

THE SPHERE

APRIL



3, 1915.

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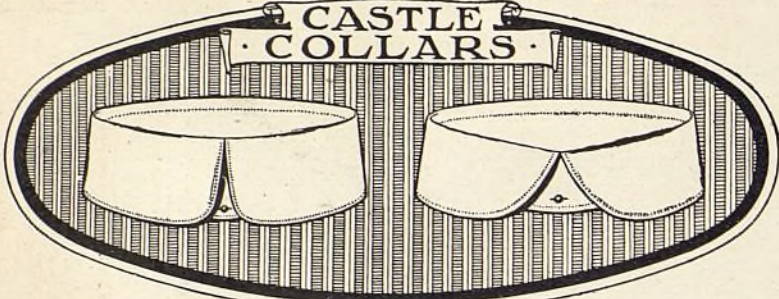
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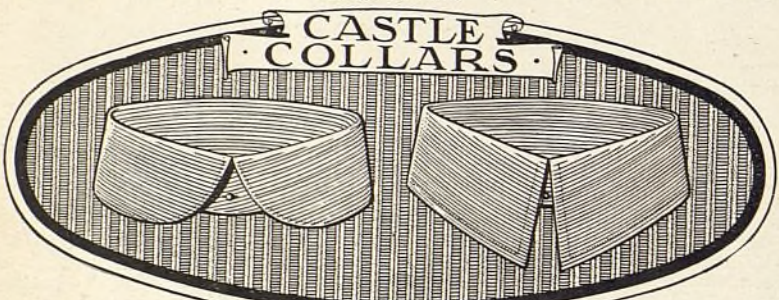
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P 442



take
Beecham's Pills

The Officer at the Front, from whom this drawing has been received, writes:—"it is done as well as possible under the difficulties of the situation. The details of the 'Hun' were obtained by close inspection on Xmas day."

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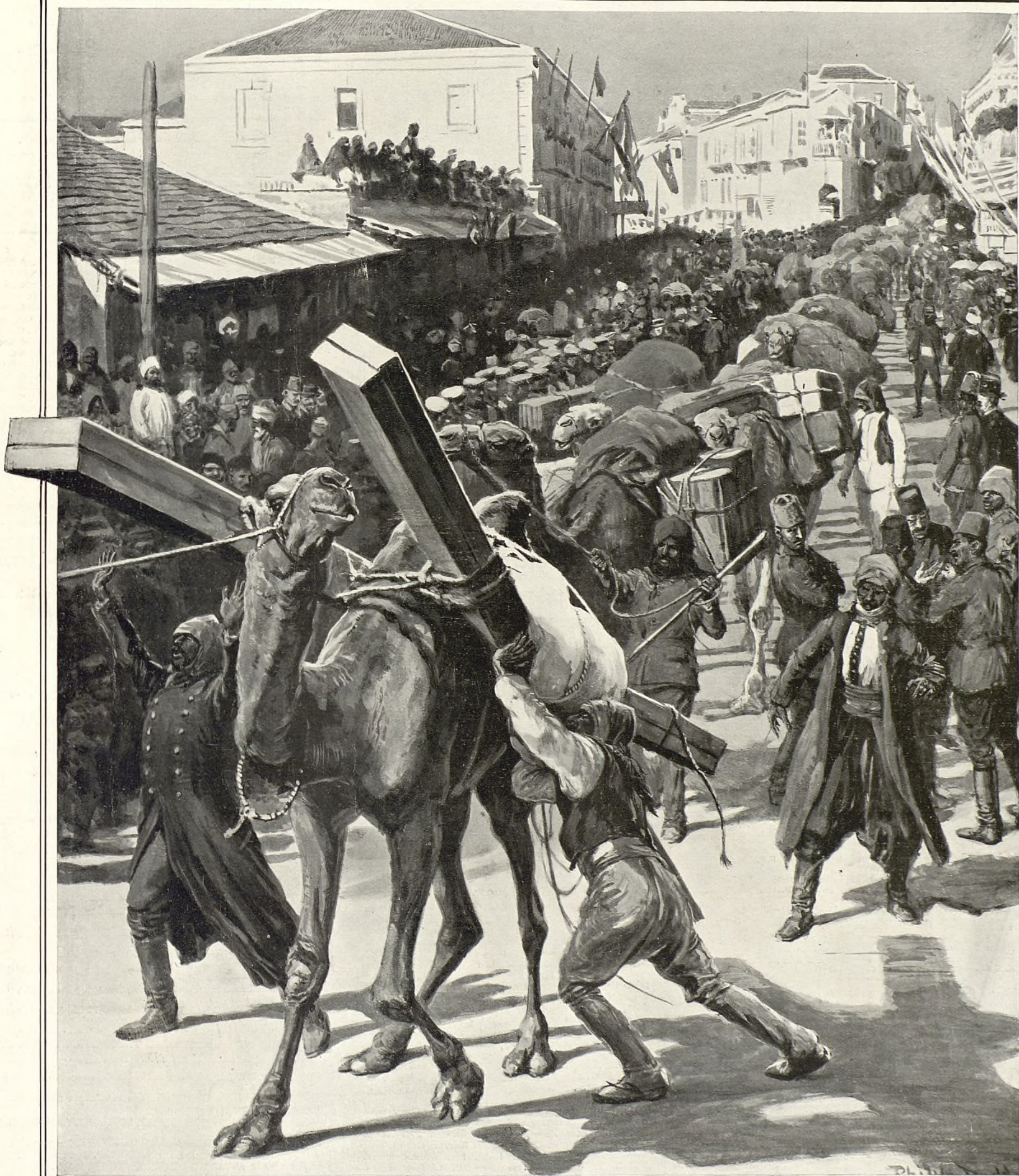
With which is incorporated
"BLACK & WHITE"

Volume LXI. No. 793

{REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL
POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER}

London, April 3, 1915

Price Sixpence.



Drawn by Philip Dodd from photographic material, March, 1915

EASTER, 1915—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM

This Easter is a strange one in the Holy City. The streets are witnessing military movements such as we see above. A camel train bearing engineers' timbers is passing through a street in Jerusalem. Among the onlookers are numerous sailors drawn up in a line on the left. From all appearances they are German sailors watching the sights of the city. Turkish artillery officers are seen on the right. Further Jerusalem scenes will be found on another page

THE SPHERE

An Illustrated
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Home.

London, April Third, 1915.

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TO RELATIVES OF MILITARY & NAVAL OFFICERS

The Editor of THE SPHERE begs to remind Relatives of Military and Naval Officers that he is glad to receive Photographs, Pencil Sketches, and Descriptive Notes relating to the War. Any such matter used will be liberally paid for. Photographs, etc., are submitted to the Press Censor, and the anonymity of the sender in every case preserved.

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AN INDEX TO THE WAR MAPS

contained in THE SPHERE since January 2nd, 1915.

- FRANCE AND BELGIUM.** FRANCE INVADDED, from THE SPHERE of Feb. 1911.
Jan. 2nd, p. 18.
- ARGONNE AND WOEVRE.** Jan. 9th, pp. 40-41.
- NIEUPORT.** Flooded Area, Jan. 16th, p. 64.
- SOISSONS AND DISTRICT.** Jan. 23rd, pp. 88-89.
- VAILLY.** Jan. 23rd, p. 89 (inset).
- NANCY AND DISTRICT.** Feb. 27th, pp. 220-221.
- NIEUPORT-DIXMUDE.** March 6th, pp. 252-253.
- DIXMUDE-YPRES.** March 6th, pp. 252-253.
- SEVEN MONTHS OF WAR IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.** March 6th, p. 262.
- YPRES-ARMENTIERES.** March 13th, pp. 274-276.
- RADINGHEM.** March 13th, pp. 278-279.
- NEUVE CHAPELLE.** March 20th, p. 291.
- ARMENTIERES-LA BASSÉE.** March 20th, pp. 306-7.
- GIVENCHY.** March 20th, pp. 306-7.
- LA BASSÉE-ARRAS.** March 27th, pp. 328-9.
- ARRAS-ALBERT.** April 3rd, pp. 10-11.
- ARRAS.** April 3rd, pp. 10-11.
- RUSSIAN FRONTS.** CRACOW, Jan. 2nd, p. 18.
- SARYKAMISH & DISTRICT.** Jan. 16th, pp. 60-61.
- CAUCASUS PASSES.** Jan. 16th, p. 60.
- THORN-CRACOW.** Jan. 16th, p. 67.
- CARPATHIAN PASSES.** Jan. 16th, pp. 68-69.
- WARSAW.** Jan. 23rd, pp. 102-103.
- THE RUSSIAN DEPLOYMENT LINE IN POLAND.** Jan. 30th, p. 128.
- EAST PRUSSIA.** Feb. 13th, pp. 184-185.
- BORZIMOV, SOCHACZEW, & RIVER RAWKA.** Feb. 20th, p. 206.
- GALICIA AND THE BUKOVINA.** Feb. 27th, pp. 228-229.
- KOVNO-LOMZA.** March 6th, p. 258.
- NAVAL.**—SINKING OF THE "BLÜCHER," Jan. 20th, pp. 114-115;
Feb. 6th, p. 140; Feb. 27, p. 218.
- FALKLAND ISLANDS BATTLE.** Jan. 30th, p. 132; March 20th,
pp. 298-9.
- GERMAN SUBMARINES OFF LIVERPOOL.** Feb. 6th, p. 141.
- KIEL HARBOUR.** Feb. 13th, p. 176.
- BRITISH ISLES "Blocked."** Feb. 20th, p. 191 (inset).
- THE DARDANELLES AND THE BOSPHORUS.** Feb. 27th,
p. 214.
- VOYAGE OF THE "AYESHA."** Feb. 27th, p. 216.
- THE DARDANELLES FORTS.** March 6th, pp. 240-241; March
27th, pp. 318-319.
- BOMBARDMENT OF SMYRNA.** March 13th, pp. 270-271.
- GENERAL.**—EGYPT, Jan. 2, pp. 20-21.
- INVASIONS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.**
Jan. 9, p. 33.
- GERMANY'S STRATEGIC RAILWAYS.** Jan. 9th, p. 38.
- OSTEND AS AN AERIAL CENTRE.** Jan. 23rd, p. 96.
- AIR ATTACK ON EAST COAST.** Jan. 30th, p. 113.
- SUEZ CANAL.** Feb. 13th, pp. 180-181.
- ROUTES FROM RUSSIA TO GREAT BRITAIN.** Feb. 27th,
p. 215.
- GERMANY'S CLOSED FRONTIERS.** Feb. 27th, p. 232.

THE RATE OF POSTAGE OF THIS WEEK'S SPHERE
is as follows:—Anywhere in the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy, to
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WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies before forwarding.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR: WEEK by WEEK.

HOMESICK.

Ay, homesick! you wouldn't believe it! But only it wasn't for long. And it wasn't a bit of heather, or a scrap of familiar song, Nor the far-off sound of breakers on a night-bound shingly shore— It was only the whine of a puppy, scraping behind my door!

Like an arrow's flight my fancy went winging Northward, home. Ah, swifter than ever fled seagull over the drifting foam; Straighter than speeds a sunbeam from distant shore to shore; And I heard my own door whining for me at my own shut door.

The door I drew close behind me, in my home now distant far, When I'd kissed good-bye, and turned me, and set my face to the war.



"Monarch of All"

Drawn by Rollin Kirby for the New York "World"

HOMESICK.

It flashed through tears most tender, right clear on my inmost eye, Waked by the wail of a puppy— love's simple yearning cry.

And it's not that I'm soft and sloppy or wanted home again.

Ah, no! I have seen too many of the brave-faced marching men, With that dark fire deeply burning in each strong and fearless heart, Kindled to bear in battle the true heroic part.

But a man might as well be only a bit of iron or wood

If he does not know that love is always in earth our highest good— If there isn't some ache within him —if he does not understand Even the grief of a puppy, that whines for the touch of his hand.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.
"Somewhere in France."

THE FIGHTING IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.

During the past week heavy fighting has been taking place along the whole line from the sea to the Vosges. In Flanders the Belgian Army has progressed along the right bank of the Yser and has also captured a German trench on the left bank of the river. This forward movement on the part of the Belgians began a few weeks ago.

Germans Repulsed at Notre Dame de Lorette

The French positions at Notre Dame de Lorette, which recently repulsed a strong German offensive, have again been stormed by the enemy. The positions, which lie on the top of a low plateau in the semi-rural, semi-mining district, were captured from the French, only to be retaken, however, the following night. A further night attack, launched against the great spur of Notre Dame, also broke down under the French resistance, and the defeat of the enemy was complete.

Serious Fighting in Champagne

The most serious fighting along the whole front, however, occurred in the Champagne and Argonne regions. Rheims, which has already received severe treatment from the enemy, has again been bombarded by the German heavy artillery posted near the town and by enemy airmen, who dropped bombs on the luckless inhabitants. Despite this and their many counter-attacks, the Germans are gradually being forced back, and the French line is once more slowly straightening itself. Around Souain, Perthes, and Beauséjour the already great advance of the French is



Lieut.-General Sir H. S. Rawlinson, 4th Corps

Sir Henry Rawlinson was in command of a large portion of the forces which attacked the German defensive positions at Neuve Chapelle. The order, dated March 9, in which he communicated to his troops the intention to attack the Germans, reads as follows: "The attack which we are about to make is of the first importance to the Allied cause. The Army and the Nation are watching the result, and Sir John French is confident that every individual in the 4th Corps will do his duty and inflict a crushing defeat on the German 7th Corps which is opposed to us.—H. Rawlinson, Lieut.-General, Commanding 4th Corps"

HOW THE CONTENDING FORCES STAND AT PRESENT

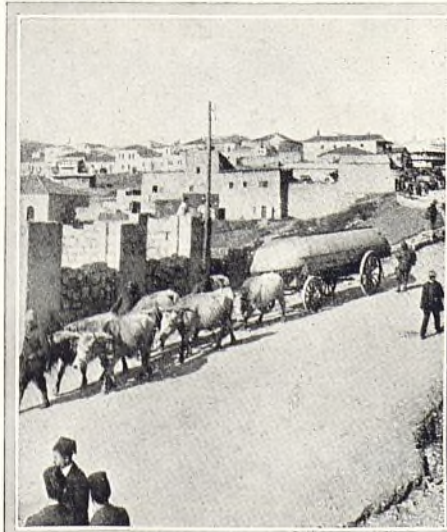
still being pushed with the utmost vigour. Notwithstanding the huge forces employed by the enemy, he is reluctantly being compelled to give ground to the French.

At Les Eparges

One of the enemy's most marked characteristics made itself again very apparent during the course of the past week. The commanding positions at Les Eparges, won recently by the French, constitute a very serious menace to the German position at St. Mihiel. Following out the practice of constantly counter-attacking in order to regain lost positions, no fewer than ten counter-attacks were launched by the Germans against Les Eparges, and were carried out with the fiercest determination in the hope of recapturing the position. The French, however, managed to retain their hold on the position, so that the determination of the Germans, real as it was, in the result yielded them nothing.

In the Vosges

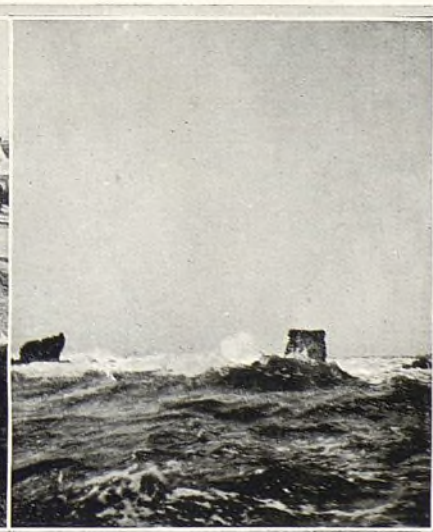
In the Vosges district the fighting continues as fiercely as ever. At the beginning of the week under review the French made some progress to the north of Badonviller, but it was in the direction of Hartmannsweilerkopf that most progress was made. Here the French first captured by storm a line of German trenches and a blockhouse, afterwards captured a second line on a front of three companies. The French then organised themselves on the further side of this second line within a very short distance of the summit of the height.



Turkish pontoons on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem for the attack on Egypt



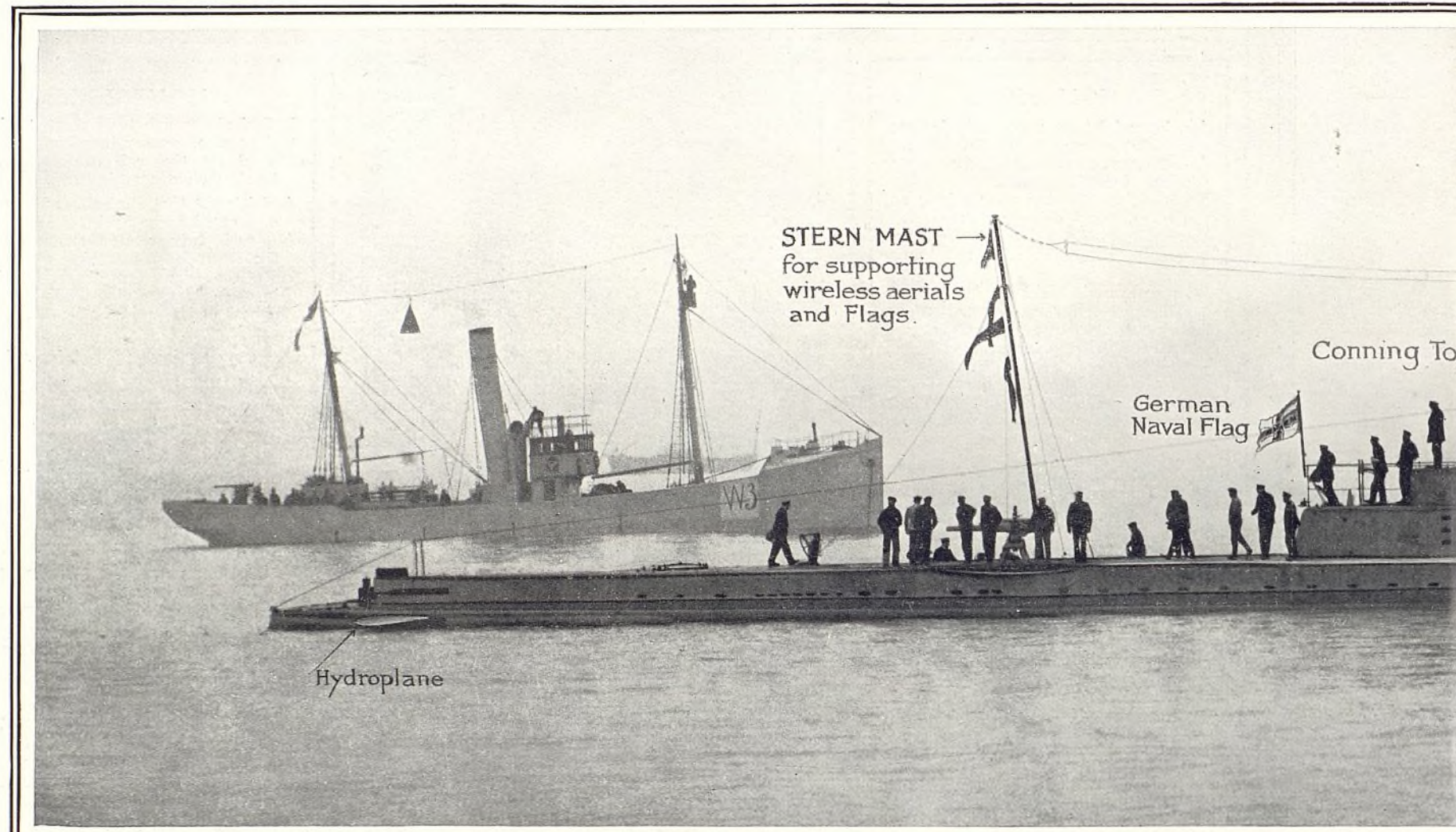
A body of Turkish troops encamped near the railway station at Jerusalem having their mid-day meal in the neighbourhood of one of the most historic towns in the world



The rocks and surf at Jaffa in Palestine, looking from the sea towards the shore

Easter in the Holy Land—How the Great War is Affecting Palestine

GERMANY'S LARGE SUBMARINES :



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IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO—A BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE BIG GERMAN SUBMARINE, "U 36," SHOWING HER

GERMANY'S SUBMARINE "BLOCKADERS"

THESE illustrations of one of Germany's latest under-water craft, the "U 36," give some idea of the large size of the new squadron submarines possessed by the Teutonic fleet, and confirms the diagram drawing showing one of these large vessels in section which we were enabled to give last week. That practically all the information published in this country regarding these vessels is quite wrong has lately been proved. It came as a surprise to many that twenty-nine men formed the crew of the "U 3," recently sunk by our ships, and further, when the "U 12" was sent to the bottom, she was found to have twenty-eight officers and men on board, which goes to prove that the vessel's submerged displacement was much greater than the 300 tons given in our naval text books, which credit this class of boat with a crew of but twelve men.

