

OVER 3,000 TURKS KILLED IN NIGHT BATTLE NEAR KUT.

DAILY SKETCH.

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

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

ONE HALFPENNY.

Lord Derby, Grandfather

Slept While The Huns Shelled.

The London Curate V.C.



Lady Victoria Primrose, wife of the Hon. Neil Primrose, M.P., has just had a daughter. Her father, Lord Derby, now becomes a grandfather. The Hon. Neil Primrose is on active service with his regiment.—(Val L'Estrange.)



James McQueen (right), a Wallsend boy, slept for several hours after his ship had been torpedoed. Charles Allen (left) narrowly escaped being drowned.

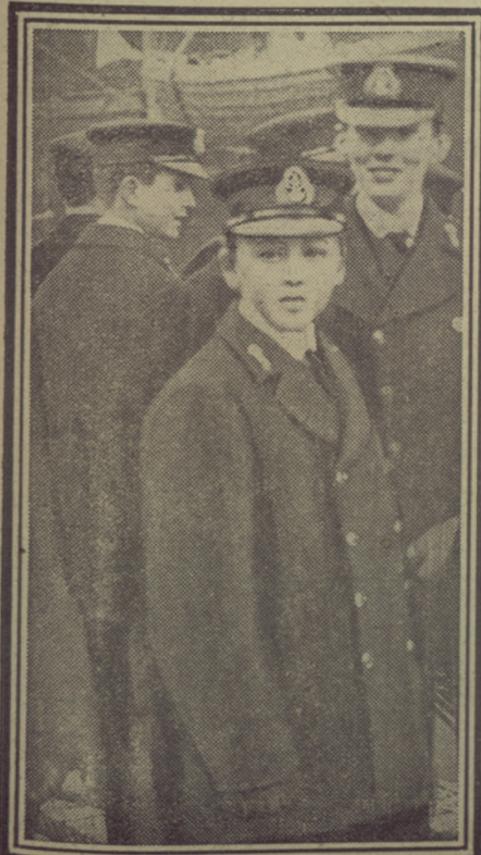


The most recent portrait of the Rev. E. N. Mellish, the London curate who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for rescuing wounded men under fire. On three consecutive days he went out on his errand of mercy.

A NAVAL PRINCE.

THE FEATHERED PET OF THE DUG-OUT.

HOME FROM BERLIN.



Prince Louis Francis, second son of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who has passed his final examination at Dartmouth.—(Cribb.)



"Dulcie," the duck that lives, like Diogenes, in a tub, is the pet of the soldier-tenants of the adjoining dug-out in the British lines at Salonika.—(Official Photo.)



Miss Kitty Marks, just home from Germany, where she taught languages for three years, records her war-time experiences in Berlin on page 2.

ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR.

A Few Months Of Chaos, A Few Boom Years, And Then—?

WORK FOR EX-SOLDIERS.

It Will Be Our Fault If Brave Men Come To Beggary.

By B. Seebohm Rowntree.

Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree, the greatest living authority on poverty and unemployment, has written for the Daily Sketch a forecast of what will happen in the industrial world after the war.

It is high time that we carefully considered the probable state of trade, and consequently of employment, after the war.

I think it is generally agreed by those who have given thought to the matter that industry will pass through three stages.



MR. ROWNTREE.
(Swaine.)

The first will be one of acute dislocation, due to the return to civilian and industrial life of millions of demobilised soldiers, and the cessation of the abnormal demand for munitions. It is impossible to say how long this dislocation will last, but it can hardly be for less than six months.

In the next stage there will be abnormal trade activity, due to the demand for goods to replace those destroyed in the war, and to fill up manufacturers' and retailers' stocks, which have run down very low. This activity will develop gradually, last for a quite uncertain period (say, from one to three years), and finally die out, leaving industry to enter—

The third stage, marked by trade depression, which may continue for a very long time. This depression will be due to the poverty of this country and of our customers abroad.

PREPARE NOW.

Now, if this forecast is correct, we ought to prepare immediately to face the first stage—that of trade dislocation, and to provide work and wages for our demobilised soldiers and sailors. It would be a crying shame if we allowed them, after their hardships and sacrifices at the front, to face the hardships of a long period of unemployment at home. And yet this is exactly what will happen unless adequate measures are promptly taken.

It is not unlikely that the Government is already formulating a plan of action, but I think the public should know what is being done, and should satisfy itself that the policy adopted is really adequate. For—let us be clear on this point—if any serious degree of unemployment occurs after the war it will be due to our own neglect and apathy.

What should be done to prevent it?

PROVIDE WORK FOR ALL.

First, a committee of civil servants representing all the departments concerned, together with men and women selected for their knowledge of industrial matters, should be appointed to analyse the industrial situation which is bound to follow upon the war, and take steps to avert unemployment.

A few obvious methods of providing employment may be mentioned.

First comes cottage building. This has practically ceased since the war began, and there is a dearth of working-class houses in half the towns of England, which often amounts to a veritable famine.

In view of the great dearth of houses, with its evil effects on the national health, and the suitability of building as a means of employing men, it is not unreasonable to ask that a sum of 20 million pounds should be devoted to this purpose, the money being lent on reasonable terms and the Government sharing the extra cost of building at a time when material is abnormally dear.

JOBS LONG OVERDUE.

Among other schemes which should be worked out beforehand are the clearing away of slum areas, the reclamation of waste lands, and the afforestation of some part of the 8½ million acres which, as the Royal Commission stated, could be profitably planted.

Let me repeat in closing that if any of the above schemes are to be carried out efficiently and economically after the war, they must be prepared in advance. If we wait till our soldiers and sailors actually return it will be too late to safeguard them against unemployment and against the countless evils that follow in its train.

WHAT BERLIN THOUGHT LAST WEEK.

At Last The People Realise That Germany's Doom Is Sealed.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LIFE IN THE HUN CAPITAL.

Miss Kitty M. Marks, a London lady, has just returned to England after three years' residence in Berlin. She has had a unique opportunity of studying life in the German capital from the outbreak of the war until a few days ago, and in the following exclusive story which she has written for the Daily Sketch she records her impressions and experiences.

She draws a vivid contrast between the German spirit of eighteen months ago and that which has prevailed during the past three or four months, and her narrative clearly shows that the German people, although they have been hoodwinked as to the true state of affairs, at last realise that their doom is sealed.

By Kitty M. Marks.

I might preface this story of my experiences and impressions of Berlin through 20 months of war by pointing out this one great contrast which has, I think, impressed me more than anything else.

This was the spirit which animated every German in Berlin during the first twelve months of the war:—

We are going to win; we must win. There is not the slightest doubt on the matter.

Then the spirit waned. People no longer talked of the certainty of victory. And now they don't even discuss the possibility of victory. In the late autumn this change of feeling began, and every week it has developed until, when I left the capital little more than a week ago, the feeling could be truthfully summed up in these words:—

We are not going to win now. We cannot possibly win. Either the Allies are going to win or the war will end in a draw.

"LONDON IN RUINS."

Until I was able to get away from Berlin every day of the war I spent in the German capital. I have studied the Berlin people as a complacent and confident populace, accepting without question the official statements and stories of the German victories, and I have observed the changed spirit that has come over them. Like the folk among whom I lived, I believed the stories which gave them confidence. There were no facilities for getting English news, and, with the few other English women doomed to dwell in the capital of our enemy, until I crossed the frontier and got back to England, I believed, much against my will, that London and many of our big manufacturing cities were more or less heaps of ruins.

Not a single resident of Berlin, outside the higher war officials, has the slightest idea of the true state of affairs. In the last four months there has developed an instinctive feeling that things are not as they have been represented. The only definite knowledge of the condition of affairs in the war area is this fact:

THE PRICE OF VERDUN.

They learned a month ago—not through any official source—that the losses at Verdun had been enormous. One evening during the last week in March I was in Unter den Linden. The news about Verdun, quite a modest story compared with what I have since learned, had moved the populace to such an extent that there was something almost in the nature of an anti-war demonstration that night. True, there was nothing of an organised character about it, but there was no mistaking the feeling and the temper of the crowd.

It was really a development of that changed spirit which has marked the Berliner during the last few months.

While there was no shortage of food the Berlin people stolidly accepted the stories told them of Germany's progress, and were calmly content in the assurance of the ultimate triumph of the Fatherland. But from what I have seen during the past four months I am convinced that the patriotism of the stay-at-home German has at last been plumed.

HIS TENDER SPOT.

Its depth has been reached, to put it vulgarly, through his stomach. During those four months I have shared the short rations of the populace of Berlin. The German lives for eating, but it is only during the past four months that he has been unable to live his ideal Germanic life. And it is this stern reality that has helped to bring home to

PROTEST AT PARSIFAL CONCERT.

During the Parsifal concert at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon a fashionably-dressed woman rose in the stalls and shouted: "Englishmen and Englishwomen, I protest against German music being played in England while our brothers are being slaughtered in the trenches." The audience cried "Shame" and "Run away," and the lady left the hall.

Damage estimated at £40,000 was caused yesterday by a granary fire at Riverside Wharf, Rotherhithe-street, Rotherhithe. One fireman was injured.

him the fact that things cannot be what the authorities have represented.

Until just before the close of the year, Germany, or Berlin, at any rate, was not without its luxuries in the way of food. But those luxuries are now a thing of the past. And not only the luxuries, but to many people the common necessities of life are becoming less and less procurable.

I have this year witnessed almost daily sights which I had never seen during the first twelve or fifteen months of the war. I have watched long queues waiting sometimes for six or seven hours for the weekly butter dole. The possession of a butter ticket, which enables the holder to purchase a quarter of a pound of butter per week, doesn't ensure that commodity. If he fails to get a good place in the queue the chances of his getting through the shop door before the supply has given out are speculative. If he is lucky he gets his quarter of a pound of inferior butter, for which he has to pay ninepence; if not, he has to eat his bread without butter for a week. Scenes similar to this I have seen outside the meat, the milk and the bread shops. Everywhere with the ticket-holders it is a case of first come, first served, and as no shop will open its doors until the supplies have been apportioned into regulation quantities, sometimes the queue is kept waiting from the early morn until the early eve.

THE DISGUSTED SOLDIER.

There is, however, one exception to the first come, first served rule. In the milk establishments preference is given to buyers for children and invalids, and very often the entire supply of an establishment is exhausted by the preferential demand, and the ordinary ticket-holder has to go without.

This is an incident I myself witnessed in a butter shop not many weeks ago. Among a crowd of buyers was a soldier who had just returned from the war. When he complained of the enormous price he had to pay for his quarter of a pound of butter, the woman who was serving him told him, in an extremely offensive manner, that he could do without. The disgusted soldier's reply was in something like these words: "We are obliged to go to the front and have our bones broken, while our wives and children are not able to get enough to eat." Then he threw the butter on the woman's face, boxed her ears, and walked out of the shop.

All the sympathy was with the soldier. This incident caused something in the nature of a local revolution against the scarcity of food and the extortionate prices. In fact, everywhere one turned evidence was to be found that patriotism had been strained to breaking-point. "If this is what things have come to we have had enough of the war and are not going to stand it much longer." This remark was made by another soldier in the same shop, and I quote it not as a unique but as a common expression I heard during my last few months in Berlin.

"CANNOT GO ON MUCH LONGER."

