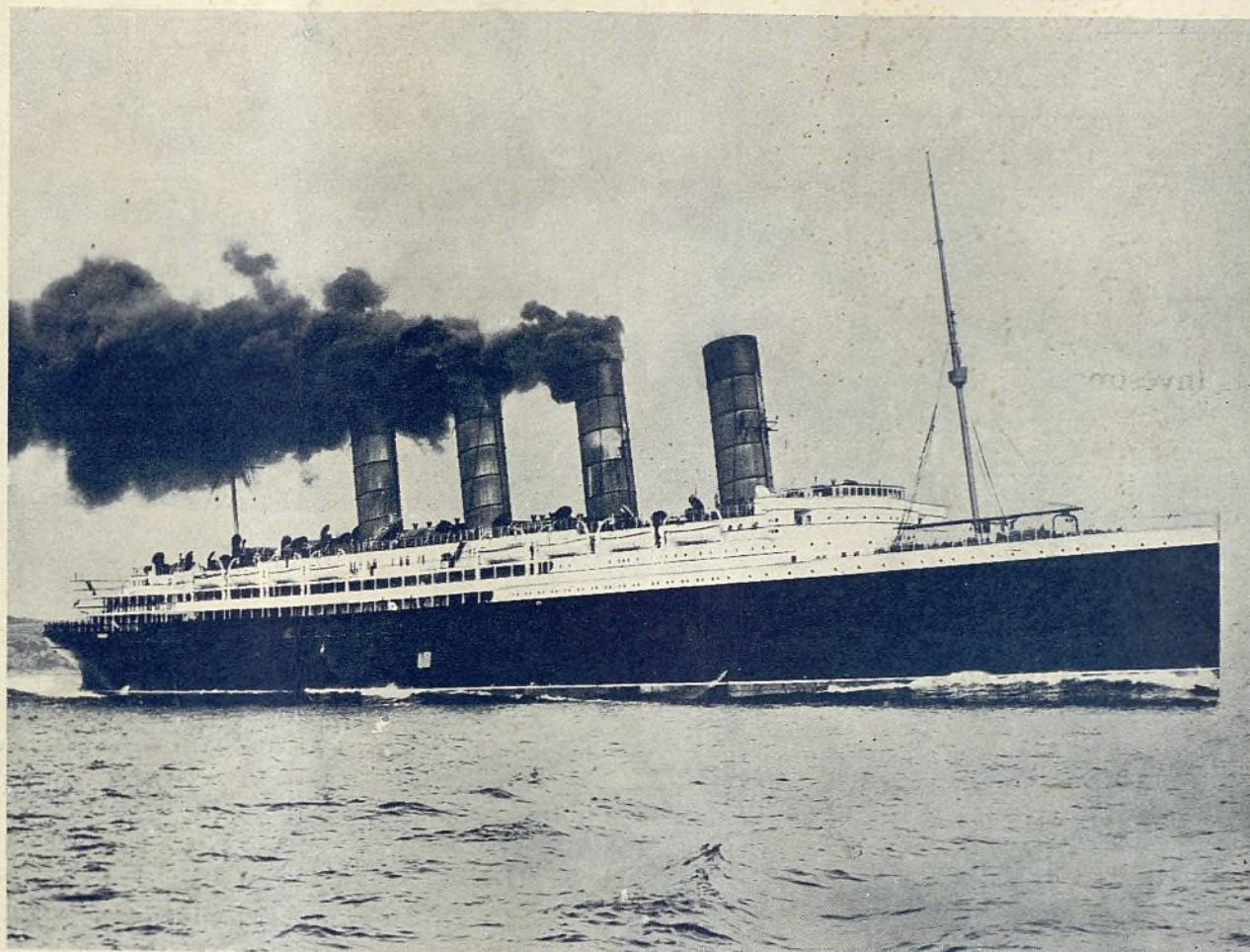


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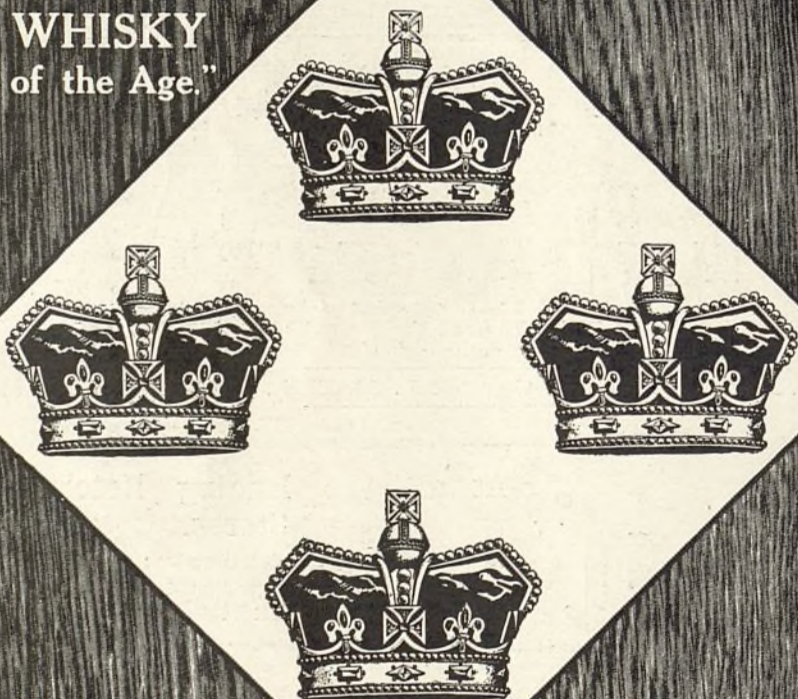
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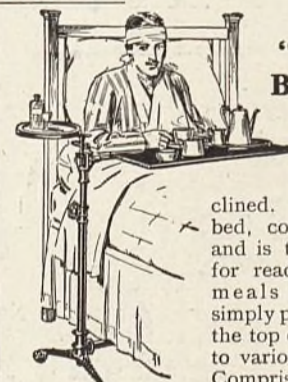
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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF EYE-WITNESSES, MAY, 1915

THE SINKING of the GIANT CUNARD LINER, "LUSITANIA," by a GERMAN SUBMARINE

The above picture has been drawn by Mr. Matania with the assistance of eye-witnesses. It shows some of the boats attempting to get away from the starboard of the "Lusitania" just when she was beginning to heel over at a steep angle before she took her final plunge. For some little time after the first explosion the vessel had remained

on a fairly level keel, but just before she sank she assumed a steep and sudden list to starboard, endangering the boats, which were still close to her side. The necessity for pushing away from the side of a wrecked ship with all possible speed was again demonstrated, for one of the boats was wrecked through being too close to the vessel.

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 GERMANY'S FRONTIERS, Feb. 27th, p. 232; May 1st, p. 125.
 GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA, April 24th, pp. 94-95.
 EAST AFRICA, May 8th, pp. 150-151.

THE SPHERE.

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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.

THE RATE OF POSTAGE OF THIS WEEK'S SPHERE is as follows:—Anywhere in the United Kingdom, 3d. per copy, to Canada 1d. per copy (under 1½ lb.) Elsewhere abroad the rate would be 1d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies before forwarding.

THE GREAT WAR : THE TRAGEDY OF THE "LUSITANIA."

LORD ROSEBERY ON THE "LUSITANIA" CRIME

There are one or two points to be noted with regard to this infamy:—

(1) The moral degradation of a nation that can hail such a crime as a victory and rejoice over it.

(2) The mental degradation of a nation which can offer warning as an excuse for massacre. It is constantly proved in humbler cases of homicide that the murderer declared, "I'll do for him"; but that has never saved the culprit from the gallows.

(3) The stupidity of it. Never has that much clarified saying, "It is worse than a crime; it is a blunder," been more fully exemplified. It is intended to dismay our people; it will only rouse them to more furious effort. It is intended to alarm neutrals, whom it will only alienate and incense. And all this to secure without any possible competition the title of the enemy of the human race and the horror of the civilised world.

ROSEBERY.

Lord Rosebery on the Terrible Crime

A reprint of a letter from Lord Rosebery which appeared in "The Times" of Monday, May 10



Awaiting Further News in London

Lieutenant Allan, son of Lady Allan, whose portrait is given on this page, awaiting news of his mother and sisters outside the London offices of the Cunard Company



"The Cunard Daily Bulletin"

The first number of a publication printed on board the "Lusitania" for the conveyance of ship's news



Mr. Charles Klein—Drowned

Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, and Mr. Elbert Hubbard, a bibliophile of great repute in America, were also amongst the drowned. Mr. D. A. Thomas of Thomas and Davey—one of the leading South Wales coal owners—and his daughter, Lady Mackworth, were saved, as was also Lady Allan, the wife of Sir Hugh Allan of Montreal.

Mr. Charles Klein, part author of *Potash and Perlmutter*, the great success of the present London theatrical season, was amongst the drowned. Mr. J. Foster Stackhouse, who met with the same unhappy fate, was to have been the commander of the



Mr. J. Foster Stackhouse—Drowned



Lady Allan—Saved

THE LOSS OF LIFE ON THE "LUSITANIA"

The Cunard liner, *Lusitania*, which was sunk off Kinsale Head on Friday, May 7, by a German submarine, was carrying some 1,255 passengers—of whom about one-seventh were American citizens—from New York to Great Britain. A crew of 651 made the total number of souls aboard 1,906. Of these only about 772 are believed to be saved.

The passenger list contained many distinguished names. Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire—well known in England, amongst other things, for his coaching feats—was amongst the drowned. It is reported of him that he voluntarily gave up his lifebelt to a woman. Mr.



Captain W. T. Turner—In Command of the "Lusitania"

Captain Turner, who was in charge of the vessel when she was torpedoed, was acting in the place of Captain Dow, who was on rest leave. His real command was the "Aquitania"—the newest and greatest of the Cunard fleet. When the "Lusitania" sank, Captain Turner went down with her, but he was subsequently rescued and brought ashore at Queenstown.



Lady Mackworth—Saved

British Antarctic and Oceanographical Expedition planned to start this year.

Not all the deaths were caused by drowning; many women and children died from shock and their subsequent immersion. Most of the survivors from the wreck were landed at Queenstown and Kinsale.

The most startling point in connection with this ghastly tragedy is the proof of the way in which the Germans regard all shipping as their legitimate prey without regard to the nationalities aboard and without considering whether harmless non-combatants or women and children will also be included amongst the list of their victims, and the reported jubilation in Germany over the news only strengthens the feeling as to their remorselessness.



