.

THE MULE KICKS AT DISCIPLINE.



Training the Army mule in the way he should go is no light task, but if the animal causes trouble he makes a lot of fun.

THEIR NATIVE HILLS MADE A FINE TRAINING



The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have found an ideal training ground among the crags. It is hard work, but the harder the work the better will they be.

WOMEN'S CANTEEN FOR MUNITION MAKERS.



Munition-workers as well as soldiers need canteens. The Women's Volunteer Service take a coffee-cart to Woolwich, which the Arsenal workers welcome.

HUNS CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH PROVES



To judge from the reports issued by the German official wireless one would think that in their campaign against the Allies they have proved that the battles have by no means been decided.

ATED FOR THE GERMAN ATROCITIES THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD.



Though there was no looting the crowd set about the warehouses of German merchants with a deadly orderliness. Here they are seen rushing the premises of an electrical firm.



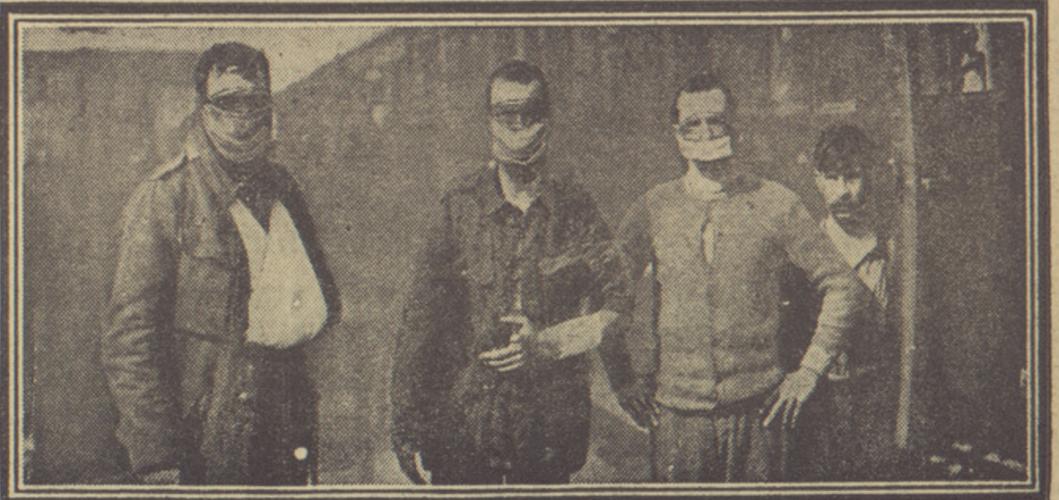
The fire brigade were absolutely powerless and could only look on whilst fire played havoc with the Germans' goods, which were brought out and made bonfires of in the streets.

GROUND FOR THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.



and hills you see above. A race up the mountain side teaches them how to storm a position. Then be fitted for the real charge.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

PROTECTED FROM THE DEADLY GAS.



Wounded British soldiers wearing the respirators which saved their lives in the engagement. The Huns' murder tactics are not so successful now.

ES THAT THE GERMAN WIRELESS DOES NOT TELL THE TRUTH.



It means it was a case of victory, victory, all the time. This photograph, taken in the streets of Petrograd, shows there are quite a few German prisoners here.

TURKISH PRISONERS AT THEIR EASE.



Characteristic types of Turkish fighting men are seen among these prisoners of war lying in the courtyard of the fortress at Seddul-Bahr.



REV. G. ANDERSON

Says Phosferine Cures

Nervous Breakdown, Brain-Fag, Depression.

"In our family and social circle, Phosferine has proved of exceptional service. In my own case of Nervous Breakdown, with its usual accompanying host of troubles, your remedy had remarkable efficacy, and I feel confident I not only owe my recovery to its timely use, but also the averting of a serious illness. My work entails a vast amount of mental and physical strain, Phosferine proves useful in preventing or removing the Brain-fag, Headache, Depression, and the endless numerous ailments that always prey upon the system when denuded of its reserve powers of resistance. My mother, with whom I stay, is never without it in the house, it has done her immense good, she being a martyr to Neuralgia and Nervous Depression. I am convinced of the great value of Phosferine from my own experience."—April 26, 1915. —70, Hill St., Bradley, Staffs.

This experienced clergyman is convinced his lasting and rapid recovery proves Phosferine utterly banishes the danger of any further breakdown—it so fully regenerated his vital forces, that this supply of fresh bodily vigour and brain energy permits him to do an unlimited amount of work with less effort.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
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Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
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Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

Backache
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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Four sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/4 size.

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15/17

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. **THE DAIRYMAIDS.**
Nightly at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
Musical Comedy at Popular Prices.
Gallery 6d., Pit-1s. Booked Seats from 2s. Gerr. 2315.

