

DARE HUNS' BATTLE-CRUISERS RAID OUR COASTS AGAIN?—P. 2.

DAILY SKETCH.

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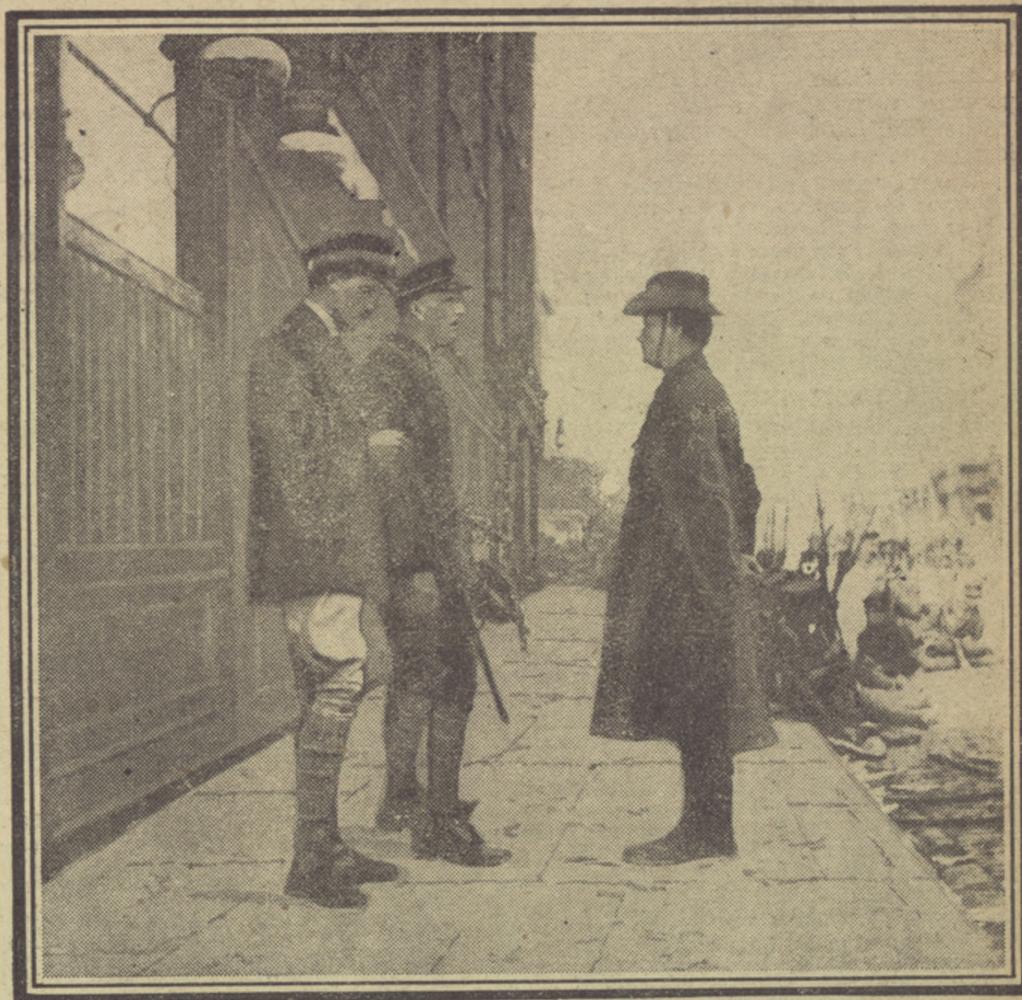
LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

IRISH REBEL CHIEF'S SURRENDER : FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS.



Major McBride, on the left in uniform (who was shot), being marched away after sentence.



Patrick H. Pearse (shot), the "President of the Irish Republic," surrendering to the military.



The Countess Markievicz leaving in charge of a wardress after her court-martial.



Two of the brothers Plunkett (in slouch hats) under escort.

These photographs are the first to be published showing the scene of the surrender of the Irish rebel chief, and the leading figures in the insurrection leaving after being sentenced by court-martial. To psychologists the faces of these men and the woman who played her part with them reveal them more as misguided fanatics than as desperate revolutionists.

DARE HUNS REPEAT BATTLE-CRUISER RAIDS?**Mr. Balfour's Words Of Cheer For Bombarded Towns.****MORE PERILOUS THAN EVER.****Last Dash A Ruse To Delude The Irish Rebels.**

We are not likely in the future to hear of unpunished raids by German battle-cruisers on undefended English seaside towns like Lowestoft and Yarmouth.

Mr. Balfour, in a reassuring letter to the Mayors of these two towns, expresses confidence that if the German Admiralty should attempt to repeat such criminal enterprises the disposition of our ships is such now that raids would be "henceforth far more perilous to the aggressor than in the past."

The First Lord, whose letter is published in the *Eastern Daily News*, says:—

From the naval and military point of view the German bombardment of open towns has so far been singularly futile.

Judging by the three attempts already made their method is to send over a squadron of fast battle-cruisers to bombard some undefended watering place or fishing town for half an hour and then return at full speed to the protected waters of the Heligoland Bight.

INCREASING DISGUST.

A certain number of non-combatant men, women, and children are killed (the total number in all such raids is 141), and a certain amount of private property is destroyed, whose value does not greatly exceed the cost of the "material" used in its destruction.

An ever-deepening disgust is aroused against German methods, and no military advantage whatever is obtained.

But this is only part of the story. You have emphasised what the Admiralty well know, that even half an hour's bombardment must inevitably cause anxiety, and in some cases even terror among women and children who cannot estimate the power of the enemy or forecast its purpose.

You, therefore, ask me whether I can say anything to reassure these helpless civilians, whose fathers, brothers, and sons are so gallantly fighting in the North Sea and Mediterranean. I think I can.

NOT VERY WISE.

In the first place, let me observe that, considered by itself, the recent raid on Lowestoft and Yarmouth was not from the German point of view a very wise operation.

There was little to gain by it, and much to lose.

It is true that their hurried visit was so short as to make it unlikely that the Grand Fleet could intercept them before they regained a place of safety.

But while this made it impossible for them to effect anything of importance from a military point of view, it did not save them from serious risk.

They cannot count on coming into an area patrolled by submarines without suffering a loss far greater than any which they could inflict upon us.

CANNOT BE COMPENSATED.

No damage to an unfortified town could compensate them for the loss of a Dreadnought cruiser.

Why, then, it may be asked, did they undertake the adventure?

The answer I conceive is—having duped the Irish rebels to their destruction by the promise of a serious attack on Great Britain, they made a show of fulfilling their engagement by bombarding Lowestoft and Yarmouth for 30 minutes.

It is not an experiment, so far as I can judge, they would be well advised to repeat. This would be true even if the distribution of our naval forces on the East Coast was undergoing no alteration.

In the earlier stages of the war considerations of strategy required us to keep our battle fleet in more northern waters.

Thus situated they could concentrate effectively against any prolonged operations such as those involved in an attempt at an invasion, but not against brief dashes made under cover of the night.

But with the progress of the war our maritime position has improved. Submarines and monitors, which form no portion of the Grand Fleet, are now available in growing numbers for coast defence, and, what is even more important, the increase in strength of the Grand

Fleet itself enables us to bring important forces to the South without in the least imperilling any naval preponderance elsewhere.

It would be unfitting to go into further details, but I have, I hope, sufficiently stated the reasons for my conviction that another raid on the coast of Norfolk (never a safe operation) will be henceforth far more perilous to the aggressor than it has been in the past, and if our enemy be wise is therefore less likely.

NO SUNDAY TEA PARTIES.**Strong Condemnation Of "Blind Sunday" By Sabbatarians.**

Is it wicked to have friends to tea on Sunday? Bishop Ingham thinks it is. He presided at the annual meeting of the Lord's Day Observance Society in London yesterday, and said (among other things):—

The floods of sin have been making further inroads upon the sanctity of the Lord's Day. I urge you to try to stop the Sunday afternoon practice of tea-drinking in the home. We must not disturb the servants, but give them full opportunities to observe the Lord's Day.

The assembly also straddled "Blind Sunday." It is proposed to have performances throughout the country in theatres and music-halls on May 28



BISHOP INGHAM.
—(Elliott and Fry.)

for the benefit of soldiers blinded in the war—men who, as has been very sensibly said, are blind seven days a week through fighting for their country seven days a week.

A letter was read from Lord Stamfordham stating that there "was no truth in the statement that the King and Queen have given their patronage to the performances to be given on so-called 'Blind Sunday,' May 28."

Dr. Ernest Graham Ingham, who was Bishop of Sierra Leone from 1883 to 1897, has been vicar of St. Jude's, Southsea, since 1912. He has held livings at Leeds and Stoke-next-Guildford, and has done a good deal of organising work for the Church Missionary Society "Crockford" gives his present gross income as £800 a year, with house, and states the population of the parish as 7,806.]

THE NEW AIR COMMITTEE.**Mr. Asquith Defends Appointment Of Four Lawyers.**

Of the six members of the committee appointed to investigate Mr. Pemberton Billing's allegations about the air service, four are lawyers, and another lawyer is secretary.

In the House of Commons yesterday Sir A. Markham asked how it was that four lawyers had been appointed.

Mr. Asquith: It is a committee of inquiry. Mr. Billing thought it was advisable to appoint some aeronautical experts.

Mr. Asquith pointed out that two of the members were civil engineers, upon which Mr. Billing asked whether they were acquainted with the requirements of a flying machine, and whether the machines designed by this country were fit to meet those of the enemy.

Mr. Asquith's reply was inaudible.

£35,000 A YEAR FOR WIGS.**How A German Who Was Naturalised Built Up Big Business.**

The story of a man of German birth who came to this country, and after starting life as a hair-dresser's assistant, built up a wig business with a turnover of £35,000 a year, employing 81 persons, was outlined in the Law Courts yesterday.

He is Mr. Hermann Nagele, a naturalised British subject, and in 1903 he and his brother, also a naturalised British subject, jointly took a hair-dressing business at Boston (Lincolnshire).

From employing only a few people he had 16 men, 59 girls, and six out-workers engaged in 1914, and a large amount of his goods was exported to the United States and other countries.

His counsel asked the Court for a writ to quash an order made by the military authorities telling him to leave the district and go elsewhere.

The Court granted the order so that the powers of the military authority might be proved.

NO MORE COLD JOINTS FOR TOMMY.**Women Cooks Have Taught Him To Concoct Tasty Dishes.****BETTER FOOD—LESS WASTE.**

The British Tommy bids fair to become a good cook.

When he was a mere civilian, and his wife went away, leaving him to "mind the house," he was a helpless person. His meals would consist of cold meat, and when he was hungry again he would eat some more—cold meat!

When he went into the Army to do his "bit," cooking did not strike him as being an essential to soldiering.

He has now found out that it is, and he has also discovered that with a little knowledge of the subject he can feed himself splendidly.

And this change has been brought about by a little army of women who have enrolled themselves as Army cooks to teach the soldiers how to do plain cooking.

THE LADY PIONEER.

Miss Lilian C. Barker, of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, was at first head of the movement, and it is due to her efforts that it has been such a great success.

Miss Barker, speaking to a *Daily Sketch* representative yesterday, gave an interesting account of the work. "At first," she said, "they were rather afraid that the women would not be able to do all that was necessary. But the experiment has proved a splendid success, and we now have more than 300 women engaged in teaching the soldiers how to do plain cooking.

