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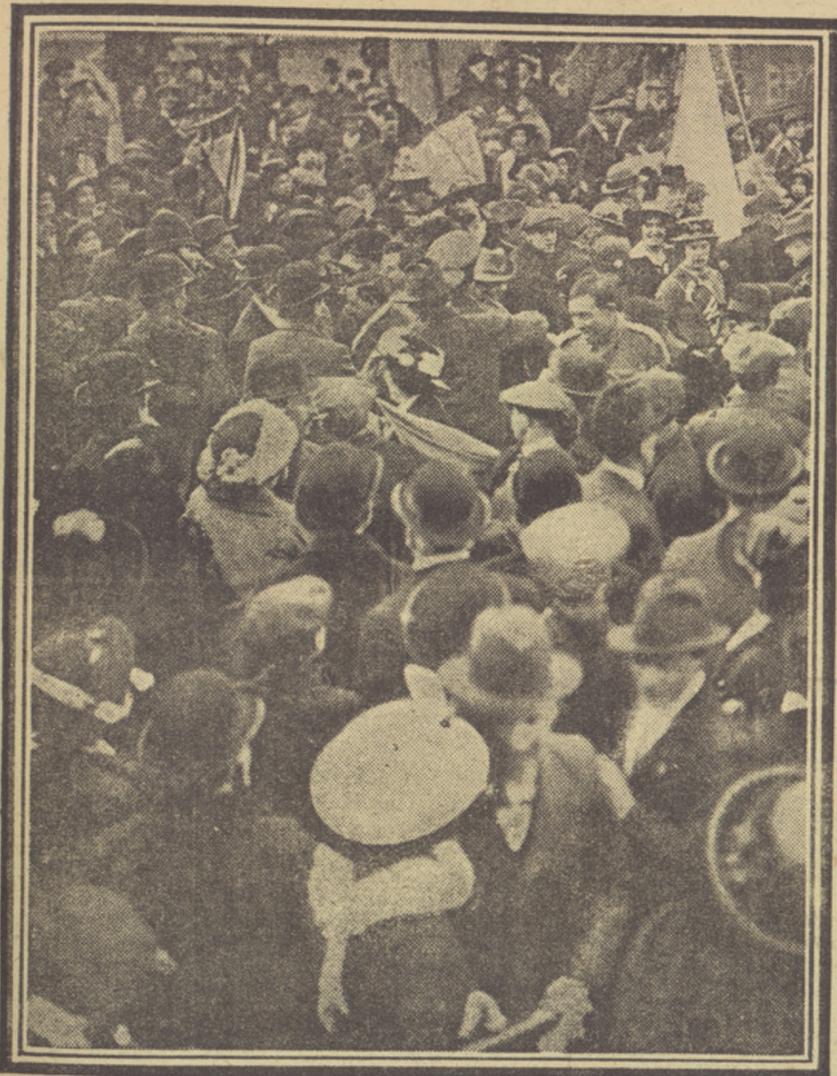
No. 2,211.

LONDON, MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

ONE HALFPENNY.

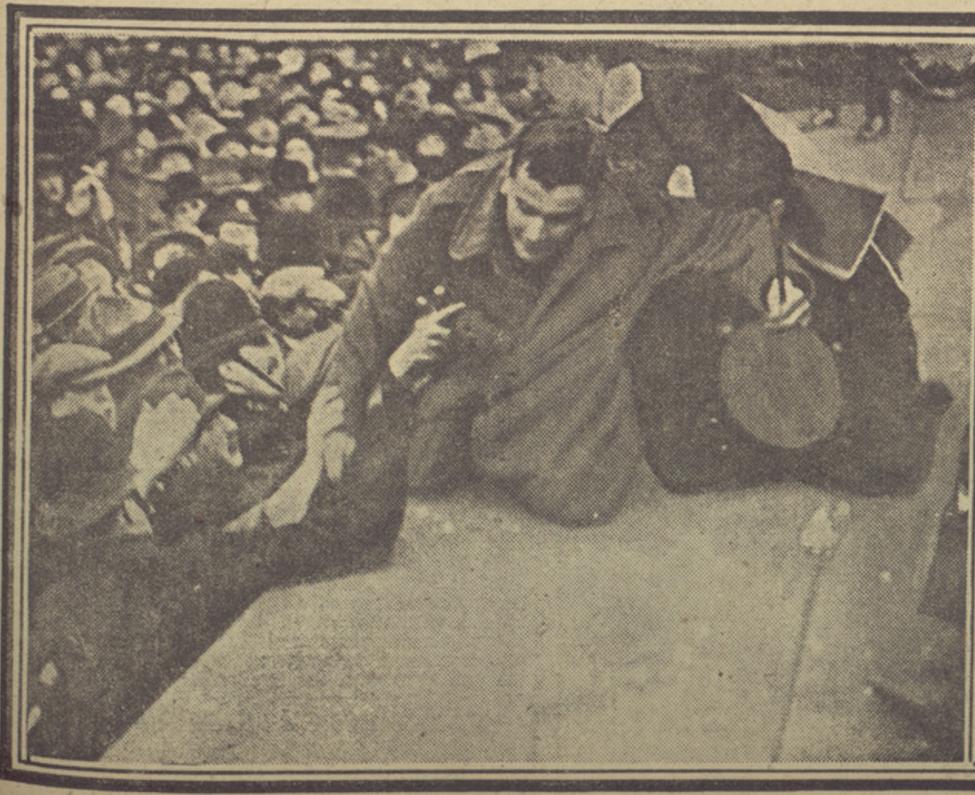
Suffrage Speakers Shelled With Flour And Yellow Ochre.



A section of the crowd round the plinth.



The banner bearer before—and after.



One of the women tried to keep the soldier back.



Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.



Cheers were afterwards given for the King from the plinth.

Advertised as a "Great Demonstration to Demand Human Suffrage, organised by the Workers' Suffrage Federation," a large procession marched to the Plinth at Trafalgar Square yesterday, and speakers attempted to address the crowd. But the people, who thought the meeting had some connection with the No-Conscription Fellowship, threw flour and ochre at the speakers, stormed and carried the plinth, and sang the National Anthem. The whole affair was over in a few minutes.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

CRUELTY TO BRITISH IN GERMAN CAMPS.

Iron Cross For Hun Doctor Who
Allowed Them To Die.

HORRORS OF TYPHUS.

Bad Food, Savage Dogs, And
Floggings With Rubber Whips.

A lurid light is thrown upon the way in which British prisoners of war have been treated in Wittenberg during the terrors of a typhus epidemic by a report of the Government Committee just issued.

It is based upon information given by Major Priestley, Captain Vidal, and Captain Lander, who were in the camp and have been permitted to return to this country.

Among the hard facts that the Germans will have to face when the treatment of their prisoners comes under final review are these:—

WHAT PRISONERS SUFFERED.

Food supplied was bad and insufficient. One mattress only was supplied to every three prisoners.

Infected men were huddled together instead of being separated.

German spectators jeered when dead British were carried away in coffins.

Insufficient clothing and covering were given the victims.

Savage dogs were regularly employed to terrorise the prisoners.

Flogging with a rubber whip was frequent.

The British prisoners in the camp numbered between 700 and 800, but, says the report, it is believed that during the progress of the typhus there were at least 15,000 prisoners, and there may have been 16,000 or 17,000—an enormous population for so restricted an area as 10½ acres.

Added to this, the winter of 1914-15 was extremely severe, and the cold at Wittenberg intense, but the heating arrangements for the camp were altogether inadequate.

Their overcoats were taken from most of the British prisoners when captured, and none given in exchange. Their remaining clothes were often in rags, and many had neither boots nor socks, and others had their feet wrapped in straw.

GERMANS FLED PRECIPITATELY.

When Major Priestley arrived at the camp the allowance of bread was one kilo (2½ lb.) loaf for ten men. Breakfast for the men, he says, consisted of black (acorn?) coffee and bread, and the bread contained a high percentage of potato, and was most unpalatable.

When the epidemic broke out in December, 1914, the German staff, military and medical, precipitately left the camp, and no medical attention during the whole time was provided by the German staff.

The three officers mentioned had been wrongfully detained at Halle for three months, and they only heard of the typhus outbreak by accident, and upon arrival at Wittenberg they were marched to the camp, where

they were received in apathetic silence. The rooms were unlighted; the men were aimlessly marching up and down; some were lying on the floor, probably sickening for typhus. When they got into the open air again Major Fry, who afterwards died, broke down. The horror of it all was too much to bear.

Apart from three men being forced to share one mattress, there was the inevitable result of uninfected men catching typhus through having to sleep on an infected mattress. And more, the Germans compelled uninfected prisoners to share with those already suffering.

DUSTY, DIRTY SOUP.

During the first month the food ration for each patient was half a small roll and half a cup of milk each day. The only soup was from the camp kitchen. It came in a wooden tub without a cover, and arrived full of dust and dirt.

It was hopeless diet for patients in a fever. In truth the ration was not a ration at all, it was a pretence.

No wonder that the British medical officers succumbed in such circumstances. Major Fry, Captain Sutcliffe, and Captain Field sickened and died, and, says the report, "there is no doubt that the conditions to which the authorities had reduced the camp and the prisoners they had abandoned was directly responsible for the deaths of these devoted men."

The three officers were splendidly supported by many English prisoners who volunteered as nurses. But many of these devoted men caught the infection and died.

IRON CROSS FOR WHAT?

On one occasion only during the epidemic did a German medical man visit the camp.

This was Dr. Aschenbach, who came attired in a complete suit of protective clothing, including a mask and rubber gloves. His inspection was brief and rapid.

For his services in combating the epidemic Dr. Aschenbach has been awarded the Iron Cross.

Then as to the dead.

What the prisoners found hardest to bear were the jeers with which the coffins were frequently greeted by the inhabitants of Wittenberg, who stood outside the wire and were permitted to insult their dead.

Neutral confirmation of the treatment of prisoners is contained in the words of Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador at Berlin, who, in reference to his visit on November 8, said:—

The impression gained after careful examination of the camp and long conversations with the prisoners was even more unfavourable than I had been led to expect.

No children may go to cinemas in Nottingham after 5 p.m. except under adult escort.

POLICEWOMEN—THEIR USE AND THEIR DUTIES.

Cases Which They Can Handle
More Tactfully Than Men.

NEW SOCIAL SERVICE FACTOR.

By Edith Smith, Policewoman.

War time has created another opening for such women as are specially suited to the work.