CRITERION. **TO-NIGHT at 9.** MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS." At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sats., 2.30.

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

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

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

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. **TO-NIGHT at 8.30.**
Last 3 Nights. **THE RIGHT TO KILL.** Last 3 Nights. From the French of M. Frondate. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyzer HERBERT TREE.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER IRENE VANBRUGH
LAST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.15
Box Office open 10 to 10 Tel. Gerr. 177

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.—RUS-
SIAN, FRENCH and ITALIAN OPERA, directed by VLADIMIR ROSING. To-night at 7.45, Curtain 11.15. "PIKOVAYA DAMA" (Tchaikovsky) In Russian. Mmes. Nikitina, Krassavina, Baron-Fonariova, MM. Rosing, Leonidoff, etc. Prices 10s. 6d. to 1s. Tele. HOLBORN 6840.

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

NEW. **MR. MARTIN HARVEY.**
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30.
ARMAGEDDON, by Stephen Phillips.

PRINCE OF WALES. **TO-NIGHT at 8.30.**
A new play, in 3 acts, entitled "THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS."
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue.
POTASH and PERLMUTTER.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
Box Office, 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9437.
Box Office (Ger. 3855). 10 to 10.

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

ST. JAMES'S. **Sir George Alexander.**
Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. A New Drama.
"THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY."
By Chester Bailey Fernald.

SAVOY. **MR. H. B. IRVING.**
To-night at 8.30, in "The Angel in the House," by Eden Philpotts and Macdonald Hastings. At 8, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

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

SHAFESBURY. **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. Tel. Ger. 6666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

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

VAUDEVILLE (LAST WEEK.) BABY MINE.
Evenings at 8.45. Matinee Sat., at 2.30.
WEEDON GROSSMITH IRIS HOEY
At 8.15. Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard" (new version).
GABY DESLYS, Harry Pilcer, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renee Gratz, A. Austin, B. Lillie, Manny and Roberts, and ROBERT HALE. Revue, 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee Every Saturday, 2.30. (Reduced Prices.)

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m.
MARY MOORE and CO. in "MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE"; PHYLLIS DARE, ETHEL IRVING and CO. in "THE CALL"; GEORGE ROBEY, ROBERT OBER in "A REGULAR BUSINESS MAN," HARRY WELDON, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

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

HIPPODROME, LONDON.—Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production entitled "PUSH AND GO," including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORAIN, ANNA WHEATON, HARRY TATE, GERALD KIRBY, JOHNNY HENNING, LEWIS SYDNEY, CHARLES BERKLEY, and enormous Beauty Chorus, etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 650.

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

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

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0. Matinees Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. LITTLE TICH, RUTH VINCENT, BILLY MERSON, ALBERT WHELAN, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT" PHIL RAY, DERRA DE MORODA, etc.

GREAT PATRIOTIC MEETING at the London Palladium, Argyll St., W., on Thursday, June 3rd, at 2.30 p.m. Speakers: Lady Mackworth and Miss Annie Kenney, Chair: MRS. PANKHURST. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., 2s., and 1s. 6d. Unreserved 1s. From Lincoln's Inn House, Kingsway, and from the Palladium.

EXHIBITIONS.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset.
Admission, Sundays, Fellows and Fellows' orders only. Mondays and Saturdays, 6d.; other days, 1s. Children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) every Saturday from 4 till 6 p.m.

MONEY TO LEND.

A.A.—SPECIAL LOANS SENT BY POST SECRETLY.
All classes of Workmen, Shopkeepers, on own Signature, £5 at 2s monthly; £10 at 4s monthly; £20 at 5s monthly; £50 at 20s monthly.—J. SAWERS, 8, Minard-road Partick, N.B.

A LOAN by post at 6d. per £ int. to workmen and all classes from £2 to £500.—Apply M. ISAACS, East Parade, Leeds.

£5 TO £5,000 Lent; interest, 1s. 6d. Special Ladies' Dept.—Call or write B. S. LYLE, Ltd., 89, New Oxford-st., W.

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

78, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Call or write here for Loans on Simple Note of Hand. Est. 50 years, may be relied on for fair dealings. No fees or exp. before loan granted. £10, £20, £30, £50, £100, to £1,000 promptly lent without deductions, repayable 1-5 years. The oldest and most reliable office. LONDON AND PROVINCES THE DISCOUNT CO., LTD.

What Women Are Doing:

Wonderful Work In Queen Anne-street—I Take A Ticket For Hades—Nursing In Regent's Park.

June 3, 1915.

"Here's a health unto his Majesty."

Bond-Street Has No Nerves.

