

DAILY SKETCH.

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

No. 1,959.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

A PRETTY FETE TO HELP THE BLUE CROSS FUND.



A winsome lass who was very proud of her khaki escort.



Pretty Peggy and her pony were admired of all beholders.



Lady Lacon selling tea-service.



A group of pretty dancers at the fete.



Lady Muriel Bertie helped as a saleswoman.

Benefit the Blue Cross Fund a picturesque fete was held by the Dumb Friends' League at the Botanical Gardens yesterday. Fair supporters of the good cause were generous and their efforts were conspicuously successful. The visitors included many wounded soldiers, who found themselves the heroes of the hour.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)

TWO-FOLD PENALTY FOR ENEMY TRADING.

Merchants To Spend Six Months In Gaol And Pay £2,000.

JURY'S PLEA FOR LENIENCY.

Glasgow Partners Found Guilty By A Majority.

The two Glasgow iron merchants, Robert Hetherington and Henry Arnold Wilson, charged with trading with the enemy, were sentenced in the High Court, Edinburgh, yesterday to six months' imprisonment and fined £2,000 each or in default another six months' imprisonment.

By a majority the jury found both men guilty, but unanimously recommended them to the utmost leniency in view of the violent derangement of all commercial transactions owing to the sudden outbreak of war.

Hetherington and Wilson, partners in the Glasgow firm of William Jacks and Co., assented to the delivery of a cargo of iron ore to Krupps, the Phoenix and the Rheinische Companies, in Germany.

Hetherington gave evidence yesterday, generally corroborating his partner, and was closely cross-examined by the Solicitor-General.

3,000 TONS TO KRUPPS.

I suppose you knew quite well you were not entitled to take any part in delivering iron ore to the Germans?—Yes.

Do you admit that of the 7,500 tons at Rotterdam 3,000 or thereby were supplied to Krupps?—I believe it was.

Were 4,000 tons supplied to Rheinische?—Yes, I believe so.

And about 160 tons were also supplied to Rheinische?—I understand so.

Who supplied these quantities to the Germans?—Van Uden.



R. Hetherington.



H. A. Wilson.

His Lordship: I notice that on August 24 a letter was received from Van Uden in which they said that about 6,000 or 7,000 tons were stored on the quay at Rotterdam entirely within their control, about which they awaited instructions. What instructions did you give? What did you tell them to do with it?

Hetherington hesitating, the Solicitor-General intervened with the question:—

Didn't you instruct Van Uden to deliver the portions of the iron with which these firms were supplied?—We assented to their proposal to do so.

Should you not have telegraphed to Van Uden saying: "On no account deliver the ore to the Germans"?—I don't know.

"IF THEY PAID CASH."

His Lordship: Don't you see you make the fatal mistake of authorising Van Uden to deliver the ore to the Germans?

Hetherington hesitated, and the judge asked: "I understand you were willing to let them have the ore if they paid cash?"—Yes.

IMPERSONATING AN ARMY OFFICER

Four Years' Penal Servitude For "A Pest To Society."

At the Central Criminal Court, yesterday, before the Recorder, Arthur Herbert Sugden (25) and Edward George Henry Clarke (22) pleaded guilty to obtaining goods and credit by false pretences.

It was stated that the prisoner Clarke pretended to be an officer in the Army, and went about in the uniform of a lieutenant of an artillery regiment. Sugden accompanied him, and they induced people to part with goods, for which they tendered cheques which proved to be fictitious.

They defrauded several motor-car proprietors, from whom they hired cars, giving worthless cheques in payment. On one occasion they hired a car, and were driven to Brighton, where they put up at an hotel.

The Recorder said he thought Clarke was a very dangerous man, deserving of no consideration. It was his duty to get rid of him as a pest to society, and he imposed a sentence of four years' penal servitude.

In regard to Sugden, who said he was medically unfit for the Army, the Recorder said he was a thoroughly disreputable person, and passed sentence of three years' penal servitude.

MR. ASQUITH'S WOUNDED SONS.

Lieut. Herbert Asquith, who is home from the Dardanelles, wounded, is not seriously hurt. He was struck in the face by a fragment of shell, which smashed several of his teeth and cut his lips.

Lieut. Arthur Asquith, who was wounded in the leg some weeks ago, is doing well, and will shortly be on active service again in the Dardanelles.

He was in hospital at Cairo for a time, and while there was visited by Miss Violet Asquith.

"HARD LUCK, WARNEFORD!"

Zeppelin Smasher To Whom The King Awarded V.C. By Telegram Killed In France While Testing A New Aeroplane.

17 June.—Accidentally killed while flying: Flight Sub-Lieutenant Reginald A. J. Warneford, V.C., R.N.—Admiralty announcement last night.

"Hard luck!"

The words were in everybody's mouth yesterday when the Admiralty stated that the rumours of the death of Lieut. Warneford, V.C., were "unfortunately quite correct."

The man who accomplished one of the most daring, certainly the most picturesque, feat of the war, when, single-handed, he wrecked a Zeppelin in flight, is dead.

He was testing a new aeroplane at the famous Buc aerodrome, near Versailles, on Thursday, when something went wrong, and both Lieut. Warneford and his American passenger were killed in the fall.

It is hard luck for Britain that she has lost one of her best flying men through a simple accident; it is hard luck on Warneford that after his world-famous feat he should have ended his career in such a way.

FAME—AND DEATH—AT 23.

Flight Sub-Lieut. Warneford, V.C., was only 23. His rapid rise to world-fame was one of the wonders of aviation. He was born at Cooch Behar, India, in 1892; entered the Merchant Marine Service, 1914; joined Sportsman's Battalion January 7, 1915; entered Naval Air Service February 10; was learning to fly at Hendon February 12; flying solo February 20, and gained certificate February 25.

On June 7 he wrecked, flying alone, a Zeppelin airship.

This brilliant feat won him the praise of the whole world, and the name of Warneford was on everyone's lips. The King sent him the following telegram the day after his success:—

I most heartily congratulate you upon your splendid achievement of yesterday, in which you, single-handed, destroyed an enemy Zeppelin.

I have much pleasure in conferring upon you the Victoria Cross for this gallant act.

GEORGE, R.I.

Four days later the French Minister of War handed the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour to him, as a mark of the great appreciation of the French nation for his brilliant exploit.

MOTHER'S PRIDE AND SORROW.

Warneford was the only son of the late Mr. Reginald W. H. Warneford, formerly of Warneford-place, Wiltshire, and member of an old Wiltshire family. His mother is now married to Lieut.-Col. M. P. Corkery, R.A.M.C.

Only last week everyone was reading of the brave fellow's mother as "the happiest woman in England." Yesterday's sad tidings left her sorrowful, but still the proudest of mothers.

"It was the death he would have preferred," she said to the *Daily Sketch* when seen at her home at Runfold, near Aldershot. "I am only sorry he did not come home after he won his award."

Mrs. Corkery received the news at 8.30 yesterday. It was contained in the following message from the Admiralty:—

The Admiralty deeply regrets to inform you that your son, Sub-Lieutenant Reginald A. J. Warneford, whilst flying at Paris had an accident and was killed.

Naturally, Mrs. Corkery is anxious that the body of her hero-son will be brought home for burial.

BOY WHO NEVER KNEW HIS FATHER.

But Wants To Follow Him And Fight For His Country.

T. A. Adkins, of 15, Power-street, Stewarts-road, Battersea, is a London District Messenger boy—alert, respectful, and resourceful. But he is something better even than that. He is a fourteen-year-old patriot, whose name somebody in authority ought to bear in mind.

The story starts with the finding of a letter which T. A. wrote to the officer commanding a Rifle Brigade depot, and which he happened to lose after it was returned to him with a formal reply on the back of it.

Sir (said T. A.)—I am writing to you to ask you if you have a vacancy as a drummer boy in the regiment to which my father belonged. He died in the Boer War, and my mother died last year.

The finder of the note forwarded it to the *Daily Sketch*, with the remark that young Adkins "sets a very fine example to a good many who are very much older than he is."

So the *Daily Sketch* sought him out, and heard all about it.

"I never knew my father," said the lad, "because he died of enteric fever in South Africa when I was a baby; but I want to follow in his footsteps and be a soldier."

"When I got an answer from the officer to say that there were no vacancies for drummer boys in the Rifle Brigade I was terribly disappointed. But I'm not going to be downhearted. I am going to try somewhere else, and I'll be a soldier yet. My uncle is a sergeant in the British Army, and some day I'll be a sergeant as well."

How tragically sudden was the blow was explained by Colonel Corkery.

"Even now," he said, "we are receiving letters from all parts of the kingdom asking for photographs and enclosing sonnets and verses."

"My wife," Colonel Corkery added, "is naturally very upset, but she realises he has done a great deed and that is some compensation for her loss."

A pathetic little figure was that of the lieutenant's little half-brother. "Will God mend Rex?" he pleaded.

Villagers of Runfold, proud of the fame brought to them by Lieut. Warneford, were long before they could realise the significance of the news.

"Why," they protested, "only this morning we read in the papers how he had been wishing success to the Allies."

AN IMMORTAL DEED.

The details of Lieut. Warneford's fine feat may be recalled. Three British airmen, Lieutenants Wilson and Mills and Sub-Lieut. Warneford carried out a raid on the Zeppelin sheds to the north of Brussels. They threw bombs on to the Zeppelin sheds at Evre and set them alight. Lieutenants Wilson and Mills thereupon returned to their base. Warneford, however, continued his reconnaissance alone.

At three in the morning he sighted a Zeppelin flying high between Ghent and Brussels. Without hesitation he flew at top-speed towards it, rising higher and higher into the air to escape the fire from hostile anti-aircraft guns. He succeeded in getting above the Zeppelin without being hit, although fired at from the airship.

With extraordinary pluck and self-control he waited until only 15 feet above the huge Zeppelin before he began the fight. With perfect precision he dropped six bombs, all of which found their mark. The sixth bomb burst the envelope and set fire to the petrol tank. Immediately a terrific explosion occurred and the Zeppelin fell crashing to earth a fearful wreck.

The feat did not end there, however. The displacement of air from the explosion was so great that it blew his machine right over, and he involuntarily "looped the loop." His remarkable nerve served him again, and he was able to right his machine. Unfortunately the somersault emptied one of his petrol tanks, and he was compelled to land near the enemy lines. Luck was with him here, and he was able to fill his forward tank from his rear tank and ascend again without being observed.

FIGHT WITH A TAUBE.

The wreck of the Zeppelin was not the late sub-lieutenant's only exploit. Writing to the *Observer*, a great friend tells two stories about him.

On one occasion he was "up" with a passenger looking for Zeppelins, Taubes, or anything that might come along. Suddenly a Taube was encountered, and the passenger tried to shoot, but his gun jammed, whereupon Warneford did not wait for his passenger to take the second gun, but, leaving the controls, he seized it himself, and letting the machine take care of herself in mid-air, he stood up, fired, and brought down the Taube.

On another occasion he was scouting with a passenger who had not been under fire before, when suddenly the German anti-aircraft guns opened upon them. Warneford deliberately steered his machine towards some bursting shrapnel, explaining afterwards that he thought it a good thing to give his passenger experience. The machine was hit all over, but Warneford and the passenger were not touched, and descended in safety.

THE KING HONOURS A GALLANT SAILOR.

Cross For A Captain Who Pluckily Tried To Elude A Submarine.

Among the heroes decorated by the King yesterday was a man whose brave deed has special interest for readers of the *Daily Sketch*.

