

Allies' Airmen Destroy A Parseval Airship.—(See page 3).

DAILY SKETCH.

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

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LONDON, FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

ASQUITH SEES WHAT WAR REALLY IS.



General Joffre. Mr. Asquith. Sir John French. —(Composite picture after S. d'A's photograph taken in France—by permission of the "Illustrated London News.")

Even to one so much behind the scenes as the Prime Minister his five days' visit to the front was crowded with interesting revelations to Mr. Asquith of the machinery of war at work. The Premie was the guest of Sir John French at the British Headquarters, and everywhere he went he was received with enthusiasm in the British lines. After surveying the battle-front from the now memorable Hill 60 he met the great Joffre and the French War Minister.

ARMY OFFICER WRITES 1,000 LOVE LETTERS.

Miss Lily Eyton Gets £250 Damages For Breach.

WILL MADE IN HER FAVOUR.

Missives That Made Shakespeare An Apprentice In Heart Matters.

No fewer than 1,000 love letters were mentioned in a breach of promise action brought yesterday by Miss Lily Eyton Jones, who is known on the music-hall stage as Miss Lily Eyton, against Captain Edwin Ludlow Porter.

So amatory were they alleged to be that counsel said that although he did not intend to read the whole, he would read some of them, and that no doubt the jury would then come to the conclusion that even Shakespeare, in his descriptions of feelings of the heart, was a mere apprentice as compared with Captain Porter.

Captain Porter, who was described as an officer in the Worcestershire Regiment, denied the breach, but also made an alternative plea giving expressed conditions.

Mr. Martin O'Connor, for plaintiff, said she was a well-known music-hall artiste, and the action was in many respects of a rather painful character. The parties met eight years ago, and plaintiff was a young girl of considerable beauty and charm of character, and had marked ability as a singer, so much so that in her profession she might have hoped with every confidence to achieve success and a happy career.

LETTERS THAT WERE GEMS.

In August, 1913, the parties became engaged, and in the course of the engagement Captain Porter wrote altogether something like a thousand letters, which were gems in their way. He (counsel) did not suppose that there had ever been any amatory correspondent who surpassed Captain Porter in expressing his idea of affection and vows of devotion.

A defence had been put in the case, said counsel, in which defendant denied that he promised to marry plaintiff either as alleged or at all. In the alternative he stated that on August 13, 1913, he promised to marry her on the expressed condition that if either she or he should thereafter meet any person that she or he respectively preferred the engagement should come to an end. "This was a nice bargain," remarked counsel, "for a young woman to enter into and to give up eight years of her life."

WILL IN HER FAVOUR.

He proceeded to point out that Captain Porter was apparently madly in love with the lady, and had fixed their abode which they were to take up after marriage, while at the commencement of the war after the engagement was made he made his will in her favour.

In one letter he wrote:—

Oh, my little darling, I do miss you so very, very badly. I had no idea, sweetheart, that I loved you so madly until last Sunday. Of course, I had realised for some time that you were the one and only little girl in the world for me, but I never knew until I held you in my arms that night how truly and passionately devoted to you, my angel, I was.

I am just starving for the sight of you, my own, and the hours do drag so. Oh, this longing to hold you in my arms once more is intolerable, and



Miss Lily Eyton.

how I am going to exist without a glimpse of you until Monday next God only knows.

Child, you have aroused in me a passionate love which I never thought that it was possible to possess. Yes, my baby, all the self-control which I thought was mine has entirely been swept away, and I am yours, body and soul, now and always.

"WANTS JUST HIS LILY."

Mine, sweetheart, you are for ever, and the love I give you is not that of a boy, but the lasting devotion of a man who has found at last what he despaired of ever finding, and that is a little girl whom he could worship; and that is just what I do to you.

I just adore you, and true will I be to my little Lily as long as life lasts.

If an unbounded devotion child, is essential, this, darling, you have for time and eternity. You

are my all in all, and nothing can ever alter that, baby.

God knows, my pet, I thought I loved once before; but never before have I felt or dreamed that I could feel such a passionate longing for anyone. Oh, my little angel, your love has changed me into an entirely different being, and all he wants now is just his Lily.

Another letter he ended with:—"Good-night, my baby. Good-night, beloved. God for ever bless and watch over you." While in another he remarked:—"Do you think me a frightfully sentimental idiot for writing to you again this evening when I have already dispatched one letter to you this morning?"

In another letter he said:—

Oh, my baby, what is life going to be like when you leave for Australia? At all events, my precious one, I have a week of heaven before me, and we must fill up every minute of it with love, as it will have to last for 12 long, dreary months. Oh, my baby, never was a little girl loved so madly before. . . Au revoir, my own precious



Captain Porter.

one. Oh, that I could make you realise how much I love you.—Your very own Charlie.

Proceeding counsel asked whether after hearing these letters anyone could have any doubt but that Captain Porter loved her most intensely and meant to marry her? Suddenly, however, he changed his mind and the engagement was broken off by letter on February 13 last. On February 10, 11 and 12 he wrote letters which were just as full of expressions of affection as those which had been received.

"SUCH A CONTEMPTIBLE CUR."

In this, however, he said:—

I would not allow that there could be anyone else but you. But I have realised now that there is another, and that that other has got what I thought was in your keeping for ever.

Oh, child, I feel such a contemptible cur to write to you like this.

Before this letter of February 13 had been written, said counsel, Captain Porter had been away with the wife of a brother-officer—the wife of his friend. He had since been a co-respondent in the Divorce Court, and had agreed to pay £1,000 damages for this outing with his friend's wife.

MISS EYTON GIVES EVIDENCE.

Plaintiff, fair-haired and of short stature, giving evidence, said she first became acquainted with Captain Porter at Burnley, and in the following week he came to see her at Halifax. Subsequently he saw her at Northampton, and he came to see her in London, and they were great friends.

She became engaged to him on the announcement of her going to Australia, and he gave her an engagement ring. There were no conditions whatever attached to the engagement.

Mr. Neilson (cross-examining): You would not wish to marry Captain Porter if his affection ceased to be for you?—Witness: No one cares to marry a man without affection.

It would be a dreadful tragedy to marry anyone if you were not fond of him?—Yes.

In further cross-examination witness said she brought the action with a view to retrieve her dignity in the eyes of her relatives and friends.

Upon the close of plaintiff's case counsel intimated that it was not his intention to call Captain Porter as a witness. Captain Porter, he said, had not any means beyond his pay and a voluntary allowance from his father.

The jury found in favour of plaintiff, with £250 damages.

PRINCE OF WALES' 21ST BIRTHDAY.

A special meeting of the Westminster City Council was held yesterday to consider the presentation of an address to the Prince of Wales on attaining his 21st birthday.

The mayor (Mr. G. B. Heming) said he had had instructions from headquarters in reference to the address which they proposed to send that the King was desirous that there should be no demonstration whatever. The Prince was not coming back to this country for the occasion, and the only thing the council could do would be simply to send the loyal address of congratulation through Buckingham Palace to wherever the Prince might be.

The mayor was instructed to carry out this suggestion.

Mr. King is inquiring in Parliament the number of persons who have been shot as spies by the British forces in France and Belgium since the commencement of the war; and asks whether any have been women.

THEY ARE ALL "SISTERS UNDER THEIR SKINS."

Dramatic Sketch Describing The New Bond Between Women.

STORIES YOU OUGHT TO READ.

Nothing has been more remarkable during the war than the manner in which barriers between different "grades" of society have vanished. With their fathers, their husbands, lovers or sons facing the peril of death in the world's most destructive war, women here at home have drawn closer; a bond of rare sympathy has arisen between Society Lady and coster girl; anxiety over a loved one has brought them together as nothing else could, justifying Kipling's lines:—

When you get to a man in the case
They're like as a row of pins,
For the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

It is on this new bond born in war that a gripping article has been written for the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* by Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions), the deservedly popular women's writer. In a vivid and powerful sketch, founded on a scene at Victoria Station, when the train was leaving with men for the front, Miss Ruck shows what this new sentiment of sisterly affection means to women. It is a story all should read.

THESE WILL INTEREST AND INSTRUCT.

