

DAILY SKETCH.

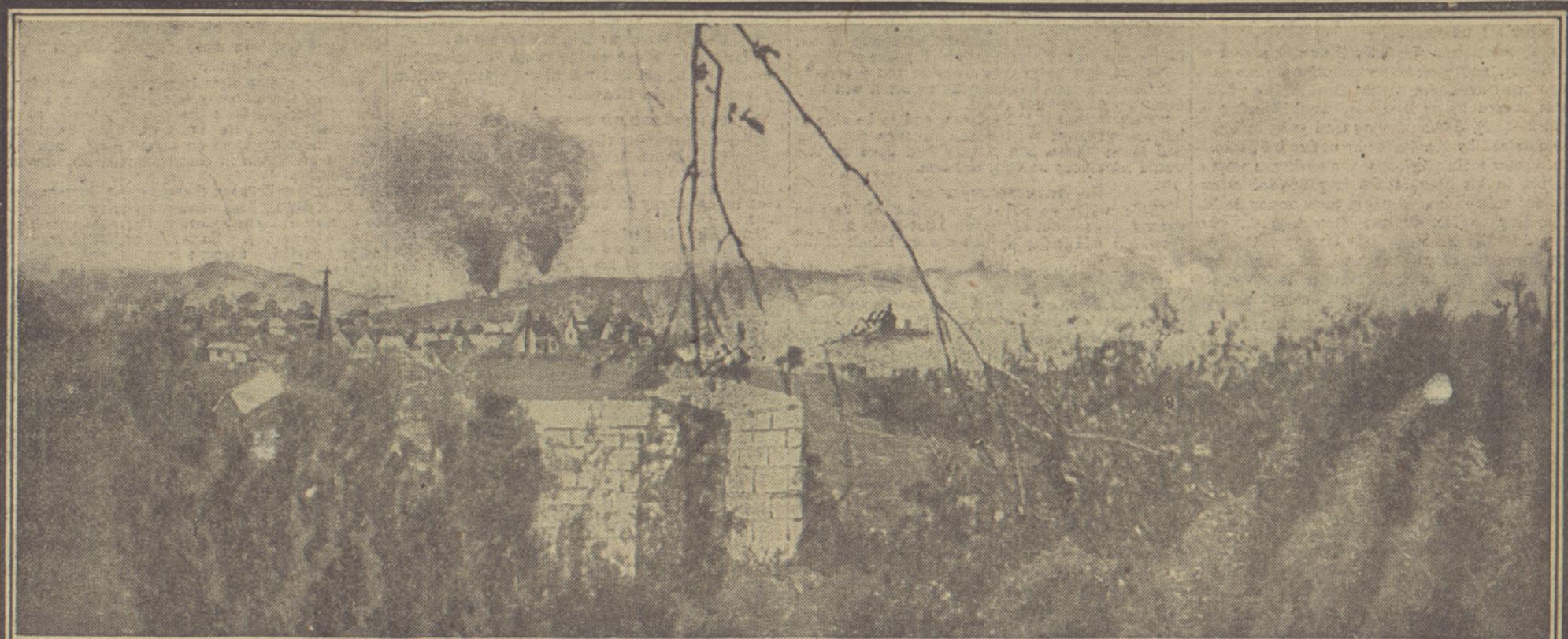
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No. 1,946.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

AFTER THE GUNS—THE BAYONET.



THE ENEMY'S POSITIONS.

SHELLS BURSTING.

READY TO LEAVE TRENCH IN WOODS.

The second great Battle of Ypres in two phases—photographs taken while the fighting was still in progress. In the top picture our guns are bombarding the enemy's lines. You can mark the flight of our shells as they burst with unerring aim over the German trenches. The guns themselves are carefully hidden from view. In the bottom picture you see our infantry creeping forward to the attack. The artillery have cleared the way—the bayonet now must push the victory home.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographs.)

LOVE ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Earl's Granddaughter And Adventurous Dane. MARRIAGE PROPOSAL AT 77. "My Body Trembles With The Gentle Thrill Of Love."

A love romance in high life, in which the chief characters were Lady Harvey, granddaughter of the late Earl of Breadalbane, and Mr. William Gretor, a Dane, "employed in the secret service of a certain Government," was unfolded yesterday in the prosaic atmosphere of the King's Bench Division.

In 1912 Lady Harvey, then 76 years of age, inherited from her sister a large estate at Langton, Berwickshire, the property including a fine old manor house and a famous collection of pictures and other art treasures.

Shortly afterwards she made the acquaintance of Mr. Gretor, and yesterday's action had reference to two pearl necklaces, worth about £4,500, which it was alleged by an executor, Lord Binning of Berwick—Lady Harvey having died early in 1913—were obtained by Mr. Gretor by undue influence.

Mr. Gretor maintained that the necklaces were a gift, but in his absence the jury decided otherwise, and ordered him to return them or pay £4,500.

According to Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., who appeared for the executors, Lady Harvey, at the time that the romance opened, was a widow. She had been twice married, first to Mr. Alexander Anderson, an Australian, and then to Sir Robert Bateson Harvey.

"ATTRACTIVE AND AGREEABLE SWINDLER."

Her one consolation in her old age, counsel explained, was an artist's delight in old china, and at Langton she found such an exquisite collection that she had an inventory made. By that means she and Mr. Gretor were brought together.

In "an unfortunate moment," Mr. Hewart said, she communicated with a London firm who, sent to Langton a man named Button, and Button was acquainted with Gretor.

"An attractive and agreeable swindler, the latter," Mr. Hewart declared, "combined with the experience of an undischarged bankrupt a peculiar experience of feminine frailty, a spurious veneer of interest in art, and a perfectly genuine appetite for other people's property." (Laughter.)

Gretor was first introduced to this susceptible old lady in August, 1912. When "he came, he saw, and he conquered," added counsel.

Gretor went to Langton upon several occasions, staying as long as a fortnight at a time. Lady Harvey was completely at his feet, "or in his pocket," and even went so far as to promise to be his wife, notwithstanding her 77 years. "She was his slave," counsel observed.

In January, 1913, she came to London, bringing with her the two necklaces. Gretor got them from her on the very day of her arrival, and she never had them again. Then within three months Lady Harvey had a very severe stroke of paralysis, and in three days she died.

"HOW SWEET A MEMORY YOUR KISS."

Gretor paid four visits to Langton in six months, and from the beginning began to exercise a remarkable influence over Lady Harvey, who wrote after his first visit:—

"Do come again. Let me know the place and time, and I will send the motor-car and make you as comfortable as I can. . . I will not ask you to purchase, but only show you my treasures. I hope if you come you will spend a few nights under my roof."

After a letter acknowledging a gift of flowers came the following:—

"Best and most prized of friends, write to say you are well and happy. There is gloom all over the sky and the gallery, except where your gifts are placed. The lovely orchids are still on the little table."

A later letter read:—

"How sweet a memory your kiss of yesterday left me. It was not at all vulgar. My body trembles with the gentle thrill of love."

In October, 1912, the lady wrote:—

"My Well-Beloved.—You know I love you, because you are crippled and your health is not good. . . We must not forget that our love must not be advertised before the world."

Subsequently writing to "dear, kind, generous friend," she said:—

"I will place a maternal kiss on your neck. I imagine your neck is very, very soft. . . It is wretched to be forced to love as we do, to live separated."

"LIKE A BEAUTIFUL STAR."

Once Lady Harvey wrote:—

"The hope of seeing you soon is like a beautiful star to show me the road."

Another letter contained the injunction:—

"Don't kiss me before the servants. This is not usual with us."

Certain things were brought to Lady Harvey's knowledge, whereupon she wrote:—

"The love I have for you I keep, but we must finish with it. It would have given me enormous pleasure to have lived by your side and helped to lift you up. Give me up. It prolongs the agony. To me you have always been all that is honourable and a perfect gentleman."

Now I must close, with a great big kiss.

Letters from Mr. Gretor to Lady Harvey were also read. In one of them he wrote: "I embrace you a thousand times," and he mentioned her "Dear hands, pretty eyes and brave heart." "I send you a big, big kiss," he added, and signed himself "Thy Willie."

As stated, the jury found for the plaintiff.

PROUD BRITISH REGIMENT'S GREATEST BATTLE.

Sir John French's Tribute To The Men Who Kept Their Heads.

Warm praise has been bestowed on the men comprising the 80th Infantry Brigade for the splendid manner in which they recently fought at Ypres.

In a speech to the Brigade after the fighting the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, said:—

"The 80th Brigade have had a very hard time, and I want to tell you how much I appreciate what you have done. You held on to your trenches in the most magnificent manner under a more severe artillery bombardment than has ever been known, and in doing so you have been of the greatest assistance to operations which the British Army was carrying out at the time."

HOW THEY MADE WAR.

"Men who have merely to lie down and wait under a fire like that are apt to think they are undergoing war rather than making war, but I want to tell you that by doing what you did you were really making war or what will be known in the future as a great battle—the second battle of Ypres."

"By holding on to your trenches you prevented the Germans from attaining an object it was very necessary for them to attain."

"They wanted to take Ypres, and to be able to tell the whole of Europe and America that they had taken Ypres, and if they had done so this would have done us a lot of harm."

BROUGHT ITALY IN.

"This might have had the effect of keeping neutral nations out of the war, but I can tell you that Italy will to-day declare war on behalf of the Allies."

"You prevented them from taking Ypres by your tenacity, and besides that you drove off German forces attacking you, and so considerably helped the Allied advance from the south of Arras."

"To remain in the trenches under a heavy artillery bombardment, to keep your heads and your discipline, and to be able to use your rifles at the end of it, require far higher qualities of personal bravery than actively to attack the enemy when everybody is on the move and conscious of doing something."

THEIR GREATEST GLORY.

"I see before me famous old regiments whose battle honours show they have upheld the British Empire in all parts of the world in many famous battles, but I tell you that the battle you have just fought will rank higher than any that your regiments have to show on your colours."

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT MEETS PARLIAMENT

Liberals And Unionists Sit Side By Side On Front Benches.

When the Coalition Government met the House of Commons yesterday for the first time it was found that a number of the former Ministers, both Unionist and Liberal, were occupying the front Opposition bench—a fact about which there has been much speculation.

Of members of the late Ministry there were present Mr. Hobbouse, Mr. J. A. Pease, Mr. J. M. Robertson and Sir H. Verney, by the side of whom sat the veteran Unionist, Mr. Chaplin, Viscount Valentia, Sir Robert Finlay, Colonel Lockwood, and other Conservative stalwarts.

An equally assorted company sat on the Treasury bench. There were Sir John Simon, the new Home Secretary, who explained that the Premier was "absent on urgent public business," Mr. Churchill, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Samuel, Mr. Tennant, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord E. Talbot, Mr. Pretymann, and Mr. H. W. Forster.

The chief business was to consider the Government Bill to obviate the necessity of the new Ministers seeking re-election, and the Bill for the creation of the Ministry of Munitions.

Sir John Simon accepted a suggestion that the former should apply only to the present crisis, and not for the war, and the measure went through all its stages.

A first reading was given to the second Bill, the Home Secretary explaining that the War Office would be the authority to demand ammunition, and the new Ministry the authority to supply it.

"CULPABLE HOMICIDE."

Grave Charge Against Tinsley, The Gretna Signalman.

James Tinsley, the signalman, arrested after the Gretna railway disaster, has been liberated on bail of £300, advanced by the Railwaymen's Union.

The charge against him is one of culpable homicide and of causing the death of the driver and fireman of the troop train and three officers.

It is expected that the trial will take place at Edinburgh.

SEND NO MORE RESPIRATORS.

An improved type of respirator has been adopted as the official pattern on the recommendation of a special expert committee.

Ample supplies of this respirator are now available at the front, and it is undesirable, as well as unnecessary, for the public to supply their soldier friends with other patterns.—War Office statement.

