

EASTER DAY BATTLE TO RELIEVE TOWNSHEND.

DAILY SKETCH.

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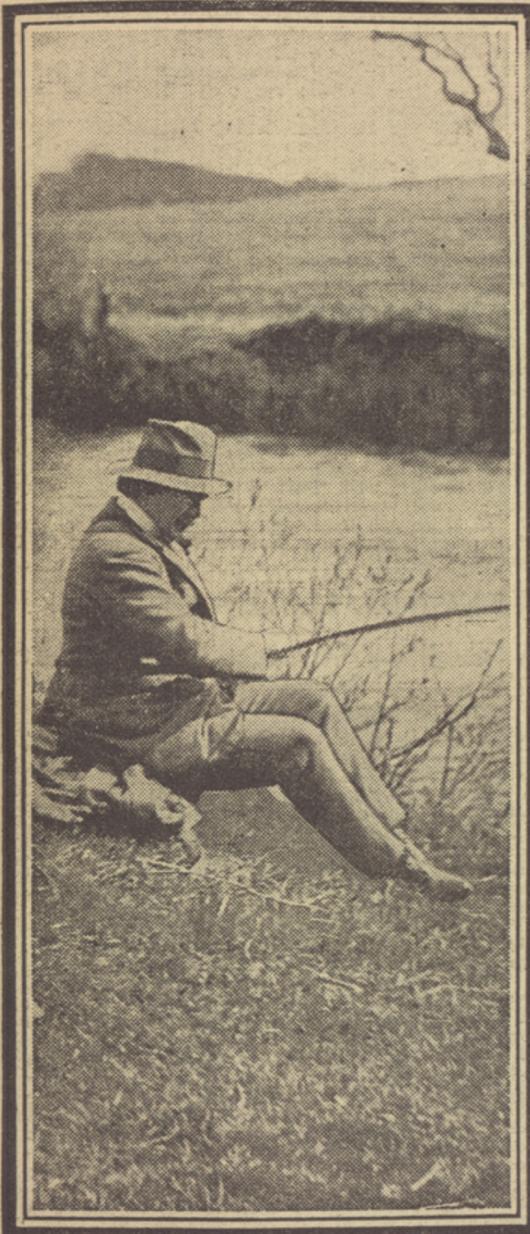
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LONDON, MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1916.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

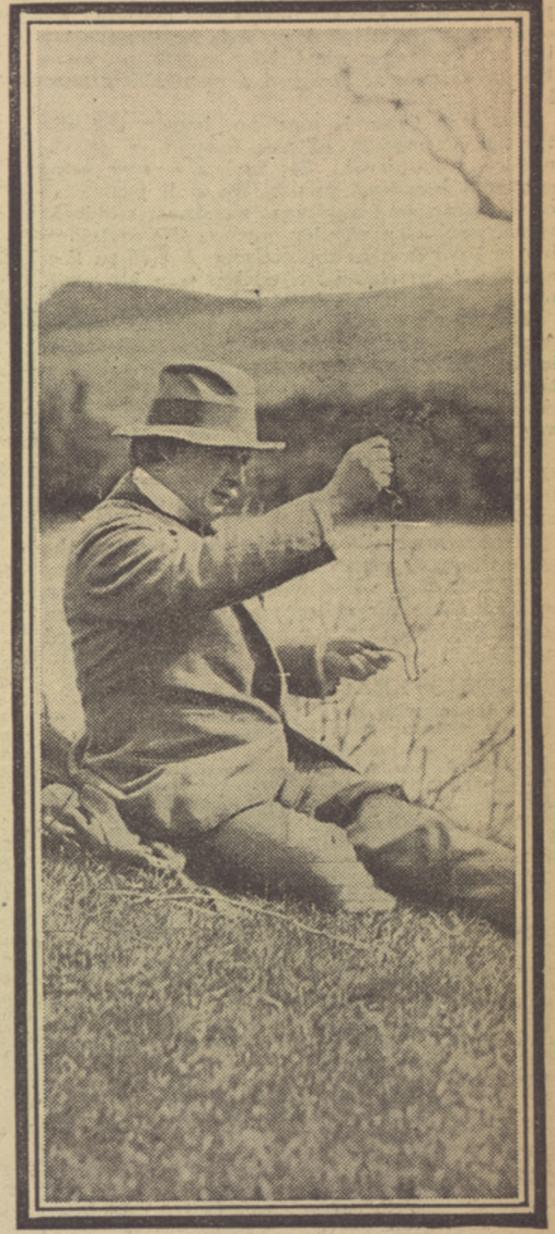
LLOYD GEORGE A HOLIDAY CONVERT TO "WAIT AND SEE."



Adopting the Asquithian motto.



Forgetting war's problems, he enjoys the pleasures of the gentle art.



Re-baiting the hook.



Megan is keenly interested in her father's preparations.



Returning with his daughter Megan and her girl friend with his catch of one fish.

His Easter holiday, not the political situation, made Lloyd George a "wait and see" man. He spent the week-end at home at Criccieth and had a few hours' fishing on the banks of the tranquil Dwyfor—a strange sport for a man who thinks that all men should be in the net. To-day he returns to town determined to "wait and see" no more.

IRON CROSSES GIVEN AWAY WITH WAR LOAN.

How German Officials Raid The People's Homes.

BERLIN'S GOLD FAMINE.

News Of Zeppelin Disasters Hidden From The Public.

By Kitty Marks.

Miss Kitty Marks, an English teacher of languages, who has just come home after three years in Berlin, to-day continues her impressions of the changes war has wrought in the spirit of the German people.

Everyone in Berlin now realises how hard-pressed Germany is for money and material, but of late she has adopted methods for supplementing her exchequer which have struck me, as an Englishwoman, as being of a particularly mean kind.

The Iron Cross is now no longer the distinctive decoration of the baby-killer or the under-sea murderer. Its replica is now being scattered broadcast among the civil population of Germany, and any man, woman or child can secure one—of a smaller pattern—by contributing in hard cash to the coffers. A civilian thus adorned is proclaimed a citizen who has made some sacrifice for his country.

That sacrifice need not be a tremendous one. A person has only to part with a 20-mark piece in exchange for paper money to secure distinction of this kind, while a child at school becomes similarly entitled on collecting 20 marks for the war fund.

Since my return to England I have gathered an impression of the value we place upon the Iron Cross. It is what I expected, and it does not surprise me.

Perhaps my readers may be able to gauge the value Germany places upon the Iron Cross when I tell them that, while a German scholar is given an Iron Cross for collecting twenty marks, he gets a day's holiday for bringing in a hundred marks!

BUYING LEAVE FOR SOLDIERS.

But those who have husbands, or sons, or brothers fighting have a greater object than the Iron Cross in hoarding what small sums they can manage to save after paying the famine prices demanded for their limited necessities of life. Soldiers' leave can now be bought. This expedient for raising money was introduced about three months ago, and the price of four days' leave is a contribution of a hundred marks. Wives who have not seen their husbands since the war began, and mothers who have been separated from their fighting sons for a like period will go to almost any extreme to get together the few pounds which will bring to them the greatest happiness which money can buy.

But the raising of a sum equal to £5 is with many of those people an almost impossible task. I have heard of many instances in which women have been driven to steal in order to get together the necessary sum.

OFFICIAL HYSTERIA.

Give your gold! Give your gold!!! This is Berlin's incessant demand. It has placarded its hoardings with bills to this effect. Everywhere you go the appeal to "do something for your country" stares you in the face. There is no escaping it; it is the one placard that shrieks at you from every advertising space in the city. Never during the war has the Government shown so much hysteria in the method of its appeal as during the past few months.

Candidly I am convinced that there is little patriotism and less confidence left in Berlin. It is common knowledge that those who possess gold are now afraid to part with it. They are suspicious of paper money, and now for the first time since the war began those who have money are dumb to the Government's appeal.

HOARDING GOLD: RAIDING KETTLES.

The shortage of food is, from what I can gather, a more serious problem than Germany cares to admit. What gold there is the Government is desperately anxious to put its hands on, and it is known that there is a good deal more than that which has already found its way to the exchequer. But before I left there was a feeling that the latest call of the Fatherland had not been responded to. And my view of the situation as I have just left it is that the call will be repeated in vain.

But if wealthy Berliners are hoarding their gold, they are not saving their iron pots and pans, their fireplace fittings, or even their brass knockers. Besides being short of money Germany has, during the past six months, given ample proof that it is short of material for munitions. Its systematic collection of iron and brass had had, when I left, the effect of denuding practically every house in Berlin of all save the barest cooking utensils, while almost every detachable piece of metal had either been given up or commandeered.

while at the same time an intimation was conveyed to them that if they did not voluntarily yield to a request of this kind the articles necessary would be compulsorily taken at a lower valuation.

SAUCEPANS COMMANDEERED.

It was quite a common and in many respects a pathetic sight to see mothers wheeling in their children's perambulators many of their kitchen requisites to the collecting centres. But it was far worse to ignore the appeal of the authorities. The occupants of a large house at which I was a visitor did that, and I saw the result.

A huge collecting cart called while I was there one day, and the official in charge decided for himself what he would take. He also fixed the price; and it was barely more than a quarter the value of the articles. All the fire-irons, practically the whole of the cooking utensils, and several ornamental copper bowls were removed. At another house the official's choice fell upon a huge copper boiler, several brass candlesticks, and two saucepans. These were worth at least fifty marks; he paid fifteen for them.

Germany cannot hide the fact that she is short of gold and short of metal. She is trying just now to make up for this by showing that she is not short of men. As to her real position in regard to men, no civilian in Berlin can speak authoritatively upon that, and I do not pretend to more wisdom or knowledge on that point than any of those among whom I have had to endure twenty months of the war.

MIRTH TO ORDER.

A wonderful change has come over the character of the German conscript during the war. Whatever we may say or think of the German soldier as a fighter, in the early days of the war the recruit in training was a blithesome spirit. The rooms which I occupied during the whole time I was in Germany were close by a training ground and the daily marching to and from of Germany's soldiers in the making was quite a festive business. Those lads sang and whistled merrily as they marched past. There is singing and whistling as recruits of the present day return from drill, but there is no joy or gladness in their song or spirits.

Those soldiers, I know, are simply made to sing and whistle, and their mock mirth is one of the sorriest things I have seen in Berlin.

How did Berlin really receive the news of the torpedoing of the Lusitania? This question has been asked me a number of times during the few days I have been home, and I might say at once that the news was not received with that unholy joy which my friends seem to imagine. In the first place Germany stated—and the civil population believe it even now—that the Lusitania was armed and carried ammunition. Believing that, thousands of people have always contended that it was a wrong and wicked thing to sacrifice all those non-combatants. Others held, and still hold, the view that as the vessel had been warned passengers should not have taken the risk.

ZEPPELIN PRETENCE.

But the Lusitania incident was the one outstanding thing which really divided opinion in Berlin, and the division was a sharp and bitter one.

It would not be fair to Berlin to declare that all her citizens are in favour of Zeppelin raids on England. Of the results of those raids they know nothing beyond their own official versions. And those versions have led them to believe that London and many of our leading manufacturing cities have been partly demolished. Nothing, of course, has been said about the number of civilians—and particularly the women and children—killed. From what I had read in Berlin I was prepared to find that awful havoc had been wrought in England. I only wish people in Berlin could know what my friends have since told me.