Up to the time of the opening of hostilities we imagined that there were a large number of German submarines—about a score—of but small displacement and of doubtful value; we now find that many of these boats are far larger and

more powerful than we ever imagined, and in view of the new light shed upon the problem by the size of the crews captured from "U 8" and "U 12" it is quite certain that we must look upon practically all these earlier vessels as being far more powerful than the Germans led us to suppose.

Probably a Thousand Tons Displacement

The "U 36" (which is a twin sister to the sunken "U 29") is no doubt a boat of 1,000-ton displacement, having oil engines of over 2,000 h.p., and with a surface speed of eighteen to twenty knots. She is of the submersible type (that is, the outer shell of her hull conforms to the shape of an ordinary surface craft), and, as will be seen from the illustrations, she has high "collar-like" bows to enable her better to withstand bad weather. All the upper portion of her hull, which is naturally exposed when she is in surface trim, is lightly armoured, and in addition her conning-tower is also protected. Fitted to the top of this high conning-tower is a look-out cap to enable the officer inside better to observe his foe when the boat is attacking in the half lights of dawn and dusk and at a time when the periscopes are very unreliable.

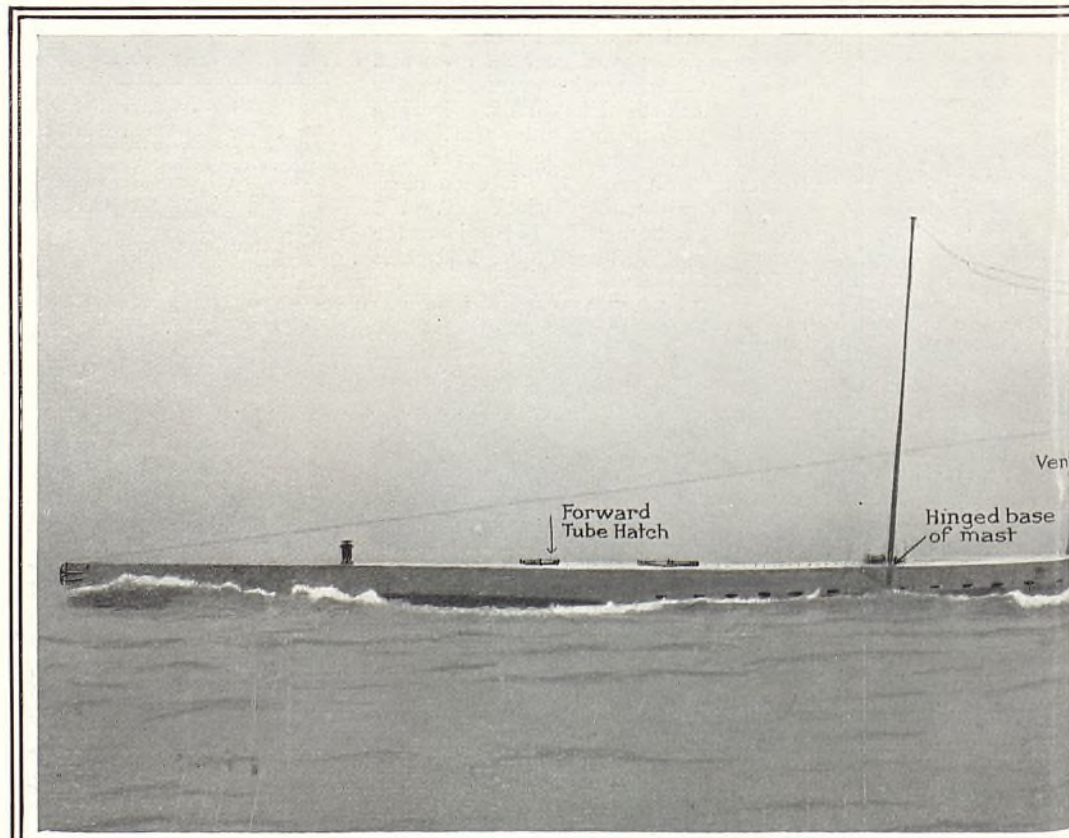
The decks of all these ships are wide and roomy, and each is fitted with an efficient wireless apparatus. The aerials, as will be seen from the pictures, are suspended from two light pole-masts, which are hinged and are secured flat along



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The Stern of the "U 36"

It is evident that the stern of the "U 36" differs considerably from the smaller type of German submarines illustrated in previous issues of "The Sphere"

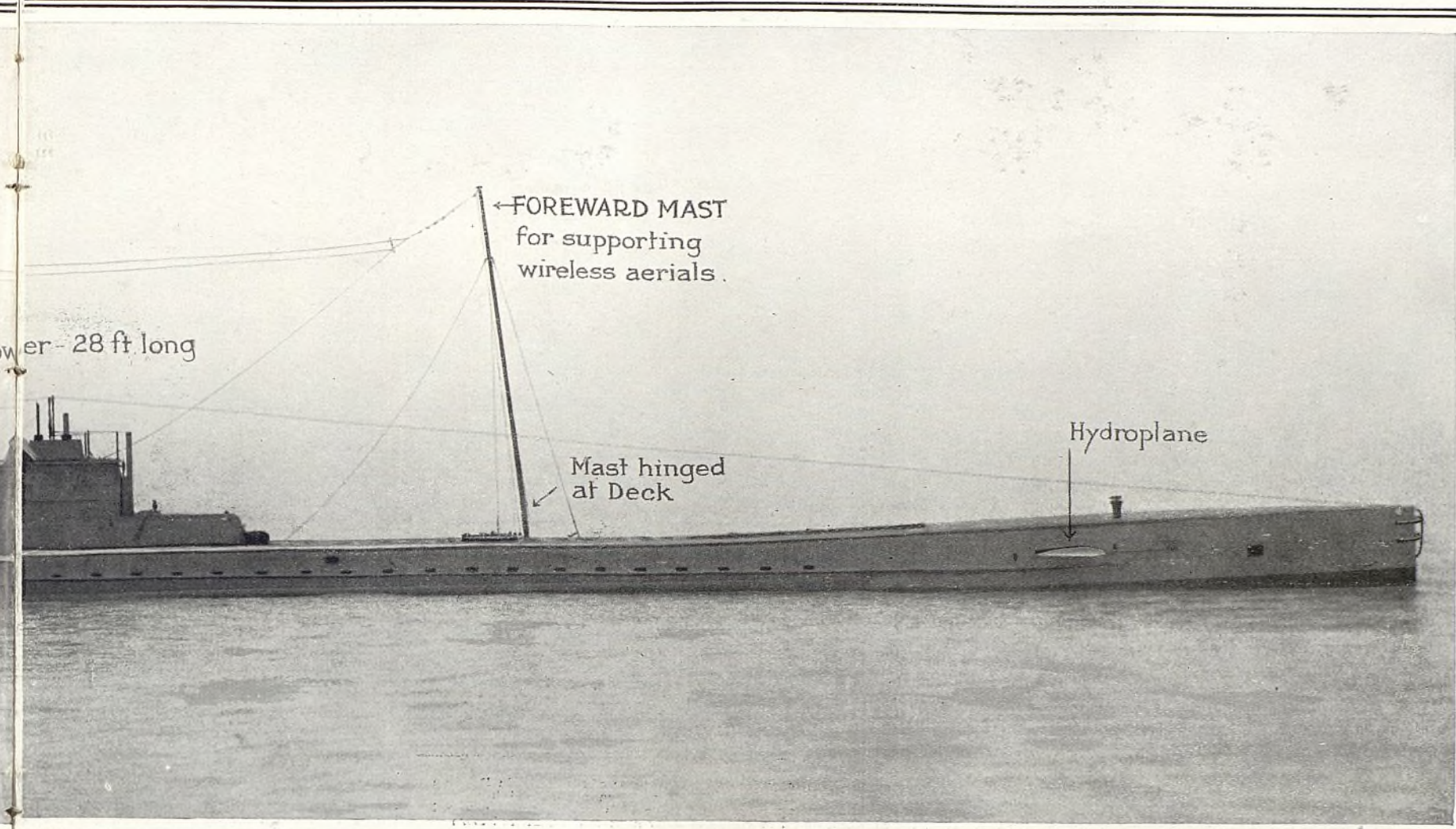


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The German Submarine, "U 36," "Oiling" at a

The submarine was observed to be travelling at a high rate of speed when viewed from the deck of the Dutch steamer. The conning-tower superstructure

As Revealed by the Camera during the Capture of a Dutch Liner, "Batavier V.," which was Taken by a German Submarine into Zeebrugge on Thursday, March 18.



Photographed from the deck of the "Batavier V." as that vessel was being ordered to heave to

LARGE SUPERSTRUCTURE, HER HINGED WIRELESS MASTS, HER QUICK-FIRING GUN, AND OTHER FITTINGS

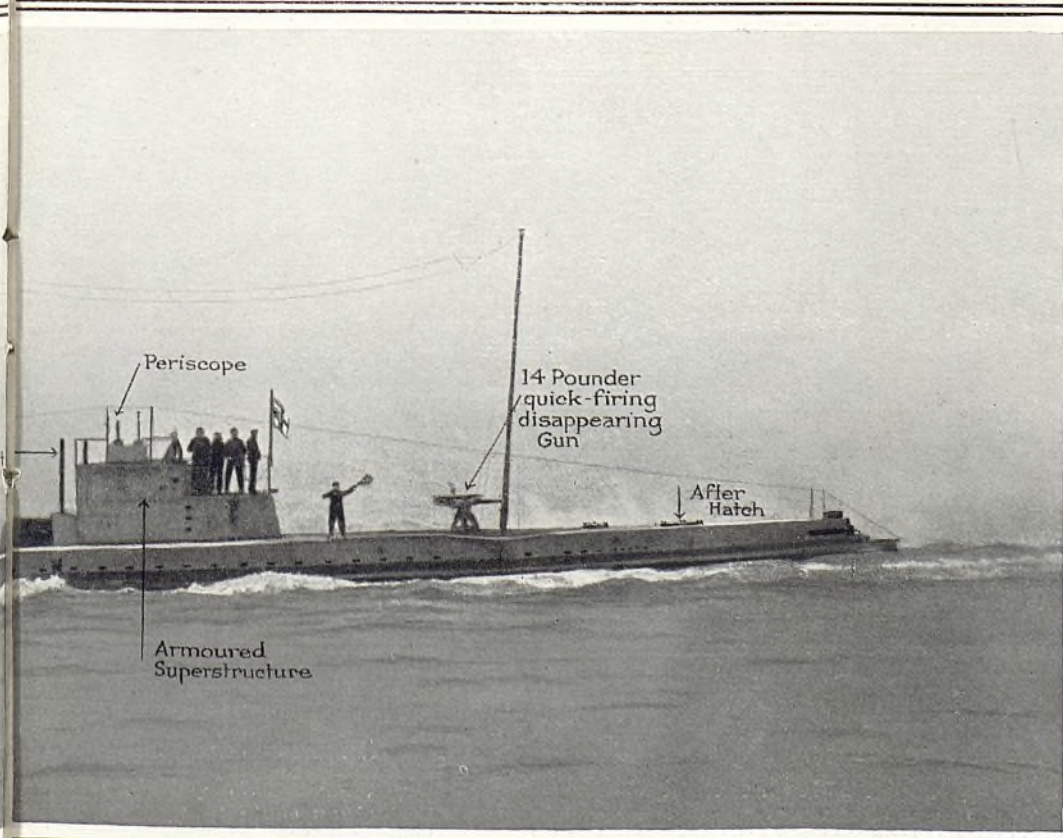
the hull when the boat is about to go below the surface. For attack it is a known fact that the newest German boats carry at least four torpedo tubes, they fire the improved 21.6-in. torpedo, which is a very powerful weapon, having a maximum speed of thirty-eight knots and an effective range of 7,000 metres at twenty-nine knots. These torpedoes carry an enormous bursting charge of about 290 lb. of trotyl, which has more explosive force than wet gun-cotton.

Thirty-six German Submarines

On the deck of the boats are mounted one, two, and even three light quick-firing guns, which can be folded into cavities in the superstructure when the boat is about to dive. In the illustration the 14-pdr. quick-firer can be plainly seen abaft the conning-tower. Its weight, with mounting, is approximately 13½ cwt., and it can be raised and put ready for action in half a minute. The gun is served by three men, and can be elevated to 90 degrees if necessary.

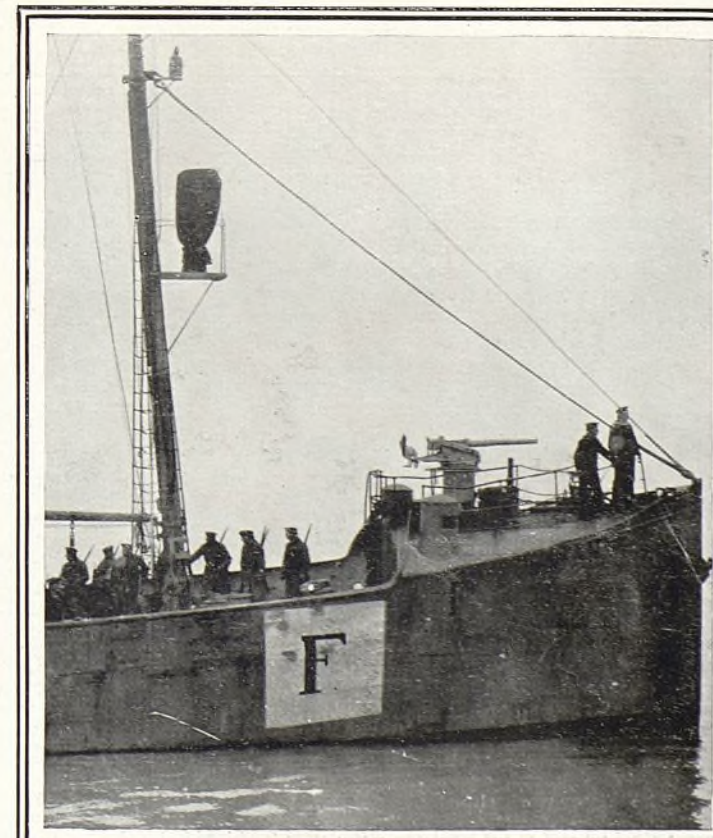
The German naval law provided for seventy-two submarines by the end of 1917. M. Laubeuf, the designer of many of the French submersibles and late chief engineer of the French Navy, whose figures may be trusted, maintains that twenty-eight of this number had been built up to the eve of war, and at the opening of the so-called blockade of our shores the Germans possessed thirty-six at the very least calculation.

As last week's SPHERE diagram showed, the new *Unterseebooten* have separate space for the officers, petty officers, and men, and we know that every one of the boats now being used for the blockade have sleeping accommodation and are very excellent craft. Though the submarine branch of the German Navy was not a favourite with officers and men when started, it later became as popular with the German fleetmen as our underwater service is in the British Navy, and on the boats operating against our shipping are to be found some of the most efficient members of the Kaiser's fleet. It is natural that to keep the sea for any length of time the submarine must have a tender, and for this purpose trawlers have been employed which not only carry relief crews but also the very necessary oil for the Diesel engines and victuals for the men. One of the illustrations shows a portion of the bows of one of these mother ships, which, it will be observed, is armed with a quickfirer on the fore-castle and carries a searchlight on the mast; the armed boarding party, ready to board a captured merchantman, can also be seen. This type of craft can, of course, only operate in home waters, where the British fleet have little chance of reaching them. For replenishing the German underwater craft when further from their shores these trawlers are made to appear like innocent fishermen flying a neutral flag, and have the precious oil stored away in the fish barrels and anywhere as far as possible from the prying eyes of the objectionable English sailormen.



High Rate of Speed Round the "Batavier V."

The submarine caught up the ship and eventually rounded her bows. The torpedo-tube hatches are in measures some 28 ft. in length. The hydroplanes by which "U 36" dives are visible in the upper view



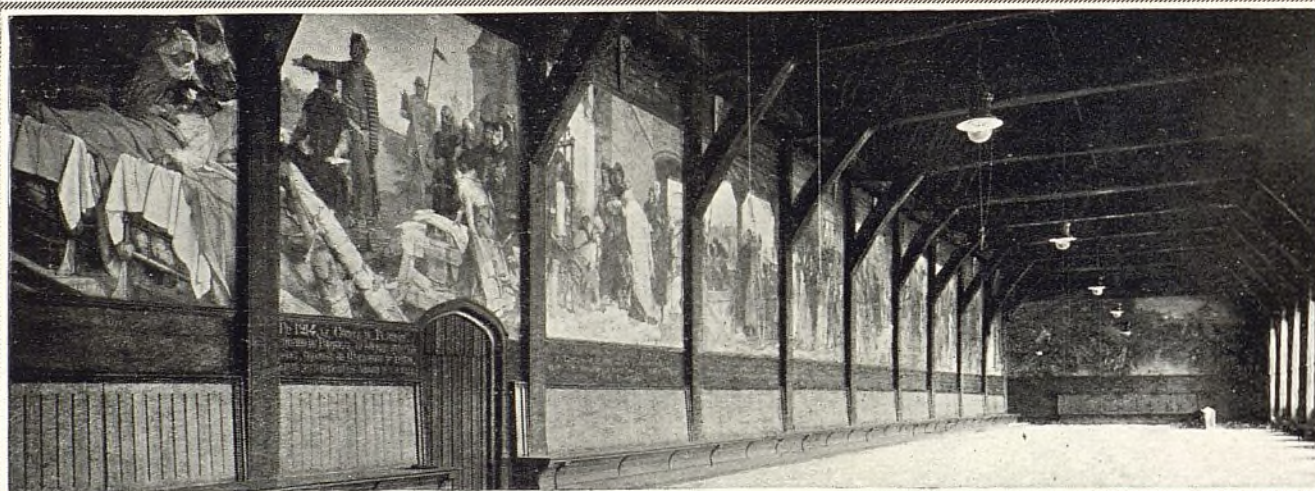
Bows of the German Supply Ship

This view shows one of the armed tenders which accompanied the "U 36" when she captured the Dutch ship. The armed crew can be seen at the foot of the mast

The QUEEN of the BELGIANS, with her Doctor and



The Queen of the Belgians at Ypres.—The Queen of the Belgians has just completed a tour of some of the towns in Belgium which still remain free from the Germans. She was accompanied only by an aide-de-camp and a doctor (shown above), and her slight frail figure moving amongst the ruined remains of some of Belgium's most renowned cities filled the spectators with mingled pity and affection. She visited during the course of her tour the Cloth Hall, the cathedral of St. Martin, and other parts of the shattered town.



The Cloth Hall at Ypres as it Was.—Before the successive bombardments of Ypres the Cloth Hall possessed a beautiful timbered interior with admirable frescoes round the walls. The mellow charm of the building was felt by every person who visited it.



The Queen of the Belgians Passing Through Ypres.—The Queen's aide-de-camp is carrying her camera, and the Queen herself is the centre of interest. One or two British soldiers in the background may be seen looking on at the little party of three during its tour of the shattered town. Not only was the Queen's tour instrumental in bringing home the amount of havoc wrought by the Germans, but it also gave to the inhabitants of the unconquered portion of Belgium who saw the Queen greater hope for the near future.



The Interior of the Cathedral of St. Martin.—St. Martin's church is behind the beautiful Halls, in the centre of Ypres. The choir of the church dated from 1221, the nave and aisles from 1254.

The interior—a basilica with slender round pillars and a triforium—is 317 ft. long and about 168 ft. wide. The above view is looking east towards the chancel after the successive bombardments of Ypres by the Germans.



The Library at Ypres.—In the bombardment of the town not even the most secluded corners have escaped from the destruction of the wanton German shells.

The above shows a corner of the library at Ypres with volumes destroyed, bookshelves and bookcases displaced, and the ceiling and walls masses of ruins.

Aide-de-Camp, Visits Ypres : And Examines the Remains of the Beautiful Buildings which once Renowned that Fair City.



Outside the Battered Cloth Hall at Ypres.—The Cloth Hall at Ypres was formerly the pride of the town. It dated back to 1201; its design was particularly pleasing. The façade, pierced by two rows of pointed windows, was flanked by two corner turrets, while in the centre rose the massive square belfry, 230 ft. high. This beautiful old building has suffered so severely by the German bombardment that its eventual restoration is doubtful. Above, the Queen of the Belgians is seen viewing the building.