If one desires to find evidence of the effect of the war upon Germany's poorer classes one needs to go not to the homes of those people, but to walk of an evening through the broad thoroughfare of Unter den Linden. Those people have made this their common place of assembly. There are no organised meetings, but the people are drawn there by a common spirit of want and despair. Many times of late I have moved among the throng, and the individual murmurings and utterances that have reached my ears have all told the same story. Those poor people are nightly airing their lament. It is this: "We are being denied the food we want. Our husbands and sons are being sacrificed, our homes are being broken up, and we cannot stand this much longer."

I sincerely believe I am giving a true impression of affairs in Berlin when I say that just in the same degree as the enthusiasm and patriotism of the people were manifested in the early days of the war, so are despondency and despair gripping those deluded people now that they are realising, perhaps in some measure by instinct, but in greater reality by first-hand unofficial stories of what is really happening on the fighting fronts, how matters really stand.

More of Miss Marks's experiences will appear on Monday.

THE SUPER JUMBLE SALE.

Mr Arnold Bennett writes to the Daily Sketch:—"I shall be very much obliged if you will correct the statement that I am the originator of the scheme of the forthcoming war fair to be held in the Caledonian Market in aid of the funds of the Wounded Allies' Relief Committee. "The idea came from the brain of Mrs. A. H. Scott, and the whole credit of it is due to her. I am only looking after the publicity. Lady Paget is the general director of the enterprise, and Mrs. A. H. Scott and Mr. H. Gordon Seifridge are the joint organisers."

WHY THE AURORA'S CALLS WERE UNANSWERED.

War's Difficulties Overcome By Indomitable Operator.

A RECORD MESSAGE.

The first indication to the world at large that misfortune had befallen the Shackleton Expedition was transmitted over 900 miles by an apparatus with a normal radius of 200 miles.

This apparatus was the one used by the Mawson Expedition and presented to the Shackleton ship, Aurora, by the people of Sydney.

With a wooden hull and short masts, the Aurora is not an ideal ship in which to expect high wireless results. But, thanks to the indomitable will and high technical skill of the operator, Lionel Alfred Hooke, and the use of extensions suggested by the manager of the Wireless Company in Australia, the Aurora was able to establish a record.

When the Aurora reached her destination Hooke realised that it would be useless to attempt to hold wireless communication during the summer months. With the approach of winter he lengthened his aerials in a blizzard and 40 degrees of frost. Thirteen days later the Aurora broke away, and Hooke thinks it is just possible that his news of the incident reached the party marooned on shore.

The Operator's Difficulties.

Last June Hooke, tried to speak to the outer world, but encountered the following difficulties:—

Macquarie Island radio-station closed. Awaru radio-station transferred. Reduced shipping on the Magellan route. Night after night Hooke sat with the receivers strapped round his head, and strained to catch sounds which would tell of the world's knowledge of their fate and efforts at rescue. Twice he heard faint signals, on August 17 and August 26, but they were unintelligible.

The Aurora Is Dismasted.

Then came a blizzard, and the Aurora was dismasted. Twice were new antennae created by linking the mainmast with ice hummocks, but Macquarie Island remained silent—no one had been left to listen. At the end of February, with the ice breaking, the Aurora was freed to drift with her broken rudder.

But the wireless operator's story now changes from sadness to joy. On March 25, with a quadruple aerial 80ft. above deck, he succeeded in obtaining definite signals from stations in Tasmania and New Zealand, 990 miles distant. The followed the message which startled the globe.

This message was transmitted 900 miles with an apparatus normally suitable for about 200 miles radius, and eclipsed for a day at least the interest in the great world war.

FRESH CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Recruiting Committee Sets Out On Its New Campaign.

No time is being lost by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee in the effort to hurry voluntary recruits to the colours.

Recruiting posters were exhibited in London yesterday, indicating a brisk revival of the call to patriots.

Some of the old bills have been repeated and there are some new ones.

NOBODY LOVES THE "C.O."

Public Officials Do Not Want To Work With "Conscience Men."

Officials engaged in local government and municipal work are opposed to the suggestion that they should work with conscientious objectors.

A circular has been issued by the Government Committee on Work of National Importance asking local authorities if they are willing to fill vacancies on their staffs with conscientious objectors.

The National Association of Local Government Officers has protested to the Government Committee against the proposal. The letter states that all eligible men are either serving with the colours or are awaiting their call under the Derby scheme, and those that are left are straining every effort to maintain efficient administration. Vacancies that have arisen are entirely due to men responding to the patriotic call of King and country.

DIED FROM PNEUMONIA.



Capt. H. M. Baker, of the Field Artillery Brigade, 1st Australian Division, who has just succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. He received a commission in the Australian Forces five years ago, and on the outbreak of war volunteered for foreign service, and joined the Mena Camp at Cairo with a contingent. From there he went to Mulros Bay, and from there to Alexandria and Heliopolis. The deceased officer was a nephew of the late Sir William Morgan, and was well known in Leicester, where his relatives now reside.

Mrs. Rebecca Parrott, who died at Peterborough yesterday, aged 100, had over 300 descendants.

TURKS SURPRISED IN ATTEMPT TO CUT OFF TIGRIS FORCE.

10,000 TURKS ATTACK ON THE TIGRIS.

Over 3,000 Killed In Attempt To Break British Advance.

LED BY GERMANS.

"Floods Are Spreading And River Is Still High."

From The War Office.

Friday.

The following further details of the fighting on Monday and Tuesday are to hand.

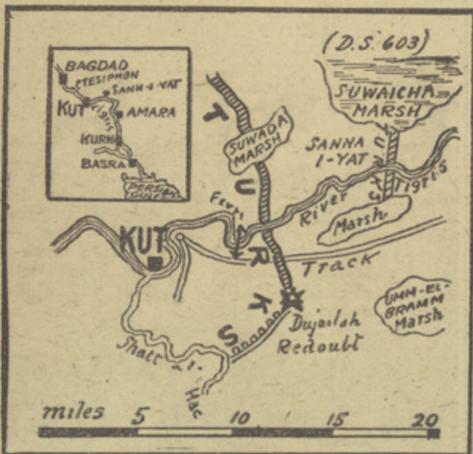
It appears that the enemy made his attack with some 10,000 men, comprising the whole of one division and portions of two others.

They came on in dense formations and penetrated a part of our front. Within 500 yards of the front of one of our brigades alone 1,200 to 1,500 dead Turks have been counted, and it is reported that they are lying thick farther out in front of other portions of our line.

Their killed alone on Monday night are estimated at more than 3,000.

In several instances the attacks were led by Germans, some of whom are among the killed.

Apparently the enemy supposed that a part of our troops was isolated by floods



from the rest of the force, and that they had a chance of overwhelming it. As a matter of fact, supports were moving up at the time.

Our total casualties—that is killed, wounded and missing—are very considerably less than the number of Turkish killed.

Tuesday was a stormy day, making aircraft reconnaissance very difficult.

Floods are spreading and the river is still very high.

[This message relates to the British check on the south bank of the Tigris, when the British lines were forced back 500 to 800 yards. The check took place opposite to the position of Sanna-i-Yat, about 13 miles from Kut.]

HOW THE TURKS TELL IT.

Turkish Official News.

Via AMSTERDAM, Friday.

On Monday morning the enemy in Mesopotamia attacked with more than a division our advanced position on the right wing of our positions near Felahie, on the left bank of the Tigris, from the position of Bendissa, and endeavoured to carry an attack against our main position.

His attempts collapsed completely before the counter-attack of our troops.

Energetically pursued by our troops the enemy had to abandon with heavy losses the advanced position he had occupied the same day and withdraw eastwards.

At Kut-el-Amara there is no change.—Reuter.

AT THE GLADSTONE SHRINE.

Mr. Lloyd George arrived at Criccieth by motor last evening. After inspecting a munitions factory en route he went to Hawarden, visiting Gladstone Library, Hawarden Church, and the late Squire of Hawarden's grave, and saw the mural tablet recently erected to Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone.

Mr. Robert Miller, of the Red House, Bayswater-hill, director of a number of City companies, died worth £127,056. He left £30,000 to one nephew, £20,000 to another, £15,000 to a third, and £15,000 each to two nieces.

FRENCH GAIN MORE GROUND NEAR VERDUN.

Another Big German Offensive Broken By Counter-Attack.

PROGRESS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE MEUSE.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday Afternoon.

West of the Meuse the attack made yesterday by our troops in the Dead Man region progressed during the night.

We also took a trench on the northern fringe of Caurette Wood [south-east of the Dead Man]. We took as prisoners four officers and 150 men.

East of the Meuse the violent bombardment of our positions was followed at the close of the day by a powerful offensive action which the enemy made on a front of three-quarters of a mile between Thiaumont Farm and Vaux Pond.

The Germans, who had succeeded in getting a footing in our lines south of Douaumont Fort and to the north of the pond, were completely ejected by our night counter-attacks.

Two machine-guns and some prisoners fell into our hands.

West of Douaumont, in the sector to the south of Haudromont Wood, we also made progress. We liberated some wounded French prisoners and captured 20 of the enemy.

CANNONADE FROM MEUSE TO VAUX

PARIS, Friday, 11 p.m.

In the Argonne at Hill 285 (Haute Chevauchée) we occupied the northern lip of the crater formed by the explosion of a German mine.

On the left bank of the Meuse there was a violent bombardment of our new positions of the Dead Man.

On the right bank there was intense activity on the part of the enemy artillery from the Meuse as far as the Fort of Vaux.

In the Woivre there was a lively cannonade in the sectors of Eix, Chatillon and Ronvaux. There was no infantry action.

One of our long-range guns bombarded the station of Vigneulle les Hattonchatel, to the north-east of St. Mihiel.

North of Regnieville our batteries dispersed convoys on the road from La Marche to Nonsard.—Reuter.

GERMAN ATTACK BROKEN UP.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE,

Friday, 10.23 p.m.

Mining activity during the last 24 hours near Ericourt, Souchez, Hulluch and Givenchy.

During the night we dispersed a party of Germans who left their trenches near St. Eloi.

To-day trench mortar fighting in sector south of Arras, and mutual artillery bombardments at various points between Souchez and La Bassée canal, as well as in the neighbourhood of Ypres.

ANOTHER DUTCH LINER SUNK.

YMUIDEN, Friday.

The British steamer Starling has brought here 36 survivors of the Dutch Royal West Indian Mail liner Lodewyk van Nassau, which was sunk on Thursday afternoon in six minutes. Five of the crew were drowned. The Lodewyk van Nassau was taking to Holland a cargo of Chile saltpetre required for agricultural purposes.

An official statement issued by the Ministry of Marine says that the explosion was probably caused by a mine.—Reuter.

BRITISH STEAMER SUNK.

The crew of 24 men, including the captain (Captain Tait) of the steamer Sabbia, was landed yesterday, their vessel having been sunk in the North Sea by an explosion. The men had 15 minutes to escape in the ship's boats, and were picked up by the Dutch steamer Nordland. Five of the firemen were thrown out of their bunks by the force of the explosion.

"MAN OF UNKNOWN NATIONALITY."

A collapsible boat containing a quantity of arms and ammunition was seized at Currahane Strand, Tralee Bay, County Kerry, by the Ardferit police.

