

DAILY SKETCH.

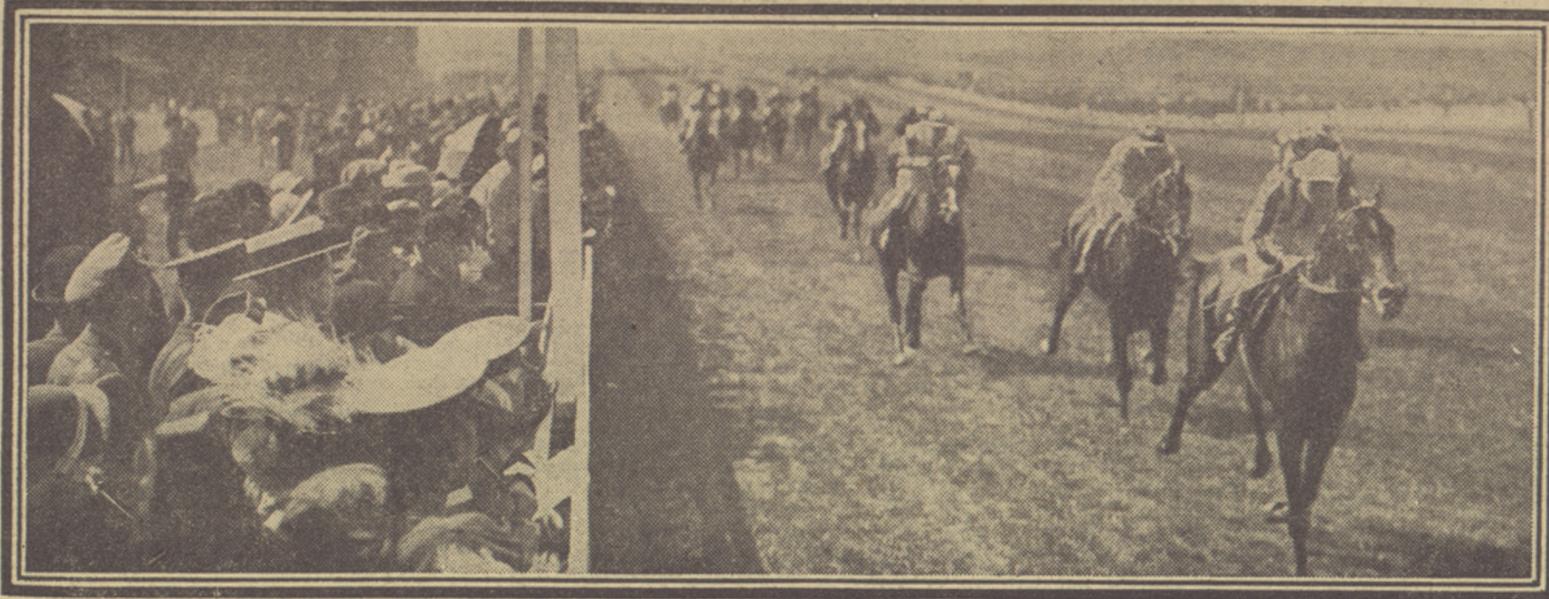
GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 1,956.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE DERBY THEY WILL TALK ABOUT WHEN WE ARE GONE



The Finish: Mr. S. B. Joel's Pommern wins in a canter. It was the owner's first Derby.



The watch on the mile and a half.



Wounded soldiers, who had done their bit, were the keenest of the great crowd of spectators.



The top hat was superseded by the khaki cap at the great war Derby run at Newmarket yesterday. The spirit of sport is England's greatest asset in war time.

The most memorable Derby in history was run yesterday—not at Epsom, but at Newmarket. Those who come after us will tell with pride how the Derby was run, despite the opposition of the "killjoys" who killed everything except Germans. In the clubs and the places where men meet veterans of the great war will tell how, as young men in the trenches, they awaited the news of the great event. And England (Scottish readers, please note that we know all about Great Britain) will be proud that we did not cancel the Derby in order to beat the Germans.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)

"LANCASHIRE LANDING": A DARDANELLES FEAT

Vivid War Pictures As Seen From A Turkish Trench.

LAST OF THE MAJESTIC.

Deeds Of The "Blanks" And The Gallant Naval Division.

This is the first message from the Dardanelles sent by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the brilliant novelist, who has temporarily succeeded Mr. Ashmead Bartlett as the Special Correspondent of the Daily Sketch and other newspapers in the Dardanelles. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett in the Dardanelles when she was sunk by a torpedo, and lost all his kit, but he is now bound East again with a new outfit.

EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, 5.15 a.m., Tuesday.

We boarded our ship and travelled for nearly an hour toward the sound of guns coming down through a grey and indeterminate day that was very slowly changing to a clearer atmosphere.

A northerly wind was blowing—such a wind as might scatter the chestnut blossom in England on the 4th of June. Therefore most of us stayed in the wardroom until we were off Cape Helles.

Among the transports and trawlers and various craft at anchor a small green whale—all that is now visible of the Majestic—waited motionless upon the water. She was subsiding rapidly, they said, and already in the watery sunlight she gave the illusion of slowly assuming to herself the nature of the waves.

"LANCASHIRE LANDING."

Such a dream of a ship's billows to her own element vanished in the billows of dust ashore.

"Lancashire Landing"—the glorious name of that beach—is the climax of all the castles in the sand that were ever built. No children at Blackpool or Southport could imagine in their most ambitious schemes such an effect of grown-up industry.

Inevitably the comparison with a seaside resort on a fine bank holiday arrives. Even the aeroplanes on the top of the low cliff have the look of an amusement to provide a threepenny or sixpenny thrill.

The tents might so easily conceal phrenologists or fortune-tellers. The signal station might well be a camera obscura. The very carts of the Indian transport, seen through the driven sand, have an air of waiting goat-carriages.

IN A TURKISH TRENCH

We walked up the slope from the beach, and suddenly there broke upon one the realisation that all this time the guns had been thundering.

Suddenly an empty stretch of dried scrub reached on before us. The homely chatter of the beach was forgotten. There was nothing but a noise of guns and wind, and for the eye nothing but the black-and-white telegraph poles, the wires winking in the sun, and the imperturbable larks rising and falling.

This empty stretch began on the sky line, and it was necessary to enter a trench originally dug by the Turks.

We hurried on, here and there almost sticking in the rank clay. Finally we came to the shelter considerably labelled "Low Doorway" upon the lintel.

The walls were hung with canvas, and each of the low oblong windows gave us, as we leaned upon their high sills, a new aspect framed in branches of the battle of the hill.

CALM IN THE BATTLE SMOKE.

Somewhere behind a sixty-pounder crashed at intervals, and we could hear the moan and rattle of the shell go forward on its way.

From the sea like drums solemnly beaten, came the sound of the ships' firing. It seemed very calm in the shelter as the wind fretted the grass and fluttered two magenta cistus flowers immediately outside the window; and as a tortoise crawled laboriously past our straining binoculars.

It seemed very calm as one looked at the maps pegged out upon the trestle tables; but it was ten minutes to twelve, and at twelve o'clock the advance would begin.

The gunfire lessened, and from the whole line the noise of musketry and Maxims came sharply.

As one gazed through the glasses there was scarcely a visible sign of action. Once, indeed, a large body of men were visible as they climbed the green slope; but they were soon lost, and, notwithstanding those angry rifles, we had nothing at which we could look, except the mules standing motionless in the hollow, and once—down a ribbon of road—an orderly galloping.

Yet all the time messages were coming in along the wires. All the time it was possible to mark with green and red and blue pencils a redoubt gained, a trench occupied, or at some point perhaps a check.

One message brought news of 50 prisoners coming in up on our left, and a Staff officer went off to meet them.

It happened to be my chief, and I was glad of the excuse to go with him. The greyness of the morning had quite gone by now, and the air was very brilliant after the damp and gloom of the shelter.

The road toward the line of battle ran by the cliff's edge, and out at sea, escorted by destroyers, two battleships, with guns and turrets in blackest silhouette against the flashing sea, went backward and forward at their slow and stately business.

We met the escort just where a Red Cross flag was flying above the cliff burrows of the field ambulance. Some of the prisoners were badly wounded, and these were at once taken off for medical attention. The rest were halted, and several of the escort really danced round us, talking and laughing, not yet free from the first wild elation of the charge.

The dust and sweat caked upon their faces made it almost impossible to see where the khaki ended. They were like the clay models of a sculptor, and their bayonets lacked even so much lustre as tarnished foil.

They were children intoxicated with some splendid adventure as they stood round us, laughing and chattering of the deeds of their regiment.

The plaster of dust obliterated all lines, all hair, all signs of age, and made them appear more than ever like children.

GLAD TO BE PRISONERS.

The Turks were very glad to have been taken; and when another staff officer came up and spoke to them in their own language they were enthusiastically anxious to be pleasant.

One felt a fresh rage against the Germans for having been able to dupe such fine fellows; for they were fine fellows as they squatted there, many of them wounded, but none complaining, and all of them beaming at the cigarettes our soldiers offered them.

It was, of course, impossible to examine the prisoners here more than cursorily, because a group so large might have drawn the enemy's fire. So down they marched toward "Lancashire Landing."

When we were back in the shelter there was still nothing visible, and two of us went down to one of the headquarters, where more news came back of the progress of the battle.

THE GALLANT "BLANKS."

It was true, then, that the Blanks had captured three lines of trenches, and I thought of the men in that escort who had danced about in the roadway by the sea's edge and chattered all together about their exploit like children.

The Indian troops had suffered severely, but the Blanks and the Blanks had made a desperate advance. The Blanks had pressed on.

It was magnificent to watch a thin red line of pencil symbolise and record their achievement.

The Naval Division had lost heavily, having come up against three trenches banked one above the other on the slope; but, nevertheless, a blue line showed where and with what valour they had held their ground against a bloody enfilade.

We emerged from the dug-outs and passed along the paths that wound among the tents and cavities which the Irishmen had found time to decorate with white stones.

Once more returned that sensation of being near the seaside, and of all this noise of battles being but a dream.

The rifles and Maxims had begun again when we reached the shelter. A second advance timed to begin at four o'clock was already in full swing again.

We tried to see the figures of men in their bayonet charges up the slope, and still there was nothing visible except the mules and an ambulance wagon galloping up the ribbon of road.

The sun was by now westering fast; and when the result of the second advance arrived we hurried back along the trench toward Lancashire Landing.

Birds were twittering in their flight through the radiant air, and beyond them three biplanes were winging homeward, one behind the other, as birds fly across the sunset to roost.

THE EVENING AFTER.

The sixty-pounder was still working on its way to the enemy's lines, but not even guns could destroy the golden peace of that evening of the 4th of June.

As we waited on the lighter to go aboard our ship some of the wounded able to walk were coming down to the beach to go on board a hospital ship.

These were the red and blue lines marked on the maps upon that trestle table.

They were tired and silent, strangely different from the jubilant men of the escort at noon, who had worn their triumph in every movement.

They were tired and silent, and the sight of that company was almost intolerably moving—not from any vulgar pity for their suffering, but because they were so wonderful and so calm, coming down to the edge of the sea in the evening after the battle.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

A SOLDIER "HONOURS MAN."

Boat Race Blue Back Wounded From The Front Sat For His Examination.

The most interesting name in the Mechanical Sciences Tripos, published at Cambridge yesterday, is that of K. G. Garnett.

He is the Old Pauline who rowed five for Cambridge when they won the last Boat Race.

He joined the Navy early in the war with a number of other oarsmen. Then he transferred into the Royal Field Artillery.

He was wounded in March and, being sent back to England, returned to Trinity and went on with studies, which have now been rewarded. He has won second-class honours in Mechanical Sciences.



THE KHAKI DERBY.

Why The Slacker Felt Ill-At-Ease At Newmarket.

MUFTI OUT OF FASHION.

From Our Special Correspondent.
NEWMARKET, Tuesday.

In the strangest of settings the war-time Derby was run here to-day.

Gone was the top hat, the morning coat and vest, and in their place was khaki, khaki everywhere—almost.

From the tops of vehicles, and from the stands groups of soldiers, the majority of them wounded, watched the race.

It was truly a khaki Derby.

Those who watched the procession of every imaginable conveyance carrying the soldiers from the station to the course can never forget that many, yet so large were the crowds of visitors that many who would ride had to walk to the racecourse.

Mr. Neil Primrose was prominent in mufti, looking very fit, and enjoying chats with the soldiers.

There were others present in mufti who would have looked better in khaki—men of the Army of Slackers, who looked out of place among the wounded, and seemed always to gather together in little parties as if they were shy of standing alone before the curious and contemptuous glances that were flung at them.

"YOU'RE AFRAID OF GERMANY."

G. B. Shaw Accuses The English Nation Of Cowardice.

Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for making an anti-recruiting speech last week in Dublin, was released last night owing to impaired health from a hunger-strike.

The ineffable George Bernard Shaw airs his anti-British opinions in a letter to Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, who apparently had asked him to "do something" about her husband's sentence.

The Defence of the Realm Act has abolished all liberty in Great Britain and Ireland except such as the authorities might choose to leave us. . . . Protests are quite useless. The Opposition in the House of Commons will not oppose; the Press will not defend public liberties. England is thoroughly intimidated by Germany as far as her civilians are concerned, and sentences of six months' hard labour have been dealt out here for the most trivial oversights.

Something can be done with a tyrannical Government, but nothing can be done with a terrified Government and a cowed people.

I am not afraid of the Germans, and have very little patience with Englishmen who are. If they cannot win at the present odds without putting Mr. Skeffington in prison for depleting the British Army to the extent of half a dozen men or so they deserve to be beaten.

HOSPITALS RUN BY WOMEN.

Sir J. French's Sister Helps To Nurse French Wounded.

Mrs. Harley, sister of Sir John French, has left the first French unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals at Royaumont, near Chantilly, for the second unit, established at Troyes.

Both hospitals are staffed by women. The new Troyes unit is a "mobile" hospital, which has been declared an official French military hospital.

General de Torcy, commanding the military district, has described the unit as "even better than I had hoped." It is ready to advance with the French Army at the shortest notice.