In the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* on Sunday also Dr. Mary Scharlieb, the famous Harley-street specialist, is to deal with "Child Life Wastage in England." Official returns for weeks now have shown a grave increase compared with last year, so that Dr. Mary Scharlieb's article is most timely. Jerome K. Jerome discusses the question whether compulsion should be applied to workmen in our munition factories and other war-work centres, and a splendid character sketch of Sir John Simon, the new Home Secretary; is written by "One who knows him."

Other features include a fine short story, "The Nelson Touch in Love," by Leslie Beresford, and "A War Marriage Problem," by Patricia Pearson.

The *Illustrated Sunday Herald* each week contains pages and pages of fine, exclusive war pictures. It is without doubt the best Sunday picture paper, and the public should make certain they get it. In pictures, in articles, in its special "Gossip of London," in its fashion columns, in its news service it stands pre-eminent. The *Sunday Herald* is already firmly established as a paper for the family.

100 TONS A DAY FOR SOLDIERS.

Enormous Mails From Those At Home To The Men At The Front.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, in stating in Parliamentary papers that it is impossible to reduce the rate of postage on parcels to the troops at the front, owing to the excessive burden that would be thrown upon the transport authorities, gives some remarkable figures.

"The number of parcels sent daily to the Expeditionary Force in France has increased from 12,000 in November and 18,000 in February," he says, "to about 60,000 at the present time."

"In addition about half a million letters and newspapers are sent daily, and the total weight of mail matter is about 100 tons a day."

AN ECHO OF THE GOLIATH.

After the sinking of the Goliath in the Dardanelles, only one of the victims' photographs, that of James Roach, chief stoker on the vessel, is said to have been recovered. Roach came from Weaste (Manchester), his home being in Stowell-street. He was 26 years of age, and had been in the Navy for seven years.



DANGER OF INTERFERING M.P.'S.

Mr. Gignell yesterday gave notice to call the attention of the House of Commons to the danger of irresponsible members of the House interfering in public affairs and in the structure of the Ministry to which those affairs are entrusted.

He will also move that the Ministry is entitled to universal confidence and adequate support in any measures it may take for enforcing its powers over the men and resources of the kingdom.

NOT MR. VANDERBILT'S BODY.

It is reported from Doolin, Co. Clare, that the police authorities are satisfied that a body washed up there from the sea is not that of Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, although it appears to tally with the published description, and the gold watch found in a pocket bore initials corresponding with those of the lost millionaire.

Letters in the pockets had been reduced to pulp by the action of the water, and the features were battered beyond recognition. There is no real clue as to the identity of the body.

"WAR BABIES LEAGUE."

The War Babies' and Mothers' League, about which a statement was made in the *Daily Sketch* yesterday, was to have held a meeting to-day, when an address was to have been given by the Bishop of Kensington. Owing to difficulties about securing Morley Hall the meeting has been abandoned.

Right Rev. John Lloyd, D.D., Bishop of Swansea, died at the age of 68 at Mumbles yesterday, where he had been in ill-health for some time.

SIR HERBERT TREE'S REPLY TO CRITICS.

"Notices Written By Tired Men Who Hate The Theatre"

DEFENCE OF NEW PLAY.

The Reason Why He Chose It Was Its Beautiful Appeal.

The storm of newspaper criticism which has burst over the new play at His Majesty's, "Marie Odile," has drawn a spirited rejoinder from Sir Herbert Tree.

In the play a young nun becomes a mother while still in the convent. A party of soldiers, belonging to an enemy army ravaging the land, has visited the place, and one of them—so innocent is she—is mistaken by her for St. Michael, a picture of whom he resembles. When the child is born she has only her religious training to guide her, and revels in her motherhood.

Such ignorance is declared by some who have seen the play to be impossible, even to a nun, and others have said that the atmosphere of it is calculated to offend religious susceptibilities.

WHY SIR HERBERT CHOSE IT.

"An artist should be flattered by opposition—it is only mediocrity that makes the critic complacent. The art that is not assailed is dead," Sir Herbert said to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday.

"I chose the play because I thought it beautiful. I still think so. It is more than beautiful; it is idyllic. To those critics who differ I might answer that the mind appreciates only so much of beauty as itself possesses.

"Many of the critics see only the ugly—that is not beauty's fault. Notices of plays are in this country written by tired men who hate the theatre. They see plays six nights a week, some of them. How can they be expected to have the necessary receptivity to form a clear and unblurred judgment? It is like having the same dish for dinner every night of one's life. One should come with a fresh and open mind to see a play like 'Marie Odile.'"

"It is a remarkable thing, by the way, that most of what was written regarding it when it was produced in America had much more understanding than the criticisms passed here. I do not know why that should be, but the difference was extraordinary.

"Such a play as this is for the young. For the very life of the theatre enthusiasm is needed—we had it on Tuesday night. As Max Beerbohm, though a critic, once confessed: 'What we want is an Applause Club.'

ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE TIMES.

"As this is a beautiful play, so it is especially suited to times like these. It is at these times that we most need something with an ideal. And just now, when we managers are fighting so hard to keep our theatres open and to employ our people, we may, not unreasonably, look for some help from our friends, the Press.

The *Daily Sketch* led Sir Herbert to what has been one of the main points of contention—the introduction of the sex question in the particular form in which it appears.

"Well," Sir Herbert said, "what have the newspapers to complain of about that? Are not their columns filled with matters pertaining to sex? And this is so delicately treated.

"True, the nun has a child. But the look of ecstasy upon her face as she tells of it is such that there is no feeling of degradation. Rather does it seem that she has realised the crown and glory of womanhood.

WOMEN WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

"I see it has been called a play which women will understand better than men. It is. Essentially it is a play for woman. I will go farther and say it is a play which can harm none.

"I am not the man to wish to turn an unsavoury penny."

The incident where a soldier dances in a chasuble was mentioned.

"What I would remark about that part of the play," said Sir Herbert, "is that the atmosphere is ennobling rather than the reverse. At any rate it is so intended. It has to be remembered that when the soldier sees the nun he is so overcome by her purity that he takes the chasuble off. The incident was put there for a purpose, and the purpose has been achieved."

EIGHT SONS FIGHTING.

Mr. Simcox, of Miles-street, Birmingham, has eight sons serving in the Army, four having gone through the South African War. He has now received a letter of congratulation from the King.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RAJAH'S PEARL.

See MONDAY'S issue of the *DAILY SKETCH* for the first instalment of a thrilling new serial story of Anglo-Indian life by the well-known novelist, Mr. Fred M. White.

FRENCH VICTORY AT NEUVILLE SHATTERS GERMAN HOPES

GRAVE OF GERMANS' GREAT HOPES.

French Capture Of Neuville Breaks Enemy's Defensive.

DESPERATE STREET BATTLE.

Wounded London Territorial Who Refused Sick Leave.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Thursday.

The Germans are now exerting their principal effort against the French troops occupying the recently conquered positions at Hebuterne, south-east of Arras.

The effect of the lengthening of the French offensive seems to have caused consternation in the ranks of the enemy.

Prisoners confirm the story that reinforcements which recently arrived have been sent back to Galicia, and their statements are in some sense corroborated by the constant change in the disposition of the German forces as the result of the insufficiency of their effectives.

ENEMY'S MOBILE COLUMN.

The Germans have now what is practically a mobile column moving constantly along the front to the points of the greatest French pressure.

The capture of Neuville gives the French possession of the complete triangle formed by Neuville, Carency and the Lorette Heights, which was a huge network of defences, constituting the enemy's greatest asset in the north of France and the pivot of the whole line.

This feat of the French arms was accomplished at the cost of cruel losses, but the region is the grave of great German hopes and of thousands of German dead.

Terrible street fighting occurred at Neuville before the Germans relinquished their last hold upon that place.

The French infantry cut the last stragglers to pieces in determined bayonet fighting conducted under a broiling sun, with thunder rumbling in the distance and mingling weirdly with the sounds of bombardment on other parts of the line.

AN ARDENT LONDON BOY.

A Territorial belonging to the machine-gun section of the 12th Battalion County of London Regiment recently returned to the front immediately upon becoming convalescent from wounds. He refused to take sick leave.

This ardent member of a battalion which, as I recently reported, has greatly distinguished itself, was wounded while serving the gun with the aid of which 20 men held a trench although outnumbered ten times.—Central News Special.