It is true many people in Berlin are against these air raids altogether. Those who do favour them not only have an exaggerated idea of the damage committed by raids in the past, but, like everyone else in Germany, they have been led to believe that the Zeppelins are invulnerable to attack on their marauding expeditions.

No one in Berlin has the least inkling that a single Zeppelin has been lost. Many a time I and my companion, a French lady with whom I lived, deplored the fact that our countries had permitted those raids without bringing a Zeppelin down, and it was not until I returned to England that I heard Germany had lost some of those ships.

Every hour that passes since my return convinces me that Berlin has been sustained on pretence. But sustenance of that kind cannot hold out for ever; and I think I have shown you that signs of its crumbling have during the past few months been very marked.

DULL DAY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Although the stop-the-war meeting originally fixed for yesterday had been prohibited, the police prepared for trouble in Trafalgar-square.

Many Colonial soldiers assembled in the hope that some peace crank would be bold enough to invite hostilities, and a crowd gathered in anticipation of the fun, but nothing happened.

RETALIATION WANTED.

The British Empire (anti-German) Union held two crowded and enthusiastic meetings at the Tower Cinema, Peckham, on Saturday.

Sir George Makgill, secretary of the union, was the chief speaker, and his eloquent denunciation of German methods and call for retaliatory measures were cheered to the echo.

SOLDIER FOUND INJURED.

Gunner James Ryal, R.F.A. (a native of Spalding), was found early on Saturday morning in a tram shelter at Poole near Bournemouth, bleeding from a wound in the head. He could give no account of

BRITISH SOCIALIST SPLIT.

Patriotic Section Cuts Adrift From The Peace Cranks.

MR. HYNDMAN'S CHALLENGE.

The annual conference of the British Socialist Party, which opened in Manchester yesterday, was marked by a split between the pro-war section and the pacifists.

It was recommended by the executive committee that the conference be held in camera. A patriotic minority objected to this, left as a protest, and held a separate meeting.

Before this climax was reached there were some turbulent scenes.

Mr. H. M. Hyndman stood on a chair and challenged his opponents to remove him by force. This was greeted with cheers and some booing. Finally Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Dan Irving and about 25 supporters left the building.

Not Given A Fair Hearing.

Mr. Hyndman and his friends invited the Press to their meeting, and in a statement as to why they left the conference said they were not given a fair hearing.

"The resolution that I should be heard to give our view of the matter was defeated by 56 to 39 votes, and we decided to leave in view of the general treatment we received."

It having been decided by a majority of 3 to 1 to hold the conference in camera and the pro-war delegates having retired, those remaining made a frantic demonstration, rising from their seats, cheering wildly, and singing "The Red Flag." The resolution on which the split actually occurred was:—

That the longer the war lasts the more complicated and insoluble become the issues involved and the more remote the possibilities of a satisfactory peace; and, further, that the military destruction of either side or the exhaustion of both must inevitably lead to a peace that will be merely temporary and contain the menace of future wars.

This was adopted by 61 votes to 17. Later Mr. Hyndman and his supporters issued a public statement in which they explained that their withdrawal from the conference was occasioned by an accidental majority of delegates owing to the fact that their own supporters were engaged at the front, in military training, and at munition works.

The delegates with whom the *Daily Sketch* discussed the split expressed the opinion that it would not be easy to patch up the differences.

NONCONFORMIST PEERESS.

Baptist Minister's Daughter Becomes Countess Of Westmorland.

A pretty romance surrounds the marriage of the Earl of Westmorland and Miss Catherine Louise Geale at the Parish Church, Herne Bay, on Saturday.

The lady entered the Earl's family some years ago as companion to his young daughter, Lady Gloria Fane. She is the elder daughter of the late



THE EARL AND HIS BRIDE.

(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

Rev. John S. Geale, who for 18 years was minister of Queen's-square Baptist Church, Brighton. Lord Westmorland signed the register. Mildmay Julian Fane, Earl of Westmorland, aged 55, colonel, of Woodstock Park, Sittingbourne. The bride was described as "Catherine Louise Geale, spinster, aged 31, of Tintagel, Herne Bay." She wore a tailor-made costume of nigger-brown, a picture hat to match, trimmed with blue velvet and pink roses. She was accompanied to the church by her brother, who wore the uniform of the R.A.M.C.

Since the war Lord Westmorland has been with his regiment, of which he is colonel, in the Mid-

SHOP ASSISTANTS' FINE RECORD.

Speaking at the annual conference of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants at Cardiff yesterday, Mr. G. W. Burrows said with the calling up of the last Derby groups not more than five per

THE MAN OF DESTINY GOES A-FISHING.

A Peaceful Interlude On The Banks Of The Dwyfor.

RECREATION AND DEVOTION.

The pictures on our front page to-day show better than any words can tell how complete is the detachment from political cares and scares in which Mr. Lloyd George is renewing his energies in his native air.

To watch him land his fish no one would imagine that (as his one-time friends now allege) he nourishes the idea that he is the nation's Man of Destiny, and that no other can save Britain from disaster.

Coming Back By Motor.

He left London for Criccieth on Good Friday, and he is due to leave Criccieth for London to-day.

He will make the return journey by motor, and it is his intention to make several halts for the purpose of inspecting munition works.

Of his two full days' holiday, one has been really recreative and restful; the other has found him dutiful and devotional.

On Saturday he went fishing in the little river Dwyfor.

It was not a good day for trout-fishing, but Mr. Lloyd George had some luck.

After he had returned from the river Mr. Lloyd George was visited by Dr. T. J. C. Evans (of Festiniog), an officer of the Indian Medical Service, who was some time ago mentioned in despatches from Gallipoli.

A Sermon By His Foster-Father.

Yesterday morning the Minister of Munitions attended service at the Disciples' Church, Criccieth, and listened to a sermon by his foster-father, Mr. Richard Lloyd, who has been an unpaid pastor of the church for sixty years.

In the afternoon Mr. Lloyd George motored to Festiniog and attended a Welsh Methodist preaching conference. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lloyd George and their daughters. The family subsequently took tea with Dr. Evans, the father of the Gallipoli hero. They were present at an early evening service at Peniel, and then motored back to Criccieth.

WHAT WILL LLOYD GEORGE DO ?

A Sensational Onslaught By His Former Worshippers.

From A Political Correspondent.

There would have been an Easter peace passing all understanding among politicians but for Mr. Gardiner's two-column assault on Mr. Lloyd George in the *Daily News*.

What will Lloyd George do now?

The general opinion is that it will be difficult to avoid giving an answer to his old friend "A. G. G." Many people think that the letter may even precipitate Mr. Lloyd George's resignation from the Cabinet.

The bitter feeling against the Minister of Munitions in Liberal Labour and Nationalist quarters, and also, in a lesser degree, among some Unionists, is not so much because he is an advocate of universal national service. They dislike the way in which Mr. Asquith has been assailed by Mr. Lloyd George's obvious friends in the Press.

It is argued that if Mr. Lloyd George has lost his confidence in Mr. Asquith as an organiser of victory, and believes himself to be the inevitable Man of Destiny, his proper course is to leave the Cabinet, when he would be in a position to form a regular and powerful opposition, which would provide the country with the nucleus of an alternative Government.

Mr. Asquith, however, is not likely to give his opponents the test of a General Election before the end of the summer. The House of Lords could, if it chose, force an election not later than September.

Meanwhile Mr. Asquith would carry on the King's Government, and military and naval successes might then cause his opponents to think twice before challenging the verdict of the country.

Now that Mr. Asquith has put his foot down, his abusers, who have been allowed a good deal of licence, have suddenly begun to sing small.

On the other side it causes some amusement when Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Massingham begin to belabour their former idol. Both these distinguished Liberal journalists are essentially hero-worshippers, and probably there never was a hero they worshipped more fervently than Mr. Lloyd George.

"UNCROWNED KING OF WALES."

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., at Canning Town, last night, said he would not be able to tell his electors what would take place at the Secret Session of the House of Commons. He would, therefore, have to use his own judgment, and they might depend upon it that he would vote for the way by which the Government could prosecute the war to a successful issue.

If it were a question of whether he was going to part with Mr. Asquith or put in his position the "Uncrowned King of Wales," then he was going to have nothing to do with Mr. Lloyd George, who was in favour of military and industrial compulsion.

LONDON MILKMEN'S PROTEST.

In certain parts of South London the price of milk was not raised yesterday, as had been anticipated. This was due to the action of the milkmen, who refused to take their carts round if the owners persisted in charging the advanced price on the ground that this would increase the price in the

GENERAL LAKE ADMITS FAILURE OF EASTER-DAY BATTLE.

GALLANT ATTACK FOR RELIEF OF KUT.

Sanna-i-Yat Trenches Assailed By British Troops.

TWO LINES PENETRATED.

Failure Of Attempt Owing To Contracted Front.

DASH THROUGH A BOG.

From General Lake.

Sunday

The attack made this morning on the Sanna-i-Yat position on the left (north) bank (of the Tigris) failed. The position had been systematically bombarded on the 20th and 21st at intervals during each night and again this morning. Owing to floods it was found possible for one brigade only to attack over a very contracted front.

The leading troops of this brigade, consisting of a British composite battalion, advanced with great gallantry and penetrated the enemy's first and second lines through bog and submerged trenches, and a few got up into the third line. The brigade, however, was unable to maintain itself under the enemy's counter-attacks, and other brigades pushed up from the right and left to reinforce were unable to reach their objectives across flooded and boggy ground under heavy machine-gun fire.

Our troops on the right bank also were unable to make much progress.

THE KEY TO KUT.

British Soldiers Attack The Turks Waist-Deep In Water.

From Edmund Candler.

ABU ROMAN, April 17 (Monday).

At 7 o'clock this morning our troops stormed and carried the strong Turkish position of Beit Eissa, on the right bank of the Tigris, capturing over 200 prisoners.

The enemy's casualties must have been very heavy, many dead being left in the trenches, apart from those who fell on the open ground swept by our artillery.

Our infantry were able to advance under cover of the guns up to the enemy's trenches, and to rush the position without severe losses. The first trenches fell almost immediately, and our troops then continued the advance and consolidated their position some hundred yards beyond the line the enemy had held.

During the morning Turkish reinforcements were observed pouring in from the direction of Es-Sinn. Two counter-attacks were launched by them, but were easily repulsed, with heavy losses to the enemy.

Owing to the difficult and swampy nature of the ground, which has made observation and the movement of large bodies of troops almost impossible, the recent fighting has comprised a number of affairs of outposts.

In these individual enterprise and initiative have had full scope, and our troops have maintained superiority over the enemy.

During the recent fighting our troops have sometimes attacked waist-deep in water after bivouacking in the mud.

The result of these operations on the right bank is that we now hold a line within four miles of Es-Sinn, the Turkish position which, with its strong defences astride the river, is the strategical key to Kut.

DISEASE RAVAGES TURKS.

ROME, Sunday.

Epidemics are making horrible ravages in the ranks of the Turkish troops before Kut-el-Amara, where the death of Marshal Von der Goltz took place.—Wireless Press.

GAOL FOR A C.O.