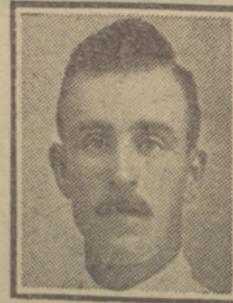
The Royaumont unit, which is also officially recognised, has Miss Cicely Hamilton, the dramatist, as "hospital clerk."

The Scottish Women's Hospitals are organised by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. [Photographs on Page 1.]

BROUGHT HONOUR TO HIS FATHER'S OLD REGIMENT.

The awarding of the D.C.M. to Lance-Corporal E. Finch, of the 2nd Battalion Dorset Regiment, for bandaging wounded

under heavy fire, and protecting them with his own rifle, will give peculiar satisfaction to his parents, who live at Plaistow. He is the eldest of four brothers serving, and his father is himself an old Dorset Regiment man, who, too old to resoulder the rifle abroad, is now trying to pass for the National Reserve. In a letter to his mother, Finch mentions that seven more men in the same battalion as himself won the D.C.M.



BREAD A HALFPENNY CHEAPER.

Mr. F. C. Finch, the secretary of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, stated yesterday that the price of bread in London will be reduced on Monday by 1/2d. per quarter loaf.

HANG THE BABY-KILLERS.

"If at the end of the present war it is possible to get hold of the German General Staff, guilty of all these atrocious crimes, and if after due trial it is considered right to put them away, I think we should be quite justified in doing it," said Dean Inge at Sion College yesterday.

H.A.C. ROUSES FURY OF THE HUNS.

German Snipers Out-Sniped By Our Oldest Volunteer Corps,

WAR AND THE "NUT."

London's Dandy Regiment Now A Tough Proposition.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, Monday.

Beyond the last farmhouse was a field the size of St. James's-square, filled with precise rows of bare-headed, half-dressed soldiers, sitting on their blankets like Mohammedans at prayer.

"That's the H.A.C.," said my guide, and vanished.

None of the Honourable Artillerymen looked up from their meditations as I walked between them. Some wore trousers and no shirt; others varied the picture by wearing a shirt and no trousers; and all of them were evidently very tired.

The shirtless ones had the garment in question thrown across their knees, inside out, and they inspected it gravely and methodically, inch by inch. I had the impression that I was intruding on a solemn and not unimportant ceremony. There was absolute silence.

The H.A.C. arrived from the trenches just six hours before I discovered their resting-place.

Frequently they have been at their posts for many nights with little or no sleep. The strongest of them feels the strain of being constantly on the alert and watching an enemy that may be no farther away than the width of a street. (The H.A.C. lay in trenches so close to the enemy that the numbers on their caps could be distinguished.)

WITH NERVES UNSHAKEN.

They come away with nerves unshaken and moral unbroken; they are simply tired. Had it been necessary the H.A.C. could have still hung on for days and nights with the same imperturbable calm, killing Germans with great skill, as they did during the eight days of great shooting, at loopholed breastworks, but the moment they spread themselves over the green field where I found them they yielded to the luxury of absolute relaxation.

I wonder how many friends of this famous regiment would have recognised the cropped, unshaven assemblage sitting on Army blankets in a cow pasture?

They had nothing in common with the spick-and-span young gentlemen who used to appear in glittering guards of honour at the Guildhall and were generally voted the smartest Territorial foot soldiers in the country.

They looked, in fact, as hard and uncompromising a set of ruffians as could be found anywhere in the area of the world war. Hard as nails, they were calm of eye, placidly sunning themselves after a week of careful killing, as though the punishment of Germans had always been their business.

When the H.A.C. took over the portion of trenches assigned them the enemy was engaged in improving his defences amid certain ruins. Sandbags were brought up at night, and utilised as a breastwork against the shattered walls. Then came a profusion of machine-guns.

LONDON BOYS BIDE THEIR TIME.

During the week the Germans became bolder and bolder in their movements behind their defences.

The H.A.C.s bided their time, and at the right moments they brought down groups of workers who dared show themselves out of cover.

A staff officer came down last week to inspect the new German defences, and his contempt for our men's marksmanship cost him his life. He could be seen walking about behind the breastworks, giving orders and otherwise emphasising his importance—in fact, almost asking us to take notice of him.

A SHOT—A SCREAM.

A certain crack shot waited quietly beside his rifle. The German officer came up to the breastwork and looked through a loophole at our trench. The markings on his cap could be plainly seen. There was a shot—and a scream! The bullet hit him squarely in the face.

Immediately the Germans turned loose their machine-guns in a blaze of impotent fury.

"You have seen a baboon beat the bars of his cage and throw nutshells when he is angry!" said an officer of the H.A.C. "I always think of that when the Boches let loose in one of their paroxysms of fury."

There were several similar displays of naughty temper against the H.A.C.'s. One of their snipers, who was rather a nuisance, was the unwitting cause of another outburst.

HUN'S FATAL HUMOUR.

His distorted sense of humour was the cause of his funeral.

While one H.A.C. man kept pegging away at him he kept signalling misses. Then the sharpshooter got a comrade to work with him, and just as the joker signalled another miss, the second bullet got him in the head. Followed the usual outburst of machine guns.

Likewise the H.A.C. bombed them frequently for their own good. Whenever the Germans sent a bomb across, the H.A.C. sent back five.

A lieutenant, who has studied the art of bomb-throwing, supervised these attacks, which had excellent results.

[Photographs showing the H.A.C. resting after the return from the trenches appeared in last Thursday's Daily Sketch.]

GERMAN CITY HEAVILY PUNISHED BY ALLIES' AIRMEN.

"THE STRUGGLE IS TO BE ONE OF ENDURANCE."

Mr. Asquith Strikes Two Notes—Warning And Confidence.

£3,000,000 A DAY FOR WAR.

Hint That The Cost May Become Even Heavier.

Mr. Asquith, proposing the new Vote of Credit for £250,000,000 in the House of Commons yesterday, said this was the fifth vote of credit asked for since the beginning of the war.

During the last financial year £362,000,000 had been voted for war purposes, which was spent at the rate of about 1½ millions a day.

On March 1 a vote of £250,000,000 was asked for, which it was anticipated would last for 100 days at the rate of two millions a day for the Army and Navy and £500,000 a day for advances to Colonies, Allies, etc., for the purchase of food and other purposes.

The average expenditure out of that vote of credit was £2,666,000 a day. The forecast had, therefore, been fairly exact. (Cheers.)

EXPENDITURE WILL EXPAND.

Regarding the new vote, it was difficult to give a forecast of future expenditure. It would undoubtedly expand.

It would be not less than 2½ millions a day. Our obligations to assist our Allies would not be lost.

It would not be safe to assume that the total average expenditure would be less than three millions per day, and it might be more.

Mr. Asquith then surveyed the Parliamentary situation.

A REPUGNANT TASK.

During the past three weeks, he said, with the approval of the King, he reconstructed the personnel of the Government.

He wished to say in the plainest possible terms that he would not have been justified in doing what he had done under pressure of any outside influence, any temporary embarrassment, or any transient Parliamentary exigency. (Cheers.)

The House would, he was sure, realise that the task was as unwelcome and repugnant as could fall to the lot of any man.

It entailed the breaking up of the Cabinet, who, in his deliberate judgment, were a body of men who could not have done better than they had done for the past nine months. (Cheers.)

NO PRINCIPLE SACRIFICED.

There was not one to whom he, as head of the Government and the nation, was not under a permanent debt of gratitude.

To part with any of them had been the severest experience of his public life.

The House might accept from him the assurance that there was no man among them who still held more faithfully than he to the great principles of public policy which for the best part of 30 years had been to him an inspiration for such service as he had been able to render to the State.

He receded from nothing; he abandoned nothing; he sacrificed nothing. (Loud cheers.)

NO CHANGE IN NATIONAL POLICY.

Up to the last moment, apart from the almost invincible personal considerations to which he had referred, he was not without doubt as to how he should best respond to the call of public duty.

The situation was without parallel in the national history. The demands which it made and would continue to make upon the energy and patriotism of the nation bore in a wholly exceptional degree upon the patience and foresight of those responsible for the Government.

It could not be measured by any precedent. There was in no sense any change in our national policy. (Cheers.) That remained what it had been since the first week in August—to pursue this war at any cost to a victorious issue. (Loud cheers.)

ONE HEART AND ONE PURPOSE.

Mr. Asquith paid a tribute to the patriotism of those who had agreed to join the new Government. The object of the Coalition, he said, was to take away from the Government its one-sided and party character. (Cheers.)

The object was to demonstrate without possible doubt to the whole world, to friend and foe alike, that during the war, with all its obligations and vicissitudes, the British people would put forward every effort with one heart and one purpose to obliterate distinctions, to unite every personal, political, as well as moral and material, force in the prosecution of their cause. (Loud cheers.)

NOT A WAR OF SURPRISES.

Dealing with the military situation, Mr. Asquith said its most important aspect was the accession of Italy to the cause of the Allies. (Cheers.) It was impossible to over-estimate the moral and material value of her co-operation. (Cheers.)

For the rest, he did not think it was well to say much at the moment.

The actual fortunes of combat fluctuated from week to week, almost from day to day.

It was not a war of dramatic surprises, or of quick decisions.

The struggle was to be one of endurance. If that

were so, let it be said of us we endured to the end. (Cheers.)

In all his speeches he had tried to strike two notes—a note of warning on the gravity of our task and a note of confidence as to the ultimate issue. There was no discord between them. (Cheers.)

They would do well to continue to be confident, and not to heed the counsels of hysteria and panic. (Cheers.)

They had for the moment one plain, paramount duty before them—to bring to the service of the State the willing, organised help of every class in the community. (Cheers.)

"There is a place," said Mr. Asquith, "and there is work for every man and woman in the nation, and when—and may it be soon—the letter of the law has been vindicated and there is once more peace upon earth, may it be regarded as the brightest page in this nation's history that there was no home, no workshop in the whole of this United Kingdom which did not take its part to end the struggle and earn its share in the triumph."

MR. ASQUITH'S EMOTION.

His Glasses Laid Aside Because Of Moisture In His Eyes.

(From Our Lobby Correspondent.)

Mr. Asquith's speech is regarded by members of all parties as one of the finest he has ever made.

More than once the Prime Minister himself was almost overcome.

Those who sat close to him say that when he took off his glasses and laid them aside, he did so because of the moisture in his eyes.

His remarks made a profound impression.

"There were passages," said a member afterwards, "which, if the speech had been made in France, would, by resolution of the House, be placarded all over the country."

It is understood that Mr. Lloyd George's statement is postponed until next week, because he intends it to be comprehensive. It must, owing to its importance, be first carefully considered by the Cabinet, as it is likely to excite controversy. It is believed that Mr. Lloyd George will make specific recommendations, and ask the House to sanction them.

A NATIONAL REGISTER.

Mr. Asquith's Significant Answer To A Question In The House.

Answering Sir Ivor Herbert in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Asquith said the matter of the compulsory registration of the male population of the Kingdom was receiving attention, and a statement would be made shortly.

Sir A. Markham: Does it apply to miners as well?
The Prime Minister: It applies to everyone.

A PRIVY COUNCIL RECORD.

Mr. F. D. Acland's admission to the Privy Council will set up a record.

In Sir T. D. Acland, Mr. A. D. Acland, and Mr. F. D. Acland three generations of Commoners in one family will have been successively admitted to the Privy Council.

It is hoped that the King will summon Mr. A. D. Acland to Buckingham Palace to-day to witness the admission of his son.

TURKS ANNIHILATED BY NAVAL MACHINE-GUNS.

Night Storming Of Trenches By Regiments Of British Regulars.

(From Sir Ian Hamilton.)

The situation in the Gallipoli Peninsula has developed into trench warfare. After our success on June 4 (nearly a fortnight ago) the Turks have evinced a great respect for our offensive, and by day and night they have to submit to captures of trenches.

On Friday night two regiments of a British Regular brigade made a simultaneous attack on the advanced Turkish trenches, and after severe fighting, which included the killing of many snipers, succeeded in maintaining themselves, in spite of bombs, in the captured position.

On Saturday morning a counter-attack was made by the Turks, who rushed forward with bombs, but, coming under the fire of the naval machine-gun squadron, were annihilated.

Of the 50 who attacked, 30 dead bodies were counted in front of that part of our trenches. The situation is favourable to our forces, but is necessarily slow on account of the difficulties of the ground.

The Turkish offensive has sensibly weakened.

BRITISH OFFICERS OUT OF GAOL.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.

A Berlin telegram states that the German Government has ordered the release of the British officers who, as a "reprisal" for the differential treatment of German submarine prisoners, had been sent to the officers' detention barracks.

They will be removed to the general concentration camps, where they will receive the same treatment as the other officer prisoners.—Reuter

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Courtice Pounds to-morrow night's production of "Oh! Be Careful!" at the Garrick is postponed to Saturday.

TOOK A TRENCH FOR THE SAKE OF HIS GLASSES.

A Victoria Cross Story With A Laugh In It.

A pair of field-glasses "made in Germany" was responsible for the loss of a trench by the Germans in circumstances at once laughable and inspiring.

The story was told at University College yesterday by Professor J. H. Morgan. The hero of it was a young British subaltern who won the V.C.

The subaltern had a pair of Zeiss field-glasses of which he was extraordinarily proud. He bored everyone stiff by talking about them continually. One day his company had been compelled to fall back on their support trenches owing to a sudden German attack.

All at once the subaltern shouted "Good God!" and bolted through the communication trench.

A sergeant who was very fond of the young officer went after him, and came back to the commanding officer to report:—

"Sir, he has recaptured the trench."

The commanding officer collected his men, and again advanced to the fire trench, where he found the subaltern, with a revolver in each hand, holding up a whole row of Germans, who had laid down their rifles and were holding up their hands. The commanding officer congratulated him, but pointed out the recklessness of his action.

"Sir," replied the subaltern, "I wanted to get my glasses back."

Professor Morgan said the principal amusement of the British soldier in billets seemed to be nursing his hostess's baby. Football went on as a matter of course.

Whistle and bugle were not used at the front, and this was considered wise, as the German was very good at imitating our cat-calls, and German officers could imitate our language, as in the famous instance when the officers shouted: "Don't fire, we are the London Schottische."

INFANTRY BATTLES IN FRANCE.

German Attacks Repulsed By French North Of The Aisne.

French Official News.

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

During last night local infantry actions developed in the region to the north of Arras (Lorette and Neuville sectors) and to the south of Arras (the farm of Toutvent).