"We have got women of all classes doing the work, and I am glad to say that the introduction of the female element has had a beneficial result upon the men. The men are smarter, and take more care.

HOW IT WAS STARTED.

"We instituted a regular kitchen routine, each woman taking her turn in scrubbing, and so on.

"The men were taught only plain cooking. In three weeks men who knew nothing at all about cooking were able to turn out roasts, stews, soups and puddings, and they did them very well.

"Tommy likes pastry above all things, and the women have taught those who wished to learn to make all kinds of pastry—and very proud they are, too, when they have made their first tart or pie!

"One of the chief advantages of the new scheme is that great economy has been effected. The women have showed the men how to utilise 'pieces,' with the result that they soon discovered how to make a radical change in their diet. Before, the men used to eat cold meat, and then when they were again hungry they would have more cold meat.

COTTAGE PIES AND FARM SOUPS.

Now they know how to make the cold meat into cottage pies, stews, and soups. The women have also taught them to be sensible about their diet, and have shown them that it is not right to have roly-poly jam pudding after a steak pudding, for instance.

"One of the greatest advantages which has come out of the new system is the great improvement in the cooking of vegetables."

NAVAL OFFICER'S MERCIFUL VIOLENCE.**Saves Six Men's Lives By Beating Them With His Stick.**

The brave deed by which Lieut. Robert Arthur Startin, R.N., has won the Albert Medal is related in the *London Gazette*:—

During the violent gale and snowstorm on the night of March 28 the whaler of H.M.S. Melpomene, with a crew of six men, was driven by the blizzard on to the mud above the Parkestone Jetty, Harwich.

Lieut. Startin, on hearing that the whaler was missing, set out alone to search along the river bed.

After wading through deep mud, at times up to his armpits, for a distance of about 300 yards, he eventually found the whaler, half full of water, aground on the mud, with her crew lying helpless in the boat, having given up all hope of being rescued.

He only succeeded in rousing them by beating them with his stick, one man having to be forcibly dragged all the way to the shore by Lieut. Startin and the coxswain of the boat.

All the crew were saved, though one afterwards died from the effects of exposure.

HIS DAYLIGHT SAVING PROBLEM.

Mr. Lash views with some consternation the Daylight Saving Bill. The reason is that he is the official clock-winder at the Law Courts, Somerset House, Customs Houses, and other Government buildings, and altogether has over 300 clocks to attend to. His problem is how he is going to put all these clocks on at the appointed hour.

**CLOTHING CARDS.**

The *Dusseldorfer Tageblatt* states that special clothing cards have been issued in that city, which enable the holders to buy a limited quantity of woollen clothing at a limited price.—Exchange, from Amsterdam.

BEST OF THE CHARITY MATINEES.**Lady Greville's Fine Effort For The Serbian Prisoners.****DRURY LANE PACKED.****Queen Alexandra And Four Princesses Present.**

By Mrs. Gossip.

I have been present at every important aid-of in London since war made them necessary, but never have I been present at so successful a charity matinee as that organised by Lady Greville and Lady Oranmore and Browne at Drury Lane for the Serbians yesterday.

The theatre was packed from stalls to gallery, and every one of the boxes had been sold at 50 guineas a time. Stalls and dress circle seats were snapped up as though they were worth their weight in gold.

Never have I seen a greater number of Society folk at one time. Going into the stalls reminded me of fighting one's way into the Royal enclosure at Ascot. Duchesses were met at every turn, and other titled people who had come to applaud, and more especially to criticise, their friends and relations upon the stage.

A £38 STALL.

One stall, that occupied by Mr. Paul Arthur, had cost £38, the price paid for it by the Lambs' Club of America, and had been allocated to him as a club member on this side of the water.

Everyone I viewed was there. Queen Alexandra looked dignified and gracious in black and white, with diamond ornaments in her hat. With her were the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, Princess Maud of Fife—who was much noticed in blue grey, with a large white fox fur and with a pink band round her black hat—and Princess Arthur of Connaught. In attendance on the Royalties was Mrs. Alan Mackenzie, who wore a V-shaped black frock and a jetted turban.

The Grand Duke Michael, frock-coated, and the Countess Torby were a noticeable pair. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset and Adeline, Duchess of Bedford were in the Duke of Bedford's box.

THE HAPPY ORGANISERS.

With them were the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Earl Howe. Cora Countess of Strafford sat hatless in a stall.

The two organisers were, of course, conspicuous figures. Lady Greville looked charming in white crêpe-de-Chine and a black hat, and Lady Oranmore and Browne looked equally well in black.

Lady Alexander, programme-selling—scarcely necessary to explain—was in a white lace gown with a beaded sash of many colours and a gold turban.

Lady Lanesborough came with the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Annesley, in purple, was in a box with the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Sarah Wilson. Lady Curzon was in blue serge and an aluminium lace hat, and Lady Granby in putty-coloured cloth.

Mrs. Asquith was in brown velvet, and with her were her two daughters, Miss Elizabeth Asquith—a very important person in the afternoon's proceedings—and Mrs. Bonham Carter. With Lady Newborough came Mrs. Ferdinand Stanley, in fawn.

Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Juliet Duff, the latter, of course, in mourning, came together. The Duchess of St. Albans was in black, and Lady Drogheda in grey with an emerald green toque. Lady Northcliffe, in a sand-coloured costume, looked extremely well.

THE DUCHESS AND M. MORTON.

The Duchess of Westminster and M. Leon Morton, of the Ambassadors, acted together in a mid-Victorian romance from "More," and very charmingly she acted too. Afterwards she came into the stalls and sat with her equally delightful daughter, Lady Ursula Grosvenor. Miss Elizabeth Asquith and Mr. Nelson Keys were associated in Miss Asquith's playlet, "On and Off," was a disappointing affair; it is neither clever nor amusing. Miss Asquith is not by any means a good amateur actress, and she is certainly not especially gifted with her pen. Lady Rothermere was "Kitty Grey" in an excerpt from that play, with Mr. G. P. Huntley and Miss Eva Kelly taking part.

Melville Gideon had the ultra-joyous share in the entertainment, for in his "Hawaiian Episode" he was supported by what the programme in a spasm of inspiration described as a "superlative" chorus.

One thing struck me which I feel impelled to say. However much those who had paid for the entertainment may have enjoyed it, it was evident that the Society performers were enjoying themselves much more. Personally, I prefer to see a programme composed entirely of real artists.

But one didn't enjoy George Robey, Clarice Mayne, Raymond Hitchcock, George Barrett, and Ethel Levey any the less all the same.

The financial result totalled £2,461, of which the Duchess of Rutland's drawing of the Prince of Wales at the age of two months, auctioned by Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, provided 60 guineas. It was bought by Lady Cowdray. The money goes to the relief of Serbian prisoners.

MRS. GOSSIP.

MORE DAYLIGHT FOR SCANDINAVIA.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday. In the Danish Parliament to-day the Minister of Instruction introduced a Daylight Saving Bill, which is to become effective on May 15, and extends to September 30.

Norway and Sweden have also decided to make the change, commencing on May 15.—Exchange.

"GERMANY KNOWS WE MUST CONQUER."—Mr. Asquith.

DANGEROUS VERDUN PHASE.

Pressure Relieved By Brilliant Counter Attacks.

ONSLAUGHT AT DAWN.

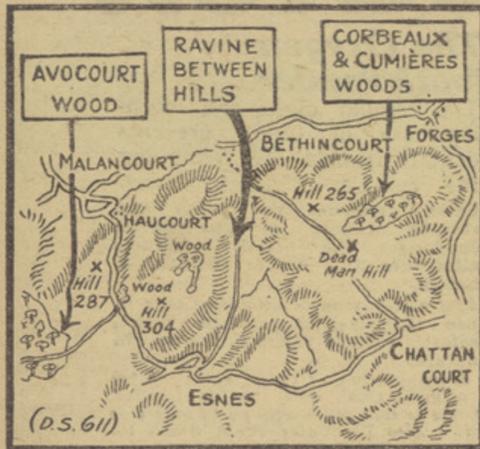
French Recover Key Ravine Between The Hills.

The fourth, and probably decisive, phase in the battle of Verdun is being fought out on the slopes of Hill 304 and the Dead Man.

An offensive on the largest scale had been planned by the enemy and is not yet exhausted, though the French had successfully repulsed every effort up to yesterday morning.

The two hills of 304 and the Dead Man are divided by a ravine through which runs a narrow road [see map].

A dangerous phase of the battle began when the enemy succeeded in pushing some



way along the ravine and obtaining a footing on the northern slopes of Hill 304.

But on Tuesday night the French launched a furious counter-attack along this sunken road and drove them out.

At the same time the Germans had made an attack on Hill 304 from the West, attempting to gain possession of the spur between Haucourt and the woods (Hill 287). This attack also failed.

THREE GERMAN ATTACKS SMASHED UP.

French Gunfire Inflicts Big Losses On The Enemy.

French Official News.

PARIS, Tuesday, 11 p.m.

In Champagne our artillery carried out a bombardment of the German trenches and batteries north of Ville sur Tourbe, and of the enemy's communication lines in the region of Somme Py.

On the left bank of the Meuse the bombardment was less violent during the day.

An attempted attack by the enemy against a trench west of Hill 304 was stopped short by our curtain fire, and was unable to debouch.

On the right bank of the Meuse and in the Woevre there was intermittent artillery fighting.

From the latest information it appears that during the night of Monday-Tuesday the Germans made three attacks of great violence in the region of Hill 304. The attacks were carried out with large effectives.

One of these was reported in the statement of this morning against our positions on Hill 287, and another was made against our trenches north-east of Hill 304.

Finally a third was delivered against the woods to the west of the latter hill.

All these attacks, which were smashed by our fire, cost very serious losses to the enemy.

Our batteries swept with their fire revictualing convoys and enemy detachments on the road between Essey and Bayonville, north-west of Pont-à-Mousson.—Reuter.

QUIET ON BRITISH FRONT.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Tuesday, 9.55 p.m.

Last night there was mining activity on the front between Neuville St. Vaast and Souchez, also north-east of Armentières and east of Ypres, without effecting any change in the situation.

There are no other incidents to report, and there was very little and quite unimportant artillery activity to-day.

"GERMANY KNOWS WE MUST CONQUER."

Mr. Asquith's Confident Message To The Russian People.

OUR BLUNDERING ENEMY.

"Germany knows we must conquer." That was Mr. Asquith's message to the Russian people when presiding last night at the Government dinner to the members of the Russian Duma who are on a visit to this country. The company included many members of the Cabinet, the Russian Ambassador, and many other distinguished persons.

The Prime Minister offered a cordial welcome to the guests. He said that during their stay they would have opportunities of forming a judgment of Britain's contribution to the Allies' cause.

We all realised that we were members of a common partnership, and it was the duty as it was the pride and privilege of each member of that partnership to contribute to the utmost limits of its opportunities and resources to the common fund and the common object. (Cheers.)

No More Misunderstandings.

One of the most gratifying results of our alliance was the complete agreement which had been established between the British and the Russian Governments in regard to Eastern affairs. Misunderstandings were happily over—(cheers)—and whether it were in Turkey or in Persia, or wherever British and Russian interests came in contact with one another, they had arrived at a common policy which they were both determined loyally and in concert to pursue. (Cheers.)

