

LAST OF THE IRISH REBEL LEADERS EXECUTED.

DAILY SKETCH.

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

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

MR. ASQUITH GOES TO SEE FOR HIMSELF.



Mr. Asquith photographed on his arrival in Ireland yesterday morning. He is seen walking along Kingstown Quay in company with Mr. Bonham Carter (his secretary) and the military representative who met him as he landed. Mr. Asquith hopes, after consultation with the civil and military authorities in Ireland, to arrive at some arrangement for the future which may commend itself to the general consent of Irishmen of all parties.

LAST OF REBEL IRISH LEADERS EXECUTED.

Connolly And McDermott Shot In Dublin Yesterday.

MR. ASQUITH'S VISIT.

Court-Martial On Officer For Mr. Skeffington's Death.

THE CASEMENT CASE.

The official statement from the Dublin Headquarters Staff office last evening says:

The trial of two prominent leaders in the rebellion, whose names appeared in the proclamation issued by the so-called provisional government, viz.:

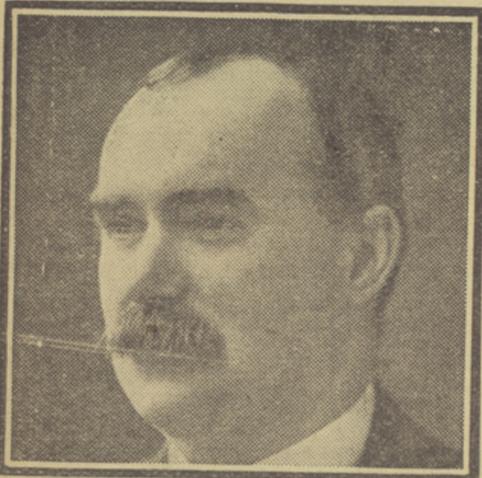
**James Connolly, and
John McDermott,**

took place on May 9, and the sentence of death was awarded in each case.

These sentences were confirmed by the General Officer Commanding on the 9th, and they were carried out this (Friday) morning.

McDermott signed the proclamation in the name of Sean MacDiarmada.

Fifteen of the rebel ringleaders have now been shot; one has been sentenced to 20



JAMES CONNOLLY.

years' penal servitude, seven to "life" terms, and 23 to ten years.

Lord Macdonnell is acting with the Irish Government, and is performing the duties of Chief Secretary.

The court-martial on the British officer who is alleged to be responsible for the execution of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington opened in Dublin yesterday.

MR. ASQUITH ARRIVES IN DUBLIN CITY.

Premier Drives Through Scenes Of Recent Fighting.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Friday.

Mr. Asquith arrived in Dublin about 6.30 this morning.

Three hours before he had stepped jauntily aboard a boat at Holyhead wearing a heavy brown mackintosh coat, a soft felt hat of green, and a rather dandy pair of tan boots.

The jolliest of smiles completed the suggestion that the Prime Minister might very well have been on a holiday trip. Accompanying him was Mr. Bonham Carter. But the smile had vanished when Mr. Asquith came from his cabin at six and set eyes on the troubled country whose sadly perturbed state he had come to investigate.

Not even the ancient Davy Stephens, drollest of newsboys, could charm it back again; and Davy did his best. With a mock gravity that would almost have brought laughter to the cold eyes of a statue, he advanced to the Prime Minister and said: "Will you have a copy in th' pa-per, sorr, and get to know how things are over here for-r-r shure."

Mr. Asquith took the paper and began a search for a fugitive penny.

"Shure now, and I'd not be taking ut f-r-rom you," Old Davy protested, "and I hope her leddyship is quite well."



DAVY STEPHENS.

Viceregal Lodge, where he will stay for a few days. It was not much of the ruined part of Dublin that he saw en route, but that was terrible enough—walls where there had been houses, gaping interiors where shops had stood, and armed sentries everywhere.

He didn't stop long to look at them; that would come later.

There are some extraordinary things to see, and if Mr. Asquith is going to gaze even cursorily upon all the evidences of Sinn Fein folly, his visit won't be concluded in one day.

What The Rebels Did.

Take as a mild example the Royal College of Surgeons. That fine block of buildings, which was one of the last to be wrested from the rebels, has many painful relics. In the board room were some very valuable portraits. The wretched rebels, seeing that the game was up, wrecked their vengeance upon these. A life-sized portrait of Queen Victoria, painted by the late S. Catterson Smith, and placed in the college in 1887 in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee, they cut stupidly from its frame, and then tore it into small pieces.

The Red "D" Of Death.

When they were routed out of the college it was found that they had marked some of the inner doors with a red "D." These were the rooms the windows of which were commanded from buildings opposite, and the "D" meant danger. On blackboards had been placed the warning, "When entering a room the door of which is marked 'D,' get right down. Be cautious when passing windows exposed to snipers."

In the chemical lecture theatre the space beneath the gallery had been converted into a mortuary by dragging benches from the old House of Lords, and a rude crucifix had been placed in a prominent position over the dead.

No Sinn Feiners Need Apply.

One of the more interesting of the minor items I have come across is a declaration by the staff of a business firm in the city. The declaration sounds to an outsider passing strange, as it reads: "I declare that I am not a member of, and that while I am in your employment I will not join or become associated in any way with, any organization which proposes to resist by physical force the properly constituted authority of H.M. Government."

LETTERS BY SUBMARINE.

How Germany Fomented The Irish Revolt Despite The Censorship.

Some interesting details of the attitude of Germany towards the Irish rebellion are given by the Stockholm Exchange correspondent, who has interviewed neutrals recently arrived from Germany.

A Swedish subject said that the Germans all along expected trouble in Ireland. They did not count upon a successful revolt, but upon a rising that would make trouble and bring discredit on the British Cabinet.

They knew the Irish rebels alone would suffer from the abortive insurrection, but that was no concern of theirs, and so they would not send any troops, though willing to provide money and arms.

Another Swede who left Germany three days after the Dublin revolt began said everyone expected that England in future would have to keep in Ireland a reserve of some 200,000 troops, who might otherwise be profitably employed on the Continent. From that standpoint the rebellion was considered a successful coup.

These neutrals stated that the German Government was able to keep in communication with the Sinn Feiners by means of letters conveyed by submarines.

One stated: "Wherever submarines can go there is a postal service which cannot be censored."

REBEL LEADERS IN HIDING.

About 150 prisoners were brought from Galway to Dublin yesterday, presumably for trial.

Nearly all the known western rebels have been taken except half a dozen leaders in the Athenry district, who are still in hiding.

Among the 28 prisoners arrested at Limerick are two members of the local corporation. Three of the suspects have been discharged by Colonel Weldon, and the remaining 25 are in Limerick Prison, pending trial by court-martial in Dublin.

Relatives of the suspects have been allowed to see them.

The Marchioness of Conyngham, of Slane Castle, County Meath, has lodged a claim for £70 damages against the Dunshaughlin Urban Council for malicious injuries to her motor-car, which was utilised by the police at the Ashbourne affray.

THE CASEMENT CASE.

Sir F. E. Smith To Prosecute In High Treason Trial.

The Attorney-General, Sir Frederick E. Smith, will appear to prosecute in the case of Sir Roger Casement, who is to be tried at Bow-street on Monday and succeeding days, for high treason.

Sir Frederick E. Smith will be assisted by Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Travers Humphreys.

THE CASE OF PRIVATE MORRIS.

Generous readers continue to send sums of money for the benefit of the wife of Private Thomas Morris, whose sad case was recently reported in the *Daily Sketch*. Latest acknowledgments:

Mrs. Tennant Miller (Putney), £1; F. A. Stockton (Clapham), 2s. 6d. Dr. Barrett (Kensington), 5s.

Mr. Edward Wright (69), who retired from the town clerkship of Loughborough, Wednesday, died

THIEF HIDES IN TRUNK AND STEALS £8,000 JEWELS.

Clever Gang Of Criminals Reaches London From Birmingham.

£500 REWARD.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BIRMINGHAM, Friday.

A sensational jewellery robbery, recalling the box trick of a German officer to escape this country, has been brought to light in Birmingham, the scene of several daring jewellery thefts during the last decade.