Private Sydney Dodd, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, at Parkhurst, a conscientious objector, was sentenced on Saturday to 21 days' imprisonment.

THE KAISER TO DECIDE.

Conference On The American Note At Headquarters.

ANGRY GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

The Dutch papers publish telegrams from Berlin stating that the newspapers there for the first time consider the situation with the United States as serious. The American Note is published to-day. The Government journals are encouraging Germany not to yield to American demands, whilst the Radical and Liberal papers warn the Government against an attitude of stubbornness.

A decision will be taken during the present week at the German Headquarters, where the Kaiser is conferring continuously with the Chancellor, the Minister of Marine, and General Falkenhayn.—Exchange.

"HANDS OFF, HERR WILSON."

Bellicose German Newspapers Defy The American President.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

Commenting on the American Note to Germany, the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung* writes:—

That we cannot and will not fulfil the general demand of America can hardly be doubted in view of the declarations of the Imperial Chancellor. We therefore can only hope that by the present development we shall gain really unrestricted freedom of movement in submarine warfare.

A Berlin telegram to the *Cologne Volkszeitung* says:—

President Wilson wants war. Many people in Germany knew or believed that, and not only since yesterday. The event, which now becomes nearer realisation, will be no actual surprise for many people in Germany. If President Wilson maintains his menace, then only one conclusion remains for us, namely, naval war with all means and all consequences. From the military point of view, the warlike intervention of America would be of little importance.

The *Lokalanzeiger* says:—

We emphasise again that there are limits which must not be passed, namely, our right of deciding for ourselves as a free nation the vindication of our vital interests and our national dignity. Nobody shall violate these, not even Herr Wilson. In his case, too, it must be "hands off."

FRANCO-AMERICAN SQUADRON.

United States Airmen Who Will Fight For The Entente.

PARIS, Sunday.

Two American aviators, Messrs. Frazier Curtis and Norman Prince, of Marblehead (Mass.), decided in the month of December, 1914, to offer their services to France. They assembled around them several young Americans, Messrs. James Bach, Elliot Cowdin, H. G. Gerin, Bert Hall, D. G. Masson, Andrew Ruel, and William Thaw, the greater number of whom are students of American universities.

By joining the French army they said they wished to help a republic which is fighting for the liberty of all nations. The nine American volunteers arrived in Paris at the beginning of the year 1915, and immediately began their instruction in two large schools of aviation. Their certificates obtained, they served for a time in the aerial defence of Paris, after which they were sent to the front.

While these first volunteers were winning the Croix de Guerre other young fellows came from America and followed their example. At the end of 1915 French aviation had in its ranks more than 30 American aviators, pilots, and pupils. Amongst those who had fought in the air and those who were eager to fight in their turn were some who gave proof of such great dexterity and audacity and such a military spirit that the high command decided to form them into an "escadrille d'elite."

This squadron is to-day constituted, armed, and equipped. The American officer, the sub-officers, and pilots which compose it are now at the section of the front allotted to them. They will fight together under the command of the French officer who is their chief. The Franco-American squadron will do honour to America and to France.—Wireless Press.

HOMB WOUNDED.

Second Lieutenant G.

Joshua, Welsh Regiment,

son of the Rev S. Joshua, the well-known Welsh minister of Llandaff, now home wounded. He enlisted on the outbreak of war together with the sons of the Bishop of Llandaff and Archdeacon Buckley, of Llandaff.



Major-General Dobell, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Brigadier-General Cunliffe arrived at Plymouth yesterday from West Africa after their victorious campaign in the Cameroons. The gallant officers entrained for London. Both are in the best of health.

SUCCESSFUL BRITISH RAID ON GERMAN TRENCHES.

Enemy's Dug-Outs Bombed By The Attacking Force.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Sunday, 10 p.m.

Last night we made a successful raid against enemy's trenches south-west of Thiepval.

Thirteen prisoners were captured, and in addition a number of casualties were caused to the enemy by our men bombing their dug-outs. Our casualties were very slight.

Mining activity continues in the Hohenzollern sector.

To-day there were artillery actions about Hebuterne, Neuville St. Vaast, Souchez, Carency, and about the Ypres-Comines Canal.

Our artillery dispersed an enemy working party in front of St. Eloi this afternoon.

THOSE "HIGH FLOODS."

German Official News.

Sunday Afternoon.

We have been compelled to evacuate our newly won trenches on the Langemarck-Ypres road on account of high floods, which made consolidation impossible.

An English hand-grenade attack made towards morning south of St. Eloi was repulsed. English patrols, which advanced in the night against our lines on both sides of the Bapaume-Albert high road, after preparation by strong artillery fire, were also repulsed.

(The "high floods" which compelled the evacuation of the trenches on the Ypres-Langemarck road by the Germans consisted of a dashing attack by the Shropshire Light Infantry which swept the Huns from the position which had been taken by them on Wednesday night.)

SECRET SESSION PLANS.

Press Forbidden To Report The Proceedings.

To-morrow Parliament will meet in a secret session.

On Saturday the King held a Privy Council, at which he signed an Order in Council providing that:—

If either House of Parliament in pursuance of a resolution passed by that House holds a secret session, it shall not be lawful for any person in any newspaper, periodical, circular, or other printed publication, or in any public speech, to publish any report of, or to purport to describe, or to refer to, the proceedings at such session, except such report thereof as may be officially communicated through the Directors of the Official Press Bureau.

It shall not be lawful for any person in any newspaper, periodical, circular or other printed publication, or in any public speech, to publish any report of, or to purport to describe, or to refer to, the proceedings at any meeting of the Cabinet, or without lawful authority to publish the contents of any confidential document belonging to, or any confidential information obtained from, any Government department, or any person in the service of his Majesty.

If any person contravenes any provision of this Regulation he shall be guilty of an offence against these Regulations.

This means that papers will not be able to inform their readers what took place at the secret session. Nor will correspondents of papers be able even to speculate or discuss what they think has taken place. Absolute secrecy must be observed, and the only information that will be given will be that issued by the Official Press Bureau.

HOW DID VON DER GOLTZ DIE?

Sinister Suggestion That He Was "Removed" Like Prince Youssouf.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

The death of Field-Marshal Von der Goltz is the subject of extensive comment in Germany.

The *Echo Belge*, which comments on the subject, wonders whether Von der Goltz really died of typhus, as his death, by a curious coincidence, occurred immediately after the fall of Trebizond, for which he was personally responsible. The writer proceeds to say:—"Remember the deaths in similar circumstances of Colonel Von Leipzig, the German Military Attaché at Constantinople, and of the Turkish heir-presumptive."

It is considered probable that Liman von Sanders will succeed Von der Goltz.—Exchange.

The Archbishop of Serbia was present at the Evensong service at St. Paul's last night, when the

5 a.m. Edition.

FRENCH SURPRISES IN AVOCOURT WOOD.

Capture Of Several Listening Posts And Prisoners.

ANNOYED GERMANS.

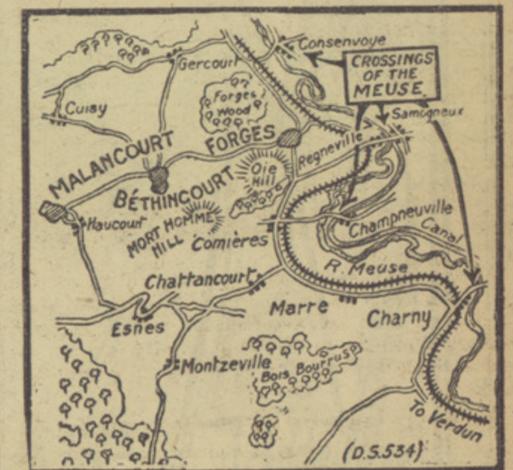
Frustrated Attempt To Take A Machine-Gun.

French Official News

PARIS, Sunday Afternoon.

To the west of Vauquois the Germans attempted in the course of the night to capture one of our machine-guns, which was particularly annoying for them. They were repulsed. Eight prisoners remain in our hands.

To the west of the Meuse the enemy did not renew his attacks between Bethincourt Brook and the Dead Man Hill. Some



"coups des mains" attempted by us in the Bois d'Avocourt enabled us to capture several listening posts and to take some prisoners.

To the east of the Meuse and in the Woivre there was intermittent artillery activity.

The night was calm on the rest of the front.—Exchange.

NO INFANTRY ACTION.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday Night.

To the south of the Somme our artillery carried out concentration fire against the German trenches in the vicinity of Fransart and Hattencourt (south of Chaulnes).

To the west of the Meuse there was a somewhat violent bombardment of Hill 304.

To the east of the Meuse and in the Woivre there were some artillery salvos.

There was no infantry action in the course of the day.

In Lorraine we vigorously shelled the enemy's works in the sector of Leintrey.

There was nothing of importance to report on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

ITALIANS' BRILLIANT FEAT.

Austrians Chased Out Of Captured Trench By Furious Bayonet Charge.

Italian Official News.

ROME, Sunday.

On the Carso front (west of Trieste) another brilliant success by our troops is reported in the zone to the east of Selz.

Yesterday afternoon our infantry, with the effective support of our artillery, and in spite of obstinate resistance, seized the enemy trenches along a front of 350 yards.

The enemy, having received strong reinforcements, delivered two violent counter-attacks during the night, succeeding on the second occasion in penetrating into a part of the lost trench, but was again chased out by a furious bayonet attack, which cost him heavy losses.

We captured 133 prisoners, including six officers, two machine-guns, 200 rifles, several bomb-throwers, and many cases of munitions and bombs.—Central News.

BELGIUM'S NEW ARMY.

The Belgian Army, which M. de Broqueville, King Albert's Minister of War, says is greater in numbers and better equipped than it was at the commencement of the war, now holds a front of 22

In The Lobbies.



FIRST GINGER PESSIMIST: "It's as plain as a pikestaff, my boy, what's to happen. This poor benighted country is to drift to victory—without me and you being able to get any of the credit for it."—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

SPLENDID
Holiday Reading
 IN THIS WEEK'S
IDEAS

SEE THE
 SPECIAL HOLIDAY

Imps Cartoon

ENTITLED

*Bank Holiday in
 the Imps Country.*

One of the funniest Pictures ever
 published.

Thrilling Short Stories

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Overworked Munition Girls.

An Article of Interest to all Munition
 Workers.

*Scores of Really
 Funny Pictures.*

SPLENDID SERIAL STORY.

Much Useful Information.

THE BEATEN TURKS APPEAL TO MACKENSEN TO SAVE THEIR ARMY IN ARMENIA.



General Mackensen photographed in Constantinople before leaving for Armenia to take control of the operations against the Russians. The success of the Tsar's brave soldiers has put Con-

PEACE—AT WHAT PRICE?

THE Pope's Easter Message to the people of the United States is a prayer for peace. It is a prayer in which we all join. But it is peace that we pray for, not a sham armistice with our hands on our revolvers. We may be sure it is that enduring peace his Holiness desires.

IF an armed party of murderers broke into our house, and by the grace of God we were able to hold them at bay and had every chance of capturing or slaying them we should not be content simply to let them get out—although outside they would have to run the gauntlet of the police.

