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

DAILY SKETCH.

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

No. 2,222.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

Lord Derby, Grandfather Slept While The Huns Shelled. The London Curate V.C.

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

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

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

A NAVAL PRINCE.

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

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

MISS KITTY MARKS, just home from Germany, where she taught languages for three years, records her war-time experiences in Berlin on page 7.

HOME FROM BERLIN.

The London Curate V.C.
ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR

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

WAR FOR EX-SOLDIERS
It Will Be Our Fault If Brave Men Come To Beggary.

By R. Seeborn Rowntree.

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

In these days we are carefully considered the probable state of trade, and consequently of employment.

I think it generally agreed by those who have listened to him, and who amount to thousands, that the thing that industry will pass through is

The first will be one of de-industrialisation, due to the return to civilian and industrial life of the demobilised soldiers, and the normal demand for munitions. It is impossible to say how long this dislocation will last but it can hardly be less than a year.

In the next stage there will be abnormal trade activity, due to the demand for goods to replace those lost in the war, and to fill up manufacturers’ and retailers’ stocks, which have run down through war activity which will generally last for a quite uncertain period (say, from one to three years), and finally die out, leaving what is left of the normal.

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

PREPARE NOW.

Now, if things are as I have stated, it is correct to prepare immediately to face the first stage—that of trade depression, and to provide work and wages for our men selected for their industrial skills.

It would be a crying shame if we allowed them, after building and building up an absolute sacrifice at the front, to face the hardships of a long period of unemployment at home. And yet this is exactly what we are doing unless adequate measures are promptly taken.

I claim, therefore, that the Government is already formulating a plan of action, but I think the public should know what is being done, and when I say the public I mean that the public is really adequate. For—let us be clear on this point—the Government has a degree of responsibility which occurs after the war it will be due to our own neglect and apathy.

What should we do to prevent it?

PROVIDE WORK FOR ALL.

First, a committee of civil servants representing all the departments concerned, together with men whom we selected for their knowledge of industrial matters, should be appointed to analyse the situation, and to give advice to the Government in order to follow upon the war, and to take steps to avert unemployment.

A few obvious methods of providing employment may be mentioned.

For example, in the building of the railways, which has practically ceased since the war began, and there is a demand of working-class houses in half the towns of England, which could create a veritable famine. In any of the great dearth of houses, with its evil effects on the national health, the suitability of building as a means of employing men, is it not a question to ask that a sum of 20 million pounds should be devoted to this purpose, and that the whole nation should follow the work of healing the wounds of the past, and the Government sharing the extra cost of building at a time when material is abundant and prices low.

JOBS LONG OVERDUE.

Among other schemes which should be worked out the improvement of the pleasure areas, the reclamation of waste lands, and the afforestation of some of the derelict areas, which, as the Royal Commission stated, could be profitably planted.

Let me repeat in closing that if any of the above schemes are to be carried out efficiently and economically during the war, they must be prepared for, and men selected for, their knowledge of the industries which are to be the mainspring of our national life.

WHY THE AURORA’S CALLS WERE UNANSWERED

War’s Difficulties Overcome By Indomitable Operator.

A RECORD MESSAGE.

The first indication to the world at large that misfortune had befallen the Shackleton Expedition was transmuted over 900 miles by an apparatus known as the Aurora.

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

With a wooden hull and short masts, the Aurora is not an ideal ship in which to expect high wireless results. But thanks to the indomitable skill and high technical skill of the operator, Lionel Alfred Herd, and the unremitting labour of the manager of the Wireless Company in Australia, the Aurora was able to do its work.

When the Aurora reached her destination Hobe realised that it would be useless to attempt long wireless conversations and therefore to conserve its energy, it continued only its messages with the ship.

The Operator’s Difficulties.

Last June, the Aurora tried to carry news to the landed world, but encounters the following difficulties—

Missing Radio Station—Aeronauts in Despair—Aurora’s Call.

Sending wireless messages requires long waves, and most accidents are due to the breaking of the waves.