A man of unknown nationality found on the shore close by was arrested and kept in custody. It is not known where the boat came from, nor for whom the arms were intended.

SEVENTH VICTIM OF HEREFORD FIRE

Little Linda Illman, who has just died in the local hospital, is the seventh victim of the recent theatre fire at Hereford. Only eight years old, she was one of a number of children engaged in a snow dance at a performance given on behalf of the Soldiers' Comforts Fund, when the cotton-wool costume of one of the little ones caught fire, and in a moment ten children were in flames



VENIZELOS TO RETURN.

Unopposed Election To Parliament By Desire Of King Constantine.

ADVOCATE OF INTERVENTION.

The King of the Hellenes has expressed his desire to M. Skouloudis, the Greek Prime Minister, that M. Venizelos shall return to the Chamber. As a consequence of this, the election of M. Venizelos for Mitylene will not be contested.—Wireless Press, from Rome.

M. Venizelos is the leader of the Liberal party in Greece. From the beginning of the war he has urged the active participation of Greece in the war; and it was at his invitation, while head of the Government, that the French and British landed at Salonika. M. Venizelos had mobilised



VENIZELOS.

the Greek army, and was about to use it in support of the Serbians—then hard pressed by the Austrians and Bulgarians, but not yet beaten—when the King sent for him and informed him that he no longer had his confidence. M. Venizelos resigned, and the Greek Government took up the attitude of neutrality, which has led to such embarrassing consequences for Greece. M. Venizelos and his party took no part in the subsequent general election, but they have recently decided to resume their political activity, and there are signs that they have a large following in the country.

CONTINGENT COMPULSION.

Government Bill To Be Introduced After Mr. Asquith's Statement.

The Daily Sketch learns that the secret session of Parliament which is to be held on Tuesday will probably last all day.

Mr. Asquith will begin his statement on the situation in the House of Commons at 3 o'clock, and will give the facts and figures on which the Cabinet has come to its decision as to contingent compulsion.

Next day the Government proposes to introduce its Bill, which, according to present arrangements, will pass through all its stages in one day. "I am told," writes a political correspondent, "that the Government Bill will provide for the compulsory enrolment of all men between the ages of 18 and 45 for military service, but these will be called up in their classes according to age only when, and if, voluntary enlistments under the new recruiting campaign fall short of the Army's need. The Bill will also bring in youths who reach the age of 18 during the war."

BERNSTORFF IN A TRAP.

WASHINGTON, Friday.

The United Press believes that Bernstorff has been caught in an unescapable trap by the papers seized from Von Igle and Von der Goltz making confessions.

The German Embassy faces the necessity of admitting improper activities or of having the facts proved from predictions made in some quarters.

Bernstorff may be dismissed for reasons independent of the submarine outrages.—Exchange.

MR. LANSING'S NEAT THRUST.

WASHINGTON, Friday.

The State Secretary, Mr. Lansing, was asked this evening if the Easter holidays would delay the German reply to Mr. Wilson's Note, and he replied that the Easter holidays did not seem to interfere with submarine hostilities.—Exchange.

[It was stated in Berlin that the Easter holidays would delay the German reply to the American Note.]

5 a.m. Edition.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF BRITISH PRISONERS.

Men Forced To Go Half Naked Among Kaffir Women.

STARVATION AND STUDIED INSULT BY HUNS.

Hungry Soldiers Waiting In Queues To Drink Dead Oxen's Blood.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN COMMON GAOLS.

CAPE TOWN, Thursday.

A sensation has been caused in South Africa by the recent publication in a Natal paper of what purported to be the report of the Official Commission of Inquiry into atrocities against British prisoners in German South-West Africa.

Some of the revelations are of the most shocking character, even German witnesses admitting that our prisoners were persistently starved.

Instances are quoted of prisoners fainting from hunger and standing in queues awaiting an opportunity to drink the blood of slaughtered oxen.

They also boiled the soft parts of hides to extract nutriment.

Men were forced to go half naked among the women Kaffirs, because the Germans would not clothe them.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN, OF COURSE.

British civilians, with women and children, were confined in common gaols, sleeping 10 in one cell, with locked doors and in a foul atmosphere. Their food was scanty.

Specific instances are given of gross outrage on British officers.

The Governor of South-West Africa, Dr. Seitz, ordered them to be placed in irons during their transit from place to place.

Captain Geary, who was taken prisoner at Sandfontein, was placed in solitary confinement for six and a half months in a cell 13 by 6 feet, infested with bugs and in a shocking sanitary condition.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF WOUNDED.

The sick and wounded were grossly neglected in the field until the German wounded had been attended to.

The authors of these outrages are mentioned by name, and the paper says they are all at liberty in South-West Africa to-day.

The report is now published officially. Confirming in the main the version given by the newspaper, it especially emphasises the insufficiency of the food.

GERMAN GOVERNOR'S INSOLENCE.

Replying to complaints in connection with rations the Governor, Dr. Seitz, told the officers they should be most thankful for what they got. "We did not invite you to this country. You invaded the country and fought us with natives," he remarked.

After the escape of a couple of officers rations were cut down. Colonel Francke, a staff officer, told the Commission that this was not a punishment, but a disciplinary measure.

The rations of the non-commissioned officers and men were reduced almost to starvation point.

The official report mentions the boiling of the soft parts of hides to extract nutriment. The insufficient clothing supplied to the prisoners is also alluded to in the report, which describes the men going by railway to Otavifontein clad in helmets, a tunic, a short loin cloth, and sandals.

"A SPECTACLE FOR THE WOMEN."

"A spectacle for the women natives who saw them on the road."

Captain Geary was treated harshly and callously, and was only allowed short periods of exercise with convicted criminals. No charge was laid against him, and his protests were unheeded.

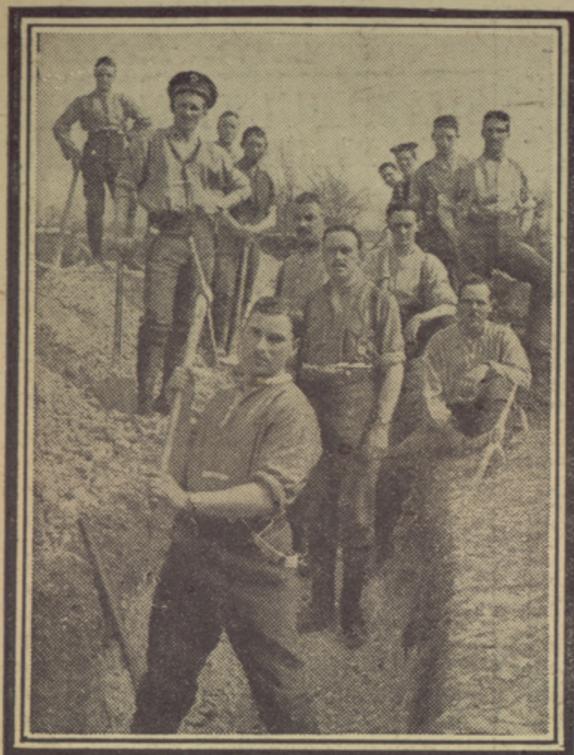
The report quotes the case of Captain Munro, who was treated similarly to Captain Geary, but his detention was only for 24 days.

Political prisoners in Windhoek Gaol were mostly British. The gaol was crowded, and they were obliged to sleep 10 in a small cell. The door was locked nightly, and was not opened in any circumstances for 12 hours. There was considerable dysentery amongst the prisoners, and the sanitary conditions were most disgusting.

RETURNING GO FOR EVIL.

General Botha, announcing that he had been in communication with the Imperial Government on the matter, stated that the Government assumed the attitude that it would not take revenge, although it naturally condemned in the strongest possible manner the actions disclosed in the report.—Reuter

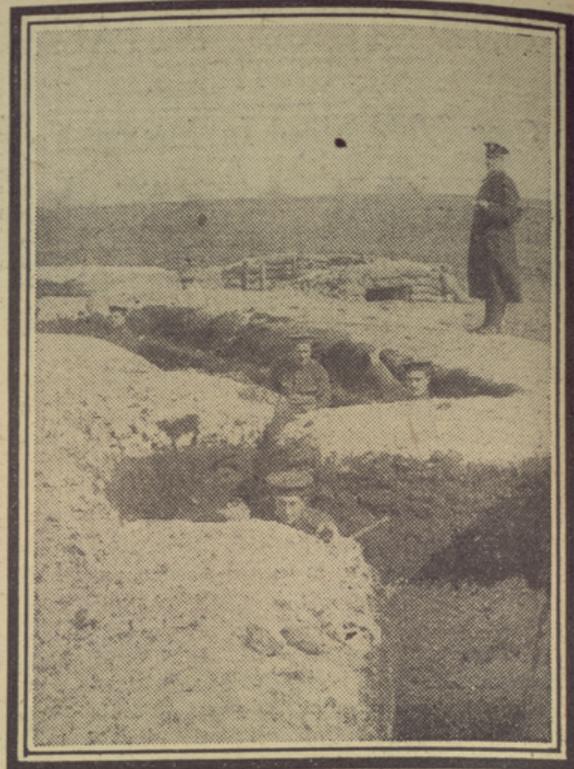
THE 2ND BATTALION H.A.C. TRAINING TO MEET THE HUNS.



Efficiency in trench-digging is essential nowadays.



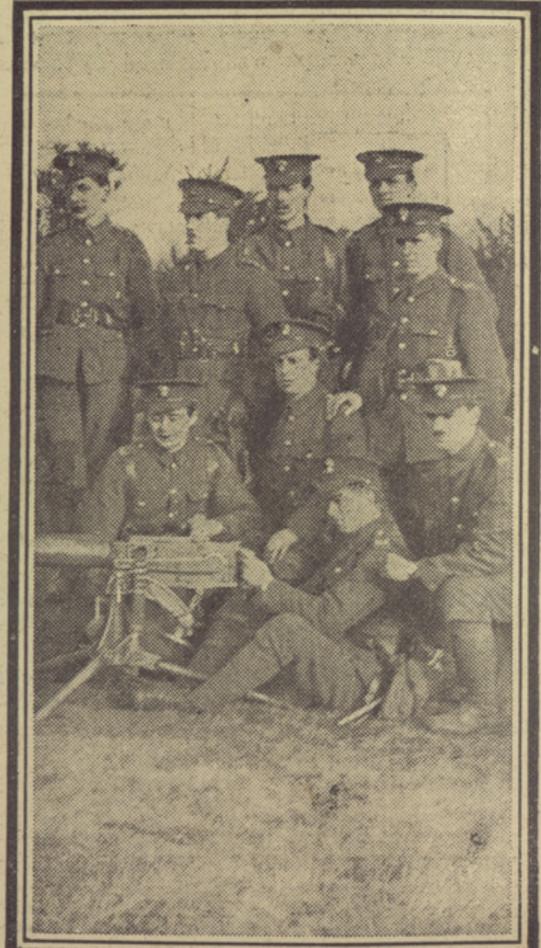
An instructive lesson in the use of the trench catapult.



They quite enjoy a little bomb-throwing practice.



