

DISASTROUS AUSTRIAN DEFEAT IN ITALY.

DAILY SKETCH.
THE PREMIER PICTURE PAPER.

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ONE PENNY.

EARL LOVELACE'S
DAUGHTER WEDS.

ITALY STANDING FIRM.

JIM LARKIN
ARRESTED.

Lady Evelyn King, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lovelace, and Captain Miles Graham, Life Guards, were married yesterday. The photograph was taken as the bride and bridegroom were leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton.—(D.S.)



Italy celebrated the anniversary of her entry into the war with patriotic fervour at home and with determined resistance to the enemy's new offensive at the front.
—(Exclusive.)



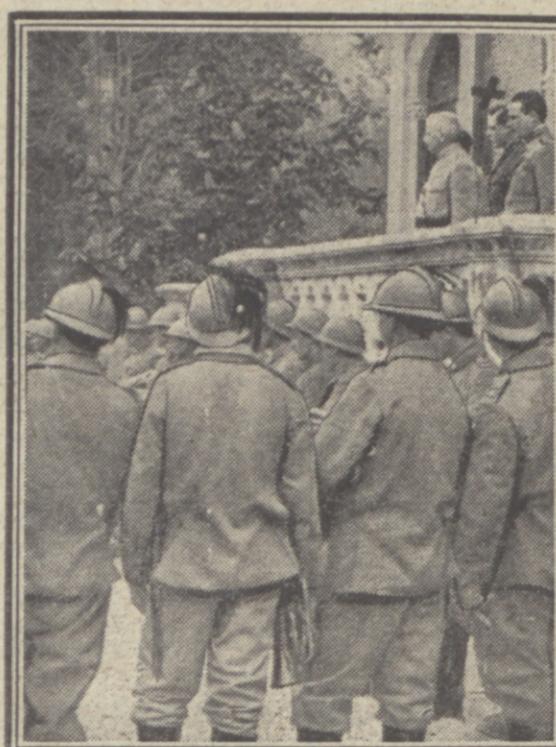
The Prince of Wales reviewing a number of Italian regiments before they proceeded to the front, where the Allied armies are stoutly holding the Austro-German attacks.



Jim Larkin, who paraded New York as the President of the "New Irish Republic," has been arrested, charged with circulating seditious literature. Jim complains bitterly of the loyalty of Irish-Americans.—(Daily Sketch)



Italian troops going up into the line. Their infantry are counter-attacking with splendid vigour.—(Exclusive.)



The Prince of Wales hears the band of the Bersaglieri.—(Exclusive.)



Italians at the front, ready to meet the Austrians' new offensive, which extends over a 90-mile line from the Asiago to the sea.

STATE ASSETS.

Chance For Every Child Of Being Brought Up Fit And Well.

MOTHERHOOD ENDOWMENT

The Burden Of Financial Anxiety Should Be Listed.

By MISS MAUDE ROYDEN.

It is good news to all who are interested in social questions that the National Commission on the Decline of the Birth Rate, whose important report was issued a year or so ago, should have been reconstructed with—I believe—broader terms of reference, and will continue its sittings, and issue another report.

One gathers from the terms of reference that the Commission will take evidence on subjects closely connected with the decline of the birth-rate, but more with its social causes than the subjects investigated previously, and will no doubt make recommendations based on these inquiries.

A Good Maxim.

We shall want babies just as much when the war is over; indeed, we shall want them more.

That every child should be regarded as an asset to the State if it has a fair chance of being brought up fit and well is a maxim which the war has branded upon our minds.

The question then is: how to ensure that each child shall have at least this minimum of a chance.

At present a good husband in the working classes gives his wife almost the whole of his earnings; but he does this whether he has one child or six. Consequently every child that is born takes away something of the share that would otherwise go to his elders.

This does not matter so long as there is enough for all, but among wage-earners the point is quickly reached when the parents have to weigh their chance of giving another child enough without taking away something that is really essential to the elder ones.

Birth-Rate Restriction.

The means of restricting the birth-rate are now known to almost all; it is not only the middle classes, but the workers who know what these means are, and are practising them. And it is useless to call this a crime, and speak of it as pure selfishness when, as a matter of fact, it is very often the outcome of a genuine desire not to do an injustice to the children already born. (There are, of course, means of restriction which are a crime, whatever their motive. It is not of these that I speak.)

If every mother were assured of an increase to the family income which would ensure to the coming child at least subsistence, many families would be, at all events, a little larger than they are to-day.

Mothers do not shrink from the sacrifice involved in motherhood; but they do shrink from exacting sacrifice from their children which involves taking from them what is actually essential to their growth, development and education.

Greater Independence.

But we must remember from all this that if women are to bear children in the future it will be voluntary—which is all to the good; there is nothing sadder than an unwanted baby.

If we are to lift the burden of financial anxiety and overwork which at present rests on the shoulders of many married working women, we must do it by ensuring to her greater independence, and to her child at least the means of subsistence.

It may be argued that such a system of endowment of motherhood applied, not only during the war to the wives of sailors and soldiers, but to the whole population, would be a direct encouragement to the worst classes of the community to bear larger numbers of children.

I believe those who know the "Submerged Tenth" best would agree that it is precisely among them that there is no restriction whatever of the birth rate. They have reached a point of sordid misery at which foresight and prudence cease to operate. It is a physical impossibility for them to bear more children than they are bearing now.

Only The Best.

On the other hand, it is precisely among the working classes that the endowment of motherhood would make just that difference which would enable prudent, thoughtful and responsible parents to undertake the care of larger families.

In other words, we should be breeding from the best stock of the country and not from the worst; neither the idle and dissipated rich nor the idle and dissipated poor would be affected by the measure.

SECURE YOUR COPY.

Daily Sketch readers who wish to ensure getting their paper each morning should fill in this form and hand it to their newsagent.

I desire you to reserve a copy of the "Daily Sketch" for me

Name _____

Address _____

MAKE THEM HAPPY!

Overseas Patients Who Are In Need Of Hospitality.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

A "Blighty" wound may not always bring the happy anticipations to the soldier from overseas that it does to the man who knows that once in England he will be among familiar scenes and voices.

It is enormously important that we of the Old Country should make "Blighty" have a happy meaning for our cousins from the Dominions. At the Queen's Hospital for facial and jaw cases at Frogmore (registered under the War Charities Act, 1916) there are many Canadian and other overseas patients.

Even in cases where their wounds are not of so severe a nature as to make them voluntarily avoid visitors, these patients are necessarily in need of our hospitality.

The *Evening Standard* fund for the Frogmore Hospital is for the purpose of providing recreation for the officers and men of home and overseas forces whose injuries necessitate their seclusion and slow treatment for facial and jaw wounds. Every reader who has a glimmering of insight or imagination will realise the peculiar claim of these sufferers, and will be eager to contribute.

Cheques and postal orders should be sent to the Editor, *Evening Standard*, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.4. All subscriptions will be acknowledged in the *Evening Standard*. The total so far is £2,266.

FROM CLASS C TO GRADE 1.

Carpenter Who Maimed His Fingers With A Band-Saw.

For self-mutilation to avoid active service John Henry Brown, joiner, at Bristol, yesterday, was fined £10 or 61 days' imprisonment.

Brown said he was originally passed Grade 3 and subsequently Grade 1, which he objected to, because he suffered from the result of a broken left ankle, which unfitted him for marching. On June 5 he bored two holes in a piece of wood, placed two fingers through, and cut them off with a band-saw. He did it under great mental strain, and as a protest against the grading.

CLAPHAM BY-ELECTION.

Mr. Harry Greer (Coalition) and Mr. H. H. Beamish, who has the support of Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., were nominated yesterday for the



CAPT BEAMISH



MR. GREER

Parliamentary seat at Clapham, rendered vacant by the elevation of Mr. G. D. Faber to the peerage. Polling takes place on Friday.

AN UNOFFICIAL FLAG DAY.