They were told from time to time of the not unnatural endeavours which were made by our enemy to weaken the mutual confidence of the Allies, and to detach now one and now another of the Allied Powers from the rest. Such endeavours were not only clumsy and blundering in method, but their aim itself foredoomed them.

"We Knew It, Too."

Germany knew—and for this purpose only Germany counted—that if we were united and continued to be united we must conquer, but we knew it too—(cheers)—and in this knowledge we should stand together however long and however severe the test of our common endurance might be until we had beaten to the ground the forces which now withstood us, and we could begin in peace to rebuild in concert with one another the shaken fabric of European civilisation. (Cheers.)

M. Gourko and Professor Milukov responded.

NO CONSCRIPTION FOR IRELAND.

'Inexpedient At The Present Time,' Says Mr. Asquith.

The House of Commons decided yesterday that the new Compulsory Military Service Bill is not to apply to Ireland. The Bill provides that every man between the ages of 18 and 41 will be liable to serve in the Army.

Sir John Lonsdale moved an amendment including Ireland within the provisions of the Bill. He understood that if the Nationalists were with him the Government would probably extend the Bill to Ireland.

Mr. Asquith, appealing to Sir John Lonsdale not to press the amendment, said that a large number of representatives of Ireland were not at this moment prepared to accept the application of conscription to Ireland. If there were no agreement it was most desirable at a moment like this that we should not be plunged into controversy. Nothing could be worse than that the representatives of Ireland should come into conflict in regard to a matter like this.

Sir E. Carson said the reasons put forward by the Prime Minister were not the proper reasons for the amendment. He regretted as much as anybody the occurrence in Ireland.

An Hon. Member: So you may.

Sir Edward Carson: That is a piece of insolence coming from a source which I can well treat with contempt. (Cheers.) The most operative argument put forward against the Bill was that Mr. Redmond thought it would be futile to attempt to carry it out.

Sir E. Carson was proceeding to deal with matters which had interfered with recruiting in Ireland, when he was ruled out of order, and said: "You tell me I am out of order; therefore I will say no more."

Mr. Redmond said that if he and his party had had the responsibility of the Government of Ireland during the past two years, the recent occurrences would not have happened.

After the recent events in Ireland and in the circumstances of the moment he had no hesitation in saying that it would not only be unwise, but it would be an insane thing to attempt to force conscription on Ireland. (Cheers.)

Mr. Winston Churchill said this was a time when men were urgently needed. The omission of Ireland from the Bill was a serious loss to Ireland.

Mr. Ginnell: "What about the Dardanelles?"

After some further discussion the amendment was negatived without a division.

Mr. Hogge's amendment providing that the military age should commence at 19 instead of 18 was rejected by 213 votes to 52.

An amendment to extend the age limit for compulsory military service from 41 to 45 was negatived.

"I MUST HAVE SOME FOOD."

Townshend's Last Messages To General Lake.

"HELD OUT TO THE VERY VERGE OF STARVATION."

Mr. Edmund Candler, representative of the leading British newspapers with the Tigris forces, describes the surrender of the Kut garrison and the last messages from General Townshend's beleaguered army as follows:—

The last communication from General Townshend was a wireless message received at 11.40 a.m. on April 29:—

"Have destroyed my guns and most of my munitions are being destroyed, and officers have gone to Khalil, who is at Madug, to say am ready to surrender.

"I must have some food here and cannot hold on any more. Khalil has been told to-day and a deputation of officers has gone on a launch to bring some food from Julner. Ship sent night April 24 to carry supplies to garrison Kut."

Followed by this:—

"I have hoisted the white flag over Kut fort and town and the guards will be taken over by a Turkish regiment which is approaching.

"I shall shortly destroy wireless. The troops go at 2 p.m. to camp near Shamran."

A prearranged signal from wireless indicated at 1 p.m. that Townshend's last message had gone through.

ENEMY'S ADMIRATION.

The same day the Turkish General Khalil Bey Pasha received our parlementaires (truce messengers). He was anxious, he said, that the garrison should be well rationed, and that General Townshend especially—for whom he expressed the most profound admiration—should receive every possible comfort after the privations he had endured so gallantly.

He welcomed the proposal to send them stores, and regretted that the supplies at his command were not more plentiful.

Two barges loaded with a day and a half's "iron rations" left our camp yesterday.

A point touched on by the British parlementaire was immunity of civil population of Kut, who, it was explained, were retained there by force.

The Pasha said he contemplated no reprisals. Their future treatment would depend on their future conduct. He could give no pledge; but he did not intend to hang or persecute.

General Townshend is believed to be proceeding direct to Constantinople with an aide-de-camp and servant.

HORSEFLESH AND FLOUR.

Kut held out to the very verge of starvation. From April 16 the garrison had been reduced to a 4oz. ration of flour daily, with a ration of horseflesh.

The civil population remained in Kut. The few who had left the town in the first days of the investment had been tied up by the enemy and shot, and the Turks made it clear that they would execute any who tried to escape.

To expel them would mean the wholesale murder of the Arab inhabitants of the town.

TURKISH CLAIMS AT KUT.

Fantastic Enemy Version Of Taking Of Guns And Rifles.

In view of General Townshend's last wireless message from Kut on April 29:—"Have destroyed my guns and most of my munitions are being destroyed," the following Turkish official statement of the booty captured at the surrender is evidently an Oriental flight of imagination:—

"The names of the higher commanders taken at Kut-el-Amara are as follows: Besides General Townshend, the commander of the 6th Infantry Division (Poona), General of Division Matios (?), the commanders of the 16th, 17th and 18th Brigades, namely, Generals D'Almack, Hamilton and Captain Evens (?).

"Further, the commander of the artillery, General Smith, 551 officers of lower rank, half of them being European and the rest Indian.

"Of the soldiers captured 25 per cent. are British and the remainder Indian.

"Although prior to the capitulation the enemy destroyed a portion of his guns, rifles, and war material, and threw the remainder into the Tigris, nevertheless booty remained which has not yet been counted, and which with slight repairs can be again employed.

"This includes 40 guns of various calibres, 20 machine-guns, nearly 5,000 rifles, a great quantity of ammunition for artillery and infantry, one large and one small ship which can now be used again, four motor-cars, three aeroplanes, and a quantity of war stores not yet counted.

"The arms and ammunition thrown into the river are gradually being recovered."

5 a.m. Edition.

SOLDIERS' DEATHS IN QUELLING REBELLION.

521 Casualties Among Troops And Irish Constabulary.

REBELS' MURDER OUTRAGES.

Mr. Asquith stated in Parliament yesterday that the total casualties of troops, Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police in quelling the Irish rebellion were:—

	Killed	W'nd'd	Miss'g	Total
Army	103	357	9	469
Royal Navy	1	2	—	3
Royal Irish Constabulary	12	23	—	35
Dublin Metropolitan Police	3	3	—	6
Loyal Volunteers	5	3	—	8
	124	388	9	521

With these figures may be compared the sentences on rebels up to date:—

Sentenced to death	67
Executed	12
Penal servitude for life	4
Penal servitude for ten years	21
Penal servitude for eight years	2
Penal servitude for five years	3
Penal servitude for three years	36
Two years' imprisonment	1
One year's imprisonment	3

After using the soldiers to crush the rebellion a small band of M.P.s still sees fit to criticise the manner in which the punishments are being awarded. A number of wholly unverified charges was insinuated in questions in the House of Commons yesterday:—

Mr. Holt asked, amid interruption, whether the Prime Minister realised "the grave concern with which many people in England look upon these military executions in Ireland, and will he give an assurance that no more persons shall be put to death without civil trial?"

The suggestion was received with cries of "No, no."

MURDERS OF SOLDIERS.

Sir Arthur Markham made an effective retort to this when he asked:—

Is the Prime Minister aware that there is also grave concern in Nottingham owing to the grave losses the Sherwood Foresters have suffered? (Hear, hear.)

Sir Frederick Banbury: Is Mr. Asquith aware that during the outbreak two officers and a policeman who were unarmed were stopped, taken out of their car, put against the wall and shot, two being killed, and the third, the policeman, was only shot in the lung and was not killed. He was the only survivor out of the three. Will the Prime Minister say whether, in these circumstances, justice ought not to be meted out to these murderers? (Cheers.)

Mr. Healy wished to ask whether the editors of two newspapers, one a Scotsman entirely opposed to the revolt, were taken without trial and shot by an officer in Portobello Barracks without any form of trial or inquiry, or even given time to say their prayers?

The Prime Minister promised to inquire into all the matters raised, adding that no one was more anxious than the Government that there should be no undue severity in the execution of the law.

KILLED IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN



Second-Lieutenant A. Lucas, of the Special Reserve of Cavalry, was killed in Dublin during the street fighting against the rebels.—(Lafayette.)

America No Catspaw.



WILSON'S REPLY TO THE HUN.

UNCLE SAM: "See here, Hohenzollern, I'm not concerned with what Britain is doing to the guilty, but with what you are doing to the innocent, and don't do it!"—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

HOSPITAL HELPER.



Mme. Simon Hobson, daughter of Baron d'Herbert, of Amiens, is an enthusiastic hospital worker in Paris.

TOMMY AND HIS TINY PLAYMATES.



A wounded Tommy forgets the grim tragedies of war in a happy spell of playtime with the children.

NURSING.



Lady Victor Paget, whose husband is in Egypt, is now nursing wounded. — (Lallie Charles.)

EASY GOES THE IRON

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Calox

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

The regular night and morning use of Calox prevents dental trouble by removing the causes of tooth decay.

Calox preserves the white and shining beauty of the teeth, deodorises the breath, conduces altogether to a higher standard of health.

And one reason is because Calox in use liberates oxygen—the finest, safest, surest purifier known in nature.

FREE A sample box of Calox, sufficient for a good trial, sent free on request. Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists at 1/5. Also The Calox Tooth Brush 1/- G. B. KENT & SONS, LIMITED, 75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

CHILDREN WE WORRY ABOUT.

Close confinement in school, overstudy perhaps, cold after cold or tonsillitis—some one of these things is doubtless responsible for the condition of the child who shows a decline in health now.

What are the symptoms? Pallor and languor, a fickle appetite, dark rings under the eyes, coughs and weakness. Very often the best efforts of the doctor fail in such cases, and the condition of the child causes intense anxiety. Cod liver oil, so often prescribed, generally fails because the weak stomach is unable to digest fats.

Try this treatment. Before breakfast each morning give the child the juice of half an orange. After the midday meal give one of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Keep this up for a few days, and then give one of the pills after the evening meal also.

Weigh the child before beginning the treatment and again after two weeks. An increase in weight will show you that you are on the right track at last. Care is necessary in the diet of the little patient, and it will be well to send a request to Special Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for a Diet Book and Health Guide—both are free. But begin the treatment to-day, for delay only makes matters worse.

You can readily obtain Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people from any dealer; ask for Dr. Williams' and never accept any substitutes.—Advt.

W. J. HARRIS & Co., Ltd.

The NATIONAL. New Model for 1916.

52/-



Carriage Paid. Crate Free. Extra Long Seat Line. 4 Coe Strap Springs. Wired-on Tyres.