Night after night Hobe sat with the receiver strapped round his shoulder, waiting for the aurora, which would tell all the world’s knowledge of its fates and efforts at rescue. Twice he heard faint signals on August 17 and August 26 but they were uninterpretable.

The Aurora is Dismissed.

Then came a hilarious day when the Aurora was dismissed. Twice we were again created by linking the main wireless station at Macquarie Island remained silent—no one has really tried to listen. As the aurora was but a blinding snow-storm, but by the ice breaking, the Aurora was freed to drift about the world.

But the wireless operator’s story now changes, for on the nightodd the aurora sent a most simple aurora’s aerials above, which fell in the great world of wireless.

FRESH CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Recruiting Committee’s Self Out In Its New Campaign.

No time is being lost by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee in the effort to hurry volunteers.

Recruiting posters were exhibited in London and the surrounding districts.

Thousands of the old bills have been repealed and there are some new ones.

NOBODY LOVES THE “CO.”

Public Officials: Do Not Work To Work With “Conscience Men.”

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

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

The National Association of Local Government Officers has declared that it will not take any Committee against the proposal. The letter states that all eligible men, whether conscientious objectors or not, are entitled to protect the safety of the objectors, who are employed in the most important positions, and responsible officials who are answering to the patriotic call of King and country.

DIED FROM PNEUMONIA.

Capt. H. M. Baker, of the 10th (Durham) Light Infantry, of Canada, died from an attack of pneumonia on the return of the expedition of the Canadian Army Northern Expedition, and was buried at sea on the return of the expedition of the Canadian Army Northern Expedition.

The idea came from the brain of Mrs. A. H. Scott, and was brought out by A. H. Scott and Mr. H. Gordon. Reidings are the

PROTEST AT PARSIFAL CONCERT.

On Saturday afternoon, at the Nowra Hall yesterday afternoon a fashionably dressed woman rose in the stalls and shouted, "Englishmen and King Wharf", "I protest against German music being played at this ball!" The brothers were only slaughtered in the trenches, and the last lady walked away.

MURDERS.”

Wearing a large hat and gloves, the lady was heard to say: "The Muriel has been injured abroad and abroad, and the country is in the control of those that follow in its train."

THE SUPER JUMBLE SALE.

Mr. Arnold Bennett writes to the Daily Sketch—"I shall be very much obliged if you will correct the statement that I am the originator of the London Jumble Sale. The Aurora’s Jumble Sale is just a copy of the Caledonian Market in aid of the funds of the London Jumble Sale."

Mrs. Rebecca Parr, who died at Peterborough, was a

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1918
10,000 TURKS ATTACK ON THE TIGRIS.

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

LEAD BY GERMANS.

"Floods Are Spreading And River Is Still High."

From The War Office. Friday.

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

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

They came in dense formations and penetrated a part of our front. Within 500 yards of the front, one of our brigades alone 1,000 to 1,500 dead and wounded. It is counted, and it is reported that they are lying thick further out in front of other portions.

Their killed alone on Monday night are estimated at more than 5,000.

It is reported that 1,000 of our troops were isolated by floods from the rest of the force, and that they had a chance of overwhelming it. As a matter of fact, supports were moving up at the time.

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

Tuesday was a stormy day, making aircraft reconnaissance very difficult and the whole of the troops involved.

Floods are spreading and the river is still very high.

[Vie message relates to the British check on the south bank of the Tigris. The British lines were halted 600 to 800 yards. The check took place opposite to the position of Sanna-Yat, about 13 miles from Kut.]

HOW THE TURKS TELL IT.

Turkish Official News.

DAILY SKETCH.


SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF BRITISH PRISONERS.

Men Forced To Go Half Naked Among Kaffir Women.

STARVATION AND STUDIED INSULT BY HUNS.

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

WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN COMMON GAOLS.

CAPE TOWN, Thursday.

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

The report of the witnesses is of the most shocking character, even German papers admitting that our prisoners were persistently starved.