The Zeppelin raid over London didn't make the least difference to Bond-street the next morning. I never remember seeing it more crowded. Princess Arthur of Connaught, all in white, with a panama hat with just a plain band round it, was in her motor and looking extremely well. The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel was chatting with Lady Randolph Churchill. Sir Arthur and Lady Pinero were walking together, and I also met Lord Alington, in a short coat and top-hatted, and Lady Sarah Wilson in deep mourning.

Princess Arthur Was There.

The Duchess of Marlborough was "at home" at the London School of Medicine for Women, Brunswick-square, on Tuesday afternoon. The Duchess, looking extremely charming in dark blue Irish poplin, and wearing a broad-brimmed blue flat hat wreathed with roses of the same shade, received her guests at the entrance of the large hall. Tea was served in the garden, and an excellent programme followed. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, wearing one of the new very short full skirts, with long black coat and small hat edged with ospreys, recited. Princess Arthur of Connaught arrived in time to hear the recitation. She "well-becomed" a brown silk costume and white hat. Lady Cunard, in black satin, Lady Hall in black velvet, and Lady Roxburgh in brocaded blue satin, were amongst the well-known people present.



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
(Lallie Charles.)

She Charms Them.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven, who made a record sale of flowers for the last two years on "Alexandra Day," is again going to sell this year. Mrs. Craven, who is extremely handsome, is both rich and generous. Not only does she contribute largely to many public charities, but gives a great deal away privately to those in need. Her eldest son was one of the first to join the colours, and her second son is still at Beaumont College. Mrs. Craven's husband, who

was a brother of the Earl of Craven, was killed hunting in South Africa a few years ago.

The bazaar which is shortly to take place at the new Empress Club in Dover-street, and of which I shall have more to say later, will have the support of Mrs. Craven, who is interesting herself very much in this work.

Music In Grosvenor-square.

I enjoyed the concert given by Mme. Norman Salmond at Mrs. Cazalet's delightful house in Grosvenor-square on Tuesday afternoon immensely, particularly the sonata by Rachmaninoff, in which Mme. Salmond played the piano and her son Felix the cello so admirably. Miss Marie Lohr, who looked bewitching in palest apricot-coloured crepe de chine, and was wearing her hair à la Ethel Levey, recited to music very beautifully. The Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, wearing navy blue and a large sailor-shaped hat, sat with Mrs. Cazalet in the front of an enormous and appreciative audience.

A Call To Women.

If you haven't already paid a visit to the War Hospital Supply Depot at 32, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, you should do so at once, and if you haven't helped to "do your bit" you will find a welcome and heaps of real work to do.

I had the pleasure of seeing all over the house, where over 200 ladies were busily engaged in making bandages, splints, slippers, and all things most necessary for hospital work at the front. Miss Ethel McCaul is the organiser—and what a wonderful organiser she is—having had vast experience in all branches of hospital work in peace and at war. Anyone can go to the depot—there is no class distinction—and give either her whole time from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m. each day, or even a few hours.

So wonderful has been this work that a new depot has been opened and is in full working order at the Piccadilly Hotel, where the ladies who are working there are making hospital requisites for the Italian soldiers. Funds are, of course, urgently needed, also old linen, blankets, and socks.

"Armageddon."

I went to the new play "Armageddon," which was produced at the New Theatre on Tuesday evening. We started with a prologue in Hell, with Mr. Martin Harvey as Satan. Then followed scenes laid in Rheims, England, Berlin, and Cologne, and finally we returned to Hades for the Epilogue. The setting of this Hell scene is very wonderful, and Mr. Martin Harvey as his Satanic majesty, who seemed as

though he had nothing on except a huge pair of bat's wings, was weird to a degree. The Duchess of Marlborough was in the stalls, looking very charming, as she always does—in black and white, with a superb evening wrap of oyster grey brocade, bordered with chinchilla.

Lady Randolph Churchill, in black and gold, had black velvet and diamonds in her silver grey hair, which is wonderfully becoming to her. Sir Charles Wyndham was chatting to Mrs. Harvey, wife of Harvey Pasha, in a first tier box, and I also noted Mr. Isidore de Lara. Miss Kate Rorke was admiring her clever sister, who played so admirably; Mrs. Aria and Miss Gladys Unger, the latter of whom, who had wreathed her hair in a wedding-cake-like decoration, represented literature and talent combined.

You Forget London.

Regent's Park, one of the quietest and most pleasant spots in London, is at the moment the home of many a wounded soldier. St. Dunstan's, with its acres of green lawns and charming surroundings, is the home for those poor fellows who have lost their sight in the war.

