Evening News
An Independent Newspaper
TUESDAY, March 24, 1942

The Spur to the United States

In a message to his countrymen, Mr Wendell Willkie says that the people of the United States are still far from being fully war conscious. To forestall any undue elation in enemy countries, we would hasten to add that the criticism is comparative. Admittedly, the United States can and will do a great deal better than at the moment, but even now the American contribution is impressively expanding. How much more can the Americans yet do? The possibilities are limitless, but it is obvious that they must be given time to shake down, in ideology as well as in a sense of urgency, before they can get going thoroughly. Certainly their conceptions are big enough, and, even if these do not affect the individual so harshly as in this country, the effect in the bulk is outstanding.

America has still to make up her mind what total industrial war should be. The ideal is the assignment of every able-bodied adult in the United States to any job, civilian or otherwise, where the Government thinks he may be of most use. In some quarters there is a disposition to a little self-preening that America should be contemplating this after two months, whereas "Britain could not bring herself to do it until she had been at war for two years." We question whether, if the States do reach this stage, it will be as complete as here. It is not too well known in Britain that the Minister of Labour has the power to "direct" a man to essential work, no matter his age: it may be 60 or 70. Further, it is doubtful if Britain's lead in conscripting women will be followed. Britain is at the moment the only country in the world where this has been done.

Working hours are another matter perturbing our Allies. Secretary Perkins, a stout defender of the 40-hour week, cautiously suggested that a 48-hour week might be necessary but bigger ideas than that will have to prevail. If a 48-hour week were suggested for this country, the workers would think that war was not on but over! We here may not be in that state of total war which Sir William Beveridge (and countless more of us) would like to see, but we do not show up badly in comparison with anybody — a state of affairs of which America is not so well informed as she should be. Taxation, as another example, may give Americans a rude shock, but there is some leeway yet before it can add up to a levy on higher incomes (as it does here) of 19s 6d in the £. Americans should be told more explicitly of our sacrifices. This might comfort them in the greater calls that are still to be made on them before the nation is geared to full war-winning endeavour.

Glasgow Magistrates decided yesterday to hear a deputation from temperance organisations at their next meeting on the question of the earlier closing of public-houses in the city.

I had needed PHOSFERINE for years

Colliery Official's tribute

"I have been a colliery official for a number of years," writes H. C. of Doncaster, "the responsibility of the job bearing me to rather with my nerves, resulting in loss of sleep and having to give up work. I tried Phosferine and found that it had found what I had needed for years —I am happy and content. When your strength is running low take drops or two tablets of Phosferine will help to turn the tide. This splendid, great value tonic will give you a feeling of vitality and self-confidence. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Phosferine to-day.

PHOSFERINE (Tablets or Liquid), 1/6 and 3/3 (including Purchase Tax).

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/6 size; you save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression | Neuralgia | Sciatica
Insomnia | Rheumatism | Lumbago
Indigestion | Influenza | Sleeplessness
Brain Fag | Inflammation | Debility

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PARKERS STORES LTD.
37 BRISTO STREET

STAGE AND SCREEN

Although suffering from a severe attack of laryngitis, which necessitated the continual attendance of a doctor in the wings, Phyllis Barker gave one of the best studies of her repertory career as Eliza in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," at the **Lyceum Theatre** last evening. It was obvious towards the end that severe the strain had been on this popular actress, and the audience warmly applauded her art—and her grit. As Professor Higgins Wilson Barrett gave a most polished performance, and Colonel Pickering of George Larchet and Mr Doolittle of Bernard Masefield were other prominent studies. Other parts brought in such by Enid Sass, Joan Beecham, Joan Harben, and Gordon Davies. A most interesting, and thoroughly satisfying interpretation of one of the best of Bernard Shaw's works.

The large audience attending the ever-popular musical play "Lilac Time," at the **King's Theatre**, was entertained by a delightful performance. The cast was a notable one, including Frank Titterton, Derek Oldham, George Graves, Irene Elsinger, and Maria Minetti. In the part of Schubert Frank Titterton gave a brilliant rendition of the music and the suffering of the composer in his unfortunate love for Lili. Derek Oldham was admirable in the role of Schober, the composer's friend, who betrayed his love and trust, and Irene Elsinger made a charming unsophisticated Lili. Maria Minetti was an attractive ballerina, and as Tilli, Hughes Griffiths, whom many will remember as principal girl in the last King's pantomime, was very artistic.