It was stated that one of the British prisoners had died from hunger, and others were fainting with hunger and standing in queues awaiting an opportunity to drink the blood of slaughtered oxen.

They also alleged that the prisoners were forced to eat animal excreta.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN, OF COURSE.

Both British and German prisoners, with women and children, were confined in common gaols, sleeping 10 in one cell, with locked doors and in a foul atmosphere.

Their diet was also extremely poor.

Specific instances are given of gross outrages.

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

Captain Gery, who was taken prisoner at Sandfontein, was placed in solitary confinement for six and a half months in a cell 12 by 6 ft., infested with bugs and in a shocking sanitary condition.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF WOUNDED.

The sick and wounded were grossly neglected in the field until the German wounded had been cared for.

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

The report is now published officially.

The author of the outrage mentioned in the report is an officer of the German army.

GERMAN GOVERNOR'S INSOLENCE.

Replying to complaints in connection with the treatment of the British prisoners, the Governor, Dr. Seita, told the officers that they should be thankful for what they got, and that if they did not come forward to be questioned, the German Government would not have invaded the country and fought us with nature.

After the escape of a couple of officers from the prison, the Berlin Times, in an article for the London Times, said that the Governor of South-West Africa, Dr. Seita, ordered the Commission to be dismissed.

The atrocities of the non-commissioned officers and men were reduced almost to an inhuman condition.

The official report mentions the brutal treatment the British men and women had undergone in the field.

The German Governor's insolence.

"A MIRACLE FOR THE WOMEN."

"A miracle for the women who saw them on the road."

The British prisoners had been treated harshly and callously, and was only allowed short periods of exercise with no conveyance back to their lines. They were fed only on a small piece of cake and were only allowed to drink 10 in a small cell. The door was closed and barred, and they were starved of food and water for 18 hours. There was considerable risk to the health of the prisoners and the sanitary conditions were most disgusting.

RETURNING GO FOR EVIL.

General Botha, announcing that he had been in constant touch with the German authorities in the matter, stated that the German Government assumed the attitude that it would not take revenge, and that it naturally conformed to the strongest action the circumstances justified.

The issue of the prisoners under the terms decided on the recent conference was decided on.

5 a.m. Edition.

GERMAN ATTACK BROKEN UP.

British Official News.

GERMAN SUNK.

The German steamer Sunk has been captured by the British steamers Colonnial and Australian, and sunk after an engagement in the North Sea by an explosion.

The steamers Colonnial and Australian, which were in company with the steamer Sunk, have been sunk. The Colonnial and Australian are also reported sunk. The steamer Sunk has been sunk by the British steamer Colonnial.

MANN OF UNKNOWN NATIONALITY.

A man of unknown nationality has been captured by the British steamer Colonnial. The man was found to be carrying a quantity of arms and ammunition. He was taken to the British steamer Colonnial and handed over to the British authorities.

SEVENTH VICTIM OF HEREFORD FIRE.

Lives and Saved From a Burning House.

Mr. Lloyd George arrived at Crichel by motor last evening. After inspecting a munitions factory 25 miles west of the town, he went to the town of Crichel, where he inspected the Crichel Library, a branch of the Hereford and Worcester Library. The library was opened by the Lord Lieutenant of Hereford, the Viscount Hambledon. The library was opened by Mr. Lloyd George, who was recently created to Mr. W. C. G. Glaisdale.

Mr. Robert Miller, of the Red House, Bawtry, director of a number of City companies, died worth £20,000. He left £20,000 to one nephew, £12,000 to one son, and £1,000 to two other sons.

Doctor MINSTER.
Efficiency in trench-digging is essential nowadays.

An instructive lesson in the use of the trench catapult.

They quite enjoy a little bomb-throwing practice.


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

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

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

THOUGH a brave soldier may always consent himself that he who fights for his country does well, yet in some British wars the minds of some of us would have been vexed with obstinate doubts. Here no doubt is possible. If ever the Devil were visible and rampant he is visible and rampant in Germany to-day; if ever men fought for God's justice we are fighting for it. Therefore it is we are not content of the ultimate issue through all the changes and chances of battle. In this sign we conquer.