Mr. D. A. Thomas—Saved

The South Wales mine owner and a former M.P. He was the coal owners' leader in the Mid-Rhondha strike, 1910-11



Mr. Elbert Hubbard—Drowned

A well-known American author and bibliophile. He specialised in the production of de luxe editions of the classics



Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt—Drowned

The New York millionaire and sportsman. Well known for his coaching feats, especially on the London-Brighton road



Mr. Charles Frohman—Drowned

The great theatrical manager. At the Duke of York's Theatre he presented many of the best English and American plays

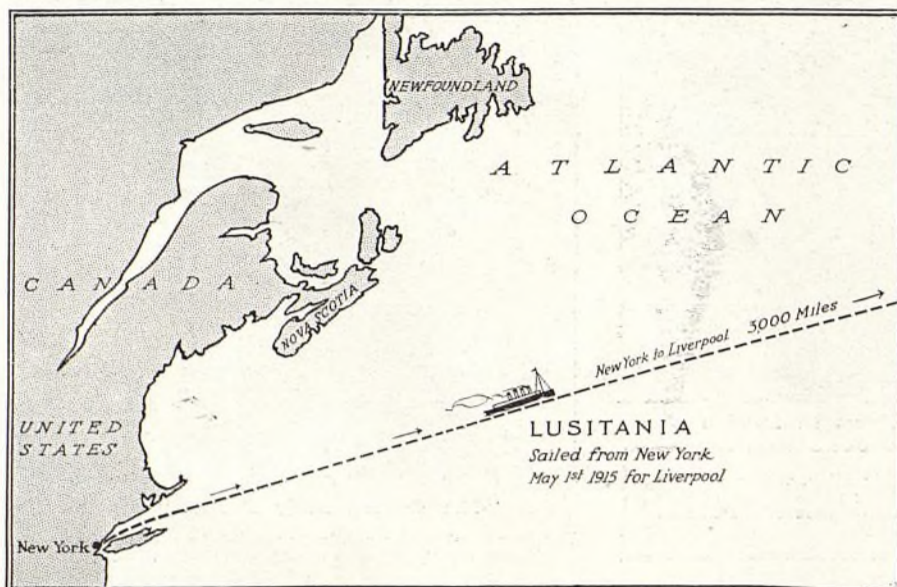


Sir Hugh Lane—Drowned

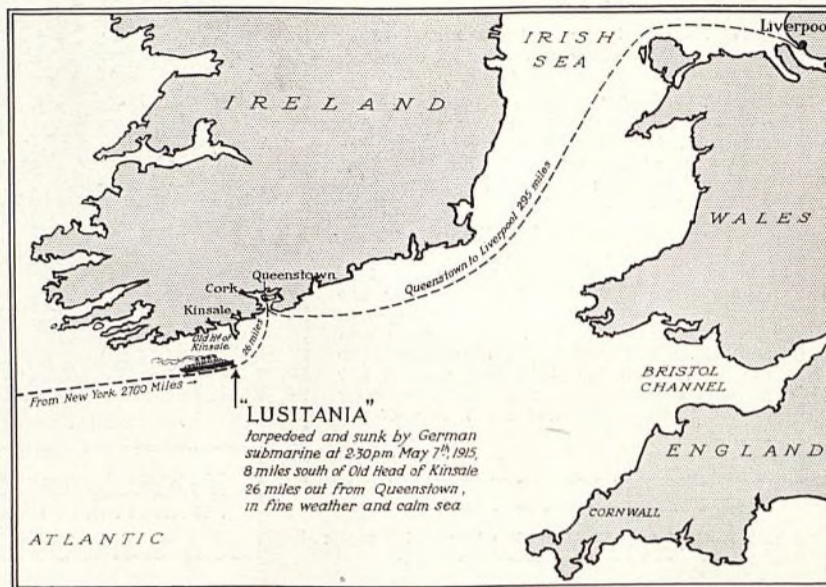
Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. He recently presented a modern art collection to the city of Dublin

No. 1.—The Destruction of the Cunard Liner, "LUSITANIA"

*By a German Submarine on Friday Afternoon, May 7, Off the Irish Coast,
Near the Old Head of Kinsale*



The Course of the "Lusitania" from New York Towards England



The Spot Off the Head of Kinsale where the "Lusitania" was Sunk

The first intimation of the German designs on the "Lusitania" was contained in the following notice from the German Embassy at Washington which appeared in many American newspapers on the morning of May 1, the date of the vessel's departure from New York:—

"Travellers intending to embark for an Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her

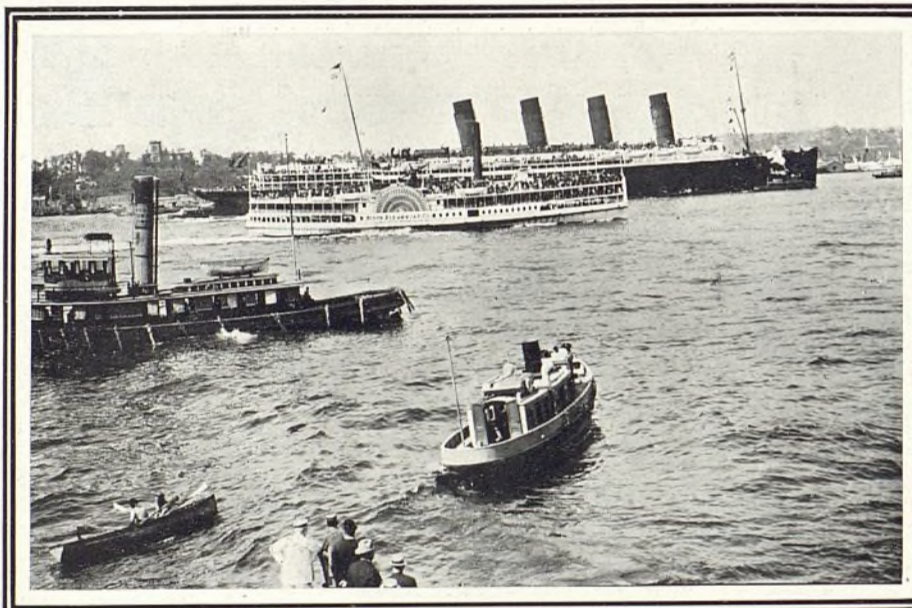
The "Lusitania" left New York on Saturday morning, May 1, with approximately 1,906 souls on board. Prior to the news of the terrible disaster considerable anxiety was caused as she was overdue and because of the fact that German submarines had been particularly active off the Irish coast. When nearing Queenstown Harbour, just off the Old Head of Kinsale, the "Lusitania" was struck by a torpedo fired from a German submarine, and she sank in about 20 minutes. Of the 1,906 persons aboard 1,134 men, women, and children were drowned

allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with the formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her allies are liable to destruction in those waters; and that travellers sailing in the war zone in ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.—Imperial German Embassy, Washington, April 22."

THE "LUSITANIA'S" LAST VOYAGE

The *Lusitania* set out on her ill-fated journey from New York to Liverpool on Saturday morning, May 1, with 1,906 souls aboard. The first intimation of danger was conveyed to the passengers on Friday morning, about one o'clock, when the vessel was some distance off the Irish coast. The ship suddenly adopted a zig-zag course, and passengers aboard her stated that they sighted a submarine on the port side. After a time this submarine disappeared altogether and an even course was resumed.

An hour later—at two o'clock—the *Lusitania* was sailing at a speed of eighteen knots, and was eight miles south-south-west of the



The "Lusitania" Leaving New York Harbour

A typical departure scene at New York, showing the mighty ocean monster leaving the harbour astern and heading for the open sea. The huge vessel easily dwarfed the shipping in the harbour as she made leisurely progress seawards towards Great Britain

Old Head of Kinsale. Here she received the first torpedo from a German submarine away to starboard.

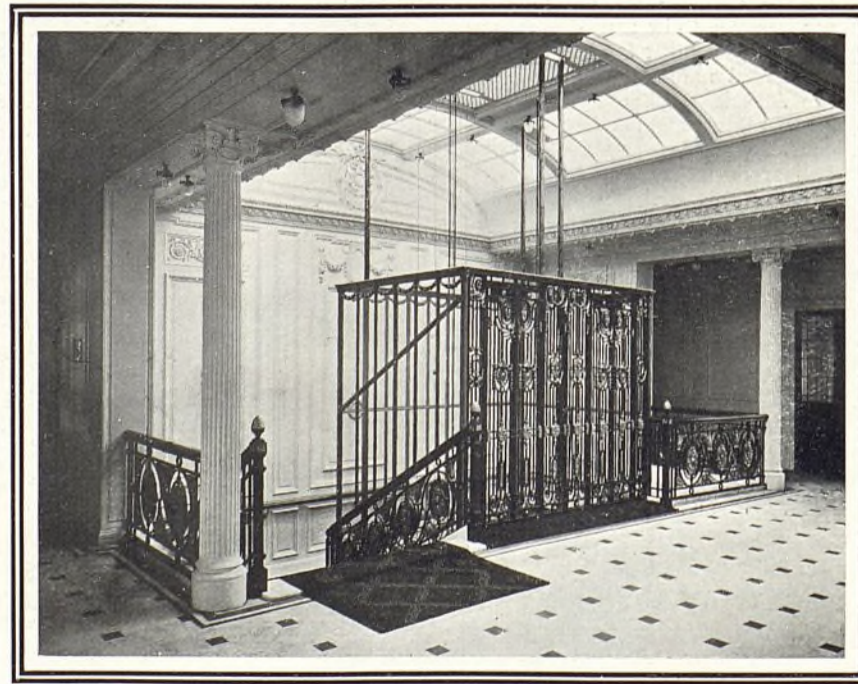
Immediately the ship heeled over and within 20 minutes she sank, carrying with her 1,134 persons. There was no warning of any kind given before the torpedo was discharged, and the submarine soon disappeared after she had finished her deadly work.

After the vessel had been struck she continued for about 10 minutes to make way, leaving the passengers and crew who were already in the water astern. The torpedoes, it is thought, entered the forward stokehold, and the engines were paralysed by the breaking of the main steam pipe.



The Smoking-room on Board the "Lusitania"

This room was situated aft on the boat deck, and was reached from the deck or from the entrance hall. The decorations of the various rooms and the sumptuousness of her fittings made her resemble a hotel more than an ocean-going liner



One of the Two Lifts Connecting the Six Decks of the Vessel

Noticeable features of the "Lusitania" were the passenger elevators, which were arranged with the main stairway around them, with landings on each of the six decks. The installing of lifts on board the vessel was in keeping with the stateliness of her other appointments

No. 2.—THE "LUSITANIA" : *First Sight of the Approaching Torpedo.*



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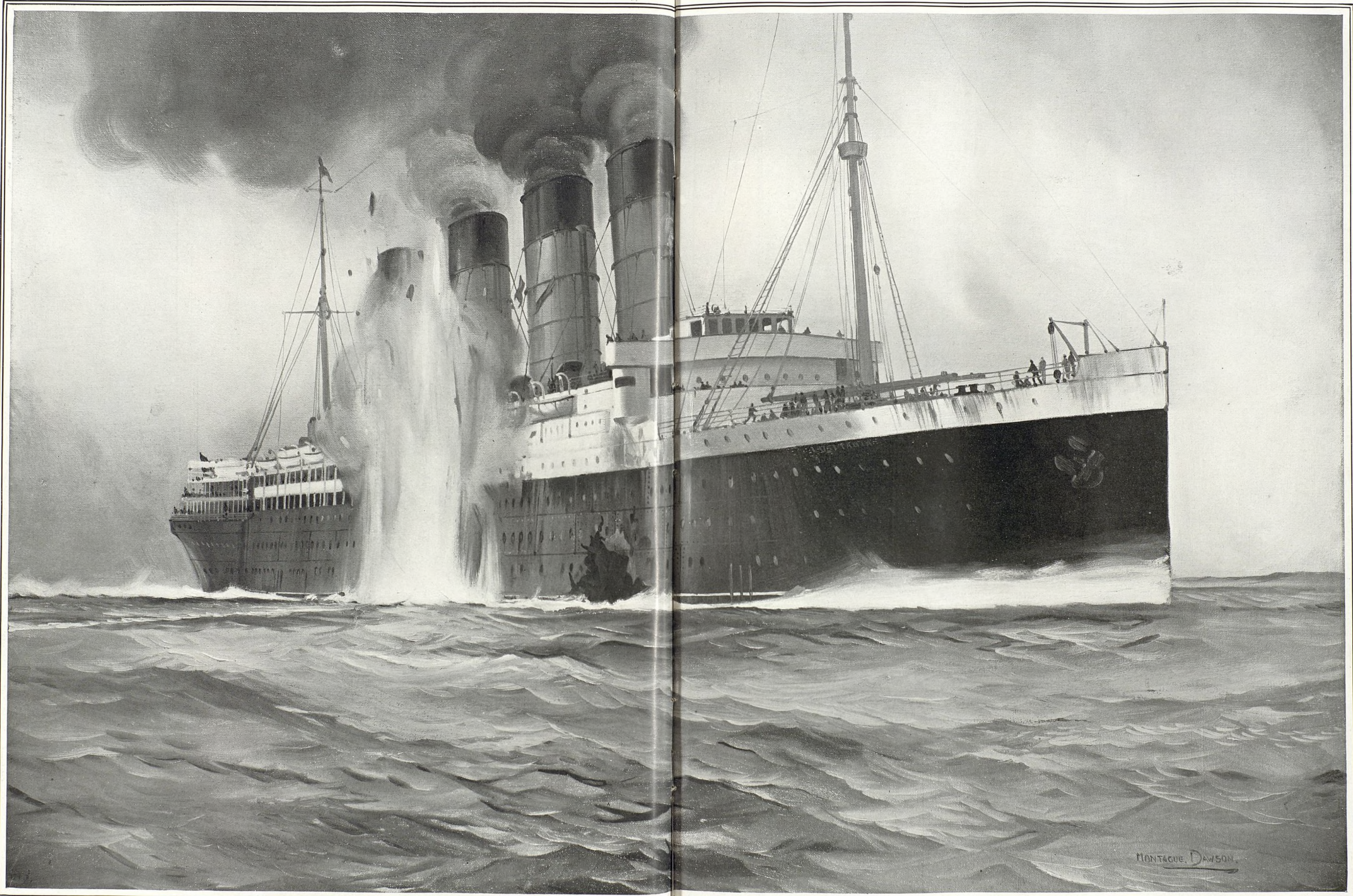
"LOOK OUT! THERE'S A TORPEDO COMING"