Officers of the 2nd Battalion. (Left to right): Front row: Capt. W. R. Blake, Capt. H. W. Perkins, Major C. F. Nesham, Col. Lionel Boyle, M.V.O., Major P. C. Cooper, Capt. E. J. Amore, Capt. J. G. Gibson. Second row: Sec.-Lieuts. J. B. Monk, L. P. Humphrys, E. B. Woollan, E. F. Murray, L. Burton, R. Spicer, Lieut. R. J. Drury, Sec.-Lieuts. R. S. Porter, B. Cartwright. Back row: Lieuts. R. A. Robinson, C. R. McGowan, H. T. Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. R. Mytton, Capt. T. C. Bower, Sec.-Lieuts. C. J. Byron and M. C. Bluett.



A machine-gun section of the H.A.C. They look as fit as they are eager at their soldiering.



A bombing section of the H.A.C. in their training trenches.



A party of picked men out on a route march.

A CHRISTIAN HERO.

I WRITE these words on Good Friday, and the thought of the infinite sacrifice of Good Friday blots out for a moment all thought of the million-fold sacrifices of this war. But only for a moment. Are not these Christ's warriors? Do they not fight under his banner? Are they not wounded and slain that his cause may be triumphant?

THOUGH a brave soldier may always content himself that he who fights for his country does well, yet in some British wars the minds of some of us would have been vexed with obstinate doubts. Here no doubt is possible. If ever the Devil were visible and rampant he is visible and rampant in Germany to-day; if ever men fought for God's justice we are fighting for it. Therefore it is we are so confident of the ultimate issue through all the changes and chances of battle. In this sign we conquer.

IT is very fitting that the first award of a V.C. to an Army chaplain, so far as this war is concerned, should be announced on Good Friday. You read in yesterday's paper what this brave priest, the Rev. Edward Noel Mellish, has done.

YOU know how he went backwards and forwards, day after day, across a death-swept zone to tend and rescue wounded men, how on one day he brought in ten badly-wounded men, and on the next twelve, from ground swept by machine-gun fire, and how three men were actually killed as he was dressing their wounds. You know how on the night of the third day he took charge of a party of volunteers and returned to the trenches to rescue all the wounded that remained.

A TRUE priest that! A fine soldier of the Church Militant.

I COMMEND his example to the conscientious objectors, many of whom object even to tend and rescue wounded men, many of whom are so ready to take the name of Christ in vain as a mask for their treason. Cannot they see that here is a true Christian, ready to lay down his life for his country and his friends? And let them not think that Mr. Mellish would shrink from laying hands on the enemy, for he served as a trooper in South Africa.

SHOCKING, is it not, my gentle pacifists, that a priest of God should have been a shedder of blood and should be quite unrepentant? But don't you feel rather sorry that your theories prevent you acting as he does? His, anyhow, is a man's part to play. Whatever your opinion you can't help acknowledging that it is fine to fight for a great cause. Suppose, by any chance, that it is also Christian! Suppose it is our duty to call a halt to men who despise honour, who rape women, who crucify babes, who murder innocent seafarers by the thousand! Suppose the Christian's post is not in safety but in danger! Suppose when you ignore your country's call you are on the Devil's side!

THIS is a good time to consider this thing. Consider it well! Fling all those flimsy theories into the fireplace and just think what the Germans have done, what they will do if they are unchecked, and what a Christian Englishman ought to do.

"As He died to make men holy,
We will die to make men free,"
sang the Yankees in the war of North and South. They were great words,

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

Royal Holidays—Secrecy At Westminster—London's Good Friday—Tranquillity In Theatre-land.



Royal Holiday-makers.

AFTER ALL, the King and Queen managed to get away to Windsor, and there was great hurrying about the Palace when the glad news came through that all was well—temporarily. The King has had a very anxious time, for he takes these political crises very seriously, and there was always the chance that he might have to decide on a new Premier. However, he will be able to get a rest now—as far as he ever can rest.

Prince's Examination Success.

CONGRATULATIONS TO Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg on the high place taken by their young son in the Osborne passing-out list. Princess Louis is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, for her mother was the beloved Princess Alice, the Queen's second daughter, who married the Grand Duke of Hesse, and died in 1878, when only 35. Princess Louis' youngest sister is Empress of Russia. The Prince and Princess have taken a very keen interest in their boy's career at Osborne, and have visited him many times.

"Tino's" Heir At Potsdam.

THE Crown Prince of Greece, who has been visiting the Kaiser at Potsdam and who is to see the Emperor Francis Joseph, will be known to East-bourne, for the whole family stayed there some years ago. The Duke of Sparta, as he is known, is in his twenty-sixth year, and is a nephew of the German Emperor. He is stated to be charged with an important mission from "Tino" to the Central Empires.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

SINCE the death of that very great man, her husband, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain has been heard of very little. The news that she has just been elected an Associate of the Royal Colonial Institute reminds one of the fine work of her husband as Colonial Minister. To speculate on what Joe would have done at the present crisis is idle, but it is difficult to suppress a longing for the vanished hand and that mighty, fearless brain. Mrs. Chamberlain's devotion to her husband in the last few years of his life, when he was stricken and helpless, was most touching. She is still a comparatively young woman, and is by birth an American.



Chamberlain's devotion to her husband in the last few years of his life, when he was stricken and helpless, was most touching. She is still a comparatively young woman, and is by birth an American.

Bank Holiday And Crises.

IT IS curious how often in recent years political crises have arisen on the eve of a Bank Holiday. This has been fortunate in a way, because the feeling of laziness and good-will engendered at holiday times has promoted a spirit of sweet reasonableness. Yesterday the political clubs were deserted—a marked contrast to the smoking-rooms full of excited M.P.s the day before.

An Opportunity Missed.

THERE ARE people besides the wreckers who look on the compromise rather gloomily. It had been hoped by some of Mr. Asquith's friends that he would take the opportunity of clearing some of the rubbish out of the Cabinet and reconstructing it on a win-the-war basis. As it is there'll be another "crisis" about something or other before Whitsuntide.

Guardians Of The Secret.

THE LEADING Parliamentary officials will have a busy time this Easter making arrangements for the Secret Session. The Lord Chancellor and the Speaker are, of course, the final authorities, but the details and operation of the plan will be in the hands of officials. To Sir Colin Keppel, the Serjeant-at-Arms, will be entrusted the duty of seeing that the secrecy of the Lower House is kept inviolate, while Captain Butler, Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, will watch over the House of Lords.

Short Shrift For Strangers.

ACTING under their instructions will be trained and picked policemen, headed by Inspector Rogers, in the Commons, and Inspector Palmer in the Lords. Both these officers are well known to peers and commoners, and control a police administration at the Palace of Westminster which for tactfulness and efficiency is second to none in the world. You can depend on it that the inquisitive stranger would have short shrift at their hands.

Congratulations.

HEARTY congratulations to Mr. Neil and Lady Victoria Primrose on the birth of a wee daughter. This little maid is also Lord Derby's first grand-child, and doubtless a lot of fuss will be made of her to the extent, very possibly, of Royal god-parents. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, is quite an old hand at the grandfathering business.

To Interest The Boy Scouts.

THE SUGGESTION of Major-General Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P., that Boy Scouts, Church Lads' Brigades, Boys' Brigades, and all similar organisations should be merged into a single, nationally controlled organisation is particularly sound. I'm inclined to think, however, that it will meet with a deuce of a lot of opposition, and without wishing to give the impression that any vast rivalry exists between the two bodies, the



Knights of the Broom Handle and grubby knees will not amalgamate with the Knights of the Haversack and pill-box cap very readily. The gallant General has had a brilliant military career, and was Brigade-Major of the Brigade of Guards in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. He is also a sportsman, a large landowner, and a politician. He is one of the few distinguished military men who have taken an interest in farming.

Joy-ride Day.

EITHER THE Government poster, "Don't use a motor-car for Pleasure," was widely disregarded yesterday, or the amount of business done on wheels was remarkably extensive. Good Friday this year seems to have been a regular joy-day for anyone with a car, a side-car, or even a humble motor-cycle. At a very early hour the exodus began, and the main roads out of town were as crowded as if it had been a Derby Day in peace time.

Forced Fasts.

WHAT I CALL hybrid days, such as Christmas Day and yesterday, always seem to leave a certain section of the London population in a state of rather pathetic bewilderment. With so many foreigners in our midst this section is now increased. The food difficulty seems to worry them, for one thing. In the Strand at ten o'clock I met a breakfastless Belgian. He was a decent fellow, and didn't want money. All he wanted was me to tell him where to get some food and a cup of coffee at a reasonable price. I'm afraid I could only suggest hotels.

Buns.

AND WHAT about those buns? The hot cross bun has always seemed to me to differ but little from the normal bun, which isn't thrilling, even when hot and buttered. Were it not for the passion that I nourish for the retention of old customs, old buildings, old anything, almost, except old clothes, hot cross buns might go by the board altogether as far as I am concerned. However, they appeared on the breakfast table yesterday morning, and doubtless on millions of other breakfast tables, too, in spite of the recent talk of the strafing of the bun as a war economy.

Better Friday.

ALL THE SAME, yesterday was in some respects rather a "gooder" Good Friday than many I have known. Not only did more church-bells seem to be ringing, but I have it on good authority from several sources that congregations were far in excess of what they have been in past years. Processions with banners, religious rather than Socialistic, abounded, and street preachers were busy. After all, it's a solemn day, in that it stands for solemn things. And there are solemn days.

Patriotic Barristers.

THERE ARE usually from 150 to 200 candidates at the April Bar exams. Last week, I am told, there were only 60, and of these 45 were either coloured men or Chinese. Of the fifteen whites there was not one man fit for the Army. There was an Indian magistrate among them, and a paymaster in the Navy, and an ex-private of the Territorial R.A.M.C., who was discharged a year ago as medically unfit.

The Man From Guiana.

THE STAR TURN at the next exam., in June, is expected to be Mr. Edgar Mortimer Duke, a coloured gentleman from Guiana, who is said to be able to recite Anson on Contracts *verbatim*. He has already won two £50 studentships and half a library of prize books.

Pearls Before.

PLOVERS' EGGS are extraordinarily plentiful just now. Wherefore I offered yesterday some to the "dear old soul" who transfers the dust from one part of my abode to another. "Plumbers' eggs," she said, "not me!" "Not plumbers' eggs," I explained. "Plumbers don't lay eggs. Plovers' eggs, or, if you like, plovers' eggs." "No," she persisted. "don't think I will, thankin' yer kindly, sir, all the same. Yer see, I'm rather pertickler what I eat."

Easter Blooms.

FLOWERS are booming, if I may be allowed the mixed metaphor. Covent Garden tells me that Easter lilies are fetching 40 per cent. more than usual, and selling wonderfully well. The "hospital trade," as they call it, has taken the place of a good deal of normal peace-time business. Meanwhile the artful Dutchman has been trying to pass off "Berlin crowns"—which are the famous Hun lily of the valley bulb, as something neutral. These are the "muguets" which Paris, who loved them dearly, barred directly war broke out.

A New Phrynette.

"L'ENFANT PRODIGE" continues its plucky career at the Kingsway Theatre. I say plucky advisedly, since the public aren't always ready to support things of artistic merit and beauty. You have to dangle the bait before their eyes for a long time, and, curiously, the more attractive the bait is, the longer you have to dangle it. However, people are at last beginning to realise the beauties of André Wormser's and Michael Carré's



masterpiece, which now has taken a firm hold, and has an ever-widening clientele. This photograph is of Marjorie Patterson, who is succeeding Colette O'Neil (Lady Constance Malleon) in the important part of Phrynette. Marjorie Patterson has not only acted with success, but has written plays on her own account. She is a clever girl.