1,000 DEAD LEFT BEHIND.

Enemy's Stubborn Defence In "Foot-By-Foot" Fighting.

French Official News.

PARIS, Thursday Night.

The artillery duel continued in the sector to the north of Arras.

It was, however, impeded by a fog of great density.

Supplementary reports on the capture of Neuville St. Vaast show that the north-eastern part of the village and the small fort which the enemy had constructed there were defended with extreme stubbornness.

It was by fighting foot to foot and house to house that our infantry gained possession of the whole of the position.

The Germans only retired when at the last extremity. They left in our hands a very large quantity of material, including a 77-millimetre gun and several machine guns.

We found in the houses, in the communication trenches, and in the cellars close upon 1,000 corpses. In the region of Hebuterne we took six machine guns from the enemy during Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

In Champagne, in the region of Beausejour, the enemy attacked our trenches with more than a battalion, but was everywhere repulsed.

Numerous German corpses were left on the ground.

On the heights of the Meuse, particularly at Les Eparges, there was a violent artillery duel, in the course of which our guns silenced the enemy batteries.—Reuter.

PARIS, Thursday Afternoon.

There was a very violent artillery engagement throughout the night in the Lorette district.

At the Souchez sugar refinery the enemy at nine o'clock in the evening delivered an attack, which was immediately repulsed.

We made fresh progress in the "Labyrinth." In the Hebuterne district (south-west of Arras) our gains have been completely maintained. They extend over a front of 1,800 yards, with a depth of about two-thirds of a mile.

On the rest of the front there is nothing to report.—Reuter.

TWO BRITISH TORPEDO BOATS SUNK.

Torpedoed By German Submarine Off The East Coast.

41 SURVIVORS LANDED.

British Official News.

THE ADMIRALTY, Thursday Evening.

H.M. torpedo boats Nos. 10 and 12, whilst operating off the East Coast, were torpedoed by an enemy submarine early this morning and sunk. The survivors, 41 in number, have been landed.

The two lost boats were of the 1906 type, and therefore by no means modern as far as present-day war craft goes. The 10 type is of 215 tons and the 12 of 225. Their armaments were 3 18 inch tubes, and their horse-power 3,750, equal to 26 knots.

TRAWLERS SUNK BY ZEPPELIN.

"Baby Killers" Turn Pirates To Help In Massacre Of Fishermen.

Apparently Admiral Tirpitz, the Kaiser's pirate-in-chief, is not satisfied with the wholesale destruction of harmless fishing vessels and the massacre of their innocent crews, which his submarines have been carrying out. He has now turned his Zeppelins upon them.

An Amsterdam message reports that a telegram from Maasluis says:—

The Dutch fishing-smack M A 73 has arrived with eight survivors of the British smacks Welfare and Laurestina, of Lowestoft, which, while fishing in the North Sea, were attacked and sunk by a Zeppelin.

The crews were picked up in their own boats by the Dutch vessel.—Reuter.

Meanwhile the under-water pirates are still busy. Four more Lowestoft trawlers were yesterday reported destroyed, the crews being brought home by another trawler, which had on board 20 survivors. In four days seven vessels belonging to the port have been sunk.

It was also reported yesterday that five more Grimsby vessels have been shelled or torpedoed. In one case the crew were 52 hours in a small boat without food or water, and were terribly exhausted when picked up.

Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent reports that the Ymuiden trawler Letty has been blown up near the Dogger bank and the crew drowned.

ANOTHER GERMAN AIRSHIP DESTROYED.

Parseval Blown Up By Allied Airman's Bombs Near Brussels.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

The *Telegraaf* learns from Brussels that on Sunday night an airman of the Allies flew over Brussels, waking up many of the inhabitants by the noise of his motor.

The machine, which was a biplane, came from the west and flew over part of the city and the Josaphat Park, afterwards making for the airship shed at Helmet.

From all directions the aeroplane was fired at, both with heavy artillery and with machine-guns, but as far as could be judged the machine was not hit.

Later on the airman threw bombs at Etterbeek, but did not hit the airship shed there, whereupon he returned to Helmet amid renewed heavy gun fire and threw three or four more bombs.

This time he was more successful. Great flames and huge clouds of smoke were seen to rise from the shed.

The airman then disappeared. It has since been ascertained that at Helmet a Parseval airship and part of the shed were destroyed.—Reuter.

(Evere, where, as has already been announced, an airship shed was set on fire by Flight-Lieuts. Wilson and Mills at 2.30 on Monday morning, and Helmet are adjacent suburbs to the north-east of Brussels. It therefore appears clear that the above is a fresh version of the exploit already reported; but it is to be noted that it confirms the destruction of a second German airship, which the British official report left in doubt.)

THE MAN IN THE AUDIENCE AGREED.

"Once we have abolished the great danger of the British Navy—the great danger it is to us—and once we have abolished the Army then for the first time in the history of the world we shall have a nation that is safe, a nation which fears neither foe nor false friend."

This was the somewhat startling view advanced last night at Devonshire House, E.C., by Mr. G. Benson at the third of a series of "educational peace meetings" in connection with the Society of Friends.

A nation which was not armed would not be attacked. As long as we had armaments the Germans would attribute to us motives which we attributed to them.

"Non-resistance," Mr. Benson declared, "is neither foolish nor foolhardy—" "No," came a prompt retort from the audience, "it's lunacy."

The Duchess of Portland presided at a Nottingham meeting yesterday afternoon, when arrangements were made to enable women to undertake certain work for the health authorities of the city in place of men who have gone to the front.

GREAT MUNITIONS SCHEME FOR LONDON.

All Available Public Services To Be Diverted.

APPROVED BY WAR OFFICE.

A new scheme is in hand, and has already been approved by the Munitions Committee of the War Office, for organizing the production of munitions in the London area.

It is based on a proposal to the War Office by Mr. W. A. Harper, a member of the firm of Messrs. Harper and Co., that a Central Munitions Works should be established in the Metropolitan area, and that the workshops and stations of all companies and public authorities shall be placed under one central administration, and arranged in groups for the production of munitions of war.

This means that all the available services of the workshops of the electric lighting, water and gas bodies will be diverted to the making of munitions. It is estimated that there are upwards of a hundred workshops of public authorities alone capable of rendering assistance in the making of war material. The proposal has been before the Institute of Civil Engineers, and steps are being taken to ascertain the exact plant which is to be used, and a representative committee has been formed.

It includes prominent engineers connected with the public authorities, and the presidents of the Institutes of Mechanical, Civil, and Electrical Engineers.

Mr. F. J. Walker, who is the managing director of the St. James's Light Company, is acting as hon. secretary to the committee.

LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WORKMEN.

Mr. Lloyd George received representatives of Trade Union organisations at the Ministry of Munitions yesterday and pointed out the urgent need of increasing by every means possible the output of munitions of war, and discussed the methods which might be adopted for increasing the labour force available for such work, for the better organisation of the work requiring to be done, and for the prevention of loss of time and efficiency through industrial disputes and similar causes.

Mr. Lloyd George at Newport last night said: "I want on my stay in the West to see everybody who can make munitions of any sort."

'SHELLS, MORE SHELLS,' FOR FRANCE

PARIS, Thursday.

In order to be able to manufacture the greatest possible quantity of munitions the Government has decided to recall from the front all mobilised soldiers who were working in shops manufacturing munitions for the State.—Exchange.

"GERMAN-AMERICAN VICTORY."

How The Kaiser's Agents Worked Against Mr. Bryan.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.

The *Cologne Gazette* seems very ill-informed about American opinion, which it says regards the Lusitania incident "somewhat calmly, despite the exaggerations of the Anglo-American Press."

After this it is hardly surprising that the *Cologne Gazette* considers Mr. Bryan's resignation as a victory for the German-Americans. It says:

In Mr. Bryan's excursions into foreign policy he has always expounded American neutrality in such a way that it worked to our disadvantage and in favour of our enemies.

The protagonists of an honourable neutrality for America, namely, the German-Americans, therefore always opposed him with the greatest bitterness. They not only organised mass meetings against him, but sent him mountains of printed postcards saying, "For the country's sake resign."

Now their wish has been accomplished, and if the result should be that America should now display a true neutrality, and especially prohibit the export of war material, they would have achieved a great and fine success.—Reuter

ARREST OF MAN WHO SAID LUSITANIA WAS ARMED.