The stage version of the radio success "Odes and Ends" brings Cyril Fletcher, Betty Astell, and company to the **Empire** this week with an interesting variety bill. The "odd odes" are put over with characteristic polish, and Cyril Fletcher exploits a rich variety of accent in studies of Deadly Nightshade, George Wurzels, and The Lodger. Betty Astell contributes selections from the latest films, and Don Phillipe and Marta demonstrate the rapid creation of gowns from a few lengths of cloth and a couple of pins with a dexterity and effect which must have been the envy of all women present. Young Madrigal was an artist on the monocycle, and Micheil Arnaud and Peggy proved themselves accomplished dancers.

"Lafftime," featuring the clever and versatile Harry Gordon, entered upon its work and concluding week at the **Theatre Royal** last night, having an entirely new programme of attractive and entertaining fare was presented, with brightness as its keynote. Harry can always be relied upon to provide good, wholesome mirth, and he was eminently successful in such sketches as "Vegetables," "Anniversaries," and "A Visit to the Talkies," in which he received excellent support from Jack Holden, Hilda Meacham, and others. Singing was a strong feature of the show, with outstanding vocalists in Gwyneth Lascelles, Arthur Clarke, Jeanne Gaye, Moya and Roy.

Though the comedy element is not so well sustained as usual in the **Pantomime**, Roy Don has provided a bill to charm the hearts of all music-lovers. Jimmy Reid, a Canadian Scot, delights all with a selection of Scots tunes; Freda Phillips, aptly described as a "Dusky Queen," provides a breath of Harlem; Edith Thomson, no stranger at the little theatre, endears herself once again to the audience; and Jack Dunn captures some of the atmosphere of the West with a medley of "hillbillies." Jacardo, a conjurer, provides a humorous ten minutes, while Ally Wilson and Nita appear in a witty sketch. John Bright, a young accordionist, and the Jackson Sisters round off an enjoyable programme.

CINEMAS

Having heard of the witty comedy and subtle capers of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, those who make the acquaintance of these comedians for the first time in "Hold That Ghost" at the **Playhouse** may be disappointed. There is much of a muchness about haunted-house pranks and bogies wherever staged, and that inevitable nemesis tramps the stage in these first-rate artistes to a certain extent. Musical numbers by Ted Lewis and his band and the Andrews Sisters are most enjoyable, but the fun is not as zestous as expected.

Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are a draw in themselves, and it therefore does not matter so much that the plot of "They Met in Bombay"—at the **Regal** and **Ritz**—is quite outwith the bounds of possibility. Peter Lorre gives another good character sketch as an avaricious Chinese ship's captain.

At the **New Victoria**, Randolph Scott and Gene Tierney are the "stars" in "Belle Starr." Flavoured with the fiery spirit of the South after the Civil War, the film is liberally sprinkled with gunfights, garnished with romance, and should delight all with its beautiful technicolour scenario.

Arthur Lucan, whose moving arms, legs, and tongue seem to solve the problem of perpetual motion, stars with Kitty McShane in "Old Mother Riley's Circus," an amusing film of Under the Big Top," showing at the **Caley**.

The story of her life is related to three former admirers by Merle Oberon in "Lydia," at the **Rutland** and **St Andrew Square**. Her acting is very good, and she is ably supported by Sara Allgood and Edna May Oliver.

For further cinema attractions see advertisements on page 1.

THE CITY HOSPITAL

TO-DAY'S BULLETIN

Dangerously ill: friends requested to come out: 143.

Seriously ill: no immediate danger: 53 73 89 106 110 121 126 142 496 657 741 750 753 811 898 911 914 925 975.

Ill: making satisfactory progress meantime: 9 17 20 25 32 33 39 40 42 49 51 54 55 58 60 61 62 64 74 75 76 78 79 80 83 84 85 86 87 90 91 93 94 97 98 99 100 101 102 104 105 107 108 109 111 112 115 114 115 116 117 119 120 122 123 124 125 127 128 129 131 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 141 205 312 403 404 310 529 573 581 647 681 726 730 740 765 809 806 853 856 870 872 874 875 881 884 885 887 913 924 947 956 957 958 969 965 966 968.

Improving slowly: 67 863.

It may be concluded that all patients whose numbers are not referred to in this bulletin are making satisfactory progress.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE 'PLANES?

By C. G. GREY, Our Air Expert

One of the permanent puzzles for those who have to deal with aircraft is: "What becomes of the aeroplanes which are built?" Figures for aircraft shot down or destroyed on the ground, or even for the numbers used in air raids, seem to bear no relation to the numbers built.