There is no question as to their usefulness on the Force, given the right woman and a good training, consisting of drill, police law, and etiquette, combined with previous proficiency in one or more of the following subjects: Typewriting, first aid, midwifery, nursing or experience of district work as health visitor, school teacher, or inspector.

The work demands the highest and best that can be given; and this will be forthcoming if good salaries are offered, and if the heads of male forces will give the women an opportunity of proving their worth in positions of power and responsibility equal to those of men constables.

Same Footing As Men.

So long as policewomen are called upon to do merely "unofficial" work—i.e., to perform public duties with only their power of private individuals—just so long is their work condemned to deficiency in thoroughness, in resource, and in a general grip of the situation.

Also, it is essential that policewomen be sworn in, on exactly the same footing as men constables:

Firstly, so as to afford them full protection and redress in case of assault;

Secondly, that they may be able to deal with delinquents on the spot.

The reasons are that in many cases the opportunity would be altogether lost if they were obliged to wait for the presence of a constable before taking action.

Moreover, a free hand must be given to the women as to time and places patrolled, as many cases cannot be left at off-duty time, nor can people under observation always be located at one particular spot.

Qualities That Are Wanted.

Neither is it always desirable to be found in a certain place at a given time; as a woman once said: "Drat those women police; dodge them I can't—they are everywhere."

The material from which a successful police woman can be moulded must include in its composition—in place of the physical strength of the men—education, tact, common sense, self-reliance, confidence, level-headedness, obedience and adaptability.

The cases handled are likely to be as follows:—

Patrolling streets; dealing with unfortunates, drunken women and foolish girls.

Parents seeking for lost children.

Girls appealing for help where friends or relations are under adverse influences.

Husbands applying for information about their wives from whom they are parted by war service or by business.

Wives applying for help about their husbands, who are thought to be unfaithful or who have absconded.

Houses to be visited—to prevent trouble, to caution or to advise.

Houses To Be Watched.

Houses to be watched when suspected of disorderly conduct, or of exploiting children.

Sick women who have to be interrogated by police; rooms or property to be searched.

To caution parents as to conduct of girls in streets, such conduct being probably unknown to them.

Court cases—women and children. Prisoners to be escorted by policewomen, with or without male officer, and attendance on female prisoners in cells and Courts.

Arresting, charging, service of summons, etc., for women and children.

Probation officers for women and children.

JUDGE'S LAST RESPECTS TO HIS OLD CLERK.



Mr. Justice Atkin (X) was one of the mourners at the funeral of his late clerk, Mr. Barnes, at East Finchley cemetery.

SNOW-MAIDENS BURNED TO DEATH.

Six-fold Tragedy At Concert For
Soldiers' Comforts.

ONE GIRL SAVES FOUR OTHERS.

A six-fold tragedy followed a children's entertainment to provide soldiers' comforts held at the Garrick Theatre, Widemarsh-street, Hereford.

The house was crowded, and all went well until the final curtain. This followed a snow scene, in which the children appeared as Eskimos and snow maidens.

Somehow a cry of fire was raised, and excitement ensued among the audience, many being crushed in a rush to escape. There were, however, no casualties then.

Behind the scenes children's dresses made of cotton wool were on fire, a dozen little ones running about in flames. One child of the organiser died the same night, four others on Saturday, and one yesterday. The dead are:—

Lizzie Beavan (12),

Winifred Mailes (6) (only daughter of the organiser),

Nellie Rutherford,

Connie Bragg (5½) (her sister, aged 10, was badly burned),

Phyllis White (10),

Violet Corey (7).

Two others, seriously burned, are in hospital.

Mad Rush For The Street.

The theatre is lit by electricity, and the only plausible theory for the fire is that a smoker accidentally set one girl's flimsy dress of cotton-wool alight and that she rushed among the others, who tried to extinguish the flames and were themselves involved.

An older girl carried four little ones, whose clothes were burning, off the stage to safety.

When the first panic which followed the cry of "Fire!" had died down flames were seen to be leaping up to the left of the stage. One man jumped the orchestra and fought the flames with his hands until they were extinguished, but the sight revived the terror of the audience and a mad rush was made for the street.

In the meantime there were terrible scenes behind the stage. Children in flames were being picked up and wrapped in any material snatched up from the ground. Several were found unconscious.

As the injured children were carried from the theatre they had to pass through the large crowd which had gathered. Frantic parents ran about the street shouting their children's names.

NO CLYDE STEAMERS?

River Resorts Anxious Over Prospects
Of The Coming Summer.

Considerable anxiety has been caused on Clyde-side by the rumour that no Clyde passenger steamers will be allowed to run to the coast towns this summer, the authorities having, it is stated, refused to license steamers which sail from the Broomielaw.

If this rumour is well founded it will mean the ruin of the Clyde summer resorts, just as the commandeering of the Isle of Man steamers by the Government has ruined the people of the Manx kingdom.

If the rumour prove correct an agitation will be started to prevent the isolation of the Clyde holiday resorts.

BARONY CONFERRED ON MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.

Honoured After Nearly 50 Years
Of Public Life.

"THE SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY."

The King has conferred a Barony of the United Kingdom on the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P.

Mr. Chaplin has been in public life for nearly 50 years, and his interest in agriculture and the sports of the countryside have won him such titles as "The Great Squire" and "The Squire of Blankney."

His old-world style has been one of the treasures of the House of Commons, which has a great affection for "The Squire," who, even in the present reign, has been heard to refer to the Ministry as "Her Majesty's Government."

Among Mr. Chaplin's recreations is sport of all kinds—hunting, racing, deer stalking, shooting—and he is as well known on the Turf as in Parliament. Elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1864, he has won many races, the most memorable of which was the famous Derby of 1867, when Hermit, running in a snowstorm, and starting at the outside price of 66 to 1, beat a field of 30.

Hale And Hearty At 75.

For all his three-score-and-fifteen years, the new peer is hale and hearty, and in the early days of the war confessed that he could still remain in the saddle many hours and had offered his services for military purposes.

No man living has done more than Mr. Chaplin during the last 30 or 40 years for thoroughbred and light-horsebreeding, and his advice carried no little



MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.

weight with the Government in the acceptance of Colonel Hall Walker's offer of his stud to the State.

Mr. Chaplin entered Parliament as long back as 1868 as member for Mid-Lincolnshire (afterwards the Sleaford Division), and among the posts he has held have been:—

Chancellor, Duchy of Lancaster, 1885-86;

President, Board of Agriculture, 1886-92;

President, Local Government Board, 1895-1900.

Mr. Chaplin married a daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland in 1876, and has one son and two daughters. One of his daughters, Miss Florence Chaplin, recently returned to this country from the Balkans, after having been captured by the Austrians while serving as a nurse in Serbia.

The elevation creates a Parliamentary vacancy for the Wimbledon Division, which Mr. Chaplin has represented since 1907.

IRISH APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Justice Boyd has retired from the Irish Bench with a baronetcy. He is succeeded by Mr. John Gordon, K.C., M.P., and Mr. Gordon's post as Attorney-General is filled by Mr. James Campbell, K.C., M.P.

The appointments create a vacancy in South Londonderry, which Mr. Gordon has represented since 1900, and necessitate Mr. Campbell seeking re-election for Dublin University, which he represents with Sir E. Carson.

PREMIER AND THE MARRIED MEN.

A telegram from the Prime Minister's private secretary to the Secretary of the National Union of Attested Married Men was read at a meeting at Wigan yesterday, stating that the Prime Minister will receive a deputation in his room at the House of Commons on Wednesday at 4.30 p.m. The deputation must not number more than 30.

INSURANCE KNIGHT'S CAREER.

Sir George Green (72), inspector for Scotland for the Prudential Assurance Company, died suddenly in Partick, Glasgow, on Saturday.

Born in Stockport in 1843, he rose from the ranks, for 55 years had been a Methodist lay preacher, and twice tried to enter Parliament. He had been with the Prudential for 46 years.

MAXIM GORKY SERIOUSLY ILL.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.
A telegram from Berlin states that Maxim Gorky is lying seriously ill with pneumonia at Moscow. The information reached Berlin via Stockholm, where a number of Gorky's friends received the news of his alarming condition.—Exchange.

Every striker in a munition works ought to be treated as a soldier would be treated at the front if he became a deserter on the field of battle.—

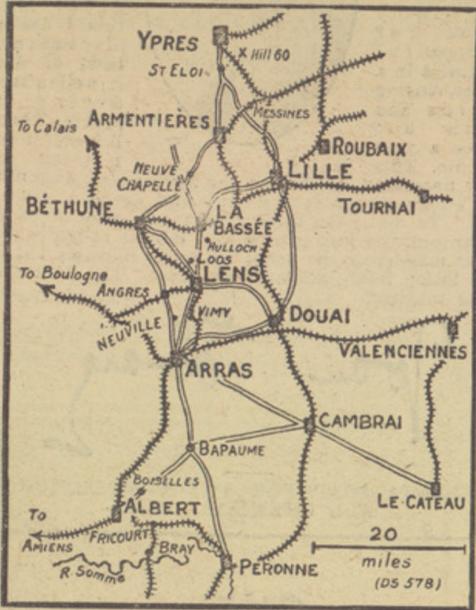
HEAVY GERMAN REPULSES IN ATTACKS NEAR VERDUN.

BRITISH FRONT TO BE ATTACKED NEXT?

Lure Of The Channel Coast Again Tempting The Kaiser.

'THROUGH YPRES TO CALAIS.'

Many Indications Of Coming Great Attack.



While the Battle of Verdun is wearing down to the old aspect of trench warfare the enemy is preparing for another desperate throw against some other part of the front.

Indications of various kinds suggest that this attack is to be made on the British front, and probably on that part of it near Ypres, where in October, 1914, and again in April and May last year, British troops barred the way to Dunkirk and Calais.

FORERUNNERS OF BIG EVENT.

Among the indications which point to the renewal of battle on the Yser front are the massing of heavy guns, troops and horses in Belgium, the storing of great quantities of ammunition, the activity of the German artillery factories in Flanders, and the evidence of impending changes of many kinds behind the German lines.

Other signs are the recrudescence of fighting at St. Eloi and other places south of it as far as Souchez, recently taken over by the British from the French.

It has always been obvious that if the great Verdun thrust failed the enemy headquarters must make another demonstration or submit to a loss of prestige hardly tolerable in the present state of German opinion.

As the enemy is playing a gambler's game it is certain that he will continue to throw for the highest stakes.

