

TALK OF EUROPE

IN London, recently, Miss Daisy Ashford gave a reading from *The Young Visitors*. A reporter from the *Observer* was present. He remarks:

Miss Daisy Ashford, the authoress of *The Young Visitors*, gave her first public reading of her book at No. 15 Montagu Square, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mathias. The proceeds are to be devoted to the funds of the British Drama League.

Dressed in a clinging costume of black charmeuse, and a picture hat covered with silver-gray plush, Miss Ashford mounted the small rostrum that had been arranged on one side of the drawing room, and nervously turned over the leaves of her book, while Mr. Norman Wilkinson introduced her to the audience.

'There are some people,' said Mr. Wilkinson, 'who believe that Miss Ashford does not exist, and that Mr. Barrie wrote the book. But it is a fact that she did write it, and that Mr. Barrie wrote the preface to it for nothing, because he thought it was such a wonderful production.'

Miss Ashford, reading rapidly in a low-pitched and pleasant voice, ther recited to the audience the adventures of the immortal Mr. Salteena, who 'was not quite a gentleman,' and the unconventional Ethel and her successful lover. Although probably everyone in the room had read *The Young Visitors*, its authoress had the satisfaction of hearing a continuous ripple of laughter throughout the narration. At the beginning of her reading Miss Ashford was obviously suffering from nervousness, but as she progressed she gained composure.

In a brief interval Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, the honorable secretary of the League, put up to auction a first edition of *The Little Visitors*, with the signature of the authoress on the title page. After being started at £25, it was knocked down to Mr. Robert Mathias for £36.

At the conclusion of the reading a representative of the *Observer* asked Miss Ash-

ford if she intended to publish any more of her juvenile literary productions, and was informed that there was no such intention at present. Miss Ashford also stated that she will not attempt another book.

Not long ago Admiral Sims was taken to task by certain American pro-Sinn Feiners for his story of the riot which took place at Cork between the bluejackets of the U.S.N. destroyer flotilla and the civilian population. Evidently Cork is no isle of quiet, for there has been another shindy, this time between the inhabitants and the British soldiery. The following report of the affair, taken from the *London Chronicle*, throws a real light upon conditions in Ireland.

A serious conflict has occurred in Cork between men of the Shropshire Light Infantry and civilians, and a pitched battle took place, resulting in many casualties on both sides.

Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry were called out to assist the police (who were armed with rifles) in restoring order. During the conflict stones, jam pots, flower pots, sticks, buckle ends of belts, and revolvers were used.

Rioting lasted for nearly three hours, during which time plate glass shop windows were broken and looting took place.

Nearly forty people were attended to at the local hospitals, but the majority of those injured were treated privately.

The affair originated on Sunday night in a row between soldiers of the Shropshire Light Infantry and civilians.

Banding themselves together, the Shropshires are said to have attacked the civilians, and during the quarrel several people sustained minor injuries.

Police, aided by an armored car, turned out and cleared the streets, and the Shropshires were conveyed back to barracks under armed pickets.

Recently a body of them, two hundred strong, again advanced into the city from

their barracks. A cordon of police tried to stop them, but they burst their way through and immediately came into contact with the people in the streets. Buckle ends of belts were freely used, and the citizens retaliated with volleys of stones.

In a moment the streets became full of fighting groups. The police were unable to separate the parties, though they charged with bâtons several times.

Reinforcements were telephoned for, and all available police were rushed to the city under the command of the county inspector. They charged again and again, but the fighting went on with greater fury.

In one of the rushes revolver shots were fired, and Assistant-Provost-Marshal Harris fell wounded. Women and girls were knocked over, and soldiers who became separated from their comrades were chased into theatres and hotels.

One soldier who dashed up the stairs of a leading hotel was followed by a group who hurled stones at him. He was seriously hurt, and had to be taken to hospital.

The Shropshires entered a railway sta-

tion, and broke all the glass on the premises. Another fierce fight followed, and the police again charged several times, using the butt-ends of their rifles to separate the troops and people.

Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry were turned out, fully equipped, and drew cordons across the streets, but the fighting was transferred to other parts.

At one time the riot became so serious that the officer in charge of the troops gave the order to fire, but before the shots rang out Inspector Clayton asked for one last chance to clear the streets.

In this the police were fairly successful, and at length armed pickets had the Shropshires under control, and turned them toward their barracks. Even then the affair did not end and the route from the city to the barracks is marked by broken windows and street lamps.

One soldier entered a house, and threw crocks and jam pots at the people in the streets. A fusillade of revolver shots was fired at him, but he escaped injury by withdrawing.

The damage done to property is immense.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

H. W. Nevinston is an English journalist and author.

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Christopher Lange, editor and publicist, is secretary of the inter-parliamentary union.

Henri Bergson is the most widely known and read French philosopher.

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Alice Meynell, poet and essayist, is the author of several volumes of delicate and distinctive work.