Lord Halifax told the world last week that the R.A.F. and A.A. guns and the Fleet Air Arm and naval and merchant ships had, between September 1939 and February 1942, in two and a half years, brought down 3596 German and Italian aeroplanes. What has become of the rest?

The Axis Output

When I was in Berlin in October 1938 and was taken, along with officials of our Air Ministry and the British aircraft and American industries, to see Herr Heinkel's new factory, some of us calculated that the whole output of the German aircraft industry was about 1000 machines of all kinds per month. Our shadow factories were going strong by then, and our output was not so far short of that figure.

Possibly by September 1939 the German output may have gone up to 2000 a month, which makes the figure more puzzling. Perhaps by then the Italian output may have been 500 a month, but I doubt it, because I know that when I was in Italy in 1939 some of the biggest Italian aircraft and aeromotor factories were idle for lack of aluminium.

Still, let us be moderate and call the Axis output 2000 a month from September onward. That means 36,000 machines in 28 months. Knocking off half those as trainers and non-combatant craft, we have 28,000 war machines left. Not more than a few thousand of those could be seaplanes; so, say, 25,000 are fighters, bombers, and troop carriers. As we have destroyed nearly 10,000, that would leave 15,000 available for service.

One Shot, One Crashes

I have left the Russian campaign out of the calculations, because it began about eight months ago, and no exact figures are available. We do know that the Germans must have lost a lot of aircraft, but we must remember that they are keeping up their output.

One would think that 15,000 fighters and bombers and troopers ought to be a menace to this country, and could supply the Luftwaffe in Russia at the same time. But two facts come in here. They are regarded as axioms by people who know aeroplanes.

One is that for every machine which we shoot down the Germans or Italians crash one themselves. The crews are not always killed, but many machines are damaged by our action, and crash-on-landing. As we have shot down, say, 9000, the useful number comes down to 6000.

Only Half Available

The other fact is that any unit will be doing well if it can get half its machines which are "on charge" off the ground at the same time. Some have been shot up by the enemy, some damaged by bad landings; some by ground collisions, some are in for overhaul, some for modifications, some for alterations in armament, some for motor repairs, and some for periodic maintenance of hydraulic gears. There is always something to be done, so 50 per cent. availability is not so bad.

That brings availabl- Axis aircraft to quite a small figure—3000 if one wants to think wishfully, or 5000 to be on the safe side. Looked at in that way, 9400 enemy aircraft destroyed is not a bad bag in 28 months.

The U.S. View

In the light of that knowledge the report from Australia that the U.S. Army Air Corps has brought over three crews for each of its bombers seems optimistic. Evidently the idea is that bombers are like taxicabs, which can run for 24 hours a day, with three shifts of drivers. Our experience in Libya and Russia is that one needs three bombers for each crew.

Still, the U.S. Air Corps has the right idea. General Brett, now Deputy C.-in-C. South-West Pacific, said at Melbourne that "100 American bombers are worth more than as many Japanese any time." That seems unduly modest: I think more than half of the U.S. Air Corps is that. During the Battle of Britain, Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, whose statements have been very accurate, said in a broadcast that three-to-one in Germans against the R.A.F. then seemed normal odds. Since then I have said that the R.A.F. could take on 10-to-1 in Japanese. They have done it and got away with it. I reckon the U.S. Air Corps will be quite up to our standard.

Day With Polish Paratroopers

"Just throw yourself right out into the sky," said the young Polish parachutist in perfect English and with a charming smile. It was a reassuring smile. We were 100 feet up, on a jumping tower more than three times higher than the Olympic diving stage at Portobello Pool. The correspondent (writes the "News" war correspondent), was not so comforting as my friend's smile. Scene below was like looking through the wrong end of a telescope, and the faint roar of a sheep floated through the air in the afternoon. That sheep settled it! "Are you all right?" asked my cheerful friend, as he tested the harness. "Yes," I replied, suddenly feeling confident—and, like Peter Pan, jumped into space on a new adventure. Recording of sensations for the first few seconds was not easy: something like plunging into cold water—but after that it was grand.