At Sussex Lodge, also in Regent's Park, the home of Mrs. Hall Walker, a large number of



MRS. HALL WALKER.
(Topical.)

officers are being nursed by a fully-trained staff of nurses, with a resident physician and surgeon. Mrs. Hall Walker has since the beginning of last September given up her beautiful house, turning it into an ideal hospital, with a wonderfully equipped operating theatre, such as one sees in the most up-to-date nursing home. Having considerable hospital experience, Mrs. Hall Walker possesses a knowledge of organisation, without which an undertaking of this sort is chaos. Sussex Lodge, with its delightful garden, tennis lawns and beds stocked with flowers, makes an ideal place for her patients. They can be carried out in their beds to enjoy the fresh air amid these perfect surroundings free from the noise of the traffic. Mrs. Hall Walker has an adjoining house lent to her, which is used as a convalescent home, where the patients can be easily moved with the greatest comfort.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HEDDA (Barnoldswick).—"Manners and Rules of Good Society," published by Fred. Warne and Co., 12, Bedford-street, Strand, W.C.
 "DUNDALK."—I am sorry I cannot tell you.
 B. G. (Batley).—A very generous offer. Write to the Red Cross, 85, Pall Mall, S.W.
 "PANSY."—Sorry I cannot supply private addresses.
 A. JONES (Chester).—Write to the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.; they will give you all information.
 MISS LU. ROBERTS (Ithaca, U.S.A.).—Very good of you to want to help, but there are thousands willing and waiting for work here already.
 E. A. FRYER (Hulme).—I sympathise with you very much, but I am afraid I can't advise about work in Manchester.
 MISS LILY TURNER (Peckham).—If you wish to become a railway ticket collector, apply to the nearest railway station.

WHY THE NEEDLES ARE BUSY.

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

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

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

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

Only a WOMAN knows
 How Women Struggle Through.



"Every Picture tells a Story."

London Woman's Statement.

On February 26th, 1913, Mrs. M. A. Allen, of "St. Aubyn's Villa," 63, Cambridge Road, Maida Vale, Kilburn, London, N.W., said:—"Ten years ago I was laid-up with maddening pains in the small of my back. There were distressing bladder troubles, and the kidney excretions were disordered."

"Where doctor's medicine failed, half a dozen boxes of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills succeeded in completely curing me, and they have kept me well ever since."
 (Signed) "M. A. Allen."

2 YEARS LATER.

On February 12th, 1915, Mrs. Allen said:—"It is to Doan's Pills that I owe my twelve years of good health."

When the kidneys are ill the whole body is being slowly poisoned. That is why kidney complaint is so serious, and why it so often ends fatally. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cleanse and gently heal the kidneys, and so arrest the cause of kidney trouble, backache, rheumatism, dropsy, urinary disorders, gravel, languor, weakness and unnatural drowsiness.

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, 6 boxes 13/9, from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells-st., Oxford-st., London, W.

Doan's
Backache Kidney Pills

LUNTIN MIXTURE



A BLEND OF
 THE FINEST
 TOBACCO

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

THOMSON & PORTEOUS,
 EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5 1/2d.
TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d.

TRY THIS FOR DIGESTIVE TROUBLES?

A really wonderful prescription that is practically never failing in its power to give immediate relief and effect a lasting cure of even most serious forms of digestive disorders is found in the famous Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills, which are obtainable at all chemists. These tiny chocolate-coated pills are not a violent purgative, but purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves whilst gently removing waste products from the system. If you cannot secure your supply of Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills locally—you should certainly test them—send direct to the Proprietors (Dept. 30), 10, Darlington-street, Leeds. Sold in boxes, at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. Accept no substitute.—(Advt.)

IT'S NO USE SWEARING

at a tin which won't open—it's much better to get the "Tins with Tabs" instead. The tab is fitted to Day and Martin's Boot Polish, Floor Polish, Graft Polish, and Paste Metal Polish. You just pull it outwards and upwards to loosen the lid.

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

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

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



3,000 Years Hence:—5015 A.D.

PROFESSOR: "This is a remarkable find, and only goes to prove that our ancestors of the 20th Century, benighted though they were in most things, knew the value of

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH!

Mansion Polish is just as splendid for Floors, Lino and Furniture as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is for Boots and Shoes. Both polishes are sold by all Dealers in 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Tins.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

ZEPPELIN VICTIMS.

Man And Wife Found Dead
Kneeling By Their Bedside.
ANOTHER WOMAN DEAD.

Bombs Which Throw Off 5,000
Degrees Of Heat.

An inquest was held yesterday into the cause of death of three of the victims of the German air raid on the Metropolis on Monday night—Henry Thomas Good (46) and his wife, Caroline Good, and Elsie Leggett (3).

Henry Thomas Good, son of Mr. and Mrs. Good, stated that he was in bed when he heard a bomb, adding: "I got up and went out. I saw flames coming from the direction of my parents' house. I found my parents' house ablaze, but I was told they were out."