DRAWN BY PHILIP DADD FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED, MAY, 1915

A passenger who was coming from Ontario to England in order to join the British Navy, having previously been on H.M.S. "Conway," said that the first torpedo struck the "Lusitania" just after he came up from dinner and was standing on the deck with one or two friends. One of his companions, who was looking out to sea, suddenly perceived a white streak close to the surface and making straight for the vessel. He cried, "Look

out! There's a torpedo coming," and they all watched its progress until it struck the vessel a few seconds later. The explosion is described as terrific. As they sought shelter large quantities of wood and splinters and great columns of water fell on the deck. Other passengers describe the path of the torpedo as a line of white froth stretching towards the ship.

No. 3.—THE SINKING OF THE "LUSITANIA": The FATAL BLOWS Dealt by the GERMAN SUBMARINE.



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No. 3.—THE GREAT HULL OF THE "LUSITANIA," 760 FT. IN LENGTH, STABBED IN

The above drawing has been made with the assistance of eye-witnesses of the terrible event. The moment portrayed is that when the second torpedo was bursting against the starboard side of the liner. The first blow struck at a point about level with the captain's bridge, the second further amidships. She drew 37 ft. 6 in. of water and her towering sides rose to a height of

about 60 ft. above the water-line. The moment when the first torpedo struck her she was travelling at a speed of 18 knots, which would mean that she passed a given spot at the rate of 10 yards per second, but owing to the length of her hull, which was fully 760 ft., the submarine had such a very large target that she could scarcely fail to hit her at the short range from which

TWO PLACES BY TORPEDOES FROM THE GERMAN SUBMARINE OFF KINSALE HEAD

the torpedoes were discharged. A great volume of water was thrown up high in the air, which fell splashing on to the upper decks. Pieces of timber were also hurled high in the air and fell back upon the vessel; some of the passengers had to run for shelter from the flying fragments. One of the members of the crew of the "Lusitania" states that the torpedo entered the second section of

the bunkers, which were numbered from one to four. He states that the divisions of the section were torn aside, and dust and coal hurled from the adjacent section. He goes on to state that he heard a second explosion, which he believes expended itself into the fourth bunker. The noise and force of the explosions are variously described, some survivors speaking of a "thud" against the side.

No. 4.—The FLOATING PALACE SUNK BY THE GERMANS.



THE DOMED DINING SALOON OF THE "LUSITANIA," WITH ITS WHITE-AND-GOLD PILLARS

The dining saloon of the "Lusitania" was very prettily decorated in gold and white, and the domed roof bore oval paintings at intervals. The luxurious furnishing of the drawing-room and smoking-room was even more remarkable at the time when the "Lusitania" started on her maiden trip in 1907. The woodwork of these rooms aroused the admiration even of those who were familiar with the most luxurious buildings ashore. The floor seen immediately above the dining saloon formed a kind of music lounge, where passengers had coffee after dinner. In these central rooms the steadiness of the vessel was remarkable. There was scarcely any sense of motion.



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 G. E. Alt
Yorkshire Light Infantry. Aged 44. He rejoined in September. Son of the late Colonel Alt, C.B., V.D.



Captain T. M. Ellis
West Riding Regiment. Aged 33 years. Served in South Africa; obtained medal with three clasps



Captain C. T. Tuff
1st Royal West Kent Regiment. He was gazetted captain in the reserve batt. in September last



Captain T. P. Wingate
2nd K.O.S.B. Saw much service in South Africa and passed through the siege of Ladysmith



Captain D. Wynyard
1st East Surrey Regiment. Aged 25 years. After being wounded at Mons he rejoined as adjutant



Lieutenant H. Boggs
7th Canadian Infantry Battalion, British Columbia Regiment. He was one of the first Canadian officers killed



2nd Lieutenant E. B. Walker
Royal West Kent Regiment. Aged 26 years. He obtained his first commission in 1912



2nd Lieutenant V. B. Leitch
King's (Liverpool Regiment). He joined in September, leaving for France in March



2nd Lieutenant G. C. Tate
2nd East Yorkshire Regiment. Aged 18 years. He was gazetted in August, 1914



Lieutenant A. C. Alexander
Royal Scots Fusiliers. He was previously wounded at Ypres, Nov. 12, but returned after a month's leave



2nd Lieutenant L. H. Y. Pownall
1st Royal West Kent Regiment. Aged 19 years. He received his commission as 2nd lieutenant in August last



2nd Lieutenant W. J. Wolseley
2nd East Lancashire Regt. He received his commission as 2nd lieutenant, August, 1914



Lieutenant R. V. de Burgh Griffiths
3rd Royal Fusiliers. Aged 22 years. He became lieutenant in November, 1914



Lieutenant H. M. Harrison
2nd Gloucestershire Regt. He rejoined his regiment on the outbreak of war in August



2nd Lieutenant E. L. Kellie
1st Bedfordshire Regiment. Aged 21. He joined the Artists' Rifles in August, receiving a commission in January



Lieut.-Colonel W. Hart-McHarg
1st British Columbia Regiment. Aged 46 years. He served during the South African War with the Royal Canadian Regiment. He was one of the Canadian contingent at the King's coronation



Lieutenant G. Holman
2nd King's Shropshire Light Infantry. Born in December, 1892, he received his commission in September, 1913, becoming lieutenant in 1914. He returned from India with his regiment in November and left for France in December



Lieutenant K. R. Gilroy
2nd Battalion, Black Watch. Aged 23 years. He received his commission as 2nd lieutenant in 1911; was promoted to lieutenant in May, 1914



Lieutenant C. C. Egerton
West Riding Regiment. Aged 28 years. He served as Staff Captain, 13th Brigade, 5th Division, and was present at Mons and the battles on the Marne and Aisne. He was twice mentioned in despatches



Major E. E. Edimann, D.S.O.
Royal Garrison Artillery. Aged 46 years. He served in Burma, 1892-3; in the Sudan, with the Dongola Expedition, in 1896; on the N.-W. Frontier of India, 1897-8; and at Aden, 1903-4

Pro patria mori

"ITALIA IRREDENTA"—Where Italians Live Under



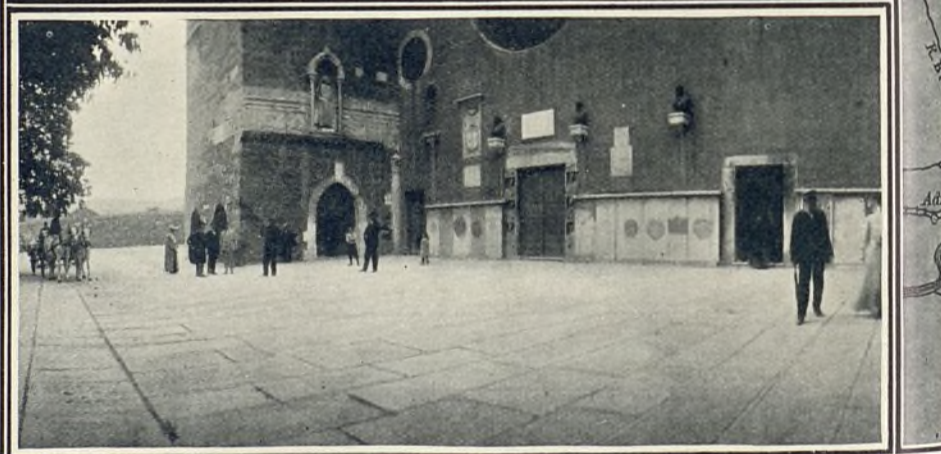
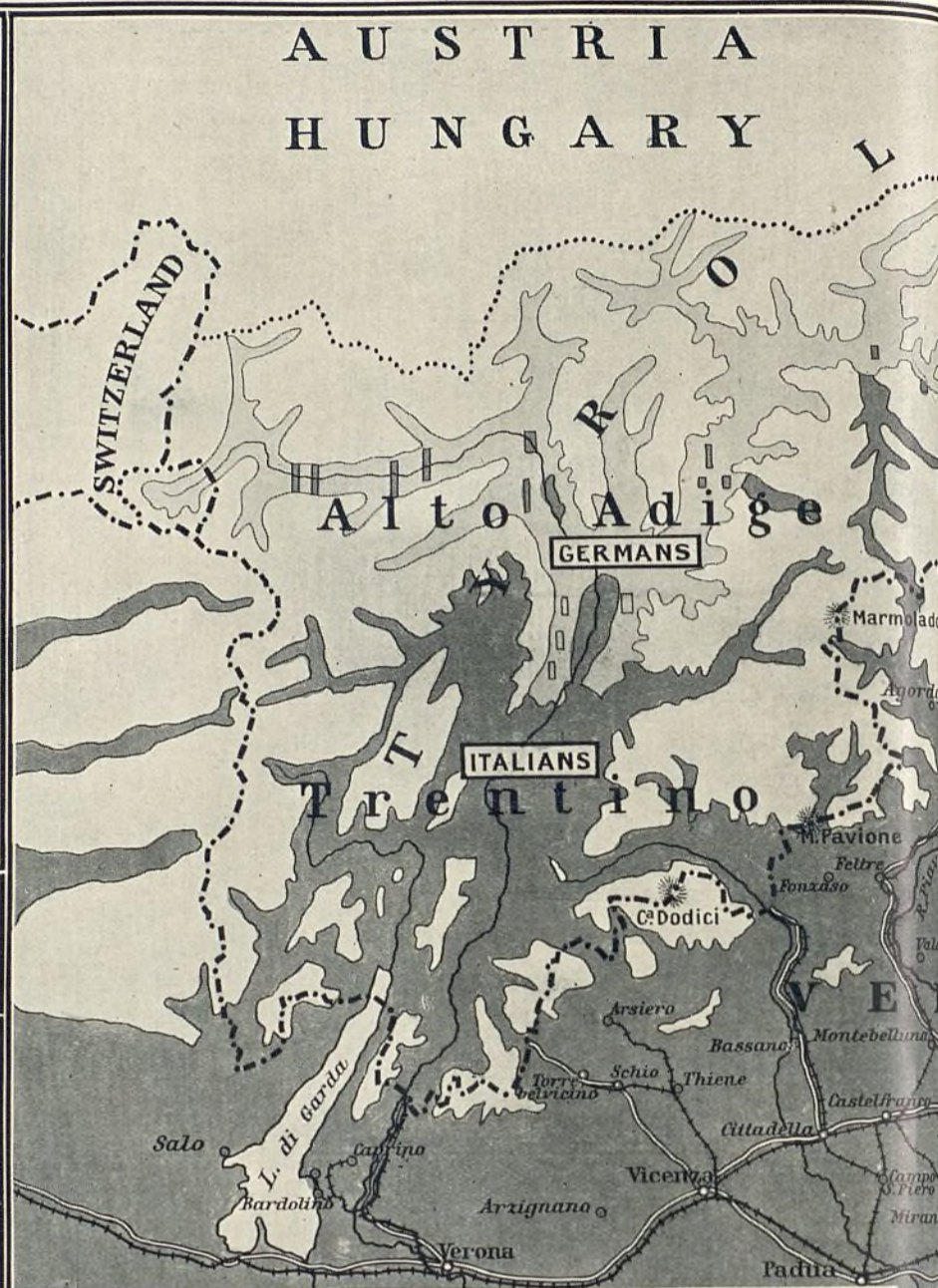
In the Valleys of the Trentino