All the German counter-attacks were repulsed, and we held our gains.

To the north of Neuville we carried some German listening posts.

To-day has been marked in these two regions only by an artillery duel. Our batteries violently cannonaded the German trenches.

The attacks made by the enemy last night on the trenches which we carried at Quenneviers (east of Tracy le Mont), north of the Aisne, were led by eight battalions.

The prisoners declare that the enemy's losses were heavy.

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

PARIS, Tuesday Afternoon.

In the district of Quenneviers farm (in the angle of the Oise and Aisne, where the battle line turns from North and South to East and West), after artillery duels all day, a German attack was directed during the night against the trenches won by the French on June 6.

It was completely routed.

GERMAN STORY OF VICTORY.

German official news (received through Reuter), which announces a "heavy defeat" of the French between Lievin and Arras, is forced to confess that "north-east of Moulin-sous-Toutvent and north-west of Soissons we have not yet succeeded in recapturing the sections of trench we lost on June 8." The alleged "heavy defeat" of the French is as fictitious as any of the similar "defeats" inflicted during the past month.

ITALIANS IN TRENTO.

CHIASSO, Tuesday.

A message received late this evening from south-east Switzerland states that fighting is taking place at the foot of the glaciers of East Trentino.—Exchange Special.

WHAT MACKENSEN HOPES.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.

General von Mackensen has telegraphed to the Kaiser that he hopes to recapture Lemberg before July 1.—Exchange Special.

NEUTRAL DELIBERATELY SUNK.

Norway is waking up to the fact that her shipping losses are nearly as big, in proportion, as England's. Germany's excuse is that Norwegian ships are sunk in mistake. There can be no mistake about the latest example of piracy.

The Norwegian steamer Davanger (1,454 tons) was sunk off the Hebrides after the submarine's captain had examined the ship's papers.

The crew of 21 got away in their boats and landed at Stornoway.

Sir Stanley Buckmaster, the new Lord Chancellor, has been raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Buckmaster of Cheddington.

A German waiter found in possession of 593 military maps and plans, which he had used on week-end walking tours, was let off with a £25 fine at Thames Police Court yesterday.

Extra Late Edition.

ALLIES' REPRISAL FOR GERMAN AIR RAIDS.

23 Aeroplanes Drop 130 Bombs On Capital Of Baden.

HUNS IN A RAGE.

Berlin Weeps For Attack On City "Without Fortifications."

Berlin's unctuous military chiefs are scandalised by a raid on Karlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, by 23 of the Allies' airmen.

Southend residents in particular will be enlivened by the virtuous indignation expressed in the German official news at the bombing of what the Kaiser's official chronicler is pleased to describe as a city "which has no connection with the theatre of war."

It was as a sharp reprisal for the Zeppelin and Taube attacks on undefended English and French towns that Karlsruhe was bombarded.

Two of the attacking aeroplanes out of the 23 failed to return, but Baden's capital, where there are military barracks and an important railway station, appears to have been badly punished.

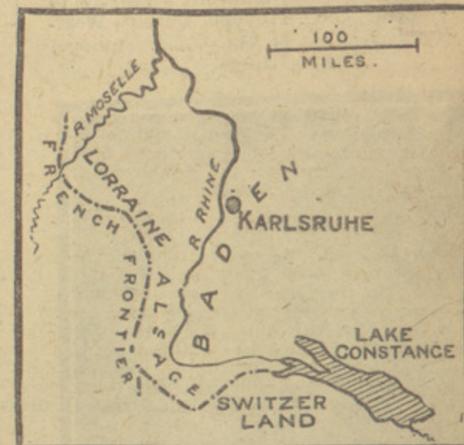
EARLY BIRDMEN.

A French official report issued last night says:

As a reprisal for the bombardment by the Germans of open French and English towns, orders were given to bombard this (Tuesday) morning the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

At 3 o'clock a.m. 23 aeroplanes left for Karlsruhe, and, in spite of a northerly wind, they arrived over the city between 5.50 and 6 a.m.

They dropped 130 projectiles of 90 and 155 millimetres on the points indicated to them, notably



on the castle, the arms factory, and the railway station.

Many fires were seen to break out while the aeroplanes were hovering over the town.

A great panic was observed in the station, whence trains were despatched in all haste towards the east.

The aeroplanes were vigorously bombarded on the outward journey at Saverne (Zabern), Strassbourg, Rastatt, and Karlsruhe, and on returning at Blamont, Phalsbourg, and Saverne.

All the aviators returned safely excepting two.

HYPOCRITICAL PROTEST.

Berlin's official report, received last evening (per Reuter), says:—

Yesterday the open town of Karlsruhe, which has no connection with the theatre of war, and which is without the slightest fortifications, was bombarded by a hostile air squadron.

Up to the present it has been ascertained that 11 civilians were killed and 6 wounded.

No military damage could, of course, be caused. One of the hostile aeroplanes was brought down by one of our war aeroplanes. The occupants were killed.

Another enemy aeroplane was forced to descend near Schirmeck.

An earlier message said the raiding airmen bombarded Karlsruhe for three-quarters of an hour.

CASTLE HIT BY A BOMB.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.

According to a telegram from Karlsruhe, the hostile aeroplanes remained over the town at a great height from 6.45 till 8 o'clock.

The central districts near the castle suffered mostly.

The Margravian Castle was also hit by a bomb.

The Margravian Castle is only about 100 yards from the important railway station of Karlsruhe, which, no doubt, formed the aviators' objective.

Attached to the station are large railway works, while a little further east and across the line are artillery barracks and an artillery depot.—Reuter.

OFFICERS' FIANCEES.



Miss Elinor Scott is engaged to Capt. M. I. M. Campbell, 3rd Connaught Rangers. Her father is Lieut.-Col. G. T. Scott, D.S.O.



Miss Viva Marjorie Dawson is shortly to marry Lieut. C. C. Trollope, Queen's Westminster Rifles, son of Col. G. H. Trollope, V.D.—(Lafayette.)



Miss Kathleen Mary O'B. Forsyth, the bride of Capt. A. C. Milne-Home, 5th Fusiliers.—(Mullins.)

HELPING WAR CHARITIES.



Miss Eileen Meakin, a daughter of Countess Sondes, is busily engaged in collecting comforts for the troops.—(Val'Estrange.)

THEIR FATHERS HAVE JOINED THE COLOURS.



Driver J. Sherlock, of the R.F.A., left his family of eleven to serve his country.



The family of Pte. W. C. Hammerton, 3rd Middlesex, have not heard of him since May 6. These are only two of many photographs of large families of men who have joined the colours that have reached the *Daily Sketch*. To the young single man of military age, who is still holding back, the pictures carry their own lesson.

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL.



The new heads of the Bar—Sir E. Carson (Attorney-General) and Sir F. E. Smith (Solicitor-General), the latter in a white tall hat—walking to the Lusitania inquiry.

DIED FOR COUNTRY.



Lieut.-Col. J. W. Jessop, of the 4th Lincolnshire Regt., is one of the Territorial officers recently killed in action.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Lieut. E. W. Bulteel is among the brave young officers of the Navy who have been killed in the Dardanelles.—(Russell.)



Second-Lieut. H. H. O'Sullivan, 1/6th North Staffordshire Regt. (Territorials), was a Master of Science (London) and lived at Burton-on-Trent.—(Read.)



Lieut. John E. Hyland, Royal Marines—killed at the Dardanelles—was a son of the Rector of Combe Florey, near Taunton.

IT is just as well that the Germans have only an elephantine kind of humour. Nevertheless, I fancy they must have several good jokes against us. I tremble to think how the French would scarify us with their brilliant wit if we were at war with them, and had committed the blunders which now tickle the Germans.

TAKE cotton, for example. Cotton is the basis of every kind of explosive charge used in guns. Germany does not grow cotton, and she cannot devise any substitute. Starve Germany absolutely in cotton, and the time would arrive when she could not fire another effective shot. She would be so hopelessly handicapped in ammunition that she could not hold out.

SCIENTIFIC men have urged these points from the early days of the war, but we suffered the imports of cotton to Germany to go on, at first directly, and later indirectly, through neutral countries. One official excuse after another was made. At first we heard that Germany had stored up sufficient cotton to last her through the war—as if any official could tell how long the war would last! The foolishness of this plea was indicated by the fact that Germany continued to buy cotton at big prices.

THEN we had the excuse that to place a strict contraband on cotton would cause diplomatic troubles in neutral countries. America is the great supplier of cotton. We allowed American cotton to cross the Atlantic, although we knew that it ultimately reached Germany. Our diplomatists dared not offend the American cotton brokers. And then just to show their gratitude to America the Germans torpedoed the Lusitania, and murdered some hundreds of Americans! The torpedoes, most likely, employed American cotton in their charges. Does anyone outside the world of red-tape still imagine that the American nation would be angry with us if we had stopped all cotton shipments to Europe? Is it not clear that if we had taken a firm step last August on the cotton question we should still be as friendly with America as we are to-day? We had the power in our Fleet to keep all cotton from Germany and from channels through which Germany could smuggle supplies. But look at the enormous figures for cotton shipments to Europe since last August, and you will see how Germany must be laughing at us from behind her mountains of cotton.

AGAIN, take this spy matter. We willingly accept a scoundrel like the renegade Jew, Lincoln. He fools our politicians, gets into Parliament, and obtains unusual facilities for acquiring information of use to Germany. Lincoln is allowed to escape! Next we have a West End woman deported as an undesirable alien, when there is strong presumptive evidence that she was a German agent. Up to the time of her exile she was busy driving round with our wounded soldiers. And we deport her! We send her back to Germany so that, if she be a spy, she can give her information direct, instead of having to send it by code or other secret method. We actually save her trouble and expense!

THESE are isolated cases, you will say. But is it not more correct to believe that they are clues to other follies and blunders which have not yet come to light? The authorities involved are not anxious to publish these revelations. There has been much evasion on the subject of both cotton and spies, and neither matter has been yet put on a really satisfactory foundation.

WE allow croakers and pessimists to create panics; we have bungled the alien problem; our treatment of the drink scare has been ludicrous, and the political quarrels and intrigues must have provided much amusement in Germany. This is not good. We cannot afford to give Germany any soft chances in this war.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Tennis At Buckingham Palace.

ALTHOUGH the King and Queen have no inclination for tennis or other outdoor pastime while the war is in progress they do not discourage others about the Palace from indulging in some pastime or other. Tennis appears to head the list, and Princess Mary with her brothers, when they are at home, and also with her girl friends, almost daily has a turn at the nets. The Princess plays quite a good and, like the King, a vigorous game.

Hospitals—And More Hospitals.

THE PRINCESS, I am told, has done her best to persuade her father to join her in a set occasionally, but he finds little time to indulge. The war creates for the King an enormous amount of work, in addition to the normal duties which fall to his lot. When these duties have been disposed of there are always hospitals to visit. In this the King and the Queen are doing an enormous amount of good, cheering the wounded, as they do during their informal visits, with words of sympathy and of encouragement. Consequently the King, who last year indulged in a good deal of tennis, this season has not yet taken the racket in his hand.

The Hun-Turk.

WHAT IS IT? The answer's a Liman—Field-Pasha Liman von Sanders, the amiable Hun who is in command of the Turkish Army at Constantinople. I have culled this caricature from a French paper, which is not likely to be very kindly in its feelings towards the original, but as a matter of fact, Liman is rather like this. He isn't exactly a beauty, is he? I believe he is popular with the Turkish soldiers, but with the foreign Press at Constantinople he certainly is not. A long time ago, before war broke out, this doughty soldier went to the office of the correspondent of the *Matin*, which paper had annoyed him, and, armed with a revolver and attended by four other men, also armed with revolvers, he threatened terrible things against the unfortunate journalist, who, of course, was unarmed. This caricature is from the *Matin*.



Lucky Civil Servants.

THE War Office officials who are working in the temporary building in St. James's Park are rather enviable people. Judging from the outside, their quarters appear certainly much less preferable than the stately pile in Whitehall, from which they have overflowed; but it is much nicer to work in a room with trees and green to look out on than in a dismal back room at the War Office proper. Besides, the singing of birds is not half so distracting as the hooters of motor-buses. However, I've heard complaints about the heat resulting from all that corrugated iron.

Nothing Doing.

SOMEONE met a member of Parliament wandering like a lost sheep about the West End soon after four on Monday afternoon, and asked him why he was not saving, or at least serving, his country. "All this comes of not having a proper Opposition," he grumbled. "In the ordinary way McKenna would have made his little speech; then Austen would have made his little speech; then we others should have had a chance, and we should have been talking away quite comfortably till dinner. Instead of that nobody said anything, and here I am without a blessed thing to do, and nearly four hours to dinner."

A Wife's Instincts.

ONE of Mrs. Lloyd George's friends said to her the other day: "Are you not very worried about the amount of work your husband is doing just now?" Mrs. Lloyd George smiled as she said, "Not at all—hard work agrees with him. It is not activity that knocks him up. I always know when he is a little below par. It is when he becomes a trifle introspective, and then his appetite is not so good as usual. When he is busy he is happy, and when he is happy he is well."

Man Who Has Not Seen An Aeroplane.

HAVE YOU seen an aeroplane? Probably yes; but I have met a man, a grown-up man, who has lived in London (and most of the time in Fleet-street) ever since the Brothers Wright made their original flights, and he assures me that he has never seen an aeroplane, save under a roof, at an exhibition at Olympia. He has not been continuously anchored in Fleet-street—where aeroplanes are not common objects of the skyline—but has travelled considerably, visiting among other places Archangel, Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said, Liège, Boulogne, Gibraltar, Dundee, and Southend. I think he ought to see someone about it.

'Bus Comedies.

NOW THAT the weather is fine most of our foreign visitors go for long rides on top of 'buses on Sundays, and the conductors get very angry explaining that 'buses are not philanthropic affairs, and that well-grown girls of ten or twelve are not exactly babies in arms to be carried free. This week-end I heard an argument between a conductor and a Belgian woman with little English on this point. The conductor at last compromised on the understanding that one of the girls should be paid for. "Goolorlummy," he remarked, "some on 'em thinks they can take their adjective muffers for nothing as long as they sits on each other's knees."

Delicacies, Indeed!