"I went into the garden of the empty house next door, and then I went to my grandparents' house, taking it for granted that my parents were safe. I was told afterwards that my parents were in the house, and that they could not get at them owing to the great heat. I subsequently heard that they were found dead in the bedroom."

A doctor who was called to the scene stated that he found the couple in a back room on the first floor. Both were kneeling beside the bed.

Police-constable Barnett stated: "At 11.5 I saw a bomb fall upon Good's house. I heard the sound of machinery in the air, and suddenly the house burst into flames. A woman appeared at the top-room window, but was unable to get out."

"I sent for a ladder, but owing to the fierce heat I was unable to reach her. With the assistance of other persons I held a blanket and asked her to jump. She did so, and was slightly injured in the fall. I was then informed that all the inhabitants were out of the house."

POLICEMAN'S PLUCK.

"About midnight I was informed that two bodies had been found in the back room on the first floor. I climbed a ladder at the back of the premises and saw Mr. and Mrs. Good kneeling by the bed. Evidently the man had had some clothes on, for there was a band of a guernsey on his right arm, which was around the woman's waist."

The Coroner remarked that the bombs produced by Barnett had contained thermit, which when ignited gives off enormous heat, as much as 5,000 degrees.

The landlord of the house said he understood that the woman who had jumped from the window had died that morning at her sister's house, to which she had been taken.

BARBAROUS METHODS.

The Coroner, in summing up, said "While armed airships are the proper means of attacking armies and navies, it is an entirely new and barbarous practice to use them as weapons of aggression against defenceless civilians in their beds."

"We may say that some unknown agent of the hostile German army murdered these persons, and beyond that I do not think we can go."

The jury returned a verdict "that Mr. and Mrs. Good died from suffocation and burns, having been murdered by some agent of a hostile force."

FATHER SAVED FOUR CHILDREN.

At the inquest on Elsie Lilian Leggett (3 years), the mother stated that her husband, on hearing a bomb, rushed to the back bedroom, where the children were asleep. As he opened the door a bomb crashed through the children's bed.

He got four of the children out, but the other was left. He thought he had got them all out. They were all very badly burned.

A police officer informed the coroner that the husband and all the children were in hospital suffering from burns.

Death was due to suffocation and burns, and the Coroner, in summing up, said the jury could add to their verdict that it was a case of murder, but no useful purpose would be served, as it was impossible to bring the offence home to the culprits.

Lieutenant Evelyn Talbot Cobbett said a label had been found showing that the bomb used had been made at Krupp's, Essen.

All the bombs had handles, and it might be of use to the public to know that with a pair of tongs or a piece of stick they could be thrown out of a window before they had a chance of setting fire to a place.

REDUCE YOUR FAT IN THE NATURAL WAY.

Superfluous flesh may now be removed in a perfectly natural manner. This is the one treatment calculated to rapidly reduce the weight and counteract the tendency to grow fat. Clynol berries exercise a most beneficial effect upon the system generally, toning up the digestive organs and strengthening the nerves. The action of these little brown berries does not cause the slightest discomfort, in fact, except for the loss in weight and the feeling of "fitness," you would not realise that you were rapidly reducing your figure to normal proportions. It is only necessary to eat about four berries a day, and being quite small and pleasant to the taste, they at once form an ideal specific for the treatment of obesity.

Averaged over a period of two months it is estimated that each berry eaten eliminates thirty grammes of fat from the body.

At the present time clynol berries are not very well known to the public generally, but any chemist can easily obtain them for you if specially requested to do so.

WON'T BILL BE DISAPPOINTED!



The oft-threatened raid on London has happened—and it provided the poorest topic of conversation of any happening since the war began.

A JOCKEY CLUB DISCUSSION.

Deputation Pleads For Obviation Of Unnecessary Distress.

A meeting of the Jockey Club was held at Derby House, Stratford-place, London, yesterday, and lasted just under two hours. Among those present were Captain Greer and Sir John Thursby, Stewards; Lord Derby, Lord Downe, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Durham, Mr. Leopold Rothschild, Sir E. Bass, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Lambton. Lord Jersey, Steward was not present.

The proceedings were private, but it is understood the matters discussed were in connection with extra racing at Newmarket and the consideration of the report of the deputation from the National Sporting League, who desired to urge that race meetings should be held in each week to obviate unnecessary distress through unemployment.

TIPPERARY RESULTS.