NEW YORK, Thursday.

Gustave Stahl, the German reservist, who swore to the German Embassy an affidavit that there were guns aboard the Lusitania, was arrested by Federal agents, and charged with perjury.

He was arrested on leaving the grand jury room after testifying in the investigation of the charge that the Lusitania was armed.—Exchange.

FRENCH FARM HEROINE.

PARIS, Thursday.

Among those mentioned in an Army Order is Mme. Danre, a farmer's wife at Puisieux, near Moulins-sous-Touvent, for having lavished attention on French wounded, whom she herself went out to fetch under fire. She remained with them throughout the bombardment of the farm, giving an example of coolness and courage.—Reuter.

ATTACK ON LEMBERG HELD UP.

The German effort to attack Lemberg (the key to the possession of Eastern Galicia) has, on their own admission, been checked.

Yesterday's German official news says that from the region of Nikolajav and Rohatyn, south and south-east of Lemberg, fresh Russian troops have advanced southward.

Extra Late Edition.

ITALIANS CAPTURE A DOCKYARD TOWN.

Occupation Of Monfalcone On The Road To Trieste.

FIVE MILES OVER THE RIVER ISONZO.

Austrians Faced With Prospect Of A Serious Reverse.

The Italians have scored an important success by their occupation of Monfalcone, the Austrian fortified town, which has been shelled three times by Italian warships.

Monfalcone is about 12 miles over the Friuli frontier, 5 miles beyond the river Isonzo, and about 20 miles on the railway line from Trieste, the Italian objective on this front.

It is also only 10 miles south-west of Gorizia, which is looked upon as the key to the big Austrian port.

HEAVY AUSTRIAN LOSSES.

Enemy Flee From A Position In The Monte Nero Region.

Italian Official News.

ROME, Wednesday Midnight.

Our troops are methodically strengthening themselves along the whole of the Tyrol-Trentino frontier in the positions which it is important to hold in order to compel the enemy to show his defensive preparation and to allow of the subsequent operations.

Our troops, although strongly opposed by the enemy, have beyond the frontier approached the Falzarego Pass, some 6½ miles north of Cor-



tina d'Ampezzo, where a victorious fight took place. A gun and a quantity of ammunition remained in our hands.

Close to the Carnic Monte Croce fighting has been in progress for several days for the possession of the important position of Preikoffel, which the Austrians defended with determination. On the evening of June 8 our Alpini captured it, finally taking about a hundred prisoners.

Along the line of the Isonzo on Monday and yesterday we continued the operations intended to throw back the enemy from the dominant positions which he still occupies on the right bank of the Isonzo and to establish strong bridge heads.

Our troops have everywhere fought with great dash and tenacity, and have won important positions. We have occupied Monfalcone.

The fire of our batteries visibly damaged several hostile batteries. In the arduous region of Monte Nero our successful attack led to the occupation of an Austrian position. The enemy fled, leaving about a hundred bodies, which were buried by us, and sixty wounded.

Near Caporetto seventy Bosnian deserters gave themselves up. In other parts along the Isonzo we captured altogether more than 400 prisoners. Our losses are not serious. Prisoners state that the Austrian losses are very great.—Reuter.

PAVING THE WAY WITH LIES.

German Excuses In Advance For Destruction Of Famous Churches.

ROME, Thursday.

The following semi-official statement is issued here:—

The *Vossische Zeitung* announces that radio-telegraphic apparatus and anti-aircraft guns have been placed in position on the Cathedral of Milan and the church of Saint Mark at Venice, and adds that this will justify Austrian aerial attacks.

This statement is completely false, and appears to have as its object the preparation of public opinion for attacks similar to those on Rheims and Louvain.—Reuter.

MARRIED MEN HAVE SET THE STAY-AT-HOME BACHELORS AN EXAMPLE



The seven children of Private G. Kelly, who is in the firing line.



Private G. Booth, 2nd Dragoon Guards, has six children.



The family of Private G. Peacock, who is at the front.



Private Booth



Private Peacock, a Territorial, the 1/5 NorthStaffs.



Rifleman A. L. Fuller has six bonny girls.

These groups of children, whose fathers have answered the call of their country, should shame the young stay-at-home man who has no domestic responsibilities. Private Kelly, of the Worcesters, has been in the firing line since October. At the outbreak of war he was a checker on the London and North-Western Railway. Rifleman Fuller, of the 1st Rifle Brigade, has been invalided home, but is ready for active service again.

CHILDREN DID THEIR BEST TO HELP CHARITY'S SWEET CAUSE.



These pretty Society children assisted at a party given by Miss Vacani on behalf of the Waterloo Hospital. Princess Alexander of Teck gave the effort her patronage.—(Sax. Co.)



Joan King, the child dancer, is helping at Muriel Viscountess Helmsley's concert at Steinway Hall to-day.—(Hana.)



POISONED HAND
Quickly Healed.

MISS LOUISA HOWELL, of 143, Dalry-road, Edinburgh, scratched her left hand with a pin. Cloth dye started blood-poison.

"My hand was so painful and swollen," says Miss Howell, "that I couldn't use it. The burning and smarting made me feel quite ill. The doctor said it was one of the worst cases of blood-poison he had ever seen.

"As he could do nothing for me I went to an Edinburgh hospital and after treatment there I was told my hand would have to come off.

"Zam-Buk, however, saved my poisoned hand. This herbal balm took away the inflammation, pain, and swelling, and healed the sore place with new skin. Thanks alone to Zam-Buk, my hand is now quite better."

Always keep Zam-Buk handy at home and at work. The 2/9 box contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size. Of all Chemists.



THIS NEVER FAILS TO CURE DIGESTIVE DISORDERS.

If you are one of those many thousand who suffer the daily torture of digestive troubles, if you find your nerves run down and your blood supply impoverished, if you have found that ordinary medicines give you no relief—test this wonderful remedy. It is practically unfailing in its power to banish every unhealthy symptom and restore a vigorous, robust, healthy tone.

This remedy is known as Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills, and a great host who have proved its wonderful benefits advise other sufferers to test its value. Dr. Rooke's Pills are quite pleasant to take, they are good for young and old. Without any violent purgative action they cleanse the whole system and banish every symptom of digestive troubles. No matter how long you have suffered Dr. Rooke's Pills will speedily effect your cure.

All chemists sell Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. Test them to-day, you will be delighted. If any trouble in obtaining locally, write direct with remittance to the Proprietors (Dept. 30), 10, Darlington Street, Leeds.—Advt.

THE PAIN OF NEURALGIA.

People think of neuralgia as a pain in the head or face, but neuralgia may affect any nerve of the body. Different names are given to it when it affects certain nerves. Thus neuralgia of the sciatic nerve is called sciatica, but the character of the pain and the nature of the disease are the same; the cause is the same, and the remedy to be effective must be the same.

The pain of neuralgia is caused by starved nerves. The blood, which normally carries nourishment to the nerves, for some reason no longer does so, and the pain that you feel is the cry of the nerves for food. The reason why the blood fails to properly nourish the nerves is often because the blood itself is weak and thin.

Anæmia, or thin blood, is the most common cause of neuralgia. Build up your thin blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you are attacking neuralgia at its root. These tonic pills also have a peculiar and direct action on the nerves, so that they are the very best possible remedy for the treatment of neuralgia.

You can obtain from any dealer a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but remember to ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—Write a postcard to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for a free copy of a useful and interesting book on the Home Treatment of Nervous Disorders.—Advt.

STOP THE TRADE QUARRELS!

THREE strikes are threatening. In Lancashire there is a cotton crisis, in South Wales there is a coal crisis, and on the North-Eastern Railway the men are making demands for a minimum wage, which if refused may lead to trouble. I confess candidly that I can take no very deep interest in these trade disputes just now, and in this my feelings resemble those of the average man and woman all over the country. I cannot keep my mind away from the plains of Flanders and from the hills of Gallipoli, where our men are giving up their lives for a lower wage than cotton operatives, coalminers, and railwaymen receive for their ordinary work.