Strangely enough the firm to which the jewellery belonged was the victim of an almost identical robbery at King's Cross Station, London, a little over two years.

This latest robbery was perpetrated last week-end at New-street Station, Birmingham, when a bag containing valuables worth about £8,000 was successfully stolen from the cloak-room by a most ingenious trick. So far, all efforts of the police to trace the thieves have failed.

Jewels Deposited In Cloak Room.

It appears that last Friday, after concluding his journey, the traveller of Blankensons and Sons, Limited, manufacturing jewellers, Birmingham, left his three sample cases in the cloak room at the railway station.

Soon afterwards two large trunks were deposited in the same room, and the place was then locked for the night.

In the early hours of the morning a request was received for the removal of the trunks, and the tickets being in order they were allowed to be taken from the cloak room and placed on a London-bound train leaving about that time.

The Theft Discovered.

Nothing more happened until the traveller called for his cases, and it was then discovered that the largest and the one containing the most valuable goods was missing.

The theory of the police is that a member of the gang was concealed in one of the trunks, and when the cloak room was locked he got out, stole the jewellery case, and returned to his hiding-place.

Inquiries by the police show that the gang reached London safely, but no further trace of them has since been discovered. The matter now remains in the hands of the London police, and a reward of £500 has been offered for information leading to the arrest of the thieves or the recovery of the property.

GUARDS' GENERAL FALLS IN ACTION.

Brigadier-General Frederick James Heyworth, C.B., D.S.O., who has been killed in action, was

born 53 years ago. He entered the Scots Guards in December, 1883, and saw service in the Soudan. In 1900, as a major, he fought in South Africa, and was present at the actions of Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, Magersfontein, Poplar Grove, Driefontein, Vet River, Zand River, Johannesburg, Diamond Hill and Belfast.

He was mentioned in dispatches, awarded the D.S.O., and received the Queen's Medal with six bars and the King's Medal with two. In 1911 he became colonel of the Scots Guards.



NO-CONSCRIPTION CRANKS.

Eight Summonses Under The Defence Of The Realm Act.

Edward Grubb, A. Fenner Brockway, W. J. Chamberlain, W. H. Ayles, A. Barratt Brown, John P. F. Fletcher and Morgan Jones, officers and members of the National Committee of the No-Conscription Fellowship, have been summoned under the Defence of the Realm Act to appear at the Mansion House on Wednesday.

A summons has also been served on the Rev. Leyton Richards, a member of the National Committee at the time of the issue of the leaflet entitled "Repeal the Act," which is the subject of the summons.

Two other men who signed the leaflet are Clifford Allen and C. H. Norman. Allen has been ordered to take up work of national importance, and Norman is in the hands of the military authorities.

INSUBORDINATION ON SERVICE.

Edward George Collison (25), formerly of Tonbridge, and Hugh Cameron Mather (22), of Bromley, conscientious objectors, were tried by a district court-martial at Maidstone Barracks yesterday for acts of insubordination while on active service.

Collison, who belonged to the Anti-Conscription Fellowship, expressed to the court his willingness to undertake agricultural work if it was not under the military authorities.

Mather, who was a member of the International Bible Students' Association, contended that as Christadelphians had been granted total exemption from military service the members of his Association ought to be granted the same privilege. He told the court he would go to any length to maintain his convictions.

Collison was ordered six months' detention and Mather 112 days.

Mr. Henry James, O.M. (73) left £8,961. He bequeathed his portrait by Savoy to the Nation.

THE HEARTLESSNESS OF MR. HAYES FISHER.

A "Full Description" Of The Scheme To Save The Home.

PROMISES DO NOT PAY BILLS.

Mr. Hayes Fisher is chairman of the committee appointed by the Cabinet to administer the scheme for saving the soldier's home.

Replying yesterday to a Hull correspondent who had protested against the calling up of married groups before full details of the scheme had been published, Mr. Hayes Fisher wired:—

The scheme was fully described in the Prime Minister's statement of April 26, but a further announcement will be made shortly.

So far as the *Daily Sketch* can remember, Mr. Asquith made no public statement on the subject on April 26. He may have referred to it during the Secret Session on that day, but we are not permitted even to speculate about that. What did happen on April 26 was the publication of the official report of the Secret Session of April 25, in which a summary of the scheme was given. Here is that summary:—

- (1) The scheme of assistance will apply to all men who have joined the Forces since August 4, 1914 or who may join hereafter, and to single as well as to married men.
- (2) The items in respect of which assistance will be granted include rent (including ground rent and rent of business premises), mortgage interest, payments in instalments in virtue of contracts such as purchase of premises, business, or furniture, taxes, rates, insurance premiums, and school fees. Relief will not be given for the purpose of enabling any person to discharge such liabilities as ordinary debts to tradesmen.
- (3) It is not contemplated that the assistance to be granted in any individual case should exceed £104 per annum.
- (4) Persons desiring relief will be required to make application in a prescribed form.
- (5) These applications will be investigated locally by Commissioners (who will be barristers) specially appointed for the purpose. The Commissioners will make recommendations to the central committee, who will be authorised to make grants.

The Bailiff Is Waiting.

There is very little nourishment in a "full description" like this.

Pretty promises do not satisfy the landlord, the milkman, the grocer, the butcher, the insurance agent, and the hire-purchase man.

They want cash, and they mean to get it. The bailiff is waiting round the corner to help them to get it. Has Mr. Hayes Fisher's committee ever heard of bailiffs?

At the risk of being tiresome the *Daily Sketch* repeats a few facts for the consideration of Mr. Hayes Fisher and his committee:—

- (1) All the available married group men have been warned for service.
- (2) Some have already been called up.
- (3) The homes of thousands of these men are in peril, because as soon as the breadwinner leaves his civilian employment his income ceases, and the Army separation allowance is totally insufficient to keep the home going.

This is not a Ginger Stunt. It is merely an endeavour to arouse the Government officials to a sense of their blunder in not hurrying the scheme into operation.

Delay in this matter is inexcusable. It is also heartless.

PUNISHMENT FOR SIN.

Misfortunes Of The War And "Crowning Disgrace" Of Dublin.

The view that the war is a punishment for our national sins was elaborated at a Church Defence meeting over which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided at Church House yesterday.

The Hon. Mrs. Philip Lyttelton-Gell suggested that there was a connection between the passing of the Welsh Church Act and such episodes as Mons, Gallipoli, and "crowning disgrace of all," Dublin.

"We must ask ourselves," she said, "whether there is not a real connection between the placing of such a decree upon the Statute Book and our inability to make the real progress on which we so greatly depend."

[The Hon. Mrs. Philip Lyttelton-Gell is a sister of Lord Middleton.]

DYING SOLDIER'S LAST ACT.

Unable to give his home address, No. 22795 Private Crown, 7th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, handed a portrait to a comrade on a French battlefield and died.

Through the medium of Miss E. Louise Chapman, of Clonmel, the portrait has been forwarded to the *Daily Sketch* in the hopes that its reproduction may lead to its donor recovering the portrait.



LONDON MEN CAPTURED AT KUT.

A telegram from Basra announces that three steamers full of wounded British and Indian troops from Kut have reached that place.

Information has also reached London, says Reuter, that Messrs. Tod, Cree and Battey, representatives of London business firms, who were

HEAVY GERMAN ATTACK ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

GERMANS TAKE 500 YARDS OF BRITISH TRENCHES

Part Of Lost Ground Regained By Counter-attack.

HEAVY BOMBARDMENT.

Exaggerated Enemy Report Of Temporary Success.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE,
Friday, 9.50 p.m.

Yesterday evening, after a heavy preliminary bombardment, the enemy succeeded in capturing about 500 yards of our front trenches north-east of Vermelles.

We regained a portion of the ground lost by a counter-attack during the night.

To-day there has been no further infantry action, but considerable artillery activity in this neighbourhood.

Further north, opposite Cunchy, we bombarded the enemy's position.

Otherwise nothing but minor artillery duels at various points on the front, principally in the region of Thiepval, Neuville St. Vaast, Messines, Voormezele, St. Eloi, and east of Ypres.