"WILL SWOOP DOWN"

A vision of white pin-points that were watching faces ("they must be having a laugh at my antics"), and the tops of trees drew nearer. A tangle of barbed wire in the

ONE-DAY PARATROOPERS. — Polish parachute experts cast a critical eye on the "Evening News" War Correspondent as he comes down from the jumping tower.

immediate foreground ("a pretty picture I'll make landing in that!") and then the swift approach of mother earth. "Remember to bend the knees and keep elbows in"—and over you roll on your back to admire the fleecy clouds high up. So that was that! My Polish friend was right. It was an experience. Chief lesson—it has made me an ardent admirer of all those brave fellows who, as General Sikorski said, "will swoop down on the enemy like the victorious eagles." The parachutists in the training area are flock of swooping eagles, and, when they land among the enemy below will use the steel of their talons. May that day come soon is their constant prayer.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

The training of Polish parachutists differs in detail from that in most other armies, being based on pre-war experience. The tower from which I dropped into space was built to Polish specifications, and from it have graduated encouraging numbers of young men imbued with the fighting spirit. But before they climb the tower—a veteran like myself feels a bit out of breath going up those lofty metal steps—they have to do a lot of toughening up. So let us visit the lads who want to swoop like eagles. In gym, strip they perform exercises designed to strengthen back and limbs, and do lumbering jumps. A more advanced class goes through ju-jitsu exercises. One second a man is upright and aggressive; the next he is laid flat and submissive. The lads perform with great enthusiasm.

IN "MONKEY GROVE"

Out in a wood where snowdrops sprend a white carpet lithe figures are swinging from wires among the trees. "Monkey Grove we call this," says my guide. Other figures are jumping from graduated diving stages so that they may learn how to land without breaking bones. They take off with arms stretched down the sides as in starting to attention on the parade ground. Inside the full-scale model of a plane the young parachutists (32 is the average maximum age) just as they would do in the real thing. They must learn to jump to a split second, otherwise the pilot's office of any signed to one's employer. This would ensure only employed persons getting preference at the rush hours.

"Are you all right?" asked my cheerful friend, as he tested the harness. "Yes," I replied, suddenly feeling confident—and, like Peter Pan, jumped into space on a new adventure. Recording of sensations for the first few seconds was not easy: something like plunging into cold water—but after that it was grand.

Bullets whine, grenades crack furiously, and mortar fire soars overhead. A few yards from us the earth erupts under synthetic shellfire with its thudding detonation. If you don't want to nod on the head stand well back. Into the smoke screen and through the barbed wire vanish the parachutists. Tough lads, aren't they? Says their commanding officer: "Parachutists' training is a school of character. It enables us to govern ourselves, and gives a certain confidence in our self-control. It teaches us to be strong, to dominate the fears and weaknesses of others, and only such men are wanted by our Motherland."

Thoughts for To-day

ON FAULT-FINDING

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend, you betray your own.

—*Syrus.*

Condemn no poor man, smack no simple man, which proud fools love to do; find fault with yourself and with none other.

—*Roger Ascham.*

A BIBLE THOUGHT

Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee.

—Proverbs xxv. 17 (R.V.).

Lady Pentland has sent to 17 Old Bond Street, London, for the new Red Cross sale, a number of artistic articles gathered on her travels abroad. Lady Constance Blackburn, Edinburgh, has sent two gold watches, and Lady Margaret I. Kerr, Duns, has also sent a gift.

EDITOR'S POST BAG

TRANSPORT QUEUES ARE NOT ENOUGH

"Mr J. B." writes: It is good to learn that the queue system is now law, but there is still a vital point to be adjusted. When are conductors to be given the power to refuse admittance to the overcrowded with children, who persist in travelling during the rush periods? I am voicing the opinion of the majority of regular passengers when I say that something drastic must be done about this.

Another point, during this 'Save Paper Campaign' could the Corporation see their way to issue season tickets on production at their office of any signed to one's employer. This would ensure only employed persons getting preference at the rush hours.

'BUS-IN-THE-MIST

"D. M. S." writes: I have heard of a gentleman who, after each lengthy train journey, made a point of thanking personally the engine driver. Many of us must (or should) have emulated him on a recent night, in respect of 'bus drivers.

I raise my hat to the driver of a Ravelston (Lothian 'bus service No. 13) who, in conditions which must have forced the many to "slay up," kept plugging away, driving very carefully; determined, I think, to reach Bernard Street. I trust he made, it without mishap. More power to the elbows of men like "Joe"; we will win the war with folk like him around!

POINTS FROM LETTERS

"J. L." says leadership is our greatest need at the moment. We are still too much concerned about new clothes and entertainments.

"Widow" asks why young women have been employed for pit canteens and British restaurants when they could go into the Services and older women could do these jobs.