Brig.-General M. G. Jacson (55), who helped to defend Ladysmith, has died suddenly at Gosport.

Cheshire's oldest man, Mr. Joseph Froggatt, of Offerton, who has nine grandsons in the Army, was congratulated by the King yesterday on his 101st birthday.

ASTONISHING SOCIAL WHIRL IN BERLIN.

Woman's Vivid Picture Of Life In The Enemy Capital.

GAIETIES AND GRIMNESS.

There is still an astonishing social whirl in Berlin. The capital is a contrast of gaiety and grimness. Catharine van Dyke, an American woman, who has just arrived in England from Berlin, has written a remarkable article for the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, in which she describes the Berlin of to-day, and draws a wonderful picture of its contrasts. She also deals with its war spirit and gives some home truths for London.

British women will be greatly interested in these vivid impressions of an American woman. There will be many other features in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, which will make a direct appeal to women. There will be photographs and sketches which will be a great attraction to women, and chatty articles on home life, fashions, etc.

A short story which will be of special interest to women will be entitled "A New Soldier," written by Beatrice Heron Maxwell.

MR. BELLOC ON SHELLS AND MEN.

A leading feature in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* will be Mr. Hilaire Belloc's article on "Shells and Men." Mr. Belloc has just returned from France, and there will be tremendous interest in reading what he has to say on the two great subjects of the hour.

Mr. Belloc is perhaps the only writer on the war whose opinions no one cares to dispute. He is always so sure of his facts. And what he has to say on the questions of "Shells and Men" will be readily accepted by vast numbers of people who have learned to trust his writings implicitly.

"The Voice of the Young Men" will be the subject of a stirring article by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in which he will discuss what the sentiment and idealism of youth can do in the war.

The *Sunday Herald's* remarkable series of character sketches will be continued with an intimate study of Mr. Balfour.

The best articles on subjects of real interest to men and women, and the finest display of exclusive war pictures, appear in the *Sunday Herald*.

LONDON TERRITORIALS IN ACTION

23rd And 24th Regiments Lose Heavily In Officers.

Heavy losses in the London Territorial regiments at the front are indicated in the casualty lists reported from General Headquarters on May 28.

Ten officers have been killed, one died of wounds, 28 are wounded, and two missing.

1st Middlesex.	Capt. A. H. Moberly.
KILLED.	Sec. Lt. H. C. A. Tooth.
Capt. and Adj. H. R. R. Anson.	20th London (Blackheath and Woolwich).
2nd London Division, Divisional Cyclist Co.	WOUNDED.
WOUNDED.	Lt. W. F. Dyer.
Sec. Lt. W. J. Corbishley.	17th London (Poplar and Stepney Rifles).
Sec. Lt. K. G. H. R. Dunn.	WOUNDED.
6th London (Rifles).	Major F. J. Oxley.
WOUNDED.	22nd London (Queen's).
Major R. C. Boothby.	WOUNDED.
Capt. E. L. Phillips.	Sec. Lt. T. S. Belshaw.
8th London (Post-Office Rifles).	23rd London.
KILLED.	KILLED.
Sec. Lt. O. J. Lawrence.	Sec. Lt. H. E. Handley.
Lt. N. C. MacLehose.	DIED OF WOUNDS.
WOUNDED.	Sec. Lt. P. W. J. Stevenson.
Lt. S. Russell-Cooke.	WOUNDED.
12th London (Rangers).	Lt. L. S. Clinton.
WOUNDED.	Capt. A. T. Fearon.
Sec. Lt. S. G. Telfer.	Lt. D. G. Johnson.
Sec. Lt. A. E. Whitehouse.	Sec. Lt. H. B. N. Nixon.
15th London (Civil Service Rifles).	Capt. G. C. Phillips.
KILLED.	Sec. Lt. G. R. Y. Radcliffe.
Capt. A. E. Trembath.	Lt. C. A. C. Rowley.
WOUNDED.	Capt. S. H. Van Neck.
Sec. Lt. A. C. Bull.	24th London (Queen's).
Sec. Lt. H. R. E. Clarke.	KILLED.
Sec. Lt. W. E. Ind.	Lt. E. J. Garner Smith.
Lt. F. C. Olliff.	Capt. F. M. Gill.
21st London (Surrey Rifles).	Lt. W. H. S. Morrison.
KILLED.	WOUNDED.
Lt. L. H. R. Hull.	Sec. Lt. L. W. Moberley.
Lt. H. R. Savel.	Capt. H. L. F. B. Nadand.
WOUNDED.	Capt. S. Wheeler.
Sec. Lt. G. M. McKay.	MISSING.
	Sec. Lt. F. M. Chance.
	Sec. Lt. W. W. P. Gaskell.

Altogether last night's casualty lists include the names of 128 officers and 1,752 men in France, and 26 officers and 737 men in the Dardanelles. Two



HON. T. C. AGAR-ROBARTES.



BRIG.-GENERAL C. L. PEREIRA.—(Russell.)

officers of the Coldstream Guards, Brigadier-General C. L. Pereira and Lieut. the Hon. T. C. Agar-Robartes, figure in the list of wounded.

THE HARD CASE OF THE MARRIED OFFICER.

Men Who Are Penalised For Serving Their Country. INSUFFICIENT PAY.

Why Not Separation Allowances For Their Wives?

The financial lot of the present-day young officer in the Army is not a distinctly happy one. In the majority of cases he is worse off than a sergeant in his own regiment, and this because the Government authorities have not yet seen their way to make separation allowances, as is done amongst the lower ranks.

A year ago men who became officers had ample private means to cover all the extra expenses attaching to their position, but nowadays the rule is for the man to give up his berth and endeavour to keep himself, wife and family on his Army pay. In most instances this is a well-nigh impossible task.

Whether a man rises from the ranks or joins as an officer, the difficulty is still the same, and the former probably feels the hardship more, as the separation allowance is promptly discontinued. There are many cases on record where men have refused promotion in consequence of the financial position.

It sounds well to say that a second lieutenant gets 7s. 6d. a day and allowances, which sometimes run to another 5s., but an average may be struck at a total of 9s. a day. So far so good, but when the other side of the account is considered, a different aspect is found. At the least, mess allowance is 3s. 6d. a day, and it varies between that and 7s. This makes a considerable hole in the Army pay, and if the officer has a wife and children his difficulty in making ends meet is far greater than that experienced by his colleague of lesser rank.

GOVERNMENT KNOW ABOUT IT.

But, in addition, he has further liabilities to meet. Amongst other matters he has to defray the renewal of his kit, and he is expected to travel first-class when making any journey, and there are a hundred and one other incidentals which go towards maintaining his position. The sergeant, with fairly good pay and separation allowance for his wife and children, has none of these expenses, and he has no "position to keep up."

Happily, the Officers' Family Fund has come to the rescue in hundreds of instances, but the young officer asks himself: Why do not the Government see to the matter?

That they recognise the difficulty is shown by the fact that they have been taking an interest in the mess bills of certain regiments.

SHALL I RESIGN?

These have, in some cases, actually exceeded the pay of the junior officer, who is placed in a very difficult position. The resignation of a commission is looked askance at nowadays. But what is a man to do?

An officer told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday that his own expenses and those of his family—and he is a careful man—exceeded his pay by 25s. a week. "I have £40 left in the bank," he said, "and if you divide 25s. into £40 you will see exactly how long I can go on serving my country as an officer."

Several things can be done. The Government can limit the mess bills to 3s. a day—ample for anybody in war-time; they can grant separation allowances, even if only on the same scale as to the men; or they can increase the pay of the officer.

That something will have to be done is certain—if we do not want to frighten away good men.

EACH HAVE BROTHERS AVENGING THEM.



Sir Robert and Lady Hermon-Hodge have been bereaved by the war of their sixth son, John Percival Hermon-Hodge, a 2nd lieutenant in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. He was one of seven brothers serving in the Army and Navy.—(Walter Appleby and Queen's Adam.)



Lieut. Cecil O. Sayer, of the 7th Batt. Durham Light Infantry, who is wounded and a prisoner, is the eldest of five brothers serving. A native of Kirkby Stephen, Westmoreland, he is thirty years of age. He was educated at College, Oxford.

VERY LATEST IN STRIKES.

At Victoria and Albert Docks yesterday work was suspended for a time because the men belonging to the Stevedores' Union, employed by shipowners, declined to work unless they were given double pay for the day, claiming that under regulations (as it was the King's birthday) they were entitled to double pay.

Usually on the King's birthday the men get a holiday with a day's pay.

During the day the men were persuaded to return, and a union official said they left work "under a misapprehension."

'DO NOT TALK OF CONSCRIPTION AS ANTI-DEMOCRATIC.'—Mr. Lloyd George.

NATION MUST TRUST THE GOVERNMENT.

"Don't Snipe From Behind," Says Mr. Lloyd George.

LIFE OF THE NATION IN THE BALANCE.

Upon Munitions Workers Depends Issue Of The War.

EQUAL SACRIFICES BY ALL CITIZENS.

To introduce compulsion as an important element in organising the nation's resources of skilled industry and trade does not necessarily mean conscription in the ordinary sense of the term.

Conscription is a question of necessity, and if the necessity arise no man of any party will protest.

Our country is fighting for its life and for the liberation of Europe.

Upon what it is prepared to sacrifice will depend the issue.

I would almost say at the present moment everything depends upon the workshops of Britain.

These significant words were addressed by Mr. Lloyd George to a meeting of engineering employees and trade union representatives at Manchester yesterday.

The Minister for Munitions was most deliberate when he declared that upon masters and men engaged in running the workshops of the country, more than upon any other section of the community, depended whether Britain would emerge from this colossal struggle "beaten, humiliated, stripped of power, honour and influence and a mere bondslave of a cruel military tyranny, or whether it would come out triumphant, free and more powerful than ever for good in the affairs of men."

"Our Russian Allies have suffered a severe set-back," he declared, and this was entirely due to the enormous expenditure of shell by the Germans.

Had we been able to apply the same process to the Germans Belgium would have been cleared of them, they would have been turned out of France, and we should have actually penetrated into Germany.

The moral was to produce munitions in the desired quantities, and to use compulsion for their production if voluntary effort were not sufficient.

WORST ORGANISED NATION IN THE WORLD.

Labour Must Submit To Control And Direction By The State.

Great Britain, Mr. Lloyd George told the meeting, was the worst organised nation in the world for the war.

He contended that our unpreparedness proved we were not guilty of bringing the war about.

We have not concentrated one-half of our industrial strength on the problem of carrying the conflict through successfully.

We must, he said, increase the mobility of labour, and we must have greater subordination of labour to the direction and control of the State.

700,000 SHELLS IN ONE BATTLE

In the terrible battle for Przemysl. Mr. Lloyd George said, the Germans concentrated 200,000 shells in a single hour—they used 700,000 in a single battle.

In France the private engineering firms had given to the State assistance which was of value beyond computation.

To their organisation of the production of the machinery and munitions of war was largely due the fact that the French had been able to pierce the German lines during the last few weeks.

He was not there to brandish his powers under the Defence of the Realm Act, though they were very great if necessity arose—(laughter)—but the committee which they would appoint among themselves would find the compulsory powers of the Defence of the Realm Act very helpful in getting rid of necessary difficulties. (Laughter and cheers.)

These powers also would enable them to secure that sacrifices should be equalised, and that one person did not take advantage of another's willingness to help.

Compulsion was not meant for the majority of people, but there were a few who just lagged behind, and it was very useful to have something to jog them along.

EVERY CITIZEN'S DUTY.

It was the elementary duty of every citizen to place the whole of his strength and resources at the disposal of his native land in this hour of need.

No State could exist except on the basis of full recognition of that duty on the part of every man and every woman in the land.

The primary responsibility must rest with the Government for the time being. They alone possess all the facts, which were only known, and could only be known, by the Government. (Hear, hear.)

NO SHOTS IN THE BACK.