Which are almost wholly occupied by Italians. Trentino is the southernmost portion of Tyrol. This view was taken near the Loro Pass



Austrian Soldiers in the Trentino

The Trentino is held by Austria as a portion of its varied empire, but the inhabitants, to the number of 373,000, are Italian by blood and feeling. The Germans only number 12,000



The Ancient Cathedral of Trieste, on Site of a Roman Temple

This building, which contains many Roman fragments, stands on an eminence which commands the harbour and opposite shores. The upper right-hand view gives an idea of the prospect seen from the cathedral

The political situation has been demanding such increasing attention that it is necessary to set forth with precision the actual extent to which Italians live outside their political frontiers. We have therefore prepared the above map, which shows with a considerable amount of exactitude the way in which the Italians, as it were, lap over their present political boundary into the surrounding territories. The political line on the west is far from coincident with the racial frontier. The mountainous region of the Trentino is almost wholly Italian, and only a negligible number of Germans intrude into a northern valley. The well-known town of Riva, at the head of Lake Garda, is, as tourists well know, Italian by blood and speech. The distribution of the Italians in the Trentino takes the curious form shown above owing to the mountainous character of the country. The lighter areas represent mountain summits and other high uninhabited sections of this very elevated district.

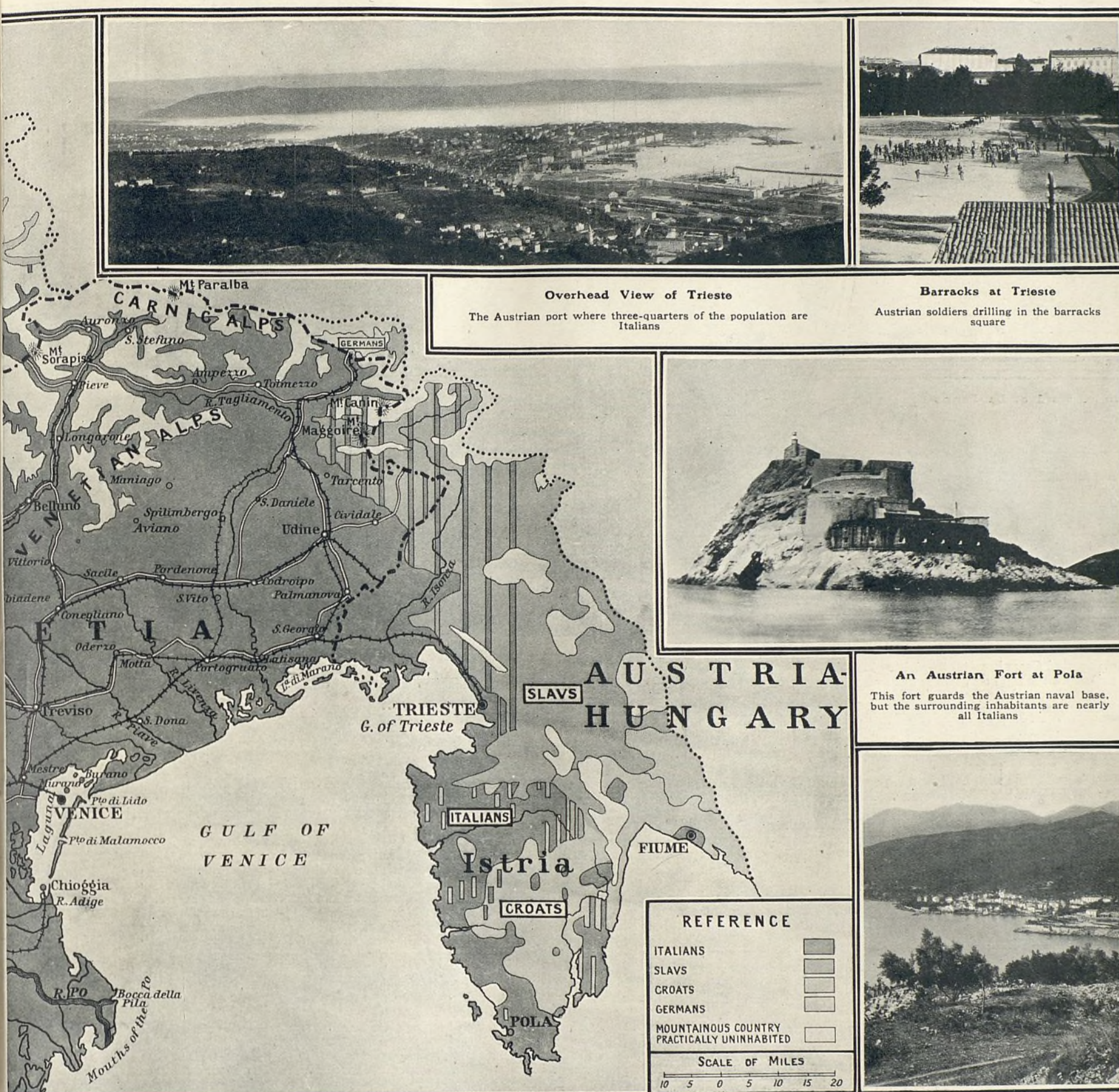
To the east we find the Italians again extending beyond their present political frontier. The district round the River Isonza is very largely peopled by Italians, and the busy port of Trieste is more Italian than Austrian. The peninsula of Istria, at the head of which stands Pola, the Austrian naval port and dockyard, is densely peopled by Italians along all the western coast districts of the peninsula, and part of the eastern as well. In Istria, in fact, there is a *mélange* of races; Slavs, Italians, and Croats rubbing elbows together. The map does not include the Dalmatian coast line, which has ancient historical connections and medieval associations with Italy, but in which the Italian element only amounts to 31 per cent. of the total population.

A very informative article on "Italia Irredenta" appears in the February issue of *The Fortnightly Review*. In particular, "Politicus" gives some interesting figures concerning the actual number of Italians living in Trentino and around

Trieste. Of the latter district he writes: More than three-quarters of the inhabitants of Trieste are Italians. Yet there is not a single Italian state school of the ordinary type. The Government supports only a nautical school and a commercial high school, which were founded one in 1754 and the other in 1817. In Trieste and on the sea-coast near by dwell 383,000 Italians. They possess only two intermediate schools maintained by the Government, one at Pola and one at Capodistria. On the other hand, Cracow, with only 100,000 inhabitants, has five Polish intermediate schools and two technical schools supported by the Government. The Government obviously follows the policy of supporting the Poles and suppressing the Italians. All nationalities dwelling in the Italian districts are encouraged except the Italians. In Trieste and the Italian districts near by there dwell fewer than 20,000 Germans, who are scattered among the Italians. Entirely for these the Austrian Government maintains six intermediate schools at Trieste, Pola, and Gorizia, and most of the German schools stand relatively empty. In 1911-12 the eight classes of the German intermediate school at Gorizia were frequented by only forty-six German scholars. Owing to lack of educational facilities Italians are forced to send their children to German and Slavonic schools, unless they succeed in establishing schools of their own with their own means.

Elsewhere in the Italian provinces of Austria the Italians are persecuted as they are in Trieste. Not far from Trieste lies Pola, the Austrian Portsmouth. Of the 4,000 workers employed at the Pola Arsenal, 3,000 who were Italians have been dismissed. In a single year practically all the Italians employed at the Law Courts were replaced. Pola, like Trieste, is pre-eminently an Italian town. But in Pola also the Slavs are increasing far more rapidly than the Italians. In ten years the number of Slavs and Germans at Pola has doubled, while that of the Italians has increased only by one-fourth. In Pola, as in Trieste, the Government

Foreign Rule in Austria and Hungary : Special "Sphere" Map.

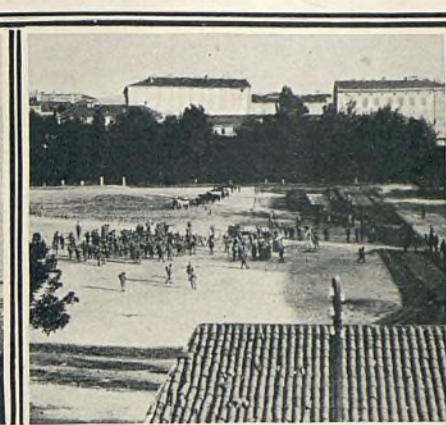


Map Showing the Distribution of Italians in Trentino and in Istria

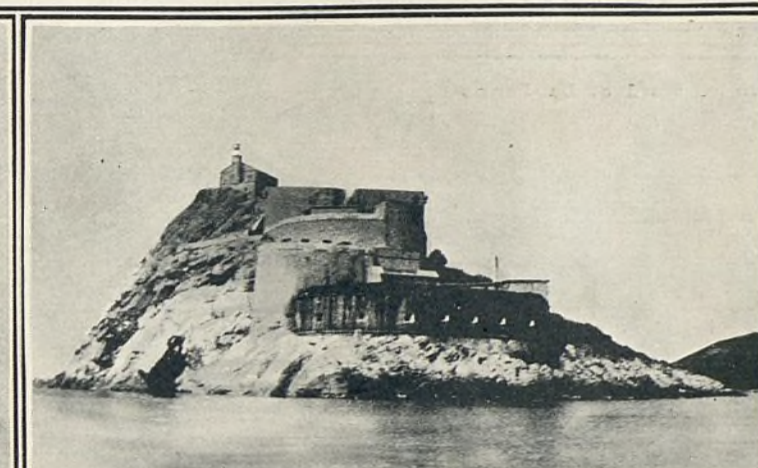
By reference to the little table in the right-hand bottom corner the reader can trace the extent of the Italians, the Slavs, Croats, and Germans. The political frontier is shown by the usual broken line. It will be seen crossing the head of Lake Garda past Dodici, Mont Pavione, Marmolado, Mont Sorapiss, Mont Paralba, Mont Canin, Mont Maggiore down to the Laguna di Marano



Overhead View of Trieste
The Austrian port where three-quarters of the population are Italians



Barracks at Trieste
Austrian soldiers drilling in the barracks square



An Austrian Fort at Pola
This fort guards the Austrian naval base, but the surrounding inhabitants are nearly all Italians



On the Istrian Shore near Fiume

This district is governed by Austria-Hungary, but is peopled by Italians (see right-hand bottom portion of map)