An old age pensioner, almost 70 years of age and working harder than ever before, writes about the difficulty of raising the rent, and of how much easier it would be if the old folks had small, convenient flats.

"Cyclist War Worker" complains about the number of broken bottles to be seen lying about our suburban roads, and asks if the authorities cannot do something to stop the dangerous practice.

"News" Advice

ONE HOUSE, ONE COAL RATION

A correspondent who signs herself "Curious" raises an interesting point in the application of the new Coal Rationing Order upon which the opinion of the Edinburgh Fuel Office may serve to remove a general misapprehension. Last year Curious's coal had her father staying with her, and she asks if her father and she, who are both registered customers, can obtain coal under the new scheme.

The Fuel Officer states that as the Order stands it is registration and premises, and as two persons cannot be registered for the same house, only the actual tenant of the house can obtain coal supplies. In the case of a house divided by sublet the position is different.

Boys and the Services

"Miss D. M.P." asks where she can obtain information about the Services for her boy, who will be 15 in June, and who is of age to learn a trade, and if there is a similar scheme for the Navy. At the moment there are no further vacancies for boys of this category in the Army, but these are advertised in the Press and broadcast whenever boys are required. There is a similar scheme in the Navy, and a pamphlet giving full information can be obtained at the Combined Recruiting Centre (Naval Section), George Street.

"R. R." asks: Is the highest weekly payment of compensation for male and female workers £3 and £2 10s? Yes, but in addition to the weekly payment there is a gratuity to men of £300 and to women of £150. Both classes of workers receive 10s 6d compensation and 5s supplementary allowance.

"Anxious."—The premium must be applied during the March-June term, and if the premises are closed for business there must be watched during the day-light as well.

"Curious."—You must watch your employer's premises. Travelling expenses incurred with your fire valuable duties should be paid by the employer.

"Reader."—It is quite correct in the first instance, but this arose rather through locusts in warning his people. Beryl and an-ver are not just the Mod months of the year, but are the months of the Mod festival. Mother's Union thanks and no indication that the pension was paid to her as an individual. If it were, of course, not only 9-10ths of it would be allowed as additional personal allowance, but 1-10th would be allowed as earned income, and no part of pension would be taxable.

From Our Current Window

Blank-out 8.3 p.m. to 6.40 a.m.
Moon rises 10.57 a.m.; sets 2.33 a.m. 206th day of war.

The attractive blue and green locomotives of the L.N.E.R. have their war-time problems too. When the engines are due for repainting, as they are periodically for preservation purposes, they will have all-black coats with no ornamental trimmings. Chief reason for doing of war paint is that engines are working at top pressure and a one-colour paint means less time is lost in the sheds. The streamlined Pacifics that delighted youngsters of all ages when they first came on the scene are now in happier days are now doing all types of work of national importance. One of their new jobs is hauling coal trains, which, I am told, "they do with great elan."

Two Intruders

L.M.S. officials say there is no word yet of black "repaints" for their first-class locomotives, but the streamlined engines are usually given that utility covering. Pre-war visitors to the Continent will recall that black was the common railway colour. The bright decorative schemes of the Scottish Motor Traction Co.'s buses have long been a feature of our highways, but two war babies have made their appearance in Edinburgh. With paint supplies are a problem, it is hoped that battleship grey will not predominate. The type specimens now attracting so much attention have nearly accepted in that colour to secure quick delivery.

He Died Singing

(Fr M. Gabriel Peri, editor of *Humanite*, who was arrested as a hostage, contracted tuberculosis in a French prison, and died in a German prison. He asked to be carried to his execution, but it is reported that he "died singing.")

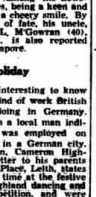
Go, noble soul, that singing tak'st thy flight
Past clouds of ignominy, dread disease, and death,
Piercing this vast infinitude of night,
Chanting of triumph with thy dying breath.

Mete out to us a measure of thy faith
That brings immortal; so that we,
Knowing in noble dying is no death,
May find thy radiant road to victory.

J. D.

At Singapore

The first Edinburgh journalist to be reported missing on active service is 23-year-old Thomas A. McGowran, who was a sergeant with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps at Singapore. Thomas, whose parents reside at 17 Dudley Avenue, Leith, is a former pupil of Daniel Stewart's College, and received his early newspaper training as a junior reporter on the "Evening Dispatch," after which he took up an appointment on the "Falkirk Herald." He was highly popular among his newspaper colleagues, being a keen and bright lad with a cheery smile. By a strange turn of fate, his uncle, Sergt George L. McGowran (40), R.N.W.R., is also reported missing at Singapore.