It was a question of trusting the Government for the time being with the whole destinies of the nation, or of dismissing them and setting up another.

In the French Revolution, when they distrusted a Minister, they had a very summary method of dealing with him, and they never wasted any time over it.

I don't mind the guillotining of the Ministers or generals (said the ex-Chancellor), if necessary, but until they reach the scaffold they ought to be obeyed, and, above all, do not unnerve them by sniping at them from behind.

CONSCRIPTION DEMOCRATIC.

Mr. Lloyd George asked them not to talk of conscription as anti-democratic. He said:—

"We won and saved our liberties in this land on more than one occasion by compulsory service.

"France saved the liberties she had won in the great Revolution from the hands of a tyrannical military empire purely by compulsory service.

"The great Republic of the West won its independence and saved its national existence by compulsory service, and two of the greatest democratic countries of Europe to-day—France and Belgium—were defending their national existence and liberties by means of compulsory service.

"It has been the greatest weapon in the hands of democracy many a time for the winning and preservation of freedom.

"All the same, it would be a great mistake to resort to it unless it be absolutely necessary. That is the point."

Sir Percy Girouard and Lord Derby also addressed the meeting.

BRITISH VICTORY OVER TURKS IN MESOPOTAMIA.

550 Prisoners, Six Guns, And Large Stores Of Munitions Taken.
From the India Office.

Thursday.
After the hostile columns which had recently threatened us on the lines of the Euphrates and Karum rivers had been successfully dispersed, a combined naval and military attack was organised on the morning of May 31 against the remaining hostile force in position about a couple of miles north of Kurnah.

Starting at 1.30 a.m. our troops, partly by wading and partly by boats, skilfully executed a turning movement. The enemy's guns were soon silenced by our artillery, the excellent practice made by the naval guns and by a Territorial battery being specially conspicuous.

The heights occupied by the Turks were seized by noon, and the enemy fled, leaving three sixteen-pounder guns complete, with ammunition, and nearly 250 prisoners in our hands.

After harmlessly exploding several heavily-charged mines, discovered later in the river bed and on land, we continued our advance on June 1, but found that the enemy had hastily evacuated his camps at Barhan and Ratta, leaving a number of tents standing.

He was observed retreating in steamers and native boats, which were speedily pursued by the Naval Flotilla.

By Tuesday evening we reached a point five miles north of Ezra's tomb and some 33 miles north of Kurnah.

The Turkish steamer Bulbul was overtaken and sunk. We also captured two large lighters, one of which contained three field guns, ammunition and mines, as well as several native craft and about 300 prisoners.

The pursuit was being continued by moonlight. Our casualties have been trifling, amounting to about 20 in all.

BRITISH SUBMARINE PLAGUES THE TURKS.

Another German Transport Sunk In The Sea Of Marmora.

From the Admiralty.

Thursday.
The Vice-Admiral at the Dardanelles reports that one of the British submarines at present operating in the Sea of Marmora torpedoed a large German transport in Panderma Bay yesterday morning.

An amnesty has been granted to the Countess Tarnowska, the central figure of the sensational murder trial at Venice.

178 BOMBS MEANT FOR THE CROWN PRINCE.

29 French Airmen Attack His Headquarters.

SHOWERS OF DARTS.

French Official News.

PARIS, Thursday Night.

Twenty-nine French aviators, between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning, bombarded the Headquarters of the Imperial Crown Prince.

They dropped 178 bombs, many of which struck their objective, and also several thousand darts.

All the aircraft were heavily shelled, but all returned safely.—Reuter.

HOW CHATEAU HOOGE WAS WON.

British Territorials Complimented By Sir John French.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Thursday.

Such news as has filtered through to this place concerning the fighting near Zonnebeke, which resulted in the taking by the British of the Chateau Hooge, shows the engagement provided a magnificent opportunity for the dash and courage of our troops in face of a stubborn task.

The feat was carried out by troops who had suffered a violent bombardment in the trenches on either side of the Menin road, and a long and sanguinary struggle took place before the Germans were finally driven from the precincts of the Chateau.

The enemy displayed the greatest bravery. Numbers of German soldiers refused to surrender or to take their chances by fleeing into the open and were killed where they stood.

In the course of recent isolated engagements in Flanders the Territorials have again distinguished themselves and earned the warm approval of the British Commander-in-Chief.

British wounded from the region of La Bassée report that, according to the statements of German prisoners, one of the enemy's superior officers recently committed suicide owing to chagrin at his inability to stem the British advance.—Central News.

PROGRESS IN THE "LABYRINTH."

French Official News.

PARIS, Thursday Night.

There is nothing to report except further progress by our troops in the "Labyrinth" to the south-east of Neuville St. Vaast.—Reuter.

KAISER'S FIRE SQUIRTS.

Monster Machine To Project Burning Material A Long Distance.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

The *Tyd* publishes a letter from Germany dispatched in such a way as not to pass through the Censor's hands, which says a new building has been erected at Krupp's for the manufacture of some mysterious new war engine which is believed to be a monster machine for squirting burning liquid to a long distance.—Reuter.

BULGARS ON TURKISH FRONTIER.

ROME, Thursday.

The Athens correspondent of the *Tribuna* telegraphs that, according to news from Constantinople, Bulgaria is concentrating an army on the Turkish frontier. There is great alarm in Constantinople, and troops are being recalled from Gallipoli to be sent to Adrianople and Kirkkilisse.—Central News.

ZEP. OVER FINCHLEY, SAYS WOLFF

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

The Wolff Bureau correspondent learns from a good source that at the last Zeppelin raid on London an airship reached Finchley, in the northern outskirts of London, and it must have flown over the greater part of the city.

According to the same source the damage caused is much greater than has been announced.—Wireless Press.

A WARRIOR IF A LAD IN YEARS.

In hospital at Manchester as a result of wounds received in France, Rifleman F. T. Selleck, of the 12th County of London Regiment, "The Rangers," has not yet celebrated his 17th birthday! An example, indeed, to those still holding back!



Extra Late Edition.

AUSTRIA RECAPTURES HER LOST STRONGHOLD.

Przemysl Defences Carried By Night Assault.

16-INCH GUNS AT WORK.

Russians Fight Till The Last Shell Is Spent.

Austrian Official News.

VIENNA (via Amsterdam), Thursday.

In the Russian theatre of war the German troops last night stormed the last Russian positions on the north of Przemysl.

They entered the town at 3.30 this morning from the north.

Our Tenth Corps entered the town from the west and south, and reached the main square of the town soon after six.

The importance of this success cannot yet be estimated.—Reuter.

German Official News.

Berlin, Thursday Afternoon.

The fortress of Przemysl was captured early this morning after the fortifications on the south front which were still held by the enemy had been stormed by us during the night. The booty has not yet been ascertained.—Reuter.

The Austro-German forces have—according to both Berlin and Vienna—recaptured the famous Galician fortress after it has been in the hands of Russia for over two months.

Their success means a check to the Russians, whose campaign is thus delayed by months, and will release the large Austrian forces necessary to meet the steady advance of the Italian troops.

News from Przemysl has for some days been of a disquieting nature.

Berlin claimed on Tuesday that three forts to the north of Przemysl had been captured.

Petrograd admitted that in hand-to-hand fighting at the forts to the west and north-west the enemy gained a footing in one fort, but were repulsed.

Then Germany reported that two further fortifications were stormed.

The official statement from Petrograd received yesterday made no mention of this, but stated that several Russian guns had been captured by the Austro-German forces.

The principal assault, directed against the forts on the north front, which had been almost completely demolished by the Austrians before the surrender of the fortress to the Russians, was repulsed.

"ATTACKS REPULSED."

16-Inch Guns Batter Russian Defences Of The Twice-Lost Fortress.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.

In Galicia, from the 31st, on the front between the Vistula and Przemysl, very stubborn fighting has been developing again.

Przemysl was bombarded with heavy guns up to 16-inch calibre. The enemy delivered the principal attack against the north front in the region of Forts Nos. 10 and 11, which the Austrians had almost completely demolished before the surrender of the fortress.

When we repulsed these attacks the enemy succeeded in taking several of our guns, which bombarded the enemy's columns till the enemy were almost at the muzzles' mouth and the last shell was spent.

According to supplementary information we made near Fort No. 7 200 more prisoners and took eight quickfirers.—Reuter.

A YOUTH—BUT "IN DISPATCHES."

Rifleman J. A. Pouchot, said to be the youngest member of the Queen's Westminster Rifles, has been mentioned in dispatches for distinguished conduct on the field. When a comrade near by was wounded young Pouchot, regardless of the heavy firing going on, went to his aid.



—(W. and E. Downey.)

GENTLEMAN RANKER



The Hon. A. E. Butler (wearing an apron), who joined the Sportsman's Battalion as a private, now holds a commission in the King's Royal Rifles.

DADDY'S WOUNDED!



Little Roger Chetwode's father, General Sir Philip Chetwode, the brilliant cavalry leader, has just been wounded.—(Swaine.)

HIS TWIN JOYS.



Lieut. Gordon Corsers, now serving with the Royal Field Artillery, with his little twin sons.—(Kate Pragnell.)

INDIA'S FAMOUS POET KNIGHTED.



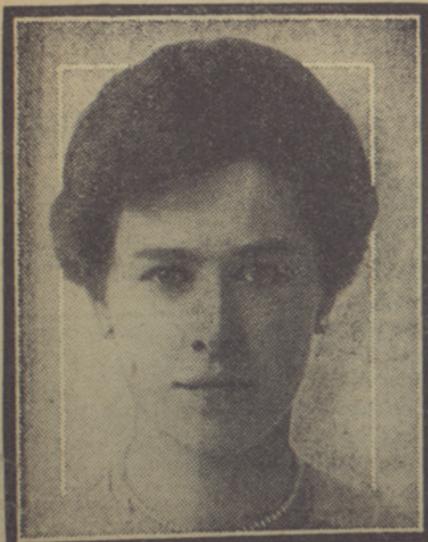
Rabindranath Tagore, seen with three little English friends, is the greatest of living Indian poets. He has just been knighted.

ON THEIR WAY TO NURSE THE TYPHUS-STRICKEN MONTENEGRINS.



Three doctors, two of them women, and a party of nurses left Paddington yesterday on their way to Montenegro to help to fight the typhus scourge. In the centre of the group are Dr. Lillias Hamilton, Dr. Carré, and Dr. Constance Slater.

A SOLDIER'S BETROTHED.



Miss Mabel Adeline Lodge, engaged to Lieut. A. G. Petrie-Hay, 2nd Gordon Highlanders.—(Swaine.)

FAIR VIOLINIST HELPS.



Miss May Harrison, the clever violinist, will give a recital in aid of interned British.—(Dover-street Studios, Ltd.)

WIDOWED BY THE WAR.



Mrs. Noel Edwards, whose husband, Capt. Edwards, 9th Lancers, has been killed in action.—(Val L'Estrange.)

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
overcomes the danger of poisoned water.

Now that the Huns have taken to poisoning the water in Flanders a box of Wrigley's Spearmint is doubly welcomed by our brave boys in khaki. It relieves thirst and saves Tommy from being forced to drink water which may be poisoned.

You can get a mammoth box of 40 bars for 1/6

sufficient to keep your soldier lad well supplied for several weeks.

Every soldier appreciates Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum—he does not tire of it as he does of chocolate (which only aggravates thirst.)



Wrigley's Spearmint stimulates, keeps one fresh; a thoroughly wholesome and agreeable change from smoking. It is a capital dentifrice, keeping the teeth white and clean. It is a splendid help to digestion, the mint juice which it contains is a natural tonic to the stomach.

Sold by all chemists and confectioners. If you cannot obtain it locally, write direct to Wrigley's, Ltd., Lambeth Palace-road, S.E.

THE BEST GIFT FOR Soldiers.
SPEARMINT
½d. per bar.
5 Bars 2½d.
Box of 40 Bars 1/6.