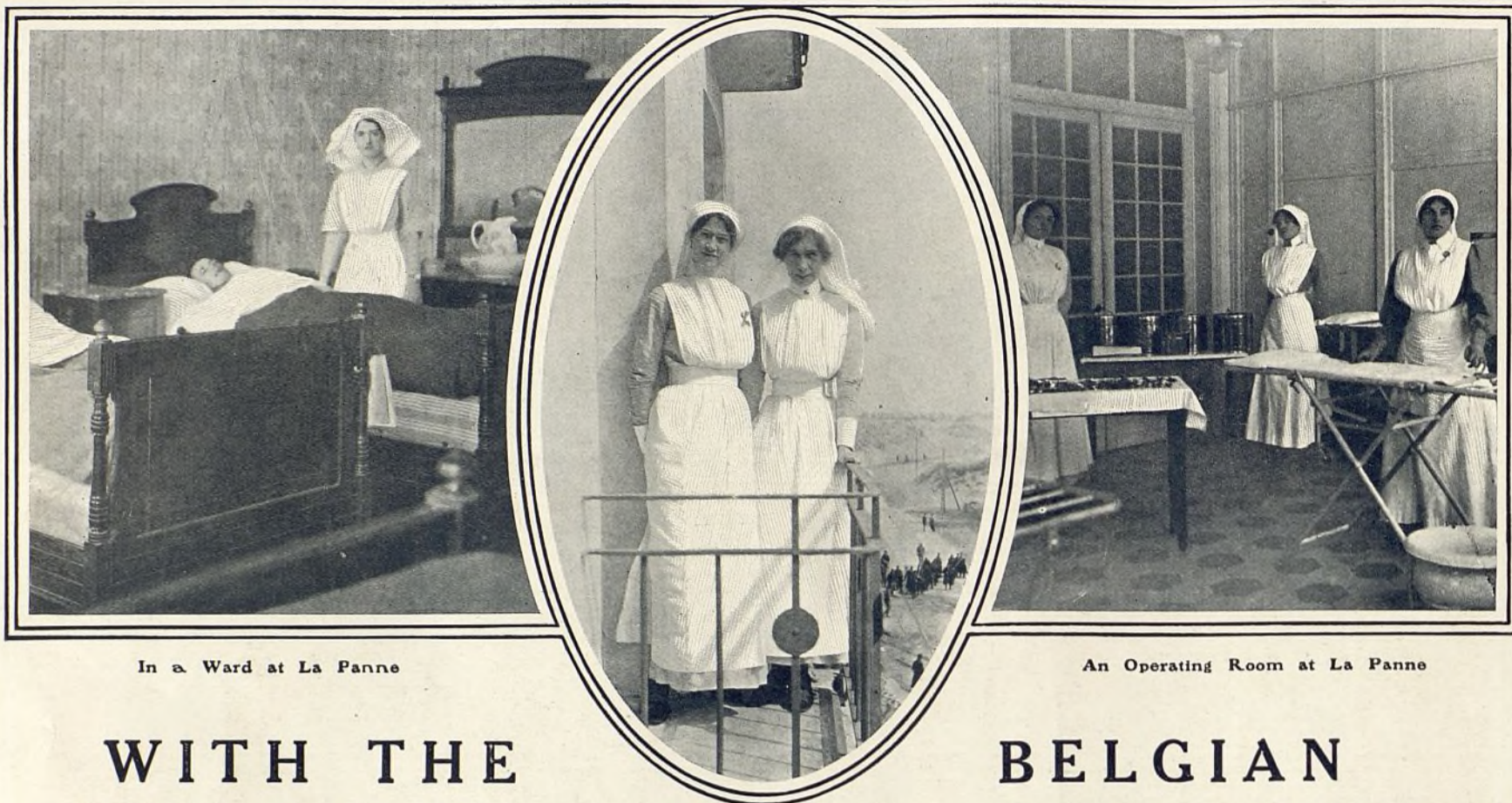
endeavours to denationalise the Italians by starving the Italian schools and promoting the teaching of Slavonic. As Pola is an important naval base, the methods employed for terrorising the Italians and for depriving them of their work are far more ruthless than at Trieste.

The Italian Tyrol, the Trentino, occupies a most important strategical position. A glance at the map shows that the protecting wall of the Alps is penetrated by the Austrian Trentino.

In view of its strategical importance, it is only natural that the military is supreme in the Trentino, especially as the country is practically purely Italian. In Southern Tyrol dwell 373,000 Italians and only 12,000 Germans, and the majority of the latter are soldiers or Government officials. The capital, Trento, or Trient, is purely Italian, and so are the smaller towns. The Trentino is protected against Italy by numerous and extremely powerful fortifications, which command all the approaches from Italy, and the peace garrison consists of thirty-six battalions of infantry, three battalions of engineers, five battalions of fortress artillery, twelve batteries of mountain and field artillery, etc. Regardless of expense, the Government constructs every year military roads. Considering the Trentino a district of the greatest military importance, the Austrian Government, guided by its soldiers, endeavours to overawe the Italian element of the country. As the Italian Tyrol slopes towards Italy, Italy is its natural market. However, the Austrian Government impedes traffic between Italy and the Trentino in every possible way, and discourages trade and industry. The carriage roads and telephones end at the Italian frontier. The great water powers of the Trentino remain unutilised because the Austrian Government does not allow electric power derived from them to be sold in the Italian plain. Italian financiers are prevented by Austria from developing the Trentino, which Austria refuses to develop.

The Trentino, like Trieste, lives under a *régime* of petty persecution. In Trieste, the history of Trieste must not be taught. In the school books employed in the Trentino history ends with the year 1815. To the school-child history ends at the time when the awakening of nationalism in Italy began. In the Trentino, as in the other Italian provinces of Austria, Italian associations are prohibited.

Dalmatia presents a different problem, the main points of which were set forth by Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson in a letter to *The Times* on April 22. He holds that any attempt by Italy to extend her rule into this area would cause great trouble. "Italy covets the whole eastern coast of the Adriatic," he maintains, "including the province of Dalmatia, whose population is as Slav in character and sentiment as the population of Serbia or of Russia herself. Indeed, it is safe to say that there is no part of Europe where it would be easier to draw a frontier which should satisfy the often conflicting claims of geography and race than in those provinces where Slav and Italian meet. Italy's claim to replace Austria on the eastern Adriatic cannot be realised unless she annexes at least a million Slavs. As it is just these very Slavs among whom the movement for Southern Slav unity is strongest, it is obvious that Italy would be undertaking a thorny and highly-dangerous task. As long ago as 1880 only 27,000 persons returned themselves as Italians in the Dalmatian census, and by 1900 that number had sunk to 15,279; the remaining 96 per cent. were Serbo-Croats. Even extreme Irredentists, while arguing that the Austrian statistics have been doctored in a Slav sense, do not venture to claim more than 10 per cent. of the population as Italian, instead of the official 31 per cent. There never were any Italians in the country districts, and to-day Zara is the only town where the Italian element is not a negligible quantity." Any attempt by Italy in this direction, Mr. Seton-Watson asserts, would cause fierce opposition among the Slavs and would be playing the game of the central Powers.



In a Ward at La Panne

An Operating Room at La Panne

WITH THE RED CROSS

Two English Nurses at La Panne
On a balcony overlooking the dunes

BELGIAN at LA PANNE.

Some Account of the Ambulance de l'Océan at La Panne, the One-time Seaside Resort, where Belgian Wounded are Tended by British Nurses.

NOTES BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

FROM MY JOURNAL.

LA PANNE, 10 P.M.

I AM at the Belgian Red Cross hospital to-night. Have had supper and have been given a room on the top floor, facing out over the sea.

This is the base hospital for the Belgian lines. The men come here with the most frightful injuries. As I entered the building to-night the long tiled corridor was filled with the patient and quiet figures that are the first fruits of war. They lay on portable cots, waiting their turn in the operating rooms, the white coverings and bandages not whiter than their faces.

11 P.M.—The night superintendent has just been in to see me. She says there is a baby here from Furnes with both legs off, and a nun who lost an arm as she was praying in the garden of her convent. The baby will live, but the nun is dying.

She brought me a hot-water bottle, for I am still chilled from my long ride, and sat down for a moment's talk. She is English, as are most of the nurses. She told me with tears in her eyes of a Dutch Red Cross nurse who was struck by a shell in Furnes two days ago as she crossed the street to her hospital, which was being evacuated. She was brought here.

"Her leg was shattered," she said. "So young and so pretty she was, too! One of the surgeons was in love with her. It seemed as if he could not let her die."

How terrible! For she died.

"But she had a casket," the night superintendent hastened to assure me. "The others, of course, do not. And two of the nurses were relieved to-day to go with her to the grave."

I wonder if the young surgeon went. I wonder—

The baby is near me. I can hear it whimpering.

MIDNIGHT.—A man in the next room has started to moan. Good God, what a place! He has shell in both lungs.

2 A.M.—I cannot sleep. He is trying to sing "Tipperary."

English battleships are bombarding the German batteries at Nieuport from the sea. The windows rattle all the time.

6 A.M.—A new day now. A grey and forbidding dawn. Sentries every hundred yards along the beach under my window. The gunboats are moving out to sea. A number of French aeroplanes are scouting overhead.

The man in the next room is quiet.

Imagine a great seaside hotel stripped of its bands, its gay crowds, its laughter. Paint its many windows white, with a red cross in the centre of each one. Imagine its corridors filled with wounded men, its courtyard crowded with ambulances, its parlours occupied by convalescents who are blind or hopelessly maimed, its writing-room a chapel trimmed with the panoply of death. For bath-chairs and bathers on the sands substitute long lines of weary soldiers drilling in the rain and cold. And over all imagine the unceasing roar of great guns. Then, but feebly, you will have visualised the Ambulance de l'Océan at La Panne.

The town is built on the sand dunes, and is not unlike Ostend in general situation; but it is hardly more than a village. Such trees as there are grow out of the sand, and are twisted by the winds from the sea. Their trunks are green with smooth moss. And over the dunes is long grass, now grey and dry with winter.

The beach is wide and level. There is no surf. The sea comes in in long, flat lines of white that wash unheralded about the feet of the cavalry horses drilling there. Here and there a fisherman's boat close to the line of villas marks the limit of high tide; marks more than that—marks the fisherman who has become a soldier, marks the end of the peaceful occupations of the little town, marks the change from a sea that was a livelihood to a sea that has become a menace and a hidden death.

Scientific management and modern efficiency have stepped in. They are not perfect. But the things that have been done are marvellous. Surgery has not failed. The stereoscopic X-ray and anti-tetanus serum are playing their active part. Once out of the trenches a soldier wounded at the front has as much chance now as a man injured in the pursuit of a peaceful occupation.

There are two operating rooms at La Panne, each with two modern operating tables. The floors are tiled, the walls, ceilings, and all furnishings white. Attached to the operating rooms is a fully-equipped laboratory and an X-ray room. I was shown the stereoscopic X-ray apparatus by which the figure on the plate stands out in relief, like any stereoscopic picture. Every hospital I saw had this apparatus, which is invaluable in locating bullets and pieces of shell or shrapnel. Under the X-ray, too, extraction frequently takes place, the operators using long-handled instruments and gloves that are soaked in a solution of lead and thus become impervious to the rays so destructive to the tissues.

Later on I watched Doctor De Page operate at this hospital. I was put into a uniform, and watched a piece of shell taken from a man's brain and a great blood clot evacuated. Except for the red cross on each window and the rattle of the sash, under the guns, I might have been in one of the leading American hospitals and war a century away. There were the same white uniforms on the surgeons; the same white gauze covering their heads and swathing their faces to the eyes; the same silence; the same care as to sterilisation; the same orderly rows of instruments on a glass stand; the same nurses, alert and quiet; the same clear white electric light overhead; the same rubber gloves; the same anaesthetists and assistants.

It was twelve minutes from the time the operating surgeon took the knife until the wound was closed. The head had been previously shaved by one of the assistants, and painted with iodine. In twelve minutes the piece of shell lay in my hand. The stertorous breathing was easier, bandages were being adjusted, the next case was being anaesthetised and prepared.

Across the full width of the hospital stretched the great drawing-room of the hotel, now a recreation place for convalescent soldiers. Here all day the phonograph played, the nurses off duty came in to write letters, the surgeons stopped on their busy rounds to speak to the men or to watch for a few minutes the ever-changing panorama of the beach, with its background of patrolling gunboats, its engineers on rest playing football, and its occasional aeroplanes.