All kinds on Easy Terms. New Catalogue No. 6 sent Post Free 51, Rye Lane, London, S.E. And numerous Branches.

THE LION LEADS IN CURING.

EST. 1842.

It is Nature's Remedy

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.



TRADE MARK

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

SEND 2 PENNY STAMPS FOR SAMPLE

Sold by Chemists, 9d. 1s. 2d., 3s. Advice gratis from Burgess, 59, Cross Street, London, W.C.

WHAT ABOUT THAT PLAN?

TIME was allowed yesterday for the introduction of a Daylight Saving Bill, but none for explaining how the soldier's home will be saved. We have been told several times that the Government will "do something." This is comforting, in its way; but the married man must be told more. Mr. Long tells him: "Now it's quite all right; you don't need a Bill; the nice new tribunals will be dealing with the matter presently. Wait and see."

BUT we cannot afford to wait. We were told the Kaiser would not wait, and that the married man must go. That was true enough! But neither will the bum bailiff wait, and if Parliament does not rub its sleepy eyes and get to business the soldier's home will go.

IT is going now. Do you understand that, you comfortable gentlemen up at Westminster? You were ready enough to pass Compulsion Bills, and, likely enough, they were necessary. Well, we are ready to stand the gruel. But now we look to you to see that ruin does not overtake our homes, or, rather, that the course of ruin which has begun is stayed. We are loyal and law-abiding, we mean to win this war, we will do nothing to hurt the country in her hour of peril; but you will surely not be mean enough to practise upon our patriotism, to depend upon it that there is no danger, that our home may be safely allowed to be broken up and our wives and children to starve.

LET me give you an example of how things are working! Married men who are under summons to join the Colours are getting notice to quit. Others who want to give up their houses and move into cheap lodgings cannot get them, except at prohibitive prices. All the furniture depositories are full, the furniture market is clogged, and there are no buyers. What are we to do?

REMEMBER that in a month's time the last of the married groups will be called up! Think of the enormous amount of distress that will have been caused by your shameful delay!

YOU frenzied Pacifists, who are so tender for the conscientious objector, does the plight of these women and children not touch you? You stalwarts on the other side, who, very properly, want to abolish conscientious objection, is it of no concern to you that they are abolishing our homes?

WHY is it that everything is of importance except justice for the soldier? Is it wise to let us have now a foretaste of what will probably happen to us after the war?

I COMMEND to your attention the demands made by the deputation of married men to the Financial Relief Committee. It is a plain fact that prices have risen so enormously since the scale of separation allowances was fixed that 12s. 6d. is worth little more than half what it was. It is a plain fact that less than £1 a week cannot with any decency be offered to the dependants of a recruit.

THE proposal that men called to the Colours should be relieved of rent, rates, taxes, mortgage interest and insurance, and that these charges (except, of course, in the case of rates and taxes) should be met partly in cash and partly in War Bonds is both provident and just. The contention that where a business is closed down a moratorium for liabilities should apply, and that where it is not closed down an appeal for relief should be considered cannot be lightly dismissed. These men have considered the question. Have you? It is all very well for Mr. Hayes Fisher to say that the expression "rent" would be interpreted to include cost of storage of furniture. But suppose the store-houses are all full!

IT is a big problem, and it gets bigger and bigger every day. If you do not tackle it now there will soon be chaos in the country, accompanied by terrible distress, and our new soldiers will have the glorious satisfaction of knowing that while they are fighting in Flanders their dear ones are starving at home.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

Why Object To "Daylight-Saving"?—
Ll. G. And The Small Child—
A Tall Story.

Former Chief Secretaries.

VISCOUNT BRYCE, who to-day enters upon his seventy-ninth year, is one of the nine survivors among former Chief Secretaries for Ireland, having given up the office to Mr. Birrell when he went to Washington for the more congenial work of a diplomatist. The senior of the nine is Sir George Trevelyan, who succeeded the ill-fated Lord Frederick Cavendish in 1882, and next comes Sir William Hart Dyke, who took over the post three years later. Lord Morley is the third, and he is followed by Mr. Balfour, Lord Allerton, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mr. Long, Lord Bryce and Mr. Birrell.

Objector To Daylight Saving.

WHY SUCH a sensible and business-like sort of person as Sir Frederick Banbury should have such a violent objection to the Daylight Saving idea I cannot for the life of me imagine, but he has, and so there's an end of it. Sir Frederick has been (Conservative) member for the City of London since the great *debacle* of 1906. He is a great man in the world of commerce and finance, being a director of the Great Northern Railway and the London and



Provincial Bank. His heir is his grandson, aged nearly one.

Will They Resist To The End?

I WONDER whether Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Frederick Banbury and the Minority of Two will grow their hair long and become conscientious objectors to saving coal—piling it high on their fires all the summer, perhaps—when the "Daylight Saving" Act is in force?

Strict Trains—

IMAGINE Sir Frederick strolling down to King's Cross Station to find that even one of his very own trains has not waited for him, but has left punctually to the minute (new style).

And Conscientious Cows.

THE ONLY justifiable objection seems to have come from that source of all the grumbles—the farmers. They say conscientious cows will refuse to be milked an hour earlier, and the milk will be late for London's breakfast. Well, as London's breakfast milk leaves the cow on the previous evening the bottom seems to have fallen out of that can. But why not start a campaign in the rural constituencies to educate the rising generation of cattle?

Winston Again.

WINSTON bobbed up in the House of Commons again yesterday. "Where does he go to between his spasmodic speeches?" asked a caustic friend. "It almost appears as if he had a little dug-out under the floor of the House."

Neil Primrose.

IT IS A matter of sad comment among M.P.s that Neil Primrose, who has just reappeared on the scene at Westminster, seems lost without his old *alter ego* Tommy Robartes. Neil has not been seen in the House of Commons since his great friend fell at the front, and it is only natural that his return to the centre of politics should have revived memories of one who was his inseparable companion for so long.

The Bedell Of Arts.

INDEED a familiar figure to Oxonians was William Moon, the Bedell of Arts, who has just died. I always liked the story of Moon attending, as he had to, hundreds of Bampton Lectures and University Sermons in St. Mary's, and protesting that he still remained a believer. This was perfectly true in every way, but surprising, none the less. You get a brilliant Oxford divine in full swing, and you won't know whether you are on your head or your heels as far as any Christianity in you is concerned.

Not For Me.

IN THE window of a West End shop yesterday there were tiny baskets, each containing eight strawberries, price 1s. 6d. a basket. I passed by on the other side

Ll. G. In The Park.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was sitting in the Green Park listening to the band of the Irish Guards on Sunday. A small boy caught sight of him, stared, and suddenly stopped right in front of the Minister, clicked his heels together, took off his cap and spoke to him. Mr. Lloyd George, taking the boy by the arm, chatted with him for a few seconds. The boy appeared very well pleased with himself. But I wonder if he did it entirely on his own.

The Noise Of Munitions.

A PARTY of soldiers just returned on leave from the trenches were in Trafalgar-square the other day when they heard a noise like the rattle of machine-guns. They inquired, and a policeman told them it was the noise of the hundreds of typewriters rat-tat-ing away in the Munitions Office down Northumberland-avenue way.

Interval For Music.

THE lady typists and clerks of the Hotel Munitions have certainly acquired a reputation for hard work. Of course, when soldiers march past with a band every window has its interested lady spectators. But it doesn't take long for a band to pass, so that doesn't really count. There is, I hear, a trained nurse always in attendance in the building for the benefit of the lady staff. Also rest rooms. Ll. G. appears to be a model employer.

Anzacs In France.

I IMAGINE THAT the German commander opposite whatever point of our line has been taken over by "Birdie" and his Anzacs must be thinking big things, for the Anzacs as constituted at present are about as hard-bitten a lot of fighting men as ever went to war. Gallipoli was the place to find out any defects, and the men who came smiling out of that particular hell are going to give the Huns all they want and then some.

And They Will, Too.

THE HUN knew all about the arrival of the Anzacs, and had a blackboard ready for them directly they entered the trenches. On the board was chalked the legend, "Advance Australia!" and under it the saving clause, "if you can."

Lady Bellew.

I HEAR that sundry relations have been rather worried of late as to the whereabouts and safety of Lady Bellew, the widow of the 3rd Lord Bellew, who died in 1911. Her residence is Barmeath Castle, Dunleer, Co. Louth, and it was reported that the rebels were in possession of it. Barmeath is a glorious place, with a wonderful park, a lake, and a curious tower, which it was, I believe, intended to remove a short time ago, but it has since been retained as a landmark by order of the military and naval authorities. The present Lord Bellew is in England. He is a soldier of some distinction who has seen plenty of active service.



—(Lafayette.)

"Beggars On Horseback."

IT IS A commonplace that in munition centres the working women go about with furs and jewellery and things like that. But what is not so generally noticed is that the rich women of the neighbourhood never come into these towns, because they cannot bear the sight of prosperity in those whose proper place, as they regard these things, is in the lines of poverty. It is a bad spirit, but so marked that one cannot help noticing it.

To Old Cricketers.

MAY I REMIND all old cricketers that military hospitals are exceedingly grateful for gifts of cricket tackle for their convalescents? There are a good many old cricketers who, though their playing days are done, cannot bring themselves to part with cricket-bags and their contents. Well, here's a splendid chance to make the sacrifice in a way you will never regret. Bats, balls and stumps are wanted principally. Mr. Convalescent Atkins can get on without pads at a pinch.

Noteworthy.

ACCORDING to one of those forecasts of what Washington's reply to Germany was going to be, President Wilson was to utter a terrible threat. In effect, if Germany was not good he wouldn't write her another Note! So there!

A Fishing Story.

A CLUBMAN was telling the story of his record haul of fish in a North Sea trawler—tons of fish landed at one go. "Finish the story," said a witty Irishman; "tell us how you had to climb to the top of the mainmast to bale the water out."

Orgies Of Entertainment.

TWO Queen's Hall concerts and Martin Harvey's "Hamlet" form a fairly strenuous musical-dramatic day. This was my lot on Monday, however—with an accent on the "lot." Of course, in the old pre-war days it used to be possible, in the height of the season, to attend half a dozen concerts in one afternoon, and a new play and the opera in the evening, should you have felt "so disposed." But these orgies of entertainment (or business) are rarer now.

Male Voices Still Here.

THE FIRST effort was "The Dream of Gerontius," which Mme. Clara Butt has got up for a series of performance in aid of the Red Cross. This is the first occasion, I should imagine, on which an oratorio has been launched for a definite "run." The Leeds Choir sang the choruses with vast energy, and the mass of bass and tenor tone didn't suggest a serious depletion of the male ranks owing to military exigencies. If they have suffered, the old 'uns and ineligible put up a most robust show. In the chorus of devils they really made a devil of a noise.

Sir Edward Elgar.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR himself conducted well, and I liked the modest way in which Mme. Clara Butt rose majestically from the ranks of the female choir, robed, as they were, in white, to sing that glorious angels' music. Mr. Gervase Elwes was again Gerontius. There were two short new works by Sir Edward included in the programme—very fine and impressive. A brass-railed partition and ferns in pots in the balcony betokened the presence of Royalty. I was told that the King and Queen will attend to-morrow night.

Early Evening Dress.