WRIGLEY'S LTD.,
LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, S.E.



PREMATURE BALDNESS

Due to Dandruff and Irritation, Prevented by Cuticura.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Daily shampoos with Cuticura Soap and occasional applications of Cuticura Ointment gently rubbed into the scalp skin will do much to promote hair-growing conditions.

Sample Each Free by Post
With 32-p. book. Address F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C., Eng. Sold throughout the world.

Cockle's
ANTIBILIOUS
Pills
The Famous Remedy for BILIOUSNESS and INDIGESTION.

A Reputation of over 100 years.

Of Chemists throughout the world, 1/12 & 2/6.
JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London

ORGANISE THE NATION'S BRAINS!

THIS war will not be won by muscle power alone. We need highly organised brain force behind it. Otherwise brawn and bravery are wasted. It is not so much a matter of creating brain force as of sensibly utilising the power which lies scattered all around us. Nor do we need the Prussian drill-sergeant's methods of coercion to whip British brain-workers to their duty. There are thousands and thousands of clever men and women in this country to-day eating out their hearts at the sight of their helplessness. They are either doing nothing useful, or they are whittling away their energies in futile and wholly unsuitable work.

IT is only by a national system of sorting out and of scientific usage that we can hope to place the right people in the right places. As it is there are hundreds of thousands of square holes filled with round pegs. Consequently there is waste, confusion, and inefficiency. This want of organisation can be traced back to the State itself where it is customary to have lawyers and politicians filling posts about which they can know very little. We have in various Government departments permanent officials selected to deal with technical and business matters because in their youth these men passed examinations which tested their classical education!

OPPORTUNITY after opportunity has been missed in this war owing to the want of co-ordination between the State officials and the great but unorganised supply of brain force in the country. It has been plain to thinking men for years that modern war was tending more and more towards the mechanical side. But has the education of the Army officer been fully developed in the same direction? Has the engineering, chemical, and business talent of the nation been organised with a view to giving full assistance in case of need?

THE munitions affair clearly proves that no such provision was made. The history of the war will reveal many other instances. For example, motor engineers have during many years discussed armoured cars. If we had had a fleet of these vehicles ready at Mons the story of the retreat would have been very different. Engineers also have discussed gas warfare for years. Yet the Germans took us by surprise. Engineers would have suggested power-driven fans for dispersing the gas clouds. Thousands of these could have been shipped out within a few hours. I wonder have we those thousands of fans in our trenches? I hope so.

WE much require a Minister of Inventions who, with a board of experts, would consider inventions applicable to warfare. Most of my life has been spent with inventors, and for no class have I more sympathy and pity. They are disgracefully treated in this country, whereas in America and Germany they are given encouragement. A large proportion of inventors are visionaries, and their ideas are impracticable. But here and there is the germ of a good thing which an expert of the right type can help to maturity.

THESE and many other matters could be settled if the nation's brain force were properly applied. Our chaotic methods have immobilised thousands of clever men and women in this crisis, and we see their pathetic efforts to do something. Clergymen are delivering milk; high school girls want to work in munition factories. Large numbers of skilled engineers were allowed to enlist. Many of them have been killed or maimed. All over the country there are good mechanics not yet fitted into the national war system. Food is dearer, yet our fields are untilled, whilst droves of healthy young women fritter away their time. They would help if they were directed. And with intelligent organisation useful and suitable work could be found for all.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town And Round About.

The Spirit Of Coalition.

THE FORMATION of the Coalition Government has resulted naturally in many quaint combinations in office. In normal, or even abnormal times, the appointment by a Unionist Minister of a secretary with known Liberal views is unthinkable, but such a circumstance may be found, in fact, at the Colonial Office, where Mr. Bonar Law has appointed Mr. J. C. C. Davidson one of his private secretaries (unpaid).

A Harcourt Protegee.

THIS IS A fine manifestation of the spirit of coalescence which permeates the country at the present. Mr. Davidson is one of Mr. Harcourt's protégés at the Colonial Office, where he has assisted in the secretarial duties for some time as an unpaid member of the staff.

The Right Honourable Sergeant Acland.

MR. FRANCIS ACLAND, one of the New Privy Councillors and Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, has been undergoing training with the University of London Officers' Training Corps. He joined as a private, but was soon promoted sergeant. His platoon was largely recruited from the Foreign Office and other Government departments.

Mr. Gulland's Letter.

THE EARS of Mr. Gulland, the Joint Chief Whip, will tingle when he hears some of the criticisms of that covering letter which he sent out with the Prime Minister's letter to Liberal M.P.s. Just like a tradesman's letter, thanking customers for past patronage and hoping for a continuance of the same. That is the sort of thing M.P.s are saying about it. Mostly brother Scots, too!

Patronage.

HAVE YOU ever tried to explain to a Frenchman all about our Whip system in the House? A politician once undertook to post a Frenchman in the exact duties of the office. "What," asked the Frenchman, "is the exact political title of your chief Whip?" "The Patronage Secretary of the Treasury," was the answer. "Ah," said the sagacious foreigner, shaking a few coins together in his pocket and with an unmistakable emphasis, "the Patronage secretary. Now I understand perfectly. You need tell me no more."

Earl As "Baker."



THE EARL OF MORAY, I notice, has just been enrolled as a "Baker of Glasgow," which means, however, that his lordship has been admitted, not to the mysteries of the bakehouse, but an honorary freeman of the Glasgow Incorporation of Bakers, with all the "rights, liberties, and privileges of an ordinary member." Lord Moray is the sixteenth holder of his title in succession from Regent Moray, who in recognition of their exertions to provide bread for his troops at the battle of Langside in 1568 granted to the bakers of Glasgow a piece of land on the Kelvin, with the right to build a mill for their own use. Curiously enough, the present Earl has helped forward the scheme for increasing the water supply of Glasgow, so that the connection of his family with the great Scottish city may now be said to have been established by bread and water!

Why Miss The Top Hats?

RECRUITING should be very brisk just now with men strung out at short intervals all along the Strand and elsewhere. It strikes me, however, that they are not equal to the old stamp of recruiting sergeant in one very important respect. They stop all the young fellows who are dressed in what, without snobbery, I may call working clothes, but they seem nervous of waylaying the youth in top hat and morning coat. The old sergeants were no respecters of persons if they thought they saw what they wanted.

The War On The Hearth.

HERE'S A stirring little domestic picture for you—simple and common enough, no doubt, in these times. A friend of mine had two sons at a Dover school. The elder went to the war some months ago. The younger, who is only 14, and still at school, can sometimes hear the thudding echoes of the artillery as he lies awake at night in his dormitory! That is all these brothers, who are tremendous pals, know of each other now!

Lady Willingdon, K.H.



—(Lafayette.)

was once M.P. for Bodmin, go everywhere and know everybody. When their Excellencies are in residence at Ganeshkhind, as the lovely official residence in Poona is called, it is always full of guests.

A Sunbeam Tragedy.

LADY WILLINGDON'S first visit to Bombay was made when quite a girl. She accompanied her father on one of his famous voyages in the Sunbeam, in connection with which old Bombay-ites will remember a very sad tragedy. A member of the literary staff of the *Times of India* joined Lord Brassey as private secretary, and a few days after the yacht left Bombay on her voyage to Australia he was missed, and never seen again. He had fallen overboard. Lady Willingdon's only son is a prisoner of war in Germany.

The Wine Bill.

IT MAY have been Italian war excitement which led to two curious little mistakes on the part of a waiter in a Soho restaurant the other night. The man who was dining with me sent the waiter out for a half-bottle of wine at 1s. 10d., giving him 2s. Presently the waiter returned with a whole bottle (value 3s. 6d.) and fivepence change! Of course, the mistake was pointed out. Later the same waiter was given 2s. to fetch another half-bottle, which he brought all right, but with half a crown and a penny change! It must have been war excitement, for he has now joined King Victor's Army.

"Smack Him, Daddy."

THE WIFE of a busy City man, secretary of a big public company, called upon him and left in his charge for two hours his eight-year-old daughter. As a meeting of his directors was about to start, he obtained his chairman's permission to have the child in the room. All went well for a time, and then an argument arose between the secretary and one of the directors. The director thumped the table and shouted out his words of wisdom. Whereupon the little girl exclaimed, "What a naughty man! Smack him, daddy!"

The Way To Victoria Cross.

THE RECRUITING OFFICE at Bricklayer's Arms has a novel and most effective poster in the form of a direction board. Three arrows mark the quickest way, respectively, to Charing Cross, New Cross and Victoria Cross. The last route, of course, is by way of the Army.

Poor Barclay Gammon.

ONE always records the death of a popular funny man with some such phrase as "the gaiety of the world will be diminished now he has gone." In the case of poor Barclay Gammon the words happen to be true. It must have come quite as a shock to theatre-goers (I know it did to me) to learn that no more would that fat, genial figure sit at a piano, wreathed in smiles, sing humorous songs in that curious breathless voice, and bob up and down on the stool in time to the music. Then here was that business of pretending that the curtain had been rung down in the middle of his turn. This wheeze always went well, and the man's comic bewilderment really was comic.

Corney Grain and Pelissier.

BARCLAY GAMMON was the legitimate successor of Corney Grain, and both were fat. Like poor Harry Pelissier, whom he rather resembled in appearance, Gammon had the knack of 'aking his audience into his confidence at once. I saw him when he last appeared at what was almost his "home"—the Palace. Few people realised that that wheezy voice and shortness of breath, which always raised a smile, were, as a matter of fact, only too sadly natural.

Into Which Box?

NOW THAT we have a Coalition Government, into which contribution box do the recipients of birthday honours drop their little mites?

Opera Is Now On.

I WISH more people would realise that there is an admirable opera season going on in our midst, and that it should not be allowed to languish for lack of support. There have been very fair "houses" at the London Opera House this week, but the theatre wants a lot of filling, and the show must be mightily expensive to run. You cannot dragoon anyone into going to opera or anything else. But this season deserves encouragement, not only because it is a very sporting effort, but because the productions are excellent in themselves.

From Rumania.

ON WEDNESDAY night I saw "Lakme," the only grand opera of that great writer of ballet-music, Delibes. The performance was first-rate, although the voice of the leading tenor, M. Stroesco, who comes from Rumania, was rather unsettled. But Mlle. Mignon Nevada, daughter of Emma Nevada, was a picturesque Lakme, and sang well. M. Bouillez and M. Octave Duo showed again, what most of us knew before, that they are fine artists.

Native Experts.

"LAKME" is all about India, and the Indian atmosphere was reproduced exactly. Mr. Inayat Khan, who has had a hand in the production, of course, ought to know what he is about, just as Mr. Yoshio Markino did in the case of "Madama Butterfly." This employment of native experts was a wise move on M. Rosing's part.

Real Irish.

AFTER THE Maternity Matinée, "Mater." This is the name of a new three-act comedy which will be presented at the Playhouse this afternoon, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. The author is Mr. Percy MacKaye, and in addition to Miss Winifred Emery, who will undertake the title-role, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, whom you see here, will appear in it. Miss Nesbitt has that rare and valuable thing—temperament. From the ordinary ingénue she differs widely, and even when she was given small parts (she is a much more important person nowadays) she made them stand out extraordinarily. Do you remember her as the little Irish maidservant in Canon Hannay's play, "General John Regan"? She is very Irish herself, with all the poetry of her race.



—(Hoppe.)

The Emergency Shave.

HERE'S A wee piece of news that will pleasantly affect a good many people. The shaving saloon at the Empire, closed since the beginning of the war, will be reopened next week. This was about the only place in town where you could get a shave after nine o'clock, and I have known hundreds of men, unable to wield a razor themselves, cheerfully pay to enter the theatre and leave again without having seen a minute of the show, so useful has this little saloon been in cases of emergency.

A Magic Brass Ticket.