It is very fitting that the first award of a V.C. to an Army chaplain, so far as this war is concerned, should be announced on Good Friday. You read in yesterday's paper what this brave priest, the Rev. Edward Noel Mellish, has done. You know how he went back and forth, day after day, across a death-swept zone to tend and rescue wounded men, and on one day he brought in ten badly-wounded men, and on the next twelve, from ground swept by machine-gun fire, and how some of them were actually killed as he was dressing their wounds. You know how on the night of the third day he took charge of a party of volunteers and returned to the trenches to rescue all the wounded that remained.

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

I CONSIDER for example to the conscientious objectors, many of whom object even to tend and rescue wounded men, many of whom are so ready to take the name of Christ in vain as a mask for their treason. Cannot they see that here is the name of Christ in vain as a mask for treason. Cannot they see that here is a true Christian, ready to lay down his life for others? A Vicar of St. Paul's, London, has just been awarded the Legion of Honour by the French Government. He is a doctor of divinity, and has been in France for three years.

THE MAN FROM GULANA.

THE STAR turns at the next exam., in June, is expected to be Mr. Edgar Mortimer Duke, a young son in the Prime Minister's family, who is able to recite Amen on Contracts verbatim. He has gained 600 studentships and half a library of prize books.

Echoes of the Coup

Royal Holiday-makers.

After all, the King and Queen managed to get away to Windsor yesterday. If you believe the paper carrying about the Palace when the glad news came that they were to be there in six days, the King has his hobby. It is not his hobby to make political policies very serious; and ears was always pricked when Mr. Asquith was overheard speaking business. And Premier. However he will be able to get a rest now—as far as he ever can rest.

Prince's Examination Success.

CONGRATULATIONS to Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg on the birth of their third child, in the Osbrough passing-out list. Princess Louis is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, for which reason, and as she is the Queen's second daughter, who married the Grand Duke of Hesse, and control a pole administrating with her the death of the last of her younger sister Empress of Russia. The Prince and Princess have taken a house at Osbrough and have visited him many times.

"Tino's" Heir At Potsdam.

The Crown Prince of Greece, who has been visiting the Kaiser at Potsdam and who is to see on April 12 the Princess Josephine, will be known to the bourn, for the whole family stayed there some years ago. The Duke of Spara, as he is known, is twenty-six years old, and is a nephew of the German Emperor. He is stated to be charged with the important mission from "Tino" to the Central Empires.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

Since the death of that great man, her husband, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain has been heard of much. The news is that she has just been elected a Associate of the Royal Colonial Institute reminds one of the scenario of the opera "L'Ambassadeur" by Gounod as a colonist on Russian. To speculate on the future, the present is the present crisis is life, but it is difficult for a person longing for the vanished home of great spirits, to think of Mr. Chamberlain's devotion to his husband in the last hours. His name was used as a weapon in the battle against fear and helplessness, was most touching. She is still a comparatively young woman, and is by birth an American.

Bank Holiday and Crises.

The continuous of the recent years political crises have arisen on the eve of a Bank Holiday. This has been fortunate in a way, because the feeling of calmness and good-will which occurred at holiday times has promoted a spirit of peace. A speech of the Kaiser's was delivered yesterday afternoon, in which he stated that the Kaiser was convinced that the Kaiser's plans were destined—a marked contrast to the smoking-room round of excited M.P.'s the day before.

An Opportunity Missed.

There are people besides the workman who look on the compromise rather gloomily. It had been hoped by some of Mr. Asquith's friends that he would take the opportunity of clearing some of the rubbish from the Cabinet and reconciliation. It is the interest of the great majority of members of the House of Commons, and it is now up to them to demand that a real deal should be given to their constituents. The sooner they do it, the better. The Berlin M.P.'s, for their part, were busy. After all, it's a solemn day, and in that stands, for solemn times.