Captain John Richard Green was the dauntless skipper of the *Vosges* when the Huns tried to torpedo her last March. It will be remembered that he not only manoeuvred his ship so cleverly that they could not carry out their intention and had to shell her after a two-hours' chase, but that Captain Green was cool enough to take some remarkable photographs of the *Vosges* before she sank.

The pictures won for him the *Daily Sketch* prize of £100 for the best photographs submitted for competition during the week.

For the courage he displayed in his endeavour to save his vessel from the German water-rats, the King has been pleased to confer upon the heroic skipper the D.S.C., and he received it at the hands of his Majesty yesterday morning.

"The King seemed very much interested in my little adventure," Captain Green told the *Daily Sketch* afterwards.

"I'm very glad you were not injured," his Majesty said. "I hope you will live long to wear the Cross."

"Of course, I couldn't tell the King that," the skipper added, "but it was a very narrow escape indeed. You think what it must be like to stand on the bridge of a ship with shrapnel flying round you and nowhere to take cover. It's worse than being in the trenches. My son was struck in the arm, but, fortunately, was not badly hurt."

Captain Green may almost be said to have been born to the water. His father before him was a captain; he has followed the sea nearly all his life.

A WONDERFUL SERIES OF WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

To Be Published In To-morrow's Illustrated Sunday Herald.

LANDING THE BIG GUNS.

A splendid series of war photographs will be published in to-morrow's *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. They will include remarkable pictures showing the landing of the big guns in the Dardanelles, the use of grenades and hand-bombs in France, and also fighting at close quarters.

These extraordinary pictures will be published exclusively in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, and they will grip the attention of everyone.

The *Sunday Herald* is the brightest and best week-end picture paper; it is the paper that is booming, it gives the finest array of photographs and the most attractive series of articles. Everything in the paper is of strong human interest, just what the people want to see and read.

THE NATION'S CHOICE.

In to-morrow's issue Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P., will deal with a social problem arising out of the war. As the outcome of the debate in the Commons on the question of enlisting single or married men an argument has been raised that the nation can better afford the loss of married men with families than single men. In other words, it would take the country much longer to recover from the loss of potential fathers. Sir Leo will deal with this argument in an article of very deep interest.

The popular novelist, Baroness Orczy, will contribute a powerful sketch, "The Triumph of Love," bearing on the magnificent courage of British women.

A striking character sketch of Mr. H. J. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, who has made a reputation as an able administrator and clever spokesman for the War Office, will be in to-morrow's *Sunday Herald*, and there will be a forceful article by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

A humorous sketch, "Khaki Comfort," an absorbing short story, and the latest and most exclusive gossip are other things you will appreciate in to-morrow's *Sunday Herald*.

"COLOURS, NOT THE CHORUS."

Why Ladies Will Take Male Parts At The Garrick.

"The place for men is with the Colours, not in the chorus."

This was the reason Mr. William Albert, the acting manager of the Garrick Theatre, gave the *Daily Sketch* yesterday for the exclusion of males from the chorus of "Oh! Be Careful!" which is to be produced at that theatre to-night.

Mr. Albert explained that in thus eliminating men of recruitable age he is not taking a drastic step.

"I am not," he said, "turning men adrift after they have given up time to rehearsals. In the engagement of the chorus applications from men were not entertained."

"Apart from the principals, there will only be one or two men taking the part of waiters, attendants, etc.—and they will be over military age."

"We shall have a chorus of 50 ladies, and some will be in 'ladies' male attire.'"

WHY THE SINGLE MEN SHIRK.

Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., speaking yesterday at the annual meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, said the unmarried mother and the war-baby appeared to some people through magnifying glasses or shouting through megaphones. These were not large problems. Not one per cent. of the great armies, numbering millions, had produced an unmarried mother.

"Do not let us hear any more," said Mr. Hayes Fisher, "of the immorality of our armies or of our women." The more sensational the report the less true it was, as a rule.

Mr. R. G. D. Thomas, a travelling inspector of the association, said mothers were bad recruiting officers and wives were excellent ones. The present system was partly to blame; a married man knew to a penny what his wife would receive, but a son had no idea what his mother would get until after he had left.

WITH THE 24TH LONDON AT THE FRONT.

Private N. C. Bennison, of the 24th County of London, has sent home an interesting account of the work of his battalion. He was one of fifty who were sent to hold a hill. They lay all night among the dead and wounded, shivering with cold, and in the morning only ten were unwounded, the others having fallen victims to the German fire. On another occasion, he says, his rifle was like a bar of red-hot iron.

FOUR BATTALIONS LOSE 1,400 MEN.

Losses among only four battalions account for over 1,400 names out of a total of 2,500 contained in the latest casualty lists from France. They are:—
2nd K.O. Royal Lancasters: 589 missing, 111 un-
officially reported prisoners.
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers: 356 missing.
2nd South Staffords: 287 wounded.
2nd Munster Fusiliers: 77 wounded.

BRITISH ARTILLERY SLAUGHTERS HUNS AT FESTUBERT.

BRITISH GAINS NEAR YPRES HELD FAST.

Germans Lose Heavily In Fighting East Of Festubert.

NEW ADVANCE.

Numerous Enemy Corpses Prove Value Of Our Artillery.

From Sir John French.

Friday Night.

Fighting in the northern and southern portions of our front continued throughout Wednesday in co-operation with the attacks of our Ally about Arras.

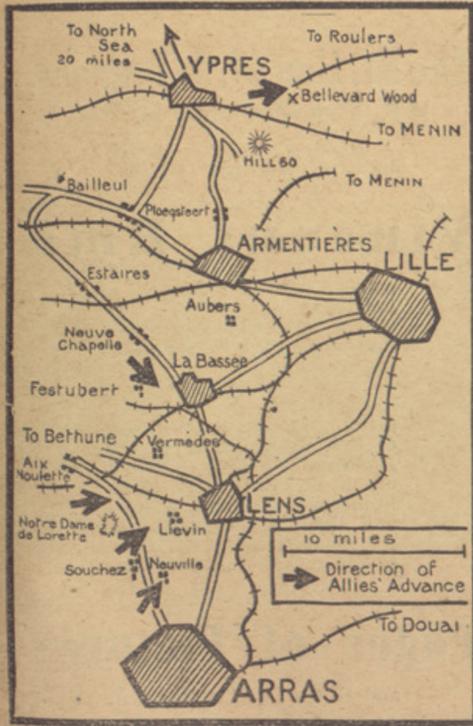
East of Ypres all the German first-line trenches which we captured remain in our hands, in spite of two counter-attacks, which were repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy.

We were, however, unable to retain those of the enemy's second-line trenches, which we had occupied in the morning.

East of Festubert, as the result of a further attack on the afternoon of Wednesday, we made a slight advance, and, judging by the number of dead Germans in the trenches entered by us, our artillery fire was very effective.

French official news yesterday afternoon added nothing to the story of the great combined Allies' offensive which is apparently taking place in Northern France.

German wireless news asserts that a British attacking force was "annihilated" north-west



of La Bassée and that "only a few escaped." As Sir John French makes no reference to the alleged "annihilation," we can feel assured that the story is but another mendacious invention of the enemy.

"ONLY A FEW ESCAPED."

Fantastic German Story Of British Attack Wiped Out.

German Official News.

BERLIN, Friday Afternoon.

Further attempts to break through to the north of Arras have failed.

North-west of La Bassée Canal the British have suffered a new defeat. Their attacking troops were annihilated, and only a few escaped.

West of Angres, near the cemetery south of Souchez and north of Ecurie, the French entered a small portion of our advanced positions. Just north of Lorette Height we evacuated, according to our plans, a portion of trench which lay within an encircling fire. Otherwise the enemy attacks were repulsed.

Since Wednesday on the battlefield north of Arras we have captured 17 officers and 645 men. The bloody losses of the enemy correspond with those of the battle in Champagne.

In the Argonne (Eastern France) we have repulsed weak enemy attacks. Near Vauquois local fighting has developed.

Fighting in the Vosges west of Metzlar is still proceeding.—Reuter.

GERMANS MOWN DOWN LIKE RIPE CORN.

Canadian Sergeant's Graphic Story Of Ypres Fighting.

WHAT IT WAS LIKE WHEN BRITONS' "BLOOD WAS UP."

A thrilling story of the recent fighting round Ypres is told by a Canadian sergeant who has just returned from the front.

"I have been in the thick of it," he said, "from the capture of Hill 60 right down to a few days ago. You have no idea of the slaughter that has taken place within the last three months.

"For every one man the British have lost the Germans must have sacrificed 10 or 12.

"Our lads and the supporting regiments fought like lions. I was in charge of a machine-gun, and I can assure you that we mowed down the Germans like ripe corn. It was an inferno while it lasted, and I could scarcely believe that I was on this earth.

TRENCHES LITTERED WITH DEAD.

"We poured fire on the Germans until our communication trenches were littered with dead. You cannot conceive such a ghastly sight. Then I got my first taste of a bullet wound—and I was more eager to fight than ever.

"My officer fell dead by my side, and I was left in charge of three guns. I was crazy with excitement, and for the time must have been possessed by a devil.

"When we had captured the German trenches they made desperate efforts to retake them, but we rained ammunition on them like hail. Once more I was hit by a bullet, but the wound was nothing and I stuck to my post.

"GET A MOVE ON."

"The next time I was miraculously fortunate. A bullet struck just above my heart, and had it not been for the medal I was wearing I should not have been alive to tell the tale.

"How I escaped at the very beginning is a marvel to me. One night the Germans paid us a surprise visit, and their shells came popping over every second. Things were looking serious.

"We got the order to be prepared to get a move on. Our boys started for the German lines about 5 a.m. They lay in a ditch the whole blessed day until word went round that at all costs the line must be re-established.

WHEN THE FUN BEGAN.

"That was enough; our blood was up and we gave them a terrible dose of our fire. We got within 50 yards of the beggars and then the fun began.

"Our men dropped by the score. Presently the bayonets came into play and we put them out of the first trench. The slaughter must have been frightful.

"I really did not know whether I was alive or dead; the sensation was inexpressible. We were drenched with blood and you can guess what we suffered."

FRENCH SUCCESSES IN ALSACE.

Important German Communications Under Fire Of Allies' Guns.

PARIS, Friday.

In the sector to the north of Arras the day has been marked by a violent artillery duel. The front has not been modified. We are holding all the ground we have gained.

In Alsace we have consolidated the positions conquered yesterday, and continue to progress. Our patrols, at the end of the day, reached the borders of Metzlar.

We have gained ground on both banks of the Fecht, and we hold under the fire of our artillery and infantry the enemy's communications between Metzlar and Münster.

We have taken more prisoners, captured some machine-guns, and a great quantity of material, especially rifles and cartridges.—Exchange.

(Münster is 11 miles S.W. of Colmar, and Metzlar is about 3 miles S.W. of Münster, which is an important cotton manufacturing centre. Altenhof, a suburb of Metzlar, is already in French hands, and the town itself was fired by the Germans who retreated before the French advance.)

10,000 IN TWO DAYS.

Germans' Heavy Losses In The Great Battle For Souchez.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Friday.

The bayonet and hand-grenade fighting which has been a feature of recent combats has been of the fiercest character, often lasting for hours without interruption. The German losses in the last two days are estimated at 10,000.

The cemetery of Souchez was captured after a two hours' sanguinary struggle and was promptly fortified. The appearance it presents to-day suggests that it has been wrecked by an earthquake.

The dead have been disinterred by the construction of German trenches and by the hail of metal which paved the way for the final assault. Broken tombstones litter the ground encumbered with the German dead.—Central News.