OUR soldiers do not strike for more pay or better terms. On the eve of battle they do not seek to embarrass the commanders by declaring that they will not go into the fight unless new terms of employment are arrived at. You will say that soldier strikers would be shot, but the soldiers by united action could mutiny with success and shoot down the officers. This idea of obedience under fear of death is an insult to the British soldier, and indeed to every true soldier. Terrorism never holds a great army together. In the British and French armies there is a highly developed bond of sympathy between officers and men. They share the dangers and difficulties, and all are inspired by a loyalty which prevents any discord.

WE want to cultivate something of this principle in both the employers and workers at home. It may be a far-off ideal in time of peace when competition between labour and capital has full play and the public pays the piper. But in time of war it is desirable that the Public should assert its rights. Everyone of us should consider himself or herself in a state of war. If not actually fighting for the country we should feel that during the war we owe a special duty to the nation and to the community.

IF a soldier throws away his ammunition, or causes any damage or unnecessary loss to his own side he is acting traitorously, since he is diminishing the defensive powers of his country. So, too, the citizen is a traitor who in time of war casts unnecessary burdens on his fellow citizens, thus impoverishing and weakening them. The food speculator, the fuel speculator, and every other exploiter; and the striker, the shirker, the slacker and the strike agitator are also enemies to the nation now. They cause us to pay higher prices for commodities, they reduce the incomes of many people, and they bring direct suffering to the large body of people who are normally on the verge of poverty.

IT will be said that the cotton workers, the coal workers, and the railway men who now seek for better terms do so under stress of circumstances. But save in the case of the railway workers it can hardly be claimed that they are poorly-paid classes. They must remember that we are at war, and they must be prepared to take some of the vicissitudes of war. At the same time the employers must be made to understand their duties to the nation.

HERE is a fine opportunity for Mr. Churchill to use his magical powers in bringing masters and men to terms. At present his talents are not given full scope, but as a mediator in trade disputes I think that he could do splendid work. His eloquence would lift the squabblers out of their petty local disputes and give them the broad national view which is still lacking in so many of our people. Throughout the country Mr. Churchill is admired for his pluck and patriotism, and if he could instil these qualities into the industrial quarrellers he would do a national service.

THE people yet hardly realise what this war is costing us in money. Before it is finished we shall be up to the neck in debt. The country cannot afford to lose money or see it wasted now. And every labour dispute is a cause of serious loss.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.



Heat—External And Internal.

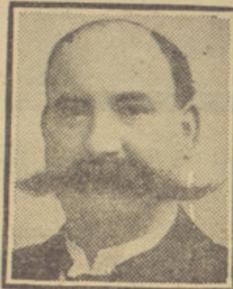
WHEN the rain was coming down on Wednesday I hooked umbrellas with a political person. When he had cursed me sufficiently, he condescended to thank Heaven for the rain. I agreed that it ought to be good for the hay. "Hay—nothing," he replied. "I'm thinking of the House. If we hadn't had something to cool the air, Lord knows what would have happened. All this trouble is due to 80 in the shade. Ever know a heat wave when there wasn't trouble in the House?"

The Bridge Player.

TALKING of bridge players in the House of Commons, the man who is said to play the best game of all is Mr. Handel Booth. He has made a special study of it, and, like certain great chess players who can keep the moves of twenty games in their heads, he is able to remember every card played in the course of an evening. At the National Liberal Club, where he plays, any dispute is carried to him. He is said to be the only man in the club who never loses a trick that he might have made.

Longest Moustache In New Ministry.

YESTERDAY I met Mr. Brace, with his departmental chief, Sir John Simon—an interesting contrast. Mr. Brace, I see, in matters of dress follows the lead of a Labour predecessor in the Under-Secretaryship at the Home Office, the late Mr. Henry Broadhurst, rather than Mr. Burns. He wears a silk hat. He is also distinguished by having the longest and blackest moustache in the new Ministry. It is so long I can't get it all in the picture. Sir John Simon, by the way, has remarkably broad shoulders for such a scholarly type.



—(Russell.)

French's Humble Admirer.

MRS. DESPARD, whom I mentioned the other day, is in the habit of purchasing her paper from a poor old news-vendor—an ex-soldier. The other day the soldier said: "Excuse me, ma'am, but I know you're General French's sister. I should like to tell yer how, when working a battery in a very hot corner in the Boer War, your brother come riding over to us chaps and cheered us all up. He's always jolly—not a bit o' side on 'im." Mrs. Despard was touched. She shook the man's hand, and—forgot to take her paper.

Feminine Recruiting Sergeants.

THE CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES have pressed women into their recruiting efforts, and up and down the Strand you may see these feminine sergeants, with neat blue armlets, in deep conversation with likely youths. I am glad to see that the "feather-flapper" type is not encouraged, and that the recruiters are women of a certain age. These are much more likely to be successful, especially if they can point to sons of their own in the ranks.

Scarcely A Slacker.

HERE is a young man's grievance. "There are four menfolk in my family. Two have been in Kitchener's Army since the last week of August, one has been serving with General Botha. I joined the Navy on the 12th August last, and was invalided out a few months ago, since when, thanks to the Admiralty in failing to supply me with any badge, aided by the innumerable middle-aged women and elderly men recruiting agents about, life has not been worth living."

His Button.

EVERY MAN of military age not in khaki tries to wear a button as a self-protection from indiscreet women, but you cannot usually see what it is. Yesterday I seized an opportunity on a 'bus, and found the man opposite me had a button on which was represented two hands clasped together, and the words: "R.A.O.B. Amalgamation Movement."

Patriotic Buffs.

To forestall criticism, I should like to add that the R.A.O.B., which to the knowing ones means the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, are most patriotic. They have, I am told, equipped and sent over several splendid ambulance cars, and many regiments in the Army have Buffalo lodges attached to them, where, when not fighting the enemy, the brethren foregather and indulge in their, presumably, traditional pastime of "chasing the buffalo."

Who Gave The Dance?

LORD ST. DAVIDS is the peer who doesn't like dancing—at any rate, in war time. He had some severe things to say in the House on Wednesday about the fact that "within the last fortnight a member of that House (the House of Lords), who had held high office under the King, gave a dance at which there were a lot of young men who had never served their country and never meant to." I think the majority of us will agree with his lordship, and if they knew who the host and hostess of this dance happen to be they would be still more indignant. Lord St. Davids, who is the first baron, was originally Sir John Wynford Phillips, the baronetcy dating from 1621. He is an old Keble man, a barrister, an ex-Scottish M.P., and a Welshman.



—(Lafayette.)

The Little Brother.

LORD ST. DAVIDS, of course, is "the dwarf" of a famous tall trio of brothers. Sir Owen Philipps is 6ft. 7in., Colonel Ivor Philipps 6ft. 4in., while Lord St. Davids is but a mere 6ft. 3in.

Suspicious Special.

THERE is one household somewhere near the East Coast that has a small opinion of me—or, rather, special constables in general. After a Zeppelin raid paterfamilias was playing the garden hose on an incendiary bomb which blazed up and down on the lawn, when—"In the name of the King I arrest you for signalling to the enemy," someone shouted, and a hand was laid on his shoulder and he was marched off to the police station. Anyway, so he says.

One Of The Minor Horrors Of War.

THE effect of the war on garments is as bad as the effect of the heat on headgear. I saw, and reeled back pale with horror at the sight of it, a "patriotic" evening waistcoat in a tailor's window in the West End yesterday. The unholy thing was made of white material, its three buttons were red, white and blue respectively, and over each pocket were worked in coloured silks—the flags of the Allies. It was labelled "chic."

"The Green Flag."

THERE WILL BE a dazzling display of female beauty and talent at the Vaudeville to-night in the new play, "The Green Flag." With Constance Collier and Lillian Braithwaite in the cast the worst play in the world would not be devoid of interest, and there is no reason to suppose that "The Green Flag" will not be quite excellent. But here is Miss Kyrle Bellew, who will also appear in it. I say "Miss" advisedly, for when I referred to her before without that title lots of people wrote sarcastic letters about what they considered the flagrant mistake of referring to someone who is dead as being alive. Miss Bellew is a relative (not the daughter, as has been stated) of the late Kyrle Bellew, the handsomest actor of his day. She is a singularly beautiful girl.



Not A Musical Competition.

HERE IS a notice fixed at the back of a certain theatre which abuts on to the railway line:—"To engine drivers.—Please do not disturb the performance by whistling."