A WOMAN came to a friend of mine in North London the other day, and asked for money for a fund to be devoted to the purchase of delicacies for German prisoners interned in Alexandra Palace. She was quite serious; so was I when I asked if she was quite certain that she was an Englishwoman. (She was very hurt, of course. So was I, and I drew her attention to the latest casualty list caused by the Air Huns—one man, two women, four children. Delicacies, indeed!

First Edition All Gone.

AN EDITION, intended for English readers, of a novel called "The Harbour," by Mr. Ernest Poole, which made a great success in America, went down with the Lusitania. This "trivial tragedy within a great one" reminds a correspondent of the story of a budding novelist, who told a friend that the whole edition of his latest book had gone off in one day. Having received congratulations, the writer explained that there had been a destructive fire at his publishers'.

Hot Stuff!

I HEAR that mustard is going to advance in price. In some of the restaurants they mix ordinary white flour with mustard in order to make it keep a good colour for a long time, and also, I imagine, because flour costs less than mustard. A few of the bigger places use fourteen pounds of mustard a day, so that the flour makes a tidy little difference at the end of the year.

A Baseless Rumour.

THE Bishop of London has confessed that he thinks out his sermons when shaving in the early morning. As his lordship sometimes preaches two or three times a day, or makes several addresses within the twenty-four hours, some people have imagined that he must shave several times a day in order to get the inspiration necessary for his public work. I have no immediate knowledge of the episcopal shaving habits, but I should think the supposition is erroneous.

The Fighting Parson.

THIS is the first photograph taken in khaki of the Rev. L. F. Tyrwhitt, Rector of Rolleston. Canon Tyrwhitt is a real fighting parson, for a few days ago he was wounded at the front, where he has been acting as chaplain. His fighting propensities, although not in a literal sense, have not been hidden even in peace time, for Sir Oswald



Mosley, the famous "John Bull" baronet, is the Squire of Rolleston, and Sir Oswald and the Canon don't like each other at all, at all. The Squire v. Parson hostilities in this district have been frequent and furious. However, the Canon is a distinguished man of many activities. He accompanied the King and Queen (as Prince and Princess of Wales) to India in H.M.S. Renown.

Heavy Artillery.

TO-DAY the big guns will be firing in all directions. Lord Lansdowne will be the chief speaker at a Mansion House meeting in aid of sick and wounded in the war. Lord Derby is to talk to Manchester women about war service; the Archbishop of Canterbury addresses the National Society; the King holds a Council; M. Cammaerts speaks on Belgium, and if you want any more, there is Dr. Shipley, of Cambridge, on the pleasant and topical subject of "Fleas, Lice, and Other Minor Horrors of War."

Strawberries And Cayenne.

NOW THAT strawberries are here again, there is sure to arise the epicure, who says there is only one true way to eat them—no cream, but a little red pepper as the sole condiment. Personally, I detest this "vegetabilisation" of my favourite fruit.

Icelandic Pessimism.

I HAD a very "playful" day on Monday. All the afternoon I spent at the Queen's Theatre watching a very long and very gloomy Icelandic drama entitled "Eyvind of the Mountains." It was the Scandinavian school with a vengeance, and out-Ibsened Ibsen. Most of it took place amid the snow and ice of the glaciers of the interior of Iceland—not lively surroundings at the best of times—and everyone connected with the play was dreadfully unhappy except one old man, and he was drunk.

A Fine Performance.

"THERE'S ONLY one thing I want to hear, and that is the nails being hammered into my own coffin," remarked one character, and the play abounds in cheery little thoughts of this type. In the last act the two lovers, outlaws, are starving in a snowbound hut. They both go mad, and the woman, who had killed both her children earlier in the play, staggers out into the snow to die. One of the few redeeming features in this dreary afternoon was the acting of Miss Helen Hays, whose portrait this is. She had a fine chance, and made the most of it. Mr. Leon Quartermaine was also excellent.



Dancer And Dramatist.

AS a matter of fact, "Eyvind" is by no means a feeble play—the Incorporated Stage Society never touch twaddle—but the gloom was laid on in stifling thickness. I should think Phyllis Bedells, who was just behind me, wanted to rush out and dance immediately it was over, for the sheer joy of living. Bernard Shaw, now white-haired and like a benevolent patriarch, was in a box.

"Mr. And Mrs. Ponsonby."

"MR. AND MRS. PONSONBY," which I saw at the Comedy Theatre in the evening, was not so gloomy as "Eyvind." But American farce can at times be just as depressing as Icelandic drama. The sheer inanity of much of this play by Walter Hackett got on one's nerves to an amazing extent. And yet it isn't wholly bad. It has a bright first act, and some fairly amusing lines.

Complications.

BUT THE never-ending complications of all these silly young married people become very tedious before the play is half over. They all fall in love with each other, and get jealous, and are found out, and lie, and so on, in approved farceal style. Kenneth Douglas was, as always, perfectly delightful. I suppose his recent visit to America has had something to do with this production.

England And America.

THERE was an American leading lady, Miss Marion Lorne. Very American. And so it was quite in order that she should have had for her stage father Frederick Kerr—the most typically English actor on the stage. Mr. Kerr once more appeared as himself, and said "What, what" hundreds of times. Sam Sothern was neat and aristocratic, and Lydia Bilbrooke, in a wonderful hat, looked very beautiful.

To Cheer It On.

AMONG THOSE who applauded politely were Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Sir Carl Meyer and his family (who were in a box), and Mr. Marshall Hall. I hope "Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby" will be a success.

Aleister Crowley Again.

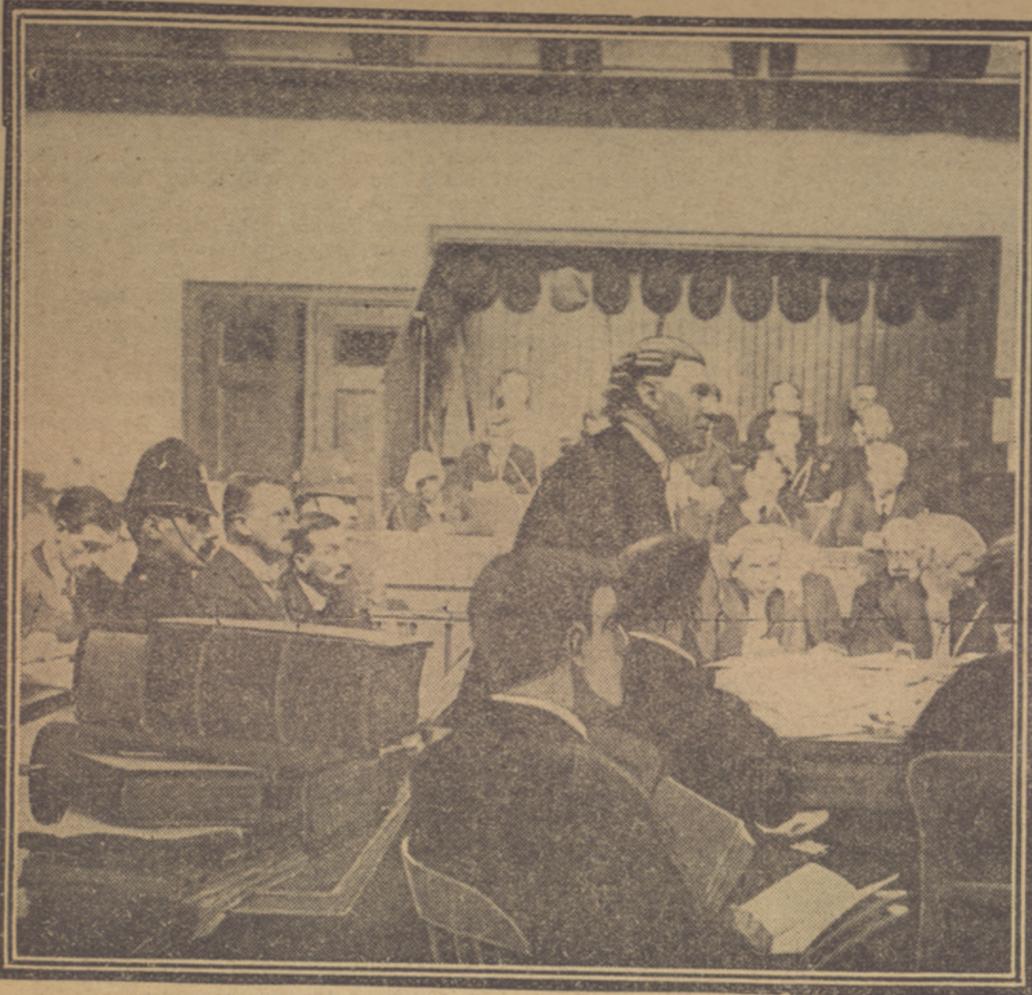
THE INEFFABLE poet, Aleister Crowley, is lending his pen to the pro-Germans in the United States. A friend has sent me from New York a copy of the *International*. Under the title of "The End of England" Crowley indulges in violent abuse of this country. There is only one class for whom he has a good word to say, the sons of the landed gentry, and only one man, Lord Kitchener.

After German-American Dollars.

CROWLEY was a notorious character in London, where he tried to establish a new cult under the title of "The Rites of Eleusis," and he ran a weird journal called the *Equinox*. When I met him last October he was on the point of leaving for America. He won't cut much ice in the States with his cult, as they have already more religions there than they know what to do with.

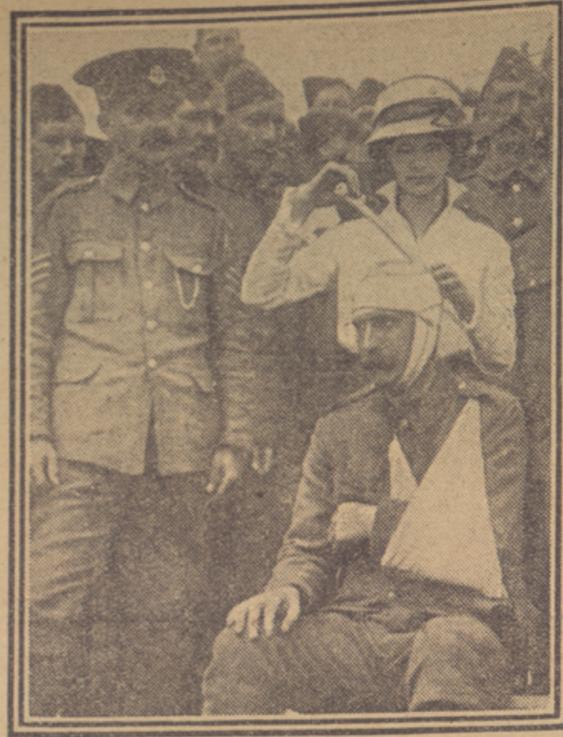
MR. GOSSIP.

TRIAL FOR TRADING WITH THE ENEMY



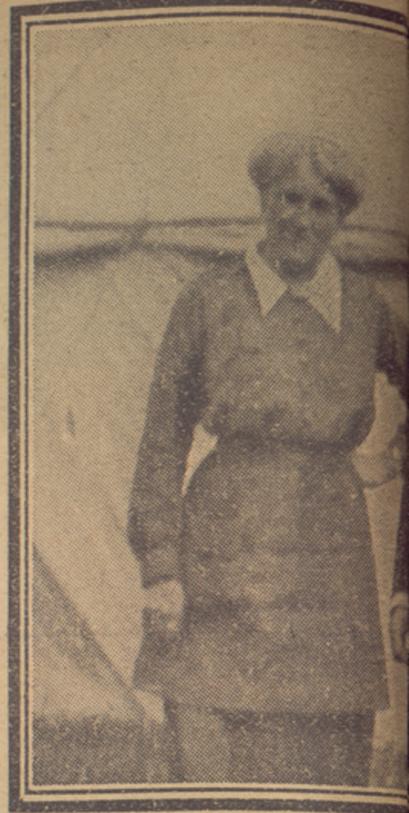
Mr. J. A. Clyde, K.C., M.P., addressing the Court at the trial of two Glasgow iron merchants charged with supplying iron ore to Krupp's. Behind their advocate sit the accused men.

THE VICTIM.



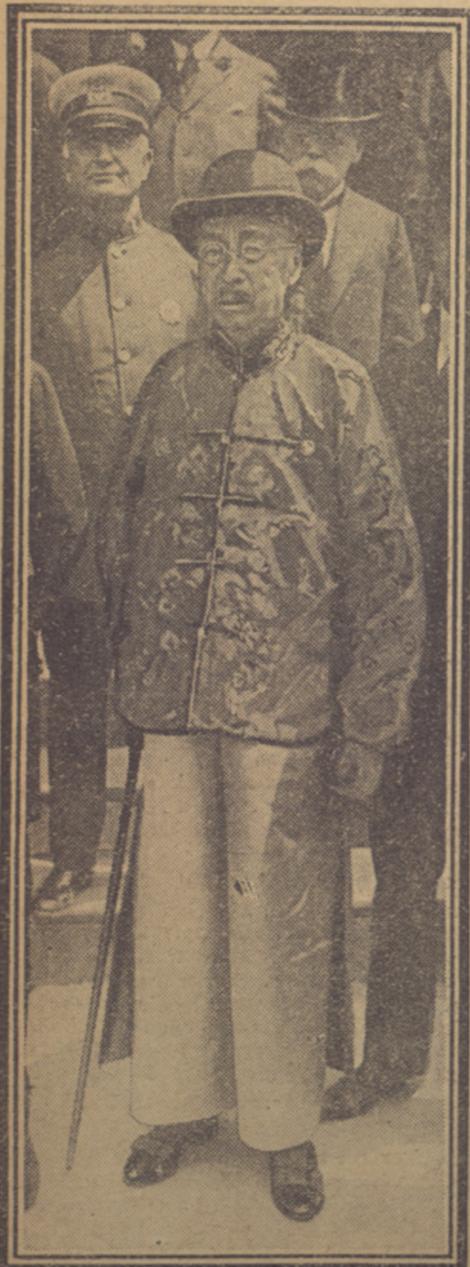
Mrs. Roffey demonstrates to the Navy's Battalion at Alexandra Palace how to render first aid. She finds the pick-and-shovel brigade adept pupils.

TOMMY'S



Mrs. Harley (sister of Sir John French)

CHINA ON THE ALERT.