"Ranji" has given his residence Jamnagar, Staines, to the King as a hospital for wounded officers.

STUBBORN RUSSIAN DEFENCE OF LEMBERG.

Jubilant Note Disappears From Austrian Official Report.

TROOPS MASSING AT GRODEK.

From Austrian Headquarters comes news which indicates that a determined opposition will be offered by the Russians to the attack on Lemberg, which is not progressing as rapidly as the Kaiser would like it. North-west of the threatened capital of Galicia the enemy find themselves confronted suddenly by fresh Russian forces, and at Grodek (13 miles west-south-west of Lemberg), where the Austrians claim that they carried part of the town, splendidly trained Russian troops from Odessa are concentrating. The Russians have yielded ground at several points, but it will be observed that the Austrian official news below lacks the jubilant note that rang through Vienna's reports earlier in the week.

Austrian Official News.

VIENNA, Friday.

In the Russian theatre of war north of the Seniawa our pursuing troops penetrated into Russian territory, and reached the heights north of Kreszow, in the Valley of the Tanew, and occupied Tarnogrod.

Moreover, the Russian forces between the Lower San and the Vistula retired at several points. The Cieszaw heights, north of this district, have been taken.

In the mountainous region east of Niemirow, and in the region near Janow (14 miles W.N.W. of Lemberg), strong Russian forces have appeared. On the Wereszyca fighting continues. Our troops gained a footing at some points eastward of the river.

In the eastern sector the army of General Pflanzer repulsed eight violent attacks delivered by the Russians yesterday.

The enemy, who is making desperate attempts to throw our troops back in the Bukowina, suffered heavy losses by our artillery fire, and had to retire rapidly. Eight officers, 1,002 men, and three machine guns were taken.—Reuter.

GERMANS' IMMENSE LOSSES.

Between 120,000 And 150,000 On 40-mile Front In One Month.

A Russian official report, issued yesterday (received through Reuter), says that on June 8-9 the bulk of the German forces suffered a decisive defeat, and were thrown across the Dneister.

Towards June 15 the day came for another reverse to the enemy. At Bereznicia and Krulevska alone, it proceeds, we killed with the bayonet and buried one thousand Germans who were abusing the white flag.

Between May 29 and June 15 we captured in this sector about 40,000 prisoners, 860 officers, well over 100 machine-guns, and over two dozen guns.

The total losses of the enemy during one month on a front of 60 versts is between 120,000 and 150,000 men.

Dense additional columns descended the slopes of the Carpathians daily and reinforced the enemy. Many supplementary elements, originally destined for Eastern Prussia, met their final fate in the valley of the Strj.

Serious symptoms of demoralisation are now apparent in the ranks of the enemy in the direction of Mikolaiev.

AUSTRIANS ASSUME OFFENSIVE.

Failure Of Movement Against Italians In The Trentino.

VERONA, Friday.

The Austrians, having been reinforced, are taking the offensive both from Mori and Rovereto against the Italians who are encamped at:

Brentonico, on the slope of the Altissimo mountain; Serravalle, in the Lagarina Valley; The Ansa Valley.

The enemy has, however, been unable to gain any advantage.

The Austrians are quite aware that the fall of Rovereto will constitute a very serious threat to Trent.—Reuter.

(Mori is 13 miles south-west by south of Trent, and Rovereto is 13 miles south-south-west of the same town. The possession of these places would give the Italians the command of the road to Trent, the immediate objective of the advance on their north-central front.)

R. H. SPOONER AGAIN WOUNDED.

News was received yesterday that Captain Reginald Spooner, the well-known cricketer, has been wounded a second time in fighting in France.

Happily the wounds, which are in the head and thigh, are not dangerous.



Extra Late Edition. HOW WARNEFORD, V.C., DIED.

Trial Flight Of New Biplane Ended In Disaster.

PASSENGER ALSO KILLED.

Naval Officer's Wife Missed Death By The Merest Chance.

PARIS, Friday Night.

Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford, V.C., was accompanied in his fatal flight at the Buc aerodrome, near Versailles, at 4.30 on Thursday afternoon, by Mr. Henry Beach Needham, a well-known American journalist, aged 35, who was also killed.

After luncheon Warneford took over a new Henry Farman biplane which he proposed to take by air to Dunkirk to-day. He made an initial trial flight, lasting five minutes, with Naval Lieutenant Fitzgibbons, without mishap, and it was arranged that the latter's wife should go up as passenger for a second flight, but at the last moment Mr. Needham took her place.

"BACK IN A MINUTE."

Remarking to his mechanics, "I shall be back in a minute," Warneford ascended with Needham, who waved his hands to the crowd as the machine swung upwards.

The biplane had not been in the air a couple of minutes when the pilot canted it downwards as if to descend. Suddenly it lost its equilibrium and overturned.

The two occupants were thrown from their seats, and from a height of about 500 feet crashed to the ground, falling about 50 feet apart, followed by the upturned aeroplane, which landed a short distance from the bodies.

A couple of workmen dashed to the spot from a shed, and found Warneford lying unconscious, face upwards. His head was badly crushed, both arms and all his ribs were broken, his shin was fractured, and he was bleeding profusely. He remained unconscious, and died as he was being admitted to Versailles military hospital.

DIED ON THE WAY TO HOSPITAL.

Needham was killed instantaneously, his body being badly crushed. The biplane was not shattered, several of its instruments being found intact, although the propeller was broken.

Clutched in Mr. Needham's hand was a piece of cane seat. Apparently neither pilot nor passenger was strapped in, but experts say it is doubtful if they would have escaped death even if they had been, because the biplane overturned, and they would probably have been crushed.

The cause of the terrible tragedy is unknown, but the theory of the constructors' employees is that the engine misfired, and that Warneford decided to descend. It is supposed that he turned the nose of the machine (which was of a type with which he was not familiar) too abruptly to the ground. When it lost its balance it was too near the earth to be righted.

The mechanics say that Warneford was quite well when he made the flight, and was not suffering from fatigue or other indisposition. The weather was fine and calm.

AN ARTICLE FOR "COLLIER'S."

Mr. Needham was one of the foremost American magazine writers. He was writing special articles for *Collier's Weekly*, and recently applied through Mr. Asquith for a permit to join Sir John French's Headquarters, and through the French authorities for a permit to accompany President Poincaré on his next tour at the front.

Being apparently unsuccessful in both applications, he decided on Wednesday night to return to America on Saturday, but the following morning both permits arrived.

Meanwhile, with the permission of the British authorities, it is stated, he arranged to make a flight with Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford in order to write a special article on the aviator for *Collier's Weekly*.—Exchange Special.

GUARDING THE HERO'S BODY.

Wounded Soldiers Gather Roses For The Death-Chamber.

VERSAILLES, Friday Night.

The bodies were this afternoon placed in the mortuary of the British hospital at Versailles, the coffins being covered with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes respectively.

The mortuary had been transformed into a

GOOD NEWS.



It was feared that Sir F. FitzWygram, Scots Guards, was killed at Festubert, but it is now learned that he is a prisoner.—(Cribb.)

HELPING THE RED CROSS.



Miss Pamela Henn Collins is the founder of a fund to enable the children of the Empire to provide a Red Cross ambulance.—(Val L'Estrange.)

A TRAGEDY OF WAR.



2nd Lieut. W. A. Buckworth, Royal Invis-killing Fusiliers, was married in January. His death has been reported from the Dardanelles. He was a *Le Mans*

SOON TO MARRY.



Miss Frances Dorothy Warde is marrying Captain E. N. F. Hitchens, 2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in July



Miss Evelyn Mary Ross is the fiancée of 2nd Lieut. B. E. Nicolls, 7th Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment.—(Val L'Estrange.)



Miss Eva F. A. Coope is to marry on July 7. The bridegroom will be Lieut.-Commander R. F. Vesey, R.N.—(Lafayette.)



Miss Zoe de Burgh is marrying Lieut.-Commander T. K. Maxwell, of H.M.S. Crusader, early in July.—(Swaine.)

PREMIER'S SON.

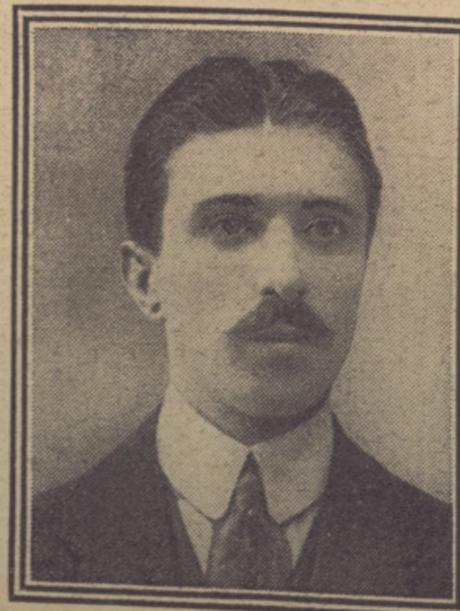


Lieut. Herbert Asquith, R.M., a son of the Premier, has been wounded at the Dardanelles.—(Sarony.)



Lady Cynthia Asquith, his wife, is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess Wemyss.—(Sarony.)

AUTHOR AND SOLDIER.



Archie de Bear, the author of "The Sultan" and other plays, is a private in the U.P.S. Batt. of the Royal Fusiliers.

Baroness Orczy

on the "Triumph of Love." Britain's womenfolk are making their sacrifices splendidly in the Empire's cause. To them comes the worst part of the War, and the suffering without any chance of glory and the exhilaration of battle. Baroness Orczy's sketch on "The Woman's Part" is a glowing tribute to their magnificent courage.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P.

on "The Fathers of the Future." A big problem of the week has been the War Office appeal to men of forty to enlist. Sir Leo Chiozza Money raised the matter in Parliament, but the question has been put to him, Cannot the State afford to risk the loss of a man of forty better than the youth of twenty? The man of forty has raised his family, but if we send all our youth out to war, will not the next generation suffer more, and the State itself be hit more seriously by loss of these men, "the fathers of the future"? Sir Leo deals with this striking social problem.

Jerome K. Jerome

on "Comrades All." A stirring call to the Nation pointing out England's only path to Victory.

The Rt. Hon. H. J. Tennant, M.P., Under-Secretary for War.

A striking character sketch by "One Who Knows Him."

Vincent Ems

on "Khaki Comfort," a laughable story of the village lady who has something to tell the Kaiser when she sees him.

Other interesting features of this week's issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* are a brilliant short story, humorous sketches, a long and thrilling instalment of the great serial, "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo"; in addition

Pages of Pictures

and all the latest news up to **SUNDAY MORNING.**

Be sure you get the

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

The ideal week-end paper for the home.

ON THE DEATH OF A HERO.

Warneford, V.C., was killed about Waterloo Day, 1915. He met his death whilst testing a new war aeroplane in France.

IN that simple epitaph we can epitomise in the characteristic English way the splendid story of the life and death of Lieutenant Warneford. No embellishment is needed. Every word carries big significance. A hundred years hence the meaning of them will be as clear as it is to us to-day.

THE future ignoramus may ask, on first seeing the epitaph, "Who was Warneford?" But when he observes the V.C. he will be at once enlightened. Warneford was a British hero. He had obtained for some deed of valour the most coveted trophy in the world—the one award for which nothing counts but bravery. Rich as we are in courage the number of our V.C.s is and must be limited, and as long as there are British people in the Three Isles there will be direct interest in the tales of the brave deeds which won crosses for heroes. Thus it will be that the histories of men like Warneford will live in the people's heart when the names and deeds of other men will have been utterly forgotten.