The Stockbroker's "Present!"

"MOST of you gentlemen," said the O.T.C. sergeant-major, "present arms as if you were about to address a hostile board meeting."

"Asphalting Gas."

"YES, SIR," said the returned soldier, "I was nearly poisoned by that asphalting gas the Germans are using." A chance here for the Italian road-menders who have joined their Army.

Hello! W.O.

THE War Office is stirring itself. I know a man who got a reply to a question in two and a half minutes on the telephone. They must be using real wire now, instead of red tape.

"Gamblers All."

I GOT INTO terrible trouble with "Mrs. Gossip" for not acclaiming "Marie-Odile" as a masterpiece, and saying that—well, you know what I said. I don't want to risk another row; these domestic difficulties are trying in the hot weather. She was at Wyndham's on Wednesday, watching "Gamblers All," but we didn't speak, so it is impossible for me to know whether I shall offend her or not with my remarks about it.

Social And Personal.

IF you read "Mrs. Gossip" (I suppose a few people do) you will have noticed that she now refers to me as her "colleague." Dear, dear!

"Some" Raid.

IT CERTAINLY isn't so dull as "Marie-Odile," but it is a long way from being a perfect play. The first two acts got us thoroughly interested in the butterfly wife with a penchant for gambling, her devoted but unsympathetic husband, and the rather too devoted and too sympathetic third party, an heroic moneylender, tactfully played by Lewis Waller. But a sensational police raid, which closed the "gambling hell," seemed to "raid" the play as well, and the explanations and intrigues of the last act, when everyone arrived separately to consult Lewis Waller, were as uninteresting as they were unnatural.

Lewis Waller's Reception.

HOWEVER, the play had its good points (will that do for Mrs. G.) and the authoress, Mrs. Martindale, deserved her friendly reception if only for some rather witty lines she has evolved. She is, by the way, a daughter of Sir Charles Young, author of that famous play, "Jim the Penman." Lewis Waller's reception was even more enthusiastic. This was his first appearance in the West-end for about four years, and he has acted in America, Canada, Australia, and South Africa in the interval. He hasn't a "Waller part" in "Gamblers All," but he 's as strong and as debonair as ever. This is what Tom Titt thinks of him.



"Among Those Present."

THERE were present, in addition to my "colleague," Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge, Lady Paget, Lady Paget Cooke, Sir Algernon West, Mr. Basil Loder, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, Colonel Ellis, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and Mr. and Mrs. André Charlot.

A Theatrical Event.

HARRY M. VERNON, the indefatigable dramatist, of "Mr. Wu" fame, has a little son, which babe was duly baptised at Stubbings Manor Church, near Maidenhead, on Wednesday last, in the presence of its—sorry, his—distinguished godparents, the Duke of Manchester, Lady Doris Keppel, and Mr. Joe Coyne.

Doctor's Stage Appearance.

MR. JACK HULBERT, the young man who went in extensively for amateur theatricals at Cambridge, and eventually turned to real musical comedy at the Shaftesbury Theatre, becoming engaged to Cicely Courtneidge into the bargain, is fairly well known. His father, Dr. H. H. Hulbert, will appear on the stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre this afternoon, not to act, but to lecture on "The British Soldier: What He Was, What He Is, and What He Will Be." The occasion is the matinee organised by the Poetry Society in aid of Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund. Henry Ainley, Alfred Lester, Gwendoline Brodgen, and Nelson Keys will also do their bit.

London's Labyrinth.

TRAVELLING WESTWARDS by the District I was asked in very broad Scotch by four very broad Scottish soldiers: "Hoo o'n we git tae Hyde Park, an' verra quickly?" It seemed that they had only a few hours' leave, and left their barrack station two hours ago, but not knowing anything about the mysteries of the District and "not bein' able tae understand the porterrrs" had been travelling round to stations they didn't want all the evening. Twice, so they told me, they had found themselves back near barracks.

Under One Umbrella.

THE EMPLOYMENT of women commissionaires outside Harrod's has its amusing side. It was wet on Wednesday afternoon, and the embarrassment of the many khaki-clad officers who drove up in taxis was almost laughable as the "commissionaires" escorted them across the pavement beneath big umbrellas. One or two of the warriors looked as if they were about to fend their escorts off!

AIRMAN V.C.'S MOTHER PROUD OF HER BOY



The V.C.'s mother wears a happy smile, for she is the proudest woman in the land to-day.



Eagerly she reads what the world is saying in praise of the exploits of her son, the airman hero.



Lieut. Warneford's mother, who is married to Lieut.-Colonel M. P. Corkery, R.A.M.C., in the garden of her country home with her husband, who is himself shortly leaving for the front.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

A COOL AND SMILING CHAIN OF KITCHENER'S ARMY.



The fact that their party numbers thirteen does not worry these soldiers of the King. They prefer undress uniform in this hot weather to full marching order. That is the reason for their broad smiles.

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS OF THE E15



This is the first photograph to reach London showing the crew of the British submarine attempting a difficult reconnaissance of a minefield in the Dardanelles.

NUNS ON WHOM THE WRECKED ZEPPELIN FELL.



Nuns at work in the convent of St. Elizabeth at Ghent, where the Zeppelin wrecked by Lieutenant Warneford, V.C., fell.

LORD LANSDOWNE IN KHAKI.



Lord Lansdowne makes an inspection of the camp in his grounds at Bowood Park, Wiltshire.

ARE NOW PRISONERS OF THE TURKS.



Elis as prisoners in the hands of the Turks. The vessel ran ashore on Kephez Point while and was afterwards torpedoed to prevent it falling into the Turks' possession.

A TOUCHING SCENE FROM 'MARIE-ODILE.'



The Mother Superior (Helen Haye) and Sister Saint Louise (Millie Hylton) return to the convent when war is over to find Sister Saint Marie-Odile (Marie Löhr) crooning over a baby's cradle—a dramatic moment in the new play at His Majesty's.

THEIR VILLAGE CHURCH IS IN RUINS.



Their little church having been destroyed by the Germans, these French villagers are forced to attend Mass in the fields.



Sister Marie-Odile (Marie Löhr) looks on wonderingly while the soldiers toast her beauty in red wine. She regards the handsome corporal as a new St. Michael.

KHAKI WEDDING AT CHELSEA.



Captain Cecil H. F. Thompson, London Rifle Brigade, leaving Christ Church, Chelsea, yesterday with his bride, Miss Rachael Holmes.

THE FATE THAT OVERTAKES THE CAPTURED SPY IS SWIFT AND SURE.



Somewhere in the smiling province of Champagne the French soldiers caught a man who was playing the traitor to his country. Unpitifully they watched the degraded wretch marched away to face the firing party.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON TRIPS TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

| Route | Fare |
|--|------|
| 10 Elephant and Castle and Woodford Bridge ... Every 15 mins. | 6d. |
| 37A Herne Hill and Hampton Court ... Every 10 mins. | 7d. |
| 38A Victoria Station and Epping Forest (Warren Wood) Every 12 mins. | 8d. |
| 107 Clapham Common (Underground) Station and Epsom Every 20 mins. | 6d. |

The following daily Country Services will be augmented:

| | |
|---|------|
| 10A Elephant and Castle and Loughton ... Every 15 mins. | 7d. |
| 84 Golders Green (Underground) Station and St. Albans Every 15 mins. | 9d. |
| 142 Kilburn Park (Underground) Station & Watford Every 16 mins. | 8d. |
| 152 Stockwell (Underground) Station and Caterham Every 30 mins. | 7½d. |
| 160 Stockwell (Underground) Station and Reigate Every 30 mins. | 10d. |



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Lyons' Tea

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CRITERION. Tel. Ger. 3844.
To-night at 9, MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS." At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Mat. (both plays), Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

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

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

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

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.
By Edward Knoblauch.

MARIE ODILE.
The scene is laid in a Convent in the Mountains.
MARIE LOHR. BASIL GILL.
Helen Hays. A. E. George.
Millie Hylton. O. B. Clarence.

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

NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY.
TO-NIGHT 8.30; TO-MORROW 2.30 and 8.30.
ARMAGEDDON, by Stephen Phillips.
Monday next, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

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

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

ROYALTY. Vedrenne and Eadie.
DENNIS EADIE in "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."
TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.
Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 3855.