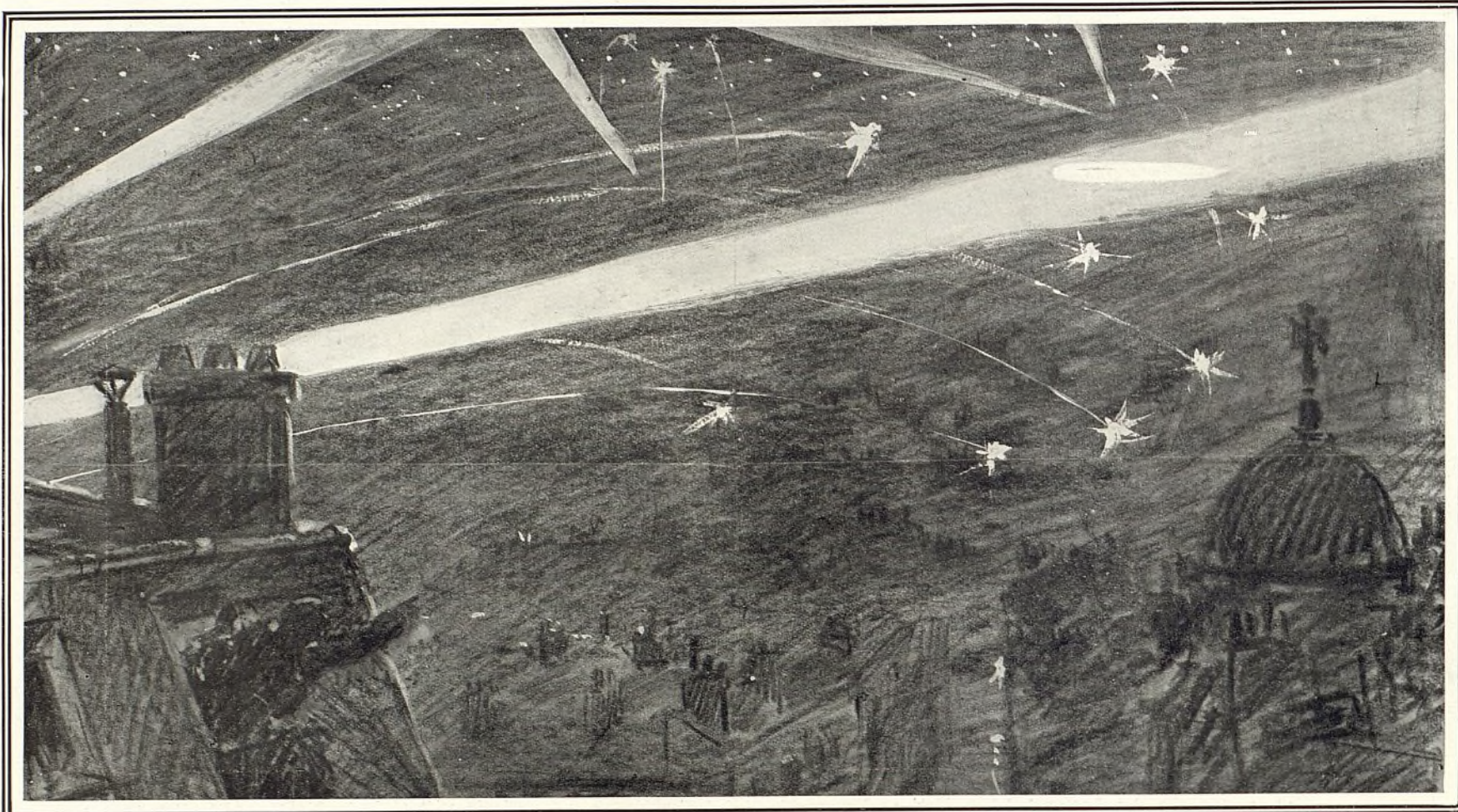
The Cloth Hall at Ypres as it Is.—The above view is taken from precisely the same angle as the view opposite, and shows the present ruined state of the Cloth Hall. The doorway to the left and that at the end of the hall are also seen in the other view.



A Building at Ypres Partially Wrecked by a German Shell.—The above damage was wrought by a shell which struck the house some time after the Queen of the Belgians and her attendants had left. The ancient town of Ypres, formerly the outward expression of the old municipal spirit, is now more or less in the state shown above. Yawning gaps in the walls and houses, either collapsed or on the point of collapsing, present themselves at all turns. In some cases not even the walls remain standing.

THE ZEPPELIN RAID ON PARIS :

Drawings by M. Paul Thiriat, "The Sphere's"
Artist, who Witnessed the Passage of the
Two Airships.



SHELLS BURSTING ROUND A ZEPPELIN DURING THE AIR RAID ON PARIS ON MARCH 20

The AIR ATTACK on PARIS

On Saturday night, March 20, a Zeppelin attack was made on Paris. The alarm was given to the Paris authorities from Compiègne by soldiers guarding the railways; immediately after the alarm was received firemen made a round of the different quarters on motor cars, giving the alarm by fire-hooters and bugle-calls; policemen, assisted by civilians, extinguished the street lamps and made ready for the reception of the visitors, who appeared half-an-hour after the alarm was circulated.

The first Zeppelin appeared over Sacré Cœur, 6,000 ft. high, and the course then followed was Mount Valérien, where the searchlight located the airship and shells were fired, Saint Cloud, Neuilly, Batignolles, and Clichy. The Zeppelins afterwards made away in a north-easterly direction.

Although a certain number of Parisians passed the night in their cellars in accordance with



Parisians Crowd their Balconies in Montmartre

The searchlight which detected and held the Zeppelin in its beam was from Mount Valérien, from which point also the airship was shelled by the anti-aircraft guns

the instructions of the authorities, the greater number watched with the greatest eagerness the passage of the Zeppelins overhead. The inhabitants of the Montmartre quarter in particular all made for vantage points, where they remained until the Zeppelins had disappeared.

The actual damage done by the raiders was comparatively small. Seven or eight persons were hit, but only one seriously. On the other hand, the Zeppelins were met by a well-directed fire from the various anti-aircraft posts, and although both the raiders managed to effect their escape the authorities believe that one of the Zeppelins was hit. The aeroplane squadron which went up to repel the airships was hampered by the mists.

The raid on Paris accomplished no military result, and proved how good the defensive arrangements really are. On their way back the Zeppelins dropped about twelve incendiary or explosive bombs on Compiègne, which only did a little damage.



The Air Attack on Paris

Citizen-police turning down the street lamps during the raid



After the Passage of the Night Raiders

A wall and balcony shattered by a bomb dropped from one of the Zeppelins which appeared over Paris on the night of Saturday, March 20



The Air Attack on Paris

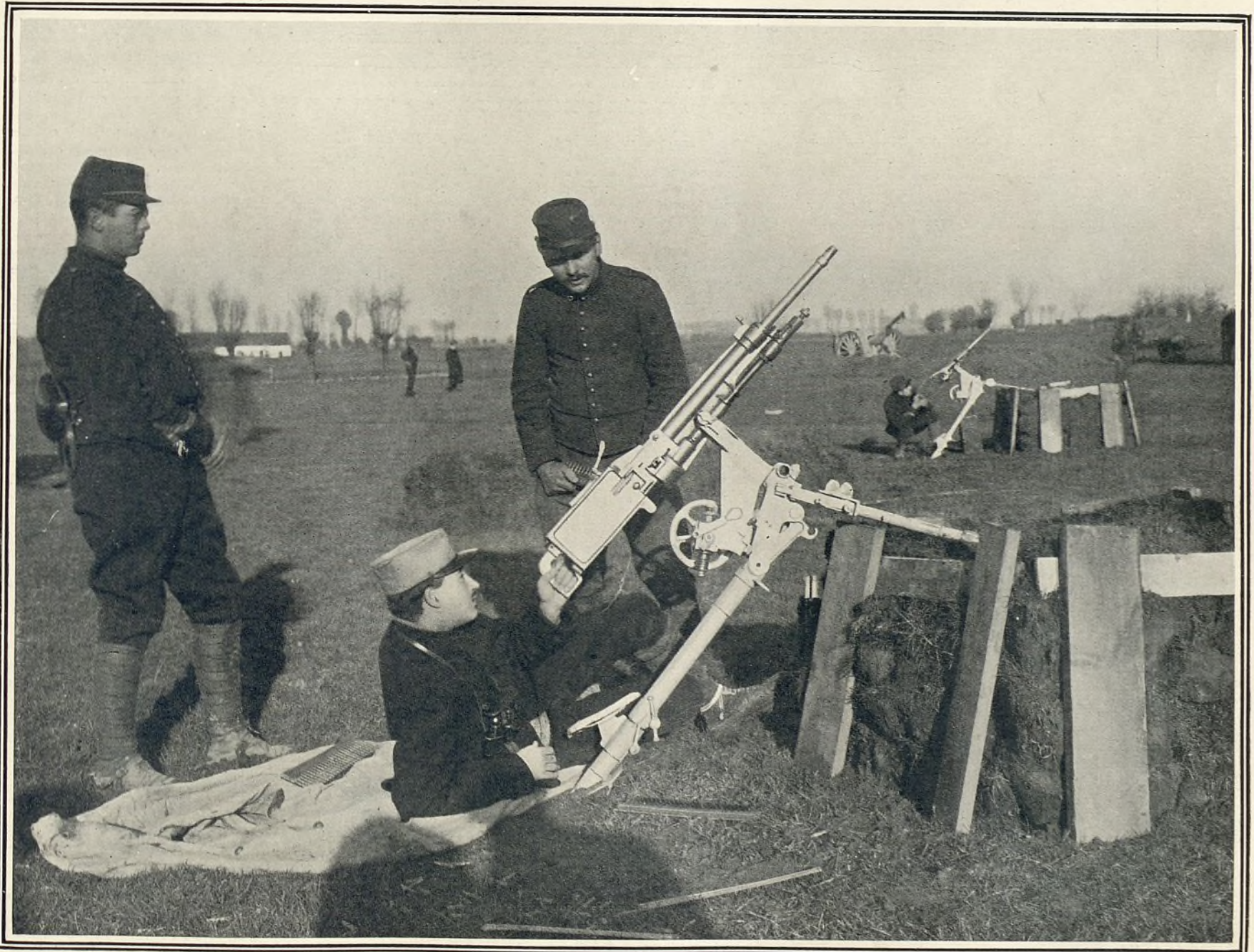
The foregathering of a French family in a cellar during the passage of the Zeppelins

MACHINE GUNS of the ALLIES : Belgian and French.



A BELGIAN MACHINE-GUN CARRIER IN FLANDERS—DRAWN BY TWO DOGS

The wheels of the carrier are rubber-tyred. The whole is so arranged that it may be drawn by the dog team, as shown. In times of peace these dogs used to deliver hot rolls and milk



A FRENCH AIR-COOLED MACHINE GUN READY FOR ACTION IN SOUTHERN FLANDERS

Guns for the projection of bullets—that is, man-killing rather than battering pieces—were in use in the sixteenth century. They were called by fanciful names such as "Murderer," and are frequently mentioned in the records of the Anglo-Spanish wars. Some of them had more than one barrel—there are specimens in the artillery museum at Woolwich. In modern times the first effective machine gun was that invented by the American, Dr. Gatling, which was used during the last stages of the Civil War (1861-1865). A modification of the Gatling,

mounted on a field carriage, was used by the French during the war of 1870-71. It was not, however, very effective as its stream of bullets scattered so much on leaving the grouped barrels. The above illustration shows a French machine gun tilted up so as to repel enemy aircraft. This machine gun is air-cooled, and not water-cooled. The explosion of the charge which propels the bullet also causes a rush of air through a small hole in the side of the barrel which cools the gun, thus making it independent of water.

b

The ARRAS-ALBERT SECTOR of the WESTERN

French army holding St. Laurent

Church and village
bombarded by
the GermansFrench artillery fire destroys German convoys
German supply centre

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SIXTH SECTOR OF THE WESTERN LINE FROM ARRAS ON THE NORTH

The district comprised within the above sector measures some twenty-five miles in length. On the extreme left is the town of Arras, with flat country immediately to the eastward, but enveloped towards the south and west by undulating hills rising to some hundred feet in height. A railway line connects, or did connect, Arras with the town of Albert, which latter place has suffered severely from shell fire. Roads will be seen radiating from Arras—firstly, in the direction of Cambrai; secondly, in the direction of Bapaume; and, thirdly, in the direction of Albert and

Amiens. The road to Bapaume passes over two hills before it finally climbs up to the town, which is some fourteen miles distant from Arras. Bapaume was the scene of a battle in January, 1871, in the previous Franco-German war. This road crosses over a wide plateau to Peronne and St. Quentin. Peronne also felt the hand of the German in 1870, losing its fine fourteenth-century belfry as a result of a bombardment. St. Quentin, some seventeen miles further away, is one of the German headquarters.

The RECENT FIGHTING in the ARRAS-ALBERT SECTOR.

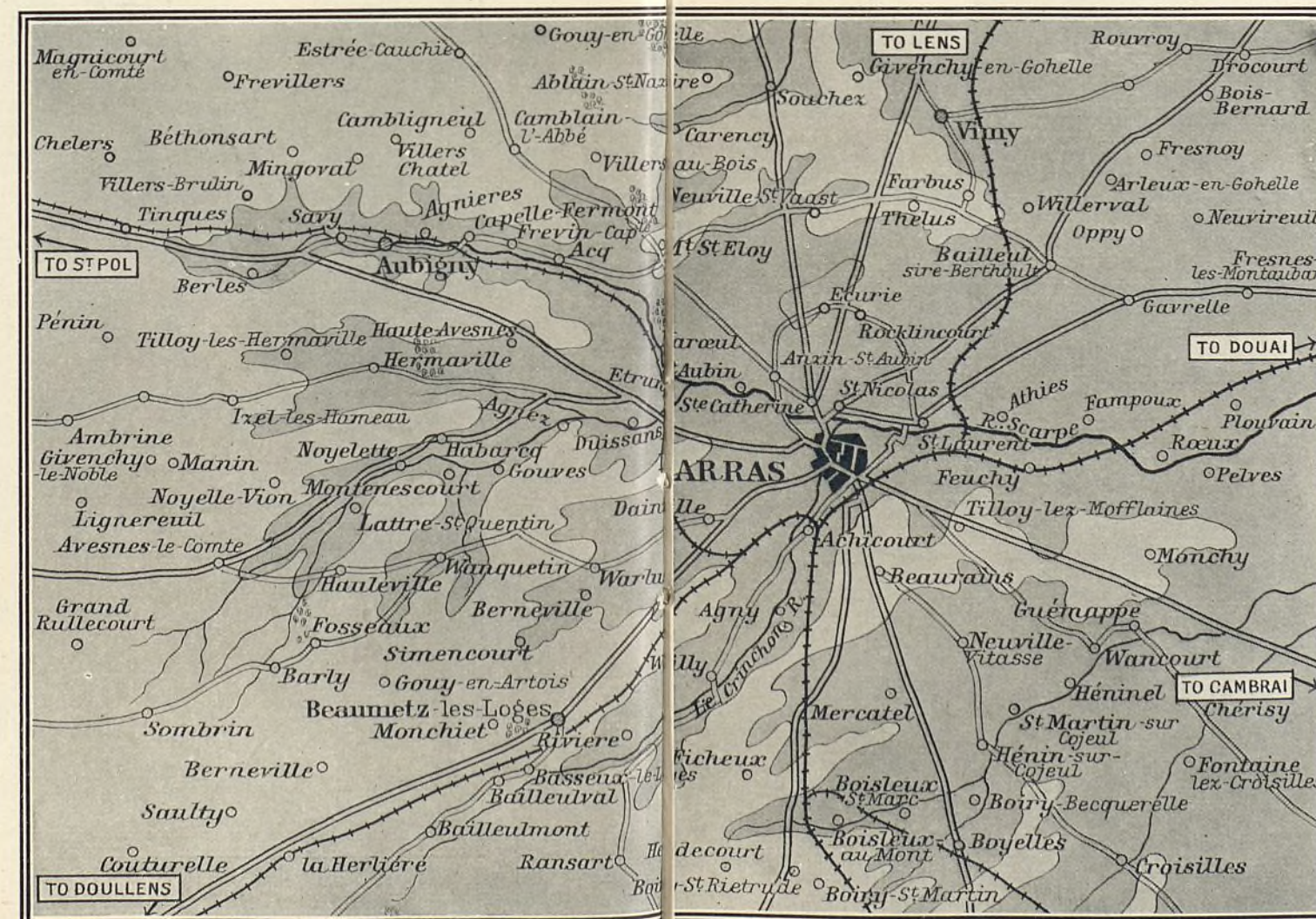
The fighting along the front, Arras-Albert, since the beginning of the year has chiefly centred at two or three places along the line—notably at Thiepval, La Boisselle, and Aveluy. The middle of January and beginning of February saw a vigorous offensive by the Germans directed against the twin villages of Thiepval and La Boisselle to the south of the line. The object of the German offensive was, apparently, to drive the French off the plateau above the valley of the Ancre river, where they had firmly established themselves in November. The French possession of La Boisselle—lying as it does across the main road from Amiens and Cambrai—is a constant menace to the German front; while Thiepval, lying on the hillside above the Ancre, commands part of the German line below in the valley to the north. The positions on these slopes afford good observation points for the French, and any weakening of the German lines can immediately be noted and taken advantage of. The German plan was to round off their line by pushing the French back into Albert and the Ancre valley.

How far this plan succeeded will be seen when the full account of the fighting round La Boisselle is related. Early in January the French carried to the left of La Boisselle a line of trenches, and occupied the road running from La Boisselle to Aveluy. Shortly afterwards another trench was seized from the enemy, and the French artillery began to display activity, demolishing some of the German trenches in the neighbourhood. As the result of the explosion



French Troops in the Neighbourhood of Peronne

These Chasseurs Alpins are wearing the familiar bonnet of the corps, which bonnet serves as the French counterpart of the Scottish tam-o'-shanter



How Much-battered Arras Lies in

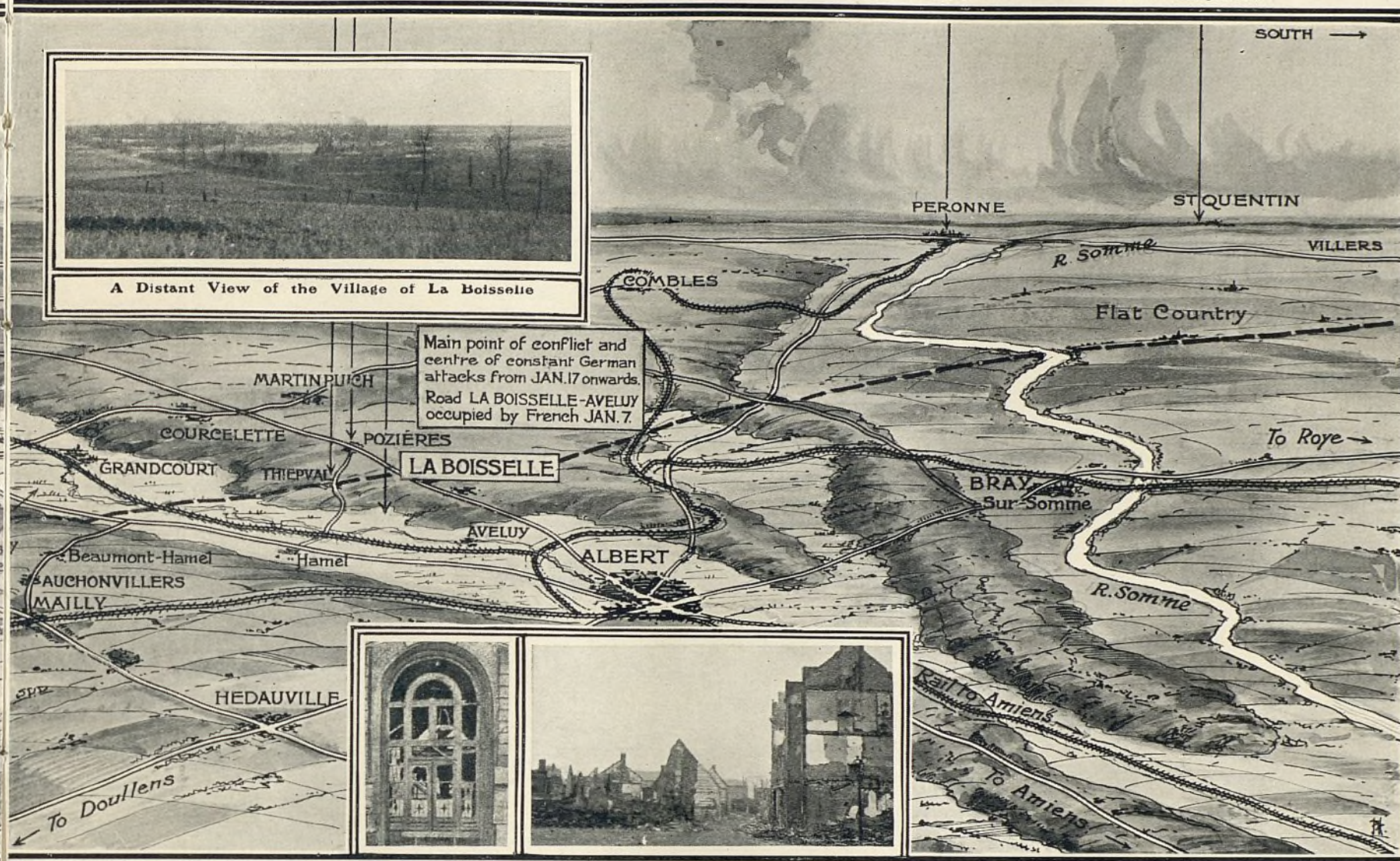
The hills, which rise to about 100 ft. in height, are shown by a lighter grey tone, the view on pp. 14 and 15 of

FIRING LINE : Showing the Hills and Low Plateaux held by the French Troops in the Face of a Vigorous German Offensive.