2.0.—Junction Hurdle Plate.—G.O.C. 11-2 (C. Hawkins) (4 to 6), 1; ARISEN, 10-3 (Gleeson) (10 to 1), 2; AFFECTIONATE, 10-11 (Farragher) (10 to 1), 3. 6 lengths; 5 lengths. 8 ran.
2.45.—Barronstown Steeplechase Plate.—PRINCESS, 10-12 (C. Hawkins) (100 to 8), 1; LADY ALDBOROUGH, 10-10 (Farragher) (5 to 4), 2; DUNDESBERT, 10-12 (G. Hartly) (35 to 1), 3. 12 lengths; 2 lengths. 8 ran.
3.30.—Tipperary Plate.—THE CLOUD, 9-9 (J. Doyle) (5 to 1), 1; MASTER OF LIGHT, 9-6 (J. Canty) (5 to 1), 2; LOP FORWARD, 9-5 (C. Barrett) (10 to 1), 3. 4 lengths; 6 lengths; 7 ran.
4.15.—Tally-Ho Plate.—TAME FOX, 10-12 (Colbert) (10 to 1), 1; GLENARBRY (Knight of Ghin), 10-12 (H. Nuttall) (5 to 4), 2; TREATY STONE, 10-7 (J. Parkinson) (9 to 2), 3. 14 lengths; 3/4 length.
5.0.—Tradesmen's Steeplechase Plate.—SILVER FLY, 10-3 (Colbert) (6 to 1), 1; MASSOL, 9-12 (Beggan) (4 to 1), 2; THOMAS BROWN, 9-12 (C. Hawkins) (evens), 3. 8 lengths; 6 lengths. 4 ran.

C. E. DE TRAFFORD'S HUNDRED.

Ex-county captains C. E. de Trafford, Leicestershire, and M. C. Bird, Surrey, scored heavily for Surrey Club and Ground against Westminster School at the Oval yesterday. The former made 129 and the latter 97, and P. G. Paul's 43 was the next best score in an innings which realised 321. P. W. Gardner took four wickets for 13 runs.

The School made 154, for 62 not out of which Gee was responsible.

Jack Johnson was present in London yesterday at a private view of the pictures of his contest with Jesse Willard. The Liverpool Football Club's balance sheet shows expenditure £10,875 and income £10,917. The usual dividend was recommended.

F. Rickaby, the jockey, and Miss Gracie Griggs, sister to the jockeys, Walter and William Griggs, were married at Newmarket yesterday afternoon.

DESMOND (Uspire)—*3 17 10 7 22 7 23 12 19—5 22 6 17—14 6 5 17 14 18 18.

LOW PRICES IN MONEY MARKET.

Little Business Done In American Securities.

There was no improvement in Stock Exchange business yesterday, and the general tendency of prices was towards a lower level.

Sellers of Home Railway stocks were in evidence, and prices were marked down 1/4 to 1/2 per cent. on an average. Scarcely any business was done in American securities. Canadian Pacific shares were offered at 162 1/2.

The Hovis-Bread Flour Company has had a successful year's trading, the profits for the period ended March last being £45,200, compared with £36,600. The dividend is maintained at 6 per cent., but the reserve receives £8,000 against £4,000 and £4,000 is carried forward, compared with £2,400 brought in.

NEW BLOOD—NEW VITALITY—NEW HEALTH

Iron-Ox Tablets make you look on Life with renewed Courage and Pleasure.

Unless your blood and digestion are in good condition you cannot have physical vitality—stamina, nerve force.

The conditions that make life worth living can only come when your digestion and blood are in perfect condition.

Iron-Ox Tablets bring back health, because they make rich, red blood. They supply the system with iron—that is easily and quickly assimilated. They banish weakness; clear and beautify the complexion; give restful sleep, a hearty appetite, vigour and strength. The wonderful effect of these tonic

tablets is felt all through the system. There is no mistaking the return of health and strength. Thousands of sufferers to-day are happy and healthy, thanks to the timely use of Iron-Ox Tablets. Get a box to-day.

Iron-Ox Tablets are not a new remedy. They have stood the test of years. They can be obtained at all chemists, and are packed in dainty aluminium cases for the waistcoat-pocket or purse. 50 Tablets cost 1s., 250 Tablets 4s. Ask your chemist for them, or send direct to the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

50 TABLETS 1/- 250 TABLETS 4/-

IRON-OX TABLETS

At all Chemists.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

Klara Alone In The House.

"Gentlemen! My dear friends! I shall miss my train!" pleaded old Ignác Goldstein querulously. He manoeuvred the two men towards the door and then prepared to follow them.

"Klara!" he called again.
"Coming, father," she replied.
She came running out of the room, and as she reached the door she called to Andor.

"Andor, you have not said good-night," she said significantly.

"Never mind about that now," said Ignác Goldstein fretfully, "I shall miss my train."
He kissed his daughter perfunctorily, then said:

"There's no one in the tap-room now, is there? I didn't notice."

