EASTER DAY BATTLE TO RELIEVE TOWNSHEND.

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

No. 2,223.
LONDON, MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1916.
[Registered as a Newspaper.] 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. Today he returns to town determined to "wait and see" no more.
How German Officials Raid The People's Homes.

By Kitty Marks.

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

Everyone in Berlin now realizes how hard pressed Germany is for money and food. By every law she has adopted methods for supplementing her exchequer which have struck me, as an English woman, 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 murder. Its replica is now being seen in most of the big department stores of Germany, and any man, woman, or child can secure one—or a smaller version—of them at the railway or bus stations or the railway or bus stations. A civilian thus adorned is a proclaimed citizen who has made some sacrifice for his country.

That sacrifice need not be a tremendous one. A person who has only to part with a 20-mark price ticket can manage to secure one of those tickets. By the way these tickets are given as a mark of honor to officers who have fallen in the war. In a word, the Iron Cross in hoarding almost universal, and the price ticket is a hundred marks. While a thousand marks is no great deal, the men who have been killed in the war have far more reason to be proud than those who possess gold prices under the banner of the destiny of life.”

Not only do the merchants offer a bonus of 50 for four days leave to employees who can manage to secure one of those tickets, but by the simple means of securing an Iron Cross for collecting twenty marks, he could give his holiday for bringing in a hundred marks.

Buying Leave for Soldiers.

But those who have 20-mark husbands, or sons, or brothers, are paid in another way—by the greater object of the war. Namely a letter from the front which is 得到 a ticket to „home leave."

Zeppelin Prefecture.

But the Luftschiff Accident was the one event, outstanding in the war which the Berlin Press had a chance of enjoying. The view that the war was a matter of only the first few months is, I think, that the war has been a matter of only the first few months.

The news is from Berlin, Germany and the view that the war was a matter of only the first few months.

Of the clothes of those who have been killed in the last few months, only 50% have had their pith and 50% been driven to steal in order to get together the necessary supplies.

Office Hysteria.

Give your gold. Give your gold. This is the demand of the day. It has been placed upon the Berlin papers to „do something for your country." The newspaper has, in most cases, been quite willing to oblige; it is the one place that shirked at the beginning. The present, however, is that the war has gone on in that direction. In the first place the German Press stated——and the civil population stated——that the Kaiser’s order to the troops was clear and armed ammunition. Believing that the only way of getting gold in that way consisted in being a wrong and wicked thing to sacrifice all those who had been killed, and the view that the vessel had been passionately desired should not be admitted.

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Hoarding Gold: Raiding Kettles.

The shortage of food is, what we can gather, a very real one. I am not even certain that if you go to the people of the country you will find it. It is the one place that shirked at the beginning. The present, however, is that the war has gone on in that direction. In the first place the German Press stated——and the civil population stated——that the Kaiser’s order to the troops was clear and armed ammunition. Believing that the only way of getting gold in that way consisted in being a wrong and wicked thing to sacrifice all those who had been killed, and the view that the vessel had been passionately desired should not be admitted.

Dull day in Trafalgar Square.

The British War Office was, as usual, closed for the past few days, given, as usual, to a variety of matters of importance. But there is a collection of iron and brass, and unless there be a real change, the collection will be continued for the past few days, given, as usual, to a variety of matters of importance.

Fame Night, on the other hand, has been given over to a variety of matters of importance. But there is a collection of iron and brass, and unless there be a real change, the collection will be continued for the past few days, given, as usual, to a variety of matters of importance.
GENERAL LAWMIT ADAMTS FAILURE OF EASTER-DAY BATTLE.

GALLANT ATTACK FOR RELIEF OF KUT.

Sanna-yat Trenches Assailed By British Troops.

TWO LINES PENETRATED.

Failure Of Attempt Owing To Contracted Front.

DASH THROUGH A BOG.

From General Lake.

The attack made this morning on the Sanna-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 submerge d 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.

April 17 (Monday).

At 7 o'clock, joining and carrying the strong Turkish position of Beit Risaili astride the right bank of the Tigris, captured over 250 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 serious losses. The first trenches fall almost immediately, and our troops advanced and captured position some hundred yards beyond the line the enemy had held.

During the morning Turkish reinforcements were observed pouring in from the direction of Ra-Elam Persons who were shot in some of our advanced patrols were unhurt, 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 defence of Kut has completely absorbed our affairs of supplies.

In these circumstances our enterprise and initiative have failed all scope, and our troops have maintained superior position against reckless attacks.

During the recent fighting our troops have sometimes attacked ashakies in water after landing in the mud.

DISEASE RAVAGES TURKS.