THE ENEMY'S VERSION.

German Story Of The Capture Of Machine Guns.

German Official News.

Friday Afternoon.

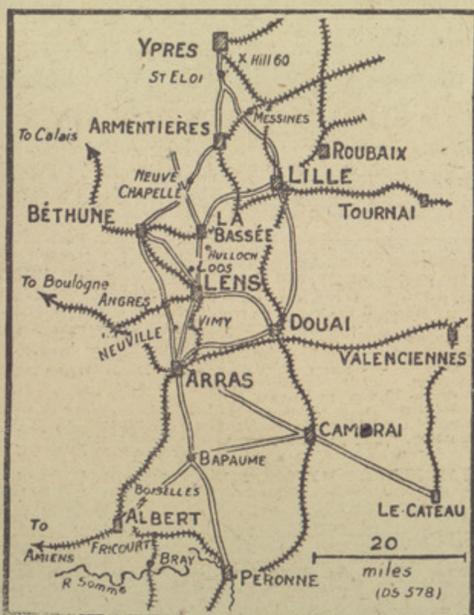
South-east of the Hohenzollern Redoubt, near Hulluch, battalions from the Pfalz Palatinate stormed several lines of the English position.

Up to the present time 127 unwounded prisoners have been brought in, and several machine-guns were captured.

The enemy also suffered important sanguinary losses.

This was particularly so in the case of a fruitless counter-attack made by him.

In the Argonne a French attack against



the Fille-Morte carried out with the use of flame-throwers failed.

In the Meuse region there has been lively artillery activity on both sides. Apart from a weak French attempted attack in the Thiaumont Wood there have been no infantry actions worthy of mention.—Wireless Press.

The Hohenzollern Redoubt is on the northern edge of the salient captured by the British last October between La Bassée and Lens. At the time of the October attack Hulluch was near the southern limit of the British front; now it is near the centre of a front which stretches to the Somme. The German account does not suggest that

engaged, seeing that "battalions" are spoken of.

Near Verdun, on the other hand, the French have won two attacks.

FRENCH REPEL ATTACKS.

Complete Enemy Failure Near Douaumont Fort.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday, 11 p.m.

On the right bank of the Meuse partial actions in the course of the day enabled us to extend appreciably our positions to the south-east of Haucourt.

There was a somewhat lively bombardment of the region Mort Homme-Cumieres.

On the right bank there was a violent bombardment of our first and second lines between the Haudromont Wood and Vaux.

A German attack against our trenches to the south-east of Douaumont Fort was completely repulsed.

On the rest of the front there was artillery activity which was particularly sharp in Champagne and in the Vosges.—Reuter.

GERMANS REPULSED TWICE.

PARIS, Friday Afternoon.

On the left bank of the Meuse there was intense artillery activity in the sector from the Avocourt Wood to the Dead Man.

In the course of the night the Germans vainly attempted to dislodge us from the positions we captured on the western slopes on Wednesday.

Two successive attacks were repulsed by our fire.

On the right bank there was a bombardment of the Douaumont-Vaux region.

On the rest of the front the night was comparatively calm.—Reuter

CABINET AND THE PRESS.

Lord Derby Thinks Ministers Should Guide Opinion.

Lord Derby, who presided last night at the anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, at the Hotel Cecil, made allusion to the criticism passed upon Cabinet Ministers by the organs of the Press.

In old days, he said, it was always possible to criticise indiscriminately, but now it was no longer possible to do so. Politically, at all events, a regular critical opposition in the House of Commons seemed to have gone, and its old helpfulness now rested with the Press, whose criticisms were conducted in the same fair and well-meaning manner as they might hope to find in the House of Commons.

Personally he was not one of those who thought there should not be free communication between Ministers and the principal pillars of the Press, so long as those communications did not disclose secrets. He did not think there was any reason why Ministers should not be able to guide the opinions of the Press. To his mind that was the sanest thing that anyone in political life could do.

A year ago Mr. Lloyd George had declared that he would miss being criticised. He (Lord Derby) thought no public man need be in any way uneasy because of the lack of criticism, nor did he think anyone need fear it so long as it was conducted honestly and straightforwardly. Press criticism on those lines was the best thing a public man could have.

RUSSIANS IN MESOPOTAMIA.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Friday.

In the region of Ashkalin (between Trebizond and Erzerum) our elements made some progress towards the west.

In the direction of Bagdad, in Mesopotamia, we repulsed an attempted Turkish offensive.

In the region of the town of Kasr-i-Sherin we captured from the enemy a cannon of Austrian type, provisions, munitions, and artillery.—Reuter.

[The Russians also report the successful repulse of a strong German offensive on the Dvina front.]

LONDON VICTIM OF DUBLIN FIGHTING.



Mr. Richard Butler, of Hartwood-road, Stamford Brook, Hammer-smith, who was one of the victims of the rebellion in Dublin. He was killed in Phoenix Park, during a brush between the military and the Sinn Feiners. Mr. Butler was in Dublin for a

AMERICAN NOTE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

Demand For Passage Of Red Cross Supplies To Germany.

AN EFFECTIVE REPLY.

A new American Note is to be presented to Great Britain, according to Washington cables, demanding that Great Britain should allow the passage of Red Cross supplies to Germany and Austria.

The President will make the charge that the present British blockade policy is in direct contravention of the Geneva Convention, and will practically demand that Great Britain shall permit the forwarding of Red Cross supplies for humanitarian work in Germany and Austria.

The President will act upon the recommendation of ex-President Taft, chairman of the Central Committee of the Red Cross.

BRITISH POINT OF VIEW.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen has made the following statement to a representative of the Associated Press:—

The position of the British Government in this matter is quite clear. They are prepared to allow the dispatch of medical supplies to any American Red Cross units which may be working for the Central Powers upon receipt of assurances as to their employment. They are not, however, prepared to allow medical supplies to be generally imported by the enemy.

Sir M. de Bunsen points out (1) That a general permit to import medical supplies would mean that the enemy would be able to draw large supplies from all parts of the world, and (2) That they would be free from all necessity of using their existing supplies of such articles as rubber for medical purposes, and be able to devote them to war-like ends.

GERMANY'S BAD RECORD.

What is Germany's record in these matters? In Franco-Prussian war, no medical supplies for Paris.

In the present war, prohibited export of German medical works.

Their present submarine blockade is avowedly intended to cut off all supplies to the Allies.

They have violated Geneva Convention by attempting to torpedo the hospital ship Asturias. They have actually torpedoed the hospital ship Portugal (in the Black Sea), causing the deaths of nurses and wounded men.

In the American Civil War all medical supplies, including quinine and anaesthetics, were prevented from reaching the Confederate States.

The Allies have a legal right to intercept medical supplies.

BAD BOYS AND FILMS.

Women's Good Influence In Dealing With Naughty Children.

The grave increase of juvenile crime is the subject of a letter from the Home Secretary (Mr. Herbert Samuel) to Clerks of Justices throughout the United Kingdom. The chief causes are, he says, lack of parental control due to the war and the influence of cinematograph films depicting crime. The Home Secretary points out that the licensing authorities should pay special attention to the nature of the films shown at children's performances, and should attach conditions to music licences for film theatres as to the hours during which children should be admitted.

It appears to the Secretary of State that women might with advantage be employed more often than at present on probation work. In existing circumstances suitable women can be obtained more easily than men, and experience shows that in dealing with children and young persons a woman is often more successful than a man. In many places women experienced in social work would no doubt be glad to help voluntarily if the justices invited them to give assistance to the regular probation officer.

DECORATED BY THE KING.



Major Dighton, R.G.A. Lieut. Randell, R.N.R. Two gallant officers who have just been decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace. Major E. Dighton, Royal Garrison Artillery, received the D.S.O., and Lieutenant John Randell, R.N.R., of Newfoundland, received the D.S.C.

Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg visited wounded soldiers at Gatcombe House Red Cross

5 a.m. Edition.

CROWN PRINCE AS SEEN BY THE GERMANS.

Trusted Commander, Good Comrade, Protector Of Civilians.

"HOW HE HATES SUFFERING."

Laughs At The Caricatures In The Foreign Newspapers.