WELL, an armed party of murderers have broken into many houses, they have been held at bay, they are about to be captured or slain, and they are beginning to ask permission to clear out. Shall we let them? There is no policeman outside. If they are to be held to account for their deeds it must be by us and now. If they get away we know they will but recruit their strength before breaking into other houses, above all, and first of all, INTO OURS.

WE have done manful services and suffered heavy losses in keeping them at bay on the Continent. Shall we now let them go, so that to-morrow it may be our turn to taste the horrors of invasion? Shall we make vain the sacrifice of so many lives? Shall we leave these bloody murderers at large? Will that be the peace for which his Holiness prays?

IN to-day's issue Miss Kitty Marks, just back from Berlin, tells how the spirit of the German people has changed, how more and more they long for peace; and the growing strength of the Socialist dissentients teaches us the same lesson. The German people are learning how they have been gulled—not as to the object of the war, for they knew that was world-wide dominion, but as to the chances of success. They want to get out. Shall we let them?

IN Hungary, too, the people are crying out against the Prussian overlords. They are no longer heroes in shining armour, but beaten robbers. Let us have peace, cry the Hungarian people, if only the Allies will not crush us. They want to get out. Shall we let them get out? Or shall we crush the robbers? Will there be any peace till the robbers are taken and tried for their crimes?

THE plot failed long ago for they meant to surprise us in our beds. The plan of bearing us down by weight of shell and force of numbers has failed, too. In America even intrigue and privy outrage has failed, and Germany stands faced with the possibility of a new war. But elsewhere intrigue is very busy, and through a thousand mouths Germany bleats sweetly for peace. What sort of peace? Peace with honour (save the mark!). Peace that will give them the chance to recruit their strength, and come at us again with better chances of success. Must we, a few years hence, have to do this work all over again? We know what the Germans are, we know how we can trust them. We know that if we leave them as they are, a great military Power, every country in Europe, our own country among them, must be an armed camp. Is the nett result of the war to be that militarism is established in every country, and not only in Germany, that a good half of our efforts as a nation must be directed towards guarding ourselves against further attacks from this conscienceless robber?

WE have to live with these people after the war? Yes, indeed! with those that are left alive! And that is why we dare not let them go without due punishment. They, and any possible imitators, must be taught that such a conspiracy as theirs against the peace of the world has terrible consequences. Disaster, irretrievable disaster, must overtake them. An inconclusive peace would be a win for the peacebreakers.

THEREFORE, with his Holiness, let us pray for peace, and press onwards!

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

The Secret Session—"Q" At The Haymarket—Bored With Shakespeare?—A Play And Some People.



Importance.

TO-NIGHT Honourable and Right Honourable Members will be buzzing back to town simply swelling with importance. To-morrow morning you will be able to pick out a member anywhere by his elaborate appearance of calm. The idea of being admitted to a session in order to hear a secret which is to be divulged only to about 2,000 other people sends a thrill through the bosom of the Member for Little Pedlington. Who says the House of Commons has ceased to count?

Hush!

I DO HOPE there'll be no unfortunate contretemps about the secret session, but as every member who can get to Westminster will want to take part on this "historic occasion," there will be both in the Lords and the Commons some unfamiliar faces, and the doorkeepers will have a worrying time. How dreadful if the member for Little Pedlington were accidentally excluded!

The Punishment?

WHAT is going to happen to the Stop-the-War M.P. if he makes any disclosure of what transpires at the secret session? That is what the politicians who are still in town are asking. Newspapers will be severely punished no doubt if they give im proper information concerning the proceedings, but will the Government tackle the members of the Union of Democratic Control for any indiscretions on the platform? If they do not, there will be trouble in Parliament.

"Millicent."

I'M SORRY to hear rather poor accounts of the health of that wonderful woman, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland. Apparently the doctors have advised—in fact, have commanded her to take things easy for a bit. This enforced inactivity will go much against the grain with the beautiful Duchess (it seems absurd to allude to her as the Dowager Duchess, which, in fact, she is, for she is amazingly youthful). Ever since the war started she has been busy with her hospitals and things, and has already written a book which contains an account of her adventures with the Huns in Belgium. Both her sons are, of course, with the Colours, and the younger, Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, was wounded after greatly distinguishing himself in the field.



A Forgotten Centenary.

BUT FOR the war the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Charlotte Bronte would not be confined to her native Yorkshire, and "C. K. S." and other enthusiasts would have arranged some commemorative function in London. It is with Haworth that the name of the three sisters is invariably associated, but they were all born at Thornton, on the outskirts of Bradford. Not a single native of Thornton is a member of the Bronte Society.

Easter A La Russe.

THE RUSSIANS celebrate Easter with much more fervour than we can manage, and yesterday appeals were issued to the Russian colony not to attempt to storm the Welbeck-street Church after the doors were closed. In Russia the proper salutation for Easter is "Christ is Risen." One year the Tsar Nicholas I. greeted the sentry outside the Palace in this way and received the staggering answer "That's a lie." Investigation showed that he was a Jew, and he was forgiven.

A Carlton Club Hero.

THERE is a touch of "Ouida" in the Embankment episode of Saturday, when Mr. Algernon Aspinall, a well-known and popular man about town, and a member of the Carlton Club, dived into an unpleasantly cold Thames from Temple Stairs in a brave attempt to save the life of an old man. No wonder the crowd cheered him to the echo. I wish I had been there to swell the chorus, for it was a brave man's job.

Miss Kitty Mason's Husband.

I HAVE KNOWN Aspinall for a great number of years as a vastly likeable man. At the Varsity and in the Temple everybody admired him. So did Miss Kitty Mason, the popular Gaiety actress, who married him some years ago.

Ireland And The War.

POOR LORD WIMBORNE seems to have put his foot into it badly in Ulster, which is a pity, because he is a good man. But Ireland is no less a divided nation because of the war, and he has overlooked the fact that Belfast has merely postponed its grievances. So when Lord Wimborne persisted in his plan of discussing trade problems after the war Belfast put him neatly out of action by informing him blandly that it preferred to borrow the motto of Lord Wimborne's chief, and—wait and see.

A Peace Memory.

IT SEEMS STRANGE, after nearly two years of war, still to read over the railway bridge at Blackfriars this legend of the S.E. and C.R.:

Holidays in the North of France.
Only 3½ hours from London.

The Bard.

BETWEEN OURSELVES, I think we shall be a little weary of the immortal bard before the next ten days are over. You can't open a paper without finding in it some information as to our "debt to Shakespeare" and all the rest of it. I am not a Baconian, but I can't help amusing myself with the thought that if Will Shakespeare really was a big bluff his shade must be doing the equivalent for shaking its sides with laughter in whatever bourn it rests. The Baconians, by the way, seem to be behaving with great restraint, and I don't hear of any counter-demonstration from them.

The Mayor Of Troy.

I FOUND "The Mayor of Troy" a dull play—rather troying, in fact. It would be pleasant to be able to chronicle a real success for "Q's" first play. But I don't think it is to be this time. Delightful to read as are Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's Cornish yarns of a bygone and more picturesque age, they don't seem to be able to get across the footlights. Pretty uniforms, dainty old-world maidens, and the West Country accent soon become boring when there is little or no play to hang them on.

Ainley Does It Again.

HENRY AINLEY did all with the Mayor himself that a brilliant actor can do. He had some powerful and pathetic moments on his return, Enoch Arden-like, from ten years' durance vile in a French prison, to find that, while the town in which he had been a sort of All-Highest had not forgotten him, it was getting on very well without him, nevertheless. Besides, it is very uncomfortable for a lot of people when a man whose will had been proved at £30,000 suddenly comes back from the dead, as it were. Ainley made the man a pompous, amusing person in the earlier scenes. There seems to be very little in the theatrical line that he doesn't attempt with success. Here you see Tom Titt's idea of him in the heyday of his Mayoralty.



Play-Actors—

LYALL SWETE was bland and unctuous (his usual line) as the Vicar of Troy, and looked most imposing in his robes as Doctor of Divinity. Leon Quartermaine was again without the part his real cleverness deserves, and Miles Malleon appeared as an actor with far more success than he usually does as a playwright. The play was received with plenty of friendliness, but I could detect little or no enthusiasm behind it.

—And Others.

THE Easter holidays have taken their toll of eminent first-nighters, but the Duchess of Rutland was in the stalls, sitting alone until the beginning of the second act, when she was joined by Lady Diana Manners, in white. Haddon Chambers was among a handful of dramatists, and the managerial world was well to the fore.

"Straws."

ALTHOUGH THIS is going to be one of the worst years ever known for straw hats, as there will be so few young men to wear them, a manufacturer tells me that owing to Germany being barred from exporting hers, splendid orders are rolling in from the Far East for British straw hats. "Straws" that show which way the wind blows.

The Park.

IN spite of the deserted state of the West End, I managed to pick out one or two interesting people in the Park yesterday morning. Cunningham Graham, that aristocratic Socialist, whose strikingly handsome appearance would make him stand out from any crowd, was riding. He is passionately fond of horses, and his "bit" in the war has been to inspect and buy hundreds of these animals for the Government. He had a curiously-shaped saddle of South American appearance, and heavily ornamented stirrups.

More Celebrities.

THERE WERE one or two straw hats, but these don't seem quite right just yet. John Redmond, in soft felt hat and lounge suit, was looking rather fierce. Sir Roper Parkington, a dignified gentleman, who divides his time between commercial duties in the City and acting as Consul-General for Montenegro, was taking the air. He sports an enormous pair of white moustaches. Malcolm Cherry, for once in a way not got up as King Charles II., was there, too. The weather was pleasantly warm.

"Fast" Trains.

WHEN they take all the restaurant cars off the railways every train will have to do a non-chop run.

Brawling.

THE WOMAN who brawled in the middle of "Parsifal," at the Queen's Hall on Good Friday afternoon made a fool of herself. I notice that most papers described her as stylishly-dressed. If she was, then I am no judge of style. She was exactly two yards away from me when she started her "Shame on you, Englishmen and Englishwomen" speech. Long before this my companion, with eagle-eyed femininity, had commented on a comic light-blue mantle, a hat "all wrong," and daffodils stuck just in the places they shouldn't have been.

Well-Meaning Lunatics.

THIS sort of thing is on a par with the female white-feather brigade. These well-meaning lunatics made themselves ridiculous and other folk often uncomfortable. As to the playing of and the listening to German music, the old argument that we suffer so much unpleasantness through Huns that we may as well make the most of what good things we can get from them seems to me irrefutable. Besides, I wonder whether this good lady has ever read what Wagner himself wrote about Germans?

Serbian Honours.

HOLDERS of Serbian Orders in this country must be rather rare. Sir Francis Gore, who has just been appointed to the Order of St. Sava by the Crown Prince of Serbia, did some very useful work in connection with the Serbian Relief Fund. He is a barrister, and in the early 'nineties was Recorder of Canterbury. His other public activities have included the post of Solicitor of Inland Revenue, which he held until 1911. I saw him on Saturday walking along the front at Brighton. He is staying at the Metropole.



"Caste."

THIS REMINDS ME that I didn't go down to Brighton on Saturday to see Sir Francis or even to see "Mrs. Gossip," who is there, I believe. I went, with a cheery crowd, to see Albert Chevalier play old Eccles in "Caste." This he did on the Palace Pier, and the career of the Brighton Stock Company was duly launched. The old piece was played in the costumes of the period; hence, possibly, the Brighton "Stock" Company.