Prominent Chinese business men are now being sent to America to study Western commercial methods.

LUCK OF THE SEA.



Charles Gunn was saved from the wrecks of the Titanic, Empress of Ireland, Lusitania and the s.s. Florizan.

THE PARSON'S CALL.



A London clergyman, the Rev. J. H. Newsham-Taylor, has volunteered for active service as a motor ambulance driver.



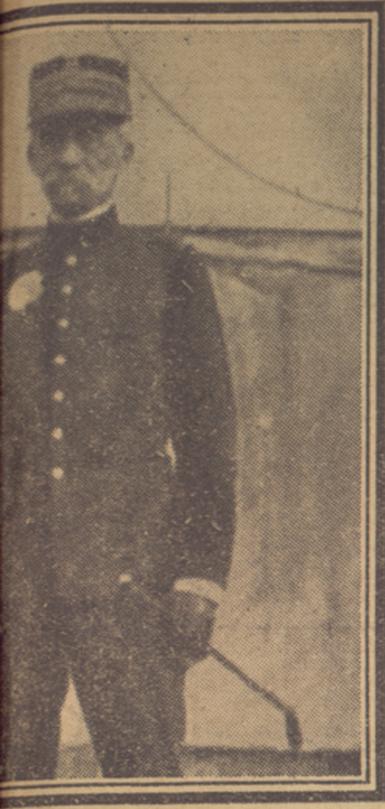
A baby patient operated on and saved by Dr. Francis Ivens. While Sir John French is leading our soldiers to victory his sister, Mrs. Harley, is administrator of the first unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals nurse back to health the maimed soldiers of France. gentle birth. The only men in the ward.

CAPTAIN TURNER TELLS OF THE LUSITANIA'S END.



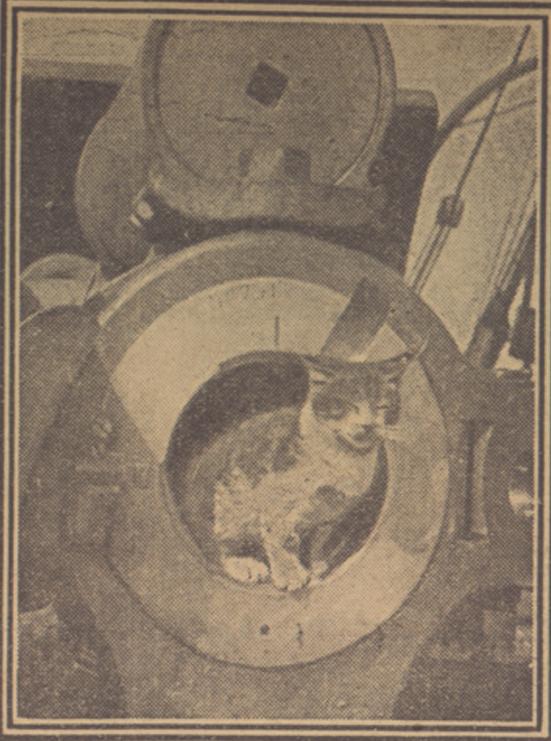
The Government inquiry into the sinking of the Lusitania was opened at the Central Hall, Westminster, yesterday. Captain Turner is seen in the witness-box.

SISTERS.



(ch) with Général de Torcy.

MEW—NITIONS.



A new phase of the "mew-nitions" question. The ship's cat steps into the breach. Pussy's solution of the problem makes Jack laugh.

FRENCH CATTLE FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS



Farmers are still finding work to do in France. This little group has just brought up a number of cattle for the British Army, a few miles ahead.



The baby is now the pet of the soldier patients. In the best-organised hospitals in the war zone. In the old Abbey of Royaumont, in the North of France, chauffeurs bring in the wounded, the surgeons are women, the floors are scrubbed by women of the wounded are wounded soldiers.

THE GROCER GIRL IS A HANDY WORKER.



The grocer-girl is proving as efficient as any of her sister war-workers. She cuts the bacon, weighs out tea, and packs sugar as deftly as a practised hand.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

FACING THE CAMERA AS COOLLY AS THEY DID BULLETS.



Time was when the sight of a camera would scare away an Indian. Here are a group of wounded Orientals on board the Ajax in the Dardanelles, facing the photographer with as much serenity as they faced the enemy's bullets.

HAIR SPECIALIST'S REMARKABLE GIFT

Test this Splendid Hair-growing Method **FREE**.

A TRIPLE OUTFIT WHICH GIVES HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY TO ALL.

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So says Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of the world-famous toilet exercise, "Harlene Hair-Drill," in announcing his wonderful free distribution of hair-growing outfits to all who send him the coupon below.

Every man or woman who is distressed by falling, splitting hairs, lank, "damp" hair, over-dry or over-greasy hair, total or approaching baldness, scalp irritation, or any other hair defect, should send at once for this wonderful free gift.

The majority of people to-day, unless they have taken "Harlene Hair-Drill" precautions, invariably look older than they really are—because the state of the hair certainly decides the question of the youthfulness or age of your appearance.

HOW TO KEEP ALWAYS YOUNG.

The splendid Hair Beauty Gift that the proprietor of "Harlene" offers to every reader will enable them to keep an always youthful appearance by growing hair in healthy, luxurious abundance.

With thousands of people it is only too apparent that their hair needs help. Nutrition and stimulation are both necessary in order that they may regain naturally beautiful hair and at the same time vastly improve their whole appearance. But, no matter how thin, weak, or impoverished your hair may be, the simple scientific method, "Harlene Hair-Drill," will restore it to its natural glory and fullness.

This you can prove in a few moments each morning. You will soon realise how simple it is to grow beautiful hair with "Harlene Hair-Drill," and how surprisingly one's whole appearance, one's brightness and personal charm are improved by this simple attention to the hair.

Even if you can say to-day your hair is healthy, thick, and beautiful, you most decidedly should send for the "Harlene Hair-Drill" free gift—it will show you how to keep and add to your valuable asset.

THIS IS YOUR FREE GIFT.

No matter how thin, weak, or straggly your hair may be at present, you are always certain of splendid success with the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Method thus offered for a free test.

Post the Coupon below (enclosing 3d. stamps for postage) and by return you will receive:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to a new growth and beauty.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo,

which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp, and prepares the head for "Harlene Hair-Drill."

3. The secret "Hair-Drill" booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this world-famous hair-growing exercise.

After you have used this splendid toilet gift, you may always obtain larger supplies from any chemist the world over. "Harlene" in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; "Cremex" Shampoo Powder in packets at 2d., seven packets at 1s.; or direct from Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. All orders throughout the British Isles are sent post free on remittance. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

Foreign and Colonial readers can secure Edwards' "Harlene" Co.'s preparations in all parts of the world, or direct from the Company's offices in London in exchange for International Post Office Money Orders, which should also cover postage.

POST TO-DAY

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
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DEAR SIR,
Please send me your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

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A strongly made and smart looking six-piece Dining Room Suite, in Oak. Queen Anne design, litt-out seats, covered in pegamoid.

Complete only £7 15 0



AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," an entirely new Revue by Harry Grattan and Edward Jones. Friday, at 8 sharp (following evenings 8.30). First Matinee Sat. next, at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 6. Regent 2890.

COMEDY. TO-DAY at 3 and 8.45. A new farcical Comedy, MR. AND MRS. PONSONBY, by Walter Hackett. Preceded at 2.30 and 8.15 by Mr. Ernest Hastings. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

CORONET, W. GRAND GIGNOL CO. Colin Messer's French Season. FOUR PLAYS NIGHTLY at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY, at 2.30. Tel. Park 1275.

CRITERION. Tel. Ger. 3844. To-night at 9, MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS" (Last 2 nights). At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Last Mat. To-day at 2.30.

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

GAILETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. Geo. Grossmith, Jas. Blakeley, and full Gailety Company. Evenings, 8.15. Mat. (full cast) Sat., at 2.15.

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

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. TO-DAY at 2.30; EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

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

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

NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY. EVGS. 8.15. MAT. SAT. 2.30. (One Week only.) MR. MARTIN HARVEY in "THE CORSIAN BROTHERS" and "The Conspiracy."

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 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. Matinee To-day at 2.30. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. Every Evening at 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office, 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9437.

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

SAVOY. MR. H. B. IRVING. At 3 and 8.45, in "The Angel in the House," by Eden Phillpotts and Macdonald Hastings. At 2.30 and 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN. TO-DAY at 2 and 8. MATINEES WEDS., at 2. MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. ALFRED LESTER "ALWAYS Merry and Bright." Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE. At 2.30 and 8. (Last 6 Performances this Season.) JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Last Matinee To-day and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger 3830.

VAUDEVILLE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. To-day at 3 and 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 3, in THE GREEN FLAG. Preceded at 2.30 and 8.15 by "April Fools." Also CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE. 25 per cent. of profits to Allied Red Cross.

WYNDHAM'S. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 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.

ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard" (new version). GABY DESLYS, Harry Pilcer, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renee Grata, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and ROBERT HALE. Revue, 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee To-day at 2.15, and Saturday, 2.30. (Reduced Prices.)

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. TABLEAU DE GUERRE, Mlle. DORZIAT, ELLALINE TERRIS, PHYLLIS DARE, OYRA and DORMA LEIGH. RINALDO, ETHEL IRVING and CO., 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'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall. 42nd Consecutive Year in London. DAILY, at 3 and 8. Seats 1s. to 5s. Children half-price.

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW of 1915," at 8.35, with ELSIE JANIS (her last week), ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM (last week), 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, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT," ELLA RETFORD, COOPER and LAIT, etc.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street Station. Heroes of the War on Sea and Land. Unique Relics from the Battlefields, including an Iron Cross. Zeppelin, Raid on London. Incendiary Bomb on view. Lecture Daily. Free Cinematograph Performances. Open 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

CAMPING.—Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review Free.—K. PATTIE, The Derwent Holiday Camp, Kewick.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES. BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, 82 articles, 21/-, or 2/- weekly; home-made garments; worth £4; Robes, etc.; approval free first 2/-.—Mrs. SCOTT, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush. FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; net tree, combed, purchased.—J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.

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

A.A.—Loans, £5 to £5,000, sent by post secretly, either by bank, any distance; no interview or public inquiries. Interest 1s. in £.—F. COWLING, 113, Park-lane, Leeds. ABSOLUTE private advances to all employed at Banks, Insurances, Civil Service, Clerks, etc. No surties or delay. Compare my terms with any other office. Phone Bank 912. W. H. WHITEMAN, 42, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.

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MAXIMUM SUNSHINE—BRACING AIR.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT.

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH. Artificial Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post; utmost value per return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-street, London. Estbd. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH (OLD) BOUGHT. We pay highest per tooth; Silver 10s. 6d.; Gold 14s.; Platinum £1 16s. Immediate cash or offer. Call or post, mentioning Daily Sketch.—MESSRS PAGET, THE LEADING FIRM, 219, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W. ESTABLISHED 150 years.

HEALTH RESORTS. A BEAUTIFUL Holiday Guide to Southport post free from Town Clerk, 59, Town Hall, Safe Sea Bathing Lake.

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

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

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

The Stencilled Summer Gown.

WOULD you like a flowered frock that wasn't bought by the flowered yard? Then you might consider the simple art of stencilling and adorn for yourself a gown that is absolutely original.

In the days of the narrow skirt it was an easy matter to embroider or appliqué a simple design round the hem, but now that the hem is a much more ample affair one hesitates to embark on so laborious an undertaking.

Stencilling, however, is so quick and easy that it may be employed on the cheap gown which is not expected to survive the summer, while it is invaluable when making costumes for theatrical performances or charity fêtes.

Suitable Materials

Almost any material may be stencilled. Batiste, cotton voile, crêpe, crêpe de Chine, and silk are all suitable. The best results are got by using white or a very pale material for the background.

The stencilling may be done either with dye or oil-paint. If dye is used the result is usually prettier and softer. Subdued colours are best to use for an ordinary frock, though when stencilling curtains or cushions one may go in for bolder effects. The green used in combination with flowers should be of a dull sage tone. Flower stems may be done in a soft brown.

The actual application of the colour, whether paint or dye is used, should be made with a round oil-paint brush.

Good stencil designs may be bought at an art store, but it is easy to make a simple one at home. The design may be drawn on firm cardboard and then cut out.

If oil colours are used, the colours should be

lightened, if necessary, with benzene. The benzene is almost essential for the colour should be thin enough to sink into the fabric, and not merely lie on top in a stiff plaster.

Heavy white blotting-paper should be placed under the material, which should be held down to a board by drawing-pins. The stencil is then laid over and the colour applied.

Very little paint or dye should be taken on the brush at once, otherwise the colour will run and give a blurred effect to the design. Care should be taken that the stencil is clean on the under-side before it is moved on to the next piece of material.

For The Beginner.

If a skirt is to be stencilled round the hem it should first be measured so that the design can be arranged to fit. A detached figure is best for the beginner, for the space between can be varied without the fact being noticeable. When a gored skirt is to be treated the stencil will have to be tilted here and there to keep the design an equal distance from the edge. For a first attempt a straight flounce might be chosen and stencilled before it is gathered and attached to the skirt.

Simple geometrical designs are easier to cut and arrange than floral ones, and may be made effective in a single colour. A repetition of oblongs or pyramids, or a line of the Greek key pattern (sometimes called "The Walls of Troy") will give distinction to a plain frock and is quickly applied once

the stencil-worker has "got her hand in."

A white cotton voile gown might be successfully stencilled in a yellow rose design and edged with yellow bands.



A white gown with bands of pale green silk and a stencilled decoration of water lilies.

WHY THE LUSITANIA WAS DOING ONLY 18 KNOTS.

"By Orders Of The Company" Six Of Her 25 Boilers Were Idle.

Lord Mersey, assisted by four assessors, opened at Westminster yesterday the official inquiry into the sinking of the Lusitania.

Sir Edward Carson said the questions that arose in the inquiry were two:—

1. As to the navigation of the ship, having regard to the instructions and information conveyed by the Admiralty.

2. Whether everything was done that could be done after the ship was torpedoed.

Captain Turner, of the Lusitania, said when the liner started on her voyage she was unarmed for offence or defence, and carried no masked guns.

When she was struck she was going about 18 knots an hour. The average speed on the journey was about 21 knots. They could not have made 25 knots because they were only using 19 out of their 25 boilers by the orders of the company.