When You Are In A Hurry.

THE contrariness of things is never so vividly exemplified as when you are trying to send a telegram in a hurry. Whenever I am in that condition I invariably find someone in front of me immersed in long arguments with the clerk and sending messages of a length or of a rarity of hand such as the average man never contemplates. I swear that the fiend who held me up for ten precious minutes yesterday was sending a three-volume novel over the wire.

A Sad World.

THE SAME THING happens at railway booking offices. You yourself only want a something single somewhere, as quick as possible. But the fellow in front is negotiating for insurance tickets, inquiring about trains due to start next week, producing documents, signing and counter-signing, and so on, for what appears to be hours at a time. It's a sad world.

Theatrical Slump.

IN SPITE of the emphatic success of "The Bing Boys" and "The Show Shop," this past week, which a good many people didn't realise was Holy Week, has been a terrible one for the theatres generally. Business has been "rotten." On Thursday afternoon, at a theatre which has been doing splendidly for some months, and will probably continue in the same happy state for a few months more, there was barely a tenner in the house.

The Wisdom Of Solomon.

CHARLIE COCHRAN was telling me about "Half-Past Eight" about half-past ten in the Alhambra the other night. You know he has engaged fourteen leading ladies for the show? Naturally, everyone told him of the unholy schlemozzle (spelling uncertain) that would inevitably ensue if there were the slightest sign of favouritism. So the diplomatic Charles has given them parts of the same size to a line, and they all make their first entrance simultaneously.

Amphibious.

THE OTHER DAY I described on this page a member of the Royal Naval Division as "amphibious." Immediate result—indignant letters from members of that gallant body. Let me point out, therefore, that the word is *not* a term of abuse. Lord, the trouble I do get into in all innocence!

MR. COSSIP.

A LITTLE AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

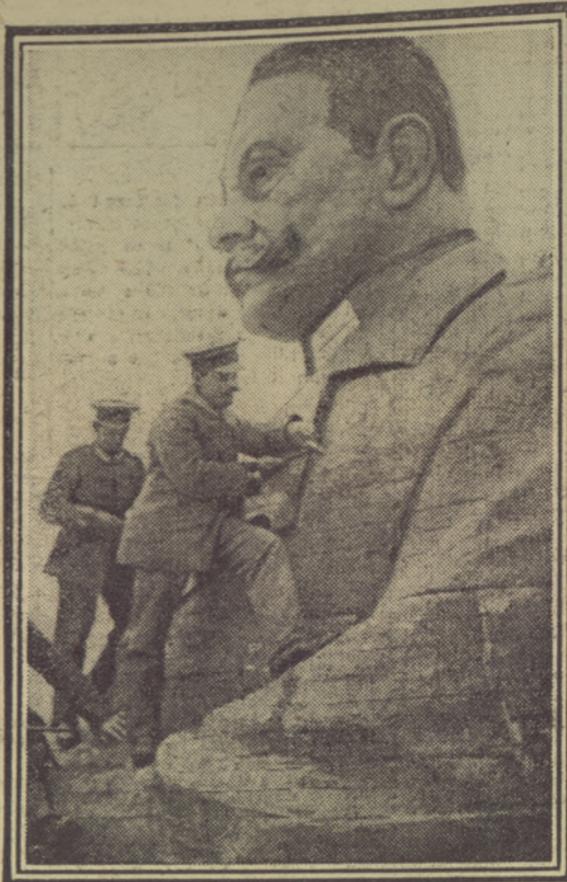


French soldiers with some of the Germans they took prisoners during a night attack on the enemy trenches. It was only one of the little affairs that pass unnoticed in the official reports.



The prisoners parading for inspection. They had not recovered from the surprise that was sprung upon them.—(French official photographs exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

For Hindenburg's Jubilee.



Another Berlin tribute to von Hindenburg, in honour of the German Field-Marshal's military jubilee.



Pte. S. K. Perkins, a Berks Trooper Thomson, a Lincoln D.C.M., rescued wounded Yeoman D.C.M., steered a transport to safety. under fire at Suvla.

NOT LIKE MOTHER'S.



A frock designed for the young girl who is not yet allowed to wear skirts as short as her mother's.—(Manuel.)

RESCUER AND RESCUED.



Captain J. K. Watson (right), of the *Lady Plymouth*, who picked up Captain Layzell (left) and his crew

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.



In the cloisters of a church in France, not the usual Eastertide service, but the care of wounded heroes under the banner of the Red Cross within a mile or two of the big guns.

LIGHTENING THE LOAD.



The latest strap device to reduce the weight of Tommy's pack.

The Parson's Son's M.C



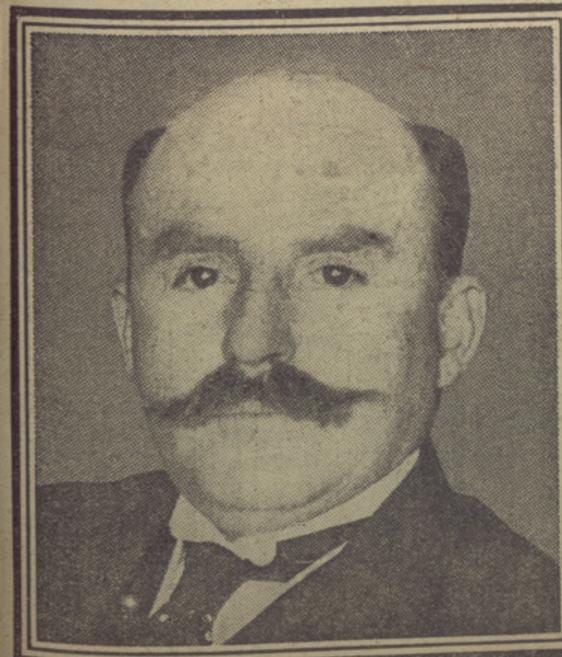
Sec.-Lieut. G. A. Hyde, K.R.R., only son of the Vicar of Riceall, near Selby, has been awarded the Military Cross.

TOMMY'S ZOO EASTER EGG.



The Zoo authorities now allow wounded Tommies to collect the eggs from the nests. Tommy finds them very beneficial.

ESSAD PASHA IN LONDON.



Essad Pasha, leader of the Albanian army, photographed in London yesterday. Chiefly by his help the heroic remnant of the Serbian Army escaped.

HELPED IN THE FIGHT TO RELIEVE KUT.



Men of the Black Watch, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the Leicester Regiment, who were wounded during the fighting in Mesopotamia, photographed in hospital with their nurses somewhere in the East. They have done their best to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Kut. —(Photograph exclusive to the Daily Sketch.)

A LITTLE HORSEWOMAN.



Little Miss Annette Bryce-Wilson is only nine years of age, but she can manage a horse as well as any professional rider.

CLAUDE DUVAL STREET: 'STOP, PRODUCE YOUR PAPERS.'



A village street on the Western frontier. All who would pass must stop and produce their passports or be turned back—or, maybe, be clapped in irons and tried for their lives as spies.

HOLDING THE THROTTLE-VALVE IN THE BALKANS.



With the Salonika Army. A fire trench commanding roadway. —(Official photograph, Crown copyright reserved.)

FLOWERS OF SPRING.



All flowers are seasonable in the millinery world. Pale blue dahlias trim this dust-coloured toque.

SPLENDID

HOLIDAY READING

IN THIS WEEK'S

IDEAS

The Imps Start Spring Cleaning.

SEE THE
SPECIAL HOLIDAY

IMPS CARTOON

ENTITLED
BANK HOLIDAY IN
THE IMPS COUNTRY

ONE OF THE
**FUNNIEST
PICTURES
EVER
PUBLISHED**



THIS WEEK'S
IMPS
CARTOON

WILL
PROVOKE
THOUSANDS
OF
HEARTY
LAUGHS

*IT WILL MAKE
YOU LAUGH TOO*

Thrilling Short Stories
By the Best Writers.

**Numerous Humorous
Articles.**

**OVER-WORKED MUNITION
GIRLS.**

An Article of interest to all
Munition Workers.

THE KAISER'S BROOD.

The secret sensational history of the
Emperor's Children.

This week's instalment deals with the wronged Crown Princess, how and why she left the Crown Prince for ever, and tells of the Crown Prince's intimacy with a butcher's daughter. There are stories too of the other sons of the Berlin butcher, proving that the whole brood is utterly depraved. Do not miss this scathing but perfectly true story.

Scores Of Really Funny
Pictures.

Splendid Serial Story.

Much Useful Information.

What Women Are Doing:

Easter By The Sea - - -
Amusing The Wounded - -
Lady Greville's Matinee - -

By MRS. GOSSIP.

I SPENT Thursday in selecting the right kind of clothes for Brighton, and in eventually catching the train for London-by-the-Sea.

What a struggle at Victoria Station! Everyone with (more or less) luggage—and for the most part with more—many carrying their own packages, dogs, and small children.

It was indeed a war-time Easter exodus; with no porters to carry one's baggage, and a hard job to get a taxi to take one to the station. But I'm on a holiday, so the getting out of town and putting up with things doesn't matter in the very least.

Now I can see the sea! What a wonderful tonic it is. Quite unlike anything one can get in a chemist's shop. Don't you agree with me?

As I write the weather is delightfully fine and a strong breeze blowing, but it's not the colour of the sea or the splendid Brighton air that you want to hear about; it's about who was spending Easter there and what they were wearing—looking like.

Wear What You Like.

Brighton has no hard-and-fast fashion rule. You can, thank goodness, wear what you please and not feel out of it.

If anything the skirts are shorter than those worn in town, and the boots a shade lighter. I noticed several pairs in bronze kid and others of a pale shade of buff—very ugly.

Crowded Out.

It was very amusing to sit outside the Metropole and watch the endless stream of the old-fashioned horse cabs drive up, in addition to taxis and motors, all very anxious to obtain accommodation over the week-end.

The placard "House Full" should have been displayed, as hundreds of holiday-seekers had to be turned away.

On The Front.

Among one or two friends I met on arrival was Miss Olga Nethersole, in a tête-de-nègre suiting, recuperating after her severe cold caught, I fear, during the hard work of her successful matinee.

I also caught sight of Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, the Hon. Donogh O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, Lady Milman, Sir Edward Green, and Lady Emily Knyvett.

I hear that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Exmouth are expected to make their headquarters at the Hotel Metropole to-day.

In The Dark.

A fog on a November night is nothing to the complete darkness of Brighton, and although there are many attractive amusements, I don't think I shall venture out, so I can't tell you about them, but there is just one entertainment which takes place to-day that I shall go to, and that is to see Albert Chevalier in "Caste"—he plays the part of old Eccles—which will be given on the Palace Pier.

Many Honeymoon Couples.

There will be endless attractions here during the week-end. To-night a dance at the Metropole and Grand Hotels, and to-morrow sacred concerts during the afternoon and evening in various hotels.

A great number of honeymoon couples are here, and many of the newly-made husbands are naval or military men, who are on short furlough from their spheres of war activity.

Lady Greville's Matinee.