A highly-coloured portrait of the Crown Prince is contained in a special number of the Berlin *Illustrated Gazette* which has just reached this country. The article is written by Herr Rudolf Presber, and paints the Prince as—

- A popular and trusted army leader;
- An early riser and keen worker;
- A splendid "comrade" of officers and troops;
- A protector of women and children in the occupied part of France;
- A guardian of French art treasures;
- "A sportsman"; and
- An amateur portrait painter of great merit in his leisure time.

One of the facts upon which the Prince prides himself is his slender figure.

Anybody who thinks of the German Staff as consisting of a collection of wizened old men would see them bending over the great war maps with absolute astonishment. Sport, to which the Crown Prince himself owes his sinewy, tireless figure, has conferred upon all these men a tense youthfulness, to which is never lacking, in the midst of the anxious tasks of the day, the joy which springs from confidence.

"STRONG-WILLED CONFIDENCE."

The confidence of a strong will radiates from this youngest of the leaders of armies, who some day will be the War Lord himself. I can testify to this from prolonged visits to all his troops, whether Prussians, Bavarians, or Württembergers

Without in any degree lessening the respect in which he is held, the Prince knows how to increase, in conversation with young officers and single soldiers, the bond of comradeship which embraces all who are making a rampart of their bodies against the enemy.

"THAT IS PRETTY STRONG."

Whatever he is doing, the Prince remains the comrade of his fellow-soldiers, and takes a personal interest in each. And everyone feels that this is not a studied pose, but a simple expression of his personality which is absolutely necessary to him.

The Prince laughs at the caricatures of himself, especially those in the French and Italian Press. "That is pretty strong," he said, when shown one of these cartoons. "But we think it better to be gentlemanly."

A MODEL GUEST.

As the occupant of a French chateau, whose owner, an old lady, was driven out of her house once before, in 1870, the Prince is described as a model tenant.

The Prince feels himself to be only a guest. He has altered nothing, destroyed nothing, allowed nothing to be taken away.

He has allowed French colours to remain on the wall of a room behind a great crucifix. With what homely pride did I observe in the midst of war the colours of an enemy which the young victor's good nature refused to allow to be disturbed.

The only things the old lady would not recognise would be the water-colours—chiefly portraits of soldiers and prisoners—which the Crown Prince has painted in his leisure and placed all round the salon.

EAGER FOR DANGER.

The two things that most cut the Crown Prince to the heart are—first, that he is obliged to keep out of the dangers towards which his fearless temperament entices him; and, secondly, that he is obliged to witness so much human suffering without being able to give any help.

How this suffering grips at his heart, and how careful he is to mitigate suffering by his example! In September, when we had to go back a little, he personally went with both his motor-cars to bring in wounded officers and troops. For such acts as this his soldiers worship him from overflowing and trustful hearts.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRINCE.

Referring at the Press Fund dinner last night to the return of the Prince of Wales to England, Lord Derby said his Royal Highness had been serving in France in a regiment in which his grandfather had served, and of which he (Lord Derby) was at one time proud to be a member, and he was proud his eldest son was serving in the regiment at the present moment.

He believed the country would love the Prince of Wales as the men of his battalion loved him, and if it did so his Royal Highness would be the

FAIR FORESTERS WHO WIELD THE AXE AND CLEAR THE LAND.



Women foresters sawing up tree-trunks which they have just felled.



The lady of the axe gets busy.



The saws have to be kept sharp.



The largest of the trees they have felled serves as their luncheon table.

Women students at the Huntsmoor Park College are engaged in clearing a large tract of land in Buckinghamshire in order to develop and establish there an agricultural institution, to be named the Stratheona Training School. Quite expertly they fell the trees and clear away the undergrowth.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographo)

THE MILITARY TOUCH IN PARIS FASHIONS.



Though now absorbed in war Paris refuses to relinquish her supremacy in the world of fashion. Her modistes are busy with new designs for summer frocks, and with characteristic adaptability to the mood of the moment are investing them with effective military touches.

THE POSTMAN'S DEPUTY.



Every morning the terrier meets the postman at the gate to receive the letters, which it faithfully delivers to its master.



MME. PAVLOVA writes:—"I have used Ponds' Vanishing Cream and find it very good for softening and whitening my skin."

One has only to remember how careful so famous a beauty must be in the choice of a toilet cream to realise the importance of such whole-hearted praise, and every lady who values her complexion surely cannot do better than accept Mme. Pavlova's strong recommendation.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM is absolutely pure—contains no grease—is never sticky—and is so simple to apply. No other Cream is so delightful to use or imparts such a dainty freshness to the skin. No other cream is so sure a safeguard against hot sun, wind and dust—or keeps the hands so beautifully white under all conditions. Perfumed with the scent of sweet Jacqueminot Roses. Send to-day 1d. stamp to cover postage for

FREE TRIAL TUBE.

Of all chemists and stores in 1s. Tubes and Jars.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 24), 71, Southampton-row, London, W.C.



THEATRES.
A POLLO.—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Fris., and Sats., 8.15. Transferring to St. James's Monday Next. Matinee 2.30.
COMEDY.—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. Nightly, 8.30. Mat. Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."
DURRY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—LAST DAY of D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," the finest production ever seen on any stage. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Gerrard 2588. LAST TWO PERFORMANCES.
GLOBE.—Every Evening at 8.30. "THE SHOW SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP SHOW." NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER.—"Times." Matinee To-day and 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.)
VARIETIES.
ALHAMBRA.—"THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. GEORGE ROBEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORAINÉ, etc. Evgs., 8.30. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.15.
COLISEUM.—2.30 and 8 p.m. Mlle. ADELINE GENEE and Co. in "THE PRETTY PRENTICE." CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Jack Hulbert. CLARICE MAYNE, MARK SHERIDAN, MARGUERITE SCIALTEL, 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). Monday Next.—The George Edwardes Co. in the new Musical Production, "The Miller's Daughters."
VARIETIES.
MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8. 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.
PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC." at 8.35 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 CRISPI, Elsie Spain, George Mantou, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by WELT CUNLIFFE. Three Brothers Huxter.
PHILHARMONIC HALL, Gt. Portland St., W. (nr. Oxford-circus).—Daily at 2.30 and 8.15. PAVLOVA, the world-renowned Russian actress, in the film version of the "Dumb Girl of Portici." Prices 1s. to 5s. Box Office Mayfair 3003.
EXHIBITIONS.
"CAPE TO CAIRO" RED CROSS FAIR, under Royal patronage, at the Mansion House, E.C. (by kind permission of the Lord Mayor), on Monday and Tuesday next, from 12 to 6. Thousands of African exhibits, curios, Ostrich feathers. Admission 1s.

BEST BRITISH BICYCLES

Get My Money-saving Lists of Big Bicycle Bargains. Half Shop Prices. Small deposit and easiest of Easy Terms. Grand Coventry-made Cycles from £4 cash (Makers' Price £8). 15 years' warranty. 10 days' free approval. Lists and expert advice free. Geo. King, Coventry's Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry

5 PREMIER ENFIELDS SWIFTS SPECIALS ROVERS COURT BROS. BARKERS SINGERS CENTIGES PER MONTH

ASQUITH'S MISSION.

THE visit of Mr. Asquith to Ireland is a great event. The Premier is a much bigger man than most people think, and he could have done nothing more calculated to allay discontent in Ireland. It means he will trust no second-hand report on the state of things over there; it means he is going to consult Irish opinion, to trust Irishmen. As a great statesman once said: "A Prime Minister is his own best Ambassador."

WE may rest assured now that the executions will stop. As Mr. Chesterton says, we cannot very well go on executing Irish rebels while we allow English rebel-pacifists a free hand—even if there were no other urgent reasons for clemency. Nor should the deportations stand. For one man we deport we shall leave behind a whole family of malcontents. We cannot hope to accomplish anything by further severity except to embitter the Irish. I am sure we shall not stoop to blind revenge.

FURTHER, we may be sure that conscription for Ireland, to which Mr. Asquith was always opposed, has been finally put in the waste-paper basket. Ireland does not want compulsion, and will not have it.