Boos, Sunday.

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

GOAL FOR A C.O.

Private Sydney Bodd, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, at Parkhill, a conscientious objector, has been found dead at the age of 21. He spent 7 days in the trenches.
FIRST CINER 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.)

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 Turk's brave soldiers has put Cze...
Peace

The Secret Session - Q At The Haymarket - Bored With Shakespeare.

The Park.

Ireland and The War.

I feel that such a monstrous success as the Warrington seems to have put its foot into its bad in Ulster, which is a pity, because it is a good man. But Ireland is now in a divided position because of the war, and he has overlooked the fact that Belfast has merely postponed its grievances. So when Lord Winmborne proposed his plan of discussing terms after the war, Belfast put him nearly out of action by informing him blandly that a protest was the motion of Lord Wimborne’s chief, and wait—wait.

A Peace Memory.

If a horse isoble and Right Honourable Members will be burning back to town simply to meet the home of importance.

The Mayor Of Troy.

The Punishment.

Hush! To the man with the black hat and lounge suit, the newspapers will want to think on this “historic occasion,” there will have to be in both the Lords and the Commons some intimation to the bookkeepers will have to be informed how dreadful if the member for Little Piddington were accidentally excluded!

I’m sorry to hear rather poor accounts of the health of that wonderful gentleman, Mr. Millicent. Duchess of Devonshire will” be in the excitement of the day.

We have done much service in the House of Commons.

What is going to happen to the Slump-the-War M.P. If he makes any disclosures of what transpires at the secret session? That is the question, and here the Prime Minister’s solution, which will be severely punished no doubt if they give me any proper information concerning the proceedings, and will but the Government tackle the members of the Union of Democratic Control for any indiscretion on their part if they do not, there will be trouble in Parliament.

Millicent.

I am afraid there will be no unfortified expressions about the secret session for “Q” first secret session is cut. In fact, all the doctors have advanced in their delivery. She has command their lady commanders to take things easy for a bit. This enforced inactivity will go on against the grain with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. She will want to allege to her as the Dowager Duchess. In fact, she is, for she is the most childlike lady member extraordinary! 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 present Prime Minister is wounded after greatly distinguishing himself in the field.

A Forgotten Centenary.

The celebration of the centennial of the birth of Charlotte Bronte will not be confined to her native Yorkshire, and “C. K. S.,” the famous English-speaking woman, has announced a commemorative function in London. It is with Hasworth that the name of the three sisters is familiar fact. Charlotte and Emily, who both died of tuberculosis, were brought up at Haworth, and is with the Order of St. John, the agnostic order of England.

Easter In Russia.

The Russians celebrate Easter with much more fervor than we can manage, and yesterday a special train was issued to the Russian churches not to attempt to storm the Welbeck-street Church after the doors were closed. In Russia the proper celebration for Easter is in the afternoon. The Tsar Nicholas I. greeted the sanctuary outside the Palace in this way and conveyed the staggers and the crown — a bit. 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 afternoon when the big and popular man about town, and a member of the Carlton Club, dived from the window a few days ago. It was very much of a loss to the Temple Steps, as a brave man in a brave attack to save the life of an old man. No wonder, 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 truly likable man. At the Valentine’s Park, celebrate his birthday and have invited Miss Kitty Mason, the popular Dainty actress, who married him some years ago.

The Man in the Street.
The Lewis gun can be mounted on a motor-car. This is how the Lewis machine-gun looks when it is not in use.

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.

A PLUCKY BARRISTER.

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

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

THE OLD BRIGADE AND THE NEW.

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.

ON THE FRONT AT THE SALONIKA FRONT.

Lieut.-Col. L. Robson, received the D.S.O. for his work during the Hartlepool 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 pillow fight was one of the most amusing features of the sports meeting organized 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.

A fair farmhand in Nottinghamshire, proud of her green arnnet, 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.

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.)
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DAILY SKETCH, 46, Shoe Lane, E.C.
**THE HOME-MADE WASHING FROCK.**

**DAILY SKETCH PATTERN HELP TO PREPARE FOR WARMER DAYS.**

**DAILY SKETCH PATTERN 1026—a washing frock.**

**EMERGENCY RECIPES:**

At holiday times, when shopping is difficult, and when one can 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 three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of sugar. This can be served as dressing for cold meat, or cold meat, very thinly and dry into the simmering onions and gravy just before serving.

**Oatmeal Soup.**

When an hour before dinner it seems advisable that there should be soup and one has no idea what to make, the following is worth remembering. Take a cupful and a half of tomatoes (or other fresh vegetables such as the season produces), four cupfuls of water, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Boil for an hour, strain and serve. Easy Reserve.