"No," she replied, "no one just now."

"Then I'd keep the door shut, if I were you I'd rather those fellows back from Arad didn't come in to-night. The open door would react them—closed one might have the effect of speeding them on their way."

"Very well, father," she said indifferently. "I'll keep the door closed."

"And mind you push all the bolts home to both the doors," he added sternly. "A girl alone in a house cannot be too careful."

"All right, father," she rejoined impatiently. "I'll see to everything. Haven't I been alone like this before?"

The other two men were going down the verandah-steps. Goldstein went out too now and slammed the door behind him.

And Klara found herself alone in the house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"What Had Andor Done?"

She waited for a moment with her ear glued to the front door until the last echo of the men's footsteps had completely died away in the distance then she ran to the table. The tray was there, but no key upon it. With feverish, jerky movements she began to hunt for it, pushing aside bottles and mugs, opening drawers, searching wildly with dilated eyes all round the room.

The key was here, somewhere . . . surely, surely Andor had not played her false . . . he would not play her false . . . He was not that sort . . . surely, surely he was not that sort. He had come back from his errand—of course she had seen him just now, and . . . and he had said nothing certainly, but . . .

Well! He can't have gone far; and her father wouldn't hear if she called. She ran back to the door and fumbled at the latch, for her hands trembled so that she bruised them against the iron.

There! At last it was done! She opened the door and peered out into the night. Everything was still, not a footstep echoed from down the street.

She took one step out on to the verandah . . . then she heard a rustle from behind the pollarded acacia tree and a rustle amongst its leaves. Someone was there—on the watch! Leopold!

She smothered a scream of terror, and in a moment had fled back into the room and slammed and bolted the door behind her. Now she stood with her back against it, arms outstretched, fingers twitching convulsively against the wood. She was shivering as with cold, though the heat in the room was close and heavy with fumes of wine and tobacco, her teeth were chattering, a cold perspiration had damped the roots of her hair.

She had wanted to call Andor back, just to ask him definitely if he had been successful in his errand and what he had done with the key; perhaps he meant to tell her; perhaps he had merely forgotten to put the key on the tray, and still had it in his waistcoat pocket. She had been so excited not to come out and speak to him when she heard his voice in the taproom a while ago. She had wanted to, but her father monopolised her about his things for the journey. He had been exceptionally querulous to-night, and was always ready to be suspicious; also Béla had been in the taproom with Andor, and she wouldn't have liked to speak of the key before Béla. What she had been absolutely sure of, however, until now was that Andor would not have come back and then gone away like this if he had not succeeded in his errand and got her the key from Count Feri.

But the key was not there. There was no getting away from that, and she had wanted to call Andor back and to ask him about it—and had found Leopold Hirsch standing out there in the dark—watching.

She had not seen him—but she had felt his presence—and she was quite sure that she had heard the hissing sound of his indrawn breath and the movement which he had made to spring on her—and strangle her, as he had threatened to do—if she went out by the front door.

Mechanically she passed her hand across her throat. Terror—appalling, deadly terror of her life—had her in its grasp. She tottered across the room and sank into a chair. She wanted time to think.

What had Andor done? What a fool she had been not to ask him the straight question while she had the chance. She had been afraid of little things—her father's temper. Erős Béla's sneers—when now there was death and murder to fear.

What had Andor done?
Had he played her false?

The more she thought of it the more the idea got

root-hold in her brain. In order to be revenged for the humiliation which she had helped to put upon Eisa Andor had chosen this means for bringing her to everlasting shame and sorrow—the young Count murdered outside her door, in the act of sneaking into the house by a back way at dead of night while Ignác Goldstein was from home; Leopold Hirsch—her tokened friend—a murderer, condemned to hang for a brutal crime; she disgraced for ever, cursed if not killed by her father, who did not trifle in the matter of his daughter's good name.

The thought of it was too horrible. It beat into her brain until she felt that her head must burst as under the blows of a sledge-hammer, or else that she must go mad.

She pushed back the matted hair from her temples and looked round the tiny, dark, lonely room in abject terror. From far away came the shrill whistle of the engine which bore her father away to Kecskemét. It must be nearly half-past nine then, and close on half an hour since she had been left here alone with her terrors. Yet another half-hour and—

A Brush With Death.

No, no! This she felt that she could not endure—not another half-hour of this awful, death-dealing suspense. Anything would be better than that—death at Leopold's hands—a quick gasp, a final agony—yes! That would be briefer and better—and perhaps Leo's heart would misgive him—perhaps . . . out in any case anything must be better than this suspense.

She struggled to her feet; her knees shook under her: for the moment she could not have moved if her very life had depended on it. So she stood still, propped against the table, her hands clutching convulsively at its edge for support, and her eyes dilated and staring, still searching round the room wildly for the key.