YET Warneford stands not for himself alone. He stands for a class. So it is with every V.C. man. There is an element of luck in the winning of the trophy. For each V.C. holder we have a group of similar men of equal courage, who, given the same opportunity, would act just as valorously. The fortune of war brings the chance to one man, and if he is the right sort he will do the right thing. This is the grand consolation about the death of a hero. We know that the country has bred and is breeding others to fill his place.

IT may be that when the fires of this war have ended in the bitter ashes of after-war a new generation will criticise the hero-worship of to-day. When peace is assured, and the beastliness of war is still a sickness in our blood, we will have people crying out against the glorification of physical bravery. We know full well that in ordinary life the hero is often an awkward proposition. He does not fit in with the humdrum side of our existence. He is a rebel against smugness and many other of our pacific habits, and he may not have the commercial brain which will assist him in the odious enterprise of "getting on."

THE war of 1915 came as a shock to our old ideas. Suddenly, when the maniacs of Germany sprang at our throat, there was a sharp cleavage in the young men of our race. They divided into two great classes—heroes and cowards. That is the elementary and inevitable division of a fighting race in time of danger. *And be well assured that as long as the human race exists there will be dangers calling for heroes to save us.*

LET that fact sink well into the minds of the pacifists and of the dreamers who picture a future world of unbroken peace. There may come a period in far-off ages when war will be a remote evil, but there will be ever occasions demanding valour and self-sacrifice. The whole future progress of the human race depends not so much on its greedy, brainy and selfish people as on the self-sacrificing, generous and heroic persons who are ready to give up their lives or some other valuable possession for the good of the community. The true makers of war are the greedy cowards and exploiters.

IF there were no war in 1915, no Zeppelins to be destroyed, no aeroplanes to lose life upon, Warneford would still be a noble type, ever ready to risk his life in brave acts, generous with his most precious possession, and an enemy to all the mean vices of the human animal. In war success depends on our brave men. They are the guarantors of the safety of the race. In peace, when we have a more honest and rational social system, our brave men will come to their own also.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

The Karlsruhe Raid.

I OWE a special debt of thanks to the gallant French airmen who have nearly destroyed the palace of Prince Max of Baden. And so does a certain young shipping agent from Smyrna, who was travelling with me from Stockholm to Hamburg eighteen months ago.

The Tale Of A Train.

I ENTERED the train at Malmoe, and found the shipbroker, who was a Frenchman, in the same carriage. We talked pleasantly down the line to Trelleborg, and on the smart packet boat that ferries the mail train across to Sassnitz in the dismal and barbed-wire Isle of Rügen. But as soon as we landed on German soil, in came a Hun railway porter and started removing the Frenchman's luggage from the rack of his half carriage and stowing it into mine.

Prince Max.

THE Frenchman spoke fluent English, Turkish, Greek, Italian, even Swedish, but not a word of Hun. So on his behalf I asked what all the moving was about. "Your carriage is wanted by his Royal Highness Prince Max of Baden, who is on the train." The Frenchman said he didn't care if it was wanted by the entire Hohenzollern outfit, and started to put the luggage back. But I persuaded him to milder counsels, explaining that it might be a prince after all, and we were in a funny country, anyway.

And The Station-Master.

HOWEVER, AS soon as we reached Stralsund, I went to the station-master's office, and explained to that lofty official how an impudent fat stranger of about forty had forcibly entered my carriage. The station-master ran with me along the platform, puffing with indignation. "There he is," I cried, indicating the Prince, who was leaning out of the window bargaining with the buffet boy about the price of a fifteen pfennig orange. The station-master followed my pointing finger, and nearly collapsed. "It is he," he cried. "A Kingly Highness!"

The Country Squire.

SIR HARRY VERNEY, who has just joined the Committee for the Home Production of Food, is an excellent man for the job, as there are few greater experts on agricultural matters. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture only last year, and has shown an astonishing grasp of his subject. He comes of a family of country squires, and the home of the Verneys, at Claydon, in Buckinghamshire, is a picturesque place, with a fine park and some famous stone terraces. Sir Harry is still quite a young man. Before becoming Liberal member for North Bucks, in 1910, he was private secretary to Lord Elgin, whose daughter he married.



—(Vandyk.)

The Professor And The Milkshops.

IT seems that Edinburgh is about to lose Professor Sainsbury, who is resigning his chair of English literature and rhetoric at the University. He is one of the most genial of men, but on one occasion his good nature hardly survived the strain that was put upon it. He had invited his honours class to dinner, and during the meal asked them if they would like some champagne. They declined. "Claret, then?" asked Sainsbury. "No, thank you." "Whisky and soda?" "No, thank you." The Professor then rang the bell, and when the attendant appeared, remarked: "You might bring these gentlemen a glass of milk."

Col. Dunlop, C.I.E., V.D., M.F.H., Etc.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH have lost one of their majors, R. W. L. Dunlop, who has been "moved up" a step. I saw him a day or two ago looking fit and sprightly for all—but I can't state his age. Out in Bombay he was the leading solicitor, commandant of Volunteers, M.F.H., and a very much beloved citizen.

Incidentally he is also (or was) a member of the Legislative Council and a Commander of the Indian Empire. A great man, indeed, is the Colonel Sahib.

"B. Of C."

By a famous K.C. in the Law Courts yesterday the new Lord Chancellor's title was prettily abbreviated into "B. of C. in the C. of B." He will probably be known in future amongst his old colleagues by this rhythmic brevity for Buckmaster of Cheddington, in the County of Buckingham.

Met His Son At The Front.

I HAVE not seen Mr. Pike Pease, the ex-Unionist Whip, who is now Assistant Postmaster-General, on the Treasury bench yet. That is explained by the fact that he has been paying a visit to France to supervise postal arrangements behind the front. He tells me that he paid a visit to Ypres, and that he had the great good fortune to see his son, who is serving in the Guards. It was quite by chance that he came across him.

Thrills.

THE GRAND GUIGNOL SEASON at the Coronet Theatre seems to have caught on, although the thrills do not commend themselves to everybody, and particularly to the critics. Perhaps their very condemnation is their best advertisement. Of course, people who understand French will be legitimately attracted, but doubtless many go to satisfy themselves that their nerves are still in working order to receive a mild sensation. But it is not all shock, and many of the little comedies are really very funny.

A Youthful Romeo.

ONE NIGHT this week quite a goodly sum was realised for the French Red Cross Fund. I saw young Maurice Messer, who, with Miss Dorothy Green, gave the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" as an extra number, play Romeo in a way which promises well for his dramatic future. He has a really remarkable voice. This is his portrait, and he comes from the dramatic class at the Guildhall School of Music. He is the younger son of Mr. Colin Messer, who has brought the Grand Guignol Company to London. It is on the cards that an English company under Mr. Messer's management will be playing Grand Guignol plays in the West End shortly.



Belgian Tram Drivers?

THE other evening I saw a young Belgian in military uniform being initiated into the mysteries of driving an L.C.C. car. The would-be driver was quite a youth, whilst his tutor was more than sympathetic. Whether there is a shortage of English recruits for this kind of work I really cannot say. No doubt there was an excellent reason for the lad's temporary adoption of non-military duties.

Patriotism Or Parsimony.

PATRIOTISM is being used as a cloak for parsimony. A man, rejected for the Army because he had had pleuro-pneumonia a year ago, replied to an advertisement addressed only to men ineligible for service. He was offered a scandalously low wage, and his protest elicited the remark that "the pay is quite good for a man with your chances. You should be glad of work on any pay." The employer was not a German, but an Englishman.

Another Fleet-Street Freak.

APROPOS the man who has not seen an aeroplane, another Fleet-street person makes a companion confession. He has never been in St. Paul's, nor Westminster Abbey, nor Madame Tussaud's. He has been in the House of Commons once and in Hyde Park; but, although he has never been on the Thames, he once swam across the river Shatt-el-Arab at Busrah, and if he has not been in an aeroplane he was once "lost" in a balloon in Bengal.

Contrast In Villages.

WHICH IS the most patriotic town or village in England? A friend claims this distinction for Earley, on the borderline between Yorkshire and Lancashire. Every man of military age in the place has, he says, enlisted, with the exception of one, and he was rejected. On the other hand, I hear of a village in Nottinghamshire where only one man has enlisted—and he is not a native of the place.

Permutations And Combinations.

I MET AN angry cavalryman. "Our lot have been stuck up in the same East Coast village for nine months now," he said, "breaking in awkward remounts. There are about two hundred people in the place, and I have seen their silly faces every day and all day and all ways up till I long to get a billet at the Zoo by way of a change. We're first-rate cavalry, but it looks as if we shall never see the back of a Hun."

The Waterloo Centenary.

THERE WERE very few signs of the Waterloo Centenary yesterday. People didn't even talk about it, and historical details, resuscitated accounts of the far-off battle in the daily papers were all that there was to give a hint of it at all. I wandered into the United Service Museum in Whitehall expecting to see a crowd round the Waterloo relics and inspecting that wonderful model of the battle itself. I found—no one.

A Lady's Travel Adventures.

I HEAR THAT Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, F.R.G.S., authoress, traveller and feminine Newnham-Davis, is just completing a new novel which has its setting in German South-West Africa, a part of the world she knows very well indeed, for it figured in her remarkable 26,000-mile journey, wherein she circumnavigated and traversed that continent.

The Monkey And The Novelist.

MRS. CAMERON made her way to places that no Englishwoman had ever visited before, and brought back with her a heap of good stories that find a place in "A Woman's Winter in Africa." One of the funniest is that in which she tells of the monkey who grabbed her parasol at Victoria Falls and tried hard to make off with her helmet as well. Mrs. Cameron doesn't know what danger is, but she confessed that the antics of the half-human little beast quite unnerved her.

African Menus—And Cornish.

MRS. CAMERON has dined in many out-of-the-way places of the earth, and has found redeeming features in the most unpromising of menus. On board ship, off the African coast, she has dined sumptuously, far away from the haunts of civilisation, and yet in Cornwall, she tells me, it was a matter of difficulty to secure, even at the best hotels, food that was not stodgy and unpalatable. It would seem that Cornish cooks are lacking in imagination, though none will gainsay that this solid fare is reflected in the burly form of the average Cornishman. I hear that the new novel is going to be one of the most exciting books of the season. A great deal of the local colour was jotted down in the wilds on a handy, portable typewriter.

"Peg" To Remain.

LAURETTE TAYLOR will not appear in America in the autumn, so admirers of "Peg" can breathe again for a bit. There have been persistent rumours that she is shortly to leave us, but I have authoritative and indisputable information that "Peg" will remain in London until the run of "Peg o' my Heart" is concluded (which won't be for a long time), and will then take a three months' rest in this country.

The "Oh, Be Careful!" Girl.

YVONNE ARNAUD has evidently become a fixed feature at the Garrick Theatre. To-night she will take the leading part in the new musical production, "Oh, Be Careful!" due there to-night after various postponements. "Oh, Be Careful!" has risen, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of "Mam'selle Tra-la-la," which was only fairly successful at the Lyric some time ago. Melville Gideon, who is no longer Red Crossing it at the front, has furnished some tunes, and



Tom Shale, of "Chocolate Soldier" fame, is to supply humour. Yvonne Arnaud is a great favourite. She sings, plays the piano, has plenty of pets, is devoted to sweets, and is altogether delightfully feminine.

Flowers From "More."