Other Days.

OF COURSE "Chivvy" was great, and "Caste" was received by a crowded audience with every sign of enthusiasm," as they say. I cannot agree that it is a good play, but perhaps my point of view is wrong. A grandson of old Samuel Phelps played Captain Hawtree—an interesting touch, but not a very interesting performance. However, good luck to the new venture.

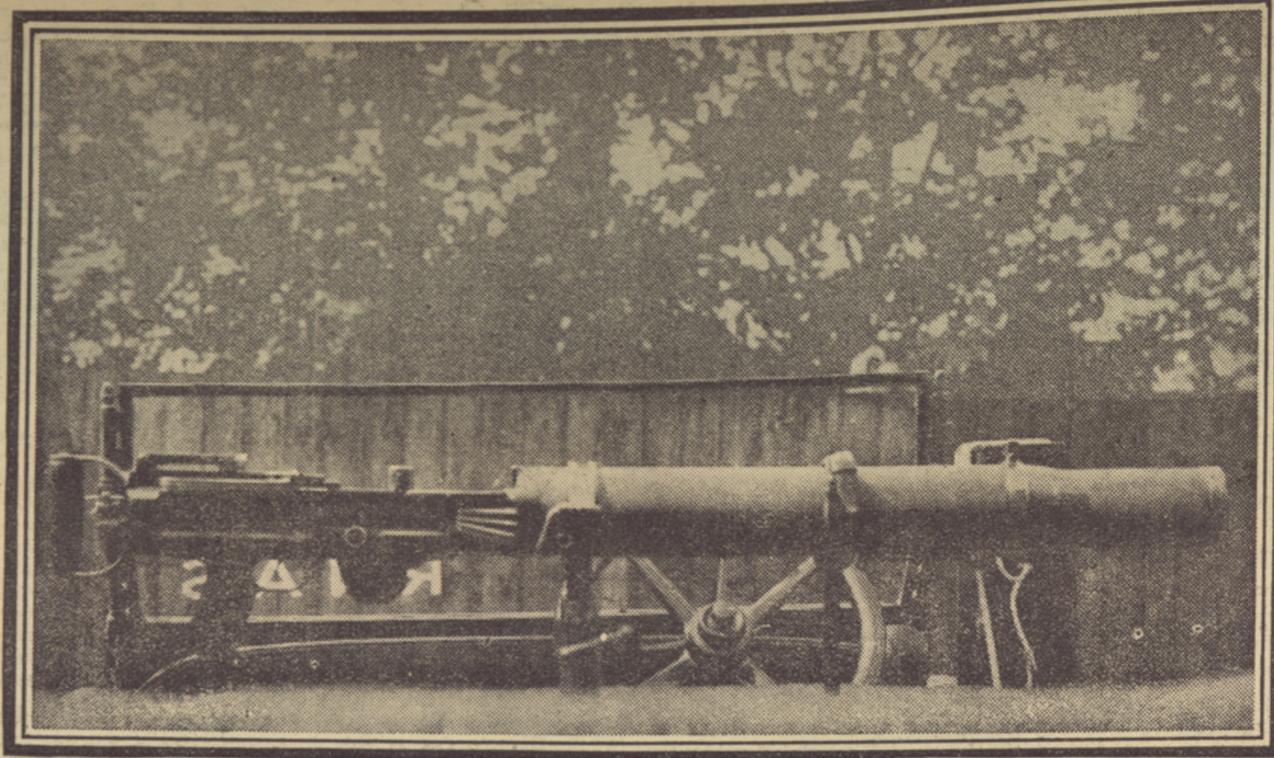
A Veteran.

LEAVING the Pier Pavilion, wherein "Caste" was played, I passed the veteran Sir Harry Poland, the great K.C. He is very considerably over 80, but looks fit and well. It is curious to think that he was "barristing" in 1851. MR. GOSSIP.

THE "HOSE OF DEATH"—THE GREATEST LITTLE GUN OF THE WAR.



The Lewis gun can be mounted on a motor-car.



This is how the Lewis machine-gun looks when it is not in use.



It is an excellent anti-aircraft gun, as the Huns have found out.

The "Hose of Death" is the name our men have given the deadly Lewis machine-gun. The story of this wonderful quick-firer is told on page 10.—(Photographs Exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

IT WAS LUCKY THE BOMBS DID NOT EXPLODE.



A little mishap to one of our aeroplanes in the Mediterranean. The machine fell into the water upside down. The pilot had a narrow escape, as he had a supply of bombs on board.

ON THE FRONT AT THE SALONIKA FRONT.



The appearance of Sandbag Terrace, the name by which these divisional headquarters at Salonika are known, is quite suggestive of a row of shelters at some seaside resort.

A PLUCKY BARRISTER.



Mr. Edward Aspinall, the barrister who dived into the Thames at Temple stairs to rescue an old man.

THE OLD BRIGADE AND THE NEW.



Bobby Abel, the Surrey veteran, coming from the nets after coaching public-school boys. With him is another enthusiastic member of the old brigade.



Lieut.-Col. L. Robson, received the D.S.O. for his work during the Hartlepoons raid.



Sgt. F. W. Mallin, given the Military Medal for his services on the same occasion.



Wounded soldiers and sailors spent the day with their friends on the front at Brighton.

—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

MUNITION WORKERS SHARE "THE FRONT" WITH OUR FIGHTING MEN.



A fair farmhand in Nottinghamshire, proud of her green armet, sacrifices her Easter holiday to spring-cleaning the cowsheds.



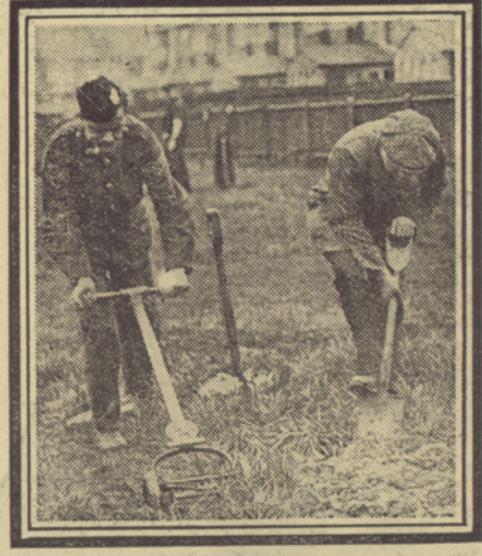
Cadets from Osborne College hurrying off for their Easter holiday.



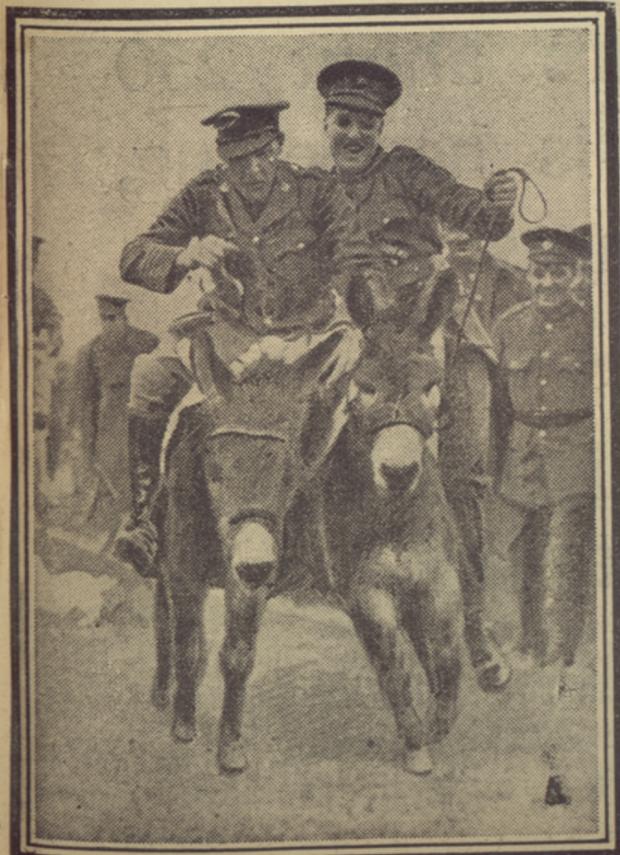
All Scotch. The little lass and her dog spent their Easter at Brighton. —(Daily Sketch Photograph.)



A pillow fight was one of the most amusing features of the sports meeting organised by Army Service Corps men by way of an Easter interlude.



A sergeant of the London Scottish devotes his holiday to preparing a West Ealing allotment for war-time vegetable growing.



Major Kitson (left) and Lieut. Fosdick run a dead-heat in the A.S.C. sports donkey Derby.



A glimpse of the holiday crowd on the promenade near the Palace Pier, Brighton, yesterday. Munition workers, soldiers in khaki and hospital blue, old people and children, were all there. —(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

Send Friends and Relatives Abroad the **OVERSEAS**

Edition of The Daily Sketch,

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soldiers anywhere, 12 months, **30/-**; 6 Months, **15/-**; 3 Months, **7/6**. Send remittance to-day to
DAILY SKETCH, 46, Shoe Lane, E.C.

The Home-Made Washing Frock.

DAILY SKETCH PATTERNS HELP TO PREPARE
FOR WARMER DAYS.

HOLIDAY leisure will be seized on by many women as an opportunity for the reviewing of their wardrobes, and in almost every case the need for new washing frocks will be apparent. By starting early the home dressmaker may have a smart supply of tub things ready for the hot weather at very little cost, and, if she chooses simple patterns, without having to spend a great deal of time on their making.

The frock shown in to-day's illustration is especially designed for the needs of the woman who wants to make things at home and has no experience in regular dressmaking. It is very simple in construction and yet is so well cut that it is redeemed from any effect of dowdiness. Another good feature of the frock is that it will give but little trouble in the laundry.

A Labour-Saving Material.

Linen, pique, drill or casement cotton are all suitable materials, and in these the range of colour is so extensive that every woman can find one becoming to her. Natural shantung might also be used and would be a good choice where washing is done at home, as it may be ironed dry and requires no starching.

The turn-over collar may be made of the same material as the dress, and a white lawn one worn over it if required. The patent-leather belt may be employed to give an effective note of contrasting colour.

Patterns may be obtained only from the Pattern Dept., *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., price 6d., or 7d. post free. They are supplied in three sizes, to fit 22in., 24in. and 28in. waists. Applicants should state which size is required and ask for pattern 1,026. A diagram showing how the pattern should be laid on the material and full directions for making the frock accompany each pattern.

To Avoid Misfits.

When linen is to be used it is a good plan to shrink it before cutting out. Otherwise it may be a tight fit after the first washing.

The front fastening of this little frock makes it almost as easy to put on as a dressing gown—a point which should always be considered in planning summer clothes. A frock which is easily taken off for a bathe or slipped on for an unexpected game of tennis is always a comfort.

Scope for individuality is given by the large buttons. Satsuma buttons, of which many women possess a set, look well with shantung, while coloured buttons to match are effective if linen with a coloured stripe or spot is chosen. If the dressmaker has a quaint set of small buttons she could employ them by setting them on in groups of three.