A CUP OF TEA and back again for the London Symphony Orchestra at 6.15. I had a bet with myself that at such an uncomfortable hour Sir Henry Wood would retain the frock coat, but I lost. He was in evening dress, and so were the orchestra, with the exception of those who were in khaki. Mme. Miriam Licette, who has been doing good work at the Beecham operatic seasons, sang some Debussy, whose influence could be traced in portions of Mr. McEwen's Tone Poem, "Grey Galloway." The Sisters Harrison (no, not a music-hall turn) played Brahms' Violin and Violoncello Concerto, and the "Pathetic" Symphony left a good many perfectly sane people in tears.

A Miniature Hamlet.

NO REST. Just a taxi to His Majesty's for "Hamlet." The theatre was exceedingly full, particularly in the cheaper portions, and the audience gobbled the "quotations" with avidity. Martin Harvey is a graceful, attractive, and rather a finicking and miniature Hamlet. He is certainly good, and ten times better than he was at the Lyric Theatre years ago. The blue curtains with which the stage was surrounded lent plenty of dignity, which was in some cases lacking among the performers. Frederick Ross was a robust and fleshly Ghost, but he has the finest voice on the English stage, and rolled out his lines until they sounded like an organ recital. Edward Sass was an excellent Claudius.

Barrington's Polonius.

PEOPLE were wondering how Rutland Barrington would make the skip from Sullivan to Shakespeare. I was immensely tickled by his Polonius, although it was un-Shakespearean, and he wore a beard like a Chicago pork-packer. But he got his laughs all right, and here is his photograph. I didn't hear all he said from the stalls, and so the gallery must have fared badly. To sum up, the production of "Hamlet" is worthy in every way of Tercentenary celebrations at a great London theatre, and Martin Harvey should have plenty of support. I notice that his committee bristles with Cabinet Ministers and Duchesses, and that the profits of the season are to be devoted to the Red Cross.



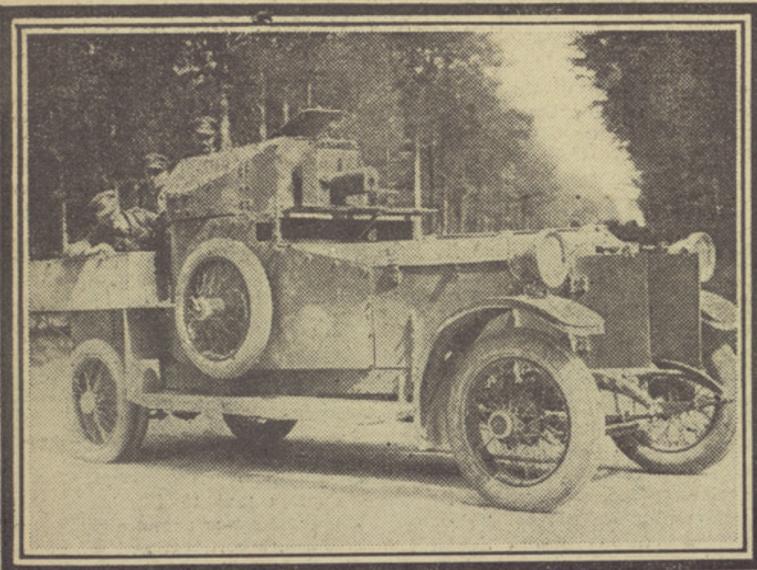
MR. GOSSIP.

BEATING OFF A ZEP. ATTACK BY NIGHT.



A striking photograph of a busy time for anti-aircraft gunners in the British lines. Zeppelins are attempting a night attack, which is being beaten off by a vigorous gun-fire.—(Official photograph.)

ONE OF OUR LAND DREADNOUGHTS.



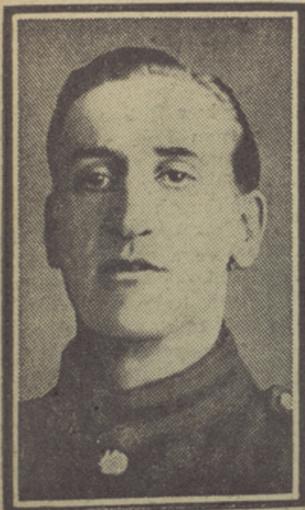
A British armoured motor-car. These land Dreadnoughts have done splendid service not only in Europe, but in our African conquests.—(Official.)

MINER D.C.M.



Sapper R. Davis, R.E., received the D.C.M. for twice mining into a German gallery. After his officer had been wounded he was the first in the gallery.

A BOMBER D.C.M.



Pte. R. J. McAllister, H.L.I., got the D.C.M. for bombing a barricade. He was forced to retire wounded.

THE WOODLAND MILLINERS.



A busy half-hour's hat-trimming under the greenwood tree saves many a shilling at the milliner's.

SOCIETY CHILDREN DANCE AND DUO



These clever children, whose parents are well known in Society, took part in several pictures. Left to right: Little Doodie Millar, Edward James, Audrey James, Patricia Primrose, and Society and the Stage were united in yesterday's programme for the Royal mat

SUPPLYING THE MEANS TO VICTORY.



The shortage of supplies that handicapped the Allies at the commencement of the war no longer exists. Our photograph shows a trainload of war material arriving.

A TRIO OF SPANISH PRINCESSES.



The Princesses Jolanda, Giovanna and Maria, children of the Queen of Spain, at a boy scout rally in the grounds of the Royal villa.



Capt. Ronald L. Rifles, wounded son of Sir Godfrey Harrowmaster Blue and Red

QUEEN ACTS AT THE ROYAL MATINEE



The Duchess of Westminster in costume as she appeared in the "Victorian Romance" episode from "More."
 The performance at Drury Lane, organised by Lady Greville, in aid of the Serbian Relief Fund.
 —(Val L'Estrange and Arbuthnot.)

GUARDING THE SALONIKA FRONTIER.



An interesting photograph of our artillery in Salonika. The only information we are allowed to publish with it is conveyed in the headline.—(Official Photograph.)

COUNTESS IN UNIFORM.



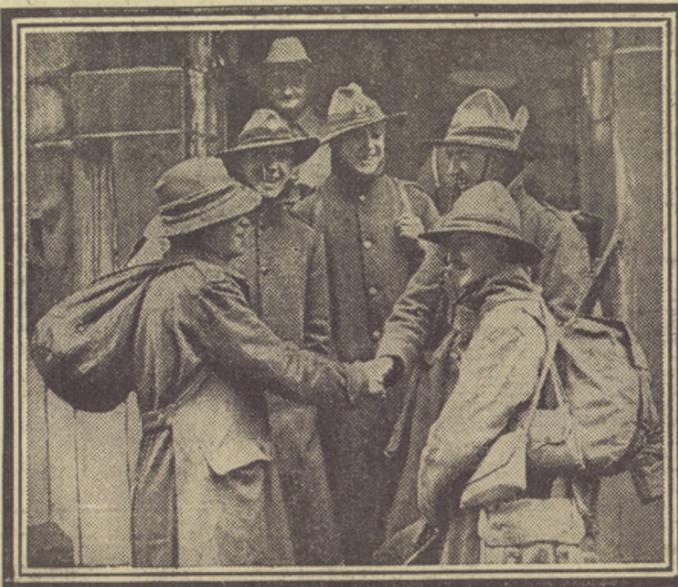
The Archduchess Augusta of Austria with the Archduke Joseph leaving a base hospital on the Isonzo front.

CLEARING THE BIG JUMP AT THE FRONT.



With the British Forces in France. Infantry practising an attack with fixed bayonets. Despite his heavy equipment Tommy clears the gap like an athlete.—(Official Photograph.)

FIRST ANZACS BACK FROM FRANCE.



Two of the Anzacs who are now serving in France welcomed back on leave by their comrades.

LANDING STORES ON A BRIDGE OF OARS.

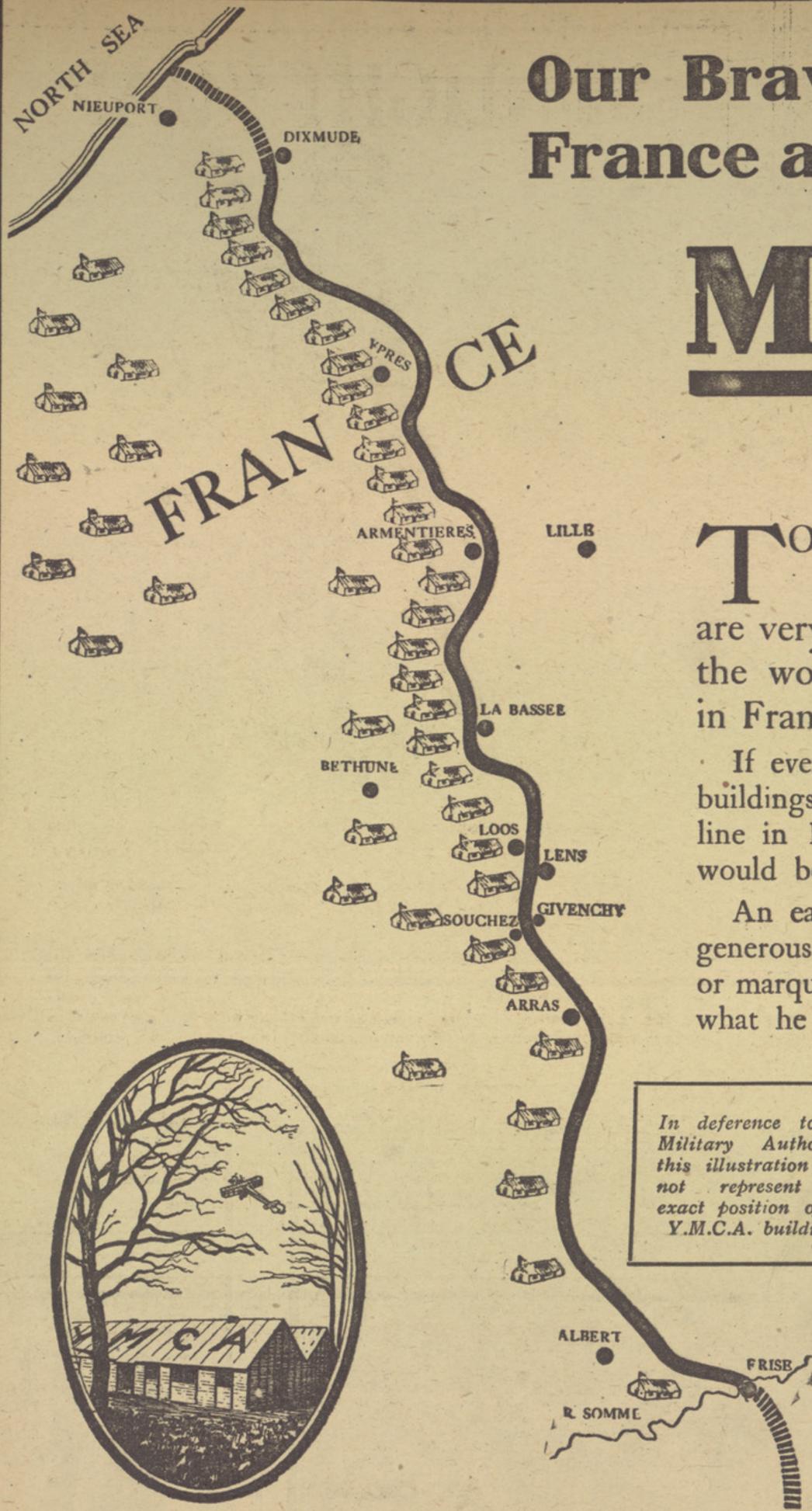


Handy Jack makes a difficult landing easy by forming a bridge of the boat's oars. Along this they get the stores ashore without trouble.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)

IN REVUE.