I SHALL tell you more about the Ambassadors revue, which at length was produced with great success last night, "in our next." But Charlie Cochran tells me that on Wednesday night a good many people had not heard of the postponement of the production. Flowers and telegrams for the artistes were pouring in in abundance. Most of the former were sent to hospitals to cheer wounded Tommies, and the same thing happened with last night's contributions. So some people, at any rate, have benefited by the delays.

"A Dealer In Magic And Spells."

I HEAR THAT David Devant, the magician, who has severed his long connection with St. George's Hall, will appear at a London theatre for the Christmas season; until then he is engaged for a tour in the provinces, commencing at Manchester.

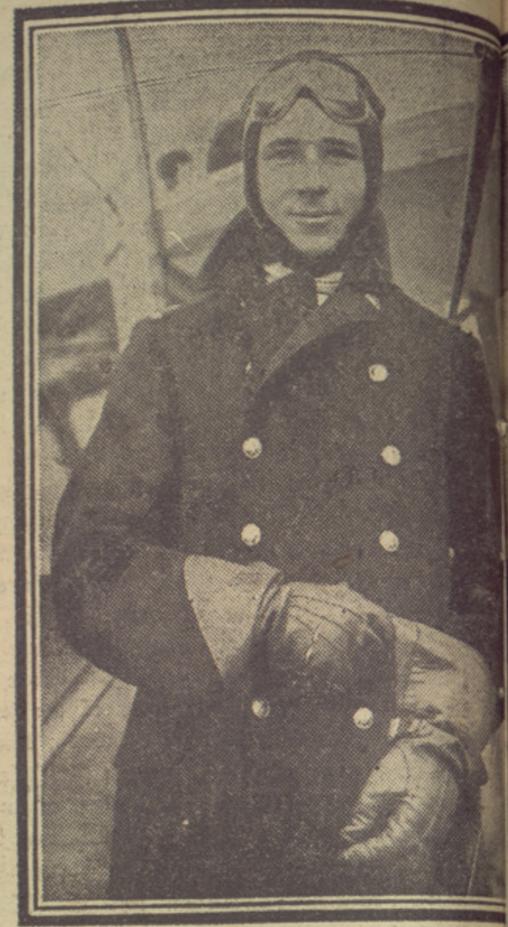
MR. COSSIP.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT-DRESS BRIGADE.



This photograph of some of our new Army enjoying themselves on the sands of a West Coast resort shows the fine physique of Kitchener's Army. They compare favourably with our first Expeditionary Force and also with the standing armies of other nations.

WARNEFORD, THE



Lieut. Warneford, V.C.

Lieut. Warneford, the airman who earned the V.C. for his gallant and self-sacrificing actions, has been killed while on duty.

SWEETS FOR TOMMY.



The life of our soldiers in their rest-houses is brightened by the kindness of the French people. These women have brought sweets and cakes with them.

TO CHEER A GALLANT SCOT.



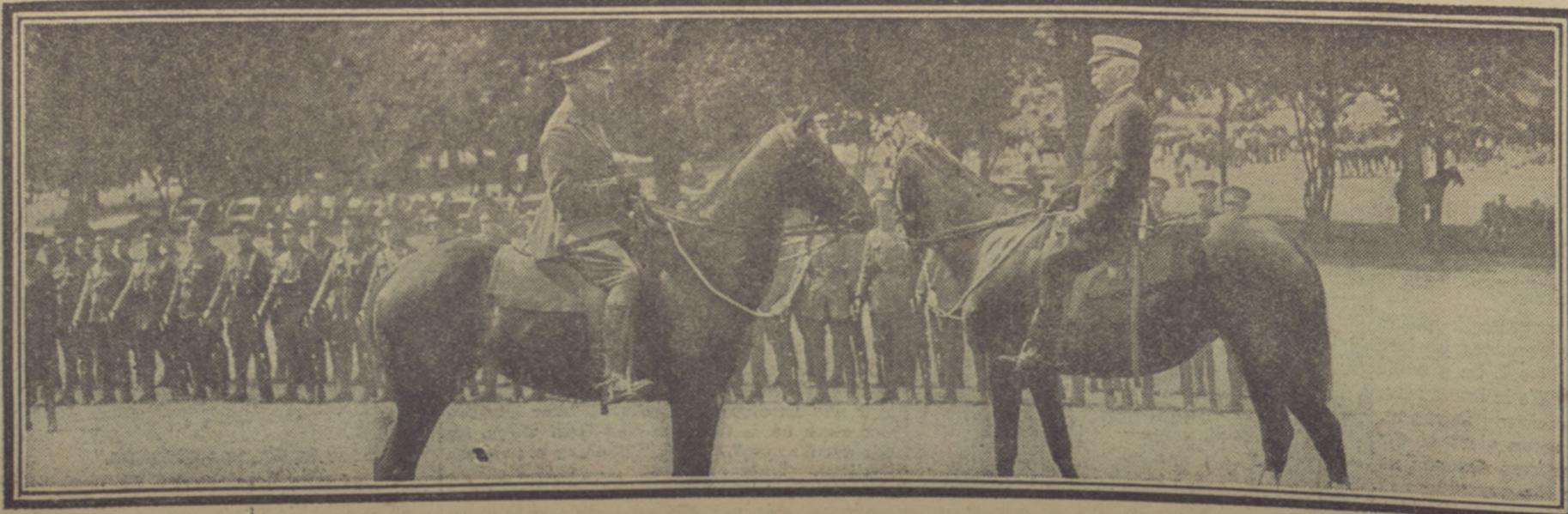
This photograph was specially taken to send to a member of the Queen's Edinburgh (Royal Scots) at the front. He asked for a picture of his family.

DANCED



Gwennie Henry is one of the performers at a concert for wounded soldiers.

VETERAN FIELD-MARSHAL REVIEWS MEN OF THE INNS OF COURT OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.



Though old in years of service, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood is as enthusiastic as the youngest recruit. The descendants of the famous soldier are serving their country. The Field-Marshal is here seen with his son, Colonel Evelyn Wood.

A MEMO



The Duke of Wellington is commemorated from the tree which...

V.C. AIRMAN, KILLED.



Warneford's mother.

and the Legion of Honour by destroying a Zeppelin single-handedly in a new aeroplane.—(Daily Sketch and Birkett.)

THE HEIGHT OF THE STRAWBERRY SEASON.



On the famous strawberry beds of Hampshire the pickers now are busy. This girl's attentions are divided between the strawberries and a baby sister.



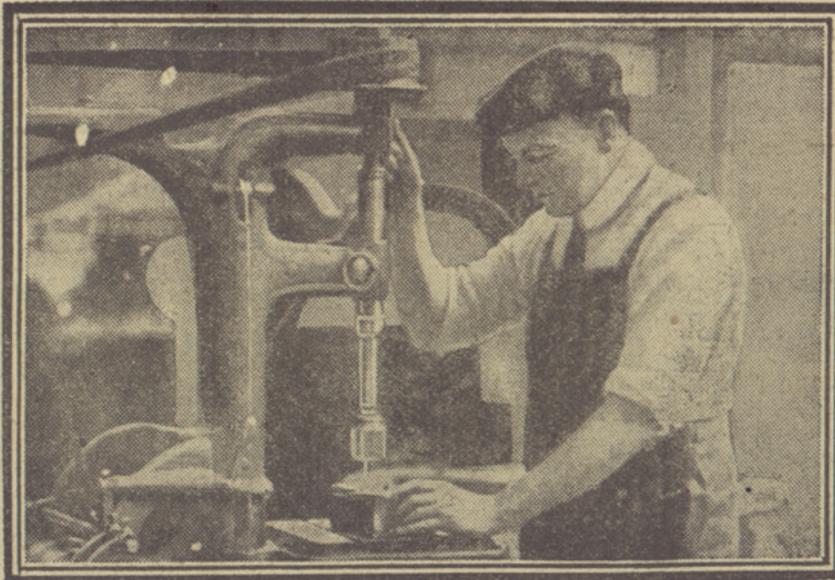
A laughing nymph of the strawberry fields whose baskets show her industry.

THE WOUNDED.



Heroic child who assisted at the National Sporting Club.—(Daily Sketch and Birkett.)

PEER DONS DUNGAREES.



The Earl of Norbury, who volunteered as a war worker, is now working at an aeroplane factory in Surrey. He is paid 7d. an hour, and is here seen working at a drilling machine.

THERE IS MUSIC IN THE MOUTH-ORGAN.



The E Battery of the R.H.A. in France have their own band. Mouth-organs, tin whistles, and a biscuit box are the instruments. All the same the music is declared to be excellent.

OF WATERLOO.



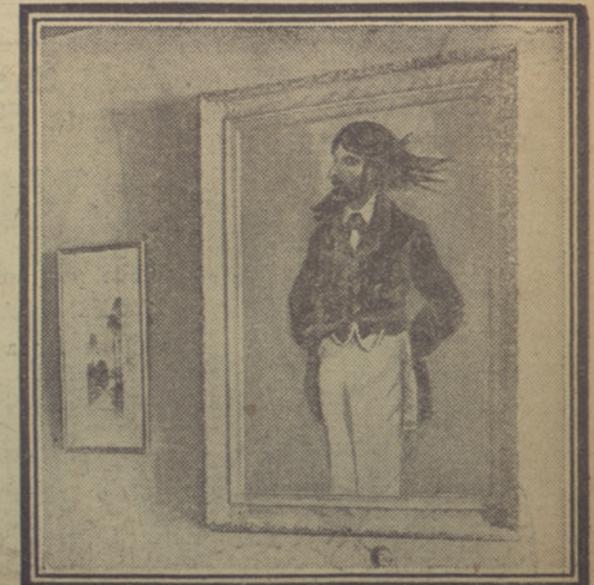
Planting an oak from an acorn taken from the grave of his grandfather's.—(Daily Sketch.)

LIVERPOOL'S WOMEN TRAIN FOR HOME DEFENCE.



Women are preparing to take their part in the home defence scheme by devoting their spare time to training. Here are some of Liverpool's contingent, looking very smart in their neat uniforms.

A CLEAN SWEEP—ALL BUT THIS.



All the Service Club, formerly the German Athenæum, possess Germanic is this freak portrait of the late Professor von Herkomer. The trousers are real.

WHAT BRITISH BATTLESHIPS ARE THESE? GREAT FREE PATRIOTIC COMPETITION

No Money to Send. No Lists to Buy.

First Prize, £100; Second, £20;
Third, £5; 50 of 5/- each.

Below are SIX pictures representing SHIPS IN HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY. A further list will be issued each week in IDEAS (the Popular Penny Weekly Magazine) until the number reaches 24. You may cut this list out and use it.

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While you are enjoying your cup of refreshing LYONS' TEA at any of our Tea Shops, ask the waitress for a packet and take it home. You will find it just as delicious when you brew it at home in your own particular way, and your own particular teapot. LYONS' TEA has always the same high standard of quality—the same richness and flavour.

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AMBASSADORS.—"MORRIS," an entirely New Revue by Harry Gratlan and Edward Jones. Every Evening at 8.30. Matinee To-day and Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10. Regent 2890.

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

CORONET, W. GRAND GUIGNOL CO. Colin Messer's French Season. FOUR PLAYS. NIGHTLY at 8. MATINEE TO-DAY (Sat.) at 2.30. Tel. Park 1273.

CRITERION. "THE ROAD TO RAEBURY." At 2.30 and 8.30, followed by "THE DEVIL AMONG THE SKINS." Milton Rosmer, Irene Rooke, F. Randle Ayrton. Matinee Every Wed. and Sat., 2.30

DALY'S. Mr. GEORGE EDUARDES' New Production. BETTY. TO-DAY at 2 and 8. Matinee Sat., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

GAIETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. Geo. Grossmith, Jas. Blakely, and full Gaiety Company. Evenings 8.15. Mat. (full cast) To-day and Sat. at 2.15.