SAVOY. MR. H. B. IRVING.
To-night at 8.45, in "The Angel in the House," by Edg. Philpotts and Macdonald Hastings. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR.
DAILY, 2.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.
NIGHTLY at 8.—BRITONS' DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN.
TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEES, WEDS., at 2.
Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production.
ALFRED LESTER "ALWAYS Merry and Bright."
Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 6666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

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

VAUDEVILLE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
TO-NIGHT at 8.30 (other evenings 8.45), in "THE GREEN FLAG," by Keble Howard.
Also CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
At 8 (other evenings 8.15), "April Fools."
Matinees Weds. and Sat. at 2.30, commencing June 16.

WYNDHAM'S. TO-NIGHT at 8.30 sharp.
GERALD du MAURIER and LEWIS WALLER in "GAMBLERS ALL."
"A story packed with human interest."
Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

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

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m.
PHYLLIS DARE, ETHEL IRVING and CO. in "THE CALL," GEORGE ROBEY, RINALDO, JULIEN HENRY and CO., JACK PLEASANTS, 4 SWIFTS, etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

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

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

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

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

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0. Matinees, Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. ZONA VEVEY and MAX ERARD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, ELLA RETFORD, ALBERT WHELAN, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT," BABY LANGLEY & SISTERS, LEO STORMONT & CO., etc.



Uncle Says:
I'm quite popular as an Uncle. And it's wise to be popular with nephews (the young rascals!) and it's nice to be so with nieces (the little dears,!) And it's so easy now with this Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe, "Tinned popularity" I call it. Try some!

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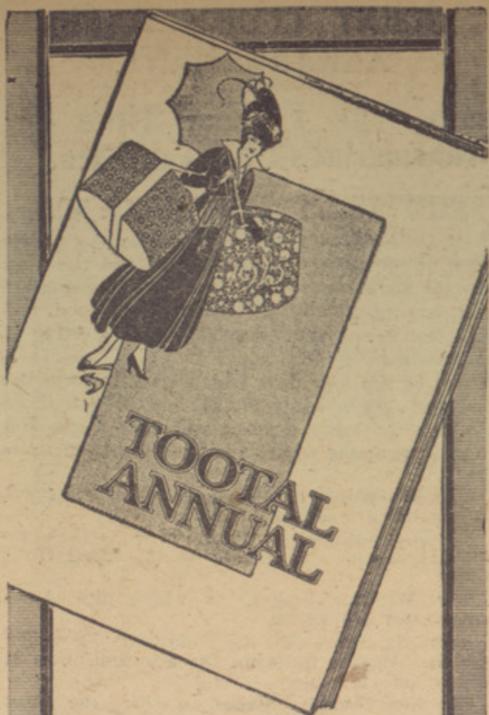
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Choosing The Right Hats For Summer.

SUMMER hats are more difficult to choose successfully than those for winter. The fancy of the milliner is more inclined to run riot when she is handling summer material, and instead of two or three distinct types of hats being presented, as in the autumn, there results a multitude of picturesque fantasies that are as dangerous as they are beguiling.

It is so easy to fall in love with a hat that is as simple and delicate as a Japanese poem, and to buy it regardless of the fact that it can only be appropriately worn with a painted chiffon gown.

Vogue Of The Fluttering Ribbon.

This year the fluttering ribbon is greatly in favour. It is a most charming fashion, but it is a fashion for youth and for the rather elaborate filmy frock. The careless grace of a floating hat-string adorned with a rosebud looks all wrong in conjunction with a coat and skirt or with a plain linen frock.

frilled and hemstitched, and trimmed with flowers or fruits that are cunningly devised from coloured muslin.

Velvet is not an ideal summer fabric, but it appears this year more insistently than ever. Velvet flowers are laid on hats of muslin, velvet skull caps, with the addition of a wired tulle brim, become the daintiest of hot-weather headgear and look infinitely cooler than they are.

Many women are making their own headgear



For wear with a coat and skirt or morning frock there are charming plain sailors in straw and silk with choice but scanty trimmings. Sometimes tiny fruits and roses are embroidered on a hat in tulle or chiffon, very much as the popular "ribbon-work" was done. This work is sometimes done also in bright coloured straw like Indian embroidery.

Morning Hats Of Plaited Linen.

A novelty is the plaited linen hat which looks so appropriate with a linen frock. The linen is cut in strips and plaited in the way raffia tape is used for garden hats. Another new notion for the morning hat is the use of Petersham belting. The Petersham is not only woven to make the hat itself and ruffled to adorn the edges of brims, but from it are continued funny stiff little flowers that are attractive and durable.

The Chinese phase in summer millinery has somewhat declined, but has left a legacy in the shape of a long silken tassel, which drops from the very centre of the crown of otherwise unadorned and rather smart straw hats. The tassel, of course, is chosen to match the silk sports coat.

In addition to the linen hat for the linen gown there is the lingerie hat for the frock of lawn or muslin. This is of fine white lawn,

for motoring and travelling or the late garden stroll, copying the simple models which consist of a band of gold or silver tissue, from which flows a long chiffon veil. "Just like a confirmation cap done into worldly materials" is the owner's description of an original Paris model which all her friends have copied.

About The Sketched Examples.

One of the velvet-ribbon trimmed small sailor shapes is shown in the sketch. The hat itself is of a rather bright blue taffeta, and the tiny rose is blue also. This is one of the hats which require very close and scrupulously neat hair-dressing.

The large hat is of white aerophone, lined with pale green tulle and trimmed with pink roses and clusters of logan berries.

The third example is like an old-world riding hat, and is tied on by a quaint arrangement of picot-edged Nattier blue ribbons. S. H.

Women Who Are "Doing Their Best": Enthusiastic Entrants in the £1,000 Prize Scheme.

"MY little girls and I will give our work. We only wish we could send something more valuable; but never mind, we'll do our best and leave the rest to the *Daily Sketch*."

So runs a letter from an intending competitor in the *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competition. It is a sample of the many equally enthusiastic ones which have been received.

£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*.

All the work sent in will be exhibited, after the prizes have been awarded, in a suitable hall in London, and, except in cases where the competitor

desires its return, will be sold in aid of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association.

All who wish to enter must send a large stamped and self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full particulars and an entrance form.

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"The Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will Repay," "Beau Brocade," etc.

"Don't Listen To Her."

"Béla!" The cry, which sounded like a protest—hot, indignant, defensive—came from Elsa. She was paler than either of the others, and her glowing, inquiring eyes were fixed upon Klara with the look of an untamed creature ready to defend and to protect the thing that it holds dear.

"Don't listen to her, Elsa," pleaded Andor in a voice rendered hoarse with an overwhelming apprehension.

He felt as if his happiness, his life the whole of this living, breathing world were slipping away from him—as if he had suddenly woken up from a beautiful, peaceful dream and found himself on the edge of a precipice and unable, in his sudden, rude awakening, to keep a foothold upon the shifting sands. There was a mist before his eyes—a mist which seemed to envelop Elsa more and more, making her slim, exquisite figure appear more dim, blurring the outline of her gold-crowned head, getting more and more dense until even her blue eyes had disappeared away from him—away—snatched from his grasp—wafted away by that mist to the distant land beyond the low-lying horizon.

Something in the agony of his appeal, something in the pathos of Elsa's defiant attitude must have struck a more gentle chord in the Jewess' heart. The tears gathered in her eyes—tears of self-pity at the misery which she seemed to be strewing all round her with a free hand.

"I don't think that I really meant to tell you, Elsa," she said more quietly, "not lately, at any rate. Oh, I dare say at first I did mean to hurt you—but a month has gone by and I was beginning to forget. People used to say of me that I was a good sort—it was the hurt that he did me that seems to have made a devil of me. . . . And then—just now when I saw the other folk coming home in the procession and noticed that you and Andor weren't among them, I guessed that you would be walking back together arm-in-arm—and that the whole world would be smiling on you both, while I was eating out my heart in misery."

Klara's Story.

She was speaking with apparent calm now, in a dull and monotonous voice, her eyes fixed upon the distant line of the horizon, where the glowing sun had at last sunk to rest. The brilliant orange and blood-red of the sky had yielded to a colder crimson tint—it, too, was now slowly turning to grey.