Kathleen Gower, who is appearing in the Comedy revue "Half Past Eight."—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



Our Brave Fellows in France are Calling for

More Huts

WILL YOU HELP TO SEND THEM NOW?

TO meet the pressing needs of our men, a number of *huts and large marquees* are very urgently needed in which to conduct the work of the Y.M.C.A. for the Troops in France.

If everyone could realise the great boon that such buildings are to our brave soldiers, behind the firing line in France and at the base camps, the money would be quickly given.

An earnest appeal is now made not only to those generous donors who can give a complete building or marquee, but to every reader of this paper to send what he or she can afford.

If **EVERY** reader of the "Daily Sketch" will send a **minimum** of 10/-, or as much as he or she can afford, the Tents and Buildings can be erected at once.

In deference to the Military Authorities this illustration does not represent the exact position of the Y.M.C.A. buildings.

Don't leave it to others—others may leave it to you. If you cannot fight yourself, here is your chance to help. Will you send what you can afford? Send it for the sake of those who are risking life itself on your behalf. Donations should be addressed to Captain R. L. BARCLAY, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C.

£250
will erect and furnish a large marquee.

£450
will furnish and equip a new Y.M.C.A. Hut in France.

If every reader of the "Daily Sketch" will send a **minimum** of

10/-
or as much as he or she can afford, the Buildings so urgently needed by our gallant men can be erected at once.

WILL YOU POST THIS TO-DAY?

To Capt. R. L. Barclay,
Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters,
12, Russell Square, London, W.C.

I have pleasure in enclosing £.....towards the special work of the Y.M.C.A. for the Troops.

Name.....

Address.....

Softer Colours For Summer Clothes.



A Georgette crêpe frock in black and two shades of grey over a bright blue petticoat.

SOFT, alluring, and low-toned will be the dress-colours of the coming summer. Dress-makers are finding it more interesting to be subtle than to be daring, and their customers will no doubt find it more satisfactory to have clothes that are becoming, although they are not in the least startling, and remind one of pot-pourri rather than the Russian ballet.

This is not to say that we have entirely done with vivid primary colours. Bakst greens and blues and vermilions are still to be seen, but they are not given the space that was once accorded to them. Instead of a Bakst green cloak is now offered a Bakst green fruit for your hat. The vivid blue only peeps out here and there as the lining of a very dark costume, while the vermillion is only allowed to break out in the minor forms of buttons, belts, and embroidery thread.

To-day's sketch is a good example of the quieter blendings of colour. It shades from its white neck frill through shades of grey to the black hem, and the effect of the bright blue petticoat under the thin crêpe is charming. This is a type of frock which will be very useful in the coming summer, as it is elegant and interesting enough for important functions, and yet gets the sober note which every war-time gown should have.

IN KITCHEN AND WARDROBE.

A Vogue For Handkerchief Points.

Handkerchief points are "in," and it is surprising to find the many ways in which dress-makers can find places for them. Evening frocks have handkerchief pointed skirts hanging over lace petticoats, afternoon frocks have handkerchief pointed wrist frills, which are made by cutting a circle to fit the sleeve edge out of a square of material. Voile frocks have a handkerchief square embellishing their bodices, a point drooping over each shoulder, while the others button to the waist-belt at back and front. The very newest use of the handkerchief point, however, is seen in a set of crêpe-de-Chine under-garments, the chemise of which has the hem pointed back and front, while the very wide and loose knickers fall in points at the sides.

How To Make A Red Pottage.

Soak half a pound of beans over-night, then put on to boil in fresh water with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add two sliced onions, a piece of celery, a tin of tomatoes and a beetroot. Boil for two hours or more, rub through a sieve, season well, reheat, and serve. This is a nourishing and savoury dish.

Holiday Cushions To Carry About.

In America the holiday cushion has become quite a feature of outdoor life, and it will probably soon be more in evidence over here. The war has banished the holiday girl, but as, in her new phase, she is usually in attendance on a wounded soldier, what could be more appropriate than that she should carry a cushion? The motoring girl's cushions are usually the same colour as the upholstery in the car; they are square, soft and plump, either plain or embroidered, with a little wrist strap fastened at one

end. The cushions designed to carry about at the seaside are designed more with a view to carrying out the colour scheme of costume rather than for comfort.

Chocolate Sandwiches For Cakeless Days.

When cake is banned for the duration of the war an occasional sweet sandwich may be permissible. Chocolate ones are especially nice for picnics. Stir grated sweetened chocolate or cocoa into a small amount of melted butter until thoroughly mixed. When cool thin the mixture with milk or cream and add finely-chopped nuts. Spread this paste on thin slices of white bread. Trim off crusts and cut into fancy shapes. Often a taste of cheese is appreciated with a sweet sandwich. This can be added by placing a thin slice of buttered bread, spread with grated cheese as a top layer, to the nut chocolate sandwich before cutting into shapes.

A KITCHEN DIARY.

The housewife whose memory is not unailing will find it a good plan to keep a kitchen diary which records her inventions or discoveries for the table, the date of purchase of utensils, the number of guests entertained, and any new notion for table decoration.

When guests come again it is very gratifying to them to find their likes and dislikes remembered. The kitchen diary, too, may prevent the hostess from realising at the last moment that she is offering exactly the same menu as on their last visit.

It is very helpful when trying to make money go as far as possible to know just how long utensils, kitchen towels, etc., have lasted.

At the back of the book may be kept a record of such things as the visits of the chimney-sweep and piano-tuner, for the dates of these have a way of being forgotten.

SUNLIGHT SOAP



"Back Again!"

The above sketch is an Officer's tribute to the Cleanest Fighter in the World—the British Tommy.

The Artist describes the sketch as: "A picture of a man standing on the quay of Boulogne with a box of Sunlight strapped on his pack, seen when I last returned from leave."

The clean, chivalrous fighting instincts of our gallant soldiers reflect the ideals of our business life. The same characteristics which stamp the British Tommy as the cleanest fighter in the world have won equal repute for British Goods. Sunlight Soap is typically British. It is acknowledged by experts to represent the highest standard of Soap Quality and Efficiency.

The 1d. size will be found convenient for including in your parcels to the front.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

B 975-28

"Saved a lot of anxiety."

E.I. Rly., Palaman District, Japla, India, July 22nd, 1915.

Messrs. W. WOODWARD & Co., Chemists, Chaucer St., Nottingham.

Dear Sirs,—By mere chance I came to know the value of Woodward's Gripe Water. I have given it to my baby from her infancy, and I assure you it has saved me a lot of anxiety. It is excellent for immediate relief in griping pain, etc., and is also a very good preventive.

She is now nearing two years of age, and I still continue the Gripe Water, as it has proved such a valuable friend, and I can only put down her easy teething due to the Gripe Water. You may insert this, as I would wish the public to know its value. Yours faithfully, Mrs. W. WALLACE.

WOODWARD'S

"GRIPE WATER"

A perfectly safe and sure remedy for the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

Registered Trade Mark No. 99.



Contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical approval.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

Of all Chemists and Stores, Price 1/3.

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

PREPARED BY

W. WOODWARD, Ltd.

Registered Trade Mark No. 108.

GRIPE WATER.

Cadbury's

MADE AT BOURNVILLE.

"ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST."

Cocoa

WIFE'S DUTY AND CHARM.

Judge Says That Letters Sound Very Like Ibsen.

Mr. John Arthur Greene, the son of a vicar in the North of England, pleaded in the Divorce Court yesterday that he was justified in not living with his wife.

The case before Mr. Justice Shearman was the contested suit of Mrs. Minnie Greene, asking for restitution of conjugal rights, and the hearing was adjourned.

Opening the case for the husband, upon whom was the onus of the proof, Mr. Rose Innes, K.C., said the parties were married in April, 1904, and there were no children.

Mr. Greene, when in the twenties, was introduced to a gentleman, whose wife, he thought, Mrs. Greene was. He and this gentleman had business relations.

Tales Of A Shipwreck.

Finally the gentleman went away, and Mrs. Greene told Mr. Greene a romantic story of having been washed from a shipwreck, and found by the gentleman with whom she lived. She also said she was the daughter of an educated gentleman. In fact, she was the daughter of a policeman.

Just before the marriage, in 1904, Mrs. Greene had smallpox, and afterwards she admitted to Mr. Greene that she was not a married woman.

Mr. Rose Innes, continuing, said Mrs. Greene had attempted, or pretended to attempt, suicide.



MR. GREENE.

MRS. GREENE.

She had written to her husband's youngest brother, and counsel suggested that she was more in love with the brother than with her husband. But no charge of misconduct was made.

In the letters to Mr. Greene's brother, she wrote: Dearest and Sweet Harry.—Thank you, dear little love, for your sweet letter. Just a few kisses and words of love and kindness when they are needed, oh, so badly, and all the world seems altered.

Oh, what a love I am capable of feeling and giving to someone who understands and appreciates me. Always be tender, true and passionate, not coarse or rough or cruel.

His Lordship: It sounds rather like Ibsen. (Laughter.)

His Lordship read the following extract from the husband's letter to his wife.

A wife's duty is not only to keep house, but to convert with her charm the four walls into a home, and appear in raiment so as to knock all the neighbours flat. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Rose Innes said his client settled £10,000 and all his furniture on his wife on marrying, although the whole amount had not been paid.

MAN WHO OPPOSED REBELLION.

The O'Rahilly Outvoted, But Stood By Comrades And Died.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Sunday.

The body of The O'Rahilly, found in Moore-street, has been interred at Glasnevin Cemetery.

It is now stated that he was one of those who in the council of the revolutionaries opposed the rebellion to the last.

Finding himself out-voted, he decided to stand by his colleagues and was one of the first to enter the General Post Office at the time of the seizure of the building on Easter Monday.

Even when premises were actually seized many of the rank and file did not realise that the action in which they were taking part was more than a realistic piece of Easter manoeuvres.

In a number of cases, when the true situation was appreciated, protests were made against the mad enterprise, but without effect.

In the city the outbreak is called the "Civil Servants' Insurrection" owing to the large number of persons of this class who had been associated with the Sinn Fein movement.

It is estimated that not more than 3,000 Sinn Feiners took part in the insurrection in Dublin. Certainly not more than 5,000 were involved in the active movement in the whole country.

MONEY MATTERS.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday interest centred mainly in mining shares. There was quite a run upon Broken Hill Properties, which previously had not responded to any material extent to the sharp rise in silver. Curiously enough, the movement coincides with a drop in the price of white metal.

Copper shares were also stronger yesterday, the metal rising to £139 per ton. Among others, Falcon shares were bid for, there being an idea that the company may have succeeded in materially reducing its indebtedness as a result of the rise in the price of the red metal.

In the Kaffir Market Knight Central shares fell sharply to 12s. 6d., without, however, any official news being published to explain the movement. This, however, is nothing unusual in regard to this company—movements in its shares usually precede publication of items affecting the property.