German offensive repulsed
French artillery fire silences German batteries
Fire boats launched against Aveluy by the Germans

German supply centre

German headquarters



TO ALBERT AND PERONNE ON THE SOUTH—THE VIEW IS TAKEN LOOKING TOWARDS THE EAST

The whole of the foreground of this view is occupied by slightly elevated ground, over which a somewhat complicated system of roads stretches from north to south. There is no direct road from Arras to Albert; one has to go out on the Bucquoy road and drop down into the marshy valley of the Ancre at Miraumont and thence alongside the railway to Albert. This swampy valley is a very distinctive feature of the Albert district. Most of the fighting in this sector has taken place on its eastward edge at La Boisselle. A road leads southwards to Amiens some eighteen

miles away. On the extreme right of our view can be seen the upper waters of the River Somme. The approximate position of the German trenches is shown by a broken line extending from the eastward suburbs of Arras, past Adinver and Hébuterne, to the valley of the Ancre; thence to La Boisselle and the flat country to the east of Bray. The fighting in this district since the opening of the year has chiefly been confined to the line Thiepval-La Boisselle, where a vigorous German offensive was repulsed by the French.

of a French ammunition store in La Boisselle, caused by the bursting of a shell, the French were compelled, on the night of January 17, to evacuate the village. It was, however, retaken by the French at daybreak on the 18th. After this temporary reverse the French occupation of La Boisselle never seems to have been in doubt.

The German hopes of capturing the position culminated in the offer of a reward of 700 marks to the first German soldier who brought back a French machine gun. The only apparent effect of this offer was the repulse of nine German attacks, during which many prisoners were captured. Some of the latter admitted that as regards efficacy of shell fire the French were far superior to the Germans.

An attack on Thiepval which was made during the night of January 19, independently of the attack on La Boisselle, was pushed as far as the French barbed-wire entanglements, and was then repulsed. Along the remainder of the front, the most interesting feature of the fighting since the opening of the year was the sending of German fire boats down the Ancre river, north of Aveluy, in the direction of the latter place. How these particular boats were made is not yet known, but that they were evidently of a dangerous nature is obvious, as the French report mentioning them states that they were "stopped before they exploded."

On the last day of January the church and village of Foncquevillers to the north of the line was bombarded by the Germans. Other operations which have taken place along this front are the silencing of German batteries near Adinver and near Pozières, and the destruction of several German blockhouses in the neighbourhood of Albert.



In the Market Square of Peronne

Peronne is now occupied by the Germans. This view was taken when the square was full of French transport waggons

The Fighting Around La Bassée—House-to-House Fighting.



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Drawn by Paul Thiriat, special correspondent of THE SPHERE in France

THE BRITISH DEFENCE OF A HOUSE NEAR LA BASSÉE—FIRING FROM ONE OF THE TOP ROOMS

M. Paul Thiriat, in the course of a letter accompanying the above drawing, writes: "During the advance of the British in Northern France fighting of the most extraordinary nature often takes place. In some small towns and villages, for example, the Germans would perhaps be in the houses on one side of the street and the Allies fronting them in the houses on the other. Each room becomes a veritable nest of heroes. Only one who has actually visited the scenes of such conflicts and has seen the blood-stained appearance of the rooms after one of these sanguinary conflicts can really appreciate what our soldiers have suffered in these hells. The above picture, for instance, shows a body of British soldiers fighting valiantly in the top room of a shelled house in the neighbourhood of La Bassée amidst the shattered blood-stained furniture

THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS FIGHT

A correspondent sends us from France an interesting photographic view of the actual site of the dramatic conflict between "L" battery of the Royal Horse Artillery and two German batteries in the neighbourhood of the little town of Néry, just to the south of Compiègne. The site has been visited by our correspondent, who obtained this picture from the actual position occupied by the two German batteries. It was on the last day of August that the 1st Cavalry Division, with their supporting artillery, reached the little town. They had been acting as a screen for the retreat of the British Army from Mons, and had had practically no

sleep during this period. Utterly weary and war-worn, they rode into the town; they had reason to believe that they had outdistanced the pursuit, so they bivouacked for the night in an oat-field only a short distance away.

The night passed quietly, and the dawn of September 1 found a thick white mist enshrouding the deep valley which lay close at hand. It is this valley which is shown in the annexed view. The cavalry went off to water their horses, and the men of the "L" battery, after having limbered up ready to start, were preparing breakfast, when suddenly, the mist having thinned, shells began to fall among them and they saw two enemy batteries in action just across the valley, some 800 metres away. It will be remembered that two British guns were almost immediately put out of action, but the three remaining weapons were used against the ten

German guns at this point-blank range. The cavalry on hearing the sudden cannonade raced back. While some brought rifles and machine guns to bear on the enemy, the rest prepared to charge. They had to make a detour in order to avoid the steep depression shown in the picture. Though met by rifle and machine-gun fire they did not hesitate, but rushed and sabred the German gunners who still remained by their shattered guns. Our correspondent states that in the quiet little cemetery at Néry are to be seen four graves, with at their heads four simple crosses, bearing the following inscriptions:—

"Captain E. K. Bradbury, V.C., 'L' Battery, R.H.A.," "Lieutenant G. D. Campbell, 'L' Battery, R.H.A.," "Major G. S. Cawley, 20th Hussars," and on the fourth cross, "Twelve British soldiers, names unknown."



WHERE "L" BATTERY, R.H.A., FOUGHT ITS FAMOUS FIGHT—THE ACTUAL SITE

The German battery was on the ridge in the foreground. The British guns were drawn up less than 900 yards away, across the depression

AT the SOUTHERN END of the WESTERN LINE.



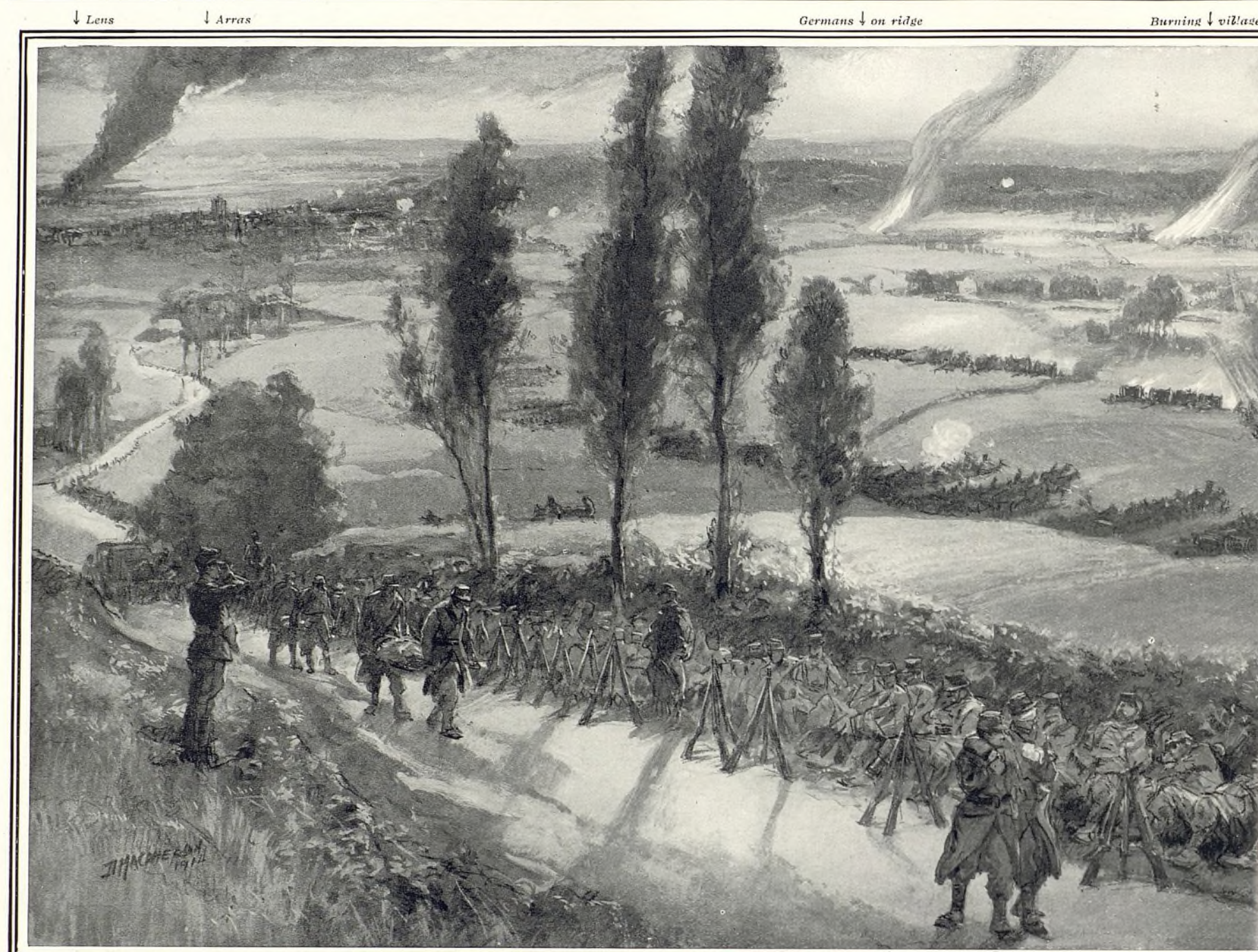
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A FRENCH PIOUS-PIOU GUARDING A PINE RIDGE NEAR THE BORDERS OF LORRAINE

From a direct camera picture, March, 1915

This veteran is guarded from the cold of his exposed position by a sheepskin coat. A woollen balaclava, the work of willing hands in the village below, covers the top of his képi and protects his neck and ears from the wind

The FIGHTING in the VALLEYS AROUND ARRAS :



Motor ambulance taking wounded to dressing station Infantry in reserve in roadway Eighteen batteries of 75-mm. guns in the burning villages to the south of Arras as witnessed by a member of the

RESCUING WOUNDED from the ARRAS DISTRICT

Told by H. Kemball Cook

We give on this page two accounts of the war as seen in the Arras-Albert district, which is specially treated in diagrammatic form in this week's issue. Both accounts deal with earlier phases of the fighting, but deserve to be placed on record.

IN the stress of battle I suppose the first feeling of the average civilian is one of intense disgust at his own inactivity. Big things are happening, things which are deciding the fate of nations, and he is doing nothing—merely a useless drone consuming food which were better on its way to the troops in the trenches. Since we have been here we have been overwhelmed by this feeling, and we have made attempts in various quarters to find an opportunity of making ourselves useful.

This afternoon—on a small scale—an opportunity came to us. Among the many friends we had made were some of the devoted Red Cross civilians of Arras who, being disqualified from one cause or another from active service in the field, had placed their time, their motors, and their lives at the service of the army for bringing in wounded from the trenches. After a good deal of persuasion we managed to get out with these, riding out in the car and returning with our cargo of wounded, clinging on to the step, the radiator, or any other point so that we did not occupy precious space. We passed through all the stages of an army in the field. First the railway base, with troop trains coming in; then a little village where the hundred and one details—the shoeing of horses, the repairing of harness, and so on—were in full swing. Then to another village, where the camp kitchens were at work. In the stress of a battle food can be taken to the trenches only under cover of night, and as the evening drew in this village was full of waggons, each with its complement of huge boilers, in which food was being prepared.

A Black Cloud of Smoke

This was the last view we got of the lighter side of war. Our course lay now along a sunk road running parallel with the French batteries, now in full view. At one point the German advance had been pushed so far that as we ran along the road the shells screamed high overhead; but for most of our journey we were just behind the French batteries.

It was a wonderful spectacle as the darkness came on. Far away to the north a huge black cloud of smoke marked the German advance on Lens and the firing, as we were told, of the coal mines there. Full in view towards the German batteries the horizon was bright with the continual lightning-like flashes of the shells. Cunningly placed in a fold of the land just below our road were the

French batteries, barking continually their defiance. The whole air was full of the clamour of the guns and the whistle and bo-o-o-m of the falling shells.

To the left the sky was bright with the flames of four villages—yesterday quiet, rustic villages, to-day flaming witnesses to the fury of the God of War. In the foreground the once prosperous little village of Mercatel was now only a line of burning houses.

The Road no Longer Safe

So through the tornado of battle we came to the village of Feuchy, to which the wounded were being brought from the trenches. The whole village was given up to the wounded. The schoolhouse, the Mairie, the village inn—every house with a door big enough to admit a stretcher—was in use.

My French comrade and I had decided to let dinner go and to continue all night bringing in the wounded, for time pressed and the Germans drew ever nearer to Arras. But night was coming on, the German advance was not stayed, our road was no longer safe. Already bodies of infantry were lining the bank to the left of the road, the artillery must move across it—it was no longer possible to use our road. So, against our will, we turned back to Arras, to be met by the news that all able-bodied men must evacuate the town on foot at once.

The BOMBARDMENT of ALBERT

As Seen by a Red Cross Worker

The account given here is by a Red Cross worker, who witnessed what he describes as the best stage-managed battle of modern days which could possibly have been arranged (see diagram on another page for position of Albert).

BELOW us lay the town of Albert, above which burst shells to right and left and behind, making a terrific noise. On the left, about a kilometre away in a hollow, were two batteries of French guns plugging away hard. In front, advancing in extended order, were French troops, dropping down and taking cover every 30 yards, and about two miles on a smoking village, from which issued spurts of flame as the German guns fired. The Germans were advancing the whole time, and getting their guns nearer on the hill behind the town. We could see the troops in single file marching to the left and beyond their trenches, wherein no doubt the main body were situated. The whole time to right and left in front of us there were white puffs of smoke in the air, followed by the booming later—shrapnel, I am told.

Gratitude to England

I got my car filled with two (wounded) in front and four behind, like sardines, so thinking it would be a pity to get them wounded again I set off slowly, avoiding

How the Industrial Villages and Towns of the Northern Plain have Gone up to Heaven in Smoke and Flame—What a Red Cross Eye-witness Saw.



centre—timbers and horses behind RED CROSS WHO WAS WORKING ON THE ROAD TO ALBERT (SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND) Drawn by D. Macpherson from material supplied by Mr. H. Kemball Cook. Copyrighted in the U.S.A.

bumps, to Villars-Brittenoux, as all the hospitals in Amiens were full. On the way we passed through, I should say, 5,000 refugees, with their dogs and babies and old men, and carrying their goods in bundles—a most pathetic sight; the funny thing was they all seemed in the best of spirits, however. I found one soldier absolutely beat, with a bullet wound through the back of his neck and his arm wounded. He implored a lift, so we placed him on the tool-box, but after ten kilometres he was so weak I deemed it advisable to put him off, so I left him at the side of the road, with a promise that I would come back for him later. I will not describe some of the wounded, but it is curious that I, always nearly sick at the sight of a cut finger, have in one day got used to the most appalling sights. The poor fellow next to me on this trip had his arm shot off from the shoulder, and to have ridden over these bumpy roads must have been agony, and yet he never complained, not a word; the only thing he said was: "Where would we poor French be if it had not been for the English?" Their patience is wonderful. One man with me had seen the swine killing the wounded, and the whole way he exhorted the reinforcements we were passing to show no pity to the *bosches*, as they call them, and he was determined to get back soon, and I am sorry for any wounded in his way.

An Academic Interest in Shells

"I got the fellows to the hospital," continues the writer in a long letter printed in "The Morning Post," "and then went back to hunt for my wounded friend, whom I was determined to find. The others went back to Albert, but dearly as I would have liked it I had to do what I had said I would, so with the greatest difficulty I found my way, and there he was sitting down covered with a blanket that some cottagers had got him, perfectly convinced I would not fail him. It recompensed me for missing the fun at Albert that he had relied on me so. I got him to the hospital in the dark, picking up five others that had fallen by the way—side exhausted and wounded, where one night would have finished them.

"They are on the whole a capital crowd here, and — is too superb. His training as an engineer and study of mathematics give him an academic interest in the trajectory of shells, which makes him a dangerous companion, although a cool and lovable one. His chief ambition seems to be to witness the fall and explosion of one above his head, from which he would no doubt derive an immense amount of useful knowledge, but also if he had it for an instant he would not possess it long enough in this world to be of any real use.

The Town Hall of Albert Falls In

"We went back to Albert this morning and got some more wounded out and back to Villars. A lot of French guns had come up in the night and made the German position untenable, so that all that was happening was that the French were bombarding the Germans, their batteries not replying, as no doubt they were retreating. In going to Villars we passed within 90 yards of a French battery in action, and I stopped and took a photograph of them, much to their surprise. We left our only doctor at Albert, and having landed our wounded at Villars and being told that there were no more wounded that could sit up I and — started for Amiens. — (in command here) said that we were to proceed to Bou'ne to Paris, a curious route. — and — therefore started off, — leaving me the

job he had taken on, that of going back to Albert to fetch —, the doctor, who, as I explained, was left in the hospital. — was very keen on coming, so instead of going in the Napier we went in his Rolls-Royce.

"When we got within about two miles we noticed unusual activity, and were met with the cry, 'Impossible d'entrer; on bombarde la ville.' We pushed on, however, and got within a quarter of a mile of the town, when we were stopped by streams of troops, ammunition waggons, horses, transport, and every type of a thousand things that follow an army—and you have no idea of the amount till you have seen it. We stayed wedged here, with the most deafening din going on, for about ten minutes, and then there was a gap in the traffic. I got — to turn the car round, which at all events put us right for running away. Knowing that the car was now safe we walked up on to a slope on the left about fifty yards, and amidst a few officers, including I may say the General in Command, who retired advisedly after a few minutes, we watched the most amazing sight I have yet seen. The Germans, annoyed at being driven back, had concentrated all their batteries on the town itself, and were just starting on it. I assure you it was like a Drury Lane scene. Houses crumbled up, walls fell in, roofs disappeared in columns of dense dark dust. The Town Hall fell in, all as we watched not 300 yards away; and all the time the whistling of the shells arriving, followed by the deafening noise. It really was an Inferno. I persuaded — against his will to move. We asked an officer of the Red Cross down the road about a mile if there were any wounded we could take. He gave us three, which filled the car, whilst I stood on the step, and thus we proceeded to Villars, where we put the wounded.

"I should say the Germans got a bit of the slaughter to-day they gave us yesterday, as our guns were at them all day, about ten batteries, firing hard all the time. It was too extraordinary to stand behind the battery and think what misery it was causing two miles away, and yet the guns might have been on manoeuvres at Salisbury Plain. The noise quite near was nothing out of the way, even within 50 yards.

A Heroic French Doctor

"The French hospitals are now very much improved, and the organisation is becoming splendid. As the cases come in they deal with them according to injuries, some sent to one ward for damaged legs, others for body wounds, and so on. There was one doctor I must mention, although I don't know his name. He was at the station at Villars-Brittenoux. He worked from six in the morning till about two next morning dealing with wounded, putting them in trains, and seeing to them all. He was never flustered or cross, always quiet. To see him deal with a batch of new wounded that came in—always like his children; he welcomed them, said a few words of sympathy, asked about them as if the one who had just come in was more to him than all the others; and he was there beside one, as he passed from here, comforting him, and although he died in the straw in a tent rigged up outside the station, yet there was someone by him who might have been his only relative in the world. You see horrid sights, you see the worst passion, but sometimes you see a man like this, and he seems to lift you right up as a type that can be tried just as the others, but standing out alone. Let me tell you that 1,400 wounded passed through his hands in forty-eight hours."

THE ATTACK ON NEUVE CHAPELLE : How the Prussian Guard Surrendered to the Middlesex Regiment.



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THE PRUSSIAN GUARD SURRENDERING TO THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT AT THE FIRST LINE OF GERMAN TRENCHES ON MARCH 10, 1915

DRAWN BY C. CLARK FROM A DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS, MARCH, 1915

This scene, described to our artist by an eye-witness, depicts a batch of the Prussian Guard surrendering to the 2nd Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment at the first line of trenches before the village of Neuve Chapelle. The distance at this point from the British advance trench was about 65 yards, and our men were upon the enemy

while most of them were still dazed from the effects of the terrific bombardment. There was a brisk fire from the second German trench, 50 yards away, at this moment. The prisoners were taken in batches of thirty or forty and handed successively back to the oncoming lines of supports until they were passed back to head-

quarters, the captors meanwhile sweeping on with the advance. The "Eye-Witness" says: "Prisoners who had been all through the war stated that they had never been in such a bombardment as that which preceded the assault on Neuve Chapelle. Many were still taking refuge in their dug-outs, and in the village several were captured in

cellars before they realised that we were upon them. . . . One officer complained that we did not 'fight fair.' My regiment never had a chance from the first; there was a shell every ten yards. Nothing could live in such a fire." The number of prisoners taken during the action was 1,720.

The FIGHTING in POLAND and GALICIA : SCENES



RUSSIAN TROOPS ALIGHTING FOR THEIR TEA FROM A TRAIN IN NORTHERN POLAND

The weather conditions have brought sleighs of all kinds into active use when the frost has been hard enough for such traffic

A LETTER FROM WARSAW—concluded

WARSAW.