ONE OF the most valued privileges of a Cabinet Minister is the possession of a little brass ticket which allows him to drive through the archway at the Horse Guards, and to break through the rank of waiting carriages at all great functions. His footman generally carries it, and at sight of its shining brass every West End policeman will hold up the traffic in the Minister's favour.

To France And Back Twice A Day.

THE AEROPLANES used by our Army on the Continent are not sent over by rail and boat at all, but are "flown" over from England. Not very long ago considered a feat in itself, the air journey from England to France is now a matter of an everyday, or, rather, a twice-a-day occurrence, for one of the "flyers" tells me that the double journey happens frequently.

More Soldiers' Clubs Wanted.

ONE WOULD think that there were enough clubs for soldiers, but I am told by the leading workers that this is not so. All the commanding officers are appealing for more, especially for the benefit of Colonial contingents. It seems the wounded Colonials are being sent to places near London, whence they can easily run up to the metropolis, and they have nowhere to go.

The Topical Touch.

BY THE WAY, as the result of last Monday night they are calling the Empire revue "Watch your Zep."

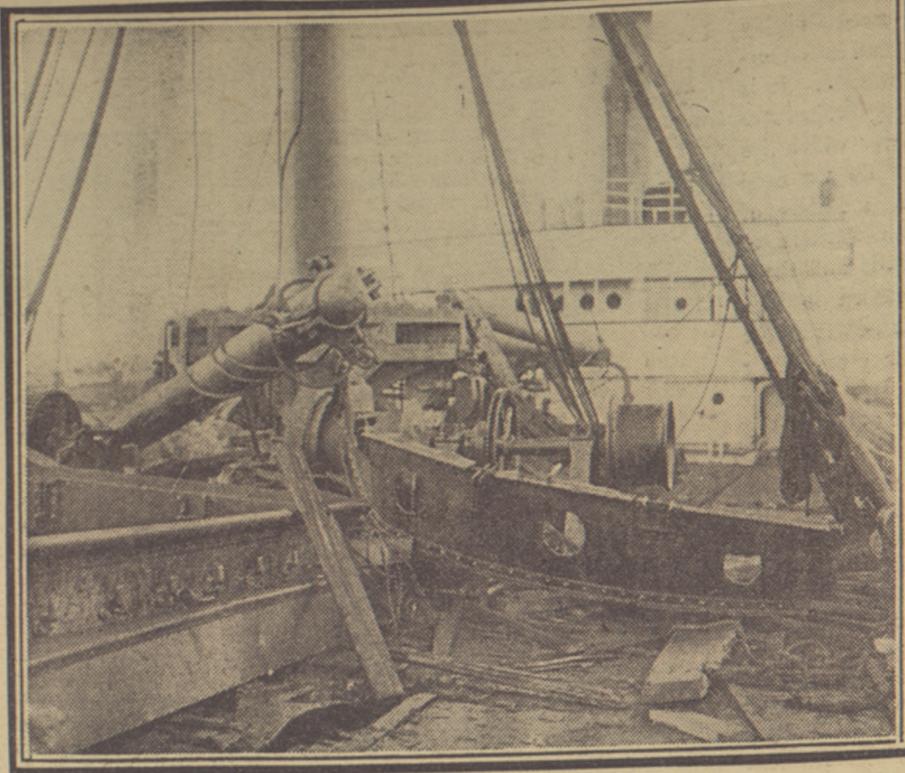
MR. CCSSIP.

THE CALL: NEW STYLE.

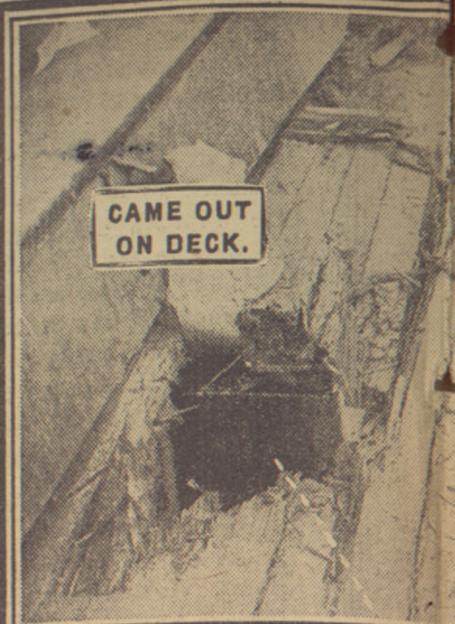


"General" Drummond, of Suffragist fame, who knows what fighting is, urges young slackers to do their duty to the country.

HOW LONG WILL AMERICA STAND IT?—FIRST



How the deck of the American steamer Nebraskan looked after the vessel was torpedoed by a German submarine a few days after the Lusitania outrage.



CAME OUT ON DECK.

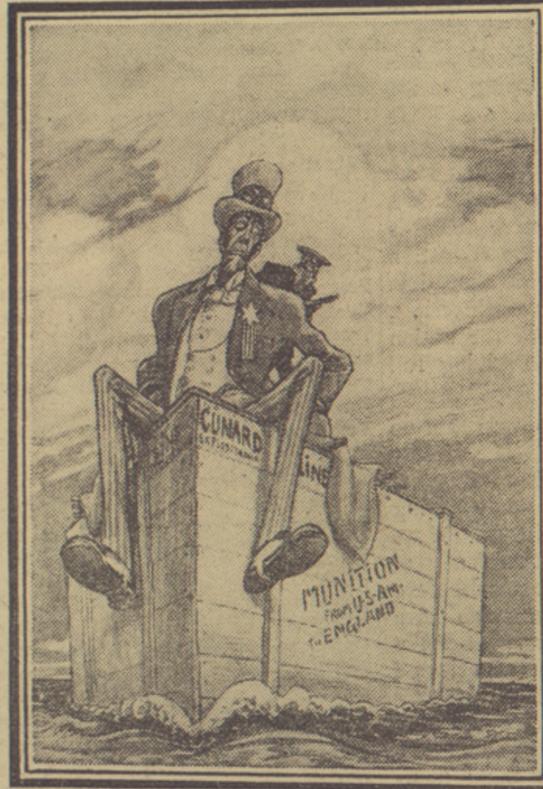


MAN IN BUNK HAD NARROW ESCAPE.

COLOURS FOR THE GALLANT CANADIANS.



Ladies of the Border Club at Alberta presented colours to two battalions of the Canadian Expeditionary Force before leaving for the battlefields of Flanders.



How *Lustige Blatter* justifies the sinking of the Lusitania and the murder of non-combatants.

FOR OUR MEN FROM OVER THE SEAS.



The Dowager Countess of Chesterfield and the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope leaving after the opening yesterday of the Victoria League Club.—(Daily Sketch.)

VILLA THAT WAS BUILT LIKE A FORT.



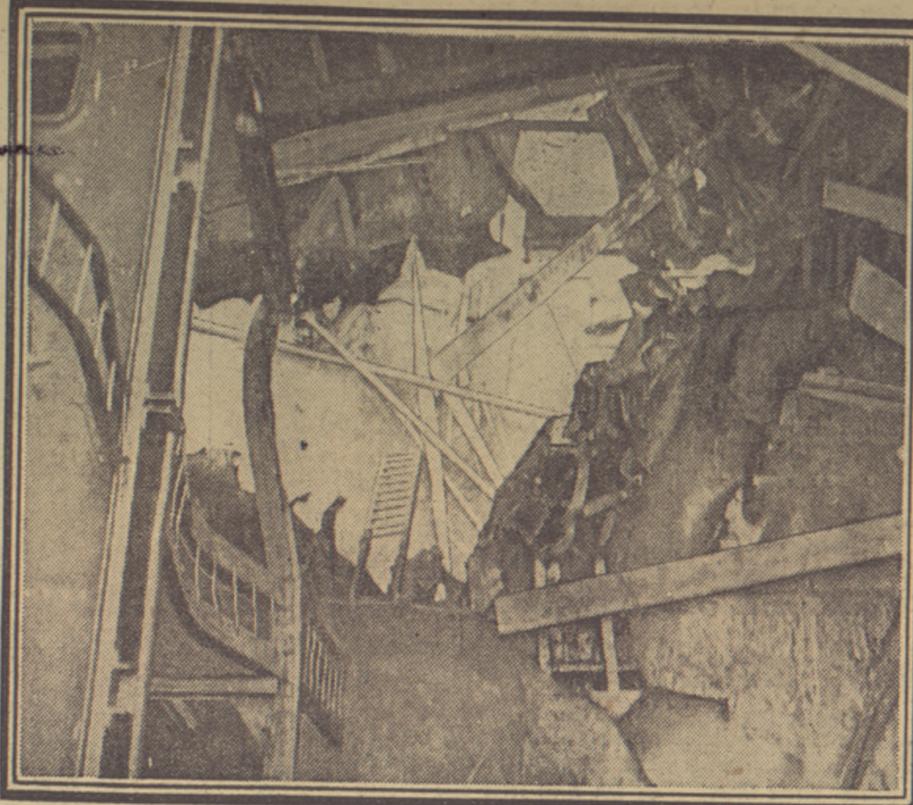
Belgian engineers when blowing up this villa at Coxyde found that its walls were more than a yard thick, and gun platforms of concrete had been laid.



The track of the torpedo that was meant for the Nebraskan. The attack on the steamer followed a situation that may compel Uncle Sam to... Exclusive Ph...

PHOTOGRAPHS ON BOARD A TORPEDOED SHIP

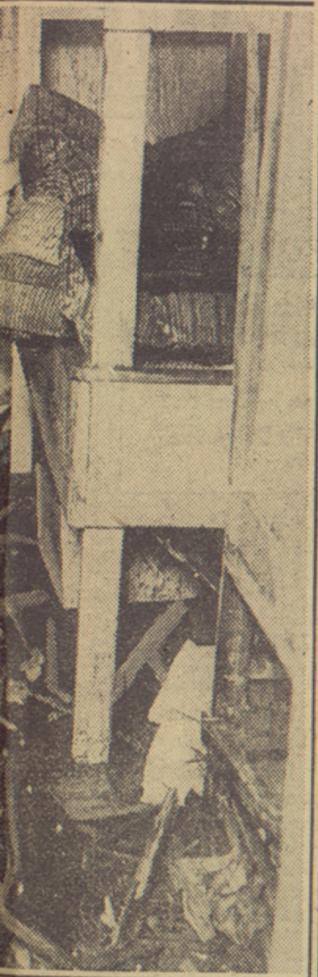
HAS THE NATION'S TRUST.



The rent made in the ship's side was so large that the dry dock was plainly visible when looking down the forehold from above.



The new Knight of the Garter goes to see the King, whose honour for "K. of K." the Empire endorses.



WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY IN THE MEDICAL WORLD.



The name of the ship and her nationality were plainly shown on the ship.



This little patient is nursed and doctored by her own sex in a London hospital for children entirely staffed and managed by women.

A LUSITANIA VICTIM'S ROMANTIC GRAVE AMID THE BELGIAN SAND HILLS.



In this lonely grave on the sand-dunes of the Belgian coast lies a victim of the Lusitania disaster—Mme. Depage, whose husband directs a military hospital. By special permission of the authorities her body was laid in her native soil, on the only strip that remains in Belgian hands.

Little the doom of the Nebras-
e Lusitania crime has created
ater the war.—(Daily Sketch
phs.)

A THREE-FOLD BEAUTY GIFT

A Dainty Sample of the New "Astine" Vanishing Cream, together with Six Wonderful Lessons in Beauty Drill and particulars of the £10,000 Profit Sharing Gifts.

A splendid scientific success has been achieved in the perfection of a new Vanishing Cream possessing really wonderful properties in giving the roughest complexion a smooth pink-and-white appearance.