Prisoner's Holiday

It would be interesting to know exactly what kind of week British prisoners are doing in Germany. One letter from a local man indicated that he was employed on house building in a German city. Peter Robertson, a Canadian Highlander, in a letter to his parents at 1 Anderson Place, Leith, states they had a fine time at the festive season with Highland dancing and a boxing competition, and were looking forward to a Burns Night celebration. In Oliver Street Anderson was a painter. He now writes that he is 8 jobless, and that "just back from 14 days' holiday." That will give prisoners of the last war something to think about!

Solution

"Advertiser would like to purchase a distillery," states a column announcement.

That's one way of making sure that you get your supplies!

St Giles

TO-NIGHT'S WIRELESS

HOME PROGRAMME

1474 k.c. (203.5 m.), 707 k.c. (391.1 m.), 668 k.c. (449.1 m.) and 6075 m.c. (49.38 m.).

4.0—B.B.C. Northern Orchestra, 4.45—Stuart Hibberd introduces Scots News, 5.10—Wee Children's Hour: Uncle Charlie's Party, 5.45—News, and Announcements, 6.30—Stuart Hibberd introduces Scots News, 6.45—Ultimate Drive, 1914-42, 7.45—Claude Dixon.

8.15—The Brains Trust, 9.0—"Ex-Service," 9.30—Scottish Orchestra, 10.40—New Judgment, 11.10—Scots News and Bus Band, 12.0-12.20—Time, News.

FOR THE FORCES

477 k.c. (1542.1 m.), 8.14 m.c. (48.86 m.), and 10.15 k.c. (296.1 m.).

4.15—Tyro Lads (Gramophone), 4.45—Sandy Macpherson at the Organ, 5.45—John Hilton Talks, 6.0—Stars in Battledress, 6.30—Music While You Work, 7.0—Ultimate Drive, 1914-42, 7.45—Claude Dixon.

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8.0—Record Time, 8.30—Parade and Review, 9.0—Ex-Service, 9.30—The Ghost Walks at Holywood, 10.30-11.10—The London Studio Players.

FROM MOSCOW

Russian News in English: 4 p.m., 19.76 m.; 7 p.m., 31.51 m.; 8 p.m., 31.51 m.; 10.15 p.m., 31.51 m.; 11.30 p.m., 19.76 m.

British Summer Time.

Peter Allans

FASHION WEEK

Every Department throughout the store offers bargains in fresh new Spring Standard lines. Shop early To-morrow and take the plan of them.

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Good quality Garments are still available. Expert advice and assistance awaits your pleasure. Get these while you can.

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SMART SPRING MODEL

This Fabric Coat is in fine quality Curl Cloth. To the very latest style. Usually 5½ Gns.

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DAMAGE BY MOTHS

ALL CERMAN CLOTHES PUT AWAY FOR THE DURATION. ALL CLOTHING, BLANKETS, ETC. NOW IN STORAGE, YOUR WOOLLENS, CURTAINS AND ORIENTAL CARPETS, CLOTHES, FLANNELS, WOOLLIES, RUGGIES, BLANKETS, ETC.

PLEASE BE PROTECTED NOW WITH MOTHAKS

MOTHAKS

In War Time BABY NEEDS THIS MORE THAN EVER

When breast-milk fails, or needs supplementing, FRESH cow's milk, it the only natural substitute. But Baby may find it difficult to digest.

Cow's milk needs "modifying" for an easy passage, and Mellin's Food has just what is required. Mellin's Food is prepared by Isaac Lyon M. Smith when ready, and is a favourite Hospital with thousands of delicate and weakly babies under her care.

Isaac Lyon M. Smith's Food is a pure combination of Wheat, Malted Barley and Oats, with Cane Sugar and Cream added. Mellin's Food is sold in two forms, Powder and Liquid, and is prepared by simply adding water. Directions are given on the printed "Mellin's" carton, and a book on Infant Management, containing valuable advice for the mother, is given away with every carton. Write for a copy, addressing as above, and mentioning this paper.

Mellin's Food

FREE SAMPLE

To Mellin's Food, Peckham, London, S.E.15. Please send me a free sample of Mellin's Food and your book on Infant Management.

Name
Address

SISTER LAURAS FOOD
MODIFIES THE MILK

Depot 20/6/15, Stobcrosshall, Glasgow. All Chemists, 1/3 & 2/6 per tin.

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