Mrs. Godfrey, wife of the vicar of Sunbury, was summoned at Feltham yesterday for causing a flag day collection on May 18 for the Y.M.C.A. but without having obtained a police permit. Miss Cesaryn Byl, a Belgian, was also summoned for permitting a boy of 12 to collect. Each lady was ordered to pay the costs.

It was stated that the official flag day was May 10, but Mrs. Godfrey was unable to do anything on that day owing to illness. She therefore made arrangements for the following Saturday.

M.C. FOR JOURNALIST D.C.M.

The Military Cross has just been awarded to Second Lieutenant Eric F. Stowell, who at the time of his enlistment in the R.F.A., shortly after the outbreak of war, was a member of the editorial staff of the *Daily Dispatch*.

Two years ago, when a corporal, he gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal in France.

THINGS PEOPLE SAY.

The best mode of teaching is apprenticeship.—Lord Halsbury

I would rather see women drivers. They are more careful.—Dr. Waldo, London City Coroner

Should the war continue indefinitely, and that appears to be at least a possibility.—Prof. Margoliouth.

I am against the Kaiser and his class. I believe they are devils incarnate.—Mr. John Hill (Boilermakers' Secretary).

There has been no attempt to make Primitive Methodists into Wesleyans; it cannot be done.—Rev. A. T. Guttry

Since the commencement of the war I have been a great beggar. If there be anything more delightful than begging in England, it is begging in Ireland.—Sir Arthur Stanley

Last year, the first of my mayoralty, was the first time there was a feasted mayoral lunch, and it was a success, as nobody was found afterwards under the table. They all walked home straight.—Mayor of Stockport

GIFTS FROM HEAVEN.

Hindenburg And Ludendorff Sent By God, Says Kaiser.

HENCE, GERMANY WILL WIN

Wilhelm Hohenzollern, on Saturday, celebrated at German headquarters the 30th anniversary of his accession to the throne. W. Hohenzollern, junior, and his uncle Heinrich, who masquerades as a sailor, were there, and during the day Hindenburg turned up. Quite a nice little gathering.

Hindenburg handed the Kaiser a number of oral bouquets, and without removing his tongue from his cheek hailed the All Highest as a lover of peace, and hoped he would have a pleasant time after the war. Evidently, Hindenburg expects much from the Entente.

This brought the Kaiser to his feet. He described his hard, but profitable work, during the 26 years of peace, which ended in July, 1914, to maintain and develop the army.

"When war clouds darkened our horizon," said the Kaiser, "I hoped God would put the right men in the right place.

They Slid Down A Rain-bow.

"Well, I wasn't disappointed. In you, Marshal von Hindenburg, and in General Ludendorff Heaven has bestowed upon us the very men to lead our nation in arms to victory."

When the applause had subsided, the Kaiser mentioned that the intervention of Britain had led to a world struggle. If the German principles of Right, Freedom, Honour and Morality were not upheld, the Anglo-Saxon idolatry of Mammon would be victorious.

"That's why I thank Heaven for putting Hindenburg and Ludendorff on our side," declared the Kaiser. "Every German knows why he is fighting, and in consequence victory will rest with us."

The Kaiser then toasted Hindenburg, Ludendorff and the Army, says Reuter.

Kaiser's Anxiety For Wounded Enemies.

Wilhelm's chronicler, Karl Rosner, tells the following story:—Recently on the Aisne front, the Kaiser saw two wounded and unconscious Britons. He had them revived, chatted to them, and sent them to hospital. After supper he remarked:—

"When the enemy is beaten we must care for him with all the powers and means given us. A beaten enemy is no longer an enemy for us. If those over yonder think and act otherwise that's their affair."

"We Germans will preserve our conception of Christian duty towards the ill and wounded. We will so wage war and so treat those beaten in battle that one day, when all this terrible business is over, and men again extend a hand to one another, we may be able to recall with clear conscience and without remorse every day and every act of these hard times."

Rosner does not say if the Kaiser dealt with the bombing of hospitals and the torpedoing of Red Cross ships.

ROSE DAY TO-MORROW.

Queen Alexandra will arrive at Marlborough House from Sandringham to-day, in order to bear her accustomed part in Alexandra Day.

She will leave Marlborough House at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon to visit the rose-sellers in some of the principal streets. She will drive through St. James's-street, Piccadilly, Apsley-gate, Hyde Park (East Side), Marble Arch, Oxford-street, New Oxford-street, Holborn, Holborn-viduct, Newgate-street, Cheapside, Poultry, Bank, Queen Victoria-street, Cannon-street, St. Paul's-churchyard, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, Strand, Trafalgar-square, Cockspur-street, Pall-mall, back to Marlborough House.

SOLDIER DIGS HIS WIFE'S GRAVE.

Volunteer grave-diggers are at work in Cardiff cemeteries because the Corporation workmen are on strike.

One soldier who came home on leave to bury his wife had to dig the grave, and soldier comrades helped him to complete the burial.

A REAL CONFERENCE OF EMPIRE.

The second meeting of the Imperial War Conference at the Colonial Office yesterday included for the first time representatives of all the Dominions and of India.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

"Gimcrack's" selections for the first day of the Second Extra Meeting, at which several Aces substitutes will be decided, including the Gold Cup to-day, are:—

1.30.—ELEVATOR. 3.45.—ARION.
2. 0.—THE PANTHER. 4.15.—ATROCITY.
2.30.—SILVER BULLET. 4.45.—D. BLEWIN.
3.10.—GAINSBOROUGH. 5.15.—ALLIANCE.

Double.

THE PANTHER and SILVER BULLET.

TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald).—2 22 16 9 17 26 4
3 4 15 2 13—25 22 9 18 16 4 9
DESMOND (Empire News).—*6 18 4 8 10 12 4—26 16 13 6
18 4 26 16 13 21—1 4 23 13 18 4.
GALLIARD (Sunday Chronicle).—*14 15 18 9 1 24 14 16
25 15 17—12 26 16 24 7 24 7 9—3 17 5 7 15 12 15 6 7 16.

BOXING.—At the Ring, Joe Conn, Bow, outpointed Curley Walker, R.F.A., in 20 rounds. At the N.S.C. Mike McAdam (Scottish bantam weight champion) was disqualified in the 7th of a 15 rounds bout with Private Tom Noble (A.S.C.)

CHEERFUL STOCK MARKETS.

Stock markets yesterday were very cheerful, and there was a continuance of demand for industrial securities, which further improved. Home railway stocks were also in favour, and War Loan 5 per cent. stock rallied to 93 7-8.

Excited dealings took place in oil shares. Shells further advancing to 7 5-2 while Burmah closed at 7 7-8 after changing hands at 8.

AMERICAN COTTON (Close).—New York steady, July 14 and August 64 points up, other options 2 to 24 down; June 26.41, July 26.49, Aug. 26.09, Sept. 25.05, Oct. 24.53, Nov. 24.29, Dec. 24.18, Jan. 24.04, Feb. 24.00, March 23.95. New Orleans steady, January 32 and other positions 8 to 11 points down; July 27.97, Oct. 23.69, Jan. 23.04.

U-BOAT'S GRIM FATE.

Vessel Strikes Mine And Crew Die Agonising Deaths.

HUMAN TORPEDOES.

One of the grimmest stories of the war is bound up with the destruction of a large U-boat, which was among the last to leave Zeebrugge before Keyes boomed up the harbour.

The U-boat had not gone far from Zeebrugge when there was a heavy external explosion due to a collision with a mine, which shook the vessel from end to end.

Water began to pour in aft, the vessel failing to answer any endeavours to bring it to the surface.

The only chance of escaping alive was to force open the conning tower and forward hatches, and trust to the compression of air in one part of the vessel to force each man, torpedo-like, clear to the surface.

The commander and the engineer officer took their places in the conning tower, and an endeavour was made to open one of the torpedo hatches, but the outside pressure proved too great.

Unable To Hold Out Longer.

Denser became the air, till some of the imprisoned men could hold out no longer and, stuffing their men, nostrils and mouths with cotton wool, threw themselves headlong into the water to die.

One man tried to shoot himself with his revolver, but it missed fire and he hurled it into the bottom of the ship, and he jumped after it.