There are solemn days.

Guardians Of The Secret.

The M.P's who are to be public officials will have a busy time this Easter making arrangements for the Secret Session. The Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary will have to complete the details and operation of the plan will be in order. The announcement of the Seizure of the Black Rod, which is to be made at the beginning of every session, will be made by the Speaker in the House of Lords.

Short Shrift For Strangers.

ACTIONS under their instructions will be trained and picked policemen, headed by Inspector Rogers in a common gesture, who will be in charge of the police at the Palace of Westminster which to safeguard and security is second to none in the world. You can depend on it that they positive strenuous course would have short shrift at their hands.


CONGRATULATIONS.

HEARTY congratulations to Mr. Neil and Lady legend. I have been dead these twenty years. This little maid is also Lord Derby's first grandchild, and doubtless a loss of fome of Royal tobacco. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, is quite another matter. In any case, however we manage business.

To Interest The Boy Scouts.

THE SUGGESTION of Major-General Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P., that Boy Scouts, Church Lads' Brigade Boys, R.G.F. Boys, and all similar organisations should be merged into a single, national organised controlled organisation is particularly sound. It is inclined to think, however, that it will meet with the approval of the very opposite, and without wishing to give the impression that anyone suggests rivalry exists between their bodies. Knights of the Broom Handle and grubby knees will not amalgamate, we have seen the cap very readily. The gallant General has a brilliant military career, and was Brigade-Major of the 2nd Battalion of the Egyptian regiment of 1882. He is also a sportsman, a large landowner, and is said to be a real friend to the outwitted military men who have taken an interest in farming.

Joyride Day.

The Directors of Government poster, "Don't use motor-car for Pleasure," was widely disregarded yesterday, or the amount of business done on Good Friday is an indication. The poster this year seems to have been a regular day for motorcars for a night out, a car, or even a humble car for an evening to go over the empty streets. The last week began, and the main streets out of town were as crowded as if it had been a Derby Day in peacetime.

Forced Facts.

WHAT I call hybrid days, such as Christmas day and yesterday, are one of the biggest possessed. With so many foreigners in our midst this section is now increased. The food difficulties seems to worry them, for the whole of the finds on the train at London I was a passenger. He was a decent fellow, and didn't want money. All he wanted was to tell him that the oranges and the coffee are at a reasonable price. I'm afraid I could only order them in hotels.

Bums.

AND what about those buffs? The hot cross buns has always seemed to me to differ little from the normal bun, which isn't thrilling, even when hot and buttered. Were it not for the passion that I nourish for the creation of old customs, old buildings, old anything, almost, except old clothes, hot cross buns might go by the board altogether as far as I am concerned. However, they appeared on the breakfast table yesterday morning, and doubtless on the breakfast table at the start of the other buffets, as well as for the vanisher! in the room to the left of the room.

Bones.

Bones, of course, are never so vividly exemplified as when you are trying to send a telegram in a hurry. Whenever I am in that condition I try to form some purpose of going on a long argument with the clerk and sending a message of length or a novelty of length and the average man never contemplates. I swear that the friend who held me up for ten precious minutes yesterday was sending a three-volume novel over the wire.

A Sad World.

THE SAME thing happens at railway booking offices. You yourself only send a message on the same. Yer, and a "gooder" screen, and a "gooder" person who loved you.

The Princess have taken a certain amount of the average man to another.

The Wisdom Of Solomon.