When the Lusitania was approaching the danger zone the look-outs were doubled, and special orders were given to go full speed ahead should any submarine be sighted.

The latter part of Captain Turner's evidence was taken in camera.

WAY TO SAVE OVERTIME MONEY.

What have you done with all that overtime money you have been earning since the war broke out?

The present is no time for frittering away coin. Those in authority have said: "Save up your money!"

One way of doing this is to take out a Britannic war bonus policy, as the result of which you save your money and provide for your old age.

The idea is that you put all the money you have earned in overtime into your policy for 12 months. Then you don't pay any more premiums. At the end of 25 years you get back all the money you paid in, and in addition a sum equal to about 1 1/3 more. Thus, if £100 was invested, at the time the policy matured £231 would be payable. Of course, in the event of death the money invested, together with profits, would go to your wife or family.

HOW THE FARMER GOT A RECRUIT.

Mr. Edward Morris, one of the largest farmers in Hertfordshire, and a member of the Hertfordshire County Council, was addressing a recruiting meeting in Hertfordshire when a labourer shouted, "You've done a lot of talking; why don't you go?" "Will you go if I do?" said the farmer. "Yes," replied the labourer promptly. "Then I'll go," Mr. Morris declared.

The farmer and the labourer were as good as their word. They both passed the doctor. The County Councillor is now a private in the Hertfordshire Regiment.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

SO SAYS EMINENT SPECIALIST.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, and bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right, or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmarole compound from your chemist, and take 8 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day, after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders.

This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it is just what you need.—Adv't.



The Sports and Seaside SHOE

Dr. HOGYES' Hygienic Rubber Shoe far surpasses the Ordinary Rubber Shoe. Having an asbestos inner-sole, it cannot draw, heat, or blister the feet. Perfectly flexible, smart shape, the ideal shoe for keeping the feet cool and comfortable. Try a pair for sports or seaside.

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White 2/6 2/6 2/6
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One Teaspoonful of

'CAMP'

COFFEE

with boiling water, milk and sugar to taste, will make a cup of the most delicious coffee you can have. A child can prepare 'Camp,' but no one could make better coffee. Insist on having "CAM."

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,
Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

is that it will not heal till it has thoroughly cleared away all morbid matter. There is no danger to life in curing a bad leg by Burgess' Lion Ointment, as it does not throw back humour into the system.

It cures without painful operations, lancing or cutting, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Fatty or Cystic Tumours, Piles, Fistula, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles.

SEND PENNY STAMP FOR SAMPLE (Colonies 2d.). Sold by Chemists, 7d., 1s. 3d., etc., or post free for P.O. from E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. Advice Gratis. Estab. 1847.

CAPTAIN JOHNSTON, V.C., KILLED.

Our Naval And Military Casualties To End Of May Totalled 271,616.

Mr. Asquith said yesterday that the naval casualties (including Naval Division and Marines) up to the end of May totalled 13,547:—

	Officers.	Men.
Killed	549	7,696
Wounded	181	2,262
Missing	74	2,785

Total officers and men, 13,547.

This, with the 258,069 Army casualties, brings our total of killed, wounded, and missing to 271,616, of whom 58,587 are dead.

Captain W. H. Johnston, R.E., who won the V.C. early in the war, figures in the latest list of officers killed.

Last night's rank and file lists contain the names of 3,372 officers and men, of whom 616 are dead.

TOMMY WILL THANK YOU.

Yesterday's total to the Daily Sketch Cigarette Fund was £45—a very good result.

Collected by G. S. Hope from Staff of Chandler Dept., Ipok, Perak and Chinese Burgers of Chandler, £40 9s. 8d.; Colonel-Major Ballajora, Ramsey, £1; Ideal Billiard Rooms Patrons (10th cont.), 10s. 8d.; Staff Coborn and Co., Ltd., per Sergeant Watts (6th cont.), 10s. 3/4d.; S.G.T. Dublin, Tommies' Friends, Colne (143rd cont.), £1; Mechanical Staff, Vernon and Sons, London (57th cont.), 7s. 6d.; Jones-Hardy Wedding Party, Greenheys, Lancs., 6s. 6d.; Barbara Murray, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5s.; E.W.W.R. Miss Branson, Shoreham, 8s.; Twenty-One, Stalybridge, Proceeds of Children's Rose Queen, Leyland, E.B. Hounslow, 7s. 6d.; Showmen's Children, Fair Ground, Manchester, 2s.; Sunbeam (3rd cont.), 1s. 6d.; A.T.R., E. and K. Connors, Leeds, R. Jones, Chorley, M.H., 4s.; Anon, Clapham, 6d.—£45 13s. 1/4d.

Hull tramwaymen protest strongly against a proposal to employ women as conductors.

At the opening of the June Sessions at the Old Bailey yesterday the grand jury found a true bill against George Smith, charged with murdering three of his five "brides."

MONEY MARKET STAGNANT.

Public Should Be Careful About Cheap Copper Shares.

The Stock Markets yesterday were in a stagnant condition. As expected, underwriters of the New South Wales 4 1/2 per Cent. Debentures have had to take up about 62 per cent. of the issue, and the Scrip is quoted at 3/2 to 1/2 discount. We have no doubt that the loan will be easily absorbed by the public in course of time. Certainly the Debentures are a very cheap investment.

American securities tended downwards, and showed distinct weakness in the afternoon. Canadian Pacific shares closed no better than 161, Union Pacific at 133 1/2, Steel Common at 62, and Amalgamated Copper at 78 1/2.

There was a demand for Forestal Land shares, which improved to 34s. 6d. North Caucasians were offered at one time on an erroneous idea that the dividend announcement had been postponed.

There was buying of Broken Hill shares, but amongst Kaffirs, Bantjes were offered on the passing of the dividend.

It may be as well to warn the public against buying low-priced Copper shares, which are being pushed into prominence in connection with the rise in the metal. Great discrimination is necessary in investing money in this direction, and we would particularly sound a note of warning in regard to the shares of the Roebourne Company regarding which we have many inquiries from would-be buyers.

The Stock Exchange Committee announced yesterday that a stockbroker in a fair way of business, who has been a member of the House for fifteen years, has been suspended for contravention of Stock Exchange regulations.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet, steady; American, 4 1/2 to 5 up; Egyptian, 2 to 3 up.

PARSLEY Brand SALMON

PARSLEY BRAND SALMON is the pick of the finest red salmon, in its natural oil, and with all the delicious flavour of the fresh fish. Parsley Brand Salmon has twenty years' reputation as the highest grade Brand of Salmon.

LARGEST SALE OF ANY BRAND OF SALMON IN THE WORLD.

Delicious alone, or for Mayonnaise, Salad, Sandwiches, etc.—highly nourishing and sustaining and very economical. Its absolute Purity is Guaranteed.

INSIST ON GETTING 'PARSLEY BRAND' In 1-lb. Tall Tins, 1-lb. Flat Tins, and 1/2-lb. Flat Tins. Of all Grocers and Stores.

RICHARD B. GREEN & CO., LTD.,
LIVERPOOL & LONDON.



VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream (Non-Greasy).

Ven-Yusa is the essence of refinement and enhances the delicacy of the face and arms. The daily and nightly application of Ven-Yusa is as a bath of pure country air for the human skin. For wind-chafe and all Summer skin discomforts Ven-Yusa is delightful. 1s. per jar of Chemists, or C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

POMMERN WINS THE WAR DERBY IN A CANTER.

Great Crowd And Record Fields At Extra Meeting. RACE CARDS BOUGHT UP AS SOUVENIRS.

Such scenes as were witnessed at Newmarket yesterday have never before been seen at race-quarters. The town was simply packed with people, and conveyances to the course were at a premium. All sorts of vehicles were requisitioned, and extraordinary prices were charged, but were willingly paid, for the afternoon was very hot, and the July course is a good distance from the town.

On arriving at the course a remarkable scene presented itself, for there was an enormous number of motor vehicles of all descriptions, ranging from motor-buses to the big Rolls-Royce, and the attendance was something to marvel at. Usually the fixtures on the July course are of a quiet holiday nature, but yesterday all was bustle, and such a crowd has never before assembled at Newmarket on any occasion.

A RUN ON RACE CARDS.

Race cards ran out early, and five shillings was paid for what is published at sixpence.

A start was made with a Selling Plate, for which 13 went to the post. Nine to two was offered on the field, at which price Candytuft was favourite, but he was beaten out of a place after figuring in the front rank for a mile. Mohacz then appeared an assured winner, but up the hill Lelio V. and The Truth joined issue, a fine finish resulting in Mohacz beating Lelio V. by a head, with The Truth beaten a neck for second place.

No fewer than 37 put in an appearance for the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and a fine sight was presented as the field charged down the course. Several in turn promised to win before Atom, Sentiment, and Eastington drew out, and they finished in the order named, Atom winning by a head, while three-quarters of a length divided second and third.

HIS FIRST DERBY.

The War Derby was won in easy fashion by the favourite, Mr. S. B. Joel's Pommern. Curiously enough, this is the first time Mr. Joel has won the Derby, though he has owned many good horses during his racing career, and yesterday's success must go down on the records as the equivalent to the Epsom classics.

Donoghue was never uneasy on Pommern, who, at the finish, had a comfortable two lengths to spare over Let Fly.

Pommern has thus stamped himself as the best of his age, for he won the Two Thousand Guineas in equally fluent style. The victory was most popular, a big round of cheering going up when it was seen that Pommern had the race in hand.

Let Fly was running on, and would have won easily with the winner out of the way. Rosendale stayed on to beat Achetol for third place, with the Vizier and Danger Rock finishing together some lengths behind. My Ronald set a strong pace for a mile, but he could not keep it up and eventually finished seventh, Gadabout was last of all, and Sunfire and King Priam never looked like being concerned in the finish.

There was another huge field for the Tuesday Two-Year-Old Plate, and they put up a capital race, but Queen of the Seas made the most of a smart beginning to lead throughout and win by a length from Sirian, who ran Salandra out of second place by a head.

The entries for to-day's card at Newmarket are not on such a large scale as those at the opening

stage, but there will be plenty of runners, and some capital sport.

The June Stakes, which is to act as a substitute for the Coronation Cup, appears to be at the mercy of Black Jester, for the majority of the others are not in the same class.

The Wantage colt proved himself to be a good horse as times go when winning the City and Suburban, and he is certain to start a good favourite to-day.

He may not have matters all his own way, and China Cock, for one, can be depended upon to give him a good stretch. At the best, however, Mr. Nelke's horse is not in the top class, and Trois Temps is hardly good enough as judged on his first year's running.

The Three-year-old Sweepstakes will provide a very interesting race, as Friar Marcus, Patrick, Torloisk, Volta, Lady Josephine, and perhaps Fitzorb are due to compete. This is the best distance for Friar Marcus, but I doubt if he can cope with Volta, who is right at the top of the tree up to six furlongs. Jove and Silver Ring appear to be the pick in the Wednesday Plate, and Jove may win, while Dulce Domum is not out of the Moderate Plate, in spite of his big weight.

SELECTIONS.

Moderate 2-Y.-O. Plate.—DULCE DOMUM.
All-aged Selling Plate.—CYBELE II.
June Stakes.—BLACK JESTER.
3-Y.-O. Sweepstakes.—VOLTA.
Apprentice Plate.—PICKLE.
Wednesday Plate.—JOVE.
Welter Handicap.—WOODWILD.

Double.
BLACK JESTER and VOLTA.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

1.15—Selling Plate of 200 sovs
Captain Bewick's MOHACZ, 8-5.....Bramley 1
Mr. C. de la Torre's LELIO V., 8-2.....Childs 2
Mr. A. Knowles's THE TRUTH, 8-2.....Donoghue 3
Also ran: Chancellor II., Candytuft, Gum Shoe, Conquering Hero, Pastime, Perennial, Queen's Bay, Submarine, Pinch, Golden Era, Wengon, Meru, Marco Romano, Golden Valley, Prime Minister. Betting: 9 to 2 Candytuft, 11 to 2 Lelio V., 5 to 1 MOHACZ, 7 to 1 The Truth, 8 to 1 Meru, 100 to 3 Chancellor II., Golden Era, 100 to 7 Conquering Hero, 20 to 1 others. Head; neck. Winner trained by Bramley

1.45—Three-Year-Old Handicap of 200 sovs
Mr. W. M. Savill's ATOM, 6-10.....K. Robertson 1
Mr. F. C. Stern's SENTIMENT, 7-9.....Dick 2
Mr. E. de Mestre's EASTINGTON, 8-4.....W. Huxley 3
Also ran: Archiestown, Marcianus, Esplanade, Clever Dick, Contino, Zuide, Zee, Baccara, Wallon, Iambic, Alborak, Queen Desmond, Search, Market, Philo, Wolfaline, Windlesham, Duckwing Game, Saetton, Thymian, Turnberry, Mrs. Buzley, Syracuse, Leven Bridge, Nancy O'Neill, Footman, Trooko, Jugurtha, Pericardium, Cranemoor, Diplomatic, Auction Bridge, Flying Moments, Agrippa, Theseus, Old Bias. Betting: 9 to 1 Wallon, Sentiment, 10 to 1 Archiestown, 100 to 2 Eastington, 100 to 7 Windlesham, Nancy O'Neill, Alborak, Market, Leven Bridge, 20 to 1 Sanction, 40 to 1 ATOM and others. Head; ¼ length. Winner trained by F. Darling