THREE VITAL POINTS.

In the British front there are three vital points:—

YPRES.—Commanding the shortest road to Calais.

LA BASSEE.—Commanding through railway route to Calais through Bethune and St. Omer.

ARRAS.—Commanding main railway to Boulogne.

One or more of these names, familiar both in the present and in old British wars, will soon be figuring in another battle of Verdun if this forecast is accurate.

At ARRAS peace was signed after Agincourt. At LA BASSEE Marlborough was checked by the French trenches after the victory of Malplaquet, near Mons.

YPRES was familiar to the soldiers of Marlborough and to an Irish regiment which fought against them.

Here, where the British troops stood one of the greatest onslaughts of the war in the first battle of Ypres, and where the Canadians first met the German poison gas, the mettle of the race may soon be tested once again.

BELGIAN ARTILLERY BUSY

Belgian Official News.

Sunday Night.

There has been great artillery activity along the front of the Belgian Army, especially in the region of Dixmude.

Near Steenstraete there has been bomb warfare.

GREAT ALL-DAY BATTLE TO THE WEST OF THE MEUSE.

Fierce German Attacks Repulsed On Eight-Miles Front.

DENSE ENEMY COLUMNS MOWN DOWN BY THE FRENCH.

PARIS, Sunday, 11 p.m.

In the Argonne our artillery carried out concentration of fire against the enemy communication roads.

Our heavy batteries shelled during the operations in the neighbouring sector important assemblages of troops and columns on the march.

In the Montfaucon-Nantillois district, near Hill 285, we exploded a mine which filled up the hostile trench for a considerable length, and destroyed a small post.

To the west of the Meuse a violent battle, which lasted all day, has been in progress on the whole of our front from Avocourt to Cumieres, and has even extended to the eastern bank of the river.

THE NEW FRENCH FRONT.

The premeditated evacuation of the Bethincourt salient, which was effected last night, had enabled us to establish a continuous line starting from the Avocourt Redoubt, running along the first wooded slopes to the west of Hill 304, then along the southern bank of the Forges brook to the north-east of Haucourt, and rejoining our positions a little to the south of the Bethincourt-Esnes and Bethincourt-Chattaucourt cross roads.

All this line, violently attacked by the enemy, resisted the most furious assaults.

GERMAN COLUMNS SCATTERED.

On the Morte Homme-Cumieres front the German offensive suffered a sanguinary defeat.

The enemy assaulting columns, which debouched in dense formations from the Cumieres wood, caught by our machine-gun and artillery fire, scattered, leaving hundreds of corpses on the ground.

All the attempts directed against the Mort Homme were also driven back with great losses.

A simultaneous offensive action directed against our positions between the Avocourt wood and the Forges brook met with a desperate resistance from our troops, who everywhere repulsed the enemy.

HUNS' SHORT-LIVED SUCCESS.

Finally, an attack against one of our works situated to the north-east of Avocourt at the southern edge of the wood, which had succeeded in setting foot for a moment in our trenches, was immediately driven out again by our counter-attack.

To the east of the Meuse there was very great activity on the part of the enemy artillery against our organisations on the Poivre (Pepper) Hill and in the Douaumont-Vaux region, as well as against the whole of our second lines.

Mastered by our curtain fire the infantry attacks did not succeed in debouching.

In the Woivre there was an intermittent bombardment.—Reuter.

BRIG.-GENERAL'S WEDDING.



Brigadier-General Hardern and Lady Violet Mills, sister of Lord Sondes, were married on Saturday.

FRENCH M.P.S IN ENGLAND.

The party of French Senators and Deputies who are paying a visit to London in return for that paid by British M.P.s to Paris arrived at Victoria last night. The visitors, who number 30, and include such well-known men as M. Pichon, M. d'Estournelles de Constant, and M. Franklin Bouillon, were met by Sir Edwin Cornwall and

FOKKER MONOPLANE FALLS IN BRITISH LINES.

Most Of Ground Won At St. Eloi Still Occupied By Our Troops.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Sunday, 9.57 p.m.

Yesterday a Fokker monoplane came down in our lines. The pilot was taken prisoner, and is unwounded.

To-day there has been artillery activity about Neuville St. Vaast, Souchez, the Hohenzollern Redoubt, Haisnes and Wytschaete.

Enemy sprang a mine in the Hohenzollern sector.

At St. Eloi our troops hold a considerable portion of the ground gained on March 27, including three out of the four main mine craters.

SWEDISH THREAT.

'May Be Difficult To Keep On Real Neutral Course.'

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.

A striking article appears in the *Dagens Nyheter*, the leading Stockholm newspaper.

It says some great war events are imminent.

'The eventual joint offensive of the Entente Powers will probably make it difficult for Sweden to keep on a real neutral course.'

'A full understanding between all official Swedish forces is therefore more than ever necessary.'—Central News.

CONCERT FIRE TRAGEDY.



Gladys Bragg (10), badly burned.



Linda Illman, condition critical.



Winifred Mailles (6), dead.

Little victims of the Hereford fire tragedy. Winifred Mailles was the only daughter of the organiser of the entertainment, which was for the soldiers' comforts fund. The sister of Gladys Bragg is among the dead.

USE FEWER MATCHES.

Excise Board's Concessions Spurned By The Manufacturers.

Although his Majesty's Honourable Board of Customs and Excise has offered to give match manufacturers a period of grace before the new tax need be paid, the trade is resolved to continue the strike against the Budget.

'The concession,' says the managing director of Bryant and May, Ltd., 'does not meet the unanswerable objections which we must continue to make against the imposition of the tax at all.'

One of Bryant and May's girls, Polly Casey, wants to lead a match-girls' march on Westminster to protest against the tax. Her mother took part in the successful agitation against Mr. Robert Lowe's tax proposals of 1871.

Meanwhile people must be economical with their matches. If the manufacturers persist in refusing to supply the dealers with matches, there will be a match famine in a few days, for already many shops are sold out.

BISHOP'S THREAT TO L.C.C.

Music-Hall Promenades: 'The Evil Must Stop.'

The Bishop of London, speaking at Huddersfield, said a fact which had not been published was that on March 1 he took a deputation to the London County Council with the object of laying evidence before that authority on the evils prevalent in his see in music-hall promenades and lounges connected with them.

He had clearly told the County Council that all the evidence would be published if they failed to stop the evil. They had put down night clubs in

5 a.m. Edition.

LIEBKNECHT'S QUERIES.

'Drilling British Prisoners To Fight For Germany.'

FORBIDDEN TO CONTINUE.

Uproarious Reichstag Scenes On The Truth About The War.

The last sitting of the Reichstag was again marked by uproarious scenes. The Military Estimates came up for debate and the votes for military camps were being discussed.

Dr. Liebknecht (Socialist), intervening in the debate, said: 'I repeat that I have documents in my hands showing that an agreement was made between the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Herr Zimmermann, and Sir Roger Casement (the Irish traitor) by which British prisoners of war were to be drilled to fight against England.'

Dr. Paasche, the Vice-President, interrupting, pointed out that these remarks had no connection with the Estimates.

FORCED INTO SERVICE.

Dr. Liebknecht replied: 'We have here a treasonable propaganda, officially encouraged, going on in these troop camps.'

After being called to order, Dr. Liebknecht continued: 'Mohammedan prisoners of war are also being systematically forced into service against their own country.' (The speaker was again called to order.)

Dr. Liebknecht: 'You are systematically gagging me.' (Shouts from all parts of the House of 'Traitor!' and 'You ought to be in an asylum!')

Dr. Liebknecht was then forbidden to continue his speech.

Subsequently the estimates for the Navy came up for debate.

Dr. Liebknecht was the only speaker, and criticised the submarine policy.

Dr. Paasche, the Vice-President, requested Dr. Liebknecht to drop this subject, as the submarine question had been settled by resolution of the Reichstag.

Dr. Liebknecht: At any rate, reasons for the change in the Admiralty must be discussed.

ABOVE CRITICISM.

Dr. Paasche replied that Secretaries of State were appointed by the Kaiser, and the Reichstag was not entitled to discuss reasons for changes in high offices.

Dr. Liebknecht continued his criticisms. The Vice-President asked the House whether it wished to listen further to Dr. Liebknecht. The House decided in the negative.

Dr. Liebknecht: 'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.'—Reuter.

DEFEAT 'ACCORDING TO PLAN.'

British Advance In Mesopotamia Due Only To Flooding Of Trenches!

Turkish Official News.

Via AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

In fighting on April 5 and 6 in some trenches occupied by one of our flying detachments on an advanced line 2½ miles east of our main sector at Felctrie (on the Tigris) we killed and wounded 1,500 of the enemy and took some prisoners.

One aeroplane was brought down.

This two days' battle took the following course:

As our trenches close to the river, which form part of our advanced line and are situated 2½ miles east of our main position, were flooded owing to the high water level and completely destroyed, our main force evacuated them, according to plan, on the evening of April 4, leaving behind only two companies.

On the morning of April 5 the enemy, who did not know the cause of the evacuation, bombarded these trenches for an hour and attacked them with three brigades.

Though our two companies had orders to retreat before these superior forces they nevertheless delayed the enemy by bayonet attacks and bombing, and then retreated to our main position.

At the same time our weak forces on the right bank of the Tigris, composed of outposts, also withdrew to the wing of our main position.

In the course of these attacks we discovered that a number of enemy troops were cut off by the morasses formed by the floods.

Encouraged by these skirmishes, the enemy, who received reinforcements, approached on April 6 at some points to within 800 yards of our main position and attempted an attack, but was forced by our counter-attack and heavy fire to retreat eastwards for 2½ miles, leaving behind a considerable number of dead and wounded.

The enemy's losses are estimated at 1,500, while ours were small.

On the morning of April 7 there was an artillery engagement.—Reuter.

(This Turkish official statement is the usual farrago of lies and nonsense issued from Constantinople, and is apparently intended to hide the defeat inflicted by the British force now attempting to relieve General Townshend. On the dates mentioned General Gorringe stormed the Turkish position at Umm-al-Hannah, capturing three enemy lines, and, pushing on, carried the next enemy position at Falahiyah. On the south bank General Keay, pressing forward, captured the

Hollweg And The Unappreciated Hun.



HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: "Ah, my dear Hollweg, like me, you and your clients get no justice in this world, but you will in the next—I will give it my personal attention!"—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

SMART YOUNG SOLDIERS OF LONDON'S IMPERIAL CADET YEOMANRY.