I wish I could go further. I wish I could follow that peasant soldier to recovery and health. I wish I could follow him back to his wife and children, to his little farm in Belgium. I wish I could even say he recovered. But I cannot. I do not know. The war is a series of incidents with no beginning and no end. The veil lifts for a moment and drops again.

In its way that hospital at La Panne epitomises the whole tragedy of the great war. Here were women and children, innocent victims when the peaceful near-by market town of Furnes was being shelled; here was a telegraph operator who had stuck to his post under furious bombardment until both his legs were crushed. He had been decorated by the King for his bravery. Here were Belgian aristocrats without extra clothing or any money whatever, women whose whole lives had been shielded from pain or discomfort.

One of them, a young woman whose father is among the largest landowners in Belgium, is in charge of the villa where the uniforms of wounded soldiers are cleaned and made fit for use again. Over her white uniform she wore, in the bitter wind, a thin tan rain-coat. We walked together along the beach. I protested.

"You are so thinly clad," I said. "Surely you do not go about like that always!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is all I have," she said philosophically. "And I have no money—none. None of us have."



Funeral of a Nurse who was Killed by a Shell

AT LA PANNE : *Where Brave British Nurses Help to Cure the Victims of War on All that Remains of Free Belgium.*



FRESH AIR ON THE BELGIAN SEA FRONT—PATIENTS ON THE DIGUE AT LA PANNE



CHILDREN FROM YPRES, WOUNDED BY GERMAN SHELLS, BEING TENDED BY NURSES AT LA PANNE

The work of the brave doctors and nurses at La Panne has become specially noteworthy for several reasons. With the exception possibly of Furnes the hospitals at La Panne lie nearer to the firing line than any institutions of a similar character. The victims of war, both civil and military, here come under the ministering hands of women, although the windows of the hospital buildings are shaking with the concussion of heavy firing on the

Belgian front a few miles away. There is brilliant sunshine among the dunes, and cheery words and laughter for the patients on the digue, but at any moment a Taube may drop a bomb upon the little seaside town and blow the arm off a girl, as it did not so long ago. The baby in the group above was six weeks old. A fuller description of the hospital work at La Panne appears on the opposite page

The Visit of the PRESIDENT of the FRENCH REPUBLIC



An Encampment of Senegalese Troops in the Forest de Laigue
The hut in the background is quite skilfully constructed, and has a sort of mat roof. This picture shows clearly the nature of the forests in the district of Compiègne



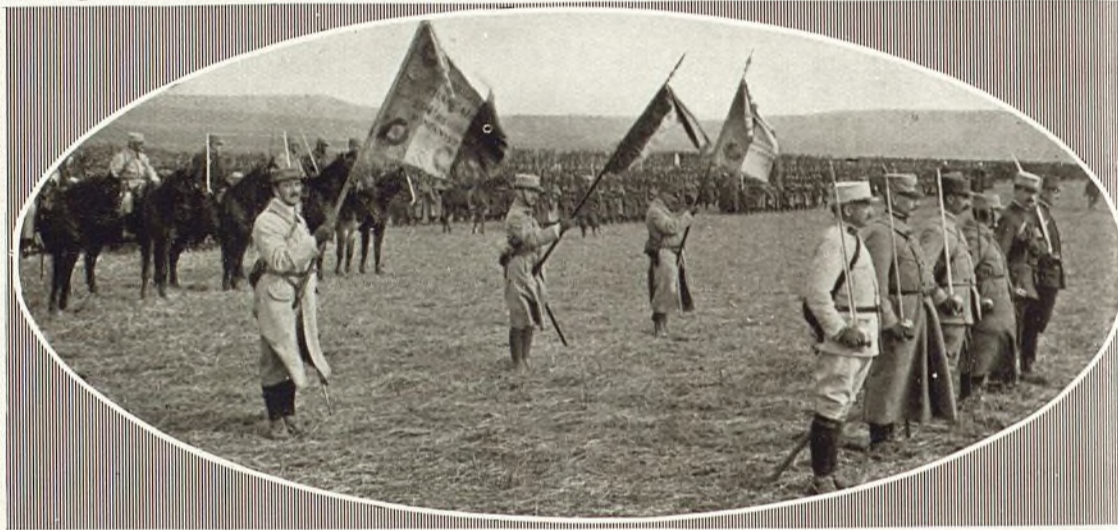
Moroccan Horsemen Awaiting Orders in the Forest de Laigue
The soldiers in the foreground are wearing their light-coloured winter coat which differs from the dark blue coats customarily associated with the French

THE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE FRENCH FIGHTING LINE ON THE OISE AND AISNE

M. POINCARÉ, the President of the French Republic, recently paid an official visit of inspection to the troops holding the line of the Oise and Aisne; he was accompanied by M. Millerand, the French Minister of War.

The chief object of his visit was to confer on a number of combatants the Cross of the Legion of Honour and the Military Medal, and to present standards to two newly-formed regiments. The last ceremony—at all times impressive and stirring—was carried out in the presence of General Joffre and many other generals with their staffs.

The President of the Republic delivered a brief, stirring address, in which, in the name of the Government, he paid a tribute to the soldiers from all parts of France—young and old—composing the two new units. "Keep your eyes fixed steadfast on this tricolour," M. Poincaré said in his address at the presentation: "it is the emblem of military honour and of national independence. It symbolises all that you have safeguarded up to the present or have avenged by your arms; your natal land, still defiled by an impotent enemy, who is already paralysed before being finally



The Recipients of the Military Awards near Compiègne
In front are the officers who were decorated for actions of merit in the field. Behind them are the colours presented to the newly-formed regiments by the French President



MM. Poincaré and Millerand with Generals Dubois and Villaret
General Dubois, the commander of the Sixth Army, is in the foreground. The second figure from the right is General Villaret, who was wounded at the same time as General Manoury. The spot where the bullet struck him was above the left eye, and the wound is still noticeable



The President of the Republic in an observation post
On the first step, at the top of the embankment, is M. Poincaré. Behind him is M. Millerand, the Minister for War. General Dubois, the Commander of the Sixth Army, here explained to the President the chief phases in the recent battle of the Aisne.

to the FIGHTING LINES along the OISE and AISNE.



Moroccan Troops under Shelter of the Trees in the Laigue Forest
As was pointed out in "The Sphere" of April 24 in a map covering this district the roads through the Laigue forest have been cut with mathematical straightness



Another View of an African Encampment near Compiègne
The most characteristic feature of the Forest de Laigue is the uniform straightness of the trees. This feature is shown in all the views given here of the forest



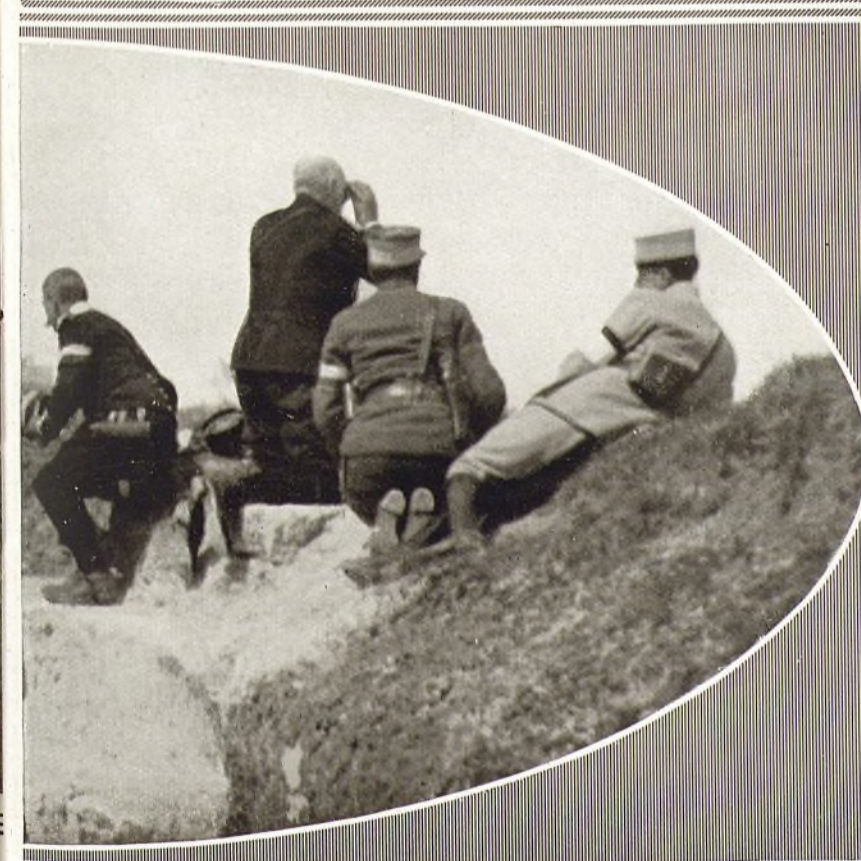
M. Poincaré Embracing One of the Recipients
The ceremony took place before many distinguished generals near Compiègne on Sunday, April 25, and was of a most impressive and stirring character

humbled; your homes, which you will one day enter again covered with glory; your aged fathers, your mothers, your wives, your children, who willingly continue your labours in the fields or in the workshop; those provinces which have been torn away from us by violence and which now await deliverance; and also the great past of which you are the worthy heritors, and which is the sacred foundation of our traditions and the free spirit of our race.

"Go, my friends, swell the numbers of these heroes, and receive here, with your commander-in-chief's wishes for success and with my grateful admiration, the congratulations of the Government of the Republic."

The presidential visit also included an inspection of the French lines in the Forest de Laigue, near Compiègne, and the lines around Soissons. Through a branch trench the President and his suite approached near Soissons an observation post located in a quarry, from which they were able to note the effect of French gun-fire on the enemy's trenches.

After having inspected in detail the lines of defence between Compiègne and Soissons M. Poincaré and the Minister of War returned to Paris, leaving behind them a new and unquenchable enthusiasm amongst the soldiers they had just reviewed.



Observation Post in the Valley of the Aisne
This observation post is daily bombarded by the Germans, which explains why the officers on the right are kneeling on the ground—to remain out of sight of the German artillerists, who maintain a steady watch on this point.



The Arrival of the President for the inspection
M. Poincaré on his arrival was greeted by Generals Joffre and Dubois. The presentation of military honours and the standards to two newly-formed regiments was carried out later. After the inspection and presentations the President visited the French lines in the Aisne valley

On the BATTLEFIELD of NEUVE CHAPELLE—With "The Sphere's" Special Artist Under Shell Fire : April, 1915.



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"AN IMMENSE CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE TEARS ITSELF UPWARDS AND DISAPPEARS WHILE A SHOWER OF FORMLESS BLACK FRAGMENTS FALLS ON US, STILL BENT DOWN"

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA, NEUVE CHAPPELLE, APRIL, 1915

The above picture has been made by Mr. Matania from his actual sketches executed while he was in the trenches on the battlefield of Neuve Chapelle in the latter days of April. The only divergence from the actual drawings in Mr. Matania's sketch book is that the view has been slightly altered in order to show the whole line of the trench and the

position of the bursting shell; otherwise the scene is a literal transcript of his notes made while shells were bursting around him. One of his sketches was actually spattered with the muddy upthrow from the discharge of a high-explosive shell. The officer who was acting as guide and mentor to Mr. Matania and an American correspondent is seen seated in

the centre of the picture and bending slightly before the air blast from the explosion. As Mr. Matania bent his own head he had an instantaneous vision of the party and the surrounding scene just as it is shown here. The picture, therefore, has a documentary value apart from any other interest. The extraordinary amount and variety of the

litter on the battlefield particularly impressed Mr. Matania. Not only is the litter churned up once or twice by shell fire but it is in a constant state of unrest owing to the incessant bombardment. A fuller description of the scene will be found from Mr. Matania's own pen on page 172.