URICA COCHRAN was telling me about "Hall, Page & Co." last week. She thought it was fascinating, the other night. You know he engaged sure to get any book, that he is a clever girl. What

Who is Lord Derby's first grandchild, and doubtless a loss of some of Royal tobacco? Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, is quite another matter. In any case, however we manage business. It is inclined to think, however, that it will meet with the approval of the very opposite, and without wishing to give the impression that anyone suggests rivalry exists between their bodies. Knights of the Broom Handle and grubby knees will not amalgamate, we have seen the cap very readily. The gallant General has a brilliant military career, and was Brigade-Major of the 2nd Battalion of the Egyptian regiment of 1882. He is also a sportsman, a large landowner, and is said to be a real friend to the outwitted military men who have taken an interest in farming. The Directors of Government poster, "Don't use motor-car for Pleasure," was widely disregarded yesterday, or the amount of business done on Good Friday is an indication. The poster this year seems to have been a regular day for motorcars for a night out, a car, or even a humble car for an evening to go over the empty streets. The last week began, and the main streets out of town were as crowded as if it had been a Derby Day in peacetime. What I call hybrid days, such as Christmas day and yesterday, are one of the biggest possessed. With so many foreigners in our midst this section is now increased. The food difficulties seems to worry them, for the whole of the finds on the train at London I was a passenger. He was a decent fellow, and didn't want money. All he wanted was to tell him that the oranges and the coffee are at a reasonable price. I'm afraid I could only order them in hotels. Bones, of course, are never so vividly exemplified as when you are trying to send a telegram in a hurry. Whenever I am in that condition I try to form some purpose of going on a long argument with the clerk and sending a message of length or a novelty of length and the average man never contemplates. I swear that the friend who held me up for ten precious minutes yesterday was sending a three-volume novel over the wire.

Bones.
A LITTLE AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

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

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

RESCUER AND RESCUED.

A LITTLE AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

For Hindenburg’s Jubilee.

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

Pte. S. K. Perkins, a Berks. Yeomanry D.C.M., rescued wounded Yeoman D.C.M., steered a transport to safety under fire at Soissons.

For Hindenburg’s Jubilee.

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

NOT LIKE MOTHER’S.

A real work of mercy on Good Friday.

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

Lightening the Load.

Lightening the Load.

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

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

A REAL WORK OF MERCY ON GOOD FRIDAY.

RESCUER AND RESCUED.

RESCUER AND RESCUED.

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

RESCUER AND RESCUED.

RESCUER AND RESCUED.

RESCUER AND RESCUED.

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RESCUER AND RESCUED.
The Parson's Son's M.C.

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

TOMMY'S ZOO EASTER EGG.

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

ESSAD PASHA IN LONDON.

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

HELPED IN THE FIGHT TO RELIEVE KUT.

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

(Photograph exclusive to the Daily Sketch.)

A LITTLE HORSEWOMAN.

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

CLAUDE DUVAL STREET: 'STOP, PRODUCE YOUR PAPERS.

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

FLOWERS OF SPRING.

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

HOLDING THE THROTTLE-VALVE IN THE BALKANS.

With the Salonika Army. A fire trench commanding roadway.

(Official photograph, Crown copyright reserved.)
SPLENDID

HOLIDAY READING

IN THIS WEEK'S

IDEAS

The Imps Start Spring Cleaning.

SEE THE SPECIAL HOLIDAY IMPS CARTOON

ENTITLED
BANK HOLIDAY IN THE IMPS COUNTRY

ONE OF THE FUNNIEST PICTURES EVER PUBLISHED

Thrilling Short Stories
By the Best Writers.

Numerous Humorous Articles.

OVER-WORKED MUNITION GIRLS.
An Article of interest to all Munition Workers.

THE KAISER'S BROOD.
The secret sensational history of the Emperor's Children.

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

Scores Of Really Funny Pictures.

Splendid Serial Story.

Much Useful Information.

THIS WEEK'S IMPS CARTOON WILL PROVOKE THOUSANDS OF HEARTY LAUGHS. IT WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH TOO.
Easter By The Sea
Amusing The Wounded
Lavvty Greville's Matinée

By MRS. GOSSIP.

SPENT Thursday in selecting the right kind of clothes for Brighton, and in eventually catching the train for London-by-the-Sea. What a struggle at Victoria Station! Everyone with (more or less) luggage—and for the most part with more—swarming all their packages, dogs, and small children. It was indeed a war-time Easter exodus; with no porters to carry one’s baggage, and a hard job to get a taxi to take one to the station. But I’m on a holiday, so getting out of town and putting up with things doesn’t matter in the least.