AT Kalwarija is the grave of a boy of five. He ran after a column of soldiers. The Germans put a shell in the column and killed seven men and the boy. Four miles south I see a field half-a-mile by a quarter square pitted with shell craters—like a lunar landscape. When the low winter sun casts jagged shades over this field of death it is the image of Selene's rugged face. There are Russian and German graves, pious crosses on both, and on one German's resting-place complimentary remarks.

The Saving of Peter

At Kalwarija is Piotr (Peter) Alexyevitch Romashkin, who sleeps as sound as the seven of Ephesus in one. Peter is watchman on Pan Konkievitch's estate

near Kozenitsa. Konkievitch is an art collector. At Kozenitsa was a bloody tussle of German rearguard men with Siberians and Caucasians. Peter slept in a shed near Pan Konkievitch's house. When he awoke at dawn the house had disappeared and the shed was afire. Both had been set alight by a battle which, unknown to snoring Peter, had raged all night. Sleepy-head Peter had slept like a babe in the shell-swept, bullet-riven space between the combatants. Peter ran into the garden and hid behind an unflamable wall. Shells (ten thousand an hour) and bullets (a million an hour) whizzed overhead. It was the greatest shooting match in the war. Blessing the wall which sheltered him and the high trajectories of long-distance missiles Peter lay on his stomach till noon. Grim thoughts were his. Would the Russians first come and embrace him as a brother? Would the Prussians precede them and slay him as a spy? At mid-day through mist appeared a yellow cloud of Siberians. Peter culled from the garden rope a lady's garment white as Poland's snow and waved it from the clothes line pole. First of the Siberians rushed a bearded officer with grim face. He roared with laughter. A shell removed his head, but Peter was saved. First of men in war to be saved by woman's rags. I asked Peter about his feelings when the shells and bullets hissed. He said:—

"Mokro!"

"It was wet!"

Only a spoiled Russian with sixty thousand shells and six million bullets buzzing would notice that when you lie behind a wall on your stomach your hot body turns the snow to water.

Brother and Sister

During this colloquy I heard boom, boom, boom! Again I slept at Kalwarija. At midnight came Peter with insect powder, the one thing saved from his master's art treasures, and told me a nightmare tale of Prussian discipline:—

"At Nadarshin a Polish governess from Posen—the German subject, Mariya Tarnopolsky—inflamed her mind with anti-German leading articles. She secreted a hand grenade left behind by the Russians, and from behind a wall she hurled it at a platoon of Germans as they ate their mid-day soup. Three soldiers were killed and the soup was upset. The girl by drum-head court-martial was sentenced to be shot. When the firing party appeared she saw in it her own brother. The soldier moved not a muscle of his face. As the girl fell dead he thrust the muzzle of his rifle into his chest, and fell dead too."

With this incredible tale in my ears, and boom, boom, boom vainly trying to



Austrian Artillery Drawn by Eight-horse Teams Through Snow-covered Landscape

These are evidently 4.1-in. pieces. They are winding down through the foothill roads of Galicia

from the RUSSIAN and AUSTRO-GERMAN LINES.



MOTERING THROUGH THE TOWN OF LYCK, WHICH HAS BEEN TAKEN AND LOST FOUR TIMES

This East Prussian town has passed repeatedly from Germany to Russia and from Russia to Germany in the course of the past few months, and has suffered accordingly

expel it, I slept. In the morning I drove to Nadarshin and found the grave marked "M. T." Villagers of Nadarshin agreed that Mariya cast the hand grenade, but they differed about her death. I disbelieve the brother tale. From Nadarshin I drove towards Grodzisk, whence you see a bee-line railroad running east to Warsaw and west to Skierniewice. Grodzisk is an acoustic puzzle. In it the boom, boom, boom becomes unpleasantly sharp. There is a terrific recurrent rattle and reverberating roar. It comes from Lowitch, thirty miles off. The land along the road from Warsaw—not the road itself—is blocked by a snake-like slow procession of field-guns, limbers going west, and ambulances going east. Some wounded turn off at the Nadarshin road. I help into his overcoat a man who has lost two fingers, and ask, "Where were you wounded?"

"On the position . . ."

At the cross roads I meet the first imperative Russian. It is a sentry, who says I must go back. I return to Nadarshin. Before dawn Szapeha wakes me.

"Can you see the flashes?" he asks.

"Impossible; they're below the horizon."

"Come up the ladder."

I crawl, swallowing straw-dust, aloft, and I see the battle. The real, real battle. It is an immense blood-red, biographically flickering a' ter glow. The glow is burning Poland; the flicker is a cloud reflection of 2,000 field guns shelling Lowitch, Glogno, Bresin. Fascinated, I watch. In the south, where the red turns pale, I see on a rose-coloured sheet the spectral outlines of a burnt down village's chimneys. The Heathen Gods' Procession Street.

At dawn come more wounded. Slightly wounded; afoot. One has a red scar on his cheek. He says it was made by the wind of a shell which flew past his ear.

Ruined Roads

Next day, the fourth from Warsaw, I learn why the Grodzisk artillery snake moved across the plain and not along the road. With Szapeha I make across country on foot, and discover, half-way between Blone and Warsaw, my first section of "chess-boarded" road. "Chess-boarding" is retreating Hindenburg's delectable way of ruining Poland's roads so that Grand Duke Nicholas's pursuing hosts may find themselves lost in the communicationless waste, while Hindenburg strikes at the embarrassed right.

On the right side of the Blone road is a 12-yards long pit neatly excavated; beside it is a 12-yards patch of level road. To the right, in front of the pit,

is a level intact patch, and beside it, on the left, is a yawning pit. So, to the limit of vision, 700 miles of paved Polish roads have been chess-boarded. You cannot repair them; you must drag your guns over unpaved plains. Some holes are 8 ft. deep and 40 ft. long.

When I return to Vienna Railroad Depôt I enter the *boutique*. The clerk is reading from the *Kurjer Warszawski* that the foundations of the last King of Poland's open-air theatre are threatened by frost.

Fifty wounded; a beautiful maroon-uniformed Caucasian and many nice Red Cross nurses in black frilled bonnets enter the depôt. The clerk in the *boutique* takes no notice. His friend calls his attention.

"If the Warsaw *Magistrat*," reads the clerk, "takes no steps before the advent of frost, this adorable relic of Poland's rococo glory . . ."

War is droll indeed.

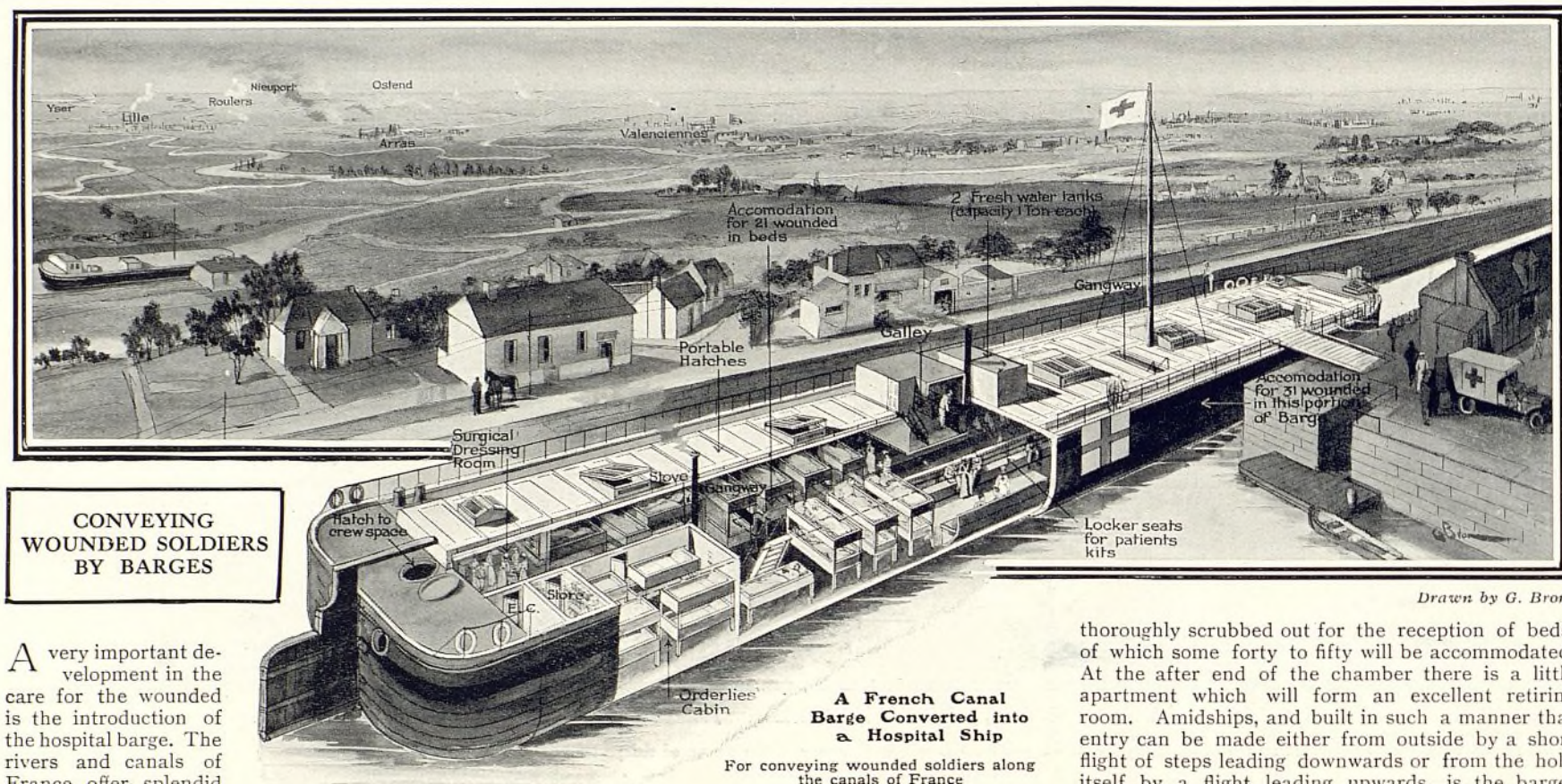
The opening portion of this letter appeared in THE SPHERE of March 27.



German Transport Waggon Mounted on Sledges

In the frosty weather the Germans fitted drags or sleds on to their transport waggon

The CARE of the WOUNDED : Barges Converted into Hospital Boats for Use on the Canals of France and Belgium.



CONVEYING
WOUNDED SOLDIERS
BY BARGES

Drawn by G. Bron

A very important development in the care for the wounded is the introduction of the hospital barge. The rivers and canals of France offer splendid opportunities for conveying wounded from point to point. This new method of transport was foreshadowed in an article in *The Times*, in which the writer, in describing the hospital barges, wrote:—

"The north of France, as is well known, is exceedingly rich in waterways—rivers and canals. The four great rivers, the Oise, the Somme, the Sambre, and the Escaut (Scheldt), are connected by a network of canals—quiet and comfortable waterways at present almost free of traffic. So far as the reaching of any particular spot is concerned these waterways may be said to be ubiquitous. They extend, too, right into Belgium, and have connection with the coast at various points—for example, Ostend. Here, then, is a third system of "roads" for the removal of the wounded, a system which, if properly used, can be made to relieve greatly the stress of work imposed upon the ambulance motor cars and trains. Here also is the ideal method of removal, as I realised during my visit this morning.

The Arrangement of the Interior

"The *Ile de France* is lying at present at the Quai de Grenelle, near the Eiffel Tower. This is a Seine barge of the usual size and type, blunt-nosed, heavily and roomily built. You enter the hold by a step-ladder, which is part of the hospital equipment. This is a large chamber not much less high from floor to ceiling than an ordinary room, well lit, and ventilated by means of skylights. The walls of the hold have been painted white; the floor has been

thoroughly scrubbed out for the reception of beds, of which some forty to fifty will be accommodated. At the after end of the chamber there is a little apartment which will form an excellent retiring room. Amidships, and built in such a manner that entry can be made either from outside by a short flight of steps leading downwards or from the hold itself by a flight leading upwards, is the barge-master's cabin, now converted into a living room for two surgeons.

The Appliances in the Barge

"The forward portion of the barge can accommodate more beds, and there is no reason why a portion of it should not be walled in and used as an operating room, more especially since in the bow a useful washing apparatus is fitted. The barge is heated by stoves, and a small electric plant could easily be installed. The barges are used in groups of four, and a small tug supplies the motive power. In favourable circumstances about 50 kilometres a day can be travelled."

And Mr. Hall, the special representative in control of hospital barges, writing in *The Morning Post*, also states: "These rivers and canals run right through all the fighting area, eventually coming out at the sea at different ports in the Channel.

The Network of Canals

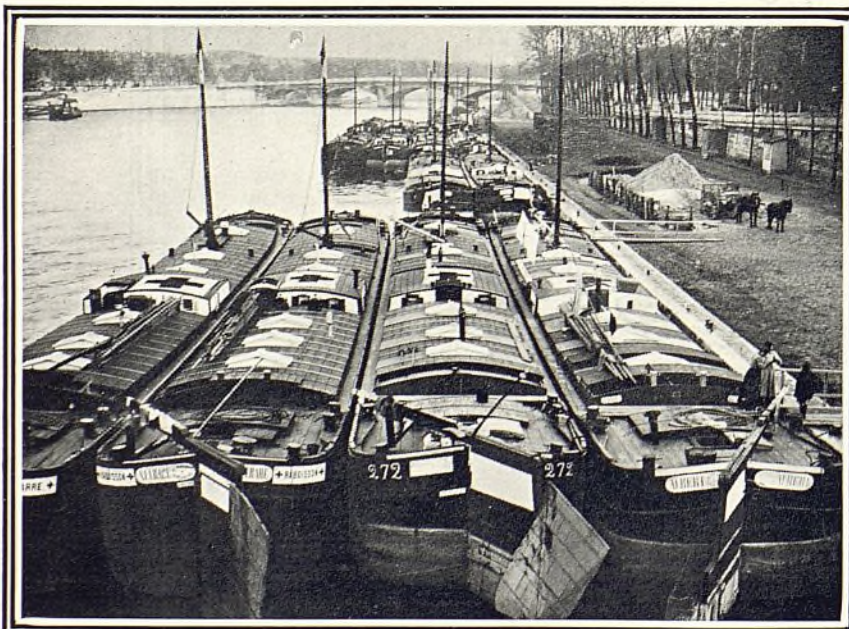
"Not only are such important centres as Paris and Rouen connected by this means with the sea, but also many other towns and villages which the public have recently heard of in connection with the terrific fighting which has taken place.

"The barges employed are big, roomy barges 120 ft. long, 16 ft. broad, and 10 ft. high, much larger than are used in England. There are many of these barges available owing to the fact that most of the commercial traffic on the canals has long been stopped, and care is taken only to use fairly new and clean barges which have been used in the conveyance of timber or stone or other clean and harmless cargoes."



Nurse on a Hospital Barge

On these barges there is accommodation for nurses and surgeons in addition to that for the patients



The Hospital Barges on the River Seine (Red Cross in Centre of Deck)

Showing their general outward appearance. These long, roomy, shallow-draught barges, much larger than those used in England, are ordinarily used for commercial purposes



An Interior View of One of the Hospital Barges

Showing the arrangement of beds, of which there are some forty or fifty, in the wide interior of the barge. The heating is by stoves

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

THE FOLLOWING OFFICERS HAVE ALL DIED IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY, EITHER IN ACTION, FROM WOUNDS, OR OTHER CAUSES DIRECTLY INCIDENTAL TO THE GREAT WAR



Captain M. K. Hodgson
1st Sherwood Foresters. He saw service during the South African War, when he was wounded



Captain J. R. L. Heyland
9th Gurkha Rifles. He became captain in 1913, and for the last two years also acted as adjutant



Lieutenant W. J. Kerr
2nd Scottish Rifles. Aged 24 years. Was gazetted to the Cameronians in 1909 and promoted in 1912



Captain R. de C. Findlay
4th Seaforth Highlanders. Aged 47 years. He was gazetted to a captaincy on November 19 last



Captain Stephen Garrett
4th Suffolk Regiment. Aged 36 years. The third son of Mr. Frank Garrett of Aldringham, Leiston



Lieutenant Brian Osborne
15th Hussars. Aged 26 years. He joined the Hussars in 1908 and was promoted lieutenant in 1909



Lieutenant C. H. Dundas
1st Welsh Regiment. Aged 23. He received his commission in 1911, being promoted in 1913



2nd Lieutenant B. F. G. Berrill
4th London Regt. The son of Mr. A. Berrill of London. Received commission in August



Lieutenant L. A. Bernard
Sherwood Foresters. Aged 28. Younger son of Mr. A. M. Bernard of Copdock, Ipswich



Lieutenant Eric Gilbey
Rifle Brigade. Aged 26. Formerly held a commission in the Grenadier Guards. Son of Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart.



Lieutenant A. C. Foster
Grenadier Guards. Prior to the outbreak of war he was honorary attaché to the British Legation at Stockholm



Lieutenant W. D. Waters
Sherwood Foresters. Aged 22 years. He received his first appointment in August last



2nd Lieutenant L. C. Wildsmith
12th London Regiment. Aged 20. Only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wildsmith of Wimbledon



Lieutenant O. J. Calley
Wiltshire Regiment. He was gazetted in 1912, and was promoted lieutenant in 1914



2nd Lieutenant C. F. Burnand
Grenadier Guards. Aged 23. He was appointed to the Special Reserve of the Grenadier Guards in August last



Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Elliott-Lockhart, D.S.O.
Commanding 59th Scinde Rifles F.F. He saw service with the Waziristan Expedition, 1894-5; on the N.-W. Frontier of India, 1897-8; in China, 1900; and in Somaliland, 1903-4



Captain H. R. Sparenborg
1st Battalion, Royal Lancaster Regiment. He was gazetted to the regiment in 1900, and was promoted lieutenant in 1902 and captain in 1910. He saw active service in West Africa in 1902-4, receiving the medal with clasp



2nd Lieutenant R. A. Young
2nd Battalion, Royal Munster Fusiliers. Aged 20. Received his commission as a 2nd lieutenant in the Munster Fusiliers on August 15, 1914

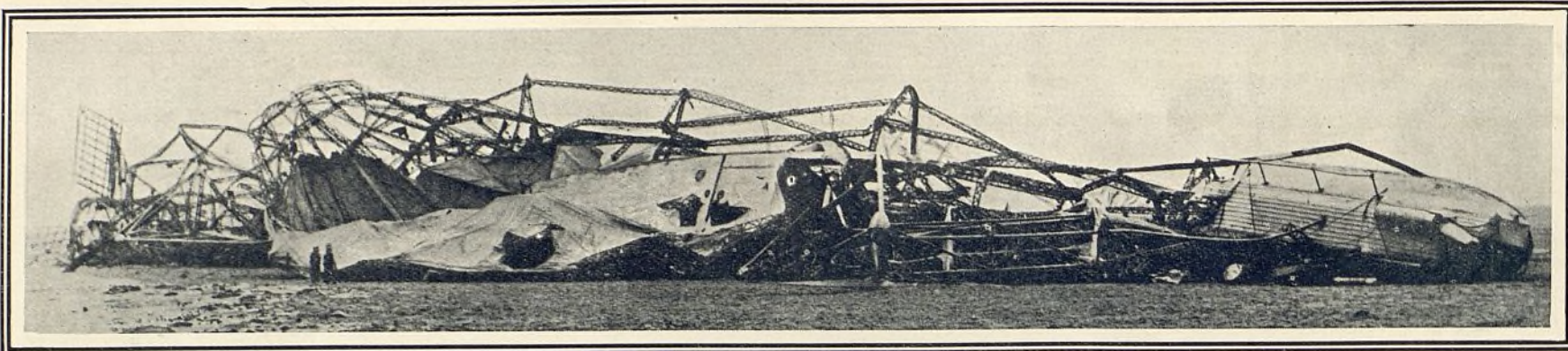


Captain and Adjutant T. R. Aldworth
2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment. Aged 31 years. He was gazetted a 2nd lieutenant in 1904, becoming lieutenant in 1907 and captain in 1912. He was appointed adjutant to the 2nd battalion in 1914



Major M. L. Goldie, D.S.O., M.V.O.
R.H.A. Aged 39 years. He saw service with the Aro Expedition, Southern Nigeria, in 1901-2. He obtained his commission in 1895, becoming captain in 1901 and major in 1912

Pro patria mori



The Remains of Zeppelin "L 3" Stranded on the Shore of Fanø Island off the Danish Coast

THE LAST OF TWO MIGHTY ZEPPELINS.

A Detailed Narrative of the Last Moments of "L 3." Recorded by an Eye-witness in the "Esbjerg Avis"

AT five p.m. on Wednesday I was at the Kabalhuset, to the north-west of Nordby. On my way back to Nordby I happened to turn round to look at the sea, and, in spite of a rainy haze—it was then dusk—I saw quite distinctly off the western sea baths the well-known outline of an airship of the Zeppelin type. It looked as if it were a good distance away, but as it seemed to me to be approaching land and descending at the same time I hastened to the shore. But before I reached there the airship disappeared at the back of the dune, and when I saw it again I could see it scraping the shore northwards, carried away by the violent wind from the south-east which had risen in the course of the afternoon. The long covering of the balloon seemed to have been broken. Some people were running beside the vessel, and by and by I could make out a few more figures; they had apparently jumped out of the two cars which were being dragged along underneath the Zeppelin. When the airship reached the most northerly point of the island one end of her suddenly rose. For a second or so the long framework was standing almost perpendicularly. Then suddenly fierce flames rose against the sky, whistling with great force, and soon afterwards a mighty fire blazed out, while those few people who had followed the wrecked airship when she was struggling along the shore were to be seen standing at some distance.