GARRICK. "OUI BE CAREFUL." A Musical play, in 5 acts. TO-NIGHT at 8. First Mat., Thurs., at 2.30. YVONNE ARNAUD. COURTICE POUNDS. Pollic Emery. Tom A. Shale. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 9513.

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 Sat. at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. To-day at 3 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. 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. MARIE LOHR. BASIL GILL.

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

NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY. To-day at 2.30 and 8.15. MR. MARTIN HARVEY in THE CORSICAN BROTHERS and "The Conspiracy." Monday next, "The Only Way."

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.30. A play, in 3 acts, entitled "THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS." Matinee To-day 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 Sat., at 2.30. Box Office, 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9437.

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

SAVOY. At 3 and 8.45. MR. H. B. IRVING. In "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE" by Edes Philpotts and Macdonald Hastings. At 2.30 and 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

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

STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE. At 2.30 and 8. (Last 2 Performances this Season.) JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Last Matinee To-day at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3550.

VAUDEVILLE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. To-day at 3 and 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sat., in THE GREEN FLAG. At 2.30 and 8.15, "April Fools." Also CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILIAN 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.

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

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. TABLEAUX DE GUERRE, Mlle. DORZIAT, ELLAINE TERRIS, ETHEL IRVING and CO., PHYLLIS DARE, OYRA and DORMA LEIGH, RINALDO, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.35. MATINEE, Sat., 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES. ETHEL LEVEY. JOSEPH COYNE. Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedella, Lupino Lane, etc. Proceeded 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 LORAIN, ANNA WHEATON, HARRY TATE, GERALD KIRBY, JOHNNY HENNING, LEWIS SYDNEY, CHARLES BERKLEY, and enormous Beauty Chorus, etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 650.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall. 42nd Consecutive Year in London. DAILY, at 3 and 8. Seats 1s. to 5s. Children-half-price. (Phone Mayfair 1545.)

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.—Matinee Mon., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30. ZONA VEVEY and MAX ERARD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT." ELLA RETTFORD, COOPER and LAIT, etc.

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

ENTERTAINMENTS. DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES. FOUNDER'S DAY at GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, BARKINGSIDE, ESSEX. SATURDAY, 3rd July, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. 12 Noon: Service in the Children's Church. 5.30 p.m.: Anniversary Gathering. H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK will attend, and will be received by the DUKE and DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. Frolics of Childhood, Barnardo's Jack Tars, Stepney Apprentices Sports, Barnardo Brass Band. DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES support the largest family in the world—7,500 Children, 1,500 under 14. Half-price can be obtained beforehand from the General Secretary, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E.

Gifts towards the collection of 100,000 Half-Crowns for FOUNDER'S DAY FOOD BILL FUND will be much appreciated. The cost of food has increased considerably owing to the war. GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED: 20,720 Half-Crowns on first list.

HEALTH RESORTS. BROUGHTY FERRY. The Brighton of the North. Is an Ideal Seaside Holiday Resort. Safe Sea Bathing on fine Sands; Boating; High-class Pierrot Entertainments daily; Public Bowling Greens and Tennis Courts; Good Motoring centres, and within easy reach of many first-class Golf Courses. Guide Book Free. Apply to Town Clerk (Dept. N), DUNDEE.

CAMPING. Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review. K. PATTIE, The Darwent Holiday Camp, Kew.

What Women Are Doing.

What I Thought About Newmarket—Daly's As A Convalescent Home—Spanish Ladies For Alexandra Day.

THE beautiful Rubens Room at Grosvenor House wasn't more than half-filled for Mme. Kirkby Lunn's vocal recital on Thursday in aid of the Three Arts Club Employment Bureau. It was a thousand pities, as the famous singer was in splendid voice and sang groups of old Italian and French songs, and modern French and English songs, with great beauty of voice and artistic feeling.

What Some Of Them Wore.



MME. KIRKBY LUNN,
—(Lillie Charles.)

Clara Butt, handsome in black with a red and white striped waistcoat, received the Princess on behalf of the committee, and gave her a lovely bunch of pink roses. Well-known actresses sold programmes.

My Day At The Races.

I wonder if we shall ever have the "Oaks," the ladies' race, run again at Newmarket! I have seen it several times at Epsom, and I felt I wanted to see it run for the first time at headquarters, especially as I had a sneaking fancy for Snow Marten. My lucky star was in the ascendant, for I received a delightful invitation to stay at Newmarket, at the most charming house imaginable. So I flew down to see the last day's racing there, and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Give Me Epsom!

What a difference between racing at Epsom and Newmarket! On the one hand hustle and bustle, cheering and shouting, and a certain "go" about the whole entertainment; on the other a general air of quietness, a Grosvenor-square atmosphere and lack of enthusiasm. It may be my bad taste, but give me Epsom every time.

Who Were There.

Amongst those present I noticed Lord Londonderry with his wife, who was, of course, in deep mourning. Lady Victoria Primrose, in a neat blue serge coat and skirt, and wearing a blue sailor-shaped hat wreathed with tiny coloured flowers, was taking a keen interest in the racing, as was her husband, the Hon. Neil Primrose. The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, in black and a large black hat, Mrs. Hall Walker, Lady Constance Gore, with her daughter, in blue serge, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Marcus Beresford, the Earl of Enniskillen, Sir Robert Wilmot, with his daughters, were noticeable figures. Lady de Bathe looked extremely well in nut brown linen and large sailor-shaped hat, and I also met Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn (Edna May) in a covert coating suit.

Your Last Chance.

I hear that the organisers of the exhibition of Irish Arts and Crafts, which the Irish Literary Society are holding at 20, Hanover-square, have reason to be delighted with the success attending it. When I looked in the other day I found it extremely interesting. Quite a number of well-known people have been there and made purchases. They include Lord and Lady Mayo and several members of Parliament and their women-folk. This is the exhibition's last day, and the hours are from three to seven. There is no charge for admission.

An Albert Hall Concert.

A very interesting concert takes place at the Albert Hall to-morrow afternoon, when Mme. Edvina, the well-known prima donna, will sing two songs by Du Parc. Mr. Leo Strockoff, the brilliant young violinist, will represent Russia.

For The Allies.

A matinée concert will be given for the benefit of the Assistance aux Hôpitaux Alliés on Friday, the 25th, at the headquarters of the society,

24, Grosvenor-square, under the patronage of Georgina Countess of Dudley, the Countess of Limerick, the Dowager Lady Mowbray and Stourton, General Sir Frederick and Lady Clayton, Lady Alington, and a great many more equally distinguished. Father Bernard Vaughan will make a speech supporting this charity, and the artists include the names of Eve Lavallière, Elsie Janis, Dorziat, Gaby Deslys, Harry Pilcer, and Gervase Elwes. The tickets are to be bought at 24, Grosvenor-square, for 1 guinea, 10s. 6d., and 5s.

Some Good Catches.

The Earl and Countess of Mayo returned this week to 3, Stratford-place, from Oakhill, their fishing place at Hungerford. I hear that Lord Mayo, who is an enthusiastic angler, has had some real good sport.

Princess Helps The Belgians.

Princess Clementine of Belgium (Princess Victor Napoleon) yesterday paid an impromptu visit to the Belgian Soldiers' Fund, 17-19, James-street, Oxford-street, where a busy band of gentlewomen are making and packing respirators, putting food and clothing into cases, which are sent weekly to the soldiers of the gallant little Belgian Army.

The Princess looked very handsome in a neat navy blue tailor-made. Her black hat was trimmed with wide frills of tulle, and she wore a collar and jabot of rare old Brussels lace and a red carnation in her buttonhole.

She was immensely impressed with the good work done by the many ladies who are devoting themselves to this splendid charity without reward.

Amongst those who have worked regularly since the fund started is Lady Scott-Gatty, wife of Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, Garter King of Arms, Mrs. Prinsep, Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Walter Roche.

Embarrassed?

Miss Iris Hoey, who appeared last night for the first time in revue, told me just before the show that she felt very shy at appearing for the first time in public with a short skirt. Her dressing-room, although a tiny place, is very gay with tango yellow wall-paper and draperies, and I noticed her "coster" hat on a shelf with bedraggled black and yellow feathers all complete. Miss Hoey says she finds the new work of imitating very interesting. "You have to think you are a different person with every change of dress," she says.

Twenty-Six Beauties.



MISS DORA DE LAREDO.
—(Iris Studios.)

Here is Miss Dora de Laredo, who, as I told you in the winter, sent me a box of woollen things contributed by Spanish and Argentine women visitors in London for our boys at the front. I am giving you her photograph because she is now in charge of all the Park-lane Alexandra Day flower sellers. Sir Philip Sassoon has lent her 25, Park-lane, as a depot. But Miss Laredo, handsome as she is, will be by no means the only charming woman there, for her helpers are to be 25 beautiful English and Spanish ladies. I predict big returns for that depot.

MRS. COSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- R. DAVIES (Stratford).—I cannot advise you; better write direct to your medical man.
- ISALINE ROBINSON.—I should advise your writing to the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.
- E. M. CLAYDON (Walham-green).—Residential clubs for women: Cheyne Club, 11, Oakley-street, Chelsea; Ladies' International Club, 74, Princes-street, Bayswater.
- ANXIOUS BEATRICE (Tulse-hill).—I should apply again to the Women's Emergency Corps.
- A SOLDIER'S WIFE TO BE.—Register at your nearest Labour Exchange.
- MAY REID (Co. Armagh).—I think the finest patriotic work you can possibly do is to stay and mind your three children, and let unmarried and trained nurses do the nursing.
- LILLIAN CLIFFORD (Manchester).—Write to the French and Belgian Embassies.

COUPON for
DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.



For your Wife and Children

The extra money earned this year—when you are too busy to spend it—can be used, without your missing it, to provide a comfortable nest-egg in middle life, and Insurance for your family in case you die before the endowment policy matures. In place of an ordinary life-policy, on which you would have to keep on paying year after year, a

BRITANNIC WAR BONUS POLICY

admits of weekly payments for one year only, and
at the end of the year all payments cease.

Thus £2 a week—for one year only, while you can spare the money—will give your family, when the payments are finished, from £144 to £168 (according to your age), plus profits in case of your death; or should you live until the policy matures you will receive the same amount, plus profits. Taking the average rate of profits earned in the last few years, the total amount payable on reaching 50 years of age would be, for a man 25 next birthday, £231, or £127 more than he paid in!

Larger or smaller weekly payments assure, of course, proportionately larger or smaller sums.

This Is Your Chance.

You owe it to yourself and your family to adopt this wonderful thrift-plan which will set you up in business or buy you a comfortable home of your own in middle life, or start your children well in life. Send the coupon to-day. **IF YOU ARE A WIFE, SEND IT FOR YOUR HUSBAND.** The Britannic will tell you how to abolish Rent, and how to insure your children, too, at from 1d. per week.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION NECESSARY IN ORDINARY CASES.

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BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

Send this coupon to-day and save your overtime money until you hear from us.

The more you pay, the greater your benefit.

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To The
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Please send your Prospectus explaining the War-Bonus Insurance.

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GOVERNMENT TO LIMIT WAR PROFITS.

Mr. Lloyd George's Guarantee To Trade Unions.

RELAXATION OF RESTRICTIONS.

Conditions on which trade unions have responded to Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to suspend restrictive regulations in order to permit of all available energy being put into the manufacture of munitions were made known yesterday.