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

As I write the weather is delightfully fine and the seats are selling (more or less) luggage—and for the most part anything the skirts are shorter than those in the Victoria episode from “More.”

The box office is now open every evening, and although the state are selling very rapidly. So you must hurry up and book as no “sold out” of the seats must be missed. A Charming Parisiene.

I looked in to see Mrs. Manhattan’s 114th Avenue, and was especially pleased with Celette Dorigny, who very charmingly conducts a shop-fitting with Raymond Hitchcock. I had a chat with Miss Dorigny between the acts. She was complaining that she has so very few customers, and one a. whom ever attempted anything of the kind before.

Among those who have helped Miss Ashworth to organize and manage the hat are Mrs. Archie Douglas, Mrs. Ronald Greville, Mrs. Gwynne, Miss Phyllis Bruce, Miss Scases and Miss Chaloner.

The Busy Duchesses.
The Duke of Somerset paid a flying visit to Scotland last week, accompanied by his wife, the lovely Dukes and Duchess of Westminster are expected to make their head­

You can, thank goodness, imagine how much more work it would take to keep her company.

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AUSTRALIANS' FEAT NEAR THE SUEZ CANAL.

Rounding Up A Turkish Camp By Dashing Night March.

STORY OF A DESERT RESCUE.

From W. T. Massey.

[Correspondent.]

Suez, Wednesday.

The British raid on Jif Jaffa last Thursday was a typical enterprise of our detachments operating about the Sinai Peninsula. The Turkish advanced posts are continually harassed by mobile troops travelling so rapidly that even the keen-eyed Bedouin outpost sentry is taken by surprise.

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

Alarmed at the sound of the enemy, but the Turks invariably rush into hiding on the appearance of an encampment. Accordingly the British column marched by night within three miles of the position. At dawn an attack on three sides was arranged.

GALLOPED A MILE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FROM IJEN TO HOSPITAL.

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

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

Every egg supplied to a wounded soldier has cost one-fifth of a penny, not taking into account freight charges, which amount to £12,000.

The distribution of these millions of eggs has been done by hundreds of letters from soldiers, testifying to their grateful appreciation.

Journalists in Conference.

The National Union of Journalists opened its annual delegate meeting in Glasgow yesterday. A conference which was extended by Buri Smith, who on being asked the union on having over 2,000 members, said: “I don’t know how many members I have joined.”

Mr. Harker (Manchester), in his presidential address, said that the Defence of the Realm Act had reversed the old system of licensing, which made provision for a general war so grave a peril, but the union had obtained valuable concessions.

BROKE THE FIVE MILES MOTOR-CYCLING RECORD.

Harry Martin, the motor-cyclist, with his partner, J. G. Broad, broke the five miles motor-cycling record at Herne Hill yesterday. The Newmarket race took place under the Derby scheme.

GRENADA FACTORY EXPLOSION.

Bridgetown, Friday.

An explosion took place September morning at the Westmoreland factory at Cradoc’s. Over 200 yards of cord became a ruin and some others were injured. -Bris.

HIDING THE TRUTH.

THINGS THE CABINET DO NOT TELL US.

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

THE CHURCH AND MERRY-MAKING.

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

THE RED-TAB MEN IN WAR.

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

WILL MARRIAGE BECOME UNPOPULAR?

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

In addition are pages and pages of pictures—all the latest news—the most interesting "gosip"—the most entertaining and amusing pictures, and pictures, in the next issue of the Illustrated Sunday Herald.

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

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

Cadbury's

"ABSOLOUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST."

Cocoa
THE LOVE CHEAT.

 Digitised by the University of Pretoria, Library Services, 2015

 Betty Puts Things Right.

 It would have been a most incredible satisfaction to
 have bitten Mrs. Drayton's extended hand. She
 was so furious that she could scarcely conceal her
 features into an agreeable expression.