The new vanishing cream "Astine," as it is called, is the discovery of Mr. Edwards, the inventor of the world-famous hair-growing exercise—"Harlene Hair Drill." It brings instant and lasting loveliness to the complexion and prevents and overcomes a host of skin troubles. If you suffer from over-dry or over-moist skin, blackheads, wrinkles, lines, or any other skin blemish you are invited to prove this to your own satisfaction free of cost, and not only this, but Mr. Edwards will also send without charge a specially drawn up series of splendid lessons in Beauty drill, and full particulars of an amazing £10,000 distribution of magnificent Toilet Dressing Cases free



to users of "Harlene" and "Astine" preparations.

FOR YOUR GREATER BEAUTY.

The new "Astine" Vanishing Cream is really wonderful in its effect. Whilst the complexion takes on a delightful new beauty and softness there is not the slightest trace whatever that any preparation at all has been applied. "Astine"

Vanishing Cream is completely absorbed by the skin, imparting to the complexion a refined beauty, clearness and brilliancy.

To test its really splendid qualities you have only to send to-day, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, for a dainty sample of "Astine" Vanishing Cream: the specially mapped-out Beauty "Course" and full details of how you may also obtain a beautiful Toilet Dressing Case will also be sent you free. "Astine" is supplied by all chemists at 1s. and 2s. 6d., or direct from Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., post free on remittance.

Your Beauty Gift Coupon.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,

20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free supply of the new Astine Vanishing Cream, together with the six beauty lessons and particulars of the £10,000 profit-sharing gifts. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

Daily Sketch, 4/6/15.

ARE YOU DEPRESSED?

Are you nervous, sensitive, or irritable? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing, nervous indigestion, constipation, lack of energy, will power, or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, dances, banquets, speech-making, conversation, singing, playing, or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve?

I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind, which will give you absolute self-confidence—based on developed natural ability. Being freed from Mento-Neural handicaps you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself and your personal success and happiness. Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 478, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C.—Adv.

EXHIBITIONS.

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

HEALTH RESORTS.

BUXTON.—Pleasure, Health. All the charms of "Spa" life combined with valuable treatments. Bracing Mountain Air. No "after cure." Golf, Motoring, Theatres, etc. Guide Free. Secretary, Information Dept. Y., Buxton.

LANDUDNO (Immune from war's alarms).—Sunshine, sea, mountains, tours, grand orchestra on Pier twice daily, golf, tonic air. Send 3d. for Guide D.S. Town Hall.



'Wincarnis' creates New Health.

Only those who are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy" or "Run-down" can realise what the promise of new health really means. Yet many are still suffering needlessly, because they do not take advantage of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers them. They put it off from day to day, saying:—"Perhaps I shall feel better to-morrow." How much better to say:—"I will get a bottle of 'Wincarnis' and begin to get well to-day." How much less suffering to undergo. How much sooner to enjoy new and vigorous health. How much quicker that pinched, haggard look would disappear, and give place to that "health-beauty" which every woman should possess. Therefore, to-day is the day to get a bottle of



because, being a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food, 'Wincarnis' will quickly and surely give you new strength to replace your weakness—new blood to banish your anæmia—new nerve force to overcome your nerve troubles—and new vitality to dispel that "Run-down" feeling. Therefore don't continue to suffer needlessly.

Don't remain

Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down.'

Get well the 'Wincarnis' way—the quick, sure, and safe way to new and vigorous health. Remember that 'Wincarnis' is so good that over 10,000 Doctors recommend it. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' They sometimes offer substitutes, but, of course, you will insist upon having only 'Wincarnis.' Don't be tempted to buy an imitation.

Begin to get well—FREE

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

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W262, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Name: _____

Address _____

—Dly. Sketch, June 4/15.

NEEDED IN

Zam-Buk is unequalled for Cuts, Bruises, Poisoned Wounds, Piles, Sprains, Sore Feet, Itchy Spots, Pimples, Blotches, Ring-worm, Scalp Sores, Bad Legs, Eczema, Ulcers, Festering Sores, &c. Of all chemists and Stores. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ box.

EVERY HOME

Zam-Buk

Send your Soldier Friend a Box.

Cleans as it Polishes!



Do not get down on your knees and clean in the old-fashioned way—

but stand at ease and do your dusty cleaning and polishing in one operation.

O-Cedar Mop Polish

CLEANS AS IT POLISHES and does in a few minutes every morning without stooping or kneeling work that hitherto necessitated a special day.

FREE TRIAL.—Deposit the price 6s. 3d. with your dealer, and if after a few days you are not satisfied your money will be refunded. The Mop is impregnated with polish ready for use.

When your Mop gets dry feed it with O-Cedar Polish. Prices 1/- to 10/6.

FOR FURNITURE get the habit of damping your duster with equal parts of O-Cedar Polish and water and use as regularly as you now use a dry cloth for dusting. It takes no longer and gives your furniture a showroom sparkle.

O-Cedar Polish Mops and O-Cedar Polish obtainable at your dealers.
CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 41-45, Old Street, E.C.



Without a Servant: THE WAR-BRIDE'S PLANS TO SAVE LABOUR.

"AND what sort of staff are you going to have?" asked the relative who had been discussing an approaching war-wedding. The "war-bride," for answer, held out her own two hands. She was one of the many women who, since the war began, have faced the prospect of a servantless house and found it not so terrifying after all.

The servantless house, however, must be distinguished from that in which there are temporarily no servants. The woman who "does her own work" is not in the same position as the woman who tries to do the work of a cook and a housemaid. One is a cheerful creature with an interesting occupation. The other is a drudge who toils unceasingly at ugly tasks. For the successful servantless house should be planned from its very foundations on the no-servant idea.

Mistaken Make-Shifts

When household expenses have to be considerably reduced it is often better to give up servants altogether, and to spend the money thus saved on equipping a smaller house or flat than to make-shift with one where two or three were once necessary. The war-bride has, of course, no establishment to cut down, but she can start her new one on no-servant lines and, if there is any particular branch of housework which she especially detests she can almost eliminate that branch by careful planning.

Perhaps she hates working among dust—then she need not have a carpet in the whole length and breadth of her little flat. A vacuum sweeper will clean her rugs, a dustless mop will keep her stained floors in perfect order without her ever having to go on her knees or crawl under beds.

Blackleading may be her pet aversion—then she can have brick or tile grates in her sitting-rooms and gas or electric cookers, which only require rubbing down now and again with a rag or a crumpled newspaper. Aluminium paint may often be successfully applied to surfaces which would otherwise require blackleading.

Keeping paint clean is a task that often distresses the amateur worker, but if she likes she can avoid it by having the wood-work stained instead of painted.

The cleaning of knives is another hated task, but the war-bride may find among her wedding

gifts a case of knives with blades which are always silver bright and yet as sharp as the old kind. "But I hate cleaning silver, too," she may object—to which one may reply that there are newer methods of cleaning silver which do away with the old patient and messy rubbing.

Washing-up, that old kitchen bogey, loses its terrors when the cooking utensils are all earthenware and aluminium and are not smoke-blackened, and the war-bride is usually quite sufficiently in love with her new china to enjoy washing it. If she isn't she can invest in a dish-washing machine, and in any case she will find the labour simplified by the acquisition of a drainer and a little wheeled table on which the piled dishes may be moved all at once from table to sink and from sink to dresser.

Ideal Bathrooms.

Single beds only are chosen for the servantless home, as they are so much more easily made than the double ones. The built-in wardrobe saves a moving struggle on days when the room is turned out, and the convenient bathroom dispenses with toilet apparatus.

The ideal bathroom has tiled walls, a seamless floor of permanent linoleum and the simplest possible nickel taps. The average

bride doesn't achieve this ideal, but she may diminish the labour of an ordinary bathroom by having the brass taps changed and any collections of pipes boxed off by the carpenter, so that they do not have to be dusted every day. If only a contortionist can sweep under the bath it is better to have it boarded up, too. The soft white oil-cloth which is used for table-covers makes an easily cleaned dado.

"What about answering the door?" the conservative mistress of an "establishment" wants to know. The war-bride who is going to do her own work cannot give a better reply than was given by Lady Fraser, wife of the world-famous anthropologist, to somebody who questioned her as to the methods on which she runs a servantless London flat. "That I can answer the door myself so much better than a servant can is one of my reasons for not having a servant."



A simple suit of crow-blue taffeta, edged with black.

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NELSON'S "VICTORY" STILL SERVICEABLE.

The old flagship Victory is still able to render good service in war time.

By exhibiting a model of the famous battleship the Blackpool Water Chute, Limited, has been enabled to contribute £2 to our cigarette fund, after having also contributed several pounds to various other funds.

We are very grateful to all those who remember our little fund for Tommy's smokes, particularly those who send a regular subscription, like the Parlour Company of the "Hare and Hounds," who have registered their 29th donation.

To-day's list is as follows:—
 £2 0s. 9d.—Collected by "Czar." £2—Blackpool Water Chute, Ltd., Pleasure Beach, South Shore. £1 16s.—Employees, Jacobs and Co., Ltd., London. 14s.—Red Heads Company, 11s.—Soldier Friends at the Grosvenor Hotel, Brighton. 10s.—Lowther Parish (7th cont.). 6s. 6d.—Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindley (29th cont.). 5s.—D. K. D. 4s.—Fags for Tommy, Glasgow. 2s. 6d.—An Admirer; A. P. C. 2s.—A Friend; Mrs. Denegrie, South Wimbledon (6th cont.). 1s. 6d.—A West Bridgford Sunday School Class. 1s.—M. P., Wandsworth; R. Cathcart, Belfast.

A Revelation.

The delicious crispness, freedom from all trace of greasiness, and the perfect digestibility, only obtainable when ATORA Beef Suet is used for frying fish and pancakes, is a revelation. Ask your grocer for ATORA in blocks and refuse substitutes.—Advt.

TWO POTATO RECIPES.

Potato soup is a useful war-time dish, as it requires no meat, but is economical and wholly satisfying. Pare three medium-sized potatoes; cover them with boiling water; boil five minutes, drain away the water. Cover the potatoes with a pint of boiling water; add a slice of onion, a bit of celery and a bay leaf. Cover and cook slowly until the potatoes are tender. Put through a sieve, add a quart of milk, two teaspoonfuls each of butter and flour, rubbed together; salt and pepper to season. Reheat and serve piping hot.

Potato Rolls.

Take boiled potatoes while they are still hot, mash them, and work in with them enough flour to bind them into a paste. Roll the paste out fairly thin and cut it into neat squares.

Cut bread crusts into neat finger lengths, soak them in cold water, then squeeze them dry. Season each bit of bread as nicely as you can, put on a square of potato, close the potato round it and shape the whole into a ball. Brush over with beaten egg. Bake about twenty minutes in an oven which is brisk enough to brown them well. Serve hot.

Conservatism & Baby-Clothes.

YOUR ORIGINAL IDEAS MAY WIN A PRIZE IN THE £1,000 COMPETITION.

DID you ever wonder why women are so conservative in the matter of baby clothes? Many mothers dress their babies in garments made on exactly the same patterns as those used by their grandmothers and take the resultant trouble, and objections by the babies, as inevitable trials.

Have you any ideas on the matter? If you have you will find Class 26 of the Daily Sketch Patriotic Needlework Competition interesting. It is for "a set of first garments for an infant. Ease in washing and putting on to be taken into account." The number of garments, of course, is left entirely to the competitors. It may be your set which will win the first prize of £5.

£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.

It must be distinctly understood that all work sent in for competition will be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association unless competitors mark on their Registration Forms that such work is to be returned.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

Clean Hair—always



Instead of waiting until your hair is really dirty, and then washing it, try this plan.

Every other night, before retiring, sprinkle a little Icilma Hair Powder over your hair. Leave the powder on till morning—then vigorously brush it out again. This will greatly help to make and keep your hair attractive. The dust and grease will be removed as it collects, and you will begin afresh every other morning with bright, clean hair—and what a difference beautiful hair does make, to be sure.

NOTE.—The hair should still be washed at regular intervals, because a certain amount of wetting is necessary for its welfare.