Imperial Cadet Yeomanry marching with soldierly smartness on their way to the Tower of London for inspection by the Lord Mayor.

My Hair, and How I Keep It in Good Condition.

By JOAN HAY.

(In this article Miss Joan Hay, the well-known Musical Comedy Actress, who is renowned for her wonderful Titian hair, tells how she treats it.)

Whether you have fair hair, dark hair, or red hair like poor me, you must, if you wish to keep it in good condition, bright, glossy and luxuriant, take great care of it.

Many girls neglect their hair most shamefully and then look nice—an expect it to utter impos-

I will just I "treat" I never brush it every matter how to bed or may be. Then regularly night. For teaspoonful granules in a water, rinsing wards and with hot twice a year a tonic. This very necessary, as during the Spring and Autumn one's hair always falls a little and needs a stimulant. To make the tonic I take an ounce of pure boranium and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. After massaging the scalp for a few minutes I dab this lotion freely amongst the roots. The result is quite magical.



tell you how mine. First, neglect to night, no late I may go how tired I I shampoo it every fort- this I use a of stallax bowl of hot it well after- drying it towels. Then I treat it to I think is very necessary, as during the Spring and Autumn one's hair always falls a little and needs a stimulant. To make the tonic I take an ounce of pure boranium and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. After massaging the scalp for a few minutes I dab this lotion freely amongst the roots. The result is quite magical.

Joan Hay

PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION. ALL CHEMISTS.—Advt.

BY APPOINTMENT

The Best People Buy the Best

Chivers Jellies

The World's Standard of Quality

The Institute of Hygiene in its Report says: The manufactures of Messrs. Chivers & Sons, Ltd., which have been carefully examined by us, are of the highest grade, and consumers may rest assured that these fruits, jams and jellies are the best produce of the orchard and prepared under ideal conditions.

INSIST UPON CHIVERS' Write for a dainty illustrated Booklet giving many ways of using Chivers' Jellies. Mention this paper. The Orchard Factory, Histon Cambridge

The Daily Sketch pays the highest prices for : pictures :

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER £1 A WEEK AND WAR BONUS?

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TREASON WITHOUT TEARS.

A FOOLISH and wicked young man who had a conscientious objection against taking human life has just taken his own life rather than serve his country. A little paper, once famous for its championing of good causes, commenting on this incident, says that he leaves a mother unprovided for, and asks the public to pity the young man and to curse the State. I wonder what his mother thinks! To such depths will passivism finally drag its victims! A man will commit the mortal sin of self-murder and leave his mother to starve rather than fight for the right. Need we trouble to call them passivists any longer? Is there not a better word for them?

BUT the young man was not a leader, though his action was endorsed by a representative passivist sheet. Well, Mr. George Lansbury is a leader, and while the militant suffragist movement was at its height he backed it up in all its violence. It is plain that though he believes in violence against the State he does not believe in violence in support of the State. In peace-time we should call such a man a rebel; in war time we must call him by a harsher name.

YET Lansbury is a consistent rebel, and he has suffered much for his opinions. But what shall be said of meaner men who were unfaithful to the cause of labour in peace time, as they are to the cause of the nation now? Is it not a disgrace to Britain that these men should be allowed to mouth their treason at their ease?

THE "Emergency National Convention" of the No-Conscription Fellowship was held at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, on Saturday, "to consider what steps should be taken in view of the treatment of conscientious objectors under the Military Service Act, and the consequent persecution that has now commenced." But the real object of the convention was given away by the chairman, Mr. Clifford Allen, who declared that "we have one alternative only to conscription, that is that this country should immediately enter upon peace negotiations."

SO now we know where we are. These precious fellows are deliberately playing the German game. They intend by "an unrelenting agitation" (to quote Allen once more) so to embarrass the Government that it shall be compelled to sue for peace. Of course, the suggestion is funny. Allen and his gang are not as powerful as all that. They are, in fact, a feeble folk, and some of you may be of opinion that it were better to leave them to froth away their traitorous little souls undisturbed.

BUT the reports in the Press of their mothers' meetings have a bad effect on our Allies and a stimulating effect on the enemy. Imagine how Wolff will wireless it from Berlin! "At a mass meeting of the people of London, the great thinker, Sir Clifford Allen, famous for his books, 'Mary had a little lamb,' 'Three blind mice,' and 'Half hours with the Kaiser,' declared, amidst tremendous applause, that the nation was all for peace." And Wolff will forget altogether to mention that the meeting was private—nay! secret—that cards of admission were scrutinised with the utmost care, and that admission was refused to unauthorised persons, with the aid of bags of flour. (A naive example of non-resistance!)

BUT apart from its effect abroad, the effect of this propaganda at home is horrible. It has caused this young man to commit suicide, it has caused many other young men to commit perjury, and it has caused at least one soldier, whose letter (if genuine) was read by the secretary, Mr. Fenner Brockway, to commit an offence for which the just punishment is death.

WHEN will the Government gag these men?

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

Young Earl Lieutenant—Duke Of Orleans, Theatre-goer—Peerage For "The Squire."



Sandhurst Pass List.

THERE ARE fewer well-known names than usual in the "pass in" list for Sandhurst, but I notice that of Allen Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes among them. He was eighteen last September, and is the youngest son of Lord Saye and Sele by his marriage, in 1884, with Miss Marion Lawes, of Old Park. All the new cadet's elder brothers are busily engaged with the Forces. Another famous old family is represented by Brian Ramsay-Fairfax-Lucy, second surviving son of the third baronet of that portmanteau name.

A Nephew Of Marconi.

THE LIST also includes the Hon. Donough Edward Foster O'Brien, the eldest son of Lord Inchiquin, who goes into the Rifle Brigade, in which his father served. This young officer, who completed his nineteenth year in January, has among his many aunts Mrs. Guglielmo Marconi, the wife of the inventor, and now a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy. Second-Lieutenant O'Brien claims to be a descendant of one of the Irish kings, and the barony to which he will succeed is nearly 400 years old.

A Peer For The Royal Fusiliers.

AMONG the other cadets gazetted is the Earl of Shannon, one of the group of minors. Lord Shannon, who is in his nineteenth year, has been posted to the Royal Fusiliers. He succeeded his father, who held a commission in the Rifle Brigade, rather over nine years ago. Recently the family has favoured the senior service, three of the young officer's uncles being in the Navy—one, the Hon. R. F. Boyle, having reached flag rank.

To-day's Wedding.

TO-DAY'S SOCIAL event takes place at Brompton Parish Church, and though there will be none of the rather garish display which marked another important wedding, there will be a big crowd of friends to see Major Edric Forester married to that beautiful young war widow, Lady Victoria Legge Bourke. Major Forester, who was severely wounded earlier in the war, is sixth son of the fifth Lord Forester, and lost an elder brother at Ypres. Lady Victoria is youngest of the five daughters of Lord Lincolnshire, and had Queen Victoria as sponsor in person—a rare honour. She married when only 20 Mr. Nigel Legge Bourke. A son, who had Queen Alexandra for sponsor, was born in May, 1914, and Mr. Legge Bourke was killed five months later.

—(Lillie Charles.)

With The Conscientious Objectors.

I WENT TO THE Conscientious Objectors' bean-feast in Bishopsgate on Saturday afternoon, because I thought it would be amusing. Frankly and unashamedly I admit that I had an idea there would be some scrapping. But it was a waste of some sunny hours, and the Friends' Meeting House, filled with young men with consciences, and stuffy accordingly, did not prove an attractive place. Besides, what little fighting there was occurred outside, and the C.O.s shut the windows in order that their susceptible souls might not be affected even by the sound of battle.

Their Liberty.

THE YOUTHS who got up and made speeches to attempt to prove that they were high-souled martyrs in order to veil the true and primitive state of affairs—that they didn't want to risk their skins in khaki—I will pass over. They have already received the advertisement they so eagerly desire. But here was real treason rampant, and the authorities allowing it to "ramp" and giving police to protect it. Yet the C.O.s inside were screaming about encroachments on their liberty!

Encouragement.

HOWEVER, there is a serious side to this No-Conscription business. It is as easy to make fun of these shaggy-haired shirkers as it is difficult to resist assault and battery when you have to listen to their speeches. But here, in the heart of the City of London, with the greatest war of all time in full swing, were hundreds of young men of fighting age not only parading their cowardice, but applauding rank sedition. And there were Philip Snowden, Dr. Clifford, George Lansbury, and others on the platform to minister to their needs. Messages, too, of encouragement from Ramsay MacDonald and Sir William Byles.

Why Not A Powder Tax?

IF HE has to abandon his match and railway taxes, Mr. McKenna might consider powder and powder-puffs. I was dining the other night at a place much frequented by beautiful ladies, to whom the powder-puff is apparently indispensable. I had a little bet with the man with me as to which of two damsels would go through the powdering business most often, but when my candidate hauled the thing out for the ninth time before she was through with the chicken, he gave in, and paid up like a Briton and a soldier.

Mr. Chaplin's Peerage.

THE PEERAGE for Mr. Chaplin (Henry, not Charlie) will, I think, be popular with everyone.



He has had a long life of public service, 48 years of which have been spent in the House of Commons. Here's wishing him many more in the House of Lords. He has been Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, President of the Board of Agriculture and President of the Local Government Board. Little wonder that at the age of 75 he expressed his intention of not seeking re-election. He is the typical "squire" of the old days with the interests of the country—the land—at heart, and not quite such clothes as the caricaturist has given him. Only last year he was vigorously presiding at a Rural League luncheon and showing us how to capture League trade. To see and hear him is like a breath of the good old days. He is old enough, as he has confessed, to remember the days of duels—the real pistols for two and coffee for one kind of thing—between English gentlemen, and there have been recent occasions in the House of Commons when he has thought the good old course would have been more English than the prevarication and flat contradictions between members of the same Cabinet. He is a son-in-law of the third Duke of Devonshire, and has won the Derby.

The Trench Sense.

MEN WHO have been some months in the trenches acquire an uncanny knack, so I am told, that enables them to judge when something is going to happen. A newly arrived officer was going round a section of trench the other day with an old-established sergeant, when suddenly the latter remarked: "Let's shift now, sir. It's going to be hot here in a little while." Two minutes later a rifle grenade landed and burst in that very bay.

Zeppexcuse.

BECAUSE IT seemed unfair to husbands to tell it earlier, I have reserved this little true story till the arrival of the moon stopped Zepp. raids for the present. One night last week I was asking a restaurant manager whether raids were bad for his business. "Well," he said, "for family parties they are. But for husbands who live in the suburbs they're great, and I'm generally booked up with them for supper. You see, whatever time they get home they can say it was the stoppage of the trains!"