BUT public speculation is mainly concerned with the future government of Ireland. There is at present no Irish Secretary; it is possible there never will be another. After two years of war we are coming to understand how wise and patriotic was the offer of Mr. Redmond made in August, 1914. "Take the last English soldier out of Ireland," he said, "leave to Irishmen the task of guarding her, and there shall be no disturbances within her boundaries; no German shall land upon her shores." He pointed out, too, how much wiser it would be to grant Home Rule then than after the war. Well, we rejected his offer, and we did not take his advice. Hence these tears and the trouble in Dublin!

BUT now there seems a good chance that a provisional Irish Executive may be set up. Since the Nationalists represent the bulk of the Irish people, it is obvious that they should be in a majority on the Executive, and it is equally obvious that for the period of the war (the provisional committee would hold office no longer) neither party need be troubled by the worn-out bogey of religious persecution.

BUT since we are told that Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson have reached an agreement on principle I do not think we need bother much about the constitution of the Executive. After all, it is none of our affair.

IF this be done, the disarmament of Ireland need not proceed. We can, on the contrary, well afford to trust the Irish Executive with the arming of a large proportion of its remaining male population for home defence. Again let me say that those who regard this as doubtful know nothing of Ireland.

IT is possible, then, that out of this Dublin trouble much good may have come. The wave of enthusiasm which will sweep over Ireland at the news of the establishment of an Irish Executive will more than wipe out the ill-feeling which was arising from the initial severities of the military and the threat of greater severities to come. We shall have gained new moral strength for the Alliance, and, believe me, many new thousands of magnificent recruits.

THE alternative is to grant an amnesty to all the rebels now in our hands or at liberty, to relieve the country from the pressure of martial law, for which there is no longer the slightest necessity, and to pick out the best possible man—say Mr. Redmond, if an Irishman, as he should be, or Sir Mark Sykes, if an Englishman, for the post of Irish Secretary. THERE IS NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE. To palter with the question, to maintain martial law, to continue execution and deportation is to court disaster. To settle the Irish question we need wisdom, generosity and courage. It is a test case—a test of what we are made of as great as is our conduct in the war.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

The Prince and Lord Stanley —
Premier's Trip to Dublin—No
More Telegraph Boys.



The Prince's Return.

IT IS ODD, when you come to think of it, how rarely Premiers—as Premiers—have visited Ireland. I don't expect Mr. Asquith honoured old custom by taking a revolver with him. "Buckshot" Forster, during his uneasy term as Chief Secretary, was "advised" by the police to get a pistol. When he came back he remarked plaintively, "This thing seems very difficult to get at," and with much trouble lugged out a huge cavalry "bull dog" loaded in every chamber. One of his subordinates took it away from him, and gave him a safer weapon, with which he used to practise solemnly in the kitchen garden.

Mr. Asquith's Visit To Ireland.

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The Temporarily Unemployed.

WE HAVEN'T heard much of Sir H. H. Raphael, M.P., lately, though he has now climbed up from private as high as temporary major. But he has just been gazetted an Assistant Provo. Marshal. I don't think he is to be employed on special "provo." duty at Westminster, though I like to toy with the idea of him keeping a stern eye on Winston, F. E., and other temporarily unemployed officers. This portrait is not of Winston, or F. E.



—(Swaine.)

A Real Saving Act.

THE Summer Time Act, to give it the official title, is remarkable not only for the fact that it imposes no penalty for non-observance, but that it is the only drastic measure passed for many years that has not called into being an army of officials to carry it out.

The Objectors.

THERE is one section of the community that regards the Summer Time Bill sponsors as crazy, irresponsible idealists. The gentlemen who wind the clocks of H.M. Civil Departments might not be expected to display overwhelming enthusiasm for the proposal. Each of them is responsible for the re-setting of 930 clocks, and already the inevitable deputation has waited upon the Office of Works urging that a suitable solatium should be awarded them for this Herculean labour.

Stamp-Collectors And The Irish Republic.

IT'S AN ill-wind which blows nobody any good. The only thing that keen philatelists are living for to-day is to get hold of specimens of the Irish Republic stamps. They bid fair to be as valuable as the Mafeking siege stamps with the Baden-Powell head on them.

River Season.

ALTHOUGH it did not look much like it lately, there is, I hear, to be a record season up the river, and at Maidenhead in particular Skindle's is making very special arrangements, and skiffs and punts and launches are being overhauled. There seems to be no special reason for the boom, but perhaps khaki has something to do with it.

Lamp Day.

FROM a picturesque point of view, yesterday's "Lamp Day" was, among similar "days," an easy winner. That orange-coloured lamp which dangled from the trays of the sellers was immensely effective. Trade was good, on the whole. I noticed Lady Helen Brassey about at quite an early hour.

The Sins Of Charity.

PEOPLE responsible for running charity concerts to which they invite wounded soldiers are frequently grossly lacking in what I will generously call discretion. Many artistes who come from a distance, and, of course, pay their own expenses, are sometimes not even thanked. Worse than this, I could quote instances where the best seats are filled by able-bodied women wearing large and expensive hats, while battered heroes are crowded into bad seats at the very back of the room, or even compelled to stand. O Charity, what sins are committed in thy name!

Douglas Mawson.

SERIOUS efforts are being made in the direction of a Shackleton Relief Expedition. Sir Douglas Mawson, whose portrait this is, has just reached Liverpool on a visit to the country, the object of which is to confer with Commander Evans and the Royal Geographical Society as to what steps should be taken. Sir Douglas is certainly the right man for the job, as his exploratory record is a brilliant one. He is half a scientist and half



—(Lafayette.)

a sailor, and it is rather curious that he should hold a commission in the Australian Army. He has spent much of his life in Australia, but he was born in Bradford.

The Tsar's Heir.

ALL SORTS of dreadful things were said to have happened to the Tsar's heir a few years ago, but the harrowing stories must all have been fables, for a friend, who writes me often from Petrograd, tells me he is growing into a strapping youth, with a strong face full of character. She often sees him in military uniform, and he frequently takes the salute in a soldierly way from battalions going to the front.

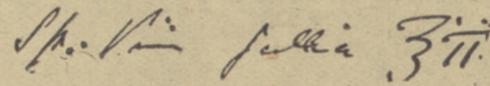
The Twins.

THERE were till lately two brothers in a certain famous Yeomanry regiment. They are twins, and one of them has just been discharged. The brothers are so exactly alike that once in peace time, when they were due to do a fortnight's training and one of them wanted to get out of it, the other chap did the fortnight for him and no one was any the wiser. And now their colonel doesn't know what he will do if the one who is still serving takes it into his head to go home and pretend he is the one who was discharged.

More Actor Artists.

MY MENTION yesterday of Ernest Thesiger's forthcoming exhibition of water-colours (the profits of which are to be devoted to the Red Cross) reminds me that a large number of actors or folk connected with the stage can paint with skill other things than their faces. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's portrait in oils of his old master, Samuel Phelps, is one of the "old masters" of the Garrick Club. Weedon Grossmith has frequently exhibited, G. P. Huntley has several fine canvases to his credit, George Robey is a brilliant caricaturist (so, of course, is Caruso), and Arthur Collins has made sketching a hobby for years past. The list doesn't end here by any means, but I've no more room.

Don't All Try It!



THIS scrap of manuscript looks rather mysterious, although to my medical readers it is as clear as daylight. It was presented about 9.45 p.m. the other night to the manager of a famous variety theatre, and the case was stated to be urgent. I am not going to tell you the result of the manoeuvre, except to say that the said manager, with his accustomed geniality, explained that he was not a chemist. And now I suppose these hieroglyphics will be copied line for line and dot for dot by platoons of convivial males for use in cases of emergency. They have my good wishes.

Bad As The Khaki Kid.

SOMETHING worse even than the khaki kid has been seen—the miniature sailor. I don't mean those dear little fellows dressed as bluejackets (most of you, my male readers, were like that once, and perhaps some of you still are). But, in an utterly inconsequential manner I object strongly to a "Rear-Admiral" about 2ft. high, with a "brass hat" and gold bands round his diminutive arms up to his diminutive elbows.

When Papa Reached For The Strap.