Icilma
Hair Powder.

The only dry shampoo that readily brushes out.

2d. per packet; 7 packets 1/-; large box 1/6.

Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

Send for Free Packet and useful Beauty Booklet on the care of the hair, hands, skin and complexion. Address postcards to Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. K.), 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

GIVING UP MEAT

It is dangerous to follow the

GOVERNMENT'S ADVICE

without expert guidance as to the proper foods to replace meat. This is given clearly, concisely, and simply in a pamphlet issued by the chief specialists in fleshless foods. **MAPLETON'S NUT FOOD CO., LTD., GARSTON, LIVERPOOL.**

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FARROW'S BANK, LIMITED.

Registered under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	£1,000,000
SHARES ISSUED	700,000
SHAREHOLDERS	4,000

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.



The famous boy of Panyer Alley (1688), which marks the highest point in the City of London. This can be seen in the wall of No. 1, Cheapside, the Head Office of Farrow's Bank, Ltd.

Special Booklet on application.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED

CURRENT ACCOUNTS. Accounts are opened and interest paid on approved credit balances.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. Accounts are opened with any sum from 1/- upwards, and interest paid from 3 to 4 per cent.

CALL OR WRITE FOR SPECIAL BOOKLET
HEAD OFFICE: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
 73 Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

"EXTRA" RACE FIXTURES. Second And Third Meetings At Newmarket.

THE NEW DERBY AND OAKS.

The *Racing Calendar* contains the following additions to the "Index to meetings"—:

July 27, Newmarket Second Extra Meeting (three days).

August 24, Newmarket Third Extra Meeting (three days).

Also contained in the *Racing Calendar* are the entries for the new classics. They are:—

THE NEW DERBY STAKES.

(Run Tuesday, June 15.)

Mr. A. E. Barton's My Ronald.
Mr. August Belmont's Danger Rock.
M. E. Blanc's Florimund.

—Le Mellor.

Lord Carnarvon's The Vizier.
Sir E. Cassel's Gadabout.
Mr. H. B. Duryea's Chickamauga.
Mr. J. B. Joel's Sunfire.
Mr. Sol Joel's Pommern.
Lord Rosebery's Vauluse.
Mr. James A. de Rothschild's Apothecary.
Mr. Mortimer Singer's Ahtoi.
Mr. Ernest Tanner's Rushford.
Mr. W. J. Tatem's The Revenge.
Sir John Thursby's Rossendale.
Colonel Hall Walker's Let Fly.

—Follow Up.

Mr. G. H. Williamson's King Priam.

THE NEW OAKS.

(Run Thursday, June 17.)

Mr. F. J. Benson's Ciceromar.
M. E. Blanc's Gioconda II.
Mr. A. Collins' Sweet Nell.
Mr. H. B. Duryea's Flash V.
Lord Falmouth's Rarity.
Mr. E. Hulton's Silver Tag.
Sir R. W. B. Jardine's Charade.
Mr. J. B. Joel's Bright.
Sir W. Nelson's Polynetta.
Mr. L. Neumann's Snow Marten.
Lord Rosebery's Vauluse.
Col. Hall Walker's Blanche.

These entries must be considered fairly satisfactory, writes Gimerack.

Eighteen horses have been nominated for the New Derby, which is about the number which would have gone to the post for the Epsom classic. Of course, Pommern has been entered, and he is certain to start a good favourite, for he has done well since the "Guineas," and is entitled to be termed the best of his age, at any rate up to a mile.

Whether or no he can get a mile and a half remains to be proved, but from the style in which he has comported himself over the distance at exercise the stable are encouraged to believe that he will not fail for lack of stamina.

A couple of owners hold two chances each, Colonel Hall Walker and M. Blanc.

My Ronald will carry the colours of Mr. A. E. Barton, and no fitter horse will go to the post. He started his career in moderate company, but he has gradually climbed the ladder and must be reckoned the most improved animal in training of the season.

He has taken part in four races and won three quite easily, while in the fourth he was left at the post and took no part in the race.

King Priam will be well suited by the change in the course, and his trainer is persevering with him.

IN BOTH RACES.

The only filly in the New Derby is Lord Rosebery's Vauluse, who is also in the New Oaks.

There are twelve subscribers to the latter race, of which Silver Tag is perhaps the most notable. This filly was originally entered for the Epsom Oaks, but forfeit was paid. She now has the chance of showing what she can do over a distance of ground, and after her good display in the One Thousand Guineas, when not quite at top notch, she will have plenty of admirers.

STEWARDS OF JOCKEY CLUB EXPLAIN.

Reasons For Stopping Racing At Government's Request.

At the last meeting of the Jockey Club Captain Greer explained the attitude the Stewards of the Jockey Club had adopted with reference to the suspension of racing, and asked for the approval of the Club to their action, of which the members unanimously expressed their approval.

After stating that the Stewards had definitely declined to order the suspension of racing on their own responsibility owing to widespread distress, Captain Greer said that when the Government informed them in the clearly stated terms of Mr. Runciman's letter to the Senior Steward that the continuance of racing interfered with "the rapid and unimpeded transit of troops and munitions and the special condition of the munition areas," and requested them to order its suspension at all places except Newmarket, they felt that they were only obeying the clearly expressed will of the Club by instantly and loyally complying with that request.

The Stewards considered that they were bound to assume that the Government, before making a request for drastic action, had carefully studied the consequences of such action on the racing and horsebreeding interest, and that with the recognition of the injury to those interests before them they still felt that other considerations of national importance connected with the successful prosecution of the war outweighed the hardships which the fulfilment of their request must entail.

George Gunther knocked out Arthur Harman in the sixth round of a fifteen-round contest at the West London Stadium last night.

THE FOOD CRANK GETS HIS CHANCE.



Butchers are being hard hit by the war, and vegetarians are seizing the golden opportunity of preaching their doctrine.

INQUEST ON TWO YOUNG ZEPPELIN VICTIMS.

Policeman Describes How He Found A Boy And Girl.

Two more inquests were held on victims of the London air raid yesterday. These were Samuel Reuben, aged 8, and Leah Lehrman, aged 16.

The story of how the boy was found was told by a police-constable, who said that when on duty he heard an explosion, and upon turning round saw flames on the footway.

Immediately afterwards there was another explosion about 50 yards away, and the flames spread across the road. He pulled a fire alarm, and there was then another explosion, upon which the fire brigade came and dealt with the flames.

He and another officer found the boy lying in the doorway of a private house, and they also saw a little girl on the ground. She was apparently still alive, but was not conscious. The boy's abdomen was injured, and his left leg smashed to pieces.

He picked the boy up, also the girl Lehrman and a man who was injured, and conveyed them to the hospital.

The Coroner commented upon the severe injuries which both children had sustained, and observed that he did not think there was anything to be gained by bringing in a verdict of murder. There was, however, no doubt from a moral point of view that it was murder, and murder of a most despicable character.

"There is no law for it," added the Coroner, "except to get more recruits who can oppose the source from which this contemptible means of warfare arises." He advised them to bring in a verdict "that deceased died from injuries received from bombs dropped by a hostile aircraft." This the jury did, and expressed their sympathy with the relatives.

IN THE GARDEN.

The garden is apt to be neglected in these strenuous days, and all prudent gardeners will welcome the little reminder, issued in handy catalogue form by Messrs. Ryder and Sons, of St. Albans, of what to sow between now and September. The catalogue is gratis.

On her maiden voyage the Hull trawler Armageddon netted fish which sold for £2,120.

KAFFIRS GETTING BUSY.

Prices Have A Tendency In Upward Direction.

This week's Bank of England return shows a loss of nearly 3½ millions in the total reserve, which is now 43½ millions. The decline is largely due to the release of gold in Ottawa.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday a fair amount of activity was observable in the Kaffir section, where prices continued to tend upwards. The feature was the strength of the "Modder" group. Exceptionally there was a decline in New Kleinfontein shares on the announcement that the proposed new issue had been abandoned owing to the opposition of the Treasury.

There were buyers for Chinese Bonds, the supply of which is somewhat restricted. Japanese issues are also being picked up by investors to a moderate extent.

Pekin Syndicate shares attracted a few buyers, and advanced to 6s. 3d. on the agreement with the Chinese Government relative to the disposal of the company's coal output.

According to market report, the response to the Grand Trunk Railway Note issue is very slow, and underwriters are preparing themselves for a large allotment.

The directors of Carreras, Ltd., have declared an interim dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended April 30. Warrants will be posted on June 19.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American 9½ to 10½ up; Egyptian 4 to 7 up.

ITALIANS RUNNING—INTO AUSTRIA.

Enemy's Quaint Travesty Of The Hard Facts Of War.

UDINE, Wednesday.

Austrian official statements, which, although not published in Italy, find their way here, would cause indignation among the officers if they were not amused at the constant barefaced statements that, at the moment the Austrians appear or fire, the Italians flee.

Far from this being the case, the Italian officers are constantly confronted with the difficulty of keeping the soldiers from exposing themselves in rushing forward to take positions at the point of the bayonet.

Moreover, the question is asked, how can Austria explain away the fact that, while she says the Italians are running away, the Italian troops are on Austrian territory on each front, while not a single Austrian is on Italian soil?—Reuter.

HOT BATH AS A STIMULANT.

To our soldiers who suffered from cold and exposure in Flanders during the winter a hot bath was an even more powerful stimulant than food, said Dr. R. Fortescue Fox at the Royal Society of Medicine yesterday.

Wheat prices have fallen 3s. 6d. a quarter on the week at Ormskirk market.



Nurse Says:

This Toffee de Luxe is our great stand-by. A never failing soother to our patients and a really delightful companion to us, particularly during the long night watches.

Send a tin of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe to the Hospital—well-med by Nurse and Patient too.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

Nervous dyspepsia is a disease of the nerves, not of the stomach.

Indigestion one day and complete freedom from symptoms the next usually means nervous dyspepsia, especially if the patient is of a nervous or highly emotional temperament.

The attacks recur at more or less regular intervals, and are often brought on by nervous excitement. A sick feeling after eating, sometimes vomiting, a weak, shaky, "gone" feeling when the stomach is empty—these are the usual symptoms, but in the case of some highly nervous people the sight of food may cause vomiting.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially useful to sufferers from nervous dyspepsia, as they not only build up the general physical condition, but also act directly on the nerves, strengthening and revitalising them. These pills, with proper regulation of the diet, afford the most correct and successful way in which nervous and functional dyspepsia can be treated.

FREE.—A postcard with your name and address sent to Offer Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, will bring you a copy of a useful diet book, also a little treatise on Nervous Disorders, both free.

Start Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People today by getting a supply from your dealer, but be careful to ask for Dr. Williams', for common pink pills and substitutes are useless.—Adv.

"Cadbury's"
2nd Trade Mark

ABSOLUTELY PURE—
THEREFORE BEST
MADE AT BOURNVILLE

Cocoa

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

"The Shadow That Fell From The Tall Sunflowers."

How Klara Goldstein spent that terrible night she never fully realised. After half an hour or so she dragged herself up from the floor. Full consciousness had returned to her, and with it the power to feel, to understand, and to fear.

A hideous, awful terror was upon her which seemed to freeze her through and through; a cold sweat broke out all over her body, and she was trembling from head to foot. She crawled as far as the narrow little bed which was in a corner of the room, and just managed to throw herself upon it, on her back, and there to remain inert, perished with cold, racked with shivers, her eyes staring upwards into the darkness, her ears strained to listen to every sound that came from the other side of the door.

But gradually, as she lay, her senses became more alive; the power to think coherently, to reason with her fears, asserted itself more and more over those insane terrors which had paralysed her will and her heart. She did begin to think—not only of herself and of her miserable position, but of the man who lay outside—dying or dead.

Yes! That soon became the most insistent thought.