Psychology Of The Boche.

A LIAISON officer with the French Army told me of an instance of the weird Boche psychology he had observed in the recent hard fighting around Avocourt. Among the German prisoners was a wounded Jaeger—an earnest, bespectacled little man—who bore what was seemingly terrific agony with a wonderful imperturbability. Poilu bore him tenderly down to the dressing station—the Jaeger nonchalantly puffing at a cigarette the while—when the whistle of a German shell came overhead, and Poilu was consumed with laughter to see the helpless hero jump from the stretcher and dash, yelling, for cover!

Gallantry On The 'Bus.

HOLBORN way yesterday a 'bus slowed down in spite of the energetic pulls of the fairly fair conductrix to make it move on. The driver had jumped off his box, rushed to a flower-seller on the other side of the street, and, returning to the now indignant conductrix, presented her with a radiant smile and a bunch of daffodils. Unfortunately the man discovered he had no change, and so the object of his attention had to fork out herself—at any rate, for the time being.

Duke Of Orleans At The Play.

THE Duke of Orleans was enjoying a musical comedy Shaftesbury-avenue way on Saturday afternoon. He has a penchant for diamond rings, like his great friend, King Manoel, and he wore, too, a fleur-de-lis of diamonds as a tie-pin. Several times he smiled. With him was Queen Amélie, dressed in dark taffetas on tulle, or, maybe, crêpe de Chine. Anyhow, her hat was distinctly of the stereotyped shape favoured by Royalties of all nations.

"The Girl From Upstairs."

THERE WERE some folk in the gallery on Saturday night who shouted "Rubbish!" at the close of the new farce, "The Girl from Upstairs." Now, all farces are rubbish, but sometimes they are amusing rubbish. "The Girl from Upstairs" is at present not very amusing, but I see no reason why it shouldn't become amusing in the near future. The author, Stanley Cooke, ought to know the farce business by this for he has played "Charley's Aunt" many hundreds of times.

Lewis Sydney's Chance.

MARGOT KELLY has an affected voice and is not any great shakes as an actress. But Frederick Ross, Reginald Owen, whose legs seem to have doubled in length since last I saw him, and Michael Sherbrooke are experienced enough to make any show go when given half a chance. As for Lewis Sydney, after wandering in the wilderness of revue, he has in "Adolfe" plenty of scope for his own inimitable style, and manages to be intensely funny throughout.

Merlin Morgan.

THIS IS THAT cheerful soul, Merlin Morgan, who has been a theatrical musical director for some considerable time. He is the part-composer of the music of "Toto," which, with Mabel Russell in the cast, is due some time next week. This is not his debut as a composer, for he has many charming songs to his credit, and he wrote the "Pom-Pom" dance which Phyllis Monkman made rather famous a year ago. Merlin Morgan's equal devotion to the more serious side of music is proved by the fact that for many years he acted as organist at a West End church, and taught some members of Mr. Lloyd George's family to play the piano. From this last piece of information, as well as from his name, you may gather that he is a Welshman.

W. B. Yeats's Latest.

AFTER A LONG period of comparative inactivity Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet dramatist, has broken out in a new place. He has just completed a comedy in everyday prose that runs into two acts and is entitled "The Player Queen." From what I hear it is comedy of the very best, too, with a literary relish thrown in. It will probably be first produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

Russian Music.

I HAVE JUST been looking through a handy little collection of Russian soldier songs. Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, the great authority on Russian music, who wrote a life of Tchaikovsky, has given them English words, the idea being that British soldiers will sing them on the march and add them to their existing repertoire. I hope they will, for they are fine tunes, although, like all Russian music, rather on the doleful side. But somehow I think that the transplantation of folk song is a biggish, if not impossible, proposition.

And The Tsar's Tommies.

THE RUSSIAN "swoddy" (Tommy) is a most musical person. But since the war started it is the rarest possible thing to hear a military band in any Russian town. But there is no marching without music, and "swoddy" supplies it himself by singing. A choir is a recognised part of every Russian company, and in each there is a leader or chanter who first sings the tune over as a solo. Then all the others join in the chorus and let it rip.

This Is Classics, This Is.

AS CURIOUS a name for a soldier (or for anyone else) as I ever saw is that of an Irishman who is called Pedester. He isn't in the cavalry, either.

MR. GOSSIP.

TO SAVE GENERAL TOWNSHEND FROM GENERAL GORDON'S FATE.



With the Relieving Force on the way to Kut. An open-air service within a few yards of the trenches.



Some of the prisoners captured by the Kut Relief Force, which has just won an important victory. There are many Arab tribes fighting with the Turks. Will the relief force marching to Kut-el-Amara be in time to save General Townshend and his gallant little army? In the eyes of the public General Townshend is another General Gordon. Some day we shall know the full story of the Mesopotamia campaign.

SAVED HUN RAIDERS.



Skipper Elleston, of the Hill patrol ship, rescued seventeen Germans from the Zeppelin L15.

GAVE THEIR PENCE TO PROVIDE AN ARMY AMBULANCE.



Some of the little subscribers to the motor ambulance given by Wandsworth school-children to the 13th (Mayor's Battalion) East Surrey Regiment.

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE.

The " "



This tiny tot from the Neasden Poor Law Home sacrificed her Sunday cake to have some to carry to wounded soldiers.



General H. B. Williams, C.B., and Lady Williams leaving the Palace.

The upper picture was a No-Conscription type of the Men who Serve the Motherland which has had the misfortune of bearing them.

THE FUNERAL OF A GREAT AMERICAN



The burial of Sir Gerard Lowther in the churchyard of Campsea Rector, Essex, followed by another daughter.

"Save Our Skins" Brigade.

THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

CHARITY'S SACRIFICE.



Lieut.-Commander Arthur Warden, R.N., received the 1st class Albert Medal for extinguishing a fire on an ammunition ship.



Lieut.-Colonel Duncan's newly-conferred decoration is admired by his wife.

...the platform," the lower the audience, at Saturday's meeting of the Fellowship. What did the women present really think of their "heroes"?

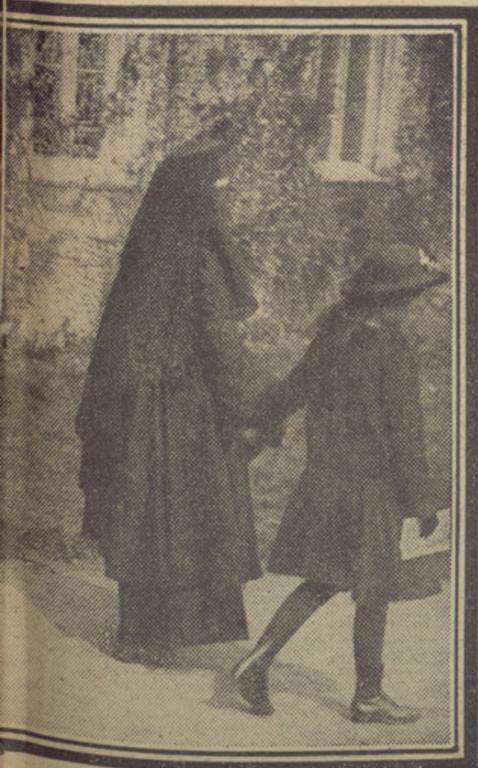
...lowship were filling a meeting room in Bishopsgate with shrieks against the "disgrace" of wearing khaki in defence of heroes who are proud of their khaki were meeting at Buckingham Palace to be decorated by the King. Contrast these and even the children who sacrifice, with the "men" of the "Save-our-Skins" brigade.



These two pretty children were among the victims of the Hereford fire tragedy. Peggy Beard (left), aged 5, is in a critical condition, and Connie Bragg is dead.

EMBASSADOR OF EMPIRE.

MASCOT'S DOUBLE CHANNEL TRIP.



...Suffolk. Sir Gerard was a successful Ambassador to the Turk. Our photograph shows the Speaker of the House of Commons.

"Zum," the mascot, of Flight-Commander Smyth-Piggot, D.S.O., has flown the Channel twice with his master.



The elder girl escaped, but little Violet Corey has died of burns. To conscientious objectors—Two of these children were burned to death and one of the others seriously injured while raising funds for soldiers. (Story on page 2.)

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13/9—**LADY'S** most handsome 5-stone, Half-hoop **OPAL** (by Lefaiet), as supplied to officers in the Army and Navy; 10-lens magnification power; 50 miles range; shows bull's mark at 1,000 yds.; wide field; saddles made case; week's free trial; worth £3 3s. 0d.; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.

13/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased **KEYLESS LEVER** WATCH, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 13s. 6d. Approval before payment.

3/9—**LADY'S** Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 18ct. gold (stamped filled), in velvet case. Bargain, 4s. 9d. Approval willingly.

4/9—**PRETTY NECKLET**, with heart pendant attached, set Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 18ct. gold (stamped filled), in velvet case. Bargain, 4s. 9d. Approval willingly.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped filled) solid links, curb pattern, 12s. 6d. Approval.

27/6 (Worth £5 5s. 0d.)—**LADY'S** Solid Gold English Hall-marked **WATCH BRACELET**, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial. 27s. 6d. Approval.

14/6—**LADY'S** Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; 14s. 6d. Approval.

19/9—**LADY'S** Troussart; 18 Superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc.; worth £3 3s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval willingly.

8/6—**MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET**, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped filled in velvet case; sacrifice 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.

59/6 (Worth £12 12s. 0d.)—Gent's Solid Gold English Chronograph Stop Watch (Exam. R. Stanton, London), timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 59s. 6d.

14/6—**LADY'S** handsome 18-ct. **GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET**; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

9/9 (Worth £1 1s.).—Pair full-size **BLANKETS**; exceptionally choice, superfine quality; sacrifice, 9s. 9d.

22/6 (Worth £3 10s.).—GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey high-class tailor; splendid quality; latest West-End style and finish; never worn; breast, 35in., waist, 36in., leg 32½in.; great bargain, sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), PAWNBROKERS, 28, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.

BABY looks like a Boy in her new crawlers.—Combination knicker-overall, with pocket, saxe or rose casement cloth, keep romping children clean; elastic at knee; 2½ years and under, 2s. Post free; approval.—**FENWICK, LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

CASH by return. Old False Teeth, Old Gold and Silver, Jewellery, Cut Glass, Antiques, Plate, Highest value given. Birmingham Manufacturing Co., 5, New-st., Birmingham.