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

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

 "The charwoman is just what I want. Please call
 me ten yards."

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

 "My late husband's niece is to make her debut
 soon. She has just left a convent in Paris.
 and it is my happy task to choose her dresses. I
 should not like my dear Estelle's pleasure. Her parents
 will - I must - go to Mrs. Drayton's suite. looking down sternly at the dear old
 Vivian
 - I would like to remind you, Mrs. Chevonne,
 that Laurette is not my maid; she is my com-
paigner.

 "Oh, of course! How forgetful I am! Cotwood
 will punish my lapses of memory, I am sure." She
 smiled in a friendly, patronising fashion at her
 sister, who read in her face that she was thoughtless.

 "I am at the Venice for a few days," said Betty.
 "So I expect we shall see much of each other, dear
 Mrs. Drayton. Vivian and I drove up in his uncle's
 car, and he is awaiting me at the Belvedere for
 tea—poor fellow—in choosing Estelle's outfi.
 I completed my purchases before I left Venice.

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

 Mrs. Drayton was quite overwhelmed in the
 strain of her disinterestedness, as was the lady
 who had sent her in to the Drayton's hotel. She
 could not have been more thrilled if she had
 said anything herself. The widow was an experi-
 enced and skilled woman, and her presence
 could have been of great service to anybody.

 Mrs. Drayton wished to see Vivian alone.

 "I intend to make Laurette an annuity," Mrs.
 Drayton proceeded. "And I have a small property
 belonging to her in the New World, which she
 could use as a sort of retirement. I have, at least,
 I think, a small property, known to Mrs. Drayton.
 Laurette, the country. I would like her to have
 it, as it is required for her pension.

 "I am glad," Vivian said beautifically.

 "Why?" she asked blithely.

 "Laurette Loves You."

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

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

 "I don't see why you should not, I don't in the
 least. That's the worst of family friends; they
 are always meddling with a child. Always the same old
 yarn dished up again and again—You are too
 young to know your own mind!"

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

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

 "None of this, I am the only ordinary man you ever
 saw. Come, let us go back to the business part of
 this interview."

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

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

 "Why?" he managed to say.

 "You can surely guess."

 "Unless you are very explicit."

 "Laurette loves you," Mrs. Drayton said gently,
 "but you do not know it. You will have to
 be very explicit."

 She paused. "I have never told you so before; there
 is no need that I should not conceal this.

 "I Had To Forget."

 To Vivian the quietly spoken words were repeated
 by many a sterner tongue in childhood:

 "Laurette loves you!"

 "And I dare not tell you why, if I told you
 you would dislike me; I dare not tell you
 why, if I am to save your happiness."

 "Laurette loves you?

 The blood rushed to his temples and back to his
 heart, and he had a temptation to rush out
 and boast it over.

 "Laurette loves you!"

 He could not tell her. He was in too great a
 position, he could not tell her, he could not
 even bring himself to tell her."

 "You are awfully good," he declared, but he
 was puny and weak.

 "You are good, though not quite so good as
 you think," he said.

 "If he fancied once—it may have been the
 sentiment behind a dreamy woman's desire to
 please a man."

 Vivian dragged back his chair, and rose from it,
 looking down sternly at the dear old
 Vivian. He felt justified in saying this much to
 the woman who had come to him with such a
 strain of emotion. He was acting like the
 woman he had so often met, who ever since he
 had been known, had been known for her
 understanding, her wisdom, her patience.

 "I must leave you now. This is a very
 difficult moment."

 "I saw you to the door."

 "You have..."

 "I must go."

 "I don't want to," he said gently. "But you
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WHAT HIDING THE TRUTH LEADS TO:—

**DAILY SKETCH.**

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANO ENGLISHWOMAN'S
LIFE IN BERLIN
IN WARTIME.

See Page 2.

**WITH THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT THE FRONT.**

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

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

Some of the Seaforths in their dug-out serving out stew. Lads of the Black Watch making tea in the trenches.

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