It is almost practically settled that the Duchess of Westminster will appear at Lady Greville's matinee, for the Serbian relief fund, with M. Morton in the Victorian episode from "More."

The box office is now open, and I hear that the seats are selling very rapidly. So you must hurry up and book yours—this "in-aid-of" mustn't be missed.



LADY GREVILLE.
(Alice Hughes.)

A Charming Parisienne.

I looked in to see "Mr. Manhattan" again the other evening, and was especially pleased with Colette Dorigny, who very charmingly conducts a stage flirtation with Raymond Hitchcock.

I had a chat with Miss Dorigny between the acts. She was complaining that she has so very

small a part—although what she does do has caused many inquiries to be made about her.

I think I told you she was a Parisian who has been round the world on two occasions, has understudied Gaby Deslys, and for the last year has been having her voice cultivated in Paris.

She is a very pretty and attractive girl, and it is a pity there is not more work for her to do in this clever show.

"The Bing Boys."

Of course I went to the first night of the new revue at the Alhambra, which lasted for nearly four hours.

"The Bing Boys Are Here," and I should imagine have come to make a fairly long stay. George Robey and Alfred Lester are "the boys."

Miss Violet Loraine wears some very charming frocks. One I liked is composed of tangerine-coloured tulle, with black flowers and silver tissue, and her parasol to harmonise is of transparent tulle and decidedly new.

Her Watteau dress in the last scene, when she wears a white wig, suits her admirably. Miss Loraine has plenty to do and works hard at it.

One of the hits of the revue, I thought, was Jack Morrison's imitation of Raymond Hitchcock—excellent!

Who Were There.

The house was packed, but I was able to distinguish a few of the people I knew. Lord Farquhar was in the stalls with a party of friends, as were also Lord Lurgan and Sir Charles Hartopp. Mr. Grahame-White brought Lady Victor Paget, who was wearing a becoming band of diamonds round her dark hair.

Lady Arthur Paget, in a black wrap trimmed with ermine, and the Baroness D'Erlanger, were also there.

Several "stars" from other theatres were taking a night off, and among them were Miss Gertie Millar, who looked charming in white, and Miss Shirley Kellogg.

A Charming Singer.

Here is a picture of Miss Miriam Licette, who is singing at the Aldwych. I heard her the other evening, when she played Parnina in "The Magic Flute." She has a fine soprano voice.

In the course of Sir Thomas Beecham's season there she will be heard as Antonia in the "Tales of Hoffmann" and as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

Miss Licette has also been asked to sing next week at the Shakespeare Tercentenary at the "Old Vic," in the one musical number in the programme, the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Easter Cake.

Of course you want the recipe for an Easter cake. Well, here is a very good one. Take 1lb. of flour, 1/2 lb. of margarine, 6oz. of sugar, 1/2 lb. of candied peel, 1/2 lb. of sultanas or raisins, 2 table-spoonfuls of golden syrup, 1 teaspoonful of sweet spice, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a pint of milk, and a little nutmeg.

Beat the margarine and sugar, add the soda, dissolved in warm milk, the syrup and the rest of the milk, then the dry materials, and beat well together for three-quarters of an hour. Bake in a slow oven.

Amusing The Wounded.

The weekly concerts for wounded heroes at the Y.M.C.A. Rest Hut, Horseferry-road, Westminster, have been very successful owing to the aid of many eminent artistes, among whom are Miss Louise Dale, Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Margaret Cooper.

Lady Askwith now tells me that she wishes to enlarge the scope of these concerts. Anyone desiring to entertain wounded friends is invited to apply to the hut for leave to bring them on Tuesdays, when an excellent concert, a meat tea, cigarettes, and the use of the billiard room will be provided for one shilling a head.

The Soldiers' Hotel.

The activities of this hut are by no means confined to these concerts. Last week over 1,200 soldiers slept there, and between 1,700 and 1,800 dinners were served. It is, in fact, a large hotel, very successfully run by a committee of women,

none of whom had ever attempted anything of the kind before.

Among those who have helped Lady Askwith to organise and manage the hut are Mrs. Archie Douglas, Mrs. Ronald Greville, Mrs. Gwynne, Miss Phyllis Boosey, Mrs. Soames and Mrs. Challoner.

The Busy Duchess.

The Duke of Somerset paid a flying visit to Scotland before going with the Duchess to Maiden Bradley, where they mean to stay some weeks. The Duchess is a very busy woman, and her activities are varied. She has done much good work in collecting money for charities in existence before the war, and in danger of extinction.



LADY ELLENBOROUGH.
(Val L'Estrange.)

Lady Ellenborough, widow of the aged peer who spoke with authority on the Navy in the Upper House, has her sister and brother-in-law keeping her company for Easter, Colonel and Mrs. Fred Gore. They have for a term a lovely place in Wilts, but Mrs. Gore daren't be so far from the specialist, whose ministrations have done wonders during her long spell of ill-health this past winter.

Lord and Lady Clancarty, I hear, mean to be in town a good deal. In the meantime she is very busy over comforts for the Irish regiments, and has a collecting depot at Garbally Court. Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard are at Combe Court, Witley, after a brief stay at Bournemouth.

Great Doings In Dublin.

There are great doings in Dublin, and the Duchess of Westminster is having a two-days' variety show at the Theatre Royal for her hospital at Le Touquet, which is said to be the most perfectly run of all the hospitals. You know she has a beautiful highly-trained voice, not so showy as Princess Pless's, but much sweeter, and she is singing and acting, too.

Katharine Duchess of Westminster (who has never given up hope about her son, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, and her son-in-law, Lord Erne, both missing from the first terrible onslaught of the war), is at her charming place, Combermere Abbey, in Cheshire, after spending much time in town.

Sir Adolphus and Lady FitzGeorge have not had luck in the weather during their stay at Sidmouth, the storms and gales having been violent. They mean to stay there a week or two longer, in hopes of better fortune.

Our Petrograd Hospital.

Miss Thurstan, nursing organiser of the British Women's Maternity Hospital at Petrograd, is back in London after her extended tour of certain Russian districts affected by the war. She was not able to wait for the opening of the hospital, which took place after many difficulties on March 13. The Grand Duchess Cyril presided at the ceremony.

The hospital is filled with refugees, and for those poor creatures who cannot get in much practical sympathy is being shown all over the city.

There is a great shortage of women doctors in Russia. Although there were large numbers of trained women ready when the war broke out, they were scarcely enough for the Army's needs alone, apart from the civilian sufferers. The help and presence of British women is sorely needed.

A Voice From The Deep.

Here is a letter from H.M.S. Calgarian thanking the Daily Sketch Knitting League for the gifts of woolsies.

The writer says:—"I will endeavour to have each gift acknowledged separately if possible. It is excellent work you are doing, and it is highly appreciated by all ranks and rankings. We have had a severe winter, temperatures often 14 and 15 degrees below zero, but the weather is improving now."

Attention!

My dear friends, this is not the headquarters of the W.V.R. I wish it were. You must write for all particulars to the Secretary of the W.V.R., 15, York-place, Baker-street, W., and not to Mrs. Gossip, please.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. CLARK (Brixton).—Many thanks for lovely knitted scarves. How clever of you at 80 years of age to do such splendid work.

E.M.R. (S.E.).—Sorry I do not know.

DONDEL (Belfast).—I am afraid I cannot advise you.



The SAILOR says:—

"As you say, sir, this long watching and waiting is a little monotonous. But not quite so bad as it would be without Toffee de Luxe. It's our great standby, a general favourite on every deck, and you'll see us cheerfully munching it with the North Sea at its worst. We find it so warming on the cold night watches."

Sugar and cream and butter, blended into one delicious whole!

Try also Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Cafe de Luxe and Choccolate de Luxe, all so very "de Luxe."

OPERA.

ALDWYCH THEATRE.—GRAND OPERA SEASON.—TALES OF HOFFMANN, To-day, 2.30; MADAM! BUTTERFLY, To-night, at 8; CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI, Easter Monday, at 2.30; LA BOHEME, Easter Monday, at 3; MAGIC FLUTE, Tuesday, at 8; TALES OF HOFFMANN, Wed., at 8; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Thurs., at 8; ROMEO AND JULIET, Fri., at 8; MAGIC FLUTE, Sat. Mat., at 2.30; CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI, Sat. Evg., at 8. Prices 10s. 6d. to 1s. Gerr. 2315.

THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," by H. Grattan. Evgs., 8.30. Matinee Thurs., Sats., Easter Mon., at 2.30.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "THE BIRTH OF A NATION," Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Gerrard 2588.

GLOBE.—Every Evening at 8. "THE SHOW SHOP." Matinee, To-day and Easter Monday, at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE RE-OPEN'S

Twice Daily, 2.15 and 7.45 p.m.
DALROY, Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and Co. in "Broadway Jones," Ernest C. Rolls' Revue, "The Other Department," BOTH ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
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Box Office NOW OPEN (10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily). Book now in person, or by post, telegraph or telephone. 7/6, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/-. For seats under 3/- an advance booking fee of 6d extra is charged. Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines). Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

VARIETIES

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING AT 8. Geo. Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue, "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE," new Revue, GEORGE ROBEY and ALFRED LESTER as the BING BOYS; VIOLET LORAINÉ as the girl "EMMA"; PHYLLIS MONKMAN, ODETTE MYRTIL, JACK MORRISON, BERTIE ADAMS, MAIDIE ANDREWS, PEARL GREY, JACK CHRISTIE, REGINALD CROMPTON, the GRESHAM SINGERS, etc. Matinees Wed., Sat., Easter Monday, 2.15.

COLISEUM.—At 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY and Co. in Scenes from "The Taming of the Shrew," FLORENCE SMITHSON, ELLIOTT SAVON AS, MARIE DAINTON, etc. Mile, ADELINÉ GENEVE, new Production next Monday. Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super Beauty Chorus.

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., SAT., and EASTER MONDAY, at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10 and 9. "BRIDES" Revue, featuring EDGAR DRIVER and BILLIE BELL. Varieties by HARRY WELDON, MISS CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT" MISS HETTY KING, CORNALLA and EDDIE CARMEN TURIA, 3 MAHERS, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

ANTIQUES, Old Coloured Prints, China, Old Gold, Silver, Chinese Paintings on mirror glass, oddments, etc., bought for cash.—Folkards (est. 1814), 355, Oxford-street, W.

BARBY looks like a Boy in her new crawlers.—Combination knicker-oversalls, with pocket, raze or rose casement cloth, keep romping children clean; elastic at knee; 2 1/2 yards and under. 2s. Post free; approval.—FENWICK, LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CASH by return. Old False Teeth, Old Gold and Silver, Jewellery, Cut Glass, Antiques, Plate.—Highest value given. Birmingham Manufacturing Co., 3, New-st., Birmingham.

CHINA, Earthenware, Assorted Crates, 21s. 6d., 40s., 50s. Lists free.—REGENT FINE ART POTTERY, Hanley.

FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz., list free, combings purchased.—J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.

HAND Trucks for all trades in stock, from 50s.; best hard woods, springs and axles, etc.; wheels and all parts supplied; price lists free. Truck Specialists (Est. 1860), 65, New Kent-rd., London (Dept. 10) Telephone, Hop 2329.

MONEY TO LEND.