CHINA.—100 Perfect Pieces, consisting of Dinner Set for 12, Tea and Breakfast Set for 12, Teapot, 3 Jugs, Hot-water Jug. All to match, beautifully finished. Perfect delivery guaranteed. Catalogue Free.—Vincent Pottery, Burslem.

DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly, permanently; trial free, privately.—Carlton Chemical Co., 718, Birmingham.

NEW NOTIONS IN SPRING MILLINERY.



Without Blemish
Do you realise the difference between an artificial complexion and that perfect loveliness which is Nature's choicest gift—an attribute of youth and health?
"Cyclax" Complexion Cachets prepared in strict accordance with the private formula of Mrs. Hemming—beauty consultant to Royalty—banish every blemish and enable you to attain this radiant loveliness by natural means. In Boxes, 3/- and 8/-.
FREE TREATMENT and BROCHURE.
Sample Cachets and Valuable Book entitled 'Cultivation of Natural Beauty,' FREE on receipt of 2d. stamps postage.
'CYCLAX' SALONS,
58, South Molton St., London, W.
Telephones:—
"Cyclax" Treatment Salons.
Gerrard 4689 Gerrard 6094



Besides the pearl hatpins, this quill, worn latest style, is the only trimming.



Giant violets and foliage completely cover this saucepan-shaped hat of straw.



Oxford and Cambridge blues are blended in the ribbons trimming this satin hat.



A flat toque of black satin, wreathed with roses and marguerites.—(Manuel.)

DAILY SKETCH PATTERNS: A BECOMING BLOUSE TO MAKE AT HOME.

The woman who makes her own blouses has discovered one of the foremost dress economics, as well as a delightful hobby, for blouse-making, provided a good pattern is obtained, is as fascinating as any branch of fancy needlework.

To-day's *Daily Sketch* pattern will enable any beginner in home-dressmaking to put together a charming blouse. The cape collar gives the blouse an up-to-date air and is very becoming, but if a still simpler blouse is required it may be omitted. The blouse may be made in plain material without any decoration, or it could be made in white and bordered, from where hem-stitching is indicated in the sketch, by a coloured or patterned material. The three big buttons and the slant-wise buttonholes are in themselves a smart finish.

Patterns, price 6d., or 7d. post free, may be obtained only from the Pattern Dept., *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C. Three sizes are supplied, to fit 22in., 24in. and 28in. waists. Applicants should state the size required and ask for Pattern 1,024.

This pattern is one which may commend itself to intending competitors in Class II. (eleven) of the *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competition, as the design is an especially adaptable one and

will lend itself to many materials and schemes of decoration.



Daily Sketch Pattern 1,024—A Becoming Blouse.

HATS for EASTER BY POST

Here are two examples of the value to be obtained from Marshall & Snelgrove, Post Order Department. The first is a Tegal, trimmed self-coloured picot ribbon band and underlining, in saxe, purple, navy, rose, nigger, white and black.

The second hat shown is a pretty Chinese Straw, trimmed fancy band and bow in cerise, navy, purple, nigger, saxe and black.



10/9 POST PAID

WRITE FOR HAT BOOKLET No. 11 B. Posted free on request.



12/6 POST PAID

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE LIMITED OXFORD STREET LONDON W

No Flour Wasted
in spoilt bakings if you raise with Brown & Polson's kitchen famous

"Paisley Flour"
The SURE raising powder.

Everything comes out light, delicious and wholesome. No heavy indigestible patches in Paisley-raised—

Cakes, Jam Sandwich, Scones, Swiss Roll, Buns, Pastries.

One part "Paisley Flour" to eight of ordinary flour makes the perfect self-raising flour.



7½d., 4d. and 1d. packets.

NATURE'S WAY.
Oatine cleanses Nature's way. It removes accumulation of dust and dirt from the pores that soap and water cannot reach. It brings the perfect beauty of health to the plainest face and banishes wrinkles. Give Nature a chance to make you beautiful. Get a jar to-day.
In white jars, 1½ and 2½. Ask for—

Oatine FACE CREAM

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

GREATEST SALE EVER KNOWN.
SECONDHAND FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c. (MODERN and ANTIQUE).
500 BED-ROOM SUITES, complete, walnut, mahogany, Chippendale, Sheraton, ash, oak, etc., ranging from 3 guineas.
OVER 600 BEDSTEADS, complete, from 21s. upwards.
DINING-ROOM FURNITURE, every character, Chippendale, Jacobean, Hepplewhite, etc. Suites from 4 guineas.
DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE, every period at low prices.
COLLECTION of TALLBOYS, antique chests, secretaries, PIANOS, over 40 to clear, from 7 guineas upwards.
12,000 CARPETS.—Mirzapore, Turkey, Aubusson, Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, and art squares, from 7s. 6d.
70 CHESTERFIELDS from 3 guineas. Lounge Chairs from 14s. 6d.

CURZON'S FURNITURE DEPOSITORIES,
272, PENTONVILLE RD., KING'S CROSS, LONDON, N.
Goods selected will be stored free by us until required.
Orders packed free for country and sent carriage free.

BREAK-UP OF TRAFALGAR-SQ. DEMONSTRATION.

Suffragists Pelted With Bags Of Red And Yellow Ochre.

Violent scenes marked the break-up in Trafalgar-square yesterday afternoon of a demonstration organised by the East London Women's Suffrage Federation to protest "against the restriction of popular liberties."

A large crowd, suspecting the demonstrators of association with the no-conscriptionists and peace cranks, waited in the square, and made a rush as soon as the women's processions appeared.

Banners and flags were torn to shreds, and in a few moments the square was filled with a mass of struggling people. Women became hysterical and fainted, and the police were powerless to restore order.

In the uproar Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, with some of her supporters, mounted the plinth of the Nelson Column and began to speak. As soon as she began to condemn the Military Service Act her voice was drowned by groans, and a bag of red ochre struck one of her followers.

A reference to the Clyde drew a fusillade of oranges and bags of flour and red and yellow ochre, which lasted for some minutes. Then a soldier tried to climb on to the plinth, and the struggle that followed led to a rush and an attempt by other soldiers to mount the platform from all sides.

Suffragists fought with the crowd, and men and women fell from the plinth on to the people below. The struggle was beginning to assume an ugly look when the police closed the meeting and escorted Miss Pankhurst to safety.

Soldiers took possession of the plinth, and, after cheers for "the boys out there" and popular leaders, sang the National Anthem and dispersed.

NO-CONSCRIPTIONISTS' DESPAIR.

Several hundred healthy young men crowded into the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate, on Saturday afternoon to applaud some orators who told them that they were acting in a high-minded and conscientious manner in refusing to fight for their country. In short, this was a field-day for the Conscientious Objectors.

Despairing messages from "comrades" who are already "undergoing persecution" (i.e., who under the Military Service Act have become conscripts) were read to the accompaniment of cheers and murmurs of sympathy.

It was deemed advisable to close the windows to drown the shouts of people in the street who objected to Conscientious Objectors, and to forbid applause, as being likely to goad the besieging "militarists" into attempting sterner measures.

POLICE STOP MEETING.

An anti-Conscriptionist speaker was attacked in Finsbury Park yesterday morning by a large crowd of soldiers and civilians, and was with much difficulty rescued by a strong body of police.

The meeting was stopped by the police and the speakers escorted from the park amid a storm of derision and the singing of "God Save the King."

HOW TO BECOME A SERGEANT.

All those recruits who have ambitions to become non-commissioned officers in double-quick time should get "Rapid Training of Recruits," which an instructor has written for Gale and Polden. Published at 1s. 6d., it contains more practical hints to the square inch than any other booklet of the kind that we have seen.

How I Permanently Removed An Ugly Growth Of Superfluous Hair.

By MARIETTA DI TERGOLINA
(The well-known Mezzo-Soprano).

The use of grease paint, as almost everyone who has used it night after night knows, is very liable to induce a growth of superfluous hair upon the face. I was no exception to the rule, and although only in my early twenties I found to my horror quite a strong peeping upon caused me until a friend use of a little mixed into a few drops of very doubtful sult, but had to be so I procured this powder mist and ap manner sug ch eminol hair at the tion, and the started using paste, and continued doing so for several weeks. At the end of this period I could find no trace of hair whatever, not even with a magnifying glass, and since then I have never been troubled with the slightest suspicion of the disfiguring growth returning. I consider the discovery of this peminol to be the greatest boon on earth.



Marietta di Tergolina

PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION.
ALL CHEMISTS.—Advt.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS WIN AT RUGBY.



The New Zealanders rush the South Africans—an exciting moment in a Rugby match played at Richmond on Saturday, when the New Zealanders won.

EARL'S DAUGHTER IN DIVORCE.

Husband Aboard Hogue—When She Went Down: Judge's Severe Comments.

What the judge described as one of the saddest cases that had ever been before him was heard in Dublin on Saturday.

It was a petition for divorce a mensa et thoro brought by Commander Reginald Gore, Royal Navy, of Ballinahinch, County Clare, against his wife, Lady Viola Gore, who is the only daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Premier Earl of England and Hereditary Seneschal or Lord High Steward of Ireland.

The commander alleged misconduct by his wife with Walter Arnold Conduit, residing in Hants. There was no defence in connection with the divorce petition, and there was also heard the action by the Commander against Conduit for crim. con. with his wife.

The Commander was aboard the Hogue when that cruiser was torpedoed, and counsel said he was looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to falling in the service of his country.

In granting a decree, Justice Dodd said the commander had acted with forbearance and kindness.

The judge said that had the matter been left to him he would have awarded £5,000, or even the £10,000 claimed.

It was a grave matter, he added, that this impecunious man should be mousing about and destroying the virtue of women, and go scot free because he was a pauper—penal servitude for life was the least punishment that should be given to a scoundrel like him.

Judgment for £1,000 damages and costs was entered.

BLINDED SOLDIER SEES HIS BABY FOR FIRST TIME.

Shell-Shock Effects Dispelled By Hypnotic Suggestion.

Driver John Martin, R.F.A., of Balham, was blinded by shell-shock at the Battle of the Marne in 1914. His sight has now been restored by hypnotic suggestion.

For seventeen weeks he was in hospital. When his wounds were healed he went to St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, where Mr. C. A. Pearson is doing such splendid work for blinded soldiers. There he was given lessons in Braille. Eight months ago he left, apparently blind for life.