Gramophone shares were again well bought, but there was a further set-back in the price of Forestal Land shares to 54s. 6d.

Rubbers, after a dull opening, closed firmer, the price of the raw material being 2s. 9d. per lb. Consols were unchanged at 57 and War Loan stock at 94½. French 5 per cents were quoted at 85½.

REGIMENTAL CUP-TIE WINNERS AT THE FRONT.



The South Staffordshires' football team which won the final in the General's Divisional Cup-tie Competition. In the centre of the group are (seated) Colonel A. M. Ovens, the O.C., and Lieut. and Quartermaster S. Bradbury.

BRIGHT IDEAS FROM A WAR HOSPITAL.



Two of the humorous drawings by Private Stephen Baghot de la Bere ("Fatigue") contributed to the pages of the 3rd London (Wandsworth) General Hospital Gazette. On the left is the artist's idea of the "reception bureau" welcoming a new arrival from the front; on the right the camp, with orderlies retiring to "funk-pits" on the enemy's approach.

"PROHIBIT RACE MEETINGS."

Mr. Runciman Hints At Restriction Of The Petrol Supply.

Mr. George Lambert (not the war-makes-no-difference M.P.) suggested in the House of Commons yesterday that the Government should prohibit the use of petrol for pleasure cars and suppress all race meetings as being wasteful of the nation's resources.

Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, said strong representations had been made to the Government that a certain amount of racing was necessary in the interests of thoroughbred horse-breeding. After careful consideration the Stewards of the Jockey Club had been informed that a limited number of race meetings at certain specified places would not be objected to. It might become necessary to restrict the supply of petrol for other than essential purposes. This matter was under the consideration of the Committee which he had appointed for the purpose.

THE FUTURE OF FOOTBALL.

The governing authorities of Association football had a conference yesterday afternoon at the offices of the Football Association, Russell-square, London, to discuss the future of the game so far as possible, and other matters concerning the playing of it.

It was announced that various matters had been considered in relation to the new taxation, and when arrangements had been made with the Board of Customs and Excise the clubs will be communicated with.

It was decided that until there was some material change in the present position the regulations and restrictions now in force should continue.

The annual general meeting of the Football Association will be held at the offices, Russell-square, on Monday, May 29, at 5 p.m.

York's Lord Mayor was made a freeman of the City of London yesterday.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

£1 15s.—Clerical Staff, Infantry Record Office, Dublin (18th cont.). 8s.—Daily Sketch Readers and Comps. 2s.—Mrs. Miller, Bearsden. 1s. 6d.—Sunbeam Motor Co. (Export Dept.).

The Daylight Saving Bill was read a first time in the House of Commons yesterday. Animal ivory and motor tyres are not included in the new list of prohibited imports.

FIVE LIVES LOST IN THE TORPEDOED CYMRIC.

How The Underseas Warfare Is Depleting Our Shipping.

Five lives of the crew of 112 of the Cymric were lost in the explosion which preceded the sinking of the White Star liner Cymric, which went down yesterday morning 15 hours after she had been torpedoed.

The survivors were landed yesterday at Bantry.

She was a twin-screw steamer of 13,096 tons, built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff at Belfast in 1898.

She had been sailing in passenger and naval service between Liverpool and New York, and was one of the oldest and best-known boats in the White Star Line service.

The loss of the Cymric emphasises the great losses that are being sustained in British shipping as a result of the submarine warfare.

Lloyd's Register yesterday gave the following figures relative to last year's deduction from our shipping:—

Steam tonnage, 1,452,673 tons.

Sailing tonnage, 82,222 tons.

Nearly 19 per cent. is due to ordinary sea casualties, breaking up, dismantling, etc., and Fifty-eight per cent. to war losses.

The gross figures of addition and loss for the period are:—

Addition 1,523,750 tons gross.

Deduction 1,534,901 tons gross.

The seriousness of the war losses will be seen in one set of the above figures, which puts them at 58, or more than half of the gross total.

ANOTHER SHIP MYSTERY FIRE.

The after-hold of the steamer San Giovanni, which was loading supplies for Italy at a pier in Brooklyn, was gutted by fire, says a New York cable yesterday. "The origin of the outbreak is a mystery," it adds.

WIRELESS OPERATOR'S HEROISM.

The steamship Zent, in ballast and unarmed, was sunk without warning by two German torpedoes 23 miles south-west of the Fastnet. Eleven of the crew, including the captain, were picked up by one of his Majesty's ships, which came in answer to the wireless call sent out by the Marconi operator (Mr. Proughton), who died at his post. No fewer than 47 of the crew of the Zent perished. No warning was given, and the ship sank in two minutes.

SUNK OFF USHANT.

An Exchange telegram from Paris states that the British steamer Maud, of Jersey, has been torpedoed off Ushant. Captain David and five members of the crew were saved.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

LONDON LOCK HOSPITAL, 91, Dean-street, Soho, W.—Notice is hereby given that women out-patients will be seen by one of the senior surgeons every Thursday evening at the above address (Diadem-court entrance) until further notice at 6.30 p.m. precisely. Women out-patients will also continue to be seen on Friday afternoons at 2 p.m. as heretofore. Dated April 29, 1916.

PERSONAL.

BAKER.—Dear George, come home and all will be well.

—MOTHER.

SAVE 5 MINUTES
Why waste time every morning making coffee?

'CAMP' COFFEE

Made in a moment. See how good it is, how pure and fragrant. Makers—
R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,
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Dine off Salmon and Save Money

For an equal expenditure SAILOR SALMON SLICE gives you nearly four times as much nourishment as cod, and far more than beef.

But insist on having the best salmon, the one with the £500 guarantee—SAILOR SLICE packed in sealed tins, which preserve all the delicious flavour and rich nourishment of the freshly-caught fish.

A Treasury Note Wallet will be sent free to any lady unable to obtain SAILOR SLICE who sends us a postcard with her grocer's name and address.

ANGUS WATSON & Co., Dept. 81, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



Sailor Salmon Slice

Begin To-day The Breeziest Story Of The Year.

THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC.



Specially
Written
By
Ladbroke
Black.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Hester Gervais, a pretty, impulsive girl, revelling in the healthy open-air life she leads at Heaton Chevrel, the old-world village where she has been born and reared, is engaged to be married to

Gordon Kemp, a clever, prosperous, self-satisfied business man. The two have a lovers' tiff, and afterwards Hester takes her mare, Ruby, for a lonely gallop across the downs. The mare takes fright, and Hester's life is saved by

Jim Stratton, an Australian soldier, who appears suddenly from behind a furze-bush, and gallantly stops the infuriated animal. Hester is grateful to the Anzac, and likes to see the look of admiration in his eyes as he towers above her, but his blunt speech and his way of treating her as he might have treated a child who has foolishly run into danger, anger the girl, and she leaves him abruptly. Nevertheless, she cannot help contrasting the Anzac with Gordon Kemp and wishing Gordon were a little more masculine. Hester's friend,

Effie Lomas, at whose home the Anzac is staying until he recovers from his wound, pretends that there is a secret understanding between Stratton and herself, and although Hester is still angry with her preserver, she is curiously hurt at the thought that he should be in love with Effie.

Later, Hester astounds her mother by hysterically declaring that she does not want to marry Gordon, who is pressing her to fix the date of the wedding.

"Oh, mother, I just want to stay here with you—always!" she cries, passionately.

Tactful Mrs. Gervais.

Mrs. Gervais was one of those intelligent and sympathetic women who realise that nothing is so calculated to hinder an object they may have in view than ill-judged opposition.

When, therefore, Hester hysterically declared that she had no wish to be married—that she hated the thought of living in London—that she wished to spend the rest of her days in her old home—her mother contented herself with trying to soothe and calm her until the fit of weeping ceased. Then, and not till then, did she again refer to the subject.

"Hester, dear, aren't you happy with Gordon?" Hester raised her tear-stained face.

"Yes, mother," she faltered. "Yes—quite, quite happy—I think."

A POLLO.—PEG O' MY HEART. Daily. 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Frys., and Sats. 8.15.

COMEDY.—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. Nightly 8.30. Mat. Mon., Fri. and Sat. 2.30. HALF-PAST EIGHT.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Last week of D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle "The Birth of a Nation." LAST EIGHT PERFORMANCES. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. 2588 Gerrard.

GLOBE.—Every Evening at 8.30. "THE SHOW SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP SHOW." NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER. "Times." Matinee Mon., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway.—Daily, 2.15 and 7.45. Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "THE PEARL GIRL," and Harry M. Vernon's "JINGLE BELLS." Both attractions at all performances. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Sats. 1s. to 7s. 6d.)

ALHAMBRA.—THE BING BOYS ARE HERE. Mr. OSWALD STOLL presents George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue GEORGE ROBEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORAIN, etc. Evgs. 8.30. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.15.

COLISEUM.—2.30 and 8 p.m. Miss ADELINA GENEVE and Co. in "THE PRETTY PRENTICE." CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Jack Hulbert, CLARICE MAYNE, MARK SHERIDAN, FRASER GANGE, SAM STERN, etc. Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, and Super Beauty Chorus. Phone Ger. 650.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY TWICE DAILY. 2.15 and 7.45 p.m. Both Attractions at all Performances. Robert Courtneidge's Co. in the Successful Musical Comedy "THE PEARL GIRL." Harry M. Vernon's Musical Burlesque, "JINGLE BELLS." Box Office, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Saturdays and Holidays 1s. to 7s. 6d.) Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines).

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8. 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PALACE.—"BRICA-BRAC." at 8.55. VARIETIES at 8. MAT. WED. and SAT., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Chas. Gulliver presents Albert de Courville's production, "FUN AND BEAUTY," featuring JOHN HUMPHREYS, IDA CRISP, Elsie Spain, George Mantou, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by WHITT CUNLIFFE. Three Brothers Huxter.

PHILHARMONIC HALL, Great Portland St., W. (Nr. Oxford Circus).—Daily at 2.30 and 8.15, commencing to-day, PAVLOVA in the film version of the "Dumb Girl of Portici." Opening day proceeds to be given to the Lady Parrot's Blinded Soldiers' Fund, which is under the patronage of the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, King and Queen of Belgium, and President Poincare. Special matinee prices, 5s., 10s. 6d., and 21s. only. Evening and following days usual Philharmonic prices, 1s. to 5s. Special orchestra of twenty. Mayfair 3003.

EXHIBITIONS.—Baker-street Station. MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Baker-street Station. Life-like portrait Model of Sir Ernest Shackleton in Explorer's Attire. Heroes of the War on Sea and Land. Unique War Relics. Free Cinematograph Pictures. Delightful Music Lunches, Afternoon Teas, etc. Admission 1s. Children 6d. Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"And you love him as much as you did when you first became engaged?"

"Yes," she answered. "You know how good and kind and generous he is, mother. . . . Sometimes I think he is too good and kind and generous."

"And yet, admitting all this, you say, my dear, that you don't want to marry him."

A wraith of a smile played for a moment about M-s. Gervais's lips. Hester saw that smile, and, though she coloured, laughter gathered in her own eyes.

"Oh, mother, I'm just silly!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what I want. I'm spoilt by everybody's goodness to me—your goodness—Gordon's. You mustn't take any notice of my stupidity, mother."