"FATHER," said the intelligent lad, "if we have the Daylight Saving Bill in the Army, the Germans won't know we've started an attack until about half an hour after we've finished. Will they, papa?"

Telegraph Girls.

THE girl telegraph messengers look quite smart in the uniforms they are now being provided with. I hear that the postal authorities have made up their minds that they will in future employ no boys for telegraph messenger work.

Why Not Trawl?

A FRIEND of mine from Grimsby was telling me yesterday of the enormous sums the skippers of trawlers are earning in these days. He said he didn't think there was a single skipper sailing out of Grimsby who is now making less than £20 a week, and a great many are earning £40 or £50 a week.

Where It Hits Back.

SLIGHT AS it is, "The Boomerang," mainly because of some brilliant acting, should prove a winner, and sufficient to console Alfred Butt for "Kitty Mackay"—and, probably, a bit over. The authors are American and in America, but the play has been translated into English, and is clothed and produced in the English fashion. People at the Queen's Theatre on Thursday night, after being slightly bored by the first act, woke up to enjoy and laugh at the second, which is full of good things, and to find that no effort was needed to keep awake during the third.

Recruit From The Chorus.

"THE BOOMERANG" deals with jealousy in no tragic and Othellonian spirit, but as a subject for farce. The changes are rung on a couple of couples, and their adventures are quite amusing. Here is one of the quartette, Kathleen Vincent, a fair-haired recruit from musical comedy chorus, whence so many capable actresses have sprung. The fair Kathleen will have to do a lot of springing yet, but I'm not pessimistic. Fay



Compton, as alluring as ever, Doris Lytton struggling with a tiny part, Kenneth Douglas with that attractive assumption of nervous distraction, and Stanley Logan, easy and debonair, on Charles Hawtrey lines.

The New "Bric-a-Brac."

BY THE WAY, that favourite Palatial one, Arthur Playfair, will not be in the new "Bric-a-Brac"—anyway, not for a little time. He tells me that his health has broken down rather badly, and that his doctor has prescribed, in fact, commanded, four weeks' rest at Llandrindod Wells. After that Arthur returns to town, and, I hope, to health.

I Want Your Jewellery.

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE asks me to ask you for gifts of curios, pictures, jewellery, or other valuables for the benefit of the National Fund for Welsh troops. Don't trust me with your precious stones and things, but send them direct to 11, Downing-street, S.W. The sale will be held in connection with an exhibition of paintings by Miss Gwenny Griffiths at the Mendoza Galleries on May 17, 18, and 19.

People Who Have Given.

ARTICLES for sale have already been provided by the Countess of Plymouth, Mrs. Lloyd George, Lady Mostyn, Lady Paget, and well-known Welsh artists, including Sir William Goscombe John, Frank Brangwyn, Augustus John, and others.

Uninspired Musician.

I HAVE often got into hot water for defending German music, particularly modern German music. I still stick to it that there is no reason why the works of such great men as Humperdinck and Richard Strauss should not be performed and enjoyed in this country. But I find it impossible to weep over the death of the celebrated Max Reger, which the *Leipziger Tageblatt* has just announced. Reger was dull, academic, heavy, and ponderously Hun-like. Terribly learned, of course, but with scarcely a spark of inspiration in him.

Fed Up!

I KNOW a certain very able officer who looks absolutely sick when anyone, especially a girl, asks him "Where are you now?" The answer is "Worthing." He has had a commission since the war began, and has never been nearer to the front than the Zeppelin coast. He keeps on worrying, but Whitehall takes no notice, and won't let him go where glory awaits him.

MR. COSSIP.

THE GREATEST MILITARY CHURCH PARADE EVER HELD IN CANADA



One hundred thousand civilians and 20,000 soldiers took part in a church parade held in Queen's Park, Toronto. It was the greatest and grandest ceremony of its kind ever held in the Dominion. Our photo shows soldiers of the Governor-General's bodyguard and a section of the huge crowd that attended the service.

A KUT D.C.M.



Bomb. C. Munro, R.F.A., who was with General Townshend, won the D.C.M. at Kut.

THE KING'S NURSE



Nurse Tremaine, who attended the King after his accident in France, is the matron of the hospital for Canadian officers in Hyde Park-place.

EVERYBODY WANTED TO GIVE THE GALLANT ANZACS A FAREWELL CHEER.



Princess Iwa gave the Anzac a farewell bouquet.

The two thousand Anzacs who attended the farewell reception at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington, yesterday were given a tremendous reception as they marched through the streets. The Premier of Queensland and Mrs. Ryan were at the reception.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)



The Anzacs marched to the reception headed by bugles and drums.



5,000 "LADIES OF THE LAMP."

London Pays Its Tribute To The Memory Of Florence Nightingale By Helping Women War Workers Of To-Day.



Gertrude Kingston and Nina Boucicault were prominent lamp-sellers.



A group of eager "ladies of the Lamp" photographed before setting about their labour of love.



A trio of pretty lamp-sellers who were patrolling Piccadilly.



The statue of Florence Nightingale, enshrined in evergreens.



Lady Oranmore and Browne on duty.



A soldier of France accepts the badge.



The motorists had to pay a toll.



An Anzac joined with Jack in willing help.

With the gracious memory of Florence Nightingale, the Lady of the Lamp, as its inspiration Lamp Day afforded Londoners yesterday an opportunity of practically appreciating the splendid war-time work of British women. Every badge sold gave help to the "Star and Garter" Hospital and to the Women's Service Bureau and Emergency Corps.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)

Place this in your window or on your wall for others to see.

124 Cartridges cost 15/6

**Lend your Money to your Country
and help the Men at the Front.**

DO you know that every 15/6 you put into a War Savings Account at the Post Office can purchase 124 rifle cartridges? How many cartridges will you provide for our men at the front? Do you know that our men need as many hand grenades as we can send them, and that every 15/- you lend your country can purchase six grenades? How many grenades will you provide?

Your Money Back With Compound Interest.

For every 15/6 you put into a War Savings Account at the Post Office now, you will receive £1 in five years' time: that is five per cent. compound interest, and you can always get your money back in full at any time if you need it.

To get this high interest go to any Post Office (Money Order Office) and open a War Savings Certificate Book. You have no papers to lose, nothing to keep except the book, and if you lose your book you can always get another showing how much is standing to your credit.

How Your Money Grows.

Each 15/6 you put in will be shown separately, and when it has been in five years you will be able to take out £1. Each year your money grows as follows:—

In 1 year	it becomes	15/9.
In 2 years	it becomes	16/9.
In 3 years	it becomes	17/9.
In 4 years	it becomes	18/9.
In 5 years	it becomes	£1.

You can withdraw your money at any time if you need it, even if you take it out the day after you put it in.

If you cannot put in 15/6 to-day, go to any Post Office and ask for a War Savings Card. This will have spaces for 31 sixpenny stamps. Fill this up as soon as you can and take it back to any Post Office and start your War Savings Account with it.

For the children.

Give each of your children War Savings Cards on which they can stick sixpenny stamps. These War Savings Cards can be obtained at any Post Office.

**Go to the Post
Office To - day
and get a War Savings Card**

This is the cover of the card on which you stick 6d. stamps till you have 15/6. You can get it at any Post Office.



What Women Are Doing :

Lady Lytton's Matinee—Sunday's Concert—

The Story of the Biscuit.

By MRS. GOSSIP.

I AM glad I did not miss the matinee in aid of the Countess of Lytton's hospital at the Gaiety Theatre yesterday afternoon. It was a dazzling success, financially as well as artistically.

Seldom have I sat with such a distinguished audience, which filled the house.

Strangely enough the house just before the commencement of the programme was almost empty, but before I had time to read through the items it was filled completely.

Queen Alexandra, who was accompanied by the Princess Victoria, wore a summerlike coat of ecru lace over black ninon, with a black toque, and her gloves were white, stitched with black.

Mrs. Asquith, in prune coloured taffeta, with a black toque, with her daughter Elizabeth and Lady Cunard, came early.

The Duchess of Rutland was in a box, and the Duke and Duchess of Wellington sat in the front row of the stalls.

In The Theatre.