The air pressure at last became sufficient to enable them to force open the forward hatches and the conning tower hatch. The men who were still alive escaped through the hatch, only to go through another terrible ordeal.

The compressed air shot them to the surface, and scarcely had they reached the sea-level than the pressure of air burst their lungs, and with a blood-curdling yell some 20 of them sank.

A British trawler passing the spot hastened to save life. The two survivors of the crew of 40 odd were in a state of nervous collapse, also suffering from the effects of the air pressure on the lungs, which had caused hemorrhage.

BIG PIECE OF BLUFF.

Sir R. Wemyss On The German Effort To Frighten America.

Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the First Sea Lord, is not very greatly impressed with the U-boat enterprise on the other side of the Atlantic.

"If I were inclined to bet," he told a representative of the Associated Press,

AUSTRIA'S GREAT OFFENSIVE A DISASTROUS FAILURE.

FIERCE BATTLE FOR VENICE.

Italians Strongly Holding Repeated Austrian Attacks On The Piave Front.

HEAVY ENEMY SACRIFICES IN VAIN.

Austria's great offensive, designed to knock Italy out of the war, has become a disastrous failure. The British official report speaks plainly of the enemy's "severe defeat."

What our French friends call the repercussion of this affair will be most acutely felt in Austria, where there is already more than a hint of revolution.

HEEDLESS OF LOSSES.

Austrians' Desperate Effort On The Piave.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL, Monday: On the Asiago Plateau and on the Grappa the enemy, who had on Saturday suffered heavy losses, limited his action yesterday to hindering with intense fire the counter-offensive of our own and Allied troops, who, however, were able at several points to gain partial successes and rectify the line.

Along the Piave the battle went on with extreme violence. The enemy, heedless of losses, continued his powerful pressure in order to extend his occupation on the Montello and open the way to the plains. Our troops have strongly engaged the enemy on the line Ciano (4m. N. of Montebelluna)—the Montello crest St. Andrea (10m. E.N.E. of Treviso).

They are bravely holding their positions on the river from St. Andrea to Fossalta (5m. S.E. of St. Andrea), and are effectively opposing the enemy's advance in the area in the front of the bends of S. Dona (18m. N.E. of Venice).

The prisoners taken from the beginning of the battle amount to more than 120 officers and 4,500 other ranks, including 716 captured by the British troops, and 261 by the French.

The air service has continued to take a very valiant part in the fighting, notwithstanding unfavourable flying conditions. Forty-four enemy machines have been brought down during the last two days.

BRITISH CAPTURES.

716 Prisoners, 4 Guns, 43 Machine Guns, 7 Flammenwerfers.

BRITISH (ITALIAN) OFFICIAL, Monday: There is little change on the British front.

The artillery battle has died down, and the enemy is reorganising after his severe defeat.

Captured maps show that his objectives were very ambitious, and included the capture of Mpau and Cima di Fonte.

The number of prisoners has increased to 716, including 12 officers. The total amount of captured material actually brought in is: 4 mountain guns, 43 machine-guns, and 7 flammenwerfers.

Considering the severity of the bombardment and the intensity of the fighting our casualties are very slight.

On Saturday and Sunday the Royal Air Force dropped over 300 bombs, and fired over 25,000 rounds of machine-gun ammunition at troops and transport attempting to cross the Piave.

VIENNA'S CLAIMS.

Capture Of Capo Sile, 15 Miles From Venice, Reported.

AUTRIAN OFFICIAL, Monday: Fighting activity on the Venetian mountain front was considerably limited yesterday owing to the weather and the mist.

Against violent attacks west of the Brenta our Alpine regiments maintained the mountain positions carried on the previous day.

In the high region of the Montello, Lieut. Field-Marshal Ludwig Goiginger's division advanced westward fighting their way.

On both sides of Oderzo-Treviso railway strong Italian counter-attacks broke down.

Infantry General von Csicseric's forces, on the south wing of Field-Marshal von Boroevic's Army Group, wrested from the enemy more ground west of San Dona, and captured Capo Sile (15m. N.E. of Venice).

Competing with the German, Austrian, and Hun-

garian soldiers, the Czech-Polish and Ruthenian battalions by their gallant behaviour gave a proof here that the attempts of the enemy, renewed daily for months, to seduce them to treachery and knavery have been unsuccessful.

As always our brave sappers and our battle and chasing planes have played a distinguished rôle in the battles of the last few days.

The number of prisoners brought in on the southwest front has increased to 12,000.

52 DIVISIONS USED.

Enemy Walked Into A Trap On The British Front.

The Austrians threw 52 divisions (624,000 men) into the battle, learns the *Daily Sketch* military correspondent, but neither German nor Bulgarian troops were engaged.

The whole attack completely failed. The number of prisoners claimed by the Austrians is greatly exaggerated. The enemy has nowhere succeeded in breaking the Italian line.

On the British sector the enemy walked into a strongly wired salient, which constituted a trap. He failed to get out, and lost heavily, especially in killed.

The Austrian lost practically five men to the British one, says Reuter's correspondent, quoting a British officer of high rank. On the Piave British airmen broke up at least seven brigades.

A semi-official Italian statement relates that north of Cesuna (south of Asiago) a British advanced group, passed and surrounded by the Austrians, resisted until a counter-attack freed them and at the same time captured 200 enemies.

KARL WITH HIS TROOPS.

The Emperor Karl is with his troops, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, who also states that German troops are participating in the offensive.

ON TO VERONA.

An Austrian order of the day which has fallen into Italian hands says that all the forces and all the material resources of the Monarchy are for the first time employed against the enemy.

"The entire Italian front will be attacked," says the order. "Trench warfare will give place to a war of movement, which will lead to the occupation of a country rich in food and resources. Let us therefore advance resolutely against Verona."

On the Piave front, says Reuter, the belligerents' forces are about equal, but Austria has larger reserves.

MERCHANT CRUISER SUNK.

Torpedoed By U-Boat: One Officer And 15 Men Missing.

ADMIRALTY, Monday: The armed mercantile cruiser *Patia* (acting-Captain W. G. Howard, R.N.) was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine on Thursday.

One officer and 15 men, including 8 of the mercantile crew, are missing, presumed drowned.

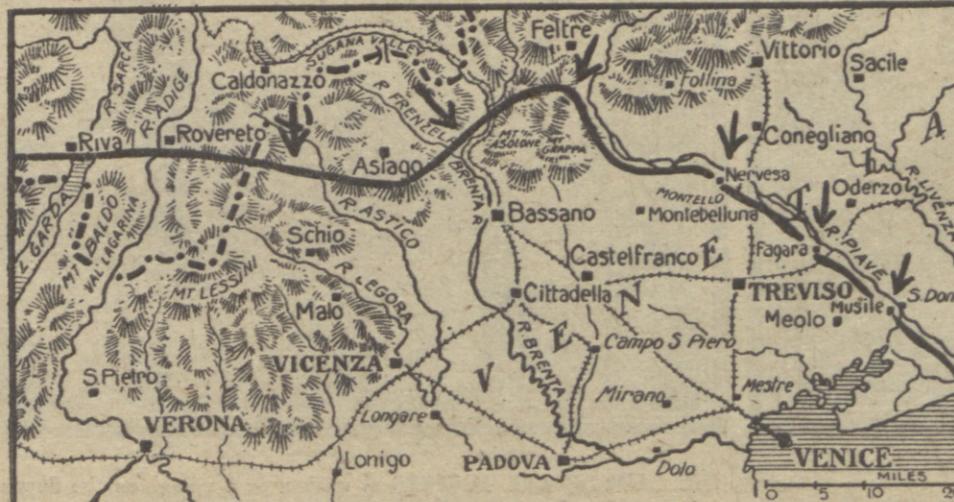
The *Patia*, 6,103 tons gross, Elders and Fyffes, Ltd., was built at Belfast in 1913.

TWO SHIPS SUNK OFF U.S.A. COAST.