She put out her arms and drew her mother's face down towards hers.

"It's been such a hot day, mother, and I've got a headache—I expect that's the beginning and end of it all. . . . I'm going to be very, very happy with Gordon, and really and truly I think I shall like living in London. After all, we shall always be able to come down here for a change."

She broke into her accustomed sunny smile, and, freed from her anxiety as to the possibility of the marriage being broken off, Mrs. Gervais returned to the subject of the trousseau.

Already in some mysterious way the fact that Hester was going to be married almost immediately seemed to have been agreed on by common consent. She had protested to Gordon against this haste, saying that she must have time, but now.

It occurred to her how eminently characteristic this was of Gordon's methods. She had known, when she asked for time, that he would appear to yield and yet carry his point all the same. And here was her mother clearly reconciled to a marriage at some early date, and wanting to set about the purchase of her trousseau immediately.

Hester Gives In.

Quite suddenly the thought of that trousseau made a tremendous appeal to Hester.

After all, why was she making such a fuss about marrying Gordon? She would have to marry him some time. She had promised to marry him. A month from then or six months—what did it matter—what real difference would it make? . . .

Was she, just because she had met this very rude and impertinent man on the hills, to make herself miserable, and Gordon miserable, and repay her lover's unflinching kindness and tenderness towards her by creating absurd difficulties. . . .

It was quite natural that he should want to marry her immediately if he were leaving Heaton Chevrel and going to live in town.

She knew sub-consciously that the very fact of her having to go through this process of reasoning pointed to a certain indecision in her mind on the subject of her marriage, and just because of this the trousseau figured as something like an anchor to her inexhaustible and unexplainable mental wanderings. . . . The purchase of it would force her to become familiar with the idea of her marriage.

And somehow she regarded this as a safeguard. She did not pause to inquire why, if she loved Gordon, she should require any safeguard at all.

She flung herself enthusiastically into the discussion of the trousseau. She fetched catalogues from the house and, detail by detail, exhausted the list of feminine garments, while her mother, armed with a pencil and a piece of paper, made rather vague notes as to her requirements. They became so interested that the sun was already setting and it was time to dress for dinner before they had finished.

Gordon arriving, as was his custom, after dinner, found them still in the middle of their plans, and he plunged with interest into the discussion.

He had views on dress, as Hester knew, and he developed them on this occasion, displaying a nice judgment in the matter of the colours that suited her and the kind of materials which should be employed.

Gordon's Gratitude.

"But why this sudden interest in your trousseau, Hester?" he asked presently.

"We thought you were in such a hurry to be married, Gordon," Mrs. Gervais replied. "Didn't you tell me you wanted to settle everything before you went to town?"

He turned with a look of gratitude in his eyes to Hester.

"Oh, that is sweet of you, Hester," he said. "I suppose we can say some time within the next two months. But there, I must leave you two to fix the date."

He referred again to the date of their wedding as they were saying good-night.

"You are a dear, Hester, to fall in with my wishes like this," he exclaimed.

She put both her hands upon his shoulders and looked long and earnestly into his face. In the light of the moon her own face seemed to take on a new and almost magical beauty.

"Gordon," she said brokenly, "I want to do everything you wish. You don't think me stupid and irresponsible and foolishly impulsive, do you? You've been so good to me, and I want to make you happy."

He drew her towards him with a gesture that was almost paternal.

"I think you're the sweetest and most beautiful girl in the world," he said, and kissed her on the lips.

That night Hester's dreams were haunted by no images of the man on the hills. Certain things occurred to her that she had omitted from her list of intended purchases, but before she had time to note them properly she had fallen asleep.

The next day broke with a scurry of rain, and found Mrs. Gervais with a bad attack of neuralgia, which made the shopping expedition to town out of the question.

Hester sat with her mother until the rain ceased at eleven, and then set out for a walk. Dressed in a loose-fitting Burberry, she made her way through the Manor grounds out on to the road, and so across the railway bridge up on to the hills.

The sun broke through the dissolving clouds as she came out on the downs, and a lark went soaring up into the sky chanting its song of praise.

She had walked quickly up the hill, and now she began to saunter more slowly. It was going to be a lovely day after all. She noted with her quick eye for beauty the change that the rain had already wrought in the trees and hedges. Away to the left mist of blue showed her where the first bluebells had opened out. She was moving towards them, when a strange sound startled her.

"Coo-ee!" She stopped wondering. Again the cry was repeated—louder this time.

"Coo-ee, coo-ee!"

She looked about her, and as she did so from behind a furze bush rose the big, khaki-clad figure of Jim Stratton. She stood where she was, rooted to the spot, watching him with a kind of dread fascination as he came towards her.

Making Magic.

"Hullo, little lady!" he exclaimed. "I thought I should meet you here."

"Why did you think that?" she stammered, and then would have given anything to have unsaid the words, for they formed a natural prelude to a conversation—and she did not want to talk to him.

"I've been making magic," he said laughing, "like the old witch doctors do; circles and incantations and a little tobacco smoke for the incense, so as to compel your presence here. And here you are."

He held out his hand.

"Won't you shake hands?" he said.

She put her own hands firmly behind her back. It was time she had an explanation with this man.

"I wonder how you can expect me to shake hands with you after the things you've said to me," she exclaimed. "Never in my whole life have I met a man so rude as you are."

"Really! Now, that's interesting."

"And I'm not going to stand it," she said, stamping her foot.

He received her statement as if it were a joke instead of an earnest statement of fact.

"I say, you've got something of the spitfire in you, haven't you?"

"There you are again," she stammered. "There you are again! You seem to think it's the proper thing to call ladies names."

She looked him full in the face, hot with indignation, and then, seeing the wondering amusement in his eyes, a sudden change came over her. She coloured, tried to speak, and finally laughed feebly.

"That's better," he said encouragingly. "Now you've got it all off your chest we can talk like pals. We are going to be pals, you know."

"You're Going To Marry Me!"

She did not know what to say or do. Her protests, her most stinging ironies, broke against his armour of complete simplicity like the waves on the sides of an ironclad.

"I'm going for a walk," she exclaimed, and began to move on.

He fell into the place by her side as if it were the most natural thing in the world, vainly trying to adjust his big strides to hers.

"Yes, it's a top-hole place for a walk. I always come up here. I like to look down on the valley; it gives you just the sort of scenery you never get in Australia. And now you're here it's perfect. You know I think you just the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, don't you?"

He made the remark with the most perfect ease, as if he were commenting on the weather. Hester coloured up to the roots of her hair, and then, stirred by some instinct of preservation, she pulled the glove off her left hand. Instantly his quick eye picked out the engagement ring on her third finger.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "You're engaged, aren't you, to that Mr. Kemp? I'd almost forgotten."

"Yes," she answered simply.

"But you don't love him, do you? You couldn't! He looks as if he'd been in cold storage all his life and hadn't got warmed properly through yet."

She did the only thing she could think of. She drew herself up very erect, and, with her little chin in the air, looked straight in front of her.

"I am going to be married to Mr. Kemp!" she exclaimed. "You have seen my engagement ring. In the circumstances, Mr. Stratton, I think it very bad taste. . . ."

Before she could complete her sentence an amazing thing happened. She felt her left wrist seized and held powerless—the ring on her third finger was pulled off.

"You're not going to marry Mr. Kemp," said Jim Stratton's deep voice. "You're going to marry me, little lady—and don't you make any mistake about it!"

(Do not miss to-morrow's instalment.)

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A National Duty

IT is the duty of every Housewife at the present time to practise the utmost economy, and yet to keep the home always bright and attractive, so that it becomes a veritable haven of rest. MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee, renders the Housewife's task a light one; her superior wax preparation

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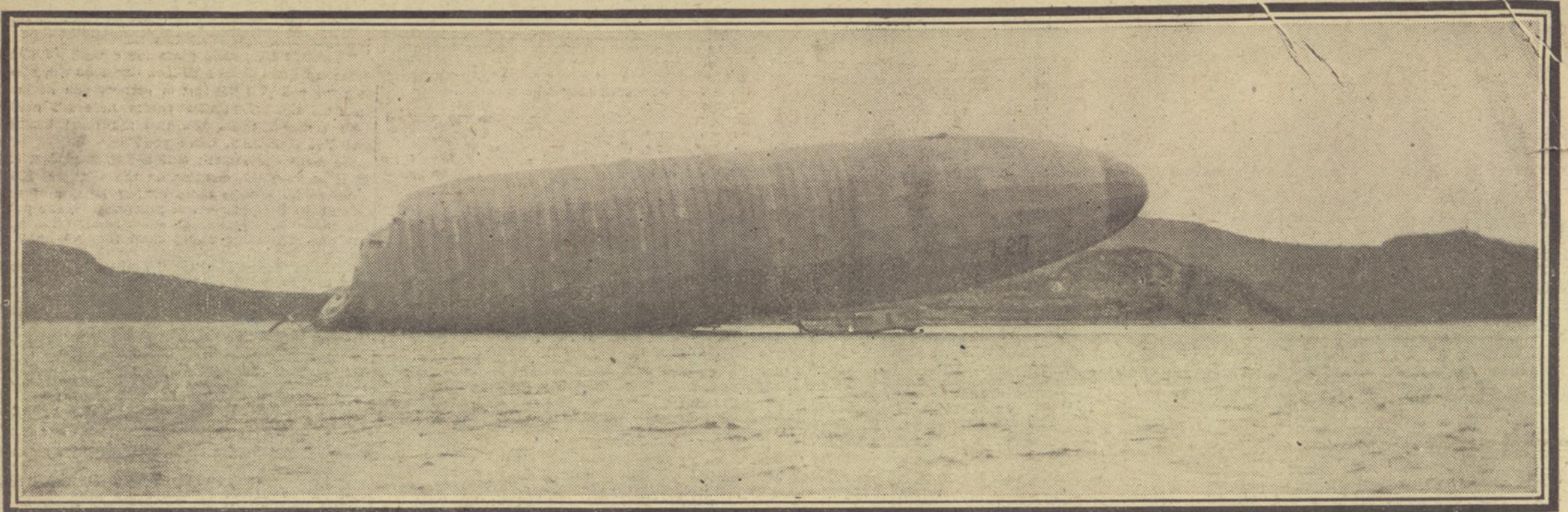
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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

THE ZEPPELIN L20 LIES A WRECK ON NEUTRAL SHORES.



The wrecked Zeppelin L20 lying disabled on the southern coast of Norway. The first of the three Zeppelins brought down last week, and believed to have taken part in the raid on Scotland, the airship was hit by a shell from a French warship, and afterwards destroyed by order of the Norwegian Government.

GROWING THEIR WAR-TIME WHISKERS.



A facial transformation incident to wartime. Four chums, serving aboard a North Sea trawler, as they looked (above) before sailing, and (below) after six months' duty afloat.

CINEMA GIRL'S LOFTY PERCH.



Pearl White, the American cinema star, wears trousers to climb a New York sky-scraper.

A REST-CURE IN THE PARK.



A dispatch rider, home on convalescent leave, takes a rest cure among the squirrels of Regent's Park.

A DIXIE-PIXIE IN PANTALETTES.



Filmy shadow lace trims these dainty satin pantalettes—an American fashion adapted for wear under dancing frocks.