Among the first persons to arrive was Lieutenant S. Nielsen, who is now the commander of the guard at Fanø. He and the master of the airship introduced themselves to one another, and then the crew of the wrecked aircraft were at the disposal of the Danish Army.

A short time afterwards I had the opportunity of speaking with several members of the crew of the Zeppelin, numbering in all sixteen, viz., the chief, Captain-Lieutenant Fritz; the second in command, Super-Lieutenant Baron von Lüncker; two deck officers—a mate and an engineer—and twelve subaltern officers. They were all dressed in strong black furs, had leather gaiters, and most of them wore large covering boots; some of them had thick knitted mufflers wrapped round their necks and heads. The officers and the deck officers wore caps, the fronts of which were adorned with the German imperial crown wrought in gold; the subaltern officers wore sailors' caps with black ribbons, on which could be read in golden letters, "Marine Airship Department" (*Marine Lustschiff Abteilung*).

It appeared from various statements which were made that the airship, "L 3," (built a year ago and costing 900,000 marks), at four o'clock on Wednesday morning ascended in beautifully clear weather from the airship sheds in Hamburg and sailed towards the North Sea. Once over the water the Zeppelin sailed in various directions until the afternoon. None of the men wished to speak about the object of their voyage. Only so much could be got out of them that they had seen no warships, but only a few steamers. In the afternoon the airship sailed southwards again. But a very violent storm, accompanied by snow and a rainy haze, had meanwhile arisen, and only with the greatest efforts could the Zeppelin steer against the wind. Soon afterwards one of the three motors of the vessel broke down, and a little later another. At the same time the storm pressed the large colossus further and further downwards, and at a few yards' distance from the shore of Fanø the body of the vessel was dashed violently against the beach.

In colliding the covering of the vessel broke in two, and then, as all the members of the crew maintained, there was only one thing to be done, to let the airship "run aground" on the spot, which as previously mentioned was off the Fanø Western Sea Baths. Then the storm carried the wreck—as described above—northwards along the beach, it being impossible for the crew effectively to moor the vessel at the spot where it first touched. At the north-western point of the island the airship broke up entirely. Immediately afterwards when the whole crew had got safely off—not one of them being in the least injured—the captain-lieutenant ordered that the benzine tank of the airship should be opened, and the benzine was ignited by the motor. A fire, twice as high as the mills of Nordby, flashed against the rainy evening sky, and in a few moments the "L 3" was reduced to a mere heap of blazing wreckage.

It was stated that on board the Zeppelin there were two machine guns, six bombs, and some ammunition. The machine guns and the ammunition were thrown overboard while the airship was straggling along the beach.

Did the "L 3" Take Part in the Raid on Yarmouth?

"Well, now you have certainly done with the war," I say to one of the German sailors. "No, no," he replies. "No, we are sure to be set at liberty to-morrow."

I do not answer him, and now, apparently, it suddenly becomes obvious to the sailor that it would not be in accordance with the rules of neutrality to set him at liberty while the war lasts. For at once he exclaims:—

"It would be a great pity if we should be detained."

"But," continues he after a while, "Germany will certainly be victorious in this war. Our enemies are cleared out of East Prussia, the Russians are quite finished."

The man spoke as one who is sure of his cause.

"And England?" I ask.

The sailor officer pauses and looks at me for a moment. Then he looks away, as if he were pitying her, shakes his head, and at the same time he once or twice makes a movement in the air with his flat hand. He does not say a word.

A little later he adds with a very significant gesture:—

"To-morrow our fleet of submarines will surround England!"

And after having been silent for a while, he says:—

"The war will last for another five months, but we are quite sure about the result."

The man takes a cigarette case out of his pocket—a black leather case. I see that in one of its top corners there is a drawing of the Iron Cross, and in one of the bottom corners I read, "Yarmouth, 15—1—1915."

"Is it possible to buy such cases in Germany?" I ask.

"Oh no; it was given to me in remembrance of a particular occasion."

"Did you take part in the raid on Yarmouth?"

"Yes."

"Did the 'L 3' take part in the bombarding of that town?"

The sailor answers by a hesitating nod.

"Have you got the Iron Cross?" I ask.

Again a hesitating nod.

"Have all the members of the crew of the 'L 3' received the Iron Cross?"

"Ten of them," he replies curtly and evasively.

The crew were taken to Nordby and interned at the ferry station there until a decision is come to with regard to their final internment. On the beach in the course of the evening soldiers found four bombs, pear-shaped and about 2 ft. high. Their ignition mechanism had been removed. The airship measured about 130 metres long.

A Second Wreck Near Börsmose

The news of another airship, which came to grief at Börsmose, has taken a long time to reach us. In the first instance, Börsmose is very much an out-of-the-way place, and secondly, the crew have tried to conceal that they are soldiers in the hope that they might find an opportunity to cross the frontier.

The *Ribe Amtstidende*, Varde, writes with regard to the wrecking: The facts are briefly these—At about 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday eleven German-speaking persons arrived at the house of the coast bailiff of Börsmose, one Mads Villadsen. One of the men was in a very poor condition and had had both his legs broken. They alleged that they came by a fishing steamer, which collided with a mine and sank, whereupon they reached land in a boat. Their clothes, however, indicated that they could not be fishermen. They were all very well dressed from head to foot, and several of them had shining buttons on their jackets. Immediately on their arrival Dr. Möller of Oksbøl was sent for in order that the injured man might be attended to. To Dr. Möller they declared they came from Bremerhafen, but on the whole they were very unwilling to speak.

The strangers showed a keen desire to make for the railway station the same evening, but as Börsmose is situated at a distance of about five miles from Varde they had to give it up, and stayed with the coast bailiff.

The following day Müller, the parish bailiff, examined them, and in the course of their examination they declared that they had been on board an airship which had been sailing along the west coast of Jutland. Owing to a violent gale which suddenly arose, the airship was unable to continue her course, and after having steered round Börsmose for about an hour they were compelled to land and to leave the airship to her fate. The crew therefore jumped off the vessel, which had descended to a distance of a few yards from the ground. They thought they had all been saved, but when the airship was carried off they discovered that four men were missing. Those unfortunates probably perished on board the wrecked airship, which was carried off by the storm.

The saved crew consists of one captain, two officers, and eight subaltern officers. They declared that, solely owing to the weather the ship was driven towards the coast, and they highly praised the hospitable and kindly treatment they received at coast bailiff Villadsen's house.

On the other hand, they are, of course, highly grieved at the fate of their comrades and their airship.

The Airship's Commander

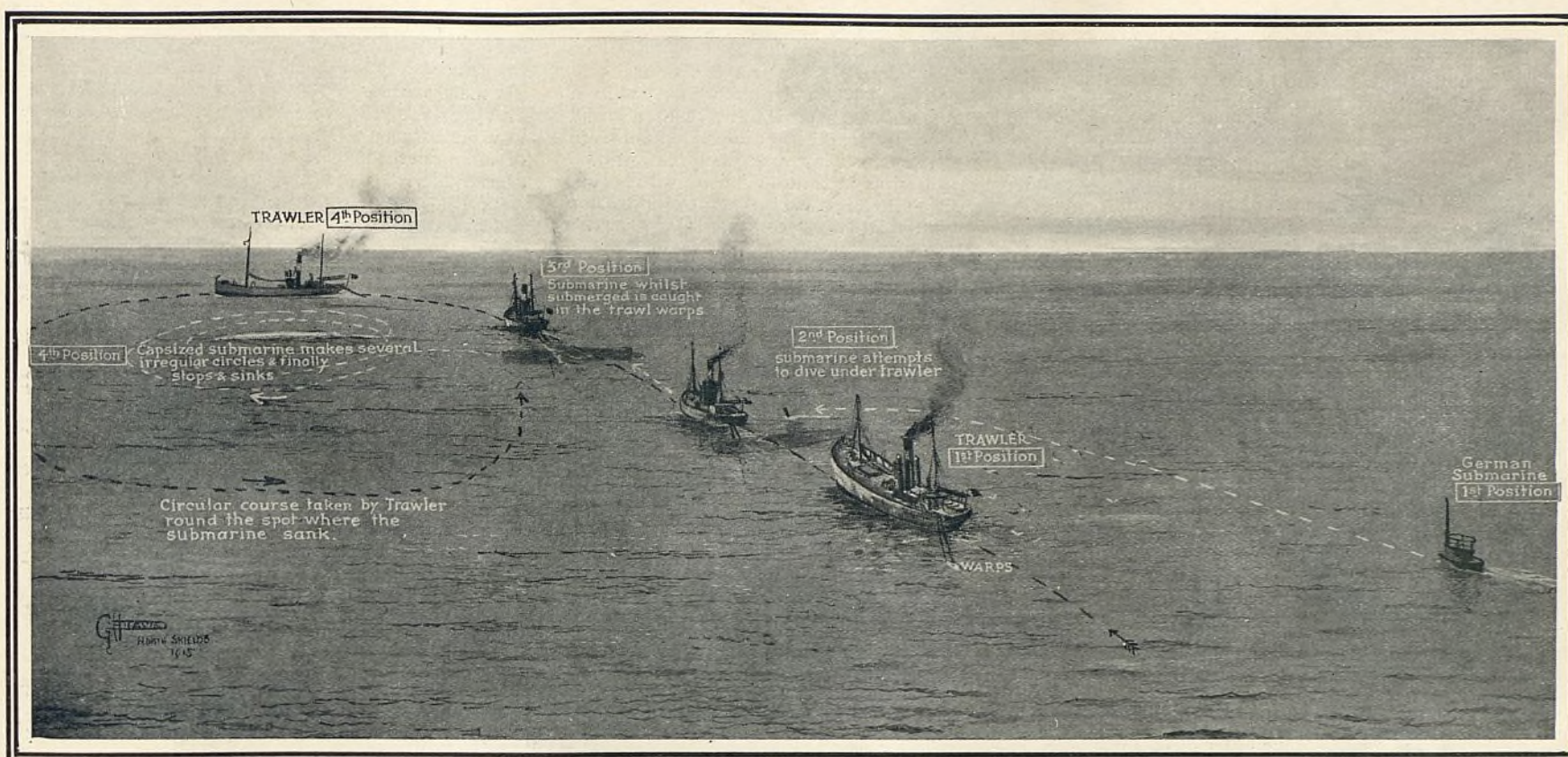
The commander of the airship is Count Platen, captain-lieutenant in the German Navy. In the course of the examination he claimed that his crew should be treated as shipwrecked persons, pointing out that they reached the coast unarmed.

Guarded by soldiers, ten of the rescued members of the crew were taken to Varde, where they are provisionally interned. The wounded member will remain at the coast bailiff's until his condition is improved. They refused to give their *parole d'honneur* not to attempt to escape.



"On the beach, in the course of the evening, soldiers found four bombs, pear shaped, and about 2 ft. high"

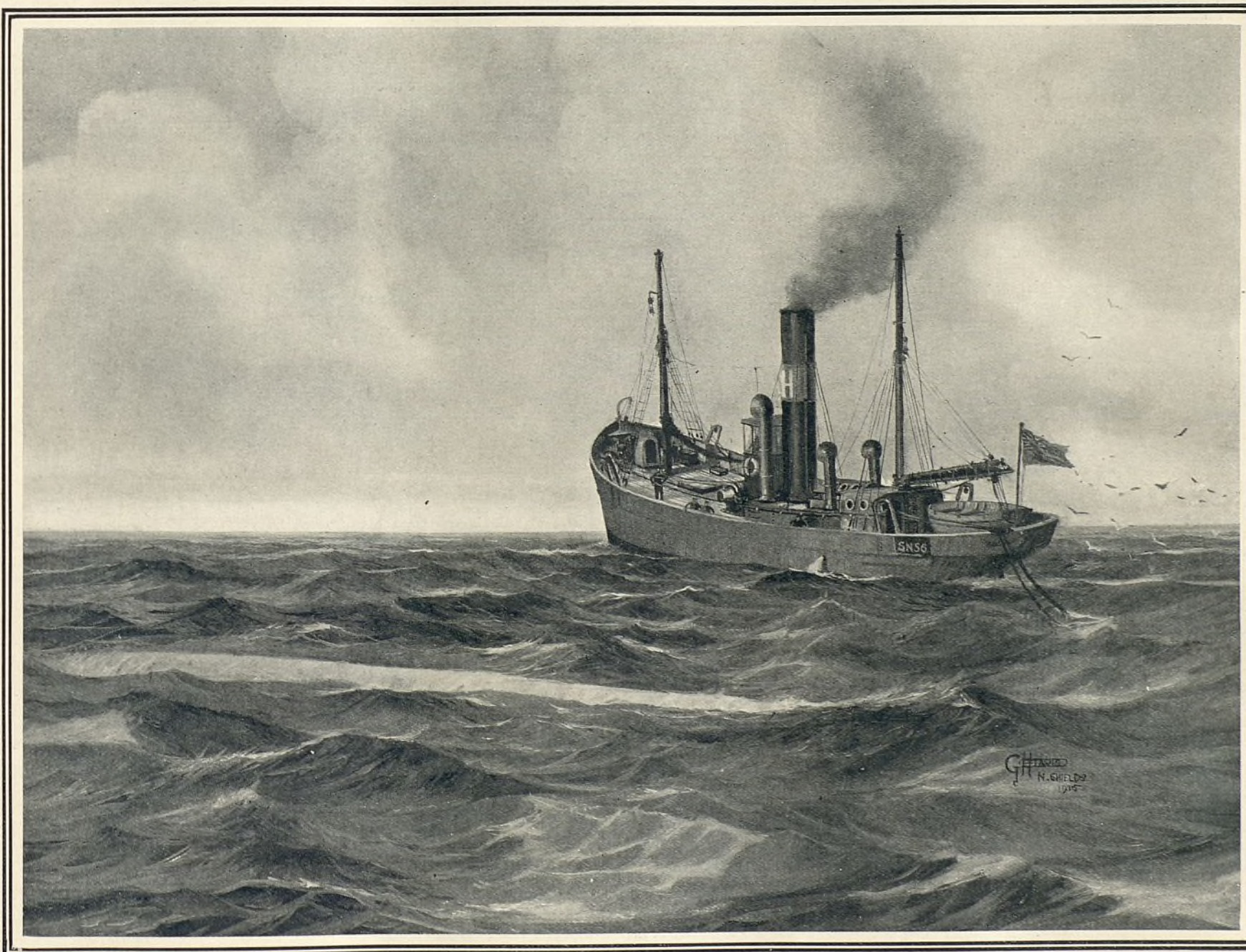
OVERTURNING of a GERMAN SUBMARINE : *In the North Sea.*



HOW THE GERMAN SUBMARINE FOULED THE HAWSERS OF A BRITISH TRAWLER AND TURNED HERSELF OVER

Drawn by G. H. Davis at North Shields, March, 1915

On the right-hand side of the drawing the submarine can be seen approaching the trawler. The two vessels are also shown in their subsequent positions—the submarine's attempted dive, the fouling of the hawsers, the appearance of the submarine on her side, and the final turning in circles



THE LAST VIEW OF THE OVERTURNED SUBMARINE AS SEEN FROM THE TRAWLER, "ALEXANDER HASTIE"

Drawn by G. H. Davis at North Shields, March, 1915

The North Shields steam trawler, "Alexander Hastie," whilst fishing 105 miles east-north-east of the Longstone Lighthouse on February 23, observed the approach of an enemy submarine. At this time the steamer had her trawl down, and the two steel warps which connect ship and net were passing over her stern into the water as she was only steaming at 2½ knots an hour. Through the periscope of the submarine she would appear as if she were at anchor. This is what evidently passed through the mind of the German officer in command of the "Unterseeboote," for he continued on a course which would carry him across the bows of the trawler. Getting nearer, the Germans must have suddenly observed that the trawler was under way, for they submerged at once. Captain Williamson, in command of the "Alexander Hastie," immediately left his position and ran aft, and looking over the stern of his ship observed the shadowy form of the submarine passing under his vessel. At the same time, owing to the speed of his ship, the immensely strong cables which drag the trawl net struck the submerged boat. Instantly the trawler was brought to a temporary stop, and at the same moment a grim tragedy

must have been happening just under her stern. The warps had struck the submarine and succeeded in pulling her over to so acute an angle that weights in her interior must have broken away, so that the next moment when she again appeared the grey-green shining underside of her hull was alone visible; her electric motors were still working, and she described several circles, going slower and slower and eventually stopping. There she remained for a time while the trawler steamed round her. Then suddenly she slipped under for ever, and to mark the spot vast quantities of oil and oily bubbles gushed to the surface, the oil covering an area of nearly a mile. The trawler continued to circle over the spot from the time of the collision (three p.m.) until dark (about six p.m.), but saw nothing but the oily sea. The afternoon was clear and fine. Experts are quite of opinion that the "Alexander Hastie" certainly did sink one of these pirate craft, though quite unintentionally. The drawing depicts the submarine, bottom up, shortly before she sank, with the trawler steaming by. She approached within 100 yards of the stricken German vessel.

A LITERARY LETTER : The Red Cross Society's Literary Sale.

LONDON, March 29, 1915.

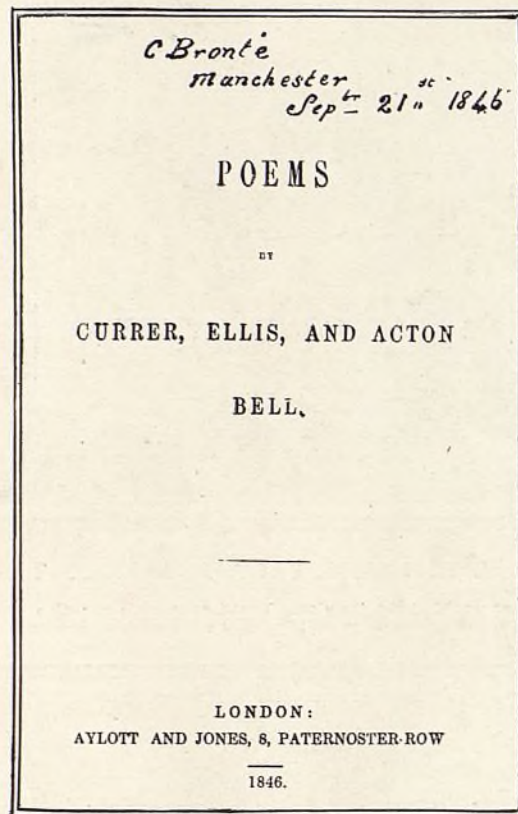
Seventy years ago a little volume of poems was published in London at the expense of the authors—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Exactly 30 guineas—a legacy—was devoted by three shy but ambitious daughters of a Yorkshire parson to the production of the book. They had very little money, but their hearts were set on literary fame, and so these *Poems* duly appeared. Only two copies were sold, many copies were sent to the reviewers, some half-dozen to men of distinction in literature—De Quincey, etc.—and the remainder were left unbound until the printers, Aylott and Jones, sold them to the firm which had so successfully published *Jane Eyre*.

Hence the little volume of precisely the same issue has two quite separate values according to its title page, and when you see in a bookseller's catalogue the item, *Poems*, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, with the Smith, Elder title page, marked as a "first edition," it is not technically wrong. But with one title page the book is worth several pounds, with the other—a fabulous amount. I do not believe there are ten copies extant. I have one, for which I have been offered (and refused) £100.

Mr. Reginald Smith has another, of which he kindly permits me to reproduce the title-page, and this copy is unique indeed. It is Charlotte Brontë's own copy, and it not only bears her valued autograph but the—in this case—illuminating word, "Manchester." For the poems were issued in 1846 while Charlotte was staying in Manchester—in Boundary Street, Oxford Road—for an operation upon her father for cataract. The book appears to have been issued in July. Charlotte took her copy with her to Manchester in August, and here in a cheap lodging wrote her name in it. In this same month she received back her novel, *The Professor*, from one of the publishers who rejected it with "a curt refusal." In spite of that fact it was in these same lodgings that Charlotte commenced the novel that was to bring her so much fame—*Jane Eyre*.

The occasion of my recalling these interesting facts is the publication to-day by Smith and Elder of a beautiful book—a new edition of the Brontë *Poems* with an introduction by Mr. Arthur C. Benson. The little volume is in every way a gem. Mr. Benson's introduction is judicious and discriminating—a model of what an introduction should be. He recognises the fact that Charlotte's poetry is "stiff and conventional," and that Emily's alone makes the collection famous and significant. There are many new poems in this volume, and here again the poems of Emily alone are important. Finally, the volume has portraits and facsimiles of great interest.