At last she felt that she could walk; she tottered back across the room, back to the door, and her twitching fingers were once more fumbling with the bolts.

The house was so still and the air was so oppressive. When she paused in her fumbling—since her fingers refused her service—she could almost hear that movement again behind the acacia tree outside, and that rustling among the leaves.

She gave a wild gasp of terror and ran back to the chair—like a frightened feline creature, swift and silent—and sank into it, still gasping, her whole body shaken now as with fever, her teeth chattering, her limbs numb.

Death had been so near! She had felt an icy breath across her throat! She was frightened—hideously, abjectly, miserably frightened. Death lurked for her, there outside in the dark, from behind the acacia tree! Death in the guise of a jealous madman, whose hate had been whetted by an hour's lonely watch in the dark—lonely but for his thoughts.

Tears of self-pity as well as of fear rose to the unfortunate girl's eyes; convulsive sobs shook her shoulders and tore at her heart till she felt that she must choke. She threw out her arms across the table and buried her face in them, and lay there sobbing and moaning in her terror and in her misery.

How long he remained thus, crying and half inert with mental anguish and pain, she could not afterwards have told. Nor did she know what it was that roused her from this torpor, and caused her suddenly to sit up in her chair, upright, wide-awake, her every sense on the alert.

Surely she could not have heard the fall of footsteps at the back of the house! There was the whole width of the inner room and two closed doors between her and the yard at the back, and the ground there was soft and muddy; no footstep, however firm, could raise echoes there.

And yet she had heard! Of that she felt quite sure, heard with that sixth sense of which she, in her ignorance, knew nothing, but which, nevertheless, now had roused her from that coma-like state into which terror had thrown her, and set every one of her nerves tingling once more and pulsating with life and the power to feel.

For the moment all her faculties seemed merged into that of hearing. With that same sixth sense she heard the stealthy footsteps coming nearer and nearer. They had not approached from the village, but from the fields at the back, and along the little path which led through the unfenced yard straight to the back door.

These footsteps—which seemed like the footsteps of ghosts, so intangible were they—were now so near that to Klara's supersensitive mind they appeared to be less than ten paces from the back door.

A Groan And A Thud.

Then she heard another footstep—she heard it quite distinctly, even though walls and doors were between her and them—she heard the movement from behind the acacia tree—the one that stands at the corner of the house, in full view of both the doors—she heard the rustle among its low-hanging branches and that hissing sound as of an indrawn breath.

She shot up from her chair like an automaton—rigid and upright, her mouth opened as for a wild shriek, but all power of sound was choked in her throat. She ran into the inner room like one possessed, her mouth still wide open for the frantic shriek which would not come, for that agonizing call for help.

She fell up against the back door. Her hands tore at the lock, at the woodwork, at the plaster around; she bruised her hands and cut her fingers to the bone, but still that call would not come to her throat—not even now, when she heard on the other side of the door, less than five paces from where she lay, frantic with horror, a groan, a smothered cry, a thud—then swiftly hurrying footsteps flying away in the night.

Then nothing more, for she was lying now in a huddled mass, half unconscious on the floor.

(To be Continued.)



Our Portrait is of Miss Ruth C. Hart, of 129, Pedro Street, Clapton Park, London, N.E., who writes:—

"It is with great pleasure that I am writing to tell you how I have been cured by your marvellous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I was suffering from

Abscesses in the Glands

under my left arm, having eight or nine in succession, and was in such agony I did not know what to do. I was under a doctor for many weeks, but did not derive much benefit. Being a domestic, I found it a great burden to do my duties. Then I was recommended to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' by a friend who had been completely cured of Rheumatism by it, so decided to try one of your small bottles, and it gave me such relief it was really marvellous. Having finished it, I bought an 11s. case, which completely cured me. It is now 12 months since I took your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which did not fail, and have recommended it to many friends, as I think it a great boon."

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

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The lad in khaki promptly surrendered to the "Tag" girl's charms.



Lady Randolph Churchill in a speech at the Wood Green Empire kindled enthusiasm for the objects of "Tag-Day."—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)



A tiny collector who found her task an easy one.



Carrie Lanceley, the Australian soprano, celebrated "Tag-Day" by singing at a recruiting meeting held in Regent-street on behalf of the 10th London Regiment.



Violet Vanbrugh sold a "tag" to the flower girl and bought a whole bouquet herself.



A pretty actress had a profitable ride on the back of Albert Filano, the famous animal impersonator.



Elsie Janis smiled alluringly, with her best forget-me-not smile.

It was "Tag-Day" in London yesterday, and belles of the stage were busy selling dainty bunches of forget-me-nots in aid of music-hall charities.