The Norwegian four-masted barque *Kringsjaa* (1,750 tons gross, 1886) was sunk by a submarine on Friday. A United States warship rescued the crew off the Virginia coast, at the same place where the Norwegian barque *Samoa* (1,138 tons, 1886) had been destroyed the same day. Both vessels belonged to Christiansand.

Saturday night's raid on Paris caused six casualties.

Over £30,000,000 has been spent by America on railways in France.



CAPORETTO AVENGED

Italian Premier's Message To Enthusiastic Chamber.

NO CAPITULATION.

Signor Orlando, Italian Premier, speaking in the Chamber, yesterday, declared:

Now that legions representing the oppressed nationalities of Austria, the Czechoslovaks, Slavs, and Rumanians are actually fighting by our side we reaffirm that if we are victorious our victory must be theirs.

Replying to the Socialist Deputy Modigliani, the Premier said the recent German peace offensive did not offer a single instance suggesting a peace honourable to the Entente.

"Between capitulation and death," he added, "our nation would prefer death. But have patience; in a few more days Caporetto will be avenged."

At these words the whole Chamber bounded to its feet and cheered enthusiastically for the army.

Deputy Chiaracchia, speaking in the name of the invaded provinces, said Italy would "never sign a peace which did not restore all her children to her."

The *Popolo d'Italia* says the Austrian offensive has chiefly a political objective—to force Italy to conclude a separate peace. This proves Austria's utter ignorance of Italian psychology. Nevertheless the Italian Government would do well to make more thorough the supervision of suspected persons.

22 GERMAN PLANES DOWN.

Enemy Airmen More Active: British Lose 12 Machines.

BRITISH OFFICIAL, FRANCE, Sunday, 8.45 p.m.: Uncertain weather interfered with air operations on Sunday, but a good deal of observation for artillery fire was carried out by our aeroplanes and balloons. Numerous photographs were taken, and many useful reconnaissances accomplished by our machines.

Enemy aircraft were active at times on the northern portion of the British front, and in the French battle-zone.

Eleven hostile machines were destroyed by us in air fighting, and nine driven down out of control. One German balloon was brought down in flames. In addition one hostile machine was shot down and another driven down out of control by our anti-aircraft fire.

We lost 10 machines during the day, six of which were working south of Montdidier.

We dropped 22 tons of bombs by day and 12 tons during the following night, heavily attacking the railways at Armentieres, Estaires, Comines and Courtrai, and Bruges Docks. Two of our night-flying machines failed to return.

GERMAN OFFICIAL, Monday: Eight enemy aeroplanes and eight captive balloons were brought down yesterday.

6 DAYS' R.A.F. TRIPS TO GERMANY.

Big Raids On Many Railways And Stations: Train Wrecked.

AIR MINISTRY, Monday: The following bombing operations into Germany were carried out by the independent force, Royal Air Force, from June 6 to 11 inclusive:

The railway station and sidings of Thionville were attacked four times. Several direct hits were observed on the station, and an explosion was seen near the Carlshutte works.

At Metz-Sabons, which was twice attacked, a train received a direct hit and was wrecked.

In all some six tons of bombs were dropped on these objectives, and a large number of rounds were fired from machine-guns at low altitudes.

Attacks were also delivered against Karthaus railway sidings and railway and munition factories at Hagendingen and Dillingen, some 3½ tons of bombs being dropped with good results. From all the expeditions all our machines returned.

OUR ARMY OF CIVIL SERVANTS.

It is announced that the larger departments of the Government employ approximately a staff of 94,000, at an annual cost of £13,308,000.

Late Edition

HUNS' GUN SPASM.

Curious Outburst During Night On British Front.

FRENCH GAIN GROUND.

Three Attacks Completely Smashed By Americans.

BRITISH OFFICIAL, FRANCE, Monday, 10.10 a.m.: We carried out a successful raid last night east of Arras, and captured a few prisoners.

An attempted enemy raid yesterday morning in Givenchy neighbourhood was repulsed.

For a short period during the night the enemy's artillery heavily bombarded our positions north-west of Albert. Elsewhere only normal activity is reported.

FRANCE, Monday, 7.29 p.m.: The enemy raided one of our posts last night east of Hebuterne. One of our men is missing.

Another hostile raiding party attacked our lines north of the Somme early this morning and was repulsed.

There was the usual artillery activity on both sides.

GERMAN OFFICIAL, Monday: Lively reconnoitring activity led to violent infantry engagements at many points.

South-west of Ypres and on both sides of the Somme fighting activity revived in the evening.

French Gain North Of Aisne.

FRANCE, Monday afternoon: Between the Oise and the Aisne, in a successful local operation this morning we extended our positions north and north-west of Hauterbray and took about 100 prisoners and some machine-guns.

In Caurieres Wood (Verdun) and the Vosges we repulsed enemy raids.

Monday night: Between the Oise and the Aisne we repulsed some enemy counter-attacks North of Hauterbray, and consolidated our gains of this morning. The number of prisoners we took here is 370. Twenty-five machine-guns and eight trench mortars also remained in our hands.

GERMAN OFFICIAL, Monday afternoon: On the battlefield south-west of Noyon artillery activity increased in intensity in the evening.

Between the Ourcq and the Marne we captured 120 prisoners in local raids.

The number of guns captured by our advance between Montdidier and Noyon has increased from 150 to more than 300, including some of the highest calibre. We also took far more than 1,000 machine-guns.

Reconnoitring detachments brought back prisoners from the French and American trenches in the Vosges and the Sundgau.

Americans Smash Three Attacks.

AMERICAN OFFICIAL, Sunday: This morning in the Woerre the enemy made a local attack against the left of our positions. During it there was brisk artillery fighting. The assailants not only failed to penetrate our lines, but were thrown back with severe losses, and left several prisoners, including an officer, in our hands.

In the Chateau-Thierry region two enemy local night attacks on the line Boursches-Belleau Wood were easily broken up. Artillery on both sides continues very active in this region and in Picardy.

Monday: There has been no important development at any of the points occupied by our troops in Picardy.

In the Chateau-Thierry region and in the Woerre artillery fighting of moderate intensity has occurred.

Patrols have been active in Picardy, in Lorraine, and the Vosges, where a hostile night raid was broken up by our fire.

GERMAN OFFICIAL, Monday: Between the Meuse and the Moselle we inflicted losses on the Americans by an advance on both sides of Xivray, and destroyed parts of their positions.

DAYLIGHT RAIDER'S SCUTTLE.

Had A Look At Kent Coast, But Would Not Face The Gunfire.

HORSE GUARDS, Monday: A hostile aeroplane crossed the Kent coast shortly after midday. It was fired at by the anti-aircraft defences, and made out to sea immediately.

The machine passed over the Isle of Thanet (a *Daily Sketch* correspondent states) flying very high.

There was an entire absence of panic when the alarm signals were sounded, and people quietly sought cover.

LETTING THEM DOWN NICELY.

London and Home Counties' M.P.s yesterday asked Sir Albert Stanley to withdraw the new regulations for season tickets.

Sir Albert gave a discourse upon the decrease of railway facilities and the need to curtail passenger traffic, especially trips for pleasure.

He sympathised with "season" holders who were under 18, and suggested that the deputation should wait until the effect of the new regulations could be more clearly seen.

Then he would be able to say more definitely what action, if any, he would be able to take.

When The Waacs Were Nervous



When the "Waacs" cooks in France are nervous—when a soldier juggler is "monkeying" with their crockery.—(Official Photograph.)

HAYMAKERS FROM HOSPITAL.



Convalescent soldiers and their nurses harvesting the hay crop in Devon. Both find the open-air work to their liking.

SHOT BY MADMAN.



Professor Pozzi, of Paris, shot by madman, who committed suicide.

LITTLE REFUGEES.



Little refugees from the forest of Compiegne halt for rest on their flight to safety.—(Exclusive.)

ALWAYS WORKING



Miss Muriel Brooks, in civilian employment, works at hospital on Sundays.

PRINCE'S MISSION.



Prince Arthur of Connaught (in uniform) in New York, en route for Japan to invest Emperor

SUPPLIES LABOUR.