Others I noticed sitting in various parts of the theatre were Mrs. Bonham Carter, Lady Juliet Duff, in a voluminous black satin cloak and a small toque, Lady Randolph Churchill in the dress circle, the Marchioness of Winchester, Lady Emma Crichton, Countess of Plymouth, very picturesque in black, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir James Barrie, Marquis de Soveral, Mr. Alan Parsons and a great many more, but to give them all would mean taking another column of this page.



COUNTRESS OF PLYMOUTH.

The Programme Sellers.

Lady Diana Manners, who organised the programme selling, was assisted by Miss Violet Keppel, in putty-coloured cloth with a wine-coloured hat, Miss Bettina Stuart-Wortley, Mrs. John Lavery and, of course, many more.

And The Programme.

The programme was excellent, and the arrangement of putting the principal items first instead of last was a welcome innovation. Miss Viola Tree, as Magdalen in "Ariadne in Mantua," looked very striking in her gold and brown tissue tunic with gorgeous cardinal red cloak. Her wig was short, curly, and of a shade of bronze, but it was a pity she did not know her words more perfectly.

The programme was full of interest, and everybody did splendid work to make the afternoon the big success it was.

"The Boomerang."

I was at the first performance of "The Boomerang," at the Queen's Theatre, and very much enjoyed myself.

It is a bright, amusing and clever comedy, perfectly staged and played. The setting of Act II. is charming.

The carpet is whinberry coloured, with vivid green and prune chintz curtains and coverings. The cushions are perfectly beautiful in various shades of orange, silver and pea-green, and then there are black glass bowls and various shapes of vases filled with just the right kind of flowers.

The frocks in "The Boomerang" are very pretty. I admired all Miss Fay Compton's, but I liked her best as the V.A.D. nurse—the uniform suited her admirably.

Miss Nina Boucicault looked charming, especially so in an ecru lace gown, with an opal-coloured shot taffeta overdress, which was wholly becoming to her hair, which has now grown silver.

Her acting, as it always is, was delightful. I shall always think of her as the best "Peter Pan" I ever saw.

The Audience.

There was an enthusiastic audience. Amongst them I saw the Duchess of Rutland in the stalls, with green shell combs in her hair, Mrs. Louis Duveen, in black, in a box with Mr. Grahame White, and Lady Moss, whose hair was gold wreathed.

Miss Grace Lane applauded her clever husband from the stalls, and I also noticed Lady Arthur Paget, Mrs. Edward Compton, Miss Fay Compton's admiring mother, and Mile. Delysia,

me that she is very busy rehearsing for the new revue at the Ambassadors, where she will have much singing to do and wear some pretty frocks, but with war economy as their keynote.

She has also had lots to do, coaching the Duchess of Westminster, who, I hear, was a very apt pupil, for her scene with Morton at the Drury Lane matinee.

Mr. Eric Loder was in the front row of stalls, and Mr. Knoblauch a few seats away.

Tommy Will Thank You.

Lady Alexander, whose energy is limitless in the cause of charity, is helping to organise a concert, which takes place at the Palladium tomorrow afternoon.

It is to assist the canteens for our soldiers in France, which really is a splendid thing. Every officer and Tommy appreciate to the full the good these canteens have done.

The programme is quite a good one, and those who have promised to help are Sir George Alexander, Henry Ainley, Walter Hyde, George Robey, Edmund Gwenn, Raymond Hitchcock, Nancy Price, and Helen Mar. Of course, there are many others.

Admirable.

To-day is the last performance of the "Dream of Gerontius" at the Queen's Hall. If you haven't already been there this week don't hesitate to go; it is a wonderful treat.

Queen Alexandra has promised to be present, and a great number of well-known people will be there to thank Mme. Clara Butt for the wonderfully successful week that she has organised for the British Red Cross.

Ballooning And Singing, Too.

A detachment of the Guards organised a concert in a Y.M.C.A. hut somewhere in France a few days ago. It was to be an amateur affair, but lo and behold Basil Hallam, who had been up observing from one of our captive balloons, offered to give them a song. Not only did he give one song, but he sang to those Guardsmen for over 40 minutes, and didn't those boys enjoy it, too.

Good News.

I am glad to say that Millicent Duchess of Sutherland is not in the least indisposed, as has been stated in other papers, but is working as hard as ever at her hospital in France.

A Fine Play.

I paid a somewhat belated visit to the Strand Theatre the other afternoon to see "Kultur at Home." What a splendid play it is, and how superbly acted!

Nothing could be better than Miss Rosalie Toller's impersonation of an English Society girl engaged and then married to Lieut. Kurt Hartling, of the Prussian infantry.

Malcolm Cherry as the infantryman was excellent, as was A. E. George, Vane Featherstone, and Dora Gregory. In fact, it is a really good investment for anybody who wants a pit seat or stall.



MISS ROSALIE TOLLER.

Motherhood Matinee.

Speaking of "Kultur at Home" reminds me that Mr. Otho Stuart is generously giving a full performance of this play on Friday, May 26, in aid of the Women's League of Service.

This League was founded to help and befriend mothers and babies, and is doing a really national work fighting against the wastage of infant life.

Queen Alexandra has given her patronage, also Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Marlborough, and several Society ladies.

This Takes The Biscuit.

In a camp the other day I saw a quaint photograph frame, made of an Army biscuit. The centre was cut out, and a midget photograph of a khaki hero inserted.

The Tommy assured me it looked "proper" on the mantelpiece, and it was the only thing the biscuits were good for! Another Tommy had ingeniously carved the crest of his regiment on a biscuit, and sent it to his mother as a gentle hint that something more appetising



The PRIMA DONNA says:

"This lovely Toffee de Luxe keeps me in wonderful voice! It's the 'top-note' in Toffees."

Honest Toffee

To speak of "honest" toffee may seem an unusual term, but we use the word deliberately. It expresses the aim we have always had to make a Toffee that is not merely dainty in appearance and pleasant to taste, but a Toffee full of quality also—full of food value.

Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe fulfils these requirements. Every ounce of it is a genuine food. The fact that its chief ingredients are Butter, Cream and Sugar indicates this, and we guarantee that these things, of the very highest quality obtainable, are *always* used in the making of it. Not even the enormous increase in the price of them is allowed to alter that. Toffee de Luxe, then, is justly termed an honest Toffee, for it is made from honest ingredients. At the price of 1½d. per oz. it is honest value for money. It could not be made for less in these days, and we resolutely refuse to use substitutes or even cheaper quality materials, for then it would cease to be the real Toffee de Luxe.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE de LUXE

The Toffee with the high food value.

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THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC. By LADBROKE BLACK.

*Serial Story
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Sketch.*

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 again meets the Anzac on the downs, and he makes violent love to her. Indignantly Hester shows him her engagement ring and tells him she is going to be married to Gordon Kemp. But to her amazement, Jim Stratton pulls the ring from her finger. "You're not going to marry Mr. Kemp," he says. "You're going to marry me!"

It is in vain that Hester scathingly rejoins that he has no right to say such things to an engaged girl—in vain that she tries to snub him. Hester and he were made for each other, he declares, and he calmly makes the same statement to Gordon, when he meets him, the same day, at Hester's home.

The Unconventional.

Hester would have been glad if at that moment the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

There, before her, were Gordon Kemp, to whom she was affianced, whom she had promised to marry on June 12th, and Jim Stratton, whom she had met five times in all, and Jim Stratton had just said, with the air of a man announcing something so trite and obvious that it hardly needed to be stated, that the idea of her marrying Gordon Kemp was absurd.

"It's all rot, you know, as I told you this morning up on the downs."

The blood which had rushed to her face at this monstrous statement receded swiftly, leaving her deathly pale. . . . The man frightened her. . . . She had no experience upon which to base a system of defence against him.

Yes, it was that that really frightened her. She

didn't understand him. In the circle in which she had moved men hid their feelings. To parade one's emotions was bad form, and to place a lady in a position in which she must appear at a disadvantage was an unpardonable sin.

According to her code, if Jim Stratton had fallen in love with her, he should have kept his passion hidden. If he pursued his attentions at all, he should have pursued them according to the social rules.