Among the CARPATHIAN FOOTHILLS with the CZAR'S BROTHER : *Special "Sphere" Picture Illustrating the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, Commanding the Division Sauvage.*



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The Grand Duke
THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH CROSSING

The view shows the nature of the low foothills of the Carpathians, among which wind the upper waters of the San, the river which flows through the now surrendered fortress of Przemyśl. The picture was obtained by Captain Adrian Simpson when acting A.D.C.

to the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, commanding the Caucasian Native Division. The Grand Duke is here seen fording a tributary of the San river. Behind follow the staff wearing their picturesque uniforms and swords without guards. The hills here are



From a direct photographic enlargement

A TRIBUTARY OF THE SAN RIVER WITH HIS STAFF

bare and downlike in character, with a few trees and farmhouses dotted here and there on the level ground. "As the horses of the Grand Duke and the staff splashed through the little stream, which glistened like silver in the clear evening light, I felt that I had rarely

witnessed a more picturesque scene." An illustrated description of the Caucasian Native Division, with extracts from our correspondent's diary, appeared in last week's issue of "The Sphere."

BRITISH OFFICERS IMPRISONED IN GERMANY.

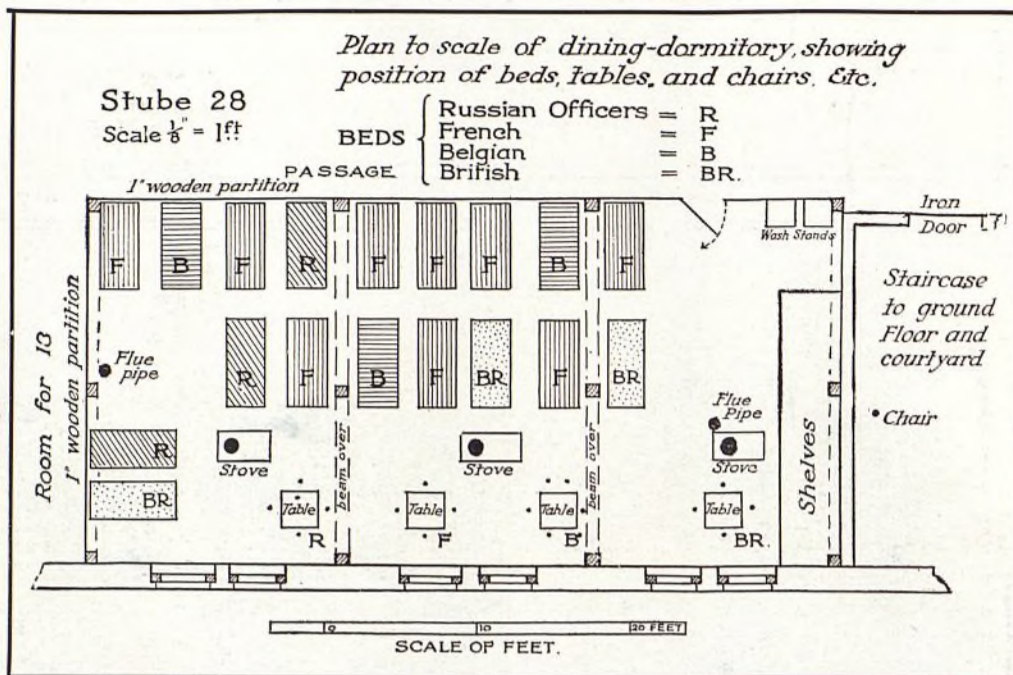
How the British prisoners in Germany are faring is a question of the intensest moment to the nation as well as to the immediate friends and relations of the prisoners. Here we are able to contribute an actual document to the general stock of information on this question. It consists of a plan of a combined dining, living, and sleeping room, in which eighteen officers of various nationalities are confined at Burg in Prussia. The plan shows the way in which the beds are arranged and the position of two little washstands for the eighteen officers. There are four tables and four stoves. There is a small amount of open floor space to the left and to the right near the door. The officer from whose letters we are able to quote draws special attention to the noise in "Stube 28." The babel of sound to which this officer refers is also mentioned by another officer. The following are extracts from a letter which accompanied the plan:—

Eighteen in a Room

"I am fortunate in being in one of the most comparatively airy rooms, looking out towards the town. I attach a plan made by an officer who was an architect which will interest you. It is a great blessing not being on the ground floor; it is lighter and quieter above, besides there are only eighteen of us in this room, and I am great friends with the Russians. We can also see trains going, and there was a small covey of partridges in the field outside whose calling made one think of home—the days are very long.

A Twenty-five Minutes' Walk to the Dentist

"I much enjoyed my two



Where British Officers are Imprisoned in Germany—A Combined Living, Sleeping, and Dining-room for Eighteen Officers at Burg in Prussia



The Prisoners' Post Office in Berne, which Transmits 80,000 Letters Daily from French and British Prisoners of War in Germany

visits to the dentist. That perhaps sounds rather quaint, but as it is a twenty-five minutes' walk each way you can perhaps appreciate the tremendous joy of being in the open air out of prison for the second and third times in over seven months—the first time was the move here from Torgau; the water there made our teeth break in the most extraordinary way. Our space for exercise is confined to a bit of ground 30 yards by 200 yards.

The Noise of the Room

"At times our combined dining - living - sleeping - room is so noisy from the chatter in many tongues that it's quite impossible to either write, read, or even think—that, of course, is part of the treatment as we are naturally a quiet people. But one can use one's hands, and the cross-stitch work is just the thing. A clever artist friend has designed a centre for it of the regimental crest, etc.

Daily Menu

"8 a.m.—Bugle to get up. Two washstands between eighteen.

"Breakfast.—Two thick slices of bread, one teaspoonful of jam, two cups of coffee? "Make my bed.

"Lunch, 12.30.—Soup à l'eau, one slice of bread, potatoes, one slice meat or piece of fish.

"Supper, 6.30 p.m.—Flour and milk soup, small piece of cheese, one slice bread; or, two slices of bread covered one with thin slice of salt pork the other with liver-sausage paste, a cup of tea without milk.

"9.30 p.m.—Bugle for undress.

"10 p.m.—Lights out."

The Battlefield of Neuve Chapelle :

As Seen by Mr. F. Matania, Special Artist of "The Sphere," During his Visit to the British Trenches, April, 1915. (See Double-page Illustration.)

The motor cars stopped in front of a little house with the roof demolished; a soldier appeared in the doorway. Our civilian dress produced a smiling curiosity, as I, together with an American correspondent and the captain who was our guide, left the motor car and continued on foot. In a few moments we were in a very narrow road, muddy and very cut up, and bordered with trees, of which only the large branches remain, while the small ones are in a thousand pieces on the ground, mixed up with the mud. We slipped in all directions and could hardly keep our feet. The roar of the guns continued without interruption; several were quite near and very violent. Every detonation possesses, as it were, a resounding tail as the missile tears through the air, passes over our heads to its destination, invisible to us. It is like a shrill scream of pain and death passing round the world with lightning speed but a few yards above the soil.

We continue our way through a shapeless country; no road remains, no fields, no vegetation, no form, no colour, only enormous holes and hollows, slopes and trenches dug out by the fury of modern shell fire. Nearly all the trees are striped horizontally as if they had been touched by a red-hot gridiron. Others flayed to the marrow, protruding their stumps in painful gesture as if asking for the final blow to put an end to their contortions. Everywhere sand bags; the further we go the more we find. We proceed with difficulty, ascending and descending between them. Many of them are blue in colour; they are the German bags.

At last I am on the battlefield of Neuve Chapelle, the roar of the guns bursting in my ears, and it seems to me that it is nearly possible to follow with one's eyes the trajectory of each shell as it cuts the air with metallic clang. It is astonishing and unbelievable what one sees on a battlefield after an action in which the enemy has been destroyed, and when the hurricane has passed, pushing back the few spared by fate. Every kind of object, of no matter how opposite a nature, is mixed together. Many things are not warlike objects at all; they reveal the domestic and peaceful life from which they have been wrested. All kinds of articles from the destroyed houses are used by the soldiers, mixed together with arms. Books, easy chairs, half buried in the earth, broken bayonets, stockings, tin receptacles of every description, German caps trodden under foot, empty bottles by the hundred. On my left in a trench full of rags and old newspapers, a coffer inlaid with ivory with a big hole just in the middle, overcoats all muddy with stains of blood; further on a bed all bent, a red jersey with the arms wide open and large muddy footprints on the chest, many shapeless

English caps, and then cartridges—hundreds and thousands of them. Chests of drawers, cushions, bags, carcasses of agricultural machinery, straw, trousers, chairs, paraffin lamps, boots, all ruined and mixed up by the shells that fell over and over again on the same spot, all again unburied and shot into the air, refalling and covering other things that were to suffer the same fate, mixed and remixed with the earth, under the constant torture of the inexorable explosives.

We stopped in a trench, and the captain received us with a good-humoured smile; there were also many young sun-burnt officers, strong boys, full of life. They told us to keep our heads down because bullets were falling everywhere. They pointed out Neuve Chapelle, which was just in front of us—a row of walls, without form, ruins sometimes still covered only by the rafters, on which there remained, perhaps, one tile. The church exists no longer. They pointed out two narrow pieces of wall extending towards the sky; that is the church!

Immediately behind Neuve Chapelle are the British trenches, obstacles to a German revenge which will never take place. I chose as a point of view from which to make a sketch a position about four yards from the dug-out where we had found the officers. The dug-out was German; four officers had been taken prisoners and another was buried underneath it. After a few minutes the noise of a shell passed over our heads, and it fell about fifty yards from us. I had never been so near the bursting of a shell. With half-closed eyes I watched the expression of the officers; they took no notice. Trusting their knowledge of this business much more than mine, I peacefully went on with my sketch. Down went my head again under the quivering of another shell! Still lower, and the explosion took place behind some mounds about twenty or thirty yards away. A minute of hesitation; it seemed too near for comfort, but the officers and soldiers were smiling and indifferent, and I felt myself protected by their skill. The magical effect of cool courage produced on one who for the first time finds himself in the midst of such a menacing atmosphere is extraordinary. Even though not courageous, one becomes so, and you do and act just as others do. Now I can understand why the newly-arrived "Tommies" pass through the hurricane of the war with the indifference and coolness of veterans. And now I am convinced that the courage inspired by the company of the brave is stronger than the terror of rifle and the gun.

Two minutes have not passed when a new whistle starts its precipitous course; this time directly at us. Instinctively I bend myself double, and in that fraction of a second I see the silhouette of everyone doing the

same, all at once like one man. And the tremendous whistle arrives as if from the gigantic throat of a monster with the deafening vibration of a thousand iron plates! This tremendous whistle, that is born a whistle and that in two seconds becomes the falling of heaven itself, the end of the world, that freezes one's marrow, annihilates and destroys with only the sound of it. Nearer and nearer it comes—on us, in us, and . . . and there on the top of the dug-out it resolves itself into a detonation which seems to strike every single particle of the body. The soil shakes with a sinister concussion. An immense cloud of black smoke tears itself upwards and disappears, while a shower of formless black fragments falls on us, still bent down. I feel as if I had had a sack of potatoes emptied on the top of me. It was mud and débris.

We all lifted up our heads; no one was wounded. The captain gave a look round and reassured himself, and with a calm voice said, "Fellows, I think it is better to go in, this place is beginning to get unhealthy, they might send another one. Quickly there!" We shook off the mud as a dog shakes the water off his back after a bath and we entered the dark dug-out, encumbered by a quantity of things, each one anxious to make room for the one behind. By the light of a candle I continued my sketch, bespattered with mud. Some minutes later a soldier pushed his way in, moving his hands as if he had taken a potato out of a hot oven. The object he threw quickly on to the table; it was the head and the base of the shell, still hot. Somebody asks, "How far away from us did the shell burst?" And the soldier with military rigidity replies, "About 15 ft., sir!"