Daily Sketch Pattern 1,026—a washing frock.

EMERGENCY RECIPES: WHAT TO MAKE WHEN THE CUPBOARD SEEMS BARE.

AT holiday times, when shopping is disorganised and unexpected guests sometimes appear, the housewife often has to use a good deal of ingenuity to provide an interesting meal out of a depleted larder. Here are three emergency recipes which are the discoveries of a clever cook.

Mock Horse-radish.

A good imitation of horse-radish may be made by mixing an even teaspoonful of mustard and a quarter-teaspoonful of salt with a mashed boiled potato, and then adding three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of sugar. This is an appetising dressing for cold meat, any rather flavourless fish, or a salad.

Surprise Eggs.

When an extra luncheon dish has to be provided "out of the cupboard," as one cook puts it, try the following:—Set halves of cold boiled eggs in a baking dish and pour over them a good, well-seasoned white sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in a quick oven just before serving.

Oatmeal Soup.

When an hour before dinner-time it seems advisable that there should be soup and one has neither stock nor tinned soup on hand, the following is worth remembering. Take a cupful and a half of tomatoes (either fresh or tinned), three-quarters of a cupful of oatmeal, four cupfuls of water, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Boil for an hour, strain and serve.

Express Stew.

When there is a piece of cold meat in the larder which is not large or good-looking enough to be sent to table as it is, a good stew can be made from it in less than half an hour. Slice one or two onions into a frying-pan, cover them with water, and simmer with a lid on the pan

little meat extract, or, failing both these, simply season well and add a little browning. Slice the cold meat very thinly and drop it into the simmering onions and gravy just before serving.

Sharp Knives Save Time.

A housewife who is noted for the rapidity with which she can get through her work says that most women waste a lot of time in their kitchens because they hide away their sharpening steels, and never use them except in an extremity. Meat and vegetables are prepared for cooking in half the time if a really sharp knife is used instead of a blunt one—and cooked in less time, too, if thinly sliced. Kitchen knives can only be kept in good working order if the sharpening steel is kept hanging in a convenient place, and used very often.

THE BATHING GIRL'S HALO.

From New York, where holiday gear has long been prepared for the Southern resorts, comes news of novelties in bathing attire. One of the most striking is a rubber halo, which slips on over the bathing cap and protects the wearer's eyes and complexion from the sun while she sits on the beach and during the preliminary part of her bathe. When she finally goes in to swim the halo is removed. Rubber sashes, two yards long and striped in the brightest of colours, are made to be wound round black or navy swimming suits and tied at the side. The best of the new bathing cloaks are of tussore silk, machine-stitched in decorative patterns in red.

Have you sent a stamped addressed envelope to the Daily Sketch for particulars of the Red Cross Needlework Competition? There are forty-seven classes, a thousand pounds in prizes, and every stitch helps the wounded.

My Easter In Brighton.

By
MRS. GOSSIP.

SEASIDE DOWDINESS. THE
RESTFULNESS OF WORTHING.

IT'S been a most enjoyable time for me, these Easter holidays at Brighton, even if the weather has necessitated fur wraps. Yet there have been many who have not felt it cold, but have cast aside their warm clothes and appeared in spring-like frocks.

Even in these few days I am looking brownish and feeling Brightonised. There is, you know, an atmosphere about Brighton that is wholly unlike any other English watering place I know. It's quite the Monte Carlo of the South, with a do-as-you-like and go-as-you-like kind of feeling about the place.

Some Notable Visitors.

There were quite a number of well-known people on the parade on Saturday morning.

Among the visitors I noticed the Countess Poulett, who has taken a house at Brighton, Sir Fairfax and Lady Cartwright, Lady Yarborough, and Lord Astor, who is staying at the Bedford Hotel.

Sir Bryan Leighton was enjoying a stroll. The Spanish Ambassador and Senora Merry del Val are staying at the Prince's Hotel, as is also Lady De Ros.

Mrs. Temperly looked very well in a mustard-coloured motor coat. She had motored over for lunch from her home in Sussex.



LADY DE ROS.
—(Lafayette.)

I also met Morris Harvey and Dorothy Minto, enjoying a short holiday.

Lady Violet Greville is one of the visitors at the Grand.

I Simply Must Growl.

Some of the costumes I have seen have been positive eye-openers. Why do middle-class Englishwomen dress so badly and altogether unsuitably? It is not a question of expensive clothes, it is just the lack of good taste that they suffer from.

Oh, the footgear! It's terrible. I for once agree with Mr. Gossip, who wrote last week about women with thick ankles being light-spatted. I would like to hear what he would have to say about some women I saw who wear shepherd's-plaid-topped boots.

No, Thank You!

There were quite a number of pleasure boats out on Saturday, the sea being very calm, but I did not venture out myself—not quite good enough in a small sailing-boat this weather.

I motored into Worthing yesterday, getting a glimpse of the sea nearly all the way. I have not been there since that terrible Easter when the pier was washed away—one of the worst gales I ever remember.

Worthing has remained all this time very much the same, and extremely restful it is.

There were a great number of wounded soldiers there enjoying the benefit of the air, which is, I believe, decidedly health-giving.

Crowded Entertainments.

The theatres and music-halls were packed on Saturday night, despite the absolute darkness of the streets. Lee White was at the Hippodrome with Clay Smith. They call themselves Smiling Singers of Smiling Songs, and gave an excellent show.

Lily Brayton and Oscar Asche were all the week at the Theatre Royal in "The Spanish Main," and I hear that all Brighton went to see it.

Lady Barrett Leonard has been interesting herself very much in our brave sons of Canada wounded in the war. She is, you know, a sister of Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir Fairfax Cartwright.—(Elliott and Fry.) makes Brighton her headquarters. I hear she has organised just recently a very successful concert for the Canadians.

Strawberries Already.

Worthing sea-kale and strawberries are in the shop windows at reasonable prices. I love them both, but can only afford the very delicious strawberries in war-time.

Of course I have had to go on the West Pier, where the band plays, attracting an enormous crowd. I wonder how many automatic machines there are? The fish pond is a great game, but hardly a Good Friday pastime, I thought. And yet, after all, fish and Good Friday seem to go together.



LADY YARBOROUGH.
—(Lafayette.)

immensely. There were some pretty frocks and pretty faces among the happy throng.

An Epidemic Of White Fox.

What a glorious Easter Day! Thousands and thousands of people were enjoying the brilliant sunshine. It would be impossible to describe the various costumes, every possible colour and style being in evidence; but what I did notice was a perfect epidemic of white fox furs.

Slump In Bath Chairs.

Red roses were sold in great profusion, it being St. George's Day, and nearly everyone I met was carrying a bunch or wearing one.

There is one good thing the war has done for Brighton, and that is that one rarely sees women (who are suffering from little else but lazy affectation) riding in bath chairs these days.

An Easter Bride.

Quite the most interesting couple lunching at the Hôtel Métropole yesterday were Colette Dorigny and her husband, Captain Heydeman, of the Royal Horse Artillery. They were married on Saturday at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and Captain Heydeman has ten days' leave. His wife, you know, is playing in "Mr. Manhattan," where she has made an undoubted success.

Mrs. Heydeman was looking very charming and bridelike in white, with a white sports coat and cap to match, when she told me at lunch-time how happy she was. Here's wishing her and her husband good health and much happiness!

Hove's Fete—With Baby Show.

A naval and military fête takes place at the Hove Town Hall this week, in aid of Lady Lansdowne's Officers' Families Fund. A great number of distinguished people in Brighton and Hove are interesting themselves in the fête, and on Thursday it will be opened by Field-Marshal Viscount French. One of the attractions of the fête will be a baby show.

Back To A War-Time Wedding.

And now my visit is nearly over. By the time you are reading this I shall be back again in town feeling very depressed at leaving the sea behind. There is a wedding to-day that must not be missed. I love weddings, especially war-time ones; they are much more informal and amusing than the usual ones we used to go to before the war. Don't you agree with me?

MRS. GOSSIP.

ROYAL FAMILY'S EASTER.

Enterprising Boy Asks To "Put Up" Young Princes' Bicycles.

The King's children are having plenty of fresh air and exercise during the Easter stay of the Court at Windsor.

On Saturday morning Prince Albert, Princess Mary, Prince Henry, and Prince George accompanied the King in his early ride in Windsor Great Park, but when the King returned to the Castle with Captain Godfrey Faussett the Princes and their sister continued their gallop across the forest, accompanied by Lord Ranksborough, returning by way of the Long Walk half an hour afterwards.

The Royal children are also fond of cycling, and went for a long spin in the afternoon, returning through Windsor.

As they entered the town the Princes, who had got some little distance in front of Princess Mary and her lady companions, dismounted.

Thinking they were ordinary visitors an enterprising lad belonging to a refreshment establishment asked if they would like their bicycles "put up."

"No, thank you," said one of the Princes with a smile, evidently much amused with the incident.



HALF-A-MILLION VISITORS TAKE THE SEASIDE AIR.

Brine And Breeze As A Set-Off To Work And The War.

ENTERTAINMENTS FULL UP!
From Our Own Correspondent.

BRIGHTON, Sunday.

More than half a million people were on the front yesterday and to-day enjoying the fresh air.

That is what they had come to Brighton for—the fresh air and to forget the war for a day or two. They certainly obtained the air, but it is doubtful, owing to the presence of so many soldiers, whether they succeeded in their latter desire.

I saw a laughing group of men and women on the front yesterday. The men all wore war badges; they were probably munition workers who had been working 16 hours a day for the past year. A soldier, who had been hit in the foot, came shuffling by. His progress was slow and painful, but he was evidently enjoying the fresh air and sunshine.

The First Straw Hat.

As the group saw him pass there was an instant silence. They watched him until he had shuffled out of sight. Then one of them said:—

“Doesn't it make you grit your teeth to see a fellow mauled like that? Thank goodness we are doing our bit! And it shall be done faster in future, too!”

It should be mentioned with bated breath—there was a gentleman on the pier with a white straw hat. He was alone in his glory.

I happened to pass the Hippodrome about 11 a.m. on Saturday, and saw a long queue waiting outside. Thinking that the morning was a remarkable time for a performance, I made inquiries, and was told that the people were booking their seats for the evening performances.

The “first house” was already booked up, and there were only a few seats left for the second. If the Hippodrome had been five times as large it could not have accommodated all the people who wished to be present.

MARGATE.

The Mayor's appeal for visitors, which appeared in the London Press last week, has met with a splendid response, and Margate has every reason to feel gratified at the large number of holiday folk.

“We have quite as many as we anticipated, but we can find room for more,” his worship told the Daily Sketch yesterday. It was a brilliant day, and visitors and townsfolk swarmed around the Oval in the afternoon and listened to an open-air concert by the Municipal Orchestra.

YARMOUTH.

The sympathy of the townsfolk is with those holiday-makers who decided upon some other resort. Yesterday Yarmouth decided that no other seaside town could possibly have produced a more perfect spring day, and the comparatively modest number of visitors who were fortunate enough to find themselves there basked in a brilliant sun, tempered by a mild and gentle breeze.

There is a small sprinkling of munition workers, who are taking the most healthful advantage of their brief but well-earned respite.

BOURNEMOUTH.