Mr. C. F. Rey, the Director General of National Labour Supply.—(Swaine.)

AT THE PEERS' PARTY.



The Hon. Imogen Grenfell giving a cigarette to Capt. Lowry, a blinded British officer, at her father's seat, Taplow Court.



A pretty photograph of Lady Perrott and her children, Priscilla (elder) and Helena, a godchild of Princess Christian.—(Bassano.)



READY FOR A DRIVE.—A wounded Tommy at St. John's Catholic Hospital, Portsmouth, ready to enjoy a solo drive in the grounds.—(Bassano.)



BARRICADE THAT WAS STORMED.—A street in Chateau Thierry showing the barricade which the Germans raised in front of the Town Hall.



THE CAMOUFLAGE ARTISTS at work near a village on the Somme. Experience has made them masters of this curious wartime craft.



Miss K. M. Hager, matron, American Nursing Service, awarded R.R.C.—(Langford.)



French Territorials plucking the fowls they are careful not to leave for the Hunns.—(Exclusive.)



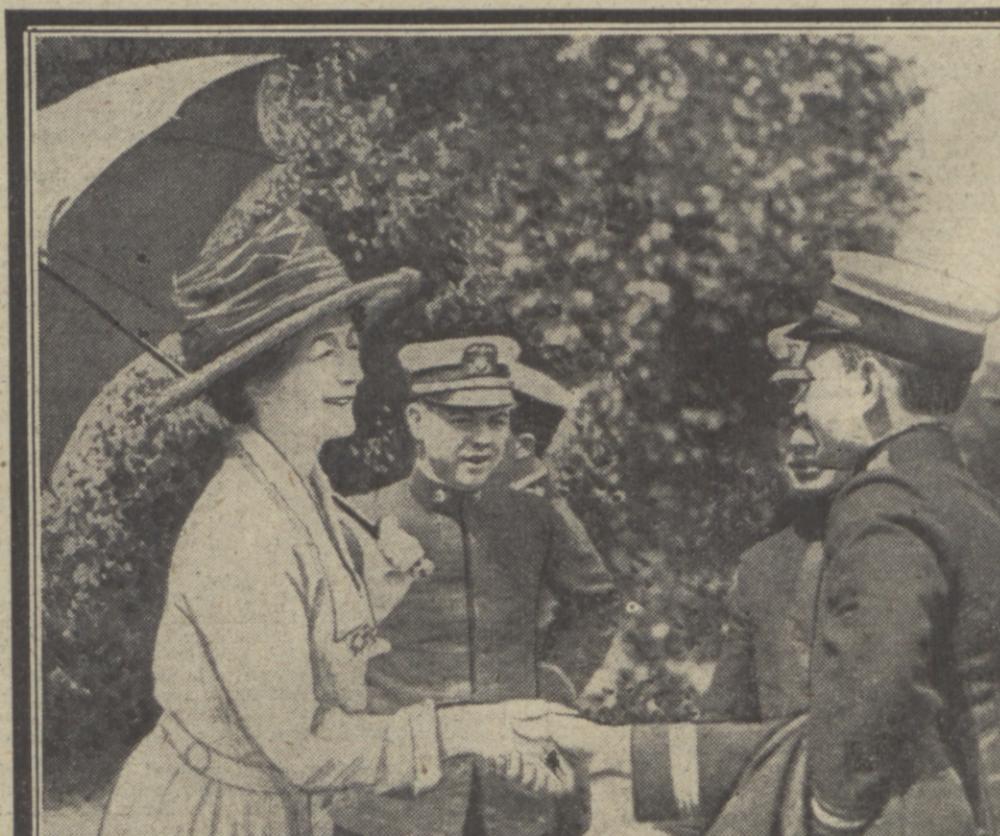
Miss May Leitch, international golfer, head masseuse at Croydon War Hospital.



Miss Edith Leitch, her sister, drives Air Board motor-car.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Lord Desborough, her father (with straw hat), at the tennis courts with some of his guests, who included a large party of American naval and military officers.



Lady Desborough cordially welcomed her guests from overseas, and escorted parties through the beautiful grounds, giving a racy account of the history of the district.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM THE BATTLE FRONT.

1. The Gas Alert.



As the visitor to the Trenches timorously foots it along the zigzag earthworks, no object that meets his eye so thrills him with the imminence of Danger as the Gas Alert.

There, on those bloody fields of France, the Londoner reaches the true "outer defences" of his own great city—of the island homes of Britain—of the British Empire! Were the enemy to succeed with his gas attack, storming the advanced trenches without serious loss, and press onward through the supports, each one of us in Britain would instantly share to some degree in the danger.

By so little does our ultimate safety depend in this titanic task of "holding the enemy." The chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and we are all links in the chain that guards our island homes.

Some must meet Danger up there at "Gas Alert," and these must be our bravest. But Bravery is in vain if there is not behind it all the multitudinous detail of force that constitutes the equipment of a mighty army. He each of us can help. Every pound we lend to our country goes to arm Bravery with the weapons that will overcome Danger when it first shows far away at the Gas Alert. Danger and Duty call TO-DAY.

Buy

National War Bonds

Every week
—as often as possible.

START NOW.

You can buy National War Bonds at any Bank, or from any Stockbroker. You can buy them in values of £5, £20, or £50 from any Money Order Post Office.



BEGIN THIS DRAMATIC NEW STORY TO-DAY.

Delamere's Wife.

Specially Written For The Daily Sketch By Elizabeth York Miller.

FIRST CHAPTERS. ROBERT DELAMERE, a solicitor, discovers that his wife, NORA, had been to prison for theft in her earlier days, when in the employ of Mrs. MALLORY, a wealthy client.

JACK FURNES, Mrs. Mallory's cousin, in love with Nora, turns up after years of absence.

Mrs. Mallory employs

detectives to find out

the source of Dela-

mere's income.

Nora loses her only aunt, and when in London arranging for the funeral, is joined by Robert, who seems strangely agitated, and says he is being followed.

Robert goes home on hearing his safe has been broken into. Nora hears from her maid that Mrs. Mallory had called the previous day.

DELAMERE'S STORY.

In the afternoon Delamere turned up again, primed with details not in Pinner's possession.

He looked tired out; and dropped down limply in a chair in the little reception-room which the landlady had kindly placed at Nora's disposal. He asked for a cup of tea. He had had no lunch on the go all day, he said.

His story differed from Pinner's, inasmuch as he claimed, that she must have left the catch off, either on Saturday, when she turned the study out, or on Sunday morning.

What had happened was this: the intruder had evidently entered the garden through the gap in the hedge which they had always been going to get filled up, crossed the stretch of soft turf, tried the study window, and, finding it unlocked, prised it open. After that it was easy to hoist himself up and enter the study.

No effort has been made to enter any other room, and no one knew whether or no the intruder wished to go into the other part of the house. The study door remained locked as Delamere had left it on Sunday afternoon. Early on Monday morning the gardener, sweeping up leaves at the back of the house, found the window open, and, looking in saw the safe door ajar and some papers scattered on the floor and desk.

Delamere said that the intruder had gone through all of his papers and made copious notes, judging from indentations on the blotting-pad. He might have worked there serenely for hours, quite undisturbed. The policeman on the beat remembered seeing a gleam of light from the study about midnight, but as he did not know that the master of the house was absent he paid no attention to it.

"And nothing was taken!" Nora exclaimed.

"Nothing at all. There isn't a thing missing, and there were nearly two hundred pounds in one drawer which was opened."

"But what did they make notes of, Robert?" she asked.

A shadow of uneasy doubt crossed Delamere's face.

"I can't be quite sure. Of investments, I think—and all my old pass-books had been gone through."

He passed a handkerchief across his forehead, on which beads of perspiration were standing out.

"And are they still following you—those men?" she whispered.

"No, by Jove! I've had a man of my own on my heels all day—Nora, I'm afraid!" he suddenly gasped out.

"What are you afraid of?" she asked. Something in his manner filled her suddenly with distrust.

He evaded a direct reply.