The book is unique in that it is the first collection of Brontë *Poems* that has given poems by Branwell, for whom Mr. Benson has a kindness which I do not think would be his if he had read as much of Branwell's manuscript as I have done. Concerning the poems here given I am sceptical. They are doubtless printed from manuscripts in Branwell's handwriting, but I suspect that he copied them out of some volumes in his father's library and that they are the compositions of long-forgotten versifiers.



The Title-page of the Brontë "Poems"

This copy of the rare first edition of the Brontë "Poems" is Charlotte Brontë's own copy and bears her autograph. It is the property of Mr. Reginald Smith, K.C., of Smith, Elder and Co. He has generously given it to the Red Cross Society, and it will be offered for sale at Christie's on April 12, when it ought to fetch a very high price.

Mr. Benson expresses surprise that Branwell's verse was not included in the volume of *Poems* of 1846. But in that year Branwell had quite put himself outside the pale of his sisters' sympathy. A sheriff's officer had visited Haworth prepared to take Branwell to York gaol for debt, and Charlotte paid this debt; but her relations with him were naturally very strained.

"My brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature," said Charlotte after his death, and that he should have had a place in their volume of *Poems* was unthinkable. However, this precious volume is really enhanced in value because of Mr. Benson's daring inclusion of Branwell's supposed verse, which may, after all, be his. To me and to many others Mr. Benson's new selection of the *Poems* will be counted an admirably-conceived literary treasure.

Everyone has now heard of the great Red Cross Society's sale at Christie's on April 12, the gifts for which, in order to get into the catalogue, had to be in the possession of the committee by March 25. At the very last moment it was considered desirable to add a literary section to the sale, which otherwise consisted mainly of pictures and works of art generally, although there were five literary curiosities—a Sheridan manuscript, for example. A letter from Mr. Edmund Gosse in *The Times* caused a magnificent response, including a beautiful piece of manuscript of Jane Austen's given by her collateral descendant, Mr. Austen-Leigh; the volume of Brontë *Poems* which is noted on this page, given by Mr. Reginald Smith, K.C.; beautiful manuscripts of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Austin Dobson, and other well-known writers, given by the authors; an autograph Swinburne volume, given by the Dean of Norwich; a letter of Dr. Johnson's, and, indeed, an infinite number of interesting literary treasures.

Yet another volume of the, to me, always attractive *Arden Shakspeare* comes from the firm of Methuen. This edition of Shakspeare has been appearing through a long series of years. Its first general editor was Mr. W. J. Craig, who was responsible for the volumes from 1899 until his death in 1906. Its present editor is Mr. R. H. Case. In addition each volume has a separate editor. The new volume is *Henry VIII.*, edited by C. Knox Pooler. The merits of the edition are, in my eyes:—

- (1) That I like to read Shakspeare's plays in separate volumes;
- (2) That I like to reap the advantage in reading Shakspeare of an Introduction that embodies all the latest research;
- (3) That I like notes to Shakspeare, and I like them to be on the same page as the text;
- (4) That I have a passion for reading a book that is light to hold and is in a clear, large type.

All these four virtues I find in the *Arden Shakspeare*. C. K. S.

A list of books received by "The Sphere" will be found on the second page of this issue.

A FEW DAYS AGO : A Random Chronicle. By V. V. V.

So the ankle has returned. Fortunately, however, its concomitant is a short skirt, so that we shall be spared all the old jokes about its revelation. Already, I read in the wide-awake *Mail*, "preparations are being made to deck it fittingly. At a hosiery shop one was shown the new stockings whose colours vary as wine. 'These are champagne,' said the dainty shop assistant. 'Très chic. These are claret. That pair is burgundy.'" But suppose the girl is a teetotaler?

I cannot see any good reason why the Eton and Harrow match should be cut out this year. Let the young continue to be as "as usual" as possible. Their time is coming, but it is not yet, and cricket is an excellent preparation of character. The match need not be played at Lord's, but at either Eton or Harrow. When it comes to Oxford and Cambridge, that is different, for all who take part in that match are eligible for arms.

It is stated that there is a great chance at the moment for English librettists for comic operas. It is evidently another manifestation of the capture-the-enemy's-trade movement, for the model given to applicants is *The Merry Widow*. I suppose it has again been realised that the late W. S. Gilbert was unique and inimitable.

Glancing through the life of John Bannister, the actor, I came upon the account of Sheridan's extra verse to the National Anthem. George III., visiting Drury Lane with the Queen and Court to witness *She Would and She Would Not*, was fired at from the pit by a man

named Hadfield. At once there was a terrible uproar. Hadfield was borne away, and efforts were made to prevent the King coming again to the front of his box. The play, however, was proceeded with, and at the close the National Anthem was sung again and again, and Kelly added a verse composed by Sheridan during the evening, beginning:—

From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King!

The extra stanza was demanded three times before the audience would disperse.

The Bishop of Manchester missed a great chance in a recent sermon against our national frivolity. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," was, he said, all the answer which too many people were making to the sacrifices of life and love of country at the front. He should have phrased the reply, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-day others are dying for us."

I see that another bible has saved another soldier's life, which is one of the prerogatives of the Book of Books in war-time. I am hourly expecting to learn that some less-inspired work has been similarly protective. Some novel, for example, which needs an advertisement. It would not surprise me if the presence of the volume in the fortunate soldier's knapsack were made known to the world by the author himself.

I should think that the claim of Mr. Luke Langley of Little Church, Kent, to be the oldest special constable will not be contested, for he is ninety. The German press should get hold of

this item of news as another proof of England's desperate straits. We are calling out our nonagenarian class, they would say.

The age of miracles has not passed. With these eyes I saw recently a Great Central van run away down Great Russell Street at six in the evening, and cross the Tottenham Court Road at full speed into Hanway Street. This is one of the most winding streets in London, and has at each end a narrow opening permitting only one vehicle just to scrape through, then widening a little in the middle, where several waggons and cars were on this occasion drawn up. Well, the van dashed into this street, evaded all obstacles by the breadth of a hair, dashed out at the other end, crossed Oxford Street, and was pulled up thirty yards away without having done any damage whatever.

Irwin seems to be a dynastic name among American journalists. Mr. Will Irwin has written the *Daily Mail's* admirable description of the battle of Ypres, while in a very different style there is Wallace Irwin, whose "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" have long been the best things in the *New York Life*. This paper, to which I now subscribe, is always alert and amusing; a little more on the destructive side than our English comic periodicals are, and certainly far more fearless. Nothing in it is so consistently funny and pointed as the communications of Hashimura Togo.

I am glad that London again has its *Echo*. The old *Echo* was the first evening paper I can remember. May the new one prosper.

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WOMAN'S SPHERE IN WAR TIME. By Olivia.

Notwithstanding its darkened streets and sparse traffic its khaki-filled clubs and theatres, its restaurants working at half pressure, London has perhaps never been more delightful, more majestically imperial, more dear to all our hearts, more intimately herself, than at present. All the distilled essence of the empire seems concentrated under her grey skies and her wheeling searchlights. No aliens jostle its proudly insular inhabitants off the pavements, the Belgians in our midst being welcomed as brothers in distress, regarded with a tacit freemasonry, and adopted children of the Empire *pro tem*. Quondam butterflies in sober blue serge, clasping bunches of violets, hurry to and fro in the iodised atmosphere of Welbeck Street, crushing down tears with a courage worthy of the wives, mothers, and the sisters of heroes. They are paying the awful price of war with something like death in their hearts and a brave smile on their lips. All the nobleness in the land has swiftly crystallised itself into manifold activities for the alleviation of distress and suffering, for the common cause against the common enemy, and for the common weal.

The Season

The austerities of Lent this year have passed almost unnoticed and quite uncomplained of. For most of us it has been Lent since last August, and some of us have passed through our own particular Calvary already. Little as was expected of the present spring season, even less has resulted than the most modest expectations could look for. The only form of entertaining has been *impromptu* theatre and restaurant parties for those home from the front. Even "marrying and giving in marriage" has ceased to be an occasion of social reunion or entertaining. Racing is apparently to go on, but in a somewhat apologetic and shame-faced manner, and all other forms of sport are to be held in abeyance until the great game is over. No polo, no Henley, no Ascot in the usual sense, no International Horse Show, no Naval and Military Tournament, no fixtures of any sort, in fact. The programme of the London season is a blank sheet, yet there will, without doubt, be crowded hours of even more glorious life than any London season can boast.

Spring Fashions

As to fashions, the spring exhibitions of fashions at the various great dressmaking houses in London have revealed the comforting fact that those of us to whom the wide skirt and distinct crinoline effects do not appeal may wear quite clinging frocks with equal propriety. At one I found both "cheek by jowl" and equally attractive. A Grecian sleeveless *robe de soirée* of clinging white satin softly draped close to the figure and girdled round the hips, followed one of steel-grey *gros grain*, flounced with grey chiffon, which stood out crisply all round in box-pleats, each embroidered with silver over a petticoat of silver lace. The 1860 modes have an old-world charm of their own, which will doubtless make itself felt in the evening garments of the season, more than among its day clothes. Of afternoon frocks there were many that were beautiful exceedingly, a dark grey silk with a deep figured border of black skilfully used in the drapery, and a beige satin *souple* with a quaint *plissé* apron, a girdle of the satin wound loosely round the waist and tied in a careless knot on the hip. Coats and skirts with bodices to match were quiet and comfortable looking; nigger-brown facecloth, covert coating, and heavy shantung being turned to delightful account in their making. A charming one-piece morning frock was of the bottle-green face-cloth beloved of the Parisienne, very short and trimmed with black silk braid and soutache. Fashion still favours the long tunic and three-quarter coat, which found pretty expression in a three-piece suit of shantung. The coat was very long, trimmed and belted smartly with black and white, and the skirt was gracefully hung from a deep hip yoke.

The Taffeta Frock

Taffeta, and especially navy-blue taffeta, is evidently going to have a triumphant career this season. For afternoon frocks it will reign supreme, though *gros grain* and *faille* will be decided rivals. A gown of infinite grace in navy taffeta is made with a full double skirt, a *moyen-âge* bodice with long, rucked sleeves, and over it the dearest little coatee with a high upstanding collar lined with white silk. With true resource the designers have found means of endowing the new collars with a two-fold utility. They may be worn fastened taut and trim up to chin or left open in front showing the bare throat. This is a specially-attractive and practical feature of the new coatees to be worn over afternoon frocks. For evening dresses, too, taffeta will be one of the most popular of fabrics. It lends itself so admirably to the

wide and befrilled skirts that are going to be worn, and the 1860 modes. One charming expression of these modes which I saw at a recent dress exhibition was in rose-pink taffeta, the skirt of which was fashioned of alternate layers or deep flounces of taffeta and tulle. Somewhere about the knees it was lightly wired to make it stand out crinoline-fashion. The corsage was square cut at the neck and of an early-Victorian primness. There were no sleeves, and

that they nearly all have long sleeves and high collars, at least, at the back of the neck. There are positively myriads of different kinds of collars, stiff or limp, careless or studied charming little collars, high, but not adjusted, with an inconsequent frill turned back over them. Frequently the collar is left open under the chin; sometimes it is fastened by a becoming bow of ribbon. The "pneumonia" blouse and all the foolish frail affairs of lace, chiffon, and ribbon which only scantily covered us but were by courtesy called blouses have disappeared completely. In the matter of "waists" we have become quite desperately sensible and practical. We are not so particular either that blouses should match our skirts. A contrast, in fact, is more sought after. Blouses are, however, more highly-finished, more tailored and *soignées* than ever before. Good style, perfect fitting and cut are more than ever essential in them. They are altogether taken more seriously.

Tailormades

Simplicity rules the choice of tailormades and all suits to be worn for walking this spring. The skirt though decidedly wider is neat and unobtrusive. While aiming at novelty the tailors are achieving their object by simple means. The grey-green shade that is so fashionable is the same as has been chosen, I notice, for the uniform of the National Guard. It is extremely soft and becoming and looks charming *en masse* as any one who saw the recent parade of that splendid corps in Hyde Park will have observed. A walking suit in their colourings—lichen green with tiny touches of scarlet would be distinctly charming. Greens of all shades, however, are going to be popular; the dark green beloved of the Parisienne especially so. The double tunic effect in skirts is perhaps the most popular among the early spring models; while the hip-yoke with panel back and front is an attractive alternative. Coats are of all lengths, Fashion apparently not being able to make up her mind where she will draw the line as yet.

Charming Blouse Fabrics

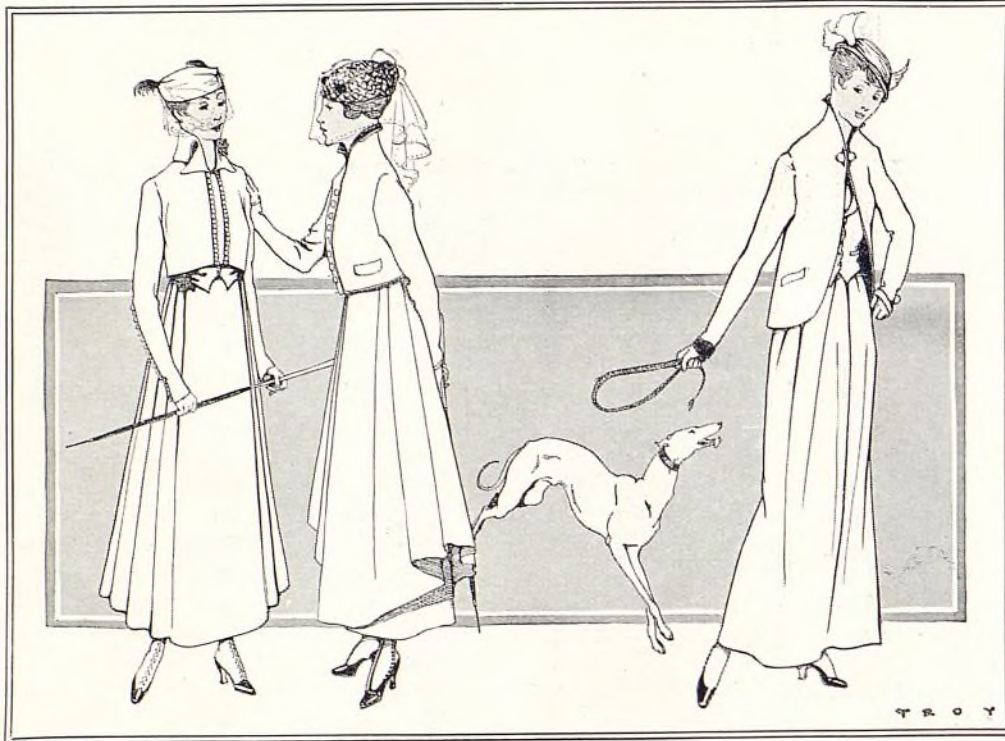
The time has now arrived when we feel we must turn our attention to thinner fabrics for blouses, preferably those that will wash. To those who are engaged in such a quest let me recommend Tobralco, which looks like silk, wears splendidly and washes like the proverbial rag. It is manufactured by Messrs. Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee and Co., of 133, Cheapside, E.C., who will send patterns of it on application, and whose "Tootal Annual" should be asked for at the same time, for it is a perfect encyclopaedia of useful knowledge about all manner of cotton goods. Tobralco is made in white at 9½d. a yard, black and a number of lovely colours at 10½d. in 27-in. and 28-in. widths. It is also to be had in all sorts of fascinating stripes or with delicate pompadour designs on white and cream grounds and in khaki. For summer coats and skirts nothing could be more delightful than their piques, 43 in. and 44 in. wide at 2s. 2d. a yard, which are also made in a wide range of beautiful and fast colours. Tootal shirting is another invaluable material for summer and spring wear and for hard wear in an infinity of colourings, 32 in. wide, and modestly priced 1s. 0½d. a yard.

Women Secretaries and the War

The war has thrown open to women endless positions which have hitherto been held by men, and I hear that there is at present a great dearth of really capable women secretaries. Here therefore is a career for which women may begin to train immediately with good hope of getting valuable posts as soon as they are qualified. Mr. James Munford, the director of Kensington College, Bayswater, tells me that he has on an average four applications for the services of each graduate of his college, so that she may select for herself the one that appeals to her most. A well-qualified woman secretary can generally be sure of pleasant and well-paid work, and the necessary training can be had at the Kensington College, 34, Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, W., from whence all particulars can be got.

Thanks for Soldiers' Comforts

I have to thank Miss H. Tancock and the Girls' League of Honour of Little Waltham, near Chelmsford, for a parcel of warm garments they have worked for the troops at the front; also Mrs. Greenhill, Miss Paynter, Mrs. Oliphant, and Miss Drysdale for parcels, the contents of which have all been sent off. Socks, sleeping helmets, towels and soap, handkerchiefs (old or new), cigarettes and sweets are the things most wanted. Any of these sent to "Olivia," care of THE SPHERE, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C., will be forwarded at once to the front. OLIVIA.



Three Simple Morning Coats and Skirts

the white kid gloves worn with it heightened the quaint *ingénue* effect, for they were buttoned at the wrist with a single button. For young girls there is nothing prettier and daintier than white or shell-pink taffeta trimmed with tulle, with little posies of pale-pink rosebuds on the corsage and at the waist. A necessary and charming adjunct of these wide-skirted evening dresses are the frilly *pantalons* reminiscent of Leech's pictures in *Punch*. These are dainty, fragile affairs of *crêpe de chine* and net, with sparse flounces of *plissé* net from knee to ankle, with here and there a wee pink rosebud, which looks as if some gentle zephyr had lately blown it there by accident.

Blouse Characteristics

The new blouses are remarkable for a sort of quaint sobriety. The much-embroidered blouse is quite a rarity this year, perhaps on account of its necessarily high price. Sprigged voiles and a little simple stitchery are the limits to which embroideries are carried. Otherwise blouses are very much what they were last year, except for the fact



A Trio of Pretty Gowns

GERMAN SPAS CROSSED OFF THE MAP.

The "Spa" Habit gives way to the Kruschen Habit.

A moment's reflection will show that in war time the men who are killed are, generally speaking, the fittest men, while it is the men who are weak or small, or handicapped by some defect, who stay at home and become the fathers of the next generation. The decreased stature of the French nation after the Franco-Prussian War was an example of this most trenchantly in point.

But these far-reaching consequences have not yet been realised by more than a small minority of the inhabitants of this country. At present the people of England are still divided into two classes—those who are engrossed in studying the daily position of the fighting forces of Europe and those whose interest is concentrated on the results which the end of the war will bring to the combatant nations and to the world at large.

Despite the stirring news that issues hourly from the press, it is the object of this article to show that the interests of the latter class, the people who are concerned with the ultimate effects of the war upon mankind, are of wider scope than the daily progress of the great struggle.

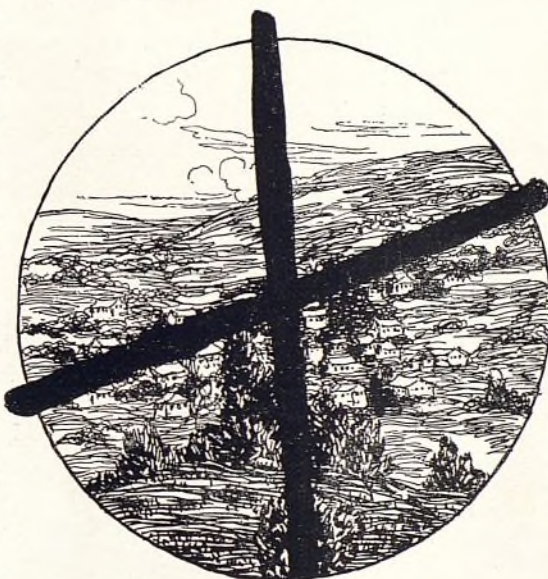
First among all the considerations that present themselves is the effect upon the health of the nations, and, to us Englishmen, the health of the British race in particular, both at home and abroad. With the certainty that great numbers of the country's finest men must lay down their lives in her defence comes the knowledge that future generations of English men and women must suffer physical deterioration unless the survivors and non-combatants of the present generation make supreme efforts to reach the same physical efficiency as that of the hardy and highly-trained soldiers who are fighting for them.

A very serious duty, then, devolves upon every English-speaking man and woman to do everything possible to get fit and strong and well, and to keep that fine possession of health not only for a week or a month but *all the time*.

Bound up closely with this question of health is the present restriction of the world's traffic. It is no longer possible for a doctor to order his patient "a month at Carlsbad," and at the beginning of the war this probably came as

truly British "Kruschen-habit." Instead of going abroad to spend from £25 to £100 at a foreign spa, sufferers from gout and rheumatism now go to the nearest chemist to spend 1s. 6d. on a bottle of British-made Kruschen Salts—the standard remedy.

This has the virtue of combining its known efficacy with the simplicity that is the hall-mark of all really great things. Simple, that is, from the patient's point of view—he merely takes half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning for a week or two in a tumbler of hot water, and feels each day how his gout, his rheumatism, all his uric acid troubles are leaving him, and being replaced by the vivacity and vigour of good health. Not so simple from the manufacturer's point of view—they had generations of experiment, long years of tradition and endless scientific investigation to undertake to produce their "simple" remedy. Simple again, from the doctor's point of view, who, when he says "Save time, save money, and save your health by taking the Kruschen course in your own home amidst your customary surroundings," leaves you in the hands of a remedy which he knows has brought relief to countless thousands of sufferers all over the world.