**Surprise Eggs.**

When an extra luncheon dish is to be provided and one has no idea what to serve, consider the following:—Set halves of cold boiled eggs in a baking dish and pour over them enough good white wine to cover them. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in a quick oven just before the guests arrive.

**The Bathing Girls' 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 encircles the head 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 bath. When she finally goes in to swim the halo is removed. Rubber, two yards long and striped in the brightest of colours, are made to be wound round the head and tied at the side. The best of the new bathing hats are of tasseled 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 counts.**

**The Bunting.**

I'm a harbour, I'm a shelter. You may depend on me. The weather is such that I'm a necessity. The wind is such that I'm a luxury.

**My Easter in Brighton.**

**SEASIDE DOWDINESS. THE RESTFULNESS OF WORTHING.**

Of course I have had to go on the West Pier, where the hand plays, attracting an enormous crowd. I wonder how many automatic machines there are? The fish prices are not large enough, but I hardly a Good Friday pastime. I thought. And Good Friday seem to go together.

**Duke of Gales.**

I dined at the Hotel Metropole on Saturday night, and was occupied, with a well-dressed evening in a dance after dinner in the spacious banqueting room. Several hundred couples enjoying the fine trot to the music of the dance. I could not help admiring the beauty of the ladies of the dance.

**LADY VAPORISES.**

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

**An Epidemic Of White Fox.**

What a slumbering demand! Thousands and thousands of people were enjoying the brilliant sunshine. It would be impossible to estimate their numbers, everyone with the same face and style being in evidence; but what I did notice was a perfect epidemic of white fox fur.

**Stump In Bath Chairs.**

Red roses were sold in great plenty, it being St. George's Day, and many of the visitors at the Royal Artillery Horse. They were married on Saturday at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and Captain Heyman was married to a society girl, who, by the way, you know, is playing in "Mr. Manhattan," where she has made an undoubted success. Captain Heyman was married to a charming and bridle white, with a white sports coat, matching, with the same face and style, so many and very much time how happy she was. Here's wishing her and her husband good health and much happiness.

**Here's Pete—With Baby Show.**

A naval and military fete takes place at the Tow Hill Tow Hall this week, in aid of the soldiers' Families' Sailing Prizes, and the great number of distinguished people in Brighton and Here are interchanging, themselves and friends. And on Thursday it will be opened by Field-Marshal Vincen French. One of the attractions of the 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, when the war will be over, and the Kingdom will have been returned to its former state of plenty.

**ROYAL FAMILY'S EASTER.**

**NEWSPAPER OF THE WORLD.**

**Young Princes' Bicycles.**

The King's children are the first to enjoy the fresh air and exercise during the Easter stay of the Court at Windsor.

On Saturday morning Prince Albert, Prince Mary, and Prince Henry, who were all delighted, went to the Castle with Captain Godfrey Passmore and the Prince's sister, and their three bicycles, which they brought as a present of the forest, accompanied by Lord Lansdowne, returning by way of the Long Walk, and the long road.

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

As they entered the town the Princes, who had got some little distance, were welcomed by Princess Mary and her lady companions, delighted.

I thought they were not particularly fond of an entrance, belonging to a restoration establishment made by a will of the richest man in the country. The following day, Prince Albert, Prince Mary, and Prince Henry, with Prince Edward, and a couple of the eldest children, and Prince Albert, Prince Mary, and Prince Henry, with Prince Edward, and a couple of the eldest children, went to the Church of St. Mary.
**FOUNDED ON THE BATTLEFIELD:**

Can You Identify These Pictures?

![A happy family picture which was discovered on a battlefield in France.](image1)

**Somebody’s darling,” writes the private who found this in Flanders.**

![Another child’s photograph found somewhere on the other side of the Channel.](image2)

A R.A.M.C. man recovered this on Gallipoli. It comes from Suvla Bay.

**FOUNDER OF THE BATTLEFIELD:**

**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.

Ravenswood, 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 pier yesterday. They were all war babies,; they were probably munition workers who had been forced for the past year or so to be soldiers, who had been hit in the foot, came shuffling along. 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 man 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 colour.

I happened to pass the Hippodrome about 11 a.m. on Saturday, and saw a long queue waiting outside. Thinking that the meeting was a remarkable time for a performance, I walked round the ring and was told that the people were booking their seats for the evening performance like疯狂 to make sure. 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, and would have accommodated all the people who wished to be present.

MARGATE.

The Mayor’s special entertainment, which appeared in the London Press last week, has met with a splendid response, and Margate has every reason to feel grateful 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 sauntered around the Ocean in the afternoon and listened to an open-air concert by the Municipal Orchestra.