It was doubtful, of course, whether he ought to have made love in any case to a girl whom he knew to be engaged, but, assuming that this was permissible, he should have tried to win her heart quietly, tactfully. . . . And after her announcement that she wished to have nothing to do with him he should have withdrawn from the field.

But Jim Stratton seemed to know nothing of these rules and regulations of civilised courtship. So far from hiding his feelings, he was giving expression to them in front of Gordon Kemp himself.

It angered her that he seemed to care nothing about what she must feel. With a kind of savage ruthlessness he proclaimed himself a suitor for her hand, though he knew, or must have suspected, that Gordon Kemp was unaware that he and she had ever met under circumstances which rendered any love-making possible.

"I don't know how you dare to say such things!" she gasped, finding the strained silence that followed his pronouncement no longer bearable.

She had not ventured to look at Gordon. What must he be thinking, she wondered? Only a moment before, with an air of rightful proprietorship, he had been explaining to Stratton that his presence there at all was undesirable, that as Hester and himself had several private matters to discuss relating to their approaching marriage, it would be better if the Anzac repeated his visit on some other occasion.

And now . . .

Gordon Remains Calm.

"I must say that I agree with Miss Gervais. I think your statement, Mr. Stratton, requires some explanation."

Gordon was speaking in an accent that was arctic in its politeness. . . . She steeled herself to look at him.

He stood there, perfectly dressed, his hands clasped behind his back, his legs slightly apart, his shoulders squared, his face set in an expression of grim suavity. No hint of any turbulent emotion, whether of surprise or of anger, disturbed the serenity of his features.

He was regarding the Anzac very much as he would have regarded a tiresome pet animal for whom he was compelled to make allowances.

"I think, perhaps, some explanation would be desirable, Mr. Stratton," he repeated.

Jim Stratton stretched himself, throwing out his chest, and taking in a great mouthful of fresh air. A little suspicion of a smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"I don't think I could put it any plainer than I've put it. It just amounts to this, Mr. Kemp; you aren't going to marry that young lady there—I am—see?"

If he had intended to sweep Gordon off his feet by the mere force of his assertion, he failed. The direct violence of his attack was met with a rapier-like defence as effective as his own methods.

"It was an explanation I wanted," Gordon replied, "not a repetition of the statement."

"There's nothing to explain, Mr. Kemp. I love the girl. We were made for one another. You don't come into this thing at all, properly speak-

ing. Since first I met her on the hills I knew that she was going to be my wife."

"I see, Mr. Stratton; you are speaking in the role of a prophet."

There was a slight suggestion of a sneer in his voice. He turned suddenly to Hester.

"I think, perhaps, dearest, it would be best if you went indoors. This must be rather unpleasant for you."

He walked quietly towards her and gave her his arm.

"Come, Hester," he said in his grave, dominant voice.

There was only one entrance to the house from the terrace, and that was by the big French windows that led into the drawing-room. As Gordon turned towards these he found his way barred by Jim Stratton. In two strides the Australian had interposed his big body between them and this means of escape.

"I reckon you'd better stay and let us have our talk out, Mr. Kemp," he said. "We've got to have it one day, and why not now?"

Gordon dropped Hester's arm, and then whispered to her.

"You'd better leave us, dearest," he said. "I must put an end to this sort of thing, once and for all."

She would gladly have escaped into the garden, but Jim Stratton's eyes seemed to hold her to where she stood. Gordon walked up to him.

"Nothing Can Keep Her From Me."

"You've probably no idea that your conduct is in any way extraordinary, Mr. Stratton. I don't wish to appear as a schoolmaster; I don't wish to dictate to you; but as this sort of thing is naturally very unpleasant for Miss Gervais, I must ask you to put an end to it. I am willing to make allowances for your ignorance of the ordinary social amenities, but I must at the same time ask you to refrain from this kind of conduct."

Jim Stratton's face hardened.

"Cut all that out," he said roughly. "You won't freeze me off with all that sort of talk. If you want to discuss this matter, don't start gagging the high-born, hee-haw, get-off-the-earth business with me!"

Gordon was a man who had trained himself in his long, successful business career to hide every sign of emotion, but now a little flush crept into his pale cheeks, and his eyes, as hard as those of the big man who looked down at him, glinted with anger.

"I have nothing to discuss with you. I don't want to discuss anything with you; only I tell you once and for all that I'm not going to allow Miss Gervais to be subjected to this kind of impertinent annoyance."

An angry laugh escaped from Jim Stratton.

"You aren't, aren't you? Well, you'd better run along and play, and leave us alone."

Suddenly the dull anger that had crept into the Anzac's eyes faded away. But a second before Gordon Kemp seemed to have raised some savage, dangerous passion in him; but now, abruptly, he laughed.

"There, I'm sorry, Mr. Kemp. It cuts, I reckon. But you've got to get used to the notion, so you'd better take your medicine smiling. She's going to be my wife, and there's nothing you can say—nothing on God's own earth—that'll keep her from me."

There was something so emphatic, so convincing in his voice that Gordon almost in spite of himself was impressed.

Up to that moment Stratton had figured to him as some half-childish creature of the backwoods with the delusions of a child, who, in his simplicity and ignorance, was making a very unpleasant scene. It had never entered his head that

behind it all there could be anything serious—that really this man could be his rival. But now he was conscious of an unusual hesitancy.

There flashed into his mind a hundred little details which he had noticed and forgotten. Hester had never told him of her meeting with the man on the hills on the evening of her accident. It had been dragged from her by her chance encounter with Stratton at the Lomas's. . . . He recalled the confusion she had betrayed when the Anzac had swept Mr. Lomas's introduction aside and claimed her as an acquaintance.

"You must be mad!" he exclaimed. "Apart from the fact that Miss Gervais is engaged to me, and is going to be married to me within the next four weeks, there is another thing which makes your statement ridiculous, Mr. Stratton. You hardly know Miss Gervais. You met her that night when you were able to do her a service, and you met her at the Lomas's, and here. When can you have had an opportunity for discovering anything which would justify such a statement as yours?"

The Question.

"Oh, we've talked," Stratton replied lightly. "It's not such a big world, this, and I reckon that when two people are fated to be husband and wife Fate throws them together. We were most of the morning on the Downs to-day."

Gordon turned and looked at Hester. The girl had coloured with miserable confusion.

At that moment she hated Jim Stratton for dragging her like this into a dispute so mean and common. . . . Was she some creature of the slums to have to stand by while two men battled for her?

"I wish you'd both go away," she cried, very near to tears. "I don't want to have anything to do with you. . . . You've no right to come here and make me bear this. . . . I hate you for it. . . . I hate you. . . ."

Her voice trailed off into a sob, and, quickly turning on her heel, she stood with her back to the two men, biting her lips, trying to keep back her tears.

She heard behind her a quick stride, and then what sounded like a momentary scuffle. . . . and then Gordon's voice hard and imperious.

"This has got to stop, Mr. Stratton. You see how you've upset Miss Gervais. You will have the goodness to leave her alone."

He had put his hand upon the Anzac's arm as Jim Stratton, leaving his post by the French windows, strode towards Hester's side. Stratton halted, and looked down into Gordon's upturned face. There was something dangerous in his eyes—something untamed and terrible; but the man bred in the city never quailed, and met that look with one as stern and unflinching.

"Don't," said Stratton between his teeth. "Take your hand off, man!"

"You will leave Miss Gervais alone. I won't have her treated in this way. You can see for yourself how you've upset her."

Jim Stratton seemed to be holding himself under control by an effort that was almost superhuman. "She is going to be my wife. She'll never marry you, Mr. Kemp. If you want to settle the matter now, ask her yourself."

For a second Gordon hesitated; then, with the air of a man doing something supremely ridiculous, and with a little contemptuous smile playing about his lips, he turned round on Hester.

"Hester, you've heard what Mr. Stratton says. I think perhaps it would be the simplest way out of this bizarre situation if you were to answer him."

He paused. Several seconds went by. Hester made no answer. Gradually the smile faded from Gordon Kemp's lips.

"Hester," he began again. . . . Jim Stratton's eyes were fixed upon her.

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