"I'm bothered to know who wants to pry into my affairs."

"Mrs. Mallory," she said, giving voice to that strange suspicion.

"Good heavens!" He jumped as though she had struck him. "What makes you say that—what do you mean by saying a thing like that?"

"She was in the house on Saturday morning—in the hall. Pinner left her there for a few moments to go upstairs for my address. She said she wanted to call on me, but she didn't come."

The Real Man Revealed.

There was a brief, strained silence. Then Delamere burst out in a torrent of rage:

"This is *you!* This is what comes of marrying a woman with a past like yours. Although, goodness knows, I would never have married you if you'd told me before. You have ruined me—that's what you've done. But, my word! you'll pay for it. Mrs. Mallory—why should she—? But, of course, when she discovered my wife's identity—look at the man you have ruined, and be pleased."

"Robert!" Nora cried, aghast.

She had never seen him like that, and she cringed away from him in fear. Suddenly he grasped her by the shoulders, shook her savagely, and flung her from him. She slid across the little room and knocked up against a table, hitting her forehead so violently that for a moment she lay stunned.

When she opened her eyes again the room was empty.

She sat on the floor, looking about her dully. She was bruised and hurt in body, aching like a broken thing, but above the pain her mind rose clear and strong.

Why had he turned on her like that? Did he really believe that she had ruined him? Could he be such an utter fool? Why had he accepted at once the theory that Mrs. Mallory was at the bottom of his persecution?

And then, by some insidious process common to

the psychology of women, her mind worked back to the day Mrs. Mallory had been so determined to examine her pearl necklace, and had laughingly valued it at two thousand pounds.

"Your husband must be a very successful man, my dear Nora," she had said.

Nora had accepted the remark as a compliment to Robert, but it occurred to her now that his rise had been extraordinarily sudden.

Groping In The Dark.

When they were first married he had been very close, and complained continually of how hard it was to get money in his profession. As regards pounds and pence, he was still very close, but his means had increased, and suddenly he had begun to fill up a jewel-case for her.

As each new bauble had found its way into it, he had replied to her protests by saying that diamonds and pearls were a good investment.

Now, as she sat half-stunned on the floor in the boarding-house reception room, Nora wondered about them.

What had been at the bottom of his generosity?

And where had the money come from?

Nora was terribly frightened. It seemed as though she was groping blindly towards a future which held possibilities of which she had not dreamed a week ago.

As Robert said, it had all begun with the unmasking of her own miserable little past. It must be her fault—but how? She would have staked her life on his integrity—that white, blameless man; that man so ready with the whip and scourge for the evildoer; that strange, passionless man with whom she had lived so long, and of whom she knew so very little really.

Now, insidiously, he had changed, or else a veil had dropped from her eyes. She had marked the sly, ill-concealed glances of understanding that had passed between him and Phyllis Moore; she had, herself, been the victim of a burst of temper which she had not known him to possess. Might there not be other things she had yet to discover about him?

Finally she gathered herself up, smoothed her hair, and shook the dust from her clothes as a preface to going on with life; but her head throbbed painfully, and she had a shock when she looked in the glass.

The bruise on her forehead was livid, and in one place the skin had been broken. There was something degrading in the sight of it; it was an outward sign of the moral indignity she had suffered.

She could not go down to dinner. She was too much shaken to face those sympathetic strangers who would all be wanting to know how she had come by that horrible thing on her forehead, and perhaps not believe her when she told the lie.

It was well after eight o'clock when she remembered suddenly that this was Jack's last evening in "Brighty," and that she had promised to spend it with him. She could not disappoint him.

She dressed herself quickly in the black clothes Pinner had brought, adjusted her hat low over the poor aching forehead, and shrouded her white face in a veil.

Shadowed.

As Nora went slowly down the steps of the boarding-house, a man detached himself from a lamp-post opposite and sauntered after her. The street was lonely, and she soon became aware that he was following her. She hurried on, thinking of pickpockets, but the man crossed over to the other side of the street, and when she had gained the main thoroughfare he seemed to have disappeared. What a pitiful state her nerves must be in to imagine things like this, she thought!

She waited for her omnibus to come along, and boarded it; but she would have been far from comfortable had she known that the strange man detached himself from another lamp-post a little way down the street and swung aboard, and aloft, as the vehicle passed.

Nora was unused to being out by herself at night, and in war conditions the experience was not very pleasant.

She felt an intense longing for the shelter of her own home—or some shelter, at least, where love might be found. Tears filled her eyes. She was going to—love. She knew that well enough. Love awaited her in the person of Jack Furness. She had but to reach out her hand and take it, and that was an impossible thing to do.

She found herself wishing that he had not come back—not just now, anyway—because it made life ever so much more difficult having him here. Tomorrow, however, he would be gone—but there was no consolation in that thought, either. Life was one hateful torment and perplexity.

"Broad-street at last!" She got out of the omnibus, and someone up aloft craned his neck over, and then made a hasty descent after her.

She crossed the road and walked through the arcade to Jermyn-street, and the man was not far behind. He was a curious-looking man, dressed, somehow, as though to distinguish his trade or profession. No one in the wide world would have taken him for anything but what he was. Why should a bowler hat be the hall-mark of the plain-clothes detective?

Nora, now, unfortunately, was quite unaware of his presence. She had forgotten him altogether, and there were enough people in the streets to render him inconspicuous.

He passed her as she stood on the doorstep, ringing the bell. He was walking back when the door opened, and Jack's soldier servant appeared to let her in.

(Do not miss to-morrow's instalment.)

Readers are requested to note that all the characters in this story are purely fictitious. The names are not intended to refer to any real person or persons.

CORNS—BUT WHY?

Corns, Callouses, Sore, Tired, Swollen, Aching, Perspiring Feet and any other foot misery.

To get rid of these tortures and stay rid of them try the healing, refreshing, medicated and oxygenated foot bath produced by well-known doctors and army officers to be by far the best foot treatment ever perfected by science. In boxes of convenient sizes and at very low prices from all chemists, who guarantee satisfactory results in every case, or will buy the empty box back at full-box price, immediately and without question or formality. Since this remarkably efficient product was first placed on the market, many years ago, every box has had the signed guarantee enclosed. Could anything be fairer or offer more convincing evidence of its amazing curative effects?

For Liver Disorders use Kalsel.—Advt.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR, THICK, WAVY, FREE FROM DANDRUFF.

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once.

Save your hair! Dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.

I immediately?

Yes! Certain?

That's the joy of it.

Your hair becomes light, wavy,

fluffy, abundant,

and appears as

soft, lustrous and

beautiful as a

young girl's after

an application of

Danderine. Also

try this—moisten

a cloth with a

a little Danderine

and carefully draw

it through your

hair, taking one

small strand at a

time. This will

cleanse the hair

of dust, dirt or ex-

cessive oil, and in

just a few

moments you have

doubled the

beauty of your

hair. A delight-

ful surprise

awaits those

whose hair has

been neglected or

is scrappy, faded,

dry, brittle or

thin. Besides

beautifying the

hair, Danderine

dissolves every

particle of dan-

druft; cleanses and invigorates the scalp,

for ever stopping itching and falling hair, but what

will please you most will be after a few weeks' use,

when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—

yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of

rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right

to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its

exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing prop-

KAPITAL.

LENIN, or Levinsky, has issued a decree directing Maxim Litvinoff, or Finklestein, "the Bolshevik envoy," still apparently in London, to give a million roubles (£100,000) to the family of Karl Marx wherewith to purchase a neat monument for his grave.

A FELLOW-FEELING makes us wondrous kind. Marx was a fine old Hebrew gentleman likewise. If the Russian people had any say in the matter, fed as they are to the teeth with the peace of Brest-Litovsk and bleeding under a tyranny which makes the Red Flag hang limp for shame, they might be more inclined to sink shafts than raise monuments.

WHOSE £100,000 is it that Levinsky decrees that Finklestein should give to the Marx family? From whom, in flat terms, has it been filched, commandeered, or appropriated? Is it "capital," or is it "surplus value" extorted from the honest proletariat? And who is Levinsky that he should be giving it away for the erection of sky-raking alabaster in London cemeteries?