A week ago a friend read that Mr. Alexander Erskine, of 41, Great Cumberland-place, in cases where no serious lesion or smashing had occurred, had been able to restore sight by hypnotic suggestion, and sent Driver Martin to him. After two "sleeps" Martin found that he could see, and the shock was so great that he fainted twice.

His chief delight now is to see his baby of 15 months.

SPORT BY THE WAY.

Newman is leading Gray by 9,848 to 7,002. In beating Fulham by 6 to 3 Chelsea brought their total of goals for the season to 102.
Nat Brooks outpointed Tom Gardner, West Bromwich, in ten rounds at West Bromwich.
Inman 18,000, Reece (receives 1,000) 17,676, were the final scores in the match at the National Sporting Club.
Both Thomson and Buchan (Chelsea) have now 32 goals to their credit for the season, and they head the list of scorers.
The popular M.C. at the Ring, George Harris, received news on Saturday night of the death of his eldest son, George Harris, jun., who had not reached his 21st birthday, was killed in action.
Billy Williams, Bethnal Green, outpointed Sergeant Zimmer, Hampshire Regiment, and George Burns, Bethnal Green, dealt similarly with Lance-Corporal Charlie Preston, East Surrey Regiment, in 15-round contests at the Ring on Saturday.
To-day's boxing.—National Sporting Club—Sapper Ben Callcott v. Alec Lambert, fifteen rounds. The Ring (Matinee)—Fred Housego v. Young Joe Brooks, twenty rounds; night, Louis Ruddle v. Curly Pullman. Hoxton (matinee)—Corporal Fullerton v. Willie Farrell.

LINGFIELD RACING.

Bosket Left At The Post In Race Won By All Serene.

At Lingfield on Saturday a nice field of three-year-olds went to the post for the Starborough Handicap, but a fair proportion of them were not in a condition to do themselves justice.

The three Newmarket-trained candidates—Bosket, Theovil, and All Serene, were in good trim, however, and they, along with Jack Annandale, carried the bulk of the money.

Bosket got no chance of showing whether there was any justification for the support accorded him, as he was left at the post and took no part in the race.

All Serene was always in the front rank, and after disposing of George Graves, he had sufficient in reserve to stall off a challenge from Reigning Monarch and win by a length and a half.

The betting on the Home-Bred Juvenile Plate suggested an open race, but such did not prove to be the case. Milbric, one of the joint favourites, a good-looking son of Minoru, had matters all his own way, and Childs had not to ask his mount for a serious effort.

Trevella did not take the nearest way home in the Chiddingstone Maiden Plate, but he still won by four lengths from Nisus.

Tabor won both selling races, the Sackville Handicap with the hurdler My Birthday, and the Chipstead Juvenile Plate with Boom. The former was well backed, but the latter did not have a quotation.

With the apprentice allowance claimed for Verge in the Reigate Handicap his penalty was partially neutralised, but even then he was beaten into third place, Yankee Pro landing a 20 to 1 chance by a neck from Bedsread.

GIMCRACK.

WINNERS AND PRICES.

- 1.0—Sackville Handicap.—My Birthday, 4 to 1.
- 1.30—Chipstead Plate.—Boom, 100 to 8.
- 2.0—Chiddingstone Plate.—Trevella, 11 to 8.
- 2.30—Starborough Handicap.—All Serene, 7 to 1.
- 3.0—Home-Bred Juvenile Plate.—Milbric, 4 to 1.
- 3.30—Reigate Handicap.—Yankee Pro, 20 to 1.

FOOTBALL SUMMARY.

LONDON COMBINATION.

- West Ham United (Mackey 2, Puddefoot) 3, Brentford (White) 1.
- *Chelsea (Thomson 4, Buchan 2) 6, Fulham (Shields 2, White) 3.
- *Clapton Orient (Layton) 1, Queen's Park Rangers (Hicks) 1.
- *Millwall (Davis 3) 3, Luton Town 0.
- *Reading (Lalhouse) 1, Crystal Palace (Sanders) 1.
- *Tottenham Hotspur (Clay, Bliss, Bassett) 3, The Arsenal (Lees, Chipperfield) 2.
- Croydon Common (Kirby, Dawson) 2, Watford 0.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.

- *Barnsley (Moore, Tunnell, Palmer) 3, Bradford 0.
- *Bradford City (Fox, Logan) 2, Huddersfield Town (Elliott, Mann) 2.
- *Derby County (Burton 2, Davies, Timmins) 4, Nottingham Forest (Finlay) 1.
- *Grimsby Town (Huxford, Young 5, W. Rippon) 7, Rotherham County (Lloyd) 1.
- *Leeds City (Wilson 2, Peart) 3, Rochdale (Walker) 1.
- *Lincoln City (Egerton 2, Barrell) 3, Sheffield Wednesday 0.
- *Sheffield County (Bird) 1, Leicester Fosse (Atterbury) 1.
- *Sheffield United (Simmons, Gillespie) 2, Hull City 0.
- *Stoke (Herbert 3, Turner, Ellis, Boxley) 2, Chesterfield Town (Revell) 1.

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.

- *Blackpool (Latheron, Quinn 3) 4, Bury (Mason, Bird) 2.
- *Bolton Wanderers (Smith, Vizard) 2, Burnley 0.
- *Everton (Clennell 2, Rigby) 3, Manchester United (Forster) 1.
- *Manchester City (Jones, Brennan, Barnes) 3, Stockport Co. (Mitton, Waterall) 2.
- *Oldham Athletic (Wolstenholme, Cashmore) 2, Liverpool (Watson) 1.
- *Southport Central (Caulfield 2, Abrams) 3, Preston North End (McCall, Morris) 2; 3.
- *Home team.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Glenock Morton 1, Aberdeen 0; Celtic 2, Falkirk 0; Partick Thistle 2, Clyde 1; Dumbarton 2, Hibernians 1; Dundee 2, Kilmarnock 0; Hamilton Acads. 1, Third Lanark 0; Heart of Midlothian 5, Queen's Park 3; St. Mirren 5, Motherwell 0; Glasgow Rangers 3, Raith Rovers 0; Ayr United 2, Airdrieonians 0.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Swindon 1, Newport County 0; Bristol City 2, Cardiff City 0.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—1st Life Guards 4, R.A.M.C. (Woolwich) 1; Portsmouth 7, Southampton 0; R.N. Division 2, R.N.A.S. 0; Norwich City 4, 2/5 Black Watch 3.

RUGBY UNION.—North of England 13, Anzacs 11; New Zealanders 5, South Africans 3; London Schools 24, County Schools 5.

AMERICAN COTTON (close).—New York 6 to 10, and New Orleans 7 to 9 points up. Base steady.

INSOMNIA

Many people spend half the night, not in sleeping, but in worrying over their affairs, and consequently arise feeling more tired than when they go to bed.

The cause of the trouble is often nothing more than indigestion, which brings palpitation of the heart, a disordered nervous system, and mental unrest.

An excellent thing to counteract sleeplessness is a cup of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk taken before retiring. It nourishes the body, soothes the nerves, and is so easily digested that it can be taken even by the most delicate without the least fear of disagreeing. In all cases of Insomnia and Nervous Dyspepsia it is extremely beneficial. It is made in a moment, hot water only being required.

TESTIMONY.—"I have been compelled to abstain from taking tea, coffee, and cocoa for over eight months. I can truly say that your Cocoa and Milk has simply worked wonders with me. I have always been able to retain it, and have found it most soothing and satisfying, and of the greatest assistance in promoting sleep."

Tins, 2/6, 1/6 and 6d. (special Midget Tin), of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return, post free, for 3d. Mention *Daily Sketch*, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

Savory & Moore's COCOA & MILK

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH.

Some Good Advice By A Specialist.

If you are losing strength, tire easily, lack ambition and confidence to do things, and feel discouraged, it does not matter whether the cause is from illness, late hours, drinking, smoking, or over-indulgence of any kind, you are in danger of suffering a complete breakdown unless proper treatment is secured at once.

Strength can only be obtained from the food you eat. Therefore, if you are using up more energy each day than you obtain from your food, your case is hopeless until you can reverse the order of things and increase your strength in proportion to the amount you draw upon it.

To get back your old-time strength and energy spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply, and get a little Sargol from Boots or any other good Chemist, and take one tablet with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return to you. Stomach troubles will vanish, ambition return, and you will feel a keen desire again for both work and pleasure. Sargol has increased strength and nerve power in many cases more than 300 per cent. In fact, a little Sargol, with three meals a day, will give you more strength and energy than 12 meals would give you without it.

Therefore, if you are run down, are constantly losing strength, are irritable, or your nerves are off, get a 3s. box of Sargol to-day. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside.—Advt.

STOPS FALLING HAIR.

This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add:

- Bay Rum 1 oz.
- Orlex Compound A small box.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—Advt.

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or head noises, go to your chemist, and get 1 oz. of Farnint (double strength), add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4 oz. of granulated sugar. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day.

This will often bring instant relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stops dropping into the throat.

It is easy to make, tastes pleasant, and costs little. Everyone who has catarrh should give this treatment a trial. You will find it is just what you need.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

The Rear-Admiral's Jealousy.

During the rest of the evening Betty created a deep impression by her subdued manner. She spoke, only when addressed, in a little, soft voice that the men found every bit as fascinating as her former bright badinage.

"Is something bothering you?" Vivian asked her gently.

Betty shook her head. "I think I am a wee bit tired; I should like to go to bed if you don't mind, Vivian."

He declared that he would be able to amuse himself during her absence. The squire and the Rear-Admiral were talking of finishing the evening with a game of chess. Vivian said he had letters to write, and he kissed Betty tenderly on both her cheeks.

"Sleep well, beloved, and don't come down to breakfast."

Betty looked up at him with an expression of rapt devotion. The Rear-Admiral watched her, and thought how lovely and womanly she was with that sweet surrender in her eyes.

He felt a little jealous of Vivian. He wished wistfully that he might have his long-lost daughter all to himself. He had not yet had an opportunity of asking her the many questions he wished answered. He knew that she had been on the stage for some time, and that she had married a man who, the squire told him privately, had earned an unenviable reputation; but of the years that had passed between Betty's birth and womanhood he as yet knew nothing.

Consequently the good Rear-Admiral was a little chafed at his inability to gather information from his only child—information which must certainly prove very precious, and might be very sad. He wondered if his dead wife had suffered much stress after his supposed death? There were a few people, like Miss Maddox, of Maddox Court, who would do all in their power to aid the mourning Mrs. Starre; but with her meagre social advantages in what way had she managed to rear Betty into such scintillating womanhood?