A LADY having disposed of her Hotel is WILLING TO MAKE ADVANCES by post at moderate interest.—Write H. WEST, The Nook, Caterham Valley, Surrey.

MEDICAL.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION Permanently gained by Massaging with Thompson's Society Complexion Food. All Weather Protective and Healer. Jars, 2s. and 4s. 6d. Post free. Only MR. THOMPSON, Homoeopath, 17, Gordon-street, Glasgow.

HOUSES AND LAND.

YOU CAN BUY A HOUSE OF YOUR OWN for less than you are at present paying as rent. Why not save money and secure independence? Particulars free. F. G. L., 6, Paul-street, Finsbury, E.C.

BIRDS AND LIVE STOCK.

TALKING Parrots from 12s. 6d., 3 acrobats warranty.—Particulars, Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

TO LET.

GOOD Stabling Accommodation to Let. Apply on premises, Doughty Mews, Guildford-st., Gray's Inn-rd., W.C.

AUSTRALIANS' FEAT NEAR THE SUEZ CANAL.

Rounding Up A Turkish Camp By Dashing Night March.

STORY OF A DESERT RESCUE.

From W. T. Massey.

[COPYRIGHT.]

SUEZ, Wednesday.

The British raid on Jif-Jaffa last Thursday was a typical enterprise of our detachments moving about the Sinai Peninsula.

The Turkish advanced posts are continually harassed by mobile troops travelling so rapidly that even the keen-eyed Bedouin outpost screen is taken by surprise.

As the enemy was reported boring water at Jif-Jaffa, a neighbouring detachment of Australian Light Horse, with some camel corps and transport, decided to disturb the preparations.

Airmen could see nothing of the enemy; but the Turks invariably rush into hiding on the appearance of an aeroplane. Accordingly the British column marched by night to within three miles of the position. At dawn an attack on three sides was arranged.

GALLOPED A MILE.

While the attack was developing the enemy was seen making from his outpost to his trenches near the well works. The Australian troops galloped a mile, cut the Turks off, and compelled their surrender.

An Austrian engineer-lieutenant in charge of boring operations was captured.

Every Turk was killed or taken prisoner, the plant and camp equipment was destroyed, the concrete foundation for anti-aircraft gun smashed, and a position on which the enemy set store thoroughly demolished.

The Light Horse did a brilliant piece of work. In three and a half days they marched 160 miles over alternate soft sand and heavy, stony ground.

No man had more than six hours' sleep in that period.

An Austrian prisoner arriving in camp was so surprised at seeing thousands of stalwart men in shorts that he imagined he was being taken to an athletic carnival.

FROM HEN TO HOSPITAL.

Over 16,000,000 Eggs Sent To Our Wounded Fighting Men.

Over sixteen millions of new-laid eggs have been given to "The National Egg Collection for the Wounded," and have been distributed to base hospitals in France and elsewhere.

Every egg supplied to a wounded soldier has cost one-fifth of a penny, not taking into account freight charges, which amount to £11,680.

The distribution of these millions of eggs has brought thousands of letters from wounded men testifying to their grateful appreciation.

As the demand from the wounded now exceeds one million new-laid eggs per week, the committee of the National Egg Collection for the Wounded, 154, Fleet-street, London, E.C., trusts that its Easter appeal to the public to avoid eating eggs and to make the contributions of eggs and money as generous as possible will receive prompt response.

JOURNALISTS IN CONFERENCE.

The National Union of Journalists opened its annual delegate meeting in Glasgow yesterday.

A civic welcome was extended by Bailie Smith, who complimented the union on having over 3,000 members, 700 of whom had joined the Colours prior to the Derby scheme.

Mr. Hamer (Manchester), in his presidential address, said the Defence of the Realm Act had revived the old system of licensing, which made Press work so grave a peril, but the union had obtained valuable concessions.

BROKE THE FIVE MILES MOTOR-CYCLING RECORD.



Harry Martin, the motor-cyclist, with his daughter. The photograph was taken after he broke the five miles motor-cycling record at Herne Hill yesterday. Martin has attested under the Derby scheme.

GRENADE FACTORY EXPLOSION.

BORDEAUX, Friday.

An explosion took place this morning in the Thevenot grenade factory at Croix d'Hino. Over 20 persons were killed and some others were injured. Reuter.

TRYING TO HAVE A HOLIDAY WITHOUT LL.G.



Haunted by the all-pervading personality of Lloyd George, Brown tries to escape it by fleeing to the country, but finds himself apparently pursued all the way.

GOALS COME EASILY.

106 Were Recorded In Yesterday's League Matches, Of Which Chelsea Got Nine.

In present-day football goals are cheap to spectators, and form does not count. An average of slightly more than five was struck in the nineteen matches played yesterday in the London Combination and the Midland and Lancashire sections of the Leagues.

Nine were obtained by Chelsea against the Arsenal at Stamford Bridge, but this was not the heaviest scoring match, Forest and Chesterfield having a hand in as many at Nottingham.

There were eight at New Cross, Bradford and Lincoln, and seven at Oldham, Anfield and Derby.

Chelsea raised their season's aggregate to 112. Buchan was once more to the fore with the first three goals, raising his season's record to 36, against Thomson's 32.

But the centre-forward not only drew level; he finished one to the good. The race for the lead between these prolific scorers was not the least interesting feature of a very attractive display of football.

Thomson scored the fourth goal of the first half and, following one from Ford, he enjoyed a monopoly with four off the reel.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.

Oldham Athletic 4, Manchester City 3. At Oldham.
Liverpool 5, Everton 2. At Anfield.
Burnley 4, Preston North End 0. At Burnley.
Manchester United 3, Stockport County 2. At Manchester.
Blackpool 3, Southport Central 1. At Blackpool.
Bury 4, Bolton Wanderers 2. At Bury.

LONDON COMBINATION.

Reading 4, Croydon Common 2. At Reading.
Clapton Orient 2, West Ham United 1. At Homerton.
Chelsea 9, The Arsenal 0. At Stamford Bridge.
Tottenham Hotspur 3, Crystal Palace 1. At Tottenham.
Millwall 6, Queen's Park Rangers 2. At New Cross.
Brentford 2, Fulham 1. At Brentford.
Watford 2, Luton 1. At Watford.

MIDLAND SECTION.

Notts County 1, Leeds City 1. At Nottingham.
Bradford City 6, Barnsley 2. At Bradford.
Derby County 5, Bradford 1. At Derby.
Lincoln City 5, Sheffield Wednesday 2. At Lincoln.
Nottingham Forest 3, Chesterfield Town 1. At Nottingham.
Rochdale 1, Huddersfield Town 1. At Rochdale.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol Rovers 1, Bristol City 1; Southampton 2, Portsmouth 0.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Crystal Palace v. Tottenham Hotspur; Chelsea v. Croydon; Reading v. Queen's Park Rangers.
LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Blackpool v. Preston North End; Bury v. Burnley; Southport Central v. Bolton Wanderers; Liverpool v. Manchester United; Manchester City v. Everton; Oldham Athletic v. Stockport County.
LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.—Barnsley v. Bradford City; Leeds City v. Huddersfield Town; Bradford v. Rochdale; Grimsby Town v. Hull City; Lincoln City v. Sheffield United;

HIDING THE TRUTH.

THINGS THE CABINET DO NOT TELL US.

A well-known contributor discusses the effects of the seeming indifference of the Government to criticism. Nearly every reply to an attack has to be dragged from them, and the half-disclosures they occasionally make only put their case in the worst possible light.

THE CHURCH AND MERRY-MAKING.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, in a fascinating article on the Easter of Olden Times, shows how the Church sanctioned jollification, and religion and sport went hand-in-hand. He indicates the different forms of merry-making which he would like to see revived in order that we may have a joyous out-door life.

THE RED-TAB MEN IN WAR.

Some of the most vivid pictures yet given of the war come from the pen of Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O., who has just issued a remarkable book on the Gallipoli campaign. The Colonel deals with great frankness with the work of the red-tab men—the Staff Officers—and tells us that "there is some reason for the general lack of confidence in the Staff!"

WILL MARRIAGE BECOME UNPOPULAR?

Mr. Edward Cecil makes a vigorous reply to the proposals of Mr. Walter Gallichan for making marriage more popular, and to his arguments in favour of teaching our youth how to value love as a means of happiness.

In addition are pages and pages of pictures—all the latest news—the most interesting "gossip"—the most authentic fashion notes and pictures, in the next issue of the

ILLUSTRATED

SUNDAY HERALD

Ask your Newsagent to reserve you a copy—ONE PENNY.

Sheffield Wednesday v. Rotherham County; Derby County v. Notts County; Stoke v. Leicester Fosse.
SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Raith Rovers v. Aberdeen; Airdrieonians v. Partick Thistle; Celtic v. Heart of Midlothian; Glasgow Rangers v. Clyde; Dundee v. Greenock Morton; St. Mirren v. Hamilton Academicals; Third Lanark v. Kilmarnock; Motherwell v. Queen's Park; Hibernians v. Ayr United.
SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Swindon Town v. Bristol Rovers.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—Tottenham Hotspur v. 3rd Scots Guards; 3rd Irish Guards v. Royal Bucks Hussars (at Brentwood); Aston Villa v. West Bromwich Albion; Southampton v. Royal Flying Corps; Cardiff City v. Nottingham Forest; West Ham United v. Millwall; Newport County v. Barry; Norwich City v. 64th Highland Division, R.E.; Northampton v. 24 Northamptonshire Regiment; Brentford v. R.A.M.C. (Aldershot); Southall v. Woolwich Arsenal Munition Workers; Walthamstow Grange v. Army Pay Corps; Blackburn Rovers v. Newcastle United.

RUGBY UNION.—South Wales XV. v. New Zealanders.
NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE.—Wigan v. Huddersfield; Halifax v. Dewsbury; Rochdale Hornets v. Leigh; Hull v. Swinton; Leeds v. Barrow; Bradford Northern v. Hunslet.

RECORDS AT HERNE HILL.

At Herne Hill yesterday Harry Martin beat the motor-cycle records from two to five miles for the track. His times were 2min. 26 3/5sec., 3min. 39 4/5sec., 4 min. 50sec., and 6min. 2 1/5sec.

The 100 yards handicap was won by Lce.-Corpl. A. W. Short, 3/25 London (8 yards), in 10 1/5sec.; the 220 yards by Pte. W. E. Darby, New Zealand (15 yards), 23 4/5sec.; the 550 yards handicap by E. J. Warren, 3/25 Cyclists (49 yards), 39sec.; the 880 yards cycle handicap by J. C. F. Masters (35 yards), 62 1/5sec.; the two miles walking handicap by E. A. Bannister (190 yards), 14min. 51sec.; an international tandem match by Italy (Angelo Baruffaldi and Joshua Bellanti), and the three miles inter-regimental team race by the 3rd Irish Guards "A" team, Pte. Hodge, A.S.C., M.T., first man home in 15min. 27 3/5sec.

O'KEEFE BEATS JOHNNY WEBB.
At Kensal Rise yesterday afternoon Corporal Pat O'Keefe beat Private Johnny Webb on points in a 15-round contest. The following 10-round bouts also took place with the following results: Fred Housego, of Paddington, beat Billy Boon, of Bethnal Green, on points; Billy Garrard, of Paddington, beat Wally Tranor in the ninth round; and Charlie Wood outpointed Maurice Condon.