Elsa stood silent, listening, and Andor no longer tried to force Klara to silence. What was the good? Fate had spoken through her lips—God's wrath, perhaps, had willed it so. For the first time in all these weeks he realised that perhaps he had committed a deadly sin, and that he had had no right to reckon on happiness coming to him, because of it. He stood there, dazed, letting the Jewess have her way. What did it matter how much more she said? Perhaps on the whole it was best that Elsa should learn the whole truth now.

And Klara continued to speak in listless, apathetic tones, letting her tongue run on as if she had lost control over what she said, and as if a higher Fate was forcing her to speak against her will.

"I suppose," she said thoughtfully, "that some kind of devil did get into my bones then. I wandered out into the stubble, and I saw you together coming from the distance. The sunlight was full upon you, and long before you saw me I saw your faces quite distinctly. There was so much joy, so much happiness in you both, that I seemed to see it shining out of your eyes. And I was so broken and so wretched that I couldn't bear to see Andor so happy with the girl who rightly belonged to Béla—the wretched man whom he himself had sent to his death."

"Whom he himself had sent to his death?" broke in Elsa quietly. "What do you mean, Klara?"

"I mean that it was young Count Feri who was to have come to see me that night. Father being away, he wanted to come and have a little chat and a bit of supper with me. There was no harm in that, was there? He didn't care to be seen walking in at the front door—as there's always such a lot of gossip in this village—so he asked me for the back-door key, and I gave it to him."

"Well?"

"It Is Not True."

"Leopold missed the key later on, and guessed I had given it to Count Feri. He was mad with jealousy and threatened to kill anyone who dared come sneaking in round the back way. He wouldn't let me out of his sight—and threatened to strangle me if I attempted to go and get the key back from Count Feri. I was nearly crazy with fear. Wouldn't you have been," she added defiantly, "if you had a madman to deal with and no one near to protect you?"

"Perhaps," replied Elsa, under her breath. "Then Andor came into the tap-room. With soft words and insinuating promises he got me to tell him what had happened. I didn't want to at first—I mistrusted him because of what had happened at the banquet—I knew that he hated me because of you."

"It is not true," broke in Andor involuntarily. "Let her tell her story her own way," rejoined Elsa, with the same strange quiet which seemed now to envelop her soul.

"There's nothing more to tell," retorted Klara. "Nothing, at any rate, that you haven't guessed

already. I told Andor all about Count Feri and the key, and how terrified I was that Leopold would do some deadly mischief. He offered to go to the castle and get the key away from the young Count."

"Well?"

"Well! Andor was in love with you, wasn't he?" she continued, speaking once more with vehemence; "he wanted you, didn't he? And he hated Béla having you. He hated me, too, of course. So he got the key away from Count Feri, and later on, after you had followed Béla almost to the tap-room and you had some words with him just outside . . . you remember?"

"Yes."

"Andor had the key in his pocket then—and he gave it to Béla."

There was silence for a while now—that silence which falls upon the plain during the first hour after sunset, and falls upon human creatures when destiny has spoken her last word. In the village far away the worshippers had gone back into the church, all sound of chanting and praying had died away behind its walls; there was no flight of birds overhead, nor call of waterfowl from the bank of the stream; the autumn breeze had gone to rest with the sun, the leaves of acacias and willows lay still, and even the turbulent waters of the Maros seemed momentarily hushed.

"Is that true, Andor?"

"Now Leave Us Alone."

It was Elsa's voice that spoke, but the voice sounded muffled and dull, as if it came from far away or from out the depths of the earth. Then, as Andor made no reply, but gazed on Elsa in mute and passionate appeal, like a man who is drowning would gaze on the shore which he cannot reach, Klara said slowly:

"Oh! it's true enough. You cannot deny it, can you, Andor? You wanted your revenge on me, and you wanted to be rid of Béla—you wanted Elsa for yourself, but you didn't care one brass fillér what would become of me after that. You left me without a thought, lonely and unprotected, knowing that a madman was prowling outside, ready to kill me or any man who came along. You gave Béla that key, didn't you? . . . And told him nothing about Leopold—and you didn't care what became of me, so long as you got rid of Béla and could have Elsa for yourself."

"And now you have had your say, Klara," said Andor, breaking with a mighty effort the spell of silence which had held him all this while; "you have made all the mischief that you wanted to make. Suppose you leave us alone now . . . Elsa and me . . . alone with the misery which you have created for us."

Then, as for a moment she didn't move, but looked on him through narrowed lids and with a sneer, half of pity and half of triumph, he continued with a sudden outburst of fierceness:

"Well! you have had your say! . . . Why don't you go?"

Klara shrugged her shoulders and said more lightly:

"Oh, very well, my friend, I'll go. . . . Good-bye, Elsa," she added, with sudden earnestness. "I don't suppose that you want to shake hands with me—and I dare say it's no use asking you to think kindly of me—but I wish you would try and believe that I am sorry I lost myself as I did. I don't think that I ever would have told you if I hadn't seen him looking so happy and so complacent after the horrible, dirty trick which he played me. People used to say that I had a good heart, but, by the Almighty, I declare that I seem to have lost my head lately. That's what I say, Elsa. It's all very well, but what about me? What had I done? And now, look at my life! But don't you fret about him or any other man. Take my word for it, men are not worth it."

And having said that she turned on her heel and slowly walked away, leaving behind her an ocean of desolation. She walked away—with a slow, swinging stride, one hand on her hip, her head thrown back.

For a long time her darkly-clad figure was silhouetted against the evening sky, a speck of blackness upon the immensity around. Elsa watched her go, watched that tiny black speck which, like the locust which at times devastates the plains, had left behind it an irreparable trail of misery.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The Land Beyond The Sunset."

And now the shadows of evening were slowly invading the plains. The autumn wind, lulled for a time to rest with the setting of the sun, had sprung up in angry gusts, lashing up clouds from the south-west and sending them to tear along and efface the last vestige of the evening crimson glow.

Elsa and Andor had both remained quite still after Klara left them; yet Elsa—like all simple creatures who feel acutely—was longing to run and let the far horizon, the distant unknown land, wrap and enfold her while she thought things out for herself, for indeed this real world—the world of men and women, of passions and hatred and love—was nothing but a huge and cruel puzzle. She longed for solitude—the solitude which the plains can offer in such absolute completeness—because her heart was heavy and she felt that if she were all alone she might ease the weight on her heart in a comforting flow of tears.

But this would not have been kind to Andor. She could not leave him now, when he looked so broken down with sorrow and misery and doubt. So, after a little while, when she felt that if she spoke her voice would be quite steady, she said gently:—

"It is not all true, is it, Andor?"

(To Be Concluded.)

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Second-Lieut. E. C. R. Kilkelly, of the Royal Field Artillery, has been wounded.—(Lafayette, Ltd.)



Joe Johnson (on right) is one of the brave Canadians "gassed" by the dastardly Germans. Though badly injured by the poison fumes he is now recovering in Scotland's bracing air.



Lieut. P. H. S. Hulton, of the 3rd Royal Fusiliers, is suffering from gas poisoning.—(Lafayette, Ltd.)



Captain A. M. M. Bell, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, has died of wounds.—(Lafayette, Ltd.)



Lieut. Rex Hughes, 2nd Royal Scots, and son of Aberystwyth's Town Clerk, has died of wounds. He joined at the outbreak of war.



Lieut. R. O. Tollast, reported to have died of wounds in the Dardanelles, left Brazil to join the Army.—(Florence Vandamm.)



Capt. R. D. Whigham, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, has been wounded in the Dardanelles.—(Lafayette.)



Second-Lieut. R. F. McNeill, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, with the Mediterranean Force, has been wounded.—(Lafayette.)



Lieut. J. O'Grady Delmege, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, has died of gas poisoning.—(Elliott and Fry, Ltd.)

A LITTLE DROP OF WATER FOR THE HORSES.



These Canadians are drawing water for their horses at a wayside station in France. They take the opportunity of getting a cooling spray.

A MULE CAN BE AWKWARD WHEN IT LIKES.



There are difficulties at the front beside those met with in the trenches. It took six men a long time to overcome the obstinacy of this mule, which didn't want new shoes.