They are contained in a "Memorandum of Agreement" between the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Government, who give the following guarantees:—

- 1.—With regard to the limitation of profits, to secure that the advantage accruing shall go to the State and not to private employers.
- 2.—Return to pre-war conditions at the end of hostilities.
- 3.—A general agreement enables the society to claim full discussion of any proposed relaxation of rules.
- 4.—The relaxation to apply only on Government work for war purposes.

MUNITIONS "DICTATOR."

Mr. Lloyd George's Duty And Powers Defined.

The powers of the Ministry of Munitions were defined in an Order in Council, published in a supplement to the *London Gazette* yesterday.

The duty of the Minister of Munitions shall be—
To examine into and organise the sources of supply and the labour available for the supply of any kind of munitions of war, the supply of which is in whole or in part undertaken by him, and by that means, as far as possible, to ensure such supply of munitions for the present war as may be required by the Army Council or the Admiralty, or may otherwise be found necessary. In addition to his special powers the Minister is to have concurrent powers under the Defence of the Realm Act, and will have power to make such contracts and institute such inquiries on behalf of his Majesty and do all things as he may consider necessary or expedient for the effective performance of his duties.

The Minister's "concurrent powers" will extend to—

- Regulations as to defence of the Realm.
- Interference with contracts.
- Requisitioning output of munitions factories.
- Taking possession of such factories.
- Regulating work at such factories.
- Closing licensed premises.
- Trial of offences.
- Taking unoccupied premises for housing of workmen.

TO HELP MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George has appointed Major-General Ivor Philipps, D.S.O., M.P., to be joint Parliamentary Secretary (military) to the Ministry of Munitions of War.

Major-General Ivor Philipps, who has represented Southampton since 1906, has had a distinguished military career. He served in the Militia from 1881 to 1883, and then became a lieutenant in the Army. His experience of warfare includes: Burma campaign, 1887-9 (medal and two clasps); Chin Lushai expedition, 1889; Miranzai expedition, 1891; Isazai expedition, 1892; North-West Frontier of India, 1896 (medal and two clasps); Tirah campaign, 1896-7 (twice mentioned in dispatches); China expedition, 1900-1 (dispatches; D.S.O., medal and clasp). He is 53.



MAJ.-GEN. IVOR PHILIPPS.

MURDERED HER HOUSEKEEPER.

A verdict of guilty, but insane, was returned at Kent Assizes yesterday against Violet Granville Layard (33), who was indicted for the murder of her housekeeper, Mary Summers, aged 58, at Bromley. Miss Summers had been in the service of the Layard family many years, and Miss Layard, who had an extraordinary affection for her, killed her with a hammer because she was afraid she would be left alone if she (accused) were put under restraint.

Evidence was given showing that there was insanity in Miss Layard's family, and the woman was ordered to be detained as a criminal lunatic.

A CECIL RISES FROM THE RANKS.

Last night's *London Gazette* announced the appointment of Private Randle William Gascoyne-Cecil, Canadian Expeditionary Force, as Second-Lieutenant in the Warwickshire Royal Horse Artillery (Territorial).

Private Gascoyne-Cecil is the eldest son of Canon the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, grandson of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and nephew of the present Marquis, and Lord Robert Cecil (Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) and Lord Hugh Cecil.

He took a small part, that of an English "knot," last year in the Gaiety Theatre musical comedy "After the Girl."

SPY'S APPEAL.

The spy Muller, whose case was recently tried in camera at the Central Criminal Court, will appeal to a full Court of Criminal Appeal on Monday.

FRITZ CHANGES HIS MIND ON AIR RAIDS.



Commenting on the Allied air raid on Karlsruhe, the German Government says:—"The population is calm but embittered on account of this senseless procedure."

WOUNDED, BUT FLEW 20 MILES.

Name Of Brave Airman Who Was Mentioned By "Eye-Witness."

The British pilot who on June 7 was shot through the jaw and neck while on a reconnaissance about 20 miles from the British front, is Flight Commander Borton, of the Black Watch and Royal Flying Corps, and second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Borton, of Hunton, a village near Tonbridge, Kent.

The official account, it will be remembered, stated that after being shot the pilot at first collapsed and lost control of the aeroplane, but then recovered sufficiently to steady the machine, which continued its flight to safety.

Flight Commander Borton is in a London hospital making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

CIGARETTE DONATIONS UP TO DATE.

The contribution of £1 acknowledged the other day from J. Barcroft, Lower Broughton, should have been credited to the Grosvenor Hotel, Lower Broughton, Manchester (second contribution).

To-day's list is as follows:—

- 10s.—Mrs. Thornley (5s.) and Miss Barham (5s.), Liverpool. 6s. 6d.—Hare and Hounds Parlour Company, Hindley (51st cont.). 6s. 2d.—Employees, Allen Fairhead and Son, Enfield (13th cont.).
- 5s.—Mr. Atkinson, Carlisle. 5s. 6d.—Miss Wishnell, Irlams-o'-the-Height. 2s.—Mr. Miller, Bearden (22nd cont.). 1s. 6d.—Annie and Edith Ogden and Maude Walters, Nelson. 1s.—Margaret and Cecily, Tonbridge.
- £5.—Staff, Stuart's Granolithic Co., Edinburgh. £2 4s.—United Creameries, Ltd., Dunragit. £1 10s. 5d.—Employees, Barrell Mill Dept., London Small Arms (5th cont.). £1 1s.—Workmen, Liverpool Silver and Copper Co., Ltd., Widnes. 10s.—Bar, Northern Counties Hotel, Londonderry (51st cont.); Mabel Dooley, Shrewsbury. 9s. 7d.—Clerks, Headquarters, No. 5 District, Government House, Bootham. 5s.—M. Roberts, Arnscliffe; F. W. Evans, Renagh; Miss A. Webb and Miss K. Cope, Hinckley; G. A. E. F. Bramhall, 4s.—Freddie Evans, Paddington. 2s.—Mrs. Miller, Bearden (21st cont.); Mrs. Denegri, S. Wimbledon (7th cont.); D. H. High and F. Pearce, Enfield North; J. Wright, Manchester. 1s. 6d.—Doris Adams, Stafford; R. Sannahill, Glasgow. 1s. 3d.—Tommy's Friend (4th cont.). 1s.—Mrs. Marshall, Pontypridd; Mrs. Rigby.

TO-DAY'S ATHLETIC FIXTURES.

- At Caterham.—Military sports.
At Aldershot.—Southern Counties C.C.A. 4 1/2 miles inter-company team race.
At Colchester.—Midland Cyclists' Association sports.
At Huddersfield.—Primrose Hill sports.
At Hampden Park, Glasgow.—Allan Glen's School sports.

DESMOND (*Empire*): *24 11 2 24 26 22 17 10 7 3 3—11 6 7 23 10 11 6 26 19—12 22 6 17 11 6 23 8 2 6 7.
BILLIARDS.—Close: Newman (in play) 14,566, Smith 14,230.

COMING NEW WAR LOAN.

The Stock Exchange Anticipating Its Issue Next Week.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday the imminence of another War Loan further depressed the price of the existing loan, which closed no better than 93 1/2.

Statements have appeared that the new loan is likely to be issued next week, but, although the Government may take powers then for the purpose, we doubt very much whether the issue will be made so promptly as this, as so many details have to be arranged, and none, so far, appear to have been decided upon.

Prices were lower in nearly every department, but Rubbers were again supported, and Vallambrosa improved on the increased dividend. Forestal Lands continued in demand.

There was a further rise in International Mercantile Marine preference stock to 8, while the common shares were dealt in at 2 and over. A reorganisation scheme is in the air.

Esperanza shares were bought on the statements in the directors' report, which is not so bad as expected, having regard to conditions prevailing in Mexico. The shares rose from 6s. 9d. to 7s. 10 1/2d., and but for uncertainty regarding events in Mexico would certainly stand higher, as the ascertained ore reserves and the available assets place a valuation upon them of about 15s.

There is a pleasant surprise for shareholders in the New Goch Gold Mining Company, a dividend of 5 per cent. being announced. The resumption of payments had been foreshadowed, but not at such an early date.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet but steady; American 1 to 1 1/4 up; Egyptian unchanged to 2 up.

THE WAR OF PEACE.

Writing on "The Steel Point and the Gold Joint" in to-morrow's *Sunday Chronicle*, John Briton offers some cogent reasons why Great Britain should prepare for the coming trade war with Germany. "Have we thought at all of what our policy is to be?" asks Mr. Briton.

"Are we to open our markets and our cities for this great new invasion when the war is over? "If we are, then the protection of our Fleet from a military invasion will have been of little value. We shall have been preserved from war in order to be sacrificed to peace."

HOW WARNEFORD, V.C., DIED.

(Continued from Page 3.)

chapelle ardente, decorated with flowers gathered by the British convalescent soldiers at present by the British hospital and the medical staff, who had spent the morning in the grounds selecting the finest roses and other choice blooms as their offerings to the memory of the dead hero and with wreaths and baskets of flowers sent by the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Versailles Garrison.

Two British soldiers with their rifles reversed stand in solemn vigil in the death chamber, and will be relieved at intervals during the night.

The funeral ceremony, which was originally fixed for to-morrow, has been postponed until Sunday morning. The religious service will take place in the hospital chapel, a military tent erected in the grounds.

The bodies will be buried in the Versailles Cemetery. It is believed that they will be exhumed after the war, and conveyed to England and America respectively for final interment.—Reuter.

WILLIAM THE CROCODILE.

When Is An Air Raid "Wicked"? When Huns Suffer.

The Germans are almost speechless with rage at the Allies' air attack on Karlsruhe.

The Kaiser has now joined the newspaper chorus with a telegram to the Grand Duke of Baden. This telegram has been forwarded to the burgomaster (says Reuter) by the Grand Duke from the front as follows:—

The Kaiser telegraphs me his deep indignation at the wicked attack on beloved Karlsruhe. The poor innocent victims among civilians have greatly distressed him.

HUNS DOSED WITH THEIR OWN MEDICINE.

Karlsruhe In Fearful Panic During The Raid Of Retribution.

PARIS, Friday.

The *Temps* Geneva correspondent says twenty-seven persons were killed, and although most of the wounded, numbering sixty, are recovering, several have died. According to official figures about seventy bombs were dropped, damaging a hundred houses.

The first aviators arriving over the town dropped bombs on the Kaiserplatz and on the street. The first fell between the Emperor's monument and the Langer printing house, tearing up the tram lines, killing two persons, and wounding another two. Other projectiles struck the Central Post Office, breaking in part of the roof and damaging the facade.

Meanwhile the remainder of the aeroplane flotilla arrived over the town, and loud explosions were heard on all sides.

Opposite the Germania Hotel, at the corner of the Margrave's Palace, five persons were killed by one shell. All the windows of the Girls' High School were shattered by another bomb.

No quarter was spared, but the most damage was done in the centre and north of the town.

Among other places bombs fell on the Market Place, near the Hoftheater, the Synagogue, the Grand Ducal Garden, and the roof of Prince Max's Palace.

During the bombardment indescribable panic prevailed, and the streets where unexploded shells had fallen were closed to traffic by Landsturm men until the projectiles were removed.

The Grand Duchess drove through the town in an open carriage at noon, in order to inquire into the condition of the injured.—Reuter.

ANOTHER BLOW TO THE KAISER.

In secret conference at Scarborough yesterday the United Ancient Order of Druids decided to sever its connection with German Druids.

Faithful Servants

CAST IRON HOLLOWWARE is strong, clean, quick, and economical, the very qualities of the faithful servant. And like good servants, CAST IRON utensils keep their places without a murmur for 10, 20, 30, even 50 years!