EITHER Marx has done something for Russia or he has done nothing for Russia. Perhaps this lovely sackful of Russian public money for the decoration of his grave is intended to signalise the fact that he has done for Russia altogether. The point intrigues one. But I can tell you what Marx Mordecai has done for Lenin Levinsky and Trotsky Bronstein. He has made them the two biggest capitalists in Eastern Europe. Whereas three years ago neither of them could pay a laundry bill, both are now multi-millionaires. And I cheerfully admit that they would deserve to be thrown out of the synagogue if they weren't.

ONE way and another Marx might seem really to need a monument, inasmuch as, on their first practical application, his theories, as vulgarly conceived, are seen to explode. To the average demagogue who swears by him, but never reads him, he stands for "Down with capital!" The Russians have downed with capital, and the Levinskies for their part have upped and got away with it. AND this is the lesson. Capital cannot be abolished. You can't abolish it without taking it away. It is no good taking it away from the undeserving unless you give it to the deserving—preferably yourself. Naturally, you can bestow it on the State. Lenin, Trotsky and Co. are the Russian State.

IF the British Socialists made State property of what is left of our wealth in the morning they would be the State. They couldn't do it unless they were the State, and they would take jolly good care to be the State after it was done.

IT is so, also, with power and government, which, in point of fact, are of the same essence as capital. The Asquithites want Mr. Lloyd George out in order that they may go in. The H. G. Wellses and G. B. Shaws and Arnold Bennetts of this world are full of contempt for our "muddle-headed rulers" because they wouldn't in the least mind taking a hand at ruling us themselves. I would sooner be ruled by a fat woman in a penny show. But everybody to his taste.

AND, in a smal' way, you, the worker, can see the Lenin-Trotsky "das Kapital" act being performed by your leaders under your very noses. I don't need to go into details. But you can take it this way. When Bill the Bolshie drops out of the four-ale bar into the saloon it is a sign that he is a shop steward. When he forsakes Lockhart's and goes West for his dinner it is a sign that he has been called to the Trades Union Council. When he gives up working, except at whiskies and sodas, it is a sign that he is a candidate for Parliament. When he puts M.P. after his name it is a sign that he has got in. When he has his picture taken shaking hands with Crowned Heads it is a sign that he is a Cabinet Minister. And when he dies and goes the way of Marx, and his will is proved for a comfortable bank balance and rows of houses, it is a sign that he hankered like all of us for as much capital as he could get.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

ECHOES OF THE



Vote Of Credit.

THERE is the usual talk of exciting times and much criticism in the House over the Vote of Credit debate, but we've heard all that before, and I don't suppose heckling will be any more interesting than usual. Government makes up its mind how much it's going to tell, and tells that much and no more. All the same, certain admonitions may have got home.

"Flapper Finance." — Tommy Bowles (whom you see here) has got his heckling in any-way, and I thank him for that choice phrase "Flapper Finance."



To the Press yesterday he communicated nearly a column of sidelights on expenditure which might be more fittingly described as searchlights. They are all based on the official report of the Controller and Auditor-General's report on the accounts of the Ministry of Munitions, which has—or used to be credited with having—the most beautiful keepers of accounts and things ever seen off the musical comedy stage. The startling figures have been given before, of course, but I can't refrain from requoting the case of the contractor who was paid £111,362 19s. 11d. twice over, and who, when he notified the department of the error, was paid another £21,540, which had also been paid for. "Flapper Finance!"—a great phrase.

Good Volunteer Stuff. — I have no personal spite against Cuthbert, for I know that it's not his fault that he is still absolutely indispensable if he is over 25. Still, I think it is hardly fair, now that the men of 51 have to go, that he should get away from the office at 4 p.m. and play tennis for the rest of the evening with the dainty girl clerks from the office. Couldn't some arrangements be made for such men to join a Volunteer corps?

Good News From Quebec. — Sir Robert Borden, I learn, is daily receiving more satisfactory reports concerning the new spirit which is manifested in Quebec over the Military Service Act. He has now received the latest recruiting returns for that province, and these show that Quebec leads the other provinces in the number of men who have both voluntarily enlisted and complied with the new draft regulations.

French-Canadian Brigade. — The Minister of Militia and Defence reports that the numbers of young men enlisting are even larger than the drafts provided for by the amended Military Service Act, and Sir Robert Borden has accordingly sanctioned the formation of a French-Canadian Brigade, which, it is believed, will be speedily raised with volunteers rather than with conscripted men. Thus Canada now goes forward unitedly.

A Curiosity Of The Peerage. — In making Lord Clydesdale heir to the Duke of Hamilton's four earldoms, I find I was not quite accurate. The Selkirk earldom, one of the four, will go to Lord Clydesdale's next brother, Lord George Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, who would be known as Lord Daer but for the fact that a duke's younger son takes precedence of an earl's eldest son. This case is one of the curiosities of the peerage, and has often proved a pitfall.

How It Came About. — The first Earl of Selkirk was Lord William Douglas, who married a Duchess of Hamilton in her own right. He was created Duke of Hamilton for life, and resigned, with the Crown's consent, the Selkirk honour to a younger son on the condition that if the line of heirs failed, the earldom should revert to the Dukes of Hamilton, and leave the higher title again as soon as a duke died leaving more than one son.

Poetic Justice. — In leaving the historic Glenelg property to Mr. Brodrick Chinnery-Haldane, Lord Camperdown has administered poetic justice, for the estate belonged to the new owner's forbears. It was taken in 1799 by a Haldane heiress to the Duncans of Lundie, who became Earls of Camperdown, and thus, after nearly a hundred and twenty years, reverts to its original possessors. Mr. Chinnery-Haldane's first name comes through his mother, daughter of the Rev. Sir N. Chinnery, who, with his wife, was killed in the railway accident at Abergavenny in 1868.

Vote Of Credit And Waste—
Why Not A Luxury Tax
On Long Speeches?

Ulster Peer An A.D.C. — After a varied war career, the Earl of Clanwilliam (herewith), one of the Ulster Peers, has become an aide-de-camp on the Personal Staff, in place of Lord Newton's second son, the Hon. P. W. Legh. Lord Clanwilliam, whose heir, Lord Gillford, has just entered his fifth year, won the M.C. last year. He has been in a Service battalion of the Royal Irish Rifles and an A.P.M., and is on the Reserve of the Royal Horse Guards. He should find his new duties quite restful after those of an A.P.M.

Striped Service Ribbons. — The ribbons of the four new decorations for airmen—some of which have already made their appearance on tunics—mark an innovation. I know of no other service medal ribbon which has horizontal stripes instead of perpendicular bands of the colours. The result is not so effective as when the different colours are side by side, but there are to-day so many distinctions that it is a real problem to devise fresh combinations, and the new method is an ingenious way out of the difficulty, for colours already in use can be utilised again.

An Engagement. — Mr. H. J. King's eldest daughter, Gladys, is engaged to Captain E. C. Cobb, D.S.O., of the Northamptons. The prospective bride's father is a South African magnate whose own residence was that fine Piccadilly mansion recently converted into the Australasian Officers' Club. He now makes his home at Poles, a handsome Jacobean mansion near Ware. Mr. King goes in for bloodstock, one of his horses being Peter the Hermit, and he is also a connoisseur of china. He had a magnificent collection of Dresden, but sold it, I believe, just before the war.

Woman's Day. — Considerable consternation has been caused in the Civil Service by the appointment of a temporary woman clerk to a permanent post in the L.G.B. at a salary of £250, rising to £350. All the men's associations, I am told, have taken the matter up, and the Treasury is sure to receive numerous vigorous protests. One great grievance of the men is that the new higher grade woman clerk is the superior officer of men with 20 years' service!