Betty had spoken of sojourns in well-known Parisian and Venetian hotels, as though the want of money had never troubled her. Her gowns were such as only the most affluent of women could pay for, and yet the squire had made it painfully evident that Cecil Chevonne had died in dire poverty.

"Are They Really In Love?"

The Rear-Admiral found it hard to pay due heed to courtesies which forbade him to buttonhole Betty for any length of time while he and she were the squire's guests, and he thought how sweet it would be to take her to some little cottage in his beloved Dorsetshire, where their sweet relationship might be left uninjured by the perpetual claims of a future husband.

When Betty went upstairs and Uncle Ben drew out the white and red ivory chessmen, the Rear-Admiral considered that a long engagement would be far more sensible, in his own opinion, than one of those brief betrothals that had preceded Betty's former alliance, which she must have bitterly regretted. He almost wished that Vivian

In the Tobralco advertisement which appeared on Page 8 in Monday's issue the prices quoted, viz.:—11d. and 12d. per yard should read 9d. white and 10d. black and coloured. No advance in price is to be made until on and after April 20th.—Advt.

were less affluent, and were forced to win Betty by honest toil, and wait for the winning.

Unless he urged the lovers to a six months engagement—and they would not think him for so doing—they would certainly be married before very long. The Squire, delighted with Betty, already spoke eagerly of the day when Vivian should see her dressed as a bride, but the Rear-Admiral turned cold when the thought of this second mating.

Were the two really in harmony? he wondered. Were they absorbed in each other? The old Rear-Admiral had more than one doubt. Did Vivian bow himself prostrate before Betty's real nature, or was it merely her gracious covering of charm and wit and beauty which drew him to choose her for the chief share in his life?

And then, what about Betty herself? She was so young. The Rear-Admiral suddenly realised, with a pang, that she was not in her twentieth year. She seemed older, he thought sadly, because the world had taught her to be self-reliant. Young people change. Perhaps Betty, believing herself to be fatherless, had so strongly felt the need of masculine protection, and a home, that she had over-estimated her regard for Vivian Grant.

"Give them time, yes, yes, they ought to have time," muttered the Rear-Admiral, the while his old delicate fingers rested upon a dummy Queen fantastically carved and bearing three plumes.

"Your move," remarked the Squire, and the game began.

A Thief In The Night.

Betty sat alone in the dark, for she thought that the lights would distract her attention, and she had much need for secret thought.

The window was open, she could see the trees, friendly they seemed to all but Betty Chevonne, for to her, in this hour of solitude, every branch conveyed some enmity. It was as though a mob of frenzied men and women hurled their arms upwards, striving to reach her, to tear her from this cosy niche which she had used so much exertion to reach, but, biting her lip, she said aloud:—

"Nobody shall, nobody on earth. If more lies are needed I will tell them. With my last breath, my last ounce of strength, I will fight those who are trying to rob me of what my wits have earned!"

Uncle Tom and this Maddox woman were the leaders of the antagonistic forces arrayed against Betty. She thought she knew how to manage Thomas Cotwood (whom if necessary, she could eventually crush)—if only she could bring him to exercise patience and tact; but this Maddox problem, her mother's bridesmaid and most intimate friend—how to deal with her? The instant her eyes fell upon Betty she might denounce her. What was there in the world to prevent her from so doing? Betty bit her lip and gathered her brows. Was Fate playing with her as a cat plays with a mouse, leading her through a maze to a dark, secret place from which she could never hope to escape?

"Anyway, I've a week to puzzle out some way of hoodwinking this spinster," she thought. "She is sure to be savage and spiteful, as all the old maids I've ever met always are. Why, in comparison with her Uncle Tom, whom I've much reason to fear, is as harmless as a frog. Money, or the promise of money will silence him, but with her—great Scott!—money won't do!"

Betty pitied herself deeply, because no sooner was one danger circumvented than another arose

almost at her feet, and with momentary envy she thought of Laurette, to her an individual so placid and stupid and insipid that she escaped the most nerve-racking hazards of life.

The hours and half-hours struck, and Betty heeded them not at all. Downstairs the lights were being extinguished, the chess players were reviving themselves with sherry; long candles were lighted for Uncle Ben, who detested electric light in his bedroom; everyone was going to bed. Laurette, wearied from all she had suffered, slumbered sweetly and dreamed sweetly of a Vivian who had never sinned against white love; but he and Betty were both wide awake—only neither knew it.

When the clock in the hall struck twelve, a huddled figure emerged from behind a door and crept softly and stealthily down towards the bronze stair lamps that now looked like dim pearls. Moonbeams filtered into the library and crowned Uncle Ben's chair with a halo of silver, beside it was his small green safe, and beyond it the desk in a drawer of which he kept some loose silver and notes for household expenses.

That figure, creeping ever nearer, with shining eyes fixed ahead and a little sibilant hissing of agitated breath, had entered the library, had reached the desk, and with deft, white fingers raked gently back and forth, seeking the long drawers with their small brass knobs. . . .

To Save Uncle Tom.

Laurette awakened from her sleep with a start. Her sweet dream prefaced a bleak reality. She was stabbed by an acute knowledge of the present, and with a dry sob knew herself an outcast from all tender love.

Sleep was impossible now. She supplied herself with a dressing-gown and slippers and went to the window, flinging it wide. Falling to her knees, she rested her chin upon spread hands and heard an owl's melancholy plaint and saw the moon descending the sky. The stars dimmed before its approach, the outdoor world was furnished in creamy and ebony tints, and broad, silent streams were painted across the soft turf.

All at once she was startled by a yellow ray of light, which pencilled the shrubby leaves in a shifting angle.

Someone was in the library, moving about with a light.

That was odd, thought Laurette, considering that the apartment was well provided with electric lamps. Who could it be? Was it Betty preparing for the immediate flight she had threatened? No, it could not be Betty, for there was no reason for her to visit the library and walk to and fro carrying a light. Besides, Betty's actions earlier in the evening had convinced Laurette that she had decided to remain at Talebriar, or she would have prevented Rear-Admiral Starre from bestowing a pendant upon Laurette.

Laurette waited a few seconds, and all at once her heart contracted and a mist rose before her eyes, for a conviction came to her. She seemed to see Uncle Tom padding behind that moving candle flame. Uncle Tom, known here only as Wilthy, a stupid, uncouth, fellow—but once he had tried to rob Betty—and now—Laurette knew it as well as though she had accompanied him to the library—he was a housebreaker, rendered covetous, reckless and dishonest by continued misfortunes.

What should she do? Laurette clasped her hands, rising from her knees and looking back across her bare white room with its little bed and simple furniture. Her coldness left her; she was all in a glow, tingling with eagerness. She decided she must save him, throw her will against his, conquer him by warm love and pity for this violent temptation. But she must go at once, or she would be too late.

She went to the little round table beside her bed, struck a match and lighted her candle. Carrying this, she hurried to the door in a frenzy, driven forth by the resolve to become guardian angel to Thomas Cotwood.

Discovery!

The greedy, searching fingers had found gold, as well as money in paper. The drawers were pushed back, the flame of the candle flickered as it was set down upon the desk.

The thief, with her long hair falling behind her and swathing her like a cloak, lifted her lip in a smile of intense satisfaction, but the smile faded. The thief saw wide, frightened eyes regarding her steadily. She clenched her right hand convulsively across the gold coins and crackling paper, which she considered belonged to her by right of daring; her lids fluttered, and her mouth shaped to a whimper that was never uttered.

She deliberately moved forward, on and on until her eyes glared into the eyes of the girl who had disturbed her. The thief began to laugh softly, low down in her throat; it sounded like a sob, but the tell-tale mouth was tilted in a grin of glee.

"Betty!" cried Laurette, "Betty! Betty!"

"Well," the other answered savagely. "No need to shout my name."

"... there behind you, behind you..." sobbed Laurette.

Mrs. Chevonne twisted with a wily dexterity; a door behind her leading to the morning room stood ajar. When she had entered the library she had noticed that it was closed. Now a lighted match burned itself against the curve of a sheltering hand. It diminished to a spark, a pin point. Someone came nearer towards Betty and Laurette. A face disclosed itself, gradually growing more and more distinct. It seemed to leap down upon Betty from rows and rows of books that covered the farther wall.

Vivian Grant and Betty Chevonne were face to face watching each other as duellists do before the rapiers are drawn—behind them, wordless and in agony, stood Laurette.

(To be continued.)



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Daily Sketch, 10/4/16

THE WON'T-FIGHT CONVENTION.—See Pages 5, 6 and 7.

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This portrait was found in a torn khaki tunic by a Norfolk man.



A Dragoon recovered this from the trenches in France.



This pretty picture was picked up by a Lancashire Fusilier when crossing an Egyptian desert.



Found by one of the Leicester Regiment when in France.



One of a packet picked up when our troops fell back on Salonika.



After the push at Loos last September this was found on the ground.



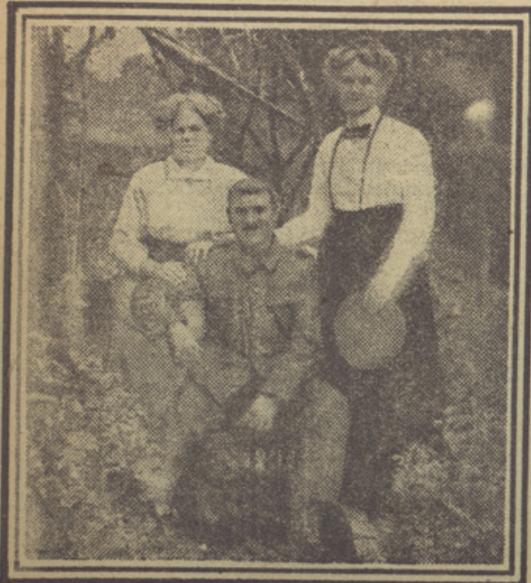
"To Wallie, from Flossie." Another photograph from the Balkans.



A link with home. From a Flanders battlefield.



"From the rectory." A relic of our occupation of Cape Helles.



This happy snapshot was found in the captured enemy's trench at Loos.



Picked up off the parapet of a trench in Gallipoli.



This was left in a bomber's dug-out. Perhaps he will claim it?



Found on the Gallipoli Peninsula by a Lancashire man.



"To our dear old pal, in memory of happy days."