Leopold Hirsch, having done the awful deed, had fled, of course, but his victim might not be dead, he might be only wounded and dying for want of succour. Klara—closing her eyes—could almost picture him, groaning and perhaps trying to drag himself up in a vain endeavour to get help.

Then she rose—wretched, broken, terrified—but nevertheless resolved to put all selfish fears aside and to ascertain the full extent of the tragedy which had been enacted outside her door. She lit the storm-lantern, then, with it in her hand, she went through the taproom and opened the front door.

A Sound Of Merriment.

She knew well the risks which she was running, going out like this into the night, and alone. Any passer-by might see her—ask questions, suspect her of connivance when she told what it was that she had come out to seek in the darkness behind her own back door. But to this knowledge and this small additional fear she resolutely closed her mind. Drawing the door to behind her, she stepped out on to the verandah, and thence down the few steps into the road below.

A slight breeze had sprung up within the last half-hour, and had succeeded in chasing away the heavy banks of cloud which had hung over the sky earlier in the evening.

Even as Klara paused at the foot of the verandah steps in order to steady herself on her feet, the last filmy veil that hid the face of the moon glided ethereally by. The moon was on the wane, golden and mysterious, and now, as she appeared high in the heaven, surrounded by a halo of prismatic light, she threw a cold radiance on everything around, picking out every tree and cottage with unflinching sharpness and casting black, impenetrable shadows which made the light, by contrast, appear yet more vivid and more clear.

All around leaves and branches rustled with a soft, swishing sound, like the whisperings of ghosts, and from the plains beyond came that long-drawn-out murmur of myriads of plume-crowned maize as they bent in recurring unison to the caress of the wind.

Klara's eyes peered anxiously round. Quickly she extinguished her lantern, and then remained for a while clinging to the wooden balusters of the verandah, eyes and ears alert like a hunted beast. Two belated csikós (herdsmen in charge of flocks) from a neighbouring village were passing down the main road, singing at the top of their voices, their spurred boots clinking as they walked. Klara did not move till the murmur of the voices and the clinking of metal had died away and no other sound of human creature moving or breathing close by broke the slumbering echoes of the village.

Only in the barn, far away, people were singing and laughing and making merry. Klara could hear the gipsy band, the scraping of the fiddles and banging of the cimbalom, followed now and then by one of those outbursts of jollity, of clapping of mugs on wooden tables, of banging of feet and shouts of laughter which characterise all festive gatherings in Hungary.

The Body Of Be'a.

Cautiously now Klara began to creep along the low wall which supported the balustrade. Her feet made no noise in the soft, sandy earth, her skirts clung closely to her limbs; at every minute sound she started and paused, clinging yet closer to the shadow which enveloped her.

Now she came to the corner. There, just in front of her, was the pollarded acacia, behind which the murderer had cowered for an hour—on the watch. The slowly withering leaves trembled in the breeze and their sighing sounded eerie in the night, like the sighs of a departing soul.

Further on, some twenty paces away, was old Rézi's cottage. All was dark and still in and around it. Klara had just a sufficient power of consciousness left to note this fact with an involuntary little sigh of relief. The murderer had done his work quickly and silently; his victim had uttered no cry that would rouse the old gossip from her sleep.

When Klara at last rounded the second corner of the house and came in full view of the unfenced yard in the rear, she saw that it was flooded with moonlight. For a moment she closed her eyes, for already she had perceived that a dark and compact mass lay on the ground within a few feet of the back door. She wanted strength of purpose and a mighty appeal to her will before she would dare to

look again. When she reopened her eyes she saw that the mass lay absolutely still. She crept forward with trembling limbs and knees that threatened to give way under her at every moment.

Now she no longer thought of herself; there was but little fear of anyone passing by this way and seeing her as she gradually crawled nearer and nearer to that inert mass which lay there on the ground so rigid and silent. Beyond the yard there were only maize fields, and a tall row of sunflowers closed the place in as with a wall. And not a sound came from old Rézi's cottage.

Klara was quite close to that dark and inert thing at last; she put out her hand and touched it. The man was lying on his face, just as he had fallen, no doubt. With a superhuman effort she gathered up all her strength and lifted those hunched-up shoulders from the ground. Then she gave a smothered cry; the pallid face of Erös Béla was staring sightlessly up at the moon.

Indeed, for the moment the poor girl felt as if she must go mad, as if for ever and ever after this—waking or sleeping—she would see those glassy eyes, the drooping jaw, and that horrible stain which darkened the throat and breast. For a few seconds, which to her seemed an eternity, she remained here, crouching beside the dead body of this unfortunate man, trying in vain in her confused mind to conjecture what had brought Béla here, instead of the young Count, within the reach of Leopold's maniacal jealousy and revenge.

Andor's Revenge.

But her brain was too numbed for reasoning and for coherent thought. She had but to accept the facts as they were. That Erös Béla lay here dead, that Leopold had murdered him, and that she must save herself at all costs from being implicated in this awful, awful crime!

At last she contrived to gather up a sufficiency of strength—both mental and physical—to turn her back upon this terrible scene. She had struggled up to her feet and was turning to go when her foot knocked against something hard, and as—quite mechanically—her eyes searched the ground to see what this something was she saw it was the key of the back door, which had evidently escaped from the dead man's hand as he fell.

To stoop for it and pick it up—to run for the back door, which was so close by—to unlock and open it and then to slip through it into the house was but the work of a few seconds—and now here she was once again in her room, like the hunted beast back in its lair—panting, quivering, ready to fall—but safe, at all events.

No one had seen her, of that she felt sure. And now she knew—or thought she knew—exactly what had happened. Lakatos Andor had been to the castle, he had seen my lord, and got the key away from him. He wanted to ingratiate himself with my lord and to be able to boast in the future that he had saved my lord's life, but evidently he did mean to have his revenge, not only on himself—Klara—but also on Erös Béla for the humiliation which they had put upon Elsa. It was a cruel and dastardly trick of revenge, and in her heart Klara had vague hopes already of getting even with Andor one day. But that would come by and by—at some future time—when all this terrible tragedy would have been forgotten.

For the present she must once more think of herself. The key was now a precious possession. She went to hang it up on its accustomed peg. Even Leopold—if he stayed in the village to brazen the whole thing out—could not prove anything with regard to that key. Erös Béla might have been a casual passer-by, strolling about among the maize-fields, not necessarily intent on visiting Klara at dead of night. The key was now safely on its peg; who would dare swear that Erös Béla or anyone else ever had it in his possession?

"An Odious Trick."

In fact, the secret rested between five people, of which she—Klara—was one and the dead man another. Well, the latter could tell no tales, and she, of course, would say nothing. Already she had determined—even though her mind was still confused and her faculties still numb—that ignorance would be the safest stronghold behind which she could entrench herself.

There remained Leo himself, the young Count, and, of course, Andor. Which of these three would she have the greatest cause to fear?

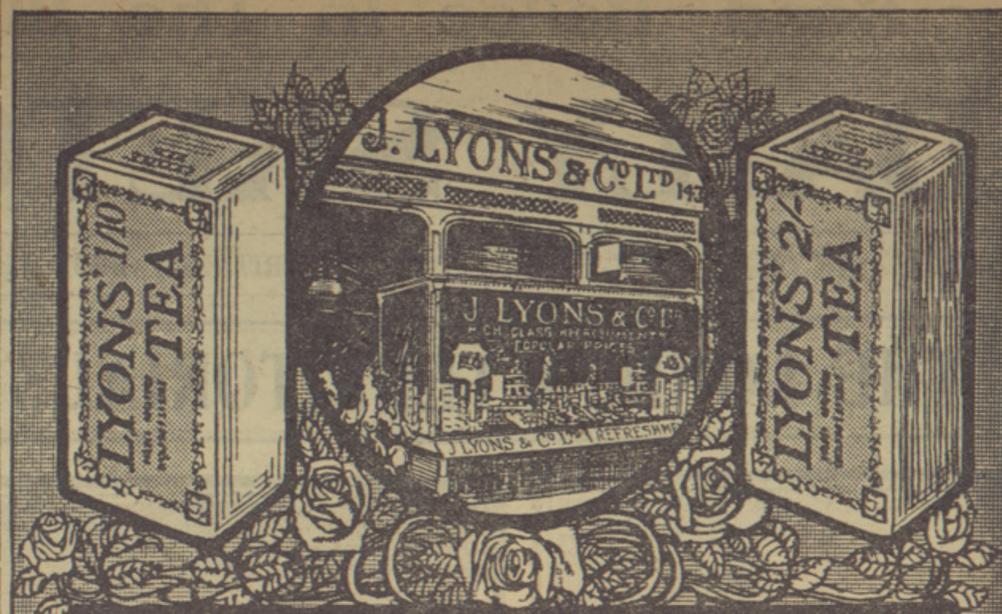
There was Leo mad with jealousy, the young Count indifferent, and Andor with curious and tortuous motives in his heart which surely he would not wish to disclose.

She had a sufficiency of presence of mind to go out and fetch the storm-lantern from where she had left it at the foot of the verandah steps. A passer-by who saw her in the act wished her a merry good-night, to which she responded in a steady voice. Then she carefully locked the front door, and finally undressed and went to bed. There was no knowing whether some belated wayfarer might not presently come on the dead man lying there in the yard, and having roused the neighbours, the latter might think of calling on Ignác Goldstein for spirit or what not. It was not generally known that Ignác Goldstein was from home, and if people thumped loudly and long at her door, she must appear as if she had just been roused from peaceful sleep.

Of course there was no hope of sleep—Klara knew well the moment that she looked on the dead man's face that she would always see it before her to the end of her days. She saw it now, quite distinctly, especially when she closed her eyes—the moonlit yard, the shadow that fell from the tall sunflowers, and the huddled, dark mass on the ground, with the turned-up face and the sightless eyes. But she was not afraid; she only felt bitterly resentful against Andor, who, she firmly believed, had played her an odious trick.

She almost felt sorry for Leopold, who had only sinned because of his great love for her.

(To be continued.)



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Here is such testimony from Mrs. Smith, of 5, Farringford Road, Stratford, London, E. In an interview recently she said: "I want to tell you what a lot of good Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done me for nervous breakdown, and bad neuralgic headaches. As a consequence of overtaxing my strength I had got into a low run-down condition, with my nerves all on edge. Any sudden sound, even a knock at the door, would make me fairly jump, and set me trembling from head to foot. My digestion, too, was all upset, and what I did take caused flatulence and violent palpitation. The wind used to rise in my throat positively like something solid, and then the palpitation would begin. But the worst of all my troubles was headache. This was agonising at times. People talk of splitting headache; it was no exaggeration in my case. My head did really feel as though it would burst. At last I became so ill that I had to keep in bed. Even there I had little rest. Neuralgic pains were constantly shooting through my head and I was so nerve shattered that I could not endure the slightest noise, could not bear even to have the bed touched; it set my nerves all on the jar.

"I had been in bed a week when I read of a cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets which seemed exactly like my own case. I told my husband, and he



got me a supply of the Tablets. Very soon I was downstairs again, and in quite a short time I was as well and strong as ever in my life."

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THE LONDON TERRITORIALS HAVE WON UNDYING GLORY.



London has reason to be proud of her Territorial soldiers. The lads we saw in August guarding the railway stations and public buildings have proved themselves the best of fighting men at the front. If we forgot them as we cheered the men of the Regular Army, the honours list—and, alas, the casualty list—remind us now that they, too, were soldiers, and, unlike some of us, ready to take their part in the great struggle. They have been in the thick of the fighting

THE DUCHESS LED THE CHEERS AT THE HOME-COMING OF LANCE-CORPORAL FULLER, V.C.



Mansfield gave a wonderful welcome to its son, Lance-Corporal Fuller, V.C., of the Grenadier Guards. Photograph shows scene on the platform. Left to right: Sir Arthur Markham, M.P., Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, the Duchess of Portland, Lance-Corporal Fuller, V.C., the Mayor of Mansfield, the hero's mother, and (inset) his father.