2.30—THE NEW DERBY STAKES, Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, with 1,000 sovs added (given by Lord Derby), for three-year-olds, each sex, Suffolk Stakes Co., 1½m.
Mr. S. B. Joel's b c POMMERN, 9-0.....S. Donoghue 1
Col. Hall Walker's o c LET FLY, 9-0.....J. Childs 2
Sir J. Thursby's b c ROSSENDALE, 9-0.....J. Clark 3
Lord Carnarvon's b c The Vizier, 9-0.....F. Bullock 0
Mr. J. B. Joel's b c Sunfire, 9-0.....W. Huxley 0
Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's c c Apothecary, 9-0.....R. Cooper 0
Col. Hall Walker's b c Follow Up, 9-0.....E. Huxley 0
Mr. A. E. Barton's b c My Ronald, 9-0.....C. Foy 0
Mr. A. Belmont's c c Danger Rock, 9-0.....A. Whalley 0
M. E. Blane's c c Florimond, 9-0.....H. Jellis 0
M. E. Blane's b c Le Melior, 9-0.....G. Stern 0
Sir E. Cassel's b c Gadabout, 9-0.....F. O'Neill 0
Mr. H. B. Duryea's b c Chickamauga, 9-0.....M. MacGee 0
Mr. Mortimer Singer's b c Achetol, 9-0.....C. Trigg 0
Mr. E. Tanner's b c Rushford, 9-0.....M. Wing 0
Mr. W. J. Tatem's b c The Revenge, 9-0.....E. Piper 0
Mr. G. H. Williamson's b c King Priam, 9-0.....Heckford 0
Betting: 11 to 10 POMMERN, 10 to 1 Danger Rock, Let Fly, 100 to 7 The Vizier, 100 to 6 My Ronald, 20 to 1 Gadabout, Sunfire, King Priam, Le Melior, Chickamauga, 33 to 1 Achetol, 40 to 1 Rosendale, 50 to 1 The Revenge, 100 to 1 others. Place betting in proportion. Won by 2 lengths; 3 lengths. Achetol was fourth. Winner trained by C. Peck

3.10—Tuesday Two-Year-Old Plate of 300 sovs; 5f.
Mr. Smith's QUEEN OF THE SEAS, 8-2.....Prout 1
Mr. J. B. Joel's SIRIAN, 8-5.....W. Huxley 2
Mr. F. C. Stern's SALANDRA, 8-12.....Donoghue 3
Also ran: Vergo, Kinisra, Saltire, Hatrin, Leisure, Harrow Hill, Bucky, Erin's Beauty, Spanton, Polydamon, Sister Hilda, Condottiere, Bayard, Dusky Boy, Scotch and Polly, George Graves, Game Hen c, Theovil, Neiljar, William Orme, Grey Socks, Hapton, Marie l'Estrange, Simonetta f, Cicatrix, Gallreque, Va Via, China Ware, Conetti, Tredette, Montbretia, Koster Girl f, Royal Blood, Kilbride, Wish Me Luck. Betting: 6 to 4 Salandra, 6 to 1 Sirian 7 to 1 Polydamon, 10 to 1 QUEEN OF THE SEAS, 100 to 8 Theovil, 100 to 6 Bayard, Hatpin, 40 to 1 others. Length; head. Winner trained by Green

3.45—Maiden (at closing) Two-Year-Old Plate; 5f. 140yds.
Mr. E. Hulton's WIST, 8-11.....Donoghue 1
Mr. A. James's ABOYNE, 9-2.....Richaby 2
Mr. J. B. Joel's TELEPHONE GIRL, 8-10.....W. Huxley 3
Also ran: Brown Moor, Polydona, Neville, Earn, Lisorb, Polyphonic, Mesquite c, Parley, Jack Tar, Rock Ahoi, Double A.C., Bruised, Hellenic c, Chieftain, Cretan Swell, Amphitryon, Moreta, White Pearl, Finisher, Colour Bay, Hemlock, Lady Hasty f, Princess Ye San, Welfare, Corisol, Mona-Toi, Cleopatra, Joan Alunde, M'dame, Roman Slave f, Linnen, Lady Diakia f, Mrs. Grady, Belgian, Bluecock, Cheek, Engelbert, Sennowe, Scorp, Alarum
Betting: 13 to 8 Telephone Girl, 6 to 1 Lisorb, 7 to 1 WIST, 100 to 7 Earn, 100 to 6 Rock Ahoi, Aboyne c, Polydona, Polyphonic, 20 to 1 White Pearl, 50 to 1 others. Neck; half a length. (Winner trained by R. Dawson.)

4.25—Cherfield Handicap of 200 sovs; 5f.
Mr. L. W. Winfield's VANITIE, 7-7.....Whalley 1
Mr. Shepherd's HAPPY FANNY, 8-0.....Donoghue 2
Sir W. Cooke's CLAP GATE, 7-9.....Gardner 3
Also ran: The Boss, Happy Warrior, Trinity Square, Dropwort, Coronis, Plucky Liege, King's Scholar, Highwayside, New York, Silver Spray, Cattistock, Binfield Grove, Bambusa, The Bimkin, Lord Westbury, Rockfol, Lucy Farrand, Happy Louie, Square Deal, Topik, Chieftain, Marie II., Square Bell, Black Walnut, Show Girl, Premier, Maybud, Cimolite, Ronaldo, Lady Alison, Curly Coat, Prince Igor, Effendi
Betting: 7 to 1 Trinity Square, 8 to 1 Plucky Liege, 10 to 1 VANITIE, 100 to 8 Topic, 100 to 7 Happy Fanny, Cattistock, Happy Louie, The Boss, Bambusa, 100 to 6 Cimolite, 20 to 1 New York, Coronis, Clap Gate, Chaffinch, 25 to 1 Effendi, 40 to 1 others. Half a length; one. Winner trained by J. Cannon

5.0—A Plate of 150 sovs. Last six furlongs of B.M.
Mr. S. Joel's POLISTENA, 7-11.....Foy 1
Mr. J. Joel's LADY BRILLIANT, 7-11.....W. Huxley 2
Mr. C. E. Howard's THUNDER, 7-11.....Bullock 3
Also ran: Per Annum, King's Chancellor, Dragoman, Dorian, Royal Hal, Pangbourne, Ariath, Allegory, Swiftfoot, Spring Thyme, Sleepy Knight, Sun Umbrella, Equipoise, Athol Blair, Allans, Ethel Catherine, May Boy, Petrovitch, Saint Columba, Allans, Melkath, Snow Flower. Betting: 5 to 1 POLISTENA, 7 to 1 Lady Brilliant, Dragoman, 8 to 1 Thunder, 10 to 1 Swiftfoot, 100 to 8 Ardath, Sun Umbrella, Royal Hal, 100 to 7 Per Annum, 25 to 1 others. Neck; same. Winner trained by Peck. Allegory broke away from his attendant on leaving the paddock and bolted. He took no part in the race, and is not under starter's orders.

Captain Stanley Williams, the English International Rugby full-back, was married at Newport yesterday to Miss Mawson, the daughter of a Bristol Channel shipowner.

WHEN THE STRATEGIST COMES TO SZCZUCZYN.



TO-DAY AT NEWMARKET.

MODERATE 2-y.-o. PLATE of 103 sovs; 5f.

Dulce Domum	9 10	Myrtillus	9 0
Rampellion	9 5	The Raven	9 0
Reprisal	9 2	Analogy	9 0
Dogstar	9 0	Nitrolim	8 11
Hoop La	9 0	Miranda	8 11
Radical	9 0	Budds Green	8 11
Polyphonic	9 0	Russet	8 11
Quickly	9 0	Serenissima	8 11
Simonella c	9 0	Pomace	8 11
Crossed	9 0	Sun Disco	8 11
Willut Willie	9 0	Mameona	8 11
Allegre c	9 0	Lady Sunshine	8 11
Chiava Di Sol	9 0	Caryarda	8 11
Section Leader	9 0	Cockspur	8 11
Grassland	9 0	Lady Binna	8 11
Gilbert the Filbert	9 0	Bonny Croquet f	8 11

The above are there.

Star Hawk	9 5	Turpitude c	9 0
Reigning Monarch	9 0	Quinara	8 11
Maxice c	9 0		

APPRENTICE PLATE of 103 sovs; 1m.

San Stefano	5 7 13	Restharrow	3 6 4
Nenuphar	4 7 11	St. Eloi	3 6 0
Pickle	5 7 10	Set Square	3 5 11
Lady Green	5 7 10	Thymian	3 5 11
Dame Quickly	6 7 10	Lancefolia	3 5 11
Springside	4 7 8	Mine d'Or	3 5 11
Laggard	3 6 10	Mazabuka	3 5 11
Dark Opal	3 6 4		

The above are there.

Sweet Sun	4 7 11	Magnolia	3 6 7
Martinet	4 7 10	Bed Rest	3 6 7
General Wolfe	4 7 1	Valona	3 6 4
The Grey Prince	5 7 0	Maudsen	3 5 11

ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE of 103 sovs; 5f.

Helouan	4 9 4	Cimolite	3 8 6
Cymro	3 8 9	Meadowcroft	3 8 6
Coronet	3 8 9	Cybele II.	3 8 6
Magic Flute	3 8 9	Benevolent	3 8 6
Crossed Bag	3 8 9	Lady Edwina	3 8 6
Allegro	3 8 9	Casque Rouge	3 8 6
Dublin	3 8 9	Final Proof	3 8 6
Prince Marco	3 8 9	Spartan	2 6 11
Loet Time	3 8 9	Saint James	2 6 11
Equae	3 8 9	Light Comedian	2 6 11
Kiliaris	3 8 9	Aplice	2 6 8
Philander	3 8 9	Trinacria	2 6 8
Castle in the Air	3 8 6	Fornella	2 6 8
Cornuscrescine	3 8 6	Highfield Lady	2 6 8
Bush Fire	3 8 6		

The above are there.

Marcus Aurelius	3 8 9	Buckles	2 6 11
King's Year	3 8 9	Stephie	2 6 8
Judex	3 8 9		

WEDNESDAY PLATE of 150 sovs; 1¼m.

Orangeman	4 9 5	Yankee Pro	3 6 10
Nagay	4 8 5	Sir Thomas	3 6 10
Nenuphar	4 8 5	Ptolemy	3 6 3
Idiewild	4 7 12	Toadstone	3 6 3
Bedtime	4 7 12	Polish II.	3 6 3
Jove	3 7 10	Tullimet	3 6 3
Le Corsaire	4 7 2	Michel Grove	3 6 3
Silver Ring	3 6 10	Peter the Piper	3 6 0
Slave Crag	3 6 10	Thymian	3 6 0

The above are there.

Heatheroombe	4 7 2	Monsieur Nestor	3 6 3
Cromdale	3 6 3	Quintal	3 6 0

JUNE STAKES, 20 sovs each, with 1,000 sovs added; 1¼m.

China Cock	5 9 6	Dairy Bridge	4 8 7
Great Sport	5 9 6	Hounam	4 8 7
Florist	5 9 6	Spearpoint	4 8 7
Trois Temps	4 9 3	Lady of Asia	3 7 11
Son-in-Law	4 9 3	Nuageux	3 7 7
Peter the Hermit	4 9 3	Joyous Gard	3 7 7
My Prince	4 9 3	Eastington	3 7 7
Waringham	6 8 10	Passport	3 7 7
Redwood	6 8 10	Montha	3 7 4
		Buskin	3 7 4

The above are there.

Wrack	6 9 6	Radway	4 8 7
Cressingham	4 9 3		

WELTER HANDICAP of 200 sovs; 1¼m.

Draughtsman	4 10 0	Rozanne	5 8 6
Orangeman	4 9 12	Minster Bell	5 8 5
Khediye III.	6 9 11	Emerald Ring	6 8 3
Irawaddy	4 9 7	Shepherd King	4 8 3
Oliver Goldsmith	4 9 7	Joyous Gard	3 8 3
Frutlands	4 9 6	Dick Deadeye	4 8 0
Mohacz	6 9 6	Take Care	4 7 10
Woodwild	4 9 3	Her Ladyship	4 7 10
Gunbearer	4 9 2	Iambic	3 7 10
Blackaton	4 9 0	Queen's Bay	3 7 9
Calgary	4 9 0	Tinkbell	5 7 9
Watergruel	4 9 0	Canidus	4 7 9
Witroo	5 8 13	Duralium	4 7 9
Bridge of Orchy	4 8 13	Hampton Lad	4 7 7
Brotherstone	4 8 13	Arbella	3 7 7
Mustapha	4 8 13	Tan	4 7 4
Fill Up	4 8 13	Meru	3 7 4
Boots	4 8 11	Race Rock	3 7 3
Jove	3 8 10	Glaze	3 7 0
Macchanter	6 8 7	Druid	3 7 0
Chancellor II.	6 8 7	Nancy O'Neill	3 7 0
Frustration	4 8 7	Fuglebury	3 7 0
Madame Louise	4 8 6	Slave Crag	3 7 0
Adrianople	4 8 6		

The above are there.

Gay Lally	4 9 12	Lorely Boy	4 8 2
Mount William	4 9 6	Cock of the Rock	5 8 0
Vinilla	5 9 1	Golden Joe	5 8 0
Royal Weaver	5 9 0	Wavestart	5 7 13
Arizona Beau	5 8 13	Gotham	6 7 9
Stage Fright	4 8 13	Denison	5 7 7
Conqueror	4 8 10	Jack Saw	6 7 4
Grasby	4 8 10	Pictor	4 7 3
Ashore	4 8 5	Drucilla	3 7 0
St. Melruan	4 8 5	Estellita	3 7 0
Sir Artagal	4 8 4		

THREE-YEAR-OLD SWEEPSTAKES, 20 sovs each, with 500 sovs added; 6f.

Friar Marcus	9 7	Celour System	9 0
Archiestown	9 7	Radames	9 0
Patrick	9 7	Sydan	9 0
Torloisk	9 7	Tournament	9 0
Lady of Asia	9 4	Archias	9 0
Lady Josephine	9 4	Paris II.	9 0
Bambusa	9 4	Consul	9 0
Canute	9 0	Silver Spray	8 11
Nuageux	9 0	Sea Eagle	8 11
Fitzorb	9 0	Thauser	8 11
Volta	9 0		

The above are there.

Plucky Liege	9 4		
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GALLIARD (Sunday Chronicle)—19 22 26 11 12 8 14 9
DESMOND (Umpire)—2 14 3 3 26 17*—20 10 7 23 21 1 26
TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald)—11 18 24 24 25 26
 —16 6 20 5 7 25 24 26 25 11
 Two hundred and fifteen runners competed in the seven races at Newmarket yesterday afternoon

AN ECONOMICAL DELICACY.

In face of the present need for Economy, housewives are planning to curtail expenditure in every possible way. At such a time the value of a really nourishing and inexpensive food like Parsley Brand Salmon becomes greater than ever, and it is not surprising to hear that the widespread demand is rapidly increasing.

The fact that Parsley Brand Salmon has already the largest sale of any brand of salmon in the world speaks volumes for its quality. It has twenty years' reputation behind it, and has received the very highest awards for Purity and Quality.