Favoured by the cold snap early in the week, Bournemouth is bulging with visitors. People who might otherwise have been tempted to try a more bracing part of the coast were induced to make a mid-week change of plan in favour of the softer climate.

During the week-end the sea front and the promenades have been packed, and the accommodation of the hotels and boarding-houses is heavily taxed.

HUMAN PIN-CUSHION.

Been Prodded All Over One Side During Past Ten Years.

The past ten years have been very troublesome for Henry Webb, a packer, of Cobridge, Staffs, who met with an accident in 1906, and whose case has now been finally settled by a lump sum compensation.



On four occasions he has sat in Tunstall County Court, while learned lawyers and doctors have debated as to whether he is totally incapacitated, whether his illness is genuine, and whether he will ever be any better.

He has cheerfully submitted to all manner of treatment; he has been to numerous institutions, and has been used as a pin-cushion by doctors.

One doctor says that pins can be stuck all down one side of his body without him feeling any pain, and no fewer than 60 medical men have examined and prodded him during the past ten years.

His case must have cost a little mint of money, but everyone will wish him joy of his final payment of £238. He has certainly earned it, apart from his incapacity.

Ex-Drum-Major John Rattray (89), who was Sir Colin Campbell's bugler at Alma, is dead.

Sir Kenelm Edward Digby, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office from 1895 to 1903, died suddenly at Swanage on Friday in his 80th year.

FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD: Can You Identify These Pictures?



A happy family picture which was picked up on the beach at Cape Helles the day before the evacuation.



“Somebody's darling,” writes the private who found this in Flanders.



Another child's photograph found somewhere the other side of the Channel.



A R.A.M.C. man recovered this on a battlefield in France.



Another relic of our stay in Gallipoli. It comes from Suvla Bay.



Picked up after a sharp engagement in which the Canadians were concerned.



Left in an officer's dug-out on the Western front.



This photograph was taken at Tunbridge Wells and lost in France.



The finder believes this little family group belongs to a member of the Durham Light Infantry.



This, with two other snaps, was discovered in an envelope among the ruins of the Cloth Hall, Ypres.

“HOSE OF DEATH”—OUR GUN THAT SPELLS VICTORY.

Gives Greatest Volume Of Fire In The Least Time.

WHAT GERMANS HAVE TO FACE.

The Germans for many months were superior in machine-guns. But the British have now a gun which can beat theirs, and is beating it every day.

Invented by an American officer, Colonel Lewis, and made in Belgium almost up to the moment when the German scouts entered the city of its manufacture, the new invention narrowly escaped capture by the Huns.

What It Can Do.

Its killing power may be gauged from the fact that in one trench recently one of these guns, manned by a crew of two men, accounted for 330 Germans in half an hour.

It has been described as a Hose of Death, and whether in advance or retirement it is going to be the supreme battle arbiter of the coming year.

Suppose that instead of a rifle carried by one man, weighing ten pounds, and firing fifteen bullets a minute, one had a rifle carried by two men, weighing twenty-five pounds, and firing fifteen bullets a second. What would be the effect on any advance made by the enemy? No troops could meet such a weapon. Not one would live to raise his rifle to his shoulder.

The new arm gives the greatest volume of fire in the least time.

Working Night And Day.

It is working now in France and Flanders night and day, sending a steady sweep of lead across the far-flung German line. It is as if a comb of bullets were carding out the Huns from their trenches.

The gun can be fired upside down from an aeroplane, or sideways, from a trench, from the ground, from a wall, or the roof of a house. It comes to pieces like a jigsaw puzzle in a minute under expert hands, and only one tool is needed, and that tool is an ordinary rifle bullet.

Hundreds of these guns are being made every week in England now, and in the factories you may find many a maimed hero of Liège and Haelen, proud to think he can still work as efficiently against the Hun as if he were in the firing-line.

And let it be whispered that in a recent air raid the Lewis gun proved definitely that it was something better than a dummy.

FOOTBALL SUMMARY.

LONDON COMBINATION.

*Chelsea (Buchan 2, Croal) 3, Croydon Com. (Goodman) 1. *Crystal Palace (Gilboy, Marsh, Keene 2) 4, Tottenham H. O. Queen's Park Rangers (Fox, Simmons) 2. *Reading (Lott-house) 1.

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.

*Blackpool (Charles, Quinn) 2, Preston North End 0. Burnley (Watson, Hodgson, Freeman, Kelly, Lindley) 5. *Bury (Lythgoe) 1. *Liverpool (Watson 2, Pinkney, Pagnam 3, Bamber) 7, Manchester United (Woodcock) 1. *Manchester City (Jones, Meredith, Taylor, Barnes 2) 5. Everton (Williamson, Clennel 2, Hughes, own goal) 4. *Oldham Athletic 0, Stockport County 0. Bolton Wanderers (J. Smith) 1, *Southport Central 0.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.

*Barnsley (Birtles, Moore) 2, Bradford City 0. *Bradford (Waite 2, Bauchop, Howie, McLeod) 5, Rochdale (Heap, Rawlings) 2. Notts County (Bird, Cantrell, Waterall) 3. *Derby County (Burton) 2. *Grimsby Town (Rippon, Huxford, Young 3) 5, Hull City 0. Huddersfield Town (Slade, Best) 2. *Leeds City (Stephenson) 1. *Lincoln City (Parrish) 1, Sheffield United (Whiting) 1. *Sheffield Wednesday (Islip 2, Burkinshaw) 3, Rotherham County (Foxall, Hakin) 2. *Stoke (Bailey, own goal) 1, Leicester Fosse 0. *Home team.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Swindon 2 Bristol Rovers 2.

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

ORDINARY MATCHES.—West Ham United 7, Millwall 2; Clapton Orient 5, Footballers' Battalion 1; Newcastle United 5, Blackburn Rovers 4, Cardiff City 2, Notts Forest 1; Portsmouth 2, Bristol City 0; Aston Villa 1, West Bromwich Albion 1; Brentford 4, R.A.M.C. 2; Northampton 3, 2/4 Northants Regt. 0; Norwich City 6, 64th Highland Div. R.E. 0; Gillingham 3, 5th Middlesex Regt. 2; R.N. Division 6, A.S.C. (Kempston Park) 0; Scottish Juniors 3, Birmingham and District 1. **NORTHERN UNION.—**Hull 2, Swinton 0; Leeds 33, Barrow 2; Bradford Northern 13, Hunslet 4; Wigan 15, Huddersfield 10; Leigh 2, Rochdale Hornets 0; Dewsbury 10, Halifax 7. **RUGBY UNION.—**South Wales 6, New Zealanders 3.

TO-DAY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Arsenal v. Chelsea, Luton Town v. Watford, Fulham v. Brentford, Croydon Common v. Reading, West Ham v. Clapton Orient, Queen's Park Rangers v. Millwall.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.—Bradford v. Bradford City, Leeds City v. Barnsley, Sheffield Wednesday v. Sheffield United, Hull City v. Rotherham County, Leicester Fosse v. Chesterfield Town, Nottingham Forest v. Notts County, Stoke v. Derby County.

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Oldham Athletic v. Bury, Bolton Wanderers v. Stockport County.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—Glasgow Schoolboys' International Scotland v. England, Walthamstow Grange v. 3rd Irish Guards (11.15), Northampton v. Kettering, West Bromwich Albion v. Aston Villa (3.30), Birmingham v. Crystal Palace, Leytonstone v. A.S.C. (M.T.), Catford, Newport v. Swansea Town, Norwich v. Spurs (3.30).

Falkiner is leading Stevenson by 8,865 to 6,259. In a 15-rounds contest at the Ring on Saturday night Sergt. Tom Mack, East Surrey Regt., beat Fighting Bob Spencer, Belfast, on points.

Jimmy Wilde is in perfect trim for his contest to-night with Johnny Rosner, of America, a rugged boxer who will create the sensation of the age if he beats the British champion.

Pte. C. McLellan, Scots Guards, won the walking championship of the Belgrave Harriers on Saturday, when he covered the road course of a little over six miles at Golder's Green in 48min 29 1/2sec.

At the Ring to-day.—Joe Starmer v. Billy Wells, of Bermondsey, in the afternoon, and Willie Farrell v. Jim Prendy at night, while at the Hoxton Baths Sergt. Johnny Summers will oppose Corporal Fullerton.

Winners at the A.S.C. sports at Mottingham on Saturday were: 100 yards, Lce.-Corpl. Tuson; 1/2 mile, Lce.-Corpl. Goodship; 220 yards, Lce.-Corpl. Tuson; mile, Private Hodge; 2 miles walk, Lce.-Corpl. Fox; 5 miles cross-country race, Pte. Hodge; 440 yards, Lce.-Corpl. Fox; mile relay race, Lce.-Corpl. Fox's team.

LOST.
10 REWARD to Finder of PLATINUM BROOCH, mounted with Diamonds and Pearls. Lost on Albert Bridge, Sunday.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA
BURNETT.

Why?

The wax match, violently tossed from Vivian's fingers, burned to its death on the ground. He was aware of a frantic rustling and scraping of palm leaves, as if something wild and untameable were making its swift escape.

The image of Laurette, flaring out vividly before his eyes in the perishing gleam of his match, was drowned in darkness, and with such speed had the appearance and loss of her face occurred that Vivian had not had time to make a movement towards her.

Had he been less startled he might have succeeded in catching hold of Laurette's flying skirts; but an intense distress had kept him fastened to his chair. He still occupied it, hearing the constant stir and buzz of the lounge, as its residents moved to and fro from the shining lift to the dining-room.

The bell of a telephone tinkled sharply; he heard a girl giggle inanely, a man's loud laugh. Everyone out there seemed care-free and able to have a good time, but here, in the velvety deep of the palm trees, Laurette had stood weeping.

All at once the electric lamps, cupped in coloured glass above his head, sparkled with light. A waiter came forward and, observing Vivian, apologised vociferously for the recent darkness. There had been some difficulty with the switches.

Vivian rose from his chair, cutting the man short, and answering that he had preferred the place unlighted. He felt sick at heart, and as grieved as though he had been guilty of deliberate cruelty towards this strange Laurette, who, cold and haughty under his searching gaze, when from the stairs of Talebriar she looked down upon him, could yet weep scalding tears in private.

But then he found himself again pricked by sordid thoughts and sordid doubts. Was this merely a fine piece of acting? Had Laurette meant him to see her with stretched arms and weeping

eyes? Had she and Mrs. Drayton arranged that it should be so?

Perhaps Laurette had followed him into the Winter Garden. If only he had had time to capture her, and force her to tell him why she stood beneath the palm tree in such an attitude of passionate yearning.

But perhaps it was better she should escape, for no matter what eloquence he used she would not reveal her real nature. He would hear her glib falsehoods, as on other occasions.

Vivian went into the lounge, among the gay crowd of men and women that looked to him as frivolous as summer moths, and here he found Betty awaiting him.

Loving—But Not Loved.

Laurette was safe in her own little room at last. What a refuge it proved! She was tingling with shame. Vivian had discovered her retreat in the Winter Garden; his eyes had met hers. For a fleeting instant he had seen her without her armour of girlish pride, and he must know by now that she loved him with all her heart.