Benny Lennard and Phil Bloom fought a ten-round contest at New York on Thursday night and Lennard won on points.—Central News.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

Betty Puts Things Right.

It would have given Betty intense satisfaction to have bitten Mrs. Drayton's extended hand. She was so furious that she could scarcely school her features into an agreeable expression.

"What a happy meeting!" she exclaimed. "So much has occurred since we parted, Mrs. Drayton. Having found my father so soon, and then losing him almost immediately afterwards, was indeed a terrible blow."

Behind her veil Betty's eyes looked as though they were brimming with tears. She turned to the attendant.

"The charmuse is just what I want. Please cut me ten yards."

Mrs. Drayton gasped at this effrontery, but Betty turned swiftly to her with a sweet pathos in her face.

"My late husband's niece is to make her debut very soon. She has just left a convent in Paris, and it is my happy task to choose her dresses. I think blue is such a sweet colour, particularly for young girls. Really I had no other purpose in leaving Talebriar, at some personal inconvenience, than my dear Estelle's pleasure. Her parents think so much of my taste. Oh, there is Cotwood—I must congratulate you on retaining the services of so excellent a maid, Mrs. Drayton. At Talebriar Cotwood made herself indispensable; I nearly kidnapped her."

"I would like to remind you, Mrs. Chevonne, that Laurette is not my maid; she is my companion."

"Oh, of course; how forgetful I am. Cotwood will pardon my lapse of memory, I am sure." She smiled in a friendly, patronising fashion at her sister, who regarded her without speaking.

"I am at the Corona for a few days," said Betty. "So I expect we shall see much of each other, dear Mrs. Drayton. Vivian and I drove up in his uncle's car, and he is awaiting me at the Bachelors' for tea—poor fellow—in choosing Estelle's outfit I completely forgot him."

Mrs. Drayton was vexed for having so misjudged the widow, who showed extreme good nature in putting herself out to please someone else.

"It all seems so worldly to be selecting these things now," murmured Betty, as though aware of Mrs. Drayton's thoughts. "I can assure you it is a great effort to be interested in anything."

The old lady tried hard to regard the widow in a more favourable light, but without success. However, she held out her hand.

"Will you please tell Mr. Grant we shall expect him some time this evening?"

"Certainly, I will. I believe he proposes putting up at his rooms in Jermyn-street. He dislikes hotels intensely."

"Well, if he will kindly call—"

"I will bring him myself," Betty answered with malicious satisfaction, for she knew very well that Mrs. Drayton wished to see Vivian alone.

The other's thoughts were written on her face, but she merely bowed.

"Come, dear Laurette," she said. They went out together. Betty returned to the counter.

"Hateful old busybody!" she muttered.

Mrs. Drayton's Plans.

Betty had not come down from her room when Vivian arrived at the Corona. A page took him up to Mrs. Drayton's suite.

The old lady had resolved to speak to Vivian in private upstairs, so that Betty Chevonne should

not be able to be present at their interview. She beckoned him to her side as he opened the door.

"Come and sit down," she said. For no apparent reason Vivian was exceedingly ill-at-ease. He knew that inadvertently he had wounded this gentle, sweet-faced dame. He advanced to her side like a penitent boy.

"How nice of you," she said, smiling up at him, "to come so promptly. I feel that I am imposing upon your good nature; but there are certain wishes of mine which I long to see accomplished almost at once, because they concern another person."

"I am all attention, dear," Vivian answered gently.

Mrs. Drayton laid her hand on his knee. "You may smoke if you wish. I have told Laurette not to disturb us for the present, for my plans concern her."

"Indeed?" Vivian queried, and he purposely looked down, so that Mrs. Drayton should not be able to read his eyes.

"She is as dear to me as though she were my own daughter, Vivian; and I wish to consult you about making provision for her when I am gone."

"You're not—ill?"

"No, no." She laughed a little. "I haven't felt so well for a long time, but one never knows when the end may come, and for that reason—"

"Exactly," Vivian said. He was intensely interested, and he experienced a feeling of relief that Laurette was to receive some legacy which would keep her from want. He put this feeling down to pure kindness of heart. Who could bear seeing such a girl running terrible risks every day without earnestly wishing to see her removed from them?

"I intend to make Laurette an annuity," Mrs. Drayton proceeded. "And I have a small property in Devonshire. I have not been there for some years, the climate is too enervating for my health, but I have discovered that Laurette loves the country. I would like her to have it, and the rents from the present tenants are to go to her."

"I am glad!" Vivian said heartily. Mrs. Drayton opened her fan and gave him a shrewd look across it.

"Why?" she asked bluntly.

"Laurette Loves You."

"I am interested in the girl," Vivian explained uncomfortably.

Mrs. Drayton sighed, then she laid her fingers upon his wrist.

"I want to be very frank. Will you forgive an old friend if she hurts you a little? Ah, Vivian, I do it only because you are the Colonel's son. I have thought a good deal about you. I have wondered if he would not have wished me to speak on a matter of extreme delicacy. Yet dear boy, dear boy, you will not be angry with me, will you? I am old enough to be your mother. I am so anxious you should be happy."

"You are awfully good," he declared, but he spoke coldly and he dreaded what she might say next.

"I fancied once—it may have been the sentimental dreaming of a foolish old woman who is in many ways a little out of date," Mrs. Drayton continued, "that you and Laurette were admirably suited in every particular"—she broke off as though temporarily losing her courage, but, resuming a moment later, "I was almost certain you loved her."

Vivian dragged back his chair, and rose from it, looking down sternly at the dear old face.

"Do you feel justified in saying this much to me?"

"Yes," she answered firmly. "And for your own sake I must say something more while there is a chance. Vivian, are you sure that Mrs. Chevonne is the right wife for you? My dear boy, don't scowl; . . . is she? . . . is she? Convince me that you love her with all your heart, that this love is returned, and I will promise never again to speak to you on such a personal matter."

"I don't see why you should; no, I don't in the least. That's the worst of family friends; they are always meddling with a chap. Always the same old yarn dished up again and again—'You are too young to know your own mind!'"

Mrs. Drayton clasped her hands. "Don't quarrel with me, Vivian, for I fear you might regret it one day."

"I don't want to," he said gently. "But you shouldn't treat me as an imbecile."

"Ah, hush! I see the promise in you of something so fine and rare and splendid that I cannot bear to think that a wrong choice—a wrong wife may cause this promise to wither."

"Nonsense, I am the most ordinary man you ever saw. Come, let us go back to the business part of this interview."

Mrs. Drayton rose slowly from her chair. "I am going to hurt you again, for your own good, I trust. Vivian, Laurette is very unhappy!"

He stared at her, but she saw a pulse throb in his throat; he said nothing, but moved backwards from her. It was a peculiar, unexpected movement, but she could not know that to his fancy Laurette stood between them.

"Why?" he managed to say.

"You can surely guess!"

"How should I?" he asked, almost roughly. "Unless you are more explicit."

"Laurette loves you," Mrs. Drayton said gently. "And if I am guilty of betraying her, may I be pardoned. She has never told me so; therefore I consider that I am not bound to secrecy."

"I Had To Forget."

To Vivian the quietly spoken words were repeated by many sad and silvery voices.

"Laurette loves you!"

The blood rushed to his temples and back to his heart, leaving him pale and stern and older in appearance.

"You have no pity," he broke out at last. "You are forcing me bit by bit to make you my confidante. Look here, Mrs. Drayton, there are some things that every man who means to be decent hides in his heart, of which he may speak to no one, however intimate; but without disloyalty to Betty, I will confess this much—his voice took a lower note, and a look of anguish spread over his face: "Once—it was—Laurette; yes, on my

honour, but she wasn't worth it. I had to let go of her—I had to forget what she might have been to me . . . I can't tell you why, it wouldn't be fair. She—she betrayed herself, her feelings for me were of the mercenary kind, nothing else."

"Vivian, how can you—how dare you say that?"

"I have proof it is so," he answered sullenly. "Proof—perhaps you received it from Mrs. Chevonne?"

"Nothing of the kind, from Laurette herself. Oh, good heavens, won't you believe me? I can't be a cad and tell you how she showed me very effectually that it was my income she wanted—and—after that . . . Well, it is just as though she were dead!"

"You are wronging Laurette, I feel sure," Mrs. Drayton said sadly. "You are under some misapprehension, dear Vivian. Let me send for her now. Have a straight talk with her. She is not the girl to treat you in this abominable way."

Vivian drew himself upright. "Thanks awfully, but I've had about enough of this. It seems to me you are doing all a woman can to make mischief between Betty and me."

"I will confess that I am doing my best to part you," Mrs. Drayton answered coldly.

For a long moment they gazed at each other in silence.

"You will never do that," Vivian flung back slowly. "I see no use in prolonging this interview. Permit me to withdraw, Mrs. Chevonne, and I will return to Talebriar to-morrow. If Laurette were the only woman in the world I would not marry her!"

Vivian hurried from the room and down the stairs. Betty was nowhere to be seen, and he made for the Winter Garden.

He was hot with rage; Mrs. Drayton's meddling was inexcusable; it was useless. She had been guilty of the worst possible taste in striving to bring back his unhappy infatuation for a girl he had as irremediably lost as though thousands of miles lay between them. But she was here, under this roof—unhappy, so Mrs. Drayton assured him. Well, he supposed she had reason for disappointment.

"No girl of her class cares to let a rich wooer slip through her fingers!" Vivian drew himself up. What a hideous thought! Was he so sordid as all that?

He sank into a chair in the cool, palm-shaded garden. It was quite dark. He wondered that the lights had not been turned on, but the darkness pleased him. No one was near; he could give relief to his rage—to his grief. Was there need for grief? If so, it was only caused by the bitter fact that he had been disillusioned, as are other men.

He took a cigarette from his pocket; he adjusted a wax match. As the flame rose he lifted his head. Within a stone's throw of where he sat, and partially concealed by a spraying palm, stood a girl. Her white face was turned towards him. She stretched her hands, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. . . . He called her huskily.

"Laurette!"

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)



Teacher:—Now, boys, what fish besides haddock gives off a bright glow in the dark?"

Bright Boy:—"Soles and 'eels, if cleaned with CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH!"

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WHAT HIDING THE TRUTH LEADS TO:—

Read Remarkable Article In The Sunday Herald To-morrow By "ONE WHO KNOWS."

DAILY SKETCH.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LIFE IN BERLIN IN WARTIME.

See Page 2.

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

WITH THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT THE FRONT.



The sergeants' mess of the gallant Gordons in their trenches at the front. Behind the protective sandbags the non-coms. enjoy a hearty meal.

Behind the protective sandbags the non-coms. enjoy a hearty meal.

A piper of the Gordons has a tune-up outside his dug-out.



Some of the Seaforths in their dug-out serving out stew.

Lads of the Black Watch making tea in the trenches.

On many a battlefield of Empire have the Black Watch, the gallant Seaforths, and the Gay Gordons fought together, winning immortal glory for the prowess of the Highland Brigade. The old 42nd first earned battle honours in Flanders long ago, and with their kilted comrades fought at Waterloo and in the Crimea, at Lucknow, at Tel-el-Kebir, and in South Africa.—(Photographs Exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)