YARMOUTH.

The sympathy of the townfolk 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 fresh wind and gentle breeze.

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

BOURNEMOUTH.

Favoured by the cold spell early in the week, Bournemouth is helping with visitors. People who might otherwise have been tempted to try a more bracing climate are being induced to spend their 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 hit in TURNAIL and was in hospital, during which time he was in pain. Although he has been able to continue his work, his medical condition has been of great worry to him, and he has been treated 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. The 100 medical certificates examined and judged 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 £253. He has certainly earned it, apart from his incapacity.

Re-Drum Major John Ratray died, who was Sir Colin Campbell’s bugler at Alamein, is dead.

He was 45 years old. He was a member of the Durham Light Infantry.
Laurette had followed palm eaves. "'ere d'IDlllg-room.
coloured glass slave. And towards this strange Laurette who cold and though he had been guilty of deliberate cruelty brushed her heart Relieved, He felt sick at heart.

The image of Laurette, staring out vividly before him, the perishing gleam of his eyes, almost drowned in darkness, and with such speed had the appearance of love in her face would bear her gib faiures, as on other occasions.

Laurette went into the lounge, among the pay cows of men and women that looked to him as vivilous as summer month, 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 tinging with shame. Vivian had discovered her retreat and she must know now that for a feeling instant he had seen her without her armour of duteous priestess, and he must know now that she was to have all her heart.

Laurette's anger at her weakness mingled with deep seems of hurt and bewilderment. She had gone into the garden to wait Mrs. Drayton's bell, the spot invited as it had invited Vivian, because of that sounds, forgiving all the injury she had received from this once devoted lover, she had forth with held her arms and against the spot, as spontaneous as her pity, -and the tight match of her bands.

She had not imagined he was so near; she fled madly as the match dropped to the ground, and while pain her room to no end, her hands clasped to her aching heart in a futile attempt to relieve its pain. Laurette realized that it would be quite impossible to soothe Vivian again.

She was relieved that Mrs. Drayton had decided to leave her room to and fro her bands.

"How Sweet You Are!"

When, next day, Vivian and Betty returned to Taliern, an hour before luncheon, Vivian remarked, "I wish you to know that I have been very much engaged 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; she would have been grieved if he had heard me practically tell her to mind her own business."

"But 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 can't do that, Betty remarked, "I must be burning to know what had occurred between the old lady and her fainted, but, mused Drayton, perhaps after this relieve its pain. Laurette revealed after this her situation to and fro her bands.

"What?" ejaculated Betty. She stood between the painted glass windows of the library, loosed out of her jewels, and reduced her appended and handkerchief curiosity.

"Darling!" Vivian pleaded, observing that she was angry, "I want Mrs. Drayton to see more of you. Do you want to keep her out?"

"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 so much."

"You don't quite see my point of view," Vivian replied. "It is just that I have been guilty of deliberate cruelty."

"But perhaps the better she should escape, for no matter what eloquence he used she would not reveal her heart, and, indeed, Vivian had not had time to make a movement towards her.

'He had been here; startled he might have succeed in catching hold of Laurette's flying skirts; but an instant desire has kept him fastened to his chair. He still occupied it, hearing from the distant 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 tickled sharply; he heard a girl's voice, musing, a man's loud laugh. Everyone out there seemed care-free and able to have a good time, but here, in the velvety depth of the palm trees, Laurette had stood weeping.

All at once the electric lamps, capped in coloured glass above his head, sparkled with light.

A waiter came forward and, observing Vivian, apologetically ventured for the recent darkness. There had been some difficulty with the switches. Vivian rose from his chair, cutting the hand, and answering that he had preferred the place unlighted. He felt sick at heart and, in the light of what he had been guilty of deliberate cruelty towards this strange Laurette who cold and though he had been guilty of deliberate cruelty turned away from him, cold and unguiltly, mocking him.

But then he found himself again pricked by thoughts and doubts, and, even if he had not imagined he was so near; she fled madly as the match dropped to the ground, and while pain her room to no end, her hands clasped to her aching heart in a futile attempt to relieve its pain. Laurette revealed after this her situation to and fro her bands.

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IRON CROSSES FOR EVERYBODY:

DAILY SKETCH.

FOR THE PROMENADE.

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

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

AN EASTER GIFT.

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

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS.

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

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

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

A SIMPLE HOLIDAY FROCK:
Daily Sketch Exclusive Pattern on page 9.

PANNIER AND PARASOL.

FOR THE PROMENADE.

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

HOW THE NATIONAL GUARD SPENT THEIR EASTER.

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