Laurette's anger at her weakness mingled with her deep sense of hurt and humiliation. She had gone into the garden to await Mrs. Drayton's bell; the spot invited her as it had invited Vivian, because it was dark and deserted.

She had strolled among the palms feeling a sense of relief that for a little while she need not assume an artificial good cheer; miserable thoughts had brushed her heart like bat-wings.

It was then that she had seen Vivian's figure painted upon a lemon glow that lay beyond the glass doors of the lounge. She had heard him move and seat himself in a Madeira chair that creaked under his weight; had heard his deep sigh that was more piteous to her than a sob, and, because of that sound, forgiving all the injury she had received from this once devoted lover, she had stretched forth her hands in a movement of protection, as spontaneous as her pity, then—the lighted match and Vivian's eyes searching her face.

She had not imagined he was so near; she fled madly as the match dropped to the ground, and now, while pacing her room to and fro, her hands clasped to her aching heart in a futile attempt to relieve its pain, Laurette resolved that after this incident it would be quite impossible to see Vivian again.

She was relieved that Mrs. Drayton had decided to dine upstairs that night. Laurette knew that Mrs. Drayton did not wish to encourage Betty's friendliness. Vivian and Betty would have dinner by themselves.

Laurette bathed her face and smoothed her pretty hair, then she went across the corridor to Mrs. Drayton's dressing-room.

"How Sweet You Are!"

When, next day, Vivian and Betty returned to Talebriar, an hour before luncheon, Betty remarked rather fretfully on her lover's mood.

"Why have you got the blues, Viv? Has Mrs. Drayton been drawing your teeth?"

Betty was burning to know what had occurred between the old lady and her fiancé, but he had been very reserved during the journey, and she could not account for their abrupt departure from London.

"Well, we had a bit of a scene, Betty; I'm afraid I lost my temper, anyway I'm going to write her now. Dad would have been grieved if he had heard me practically tell her to mind her own business."

"If you said that you were well within your rights," Betty retorted. "Why not drop her, Viv? I don't believe in these sentimental friendships."

"I was inclined to do so, dear, but I've thought better of it. The poor old soul hasn't many friends, and I think she would be terribly cut up if I turned her down after all these years, for good and all. I mean to apologise and ask her to our wedding."

"What?" ejaculated Betty. She stood between the painted glass windows of the library, loosening the strings of her motor-bonnet.

"Darling!" Vivian pleaded, observing that she was angry, "I want Mrs. Drayton to see more of you and realise how sweet you are."

"Then," she broke in quickly, "your interview

concerned me? She said horrid things of me, she asked you to throw me over, and yet you want her to come to our wedding?"

"You don't quite see my point of view," Vivian observed gently. "Because of my dad's memory I don't want to be hard on Mrs. Drayton; to begin with she is far older than we are; her foolish prejudice against you we can easily forgive, and, although she vexed me very much indeed, she said what she did with the best intentions."

Betty Changes Her Tactics.

"Oh, yes, doubtless that is the pose of all old fogies," Betty sneered.

Vivian looked at her flushed face.

"I wonder why you hate each other so much?" Betty laughed. "How exactly like a man! Well, have it your own way; bid the dear precious to the wedding feast. After all, it will be rather fun to make her drink our happiness in champagne. Oh, do ask her—of course, Laurette will come as well. She is very useful, and no doubt is dying to see her relative, the under-gardener, again."

"That fellow Withy is keeping straight," Vivian answered, frowning slightly. "Uncle Ben's no end pleased with him."

"I'm glad to hear it. I think he should be invited to sit next to Cotwood at the breakfast."

"Betty, you seem very bitter; if you'd rather I didn't ask Mrs. Drayton, I won't; but, of course, even after our quarrel, she'll take it as a personal slight if she's left out."

Betty's clever brain warned her to change her tactics; she clasped Vivian's neck with her beautiful arms.

"I'm only teasing, Vivian mine; Mrs. Drayton and Cotwood are welcome. I'll be as sweet as honey to the pair of them, although naturally I can't help feeling a bit sore that this dear family friend of yours, whom I so much wanted to win over, should disapprove of me."

"Not for long, darling; not when she sees more of you!"

The invitation was dispatched, and Betty awaited the reply with some suspense. She decided that it would be delicious to have her enemy and the proudest Laurette witnessing her triumph. She hoped they would come, but she was almost certain that Mrs. Drayton would make some excuse, therefore her surprise was great when a note arrived next evening accepting Vivian's apology and his invitation.

The maids set about preparing rooms in the western wing of the Manor House for the expected guests.

Laurette's position with Mrs. Drayton at her side would be quite different from the one she had occupied when she visited Talebriar alone. Betty foresaw Mrs. Drayton's vexation should Laurette be forced to dine with Gimp and Felix, so she resolved to speak to Uncle Ben on the subject.

It was quite easy to present Mrs. Drayton as a somewhat eccentric and self-willed person. For reasons of her own Betty did not wish Laurette to be left too much in the housekeeper's society. It would be far safer to have her at the dining-room table; not that Betty really feared Gimp, whose claws and teeth she had skillfully drawn, but, realising that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, she resolved to allow Gimp no opportunity of a maudlin confession of sympathy for Laurette.

Uncle Tom Finds A Way.

It wanted but three weeks to the wedding, and Betty felt very secure.

She had completely forgotten that one of her enemies had not yet been altogether mastered. Of Thomas Cotwood she had never a fear, regarding him as a cowardly creature whose threats were of not the least consequence, and since her second marriage was to his advantage—or so she allowed him to suppose—she never dreamed that the man was secretly scheming to frustrate her coming success.

Thomas Cotwood, however, had no faith in Betty's promises. He resolved that she should suffer as he and Laurette had suffered. He vowed that she should never marry Vivian Grant nor remain in the position of wealth which she had attained by treading upon the hearts of those who, like himself, were defenceless. To see the brilliant Mrs. Chevonne discarded and humbled with none to succour her was Thomas Cotwood's design. But how to do it, that was the question which required all his intelligence.

He could not lift a screaming woman to his shoulder and carry her off by brute force. He must discover some subtler means. Everyone at Talebriar would thank him one day.

Cotwood frowned over his spade, which with his foot he pressed deep into the mould, but presently this frown gave place to a singular smile.

"Madame Betty, I've found a way," he muttered. "Funny I didn't hit on it before."

Mother's Cakes

are better than the pastry-cook's and cheaper. With "Paisley Flour" to raise them they are light, wholesome and easy to make.

Sponge cake and Swiss roll can be made at home, with pure home ingredients, and no risk of failure, by using,

Paisley Flour

The SURE raising powder.

IT SAVES WASTE.

Being bulky, it mixes easily, raises evenly and ensures perfect baking.



7½d., 4d. and 1d. damp-proof pkts.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

DAVIS and CO (Dept. 110), 284 BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of every description at less than one-third original cost price. WRITE FOR LIST OF 5,000 ABSOLUTELY GENUINE BARGAINS POST FREE.

ALL GOODS SENT ON 7 DAYS APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS PRIVATELY BY POST.

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

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10/6—LADY'S 18-ct Gold-cased KEYLESS WRIST WATCH, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; will fit any wrist; genuine bargain, 10s. 6d. Week's trial.

35/-—Valuable violin, magnificent Strad, model; lovely-toned instrument, in perfect condition, with fully-mounted bow, in fitted ebony case, complete; sacrifice, 35s.; honestly worth £25; approval.

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

22/6—GENT'S superior quality Navy Blue Serge Jacket, Scotch well made; latest fashion, un worn; 38½ in. chest, 32 in. waist, 31½ in. leg, genuine bargain, 22s. 6d.; worth £3 10s.

45/-—Worth £6 6s. 0d.—Magnificent Hornless GRAMO—powerful improved "Symphonetta" tone arm and sound box, with six 10 in. disc tunes, genuine bargain, 45s.; approval.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; model; Gold stamped filled; solid links; curb pattern; approval.

4/9—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxidized Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 5 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval.

16/6—ARMY SERVICE WRIST WATCH, solid nickel silver dust and damp-proof case, with luminous dial (time can be seen in the dark); reliable timekeeper, warranted 10 years; genuine bargain, 16s. 6d.; worth 42s.; approval.

4/9—PARISIAN PEARLS and Turquoise, 18-ct. gold (stamped filled), in velvet case; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

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

12/6—LADY'S very handsome long NECKCHAIN or watchguard; exceedingly choice pattern; genuine 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet-lined case; great bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

22/6—GENT'S tailor-made DARK TWEED JACKET SUIT, superior quality; fashionable make; 38 in. chest 35 in. waist, 31½ in. leg; never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.; approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 110), LICENSED PAWNBROKERS, 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

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.

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

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

CAUTION—Genuine CHLORODYNE. Each bottle of this well-known REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, bears on the stamp the name of the inventor, Dr J. COLLIS BROWNE. If all chemists, 1/3, 3/6, 5/-.

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

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

FURNITURE, second-hand, large quantity, must sell regardless of cost; seen any time.—Depositories, 272, Pentonville-road, King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS.—"TOINOCO" Brand are cheap and cleaner for collar and general use; 50 for 1s. 6d. At Chemists or TOINOCO CO., 83, Clerkenwell-road, London.

REAL NAVY SERGE, 10,000 Testimonials, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 3d. yard. Patterns free.—BEAUMONT'S, Contractors, Port-mouth.

MEDICAL. DIABETES.—Write for Samples and Booklet and enclose 6d. stamps for postage, CHELTINE FOODS CO., Cheltenham. Flour, Biscuits, Bread, Food, &c. Recomm. by Medical Profession.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, Abdominal Belts, Rubber Bandages, etc. Catalogue Free.—Denny Elastic Hosiery Works, York.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 105 Regent-st., W.

BIRDS AND LIVE STOCK. TALKING Parrots from 12s. 6d., 3 years' warranty.—Patterson, Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

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

ARTIFICIAL TEETH. ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental

READ THE

EVENING STANDARD

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IRON CROSSES FOR EVERYBODY :

READ MISS KITTY MARKS' STORY OF LIFE IN GERMANY TO-DAY.—See Page 2.

DAILY SKETCH.

A SIMPLE HOLIDAY FROCK:

Daily Sketch Exclusive Pattern on page 9.

LONDON: Shoe Lane, E.C. MANCHESTER: Withy Grove. Telephones—8 Lines—Editorial and Publishing—Holborn 6512.

BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

FOR THE PROMENADE.



The taffeta flounce and the embroidered lawn corsage distinguish this black and white muslin gown.—(Armand; Photo, Manuel.)



These lads are only fifteen, but they have both been at sea for over a year aboard a patrol boat.

AN EASTER GIFT.



Mrs. Browning, wife of Major H. S. Browning, R.F.A. has just had a daughter.



Smocking now appears even on the tailor-made, and gives a new note to this fawn costume.—(Armand; Photo, Manuel.)

PANNIER AND PARASOL.



The new wing panners on a lace gown, and the revived parasol of the seventies.

HOW THE NATIONAL GUARD SPENT THEIR EASTER.



The veterans of the City of London National Guard are spending their Eastertide usefully at Brighton in vigorous military training. Here they are at firing practice.

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS.



The German Crown Princess offers her congratulations to one of the "heroes" of Hun frightfulness from the air.