Procureable at all Ironmongers, but DON'T BE PUT OFF with short-lived enamel, steel, or tin-ware. Insist on Cast Iron!

THE MYSTERY OF THE RAJAH'S PEARL.

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

The Enemy—Crippled And Helpless.

There was no hurry for the moment so far as the patient was concerned. The dining-room door was shut, and it would not be an easy matter for the woman inside to hear what was going on. Enid's first idea was to see St. Julien without delay. Probably she would find him in one of the rooms somewhere. But St. Julien was not far off, he was waiting patiently at the head of the stairs.

"Now tell me what it all means," he said. "I am sorry my infirmity makes me so useless. Is there anything really wrong?"

"The man has been wounded," Enid explained. "He has been shot through the shoulder. I have done all I can, and the rest is only a matter of time. The woman tried to deceive me; she told me some story about a motor accident; but when she realised that she had a nurse to deal with she gave up the attempt. She is under the impression that I am absolutely alone in the house."

"Is there any occasion to keep up the delusion?"

"Indeed there is," Enid declared. "The woman you have at present under your roof is beyond all question the person I met in the roadside public-house. I suppose everything will be explained presently, but meanwhile we must be very careful. Could not you call up Sir John Drury on the telephone, or, at any rate, ask his servant to send him here the moment that he comes in?"

"Oh, can't you see how important it is? For years you have been fighting this shadowy foe; for years you have taken your life in your hands. And now under your own roof you have the enemy crippled and helpless—that is, unless I have made a great mistake. It will be days before the man can be moved, and I am quite sure the woman will not leave the house so long as he remains here. She does not say much, but from the way she regards him I am sure there is a great affection between the two."

"What is he like?" St. Julien asked. "What is she like, for the matter of that?"

"Sent By Providence."

"The handsomest pair I think I have ever seen. But I have always been an admirer of dark beauty. I have not heard him speak yet, but she gives the suggestion of being a foreigner, though her accent is correct enough. He is quite a young man, and rendered all the more remarkable by a grey patch of hair on both temples. It makes him look so distinguished."

St. Julien seemed to stiffen suddenly. Then he took a step forward, and hesitated helplessly.

"Oh, for five minutes' eyesight at this moment," he cried. "Only give me that, and I could end all the trouble. It looks to me as if you have been sent here by Providence to help me. Go back to your patient, and I will get on to Drury at once. Don't stop to ask questions now."

Enid was back in the dining-room presently with

the milk and brandy that her patient needed, carefully closing the dining-room door behind her. As the spoonful of restorative was gradually coaxed down the sufferer's throat a little colour crept into his cheek, and presently he opened his eyes.

He glanced lovingly and tenderly in the direction of the woman in the furs. She bent over him and pressed his hand, at the same time speaking in accents that trembled with affection. At least, so Enid imagined from the eloquent language of the eyes, for the language in which they spoke was strange to her. She stood there intently listening, in the hope of picking out one familiar word. But it was all in vain, and at the end of five minutes she deemed it prudent to interfere on behalf of her patient.

"He is getting excited," she said. "Please tell him he must stop speaking at once and close his eyes."

At one word from the strange woman the wounded man obeyed, and a minute or two later his regular breathing showed that he was sound asleep. Enid took the woman by the arm and led her to the far end of the dining-room.

"He will do now," she whispered. "This is the best thing that could have happened to him. He will probably sleep for hours. It is my intention to pass the night here, and no doubt tomorrow we shall be able to procure assistance. Would you like me to find you a bedroom somewhere in the house?"

"Then Who Am I?"

"Not for me," the woman said almost fiercely. "I could not sleep, I could not rest with so much hanging over my head. You are good and kind and I shall not forget. Some day I shall be rich and powerful, and then I will make your fortune. You smile to hear me say that perhaps. Would you like to hear something of my story?"

"As you please," Enid said indifferently. "Only, if you do tell me anything, I should like to hear something more truthful than the account you gave me of the motor accident. Perhaps I could tell you a little more than you think."

It was a bold thing to say and Enid almost regretted it before the words were spoken, but she was alone in the house with a helpless man and it seemed to her that she had found a way of assisting him. The woman looked at her with challenging eyes.

"If you know me, who am I?" she demanded.

"Your Christian name I cannot give. But though you look like a foreigner and speak an Eastern language as if it were your own you are the daughter of Captain Robinson, an English officer, who was killed not far from Poonta some nine years ago. Your mother never returned from Rajah Sinji's palace in the mountains, and until she died she was one of the Rajah's wives."

"Your own grandmother was an Englishwoman and married to some Indian potentate, but this is a delicate subject and I will not pursue it. Many strange things happened in the time of the Indian Mutiny, and I have heard stories of English women delicately bred and born who disappeared, and, well, you know what I mean. It is an old story now and best forgotten."

"You are very clever," the woman sneered. "Do I look like a girl who has passed her life in a Rajah's palace?"

"Does it matter in the least what you look like?" Enid challenged. "There is Eastern blood in your veins. You are hearing the call of it now; you cannot get over the habits and ways of your childhood. You were up there beyond Poonta long enough to know and love the ways of the mysterious East, and, though you were sent early to a convent in France to be educated, your heart is still in India. You volunteered just now to tell me something of your story. Why did you run away from the convent school and hide yourself from the friends who had your interest at heart? Why did you ally yourself with murderers and blackmailers?"

"If you wish to insult me—the woman began. "Believe me, I have no such intention. And I am not blind. I take it that all your heart is given to that man lying there on that mattress; you would lay down your life for him cheerfully."

"I would. But what is he to do with it?" "This much," Enid said earnestly. "My heart is also given to a man for whom I would make any sacrifice. I will tell you his name, for I am quite sure it is not a strange one to you. I am speaking of my future husband, Philip Massingham."

As Enid spoke she saw the other woman's features grow hard and rigid, and caught the flash of those wonderful black eyes.

Murder And Blackmail.

"I see you are beginning to understand," she said. "I am concerned for Lord St. Julien, for Sir John Drury, and, most of all, my lover, Philip Massingham. I know how they have been pursued for years with relentless hate by a band of mysterious scoundrels who have not hesitated to commit murder on more than one occasion. They are blackmailers, too, and you are the channel through which the money comes and goes."

"I found this out quite by accident, as you know. When I addressed that envelope for you I made a most important discovery. I had found the woman for whom my friends have been searching high and low. They thought you had been spirited away by these ruffians; they never dreamed for a moment that you were the chosen leader of the gang."

"Why should I be?" the other retorted. "Because, for some reason or other, you regard the recovery of the pearl which is known as the White Mouse as a part of your religion. You think that the gods will forgive any crime you choose to commit in getting the sacred gem back again. But you never will do so till you can put sight into a blind man's eyes."

"What do you mean by that?" the woman demanded.

"Exactly what I say. Lord St. Julien—"
Enid broke off abruptly. Someone was knocking at the door.

(To be concluded.)

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Do you recognise a familiar face in this group of British prisoners of war photographed in their detention camp at Doeberitz in Germany? They are Naval Brigade men, who were captured at the fall of Antwerp, and who have been prisoners ever since.

A PIONEER FLYER.



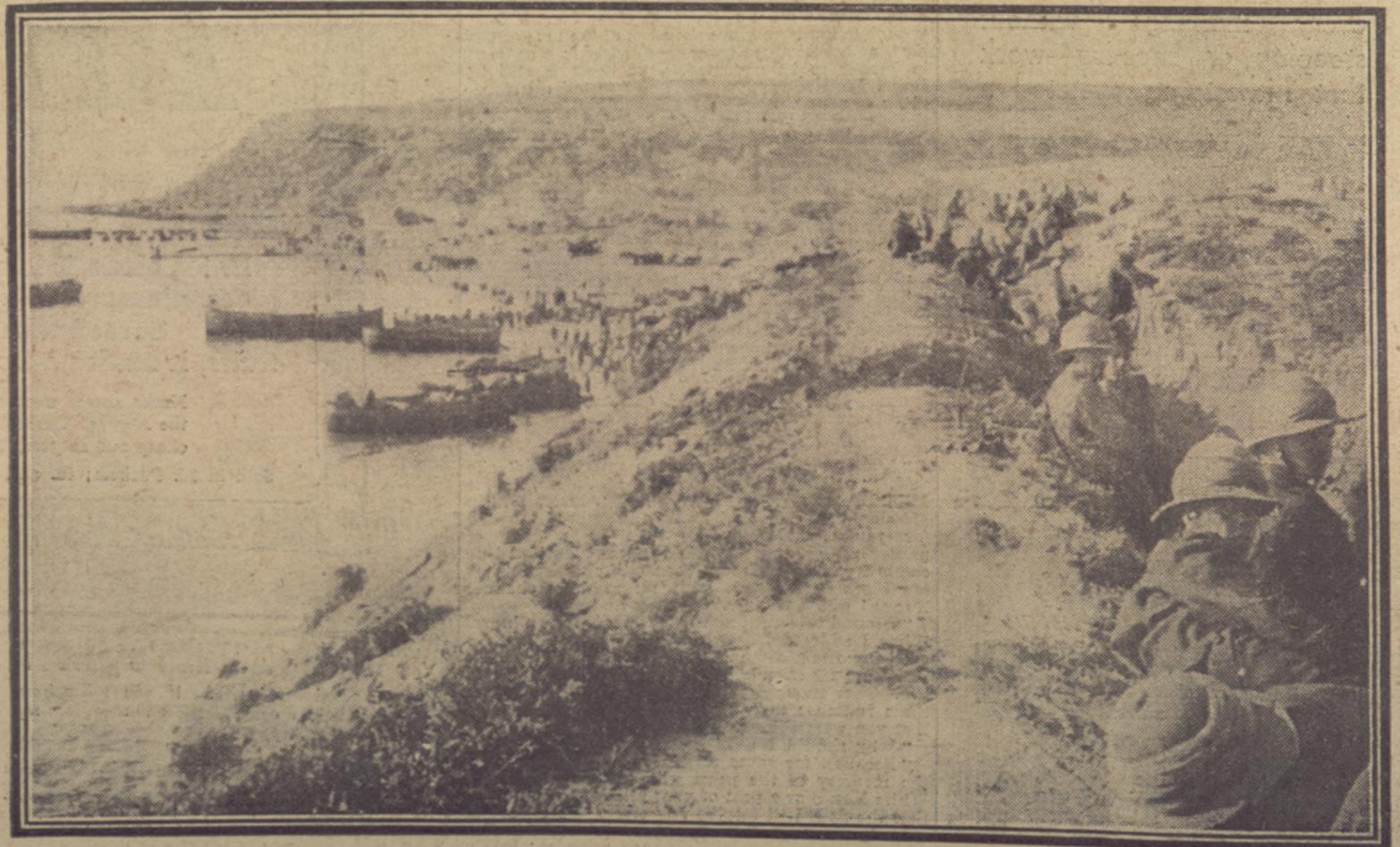
Flight Lieut. C. P. Pizey, lent by the Admiralty to organise the Greek naval air service, has died of dysentery in the East.

DECORATED BY THE KING.



Capt. J. R. Green, the doughty skipper who fought a German submarine, yesterday received at the King's hands the Distinguished Service award.

THE ROYAL SCOTS HELD THE TRENCH FROM WHICH THE TURKS HAD RUN.



The Royal Scots proudly occupied the first trench that was captured from the Turks in the Gallipoli Peninsula. With these great cliffs conquered, the Allies were established on Turkish soil.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)