Marienbad

It was a wholly wrong idea of what the body needs that used to lead so many seekers after health to go abroad in search of it.

The body needs cleansing of its impurities periodically, and for this purpose the organs of excretion must be assisted. Kruschen Salts act gently but surely upon the liver, kidneys, and skin—the normal organs of excretion—and stimulate them to fulfil their functions in a properly active way. There is nothing violent, nothing unnatural in this; the organs are induced to do their normal work, nothing more.

The result is a return to the health that Nature intended everyone to enjoy.

It is not enough to avoid only the more violent forms of illness—the specific diseases that everybody instinctively knows and fears. Immunity from these is desirable certainly, but a far higher standard of health must be sought, a standard that transcends a mere absence of disease and connotes that positive well-being, that vigour and energy, that clearness of mind, brightness of intellect, cheerfulness of outlook, that only perfect health can give.

Partial health is no health at all; freedom from actual pain may lull the possessor of indifferent health into a total neglect of the most vital necessities of life, but Nature will be paid in full and only the fullest and most abounding physical fitness will satisfy her demands.

Health, health, health—everything is a matter of health! Your work, your thoughts, social intercourse, all these should be a continual joy to you. Worry, sluggishness, indifference, and depression are all a question of health—all come

from the lack of it. When Kruschen Salts bring health they bring happiness as surely as night follows day.

With a body free to live and thrive, without the perpetual burden of those poisons which accumulate in the system, you may know the real joy of life.

But more than mere immunity from poison is necessary. A renewal of the body's supports is just as vital. This is not generally understood. There are certain salts of Sodium, Potassium, and Magnesium which are necessary to healthy human life.

Normally, your system should extract these salts from your food—meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so on; but as a matter of fact, owing to impaired digestion, errors of diet, overwork, anxiety, worry, sedentary occupation, and many other causes, your system does not extract from food the correct proportion of these essential life-giving salts.

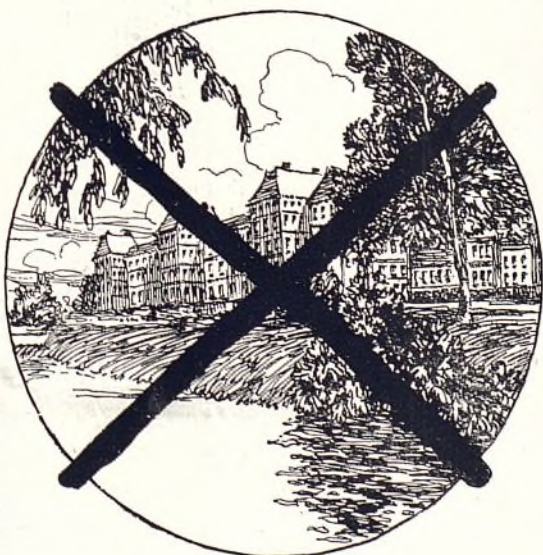
And what follows? Depression, or headaches, or constipation, or disordered Liver, or inactive Kidneys, or Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Eczema, or any of the hundred and one ailments which arise from excess of uric acid, which accumulates whenever the balance of the natural salts is disturbed, and is the cause of more mischief than many people suspect.

Kruschen Salts restore to the body the metallic salts it craves for, remove all traces of Uric Acid, and give fresh life to the countless millions of cells which make up the flesh, blood, bone, cartilage and nerve of the human frame.

This faculty of Kruschen Salts, of building up the tissues at the same time that they are scavenging, cleaning and purifying the whole system, is at least part of the secret of their success in doing all that is claimed for them as health-bringers to men, women, and children.

Many other methods of purifying the blood, or scouring the system, have been tried, but their effect has been negated by their inability to give support to the body during the cleansing process. Lassitude is the inevitable result of such one-sided proceedings, and it is much to be questioned whether the net result is even a slight improvement in the general condition.

But with a Kruschen course there is no slackening, no period of being "worse before you



Baden-Baden

something like a shock to a few narrow-minded valetudinarians of luxurious tastes and unlimited means. But the many-hued bubble of the foreign-watering-place myth was soon pricked, and people to-day are asking themselves what foolish superstition could have led them, year after year, to leave their homes to travel weary and expensive distances to yawn in the glittering discomfort of a German hotel when the means of health were at their elbow at home.

The war has at least killed that wasteful, tedious "Spa-habit" and its place has been taken by one of infinitely greater value—the



Carlsbad

are better," no pain, no discomfort, no temporary indisposition. Rather your physical state begins at once to improve, and continues to do so as long as you continue to use these beneficent Salts.

They should be used not only by the invalid, but by everyone who has the slightest symptoms of being "run down" or "out of sorts" or "not up to the mark."

Remember that the fittest nation will survive, and the fittest nation is the one that is composed of the fittest individuals. In the expressive slang of the day, it is "up to us"—everyone of us—to get fit and keep fit and keep on keeping fit.

SOME RECENT NOVELS of the SEASON.

A Story of Motherhood

In *Billie's Mother* (Edward Arnold, 6s.), by Mary J. H. Skrine, is presented an able and touching study of a peasant woman whose high ideals and recognition of her duty to her infant son relieve her character from commonplaceness.

In the first chapter the description of a beautiful and ardent country girl may lead the reader to fear the repetition of a now well-worn theme. But that pitfall is avoided, and the unpleasantness that some modern novelists mistake for strength is lacking from this book.

Ruth, who is "Billie's Mother," is unfortunate enough to be married to a well-born adventurer who has added murder to his other exploits. This happens in Australia, whither she has been taken by a young mistress. Not very long after the birth of Ruth's son the adventurer-husband is arrested upon suspicion, quite well founded, of having caused the death of a little servant girl, Juley, who had been found a corpse two years before that date at the bottom of a disused quarry. He is tried for murder and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. His wife, Ruth, is full of horror at the legal tie existing between herself and the convict, and terrified at the consequences to her baby son. To add to the difficulties of this position the boy becomes heir to a large fortune left him by the mother's mistress, who dies in Australia from the effect of a motor accident.

Ruth goes back to England, and the rest of the story is occupied mainly by her endeavours to hide herself and the child so that they can never be found by the ex-convict upon his release.

A charming picture is given of an old English cathedral town and country life in a village on the outskirts of the New Forest.

Once Again the Red-haired Heroine

In *The Child at the Window* (Martin Secker, 6s.) Mr. William Hewlett can hardly be congratulated upon giving, under a good title, either a convincing or an edifying story. As a work of art it is valueless, the character-drawing is false, and the incidents related, almost without exception, distinctly unpleasant.

The contents are divided into four books. The first, entitled "Una," introduces a beautiful red-haired child, the motherless daughter of a clergyman who has married a burlesque actress, whom he first met with "at the local theatre of the grey old cathedral town." This part of Mr. Hewlett's work is by far the most satisfactory, as Una is an attractive child. The hopes raised are, however, destined to disappointment.

In book two, entitled "Cecil," is described the life in Egypt of Una and the young man, Cecil Rowan, with whom she has run away from her godmother's house at Lancaster Gate. In the third book—"Sybil"—the heroine, Una, reduced to destitution, meets an old schoolfellow of hers, Sybil Grey, who would be quite horrible were she not utterly unreal. She introduces Una to music-hall life and to a fat Hebraic

manager, a character one meets with in almost every book of this type.

In the fourth and final section, entitled "Philip," Una meets a Ritualistic clergyman, Philip Crosthwaite, who had been her playmate as a child. Although this young man knows the details of Una's extremely varied career, he eagerly marries her, and she consents to preside over the "clergy-house"—a particularly convincing touch this. Another young clergyman living in this same clergy-house is the Rev. Edward Grey. He, by some fantastic chance, proves to be the only brother of the abandoned Sybil Grey, and Una promptly falls in love with him—for no reason so far as can be discovered other than the fact that he is extremely rude to her, and doubts, with good reason, her respectability.

The last chapter in the volume consists wholly of a prayer uttered by this man, the insertion of which in a novel of this type seems an execrable lapse of good taste. From the tone of the prayer one may guess that the hopes of Una with regard to the Rev. Edward Grey are doomed to disappointment.

A Transvaal Tragedy

In *Trespass* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) Alice and Claude Askew have chosen a Boer farm as the scene of a novel which, although a trifle machine made, is nevertheless sufficiently dramatic.

Sara Krantner is the daughter of a Boer farmer of the rugged religious type that seems inevitable in stories of Transvaal life. With the farmer live Sara, his daughter, and Anna, an orphan niece. Sara is tall and slim with "dark, haunting eyes and a beautiful mouth," Anna is fair and plump, and pink and white. From the first page it is apparent that these two women are meant to present a striking contrast, typifying, conjecturally, the powers of good and evil. The reader's sympathy, however, fails to go out so readily as it might to the high-souled Sara, nor does Anna seem so bad as the authors would have the reader believe.

Sara is in love with a Frenchman, Louis Villon, who is overseer on her father's farm; but Anna has determined to gain him for her own husband, although she knows that Villon and Sara are lovers. The old Boer has other plans for his daughter, and wishes to marry her to a wealthy young farmer, Van Goot, a religious, sturdy man.

The father dies of heart disease after a stormy scene with the Frenchman, who discloses his relations with Sara. In anguish at thus having been the cause of her father's death Sara sends Villon away harshly, thus leaving the road clear for Anna, who promptly marries her cousin's discarded lover.

Sara, to escape from an agonising situation, marries the Boer farmer, Van Goot; but the story ends rather tragically, as all South African stories are wont to do.

"Jan only understood," runs the concluding sentence, "the height and the fire and the might of a man's love; he failed to understand the tortuous depths of a woman's love—a woman's capacity for sacrifice, her ravenous desire to share all things with the beloved, even punishment."

That *Trespass* is an eminently readable novel cannot be denied. The plot does not lack interest, but the characters lack life; they are, in fact, well-worn puppets which will be lifted from their box doubtless many a time yet to furnish in fresh dresses the *personae* of many another story.

The Romance of a Prince

Putting aside the sheer impossibility of the story, *His Royal Happiness*, by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is sufficiently lively and entertaining to be worth any reader's while. It is written in the author's most piquant style, which means much. Prince Alfred, third son of a king of England and brother to the reigning sovereign, after a successful career at Oxford chooses to pay a formal visit to the President of the United States. While there he meets and falls in love with the beautiful daughter of the ex-President, Henry Lanchester, a descendant, by the way, of the truly English John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster."

"Prince, I want to have you meet to-night," said President Phipps at the breakfast-table, "the loveliest girl in the United States of America."

In this informal style the President of the United States kindly chats to the English prince, who wears throughout an attitude of almost embarrassing humility.

In the midst of his American tour Prince Alfred ("Cakes" to his intimate friends at Oxford) falls ill with "a serious affection of the lungs, to which he had been predisposed since boyhood." He undergoes a course of treatment under a wonderful American physician, Dr. Morrow, who cures him "right there" so that he is able to marry secretly Hilary Lanchester, that same "loveliest girl" recommended to his notice. No sooner has he done so than the King of England, a bachelor, and his brother are drowned through their yacht going down in a squall, and Prince Alfred, therefore, becomes King of England. How affairs arrange themselves and how the beautiful American is raised to share the throne of England must be discovered in the pages of Mrs. Cote's most romantic volume, which, to those who care to read about fictitious royalties, will certainly be all-alluring.

F. H.

The King of the Belgians

The firm of Frost and Reed has just published a portrait of the King of the Belgians, by Cecil Cutler. The publication is restricted to the artist's signed proofs only, which are stamped by the Fine Art Plate Guild and the plate destroyed.

National Refugees

Not many institutions are able to receive children as young as five to six years of age. It is a great help to the widow to be relieved of the anxiety and the stress by taking boys and girls at this tender age. Having no home suitable for boys of this age the committee of the National Refugees, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., board them out with carefully-selected and approved foster-mothers. Such homes and such children are constantly inspected by the society's lady supervisor. The committee will be glad of subscriptions.

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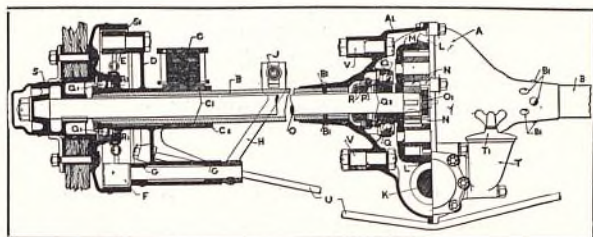
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greasers on these spring pads should be frequently used.

The main drive is through a worm "k" driving the worm wheel "l," and as the worm is situated underneath it will be seen that this gets full advantage of lubrication. The axle is lubricated through the oiler "r" after removing the lid "r 1." This oiler is set at exactly the right height, so that too much lubricant cannot be inserted, hence there is no lubricant to leak out on to the brakes; while, in addition, oil-retaining washers are fitted at "k" and "r 1."

Large-sized greasers and oil cups are fitted where necessary on the axle, and it is important to see that these are frequently used and kept well supplied with lubricant.

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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

It is a mystery to most foreigners why so many Britishers use cars. The Frenchman or the German with a corresponding income to that of many British car-owners would, in pre-war days, have put his money in lottery bonds or Turkish shares. The reckless Englishman bought a car.

Well, the car has proved the best investment. All through the war the price of motors has kept up, and for some time past there has been a remarkable demand for both new and second-hand cars. When the war takes a decisive turn in our favour the trade will be yet more brisk, and when war ends in the manner in which it is destined to end the motor will be more valuable than ever.

I publish an illustration of the first Y.M.C.A. motor restaurant, taken before its departure for France. The Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is seen at the extreme right accompanied by the members of her auxiliary committee, who have organised groups of ladies to assist at the Y.M.C.A. centres in France, and have provided and collected comforts for the men of the Expeditionary Force.

As is well known, the occupants of the rear seats of a torpedo car suffer frequently from the inclement weather, whilst on the contrary the occupants of the front seat are well protected by means of the scuttle and screen. When it is borne in mind that (except in the case of the owner-driver) the front seat is occupied by the chauffeur and the rear seat generally by the owner, it is obvious that the former has the benefit in the matter of comfortable travel.

The Cunard Motor and Carriage Company have given considerable thought to

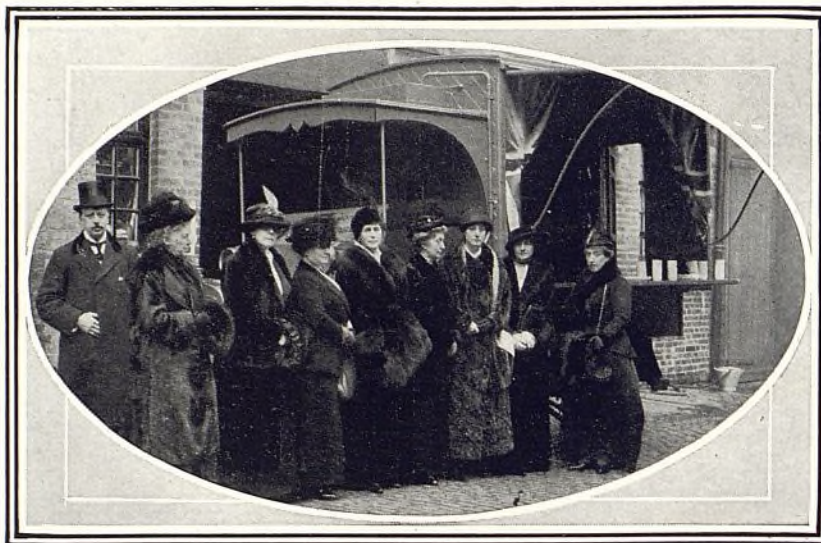
evolving a type of body to do away with the manifest discomforts and draughts of the rear seats, and I illustrate

an ingenious arrangement (Cunard Provisional Patent 3088) for rendering the rear seats as comfortable as possible, even to being completely closed if desired. The chassis in question is the well-known 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier model. The picture illustrates a torpedo body with Cape cart hood of the concealed type, folding entirely away inside the body when not in use, and therefore invisible.

The screen at the back of the driver is arranged so as to give protection to the occupants of the rear seat, and consists of two halves, both of which are adjustable. The lower half of the screen can be folded flat down in a backward direction and engages with the top of the doors. If more protection is desired, the top half of the screen can be raised, thus giving as much protection as a very deep scuttle dashboard. Further protection can be obtained if required in the event of rain, etc., by raising the hood and buttoning the side curtains of the hood to the sides of the upright part of the screen, thus entirely protecting the occupants of the rear seat.

Two motor ambulance vans have just been constructed in the carriage and waggon works of the East Indian Railway at Lillooah to the order of the Government of India for trans-

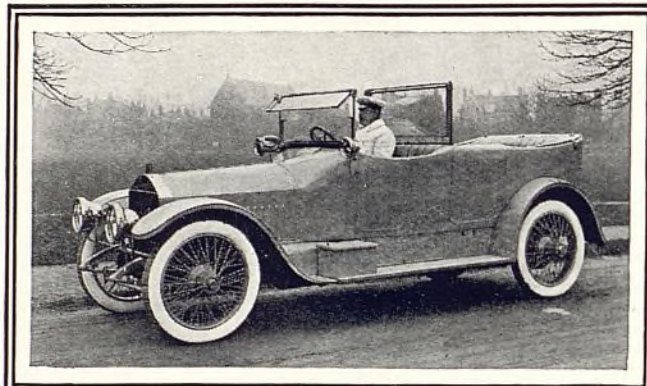
port of wounded Indian soldiers in Bombay. The chassis with engines complete have been presented to the Government of India by the Maharajah of Indore, and are of the well-known Daimler type. The body is of teak and is divided into two parts, the driver's cab and the ambulance compartment. A door fitted between these allows of communication. The compartment has accommodation for four stretchers, and there are four seats besides.



The First Y.M.C.A. Motor Restaurant for the Front Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (at the extreme right) and the members of the organising committee



A Daimler Ambulance Van for the Indian Government A motor built for the transport of wounded soldiers in Bombay



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system, have precisely the same result to-day as they had when Ghengis Khan made himself so unwelcome. Hurried, violent measures make matters worse. The gentle, healthful course is to take

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A PARABLE OF PARA.

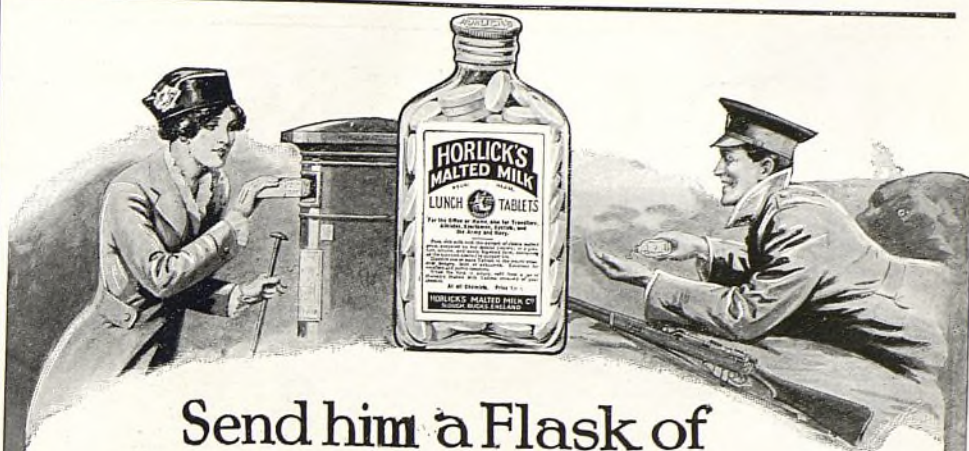
The tale of the man who bought not wisely but too well.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

AND in a little while they came upon a village, and he who had bought too well sought out the smith that he might provide him with yet another shoe, for he had none left. And the good smith said: "Yea, master, shoes can I sell thee, but not of this fashioning. Doubtless could I procure thee the shoe thou desirest, but since thou canst not wait awhile 'tis all I have to offer. See, thy friend's beast is so shod, and thou sayest he has had no misadventure." And the wise man said: "Take thou the shoe and come with me to a place where we may rest, and I will enlighten thee as to the tale of this shoe." (To be continued.)

MORAL: You can always get a Dunlop if you need it.

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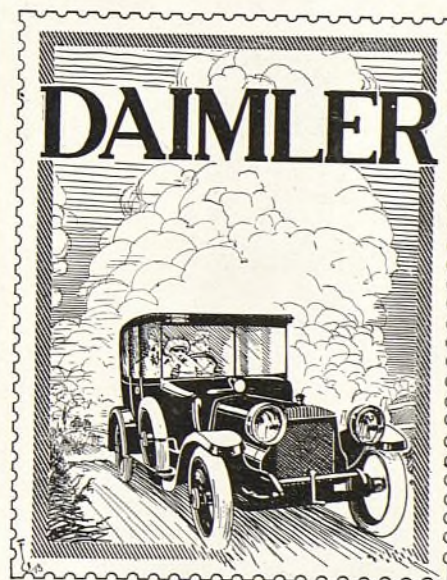
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