The careful housewife should remember that this famous Brand is not only reliable, but absolutely delicious from the first taste to the last.

Parsley Brand Salmon—the delicate fine red fish in its natural oil—may be served in a variety of appetising ways, but during the summer months housewives will find it especially welcome as a simple cold dish or as Salmon Salad or Salmon Mayonnaise.

Parsley Brand Salmon is indeed indispensable, and is to be recommended with the utmost confidence, both in its wholesomeness and in its value.—Adv't.

A. W. GAMAGE, LIMITED.

Presiding at the meeting of this company yesterday, Mr. A. W. Gamage said that the year 1914 had been a momentous one for all. The turnover of their business had been the largest on record. The dark days of September and October made them think that there would be a big drop in their trade, and the outlook appeared unpromising. It was the duty of the tradesmen to visit the various military camps and sell goods. Everyone worked with a will, and early and late their salesmen were to be found at their pitch in the various camps, and as a result orders came tumbling in for huge quantities of goods.

Then came the difficulty of obtaining supplies. In many cases they could not get delivery of supplies, as they were told that they had been commandeered by the Government. In addition they had difficulties of transport, and several large contracts were lost through being late. This had been the cause of the increase in their stock, but their business friends assured them that stock was really better than money.

Shareholders would be pleased to hear that in addition to their supplying the British forces, the company was supplying the Russian, French, Serbian, and Belgian Governments.

With regard to the details of the business done, he said they had equipped many battalions of Kitchener's Army, and had also equipped the aircraft and anti-aircraft sections. They set themselves out with the intention of making themselves useful to the authorities. There was nothing for them too big to undertake and nothing too small, and he was pleased to say they had succeeded in all they had done. It might be a surprise to some of the shareholders that Gamages had played such an important part in the war.



A Useful Book FREE TO MOTHERS.

There are many occasions when a little advice about baby is helpful. When, for example, baby is ailing or fretful for no apparent reason, sleepless at night, troubled with indigestion, or perhaps teething, the mother is often puzzled to know what to do for the best. Reliable information on all these points will be found in a little Book entitled "The Baby," published by Savory and Moore, makers of the well-known Infants' Food.

The Booklet contains hints on a great variety of subjects of interest to mothers, such as Feeding, Teething, Development, Infant Ailments, and such matters as Sleep, Exercise and Fresh Air, which are so important for baby's well-being. It also contains a chart for recording baby's weight, a dietary for older children, and recipes for simple nourishing dishes. It forms, in fact, a useful mother's guide which should find a place in every home. It is not intended to take the place of medical advice, when such is needed, but it will often serve to allay needless anxiety, and indicate the right course to be pursued.

HOW TO GET IT.

Those who are genuinely interested in the subject may obtain a Free copy of the Booklet by sending name and address on a postcard and mentioning offer in the *Daily Sketch* to:—

SAVORY & MOORE, LTD.,
Chemists to The King,
143a, New Bond St., London.

For Supper To-Night

Plain fare becomes delicious when Skipper (Norwegian) Sardines are included. They are delicious "war-time" fare, and quite inexpensive, when other foods are dearer.

We are selling as many as we can get at present. That is why the "Smiling Skipper" has temporarily disappeared from the newspapers. Still, all good grocers have Skipper (Norwegian) Sardines in Stock.



ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

SUFFERED FROM RASH ON FACE

Pain Became Unbearable. Could Not Work. Had No Sleep for Nearly a Month. Cuticura Healed.

7, St. Annes St., Westminster, London, S.W., Eng.—"The terrible disease first started through a shaving rash which spread all over my face and under my chin, and not being able to shave, the pain and suffering became unbearable. I was unable to keep to my work, and for nearly a month I suffered like this.

"One day a friend told me to send for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which I did. I then purchased a tablet of the Soap and a box of Ointment. After having had no sleep for nearly a month, I began to find the itching slowly stopping. In about three weeks I was cured of my dreadful disease. I was able to shave again." (Signed) G. Anderson, June 8, 1914.

Sample Each Free by Post

With 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard: F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold throughout the world.

BEGIN THIS THRILLING SERIAL STORY TO-DAY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RAJAH'S PEARL.

An Anglo-Indian Romance Of Love And Crime. By Fred M. White.

Enid Explains Her Mission.

"Amazing," St. Julien murmured. "Stupendous. How on earth did you manage to guess so much?"

"I was going to tell you," Enid went on. "My urgent business to-night was to call on Sir John Drury with a request from Philip Massingham that he would let him have a thousand pounds in cash at once. If you are wondering why I tell you this—"

"I am past all wondering," St. Julien explained. "But if you happen to be a friend of Philip Massingham—"

"I am something more than that; I am engaged to be married to him. Phil and I have been pledged to one another for the last four years before he went on that mission to Burma. He was away most of the time, and when he came home three months ago I was shocked and uneasy at the change in him. He seemed like a man haunted by the shadow of a crime. He admitted that he was in trouble, but could tell me nothing because the secret was not wholly his. It was not till he was laid up by an accident that he had to tell me something. He showed me a letter which contained nothing but five seed pearls.

"Oh, need I go any further? All I know is that the whole thing is surrounded by terror—that Phil and others are pursued by some terrible vendetta. But when I saw that envelope on the table addressed to 'X.Y.Z.' care of some news shop in London, I knew that the same trouble was hanging over you. When I addressed a similar envelope to the same individual not an hour ago—"

"Ah, you must tell me about that," St. Julien cried. "Where was it done? And whom for? I must know this at once."

"It was in a roadside inn," Enid explained. "A lady was waiting there whilst her chauffeur was away in search of petrol. She had slightly damaged her right hand and asked me to address the envelope. I did so, and at her instigation placed inside ten seed pearls. She told me that they were intended to be used in connection with some embroidery work, but I knew better than that."

"What was she like?" St. Julien demanded eagerly. "Was she young and fair with wonderful black eyes?"

The Woman Of Mystery.

"I cannot tell you. She was clad in most costly furs, but her face was shrouded in a motor veil and I could see very little of it. I should say that she was quite a young woman and one who had been accustomed to every comfort and luxury, from her style and manner evidently a lady. She seemed to be in a great hurry to get away, indeed she told me she ought to have been on the other side of the county long before. As a matter of fact, knowing what I did, I decided to follow her. I should have been doing so now had not my cycle broken down. And now you know practically everything. Can I help you in any way?"

St. Julien did not appear to hear the question. He stood there evidently lost in a reverie of painful thoughts. Then what Enid had been saying seemed to come back to his ears.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "my mind was very far away just then. I can help you quite as much as you can help me. At any rate, I can telephone to Drury and ask him to come here without delay. No, please, do not trouble; I can find my way about the house perfectly well. One gets used to misfortunes like mine."

He moved slowly into the hall, and Enid heard him presently speaking to somebody on the telephone. He came back a minute or two later with the information that Sir John Drury was dining and sleeping out, and would not be back before breakfast time.

"So we must make the best of that. What an extraordinary situation it is. But there, everything connected with this mystery is extraordinary. I know that it is a good deal to ask, but if you will remain till Miss Usher comes—"

"I have every intention of doing so," Enid said. "This is no time to study the conventions. But tell me, why have your servants left you in this fashion?"

"They were absolutely panic-stricken," St. Julien explained. "You see, I have other houses besides this, but I prefer to remain here because the establishment is small and I can run it as a bachelor with five or six assistants. My neighbours regard me as eccentric because all my servants are Orientals. I dare not keep English domestics; I am bound to have those about me who know something of the truth. They were absolutely devoted to me despite the fact that they lay under the ban, too."

"Because they were devoted to me they were in fear of their lives. They were threatened with what would happen if they failed to commit a certain act of treachery, and the first blow fell this evening. My valet was foully murdered in the garden, and an hour later all his fellow countrymen had gone, taking the body of their unfortunate companion with them. He's probably been cremated by this time. They left me without a word of warning. That they will come back I dare not hope. What is that you say? The police? My dear child, I dare not consult the police. If I did so it would cause a diplomatic scandal so great that certain people would never hear the last of it. Ah, if I could only put my hand once more on the White Mouse—"

"You are talking in enigmas to me," Enid said. "Of course, I beg your pardon. Let me tell you that the White Mouse is by far the largest pearl in the world, and is practically priceless. Once back in their hands—"

"Why not?" Enid asked. "Surely this loss of life—"

"Because I have lost it," St. Julien said. "Sit down and I will tell you the story of the tragedy."

Enid had forgotten everything else in the fascination of the moment, but now it came to her that she was absolutely alone in this big house, with a man who was utterly incapable of defending himself. If those fiends came back they would have St. Julien at their mercy. It was hard to realise, looking round that perfectly appointed dining room, with its suggestion of peaceful luxury, that a cold-blooded murder had taken place quite recently almost within sight of its windows.

"You are interesting me intensely," Enid said. "I am quite anxious to hear your story. But are you not afraid that those dreadful men may return?"

"Not for the moment," St. Julien explained. "They are too refined in their cruelty for that. For the present they have taken their pound of flesh, their last demand for money has been met. Perhaps in a week's time, a month's—who can tell? It is this suspense, coupled with my misfortune, that has made me old before my time. And the ghastly thing is that we must put up with it."

St. Julien's Story.

"Drury and Massingham and myself must all suffer alike. This is always the fate of secret service men who blunder. The Government knows of your existence, it smiles upon you when all goes well, but you are repudiated as an outcast if you fail. Did you ever know a spy caught in the toils who appealed to his Government? They will take his work and pay him handsomely for it, but let him make one slip and his career is finished. So with us in the Diplomatic Corps, whose business it is to make underground history. I am telling you this so that you may see how utterly impossible it is to communicate with the police. Now I am going to show you an unwritten chapter from the story of the East."

St. Julien paused a moment.

"Imagine that I am speaking of events that happened ten years ago. Together with Drury and Massingham, I was sent out to conduct a somewhat delicate mission in the State of Poonta, which is on the Indian frontier and practically forms part of Burmah. The head of the State was one Rajah Sinji, an enlightened prince who had received the best part of his education in England. I am using assumed names, but that is inevitable.

"In those days there was a deal of trouble on the frontier and the world will never know how near we were for some months to an outbreak which might have culminated in the loss of the Indian Empire. We were supposed to be up at Poonta shooting, but really we were straining every nerve to prevent trouble, and in so doing we found the Rajah an invaluable ally. Not that we really trusted him—you never can trust the Oriental nature."

"For days together the Rajah would behave just like a European. I have known him sit at night dressed for dinner as we were ourselves and discuss philosophic liberalism such as you might listen to in a London dining-room. On the morrow, perhaps, he would be off, a mass of jewels and silks, to administer justice in some native village, and then tales of cruelty and torture would come to us which we were compelled to ignore."

The Woman In The Case.

"It was very much like sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, but on the whole the Rajah served us well, and gradually we were getting the trouble in hand when the executive took it in their hands to send up two subordinate officers in the shape of Captains—well, Jones and Robinson, let us say. We didn't want them; we knew that they would only be in the way. But when we heard that Robinson had brought his wife with him we were filled with consternation. We hoped she would be some plain, dowdy creature, but our hopes were dashed to the ground when Mrs. Robinson first appeared. She was exceedingly beautiful, a vivacious brunette with a talent for flirtation which I have never seen equalled in India, and that is saying a good deal. There was more than a dash of Eastern blood in her veins, and—well, I won't tell you the scandal."

"We old hands scented trouble from the first, and it was not very long in coming. It was quite easy to see that the Rajah had fallen head over ears in love with Netta Robinson, and that she was encouraging him in every possible way. She had brought her little girl with her, but now she seemed to forget that she was a mother at all. Her great delight seemed to be to prove to us that she could do anything that she liked with Sinji."

"It was at a semi-private dinner given in her honour that the White Mouse was first in evidence. The Rajah was wearing his state robes, and the state scimitar was girded round his waist. You must understand that this was a tremendous compliment, for the weapon in question was a sacred thing. Centuries before it had been materialised at the instigation of a native god and had been placed in the hands of the priests as a special mark of divine favour to the great Sinji who had founded the kingdom. Any amount of legends are attached to this weapon, which really was a most magnificent piece of workmanship, the hilt being clustered with hundreds of seed pearls, and set in the top with a magnificent gem which in the native vernacular was known as the White Mouse—I cannot tell you why, nor does it matter in the least."

"You can imagine our consternation when during dinner Netta Robinson expressed a wish to wear the sword. And our uneasiness was none the less when the Rajah buckled it round the waist of his fair visitor himself. I can still see the expression on his face and the gleam in his eyes as he did so."

(To be continued.)



Hall's Wine and the Air Raids!

FROM Southend comes further evidence of the nerve-restoring properties of Hall's Wine:—

"During the recent Air Raid over this town Hall's Wine proved a great help to us, as I happened to have a bottle by me. It worked wonders when administered to the ladies, and prevented the nervous collapse of several when the bombs were dropping and the strain on the nerves was at its worst. I have used Hall's Wine with benefit on various occasions, but have greater faith in it now than ever."

(From a local resident's letter on files.)

Tone up your nerves—strengthen yourself against War's alarms by starting a course of Hall's Wine to-day.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Nerve Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle within 14 days, and we will refund your outlay.

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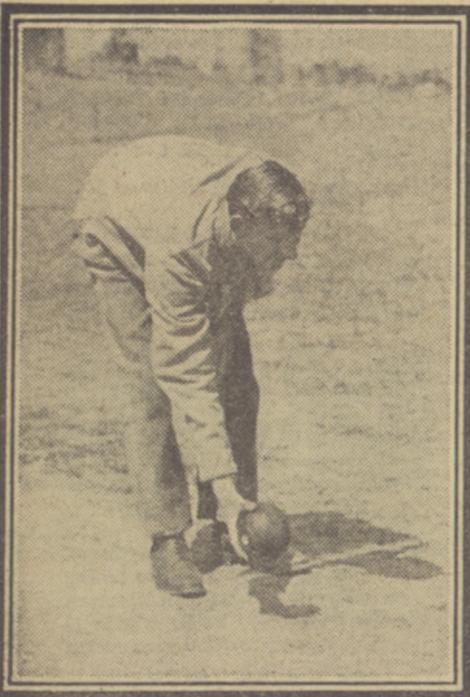
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