Lord Knaresborough. — Lord Knaresborough (herewith), who doesn't seem much in love with luxury taxes, is quite a new peer himself, though he belongs to a very old family, which has been at Kirkby Hall some three hundred years, and was content with the name of Thompson till one of them married an heiress of the De Meyseys, who really did come over with the Conqueror. Then they became Meysey-Thompson, baronets and peers in quite a short time. Lord Knaresborough's heir, a gallant soldier, was killed in action three years ago.

Golden Silence. — The latest suggestion I hear whispered about luxury taxes is that a sliding scale should be introduced for parliamentary speeches, and that everything over twenty minutes should count at so much a minute—the total to be deducted from the member's salary. Someone suggested that, to adapt a classic saying, there won't be enough salary in some cases. Something of the same kind might be done about judicial witticisms.

To Help Our Allies. — Harry Tate's French War Emergency Fund matinée is to be held at the Empire (instead of the Palace) on July 2. There are several Royal patrons and a whole galaxy of stars, who, unlike the new star agitating the astronomers, will not wane.

In The Lift. — Two "Chairs" were the other occupants of the Tube lift which bore me to the surface of the Strand. After tidying up before the only mirror provided by a thoughtful railway company, one remarked to the other: "Do I look like a lady typist now?"

MR. GOSSIP.

TOWN



Get Ready For Rose Day.

TO-MORROW is Rose Day. Let's hope it will be fine and warm (writes Mrs. Gossip), so that Londoners can, as usual, turn out en masse to welcome their beloved Queen Alexandra, when she makes her annual tour through the metropolis. Flag days come and go, but Alexandra Day goes on for ever.

Australians In The Strand. — The Australia section will be, as usual, along the Strand, from the Hotel Cecil to Chancery-lane. Sir Peter and Lady Birdwood have given over the ground floor of the Victorian offices for their head dépôt. Miss Margaret Baxter, who has acted as hon. organiser of the Australia section for the past five years, will be in charge, assisted by a bevy of well-known Australians. Miss Baxter's section has always been one of the most successful. Mrs. W. M. Hughes, wife of the Prime Minister of Australia, and Lady Birdwood will assist Miss Baxter.

Friday's Matinee. — Miss José Collins (herewith) must be congratulated on the success her forthcoming matinée, on Friday, at Daly's Theatre, has already achieved.

She tells me the seats are nearly all sold, which, if you know anything about these charity affairs, is everything. Miss Collins has hit upon a novel idea. She intends being the first artiste to appear at her matinée, and the last. So if you turn up early or late you'll have a chance of hearing her. Other artistes who have to "open the ball" or be the very last turn will have no qualms about this matinée. By the way, it is in aid of the Willesden Red Cross Hospital, where 50 more beds are badly needed.

A New Ballet. — The Comtesse de Brionde (Paulette del Baye), whose Paris house was equipped as a hospital at her own expense and presented to the Government, will shortly be seen in a new Egyptian ballet. She tells me the dances she is choosing for herself and her attendants will be effective, but not extravagant. The Comtesse was famous for her toilettes in Paris, but preaches and practises war economies these days.

A Pretty Wedding. — Princess Alice, charmingly gowned in blue, with a blue and gold hat, was present yesterday at the marriage of Capt. Miles Graham to Lady Evelyn King, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. It was a very pretty affair, with a train of lovely girls in pale yellow, carrying hydrangeas and delphiniums. There was one small page in attendance on the bride, who wore soft draperies and a beautiful lace veil. Lord Lovelace gave his daughter away, and three parsons tied the knot.

Titled People In Church. — Lady Lovelace, wearing indigo satin and chiffon, received her Royal guest at the west door. Among the company were the Duchess of Buccleuch and her daughters, the Duchess of Buckingham, Lord and Lady Lichfield, Sir George and Lady Asquith, Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, and the Baroness Burton.

An "Infant Welfare" Matinee. — Lady (Owen) Philipps appeared in a charming grey chiffon gown in Princess Beatrice's box at the Gaiety Theatre yesterday for the matinée organised by Baroness Percy de Worms in aid of the West Islington Infant Welfare Centre. In an opposite box I noticed Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham, and in the stalls were the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Kemp (wearing black and a silver tissue toque), Mrs. Arthur James, Lady Llangattock, Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, and Mrs. Seymour Hicks.

Vi Lorraine's New Song. — An excellent programme was arranged. It included a recitation by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Claude Beddington, and a one-act play by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, in which Lady Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Scott Gatty appeared. Miss Violet Lorraine sang a new sentimental coster song with great effect. Miss José Collins, in a simple white frock, sang superbly with Mr. Thorpe Bates.

Camisoles. — To H. B. Waterlooville, Hants; Mrs. Stanley P. Att, Reading; Miss M. Synott, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland; Mrs. Watkins, Stirlingshire; and Mrs. Morgan, Long-acre, W.C., my best thanks for lovely camisoles.

DAILY SKETCH.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1918.

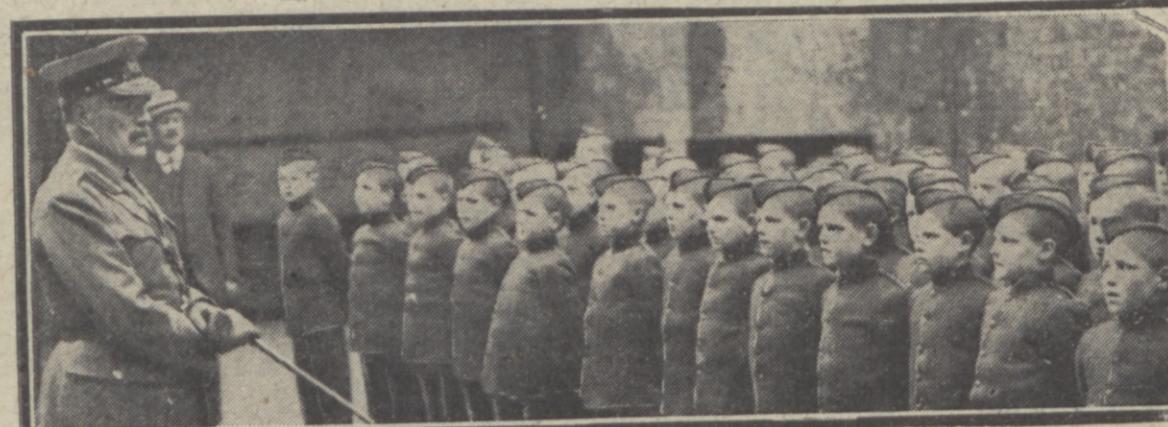


This is the beekeepers' busy season. Here is one changing the "skip."



Mrs. Sydney Lee has gone to Rouen to take charge of a W.A.B. Club.

ORPHAN BOYS WHO WILL BECOME SOLDIERS



General Sir W. Robertson addressing the orphan boys at Newport Market Army Training School, Westminster, after inspection. The lads act as "All Clear" buglers after an air raid.



A march-past of St. John Ambulance nurses, Dublin. The Earl of Donoughmore and the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley attended.



Wireless-operator D. Greenwood, of Selby, who has been torpedoed twice within five days!



Lady Baddeley, wife of Sir John Baddeley, organised and still directs the Stoke Newington war hospital supply depot.



Saving matches at Röyancourt, the scene of bitter fighting. Soldiers have to economise, too.



Miss Walton, who is an inspector of the Women's Police, has been in the force since the beginning of the movement.

Mrs. Gilbert Samuel, O.B.E., is an ardent worker for the War Refugees' Committee. (Hugh Cecil.)



THE BRIDESMAIDS and the little page leaving the church after the marriage yesterday of Lady Evelyn King, the Earl of Lovelace's eldest daughter, and Capt. Miles Graham. (D.S.)



Queen Alexandra's new coachman, Mr. A. D. Bint. He was formerly at Buckingham Palace. (Mrs. Albert Broom.)



Miss Dorothea Palmer, Bridlington, to marry Capt. L. G. Halsby, Northumberland Fusiliers.



Miss Violet Cohen, of Alexandra-park, N., to marry Capt. K. Howell, Middlesex Regt. (Lafayette.)



THE SHIPYARD GIRLS.—A group of bonny women workers in one of the Tyne yards, where standard ships are being built.