After a little while we returned outside to the daylight, and we left those brave soldiers with handshakes and *au revoirs*. Once again they advised us to walk with our heads down and quickly. The detonations continued on the dead landscape. A sky of black inky clouds lit up by a brilliant sun made a background to a magnificent rainbow. The shells whizzing through the air continued to talk of nothing but death. I walked quickly, my heart swollen with emotion, saying "good-bye" to all those "things" scattered everywhere. I drew myself away unwillingly from that tragic soil. I should have wished to have stayed and studied all these tragic fragments. I should have wished to have given them an honoured burial, or at least some other sign of respect. I was careful not to tread on them, and so with head uncovered I left the battlefield of Neuve Chapelle with all those poor "things" which never again will return to their owners, and all the silent dead who cannot sleep for the insatiable German guns which shake them and torment them yet again!

CAPTURE of the GARDEN of EDEN.

First Consecutive Narrative of the Penetration of Irak Arabi and the Capture of Kurna, where "the River Went Out of Eden"



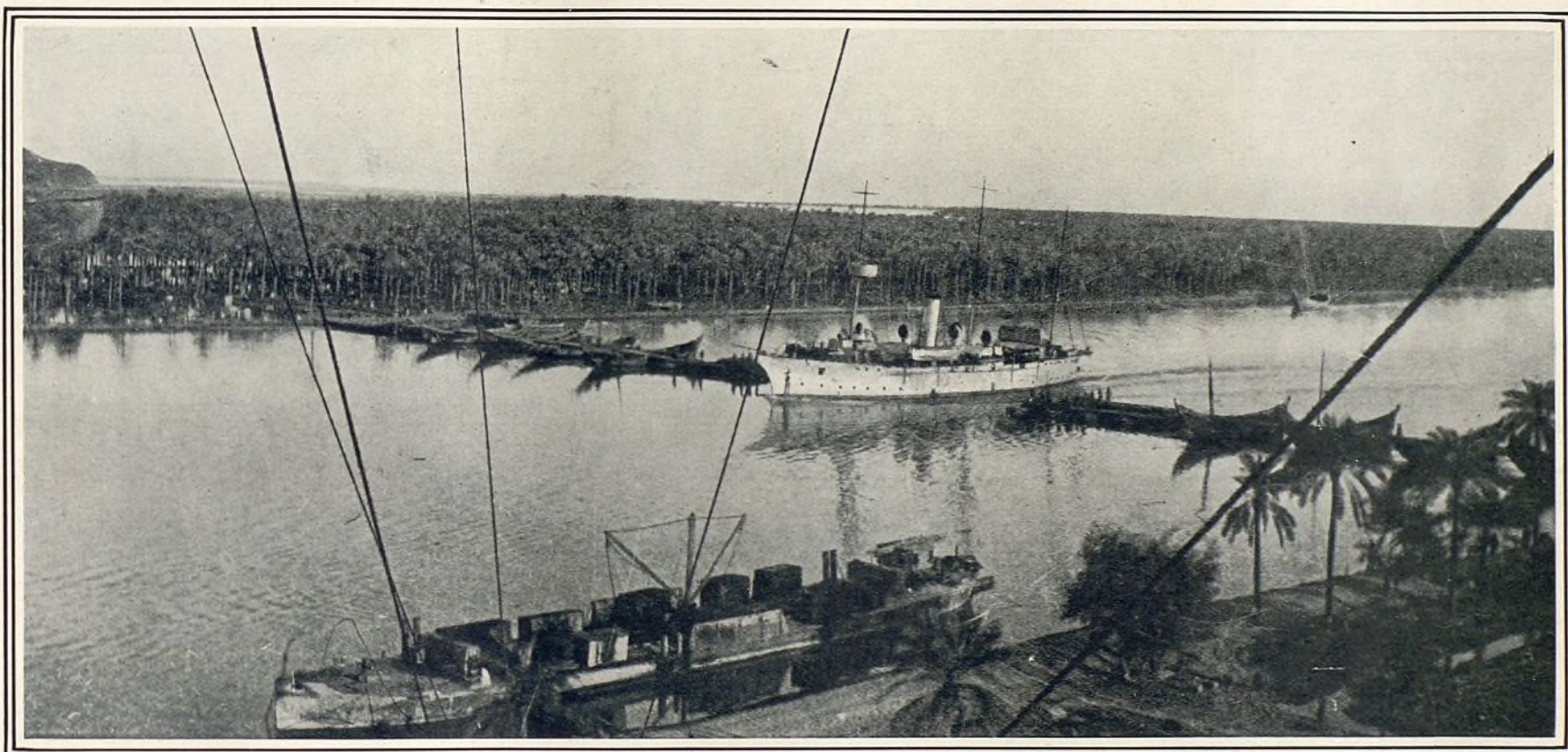
After the Operations on the Tigris

British naval and military officers examining a damaged Krupp gun on the river bank



After the Capture of Fao, at the head of the Persian Gulf

The trail of a Turkish gun found after the bombardment by gunboats



"And the Fourth River is Euphrates"—A British Gunboat Steaming Up the Euphrates

The warship is passing between the two portions of a bridge of boats which has been thrown across the river since the occupation of Kurna by the Imperial forces from India. The banks are lined with palm trees and the shores are flooded in places, the tall palms rising out of shimmering lagoons



Surrender of Subr Bey at Kurna



The Army of Occupation in Kurna—A Typical Street Scene

The occupation of Irak Arabi, as the Turks call Lower Mesopotamia, is one of the most interesting of the lesser operations being carried on outside the limits of the grand conflict. The above pictures have all been taken during the operations up the Shatt-el-Arab to Kurna, where the Tigris and Euphrates meet—the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, whence flowed the river with the four mouths. A full narrative will be found on the succeeding pages

THE CAPTURE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN:



Junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates
Showing part of Kurna, which suffered from bombardment



The Village of Mazera, Burned
The place presented an extraordinary sight, great quantities



British Camp Kitchen among the Palm Groves of the Garden of Eden



A 4-in. Gun on a Vessel of the R.I. Marine

THE ATTACK UPON SOUTHERN MESOPOTAMIA

I.—The Country

One of the secondary campaigns of the great war, and by no means the least important, is proceeding in Lower Mesopotamia or, as the Turks call it, Irak Arabi, where a force detailed from the Indian Army has been for several months operating. This region is the Chaldea of the Bible, the "Sealand" of the chronicles of ancient Babylon, and it is literally the gift of the mighty rivers which now flow in a single channel athwart its dead levels of alluvium. This land became the home or refuge of all who chafed at the ordered rule of the great kings of Babylon or the cruel yoke of the war-lords of Assyria. The Assyrians themselves called the whole region

Kardunyash—"Southland." But no name has clung to it so closely as that given to it by the Sumerians (perhaps Dravidians from India), who possessed it in the dawn of history—Edinn (Eden).

When Babylonia was conquered by the Persians its tribute was assessed by Darius I. at 1,000 talents a year, half as much again as that of Egypt, and double that paid by any other viceroyalty. Such was the land which Turkish barbarism and Islamic fatalism has reduced to a howling wilderness. There is no doubt that with the aid of European science and energy it can again become the garden of Asia. A beginning has been made of erecting a great barrage on the Euphrates, like that at Assuan in Egypt, and under British rule everything may be hoped.

Irak Arabi, undrained and waste, is terribly unhealthy. Where formerly there were cities by scores there now are but three of any real importance. They are Baghdad, once the capital of the Abbassid Khalifs, and still the chief city of Mesopotamia; Kerbela, the sacred city of the Shiah sect of Mahomedans; Basra, the port of the province, sixty-five miles from the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab—the united Euphrates and Tigris.

II.—The Operations Up to December 9

When once Turkey had declared war it became a matter of great importance for Britain to seize the head of the Persian Gulf. The Shatt-el-Arab, for the greater part of its course, forms the boundary between Persia and Turkey. Some twenty miles below Basra it is joined by the Kasun, near whose course, about a hundred miles from its mouth, are the Anglo-Persian Company's oilfields. The effective protection of these is necessarily an object of vital importance. It was also of considerable importance to create a diversion in this quarter which should cause the Osmanli generals to feel uneasiness as to a possible advance up the Euphrates. Whether more than the occupation of Basra and the protection of the oilfields was or is intended cannot, of course, be at present definitely stated.

The Expeditionary Force, under Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Barrett, consisted—apparently—of three Indo-British infantry brigades, a brigade of Indian cavalry, and artillery and auxiliary services in proportion—in all probably some 15,000 to 18,000 men. It included at least three British battalions—the 2nd Dorsets, the 2nd Norfolks, and the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.

The advance brigade reached the Shatt-el-Arab on November 7, and after a brief fight occupied Fao, a few miles up the river. On the 9th a night attack was made upon it by a force from Basra, which was easily beaten off.

Shortly afterwards the main body of the Expeditionary Force began to arrive, and by the 16th it had entirely disembarked at Saniyeh, a place above Fao, near the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's depot at Abadan. The weather was wretched. Rain converted the alluvial flats into wildernesses of mud. The men were drenched and caked with the riverine clay; the very rifles were often choked.

Meanwhile the advance guard carried out a reconnaissance up the river, and located the enemy in position at Sahilo, about nine miles distant. They numbered about 5,000 men, with twelve guns, under General Subr Bey, the Vali (Governor) of Basra. The reconnaissance carried an advanced position with a loss of sixty killed and wounded, and withdrew unmolested to report.

On the 17th General Barrett paraded for the attack the bulk of his force, though neither men nor horses were very fit after the voyage and toilsome landing—the artillery horses especially being nearly helpless.



The First Part of the Operations: Forcing a Passage up the Shatt-el-Arab and Capturing Basra

How the British-Indian Expeditionary Force under Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Barrett Penetrated Lower Mesopotamia and Reached the Land Whence the Great River Flowed Out of Eden.



During the Attack upon Kurna
of big earthenware oil jars littering the plain



Indian Cavalry on the March in the Country North of Kurna
The view shows the nature of the flat alluvial plain adjacent to the river



During an Interval in the Action at Kurna



British Troops Start Road-making and Pile-driving after Capture of Kurna

After a trying march through a veritable quagmire, the troops sometimes up to their waists in slush, the division about nine a.m. came within range of the Turkish position, and the leading brigade, the Belgaum (Major-General Fry), deployed for attack. The ground was absolutely open, and the Turks had a perfect field of fire. On our side the men had the greatest difficulty in getting forward through the clayey mud-beds, and the worn-out horses could not bring up the field artillery. Nevertheless the Belgaum Brigade steadily advanced, and the attack being presently supported by other troops, and assisted by the fire of two gunboats on the river, at last closed upon the Turkish entrenchments and carried them, capturing two guns and one hundred prisoners, besides inflicting a very heavy loss in killed and wounded. Our casualties were considerable—thirty-eight killed and over 350 wounded. The retreat of the enemy was assisted by a mirage, which disconcerted our gunners.

Subr Bey retreated on Basra. He hastily sank a German steamer, the *Ecbatana*, and two other vessels across the fairway in the river below the town; but he had no hope of being able to hold the big spreading place with his small force, and evacuated it. General Barrett, hearing of the evacuation, sent forward the Norfolk Regiment and the 110th Marathas on the 21st by steamer, following himself by forced marches with his main body. Basra was occupied without opposition on the 22nd.

Subr Bey, having lost Basra, retreated to Kurna, where the Tigris joins the Euphrates. There he entrenched himself. His main body was in Kurna, a large village encircled by palm groves, in the marshy angle formed by the two rivers, with a strong detachment in the straggling village of Mazera on the left bank of the Tigris. South of Mazera was an advanced work with two guns. He was obliged thus to divide his force to guard both banks since we possessed steamers. His strength was estimated by officers engaged at 7,000 regulars (? an over-estimate) besides Arabs. He had thirteen guns.

On December 5 a reconnaissance was made towards Kurna by Lieut.-Colonel Frazer with the 110th Marathas, supported by several gunboats and armed launches. He carried the advanced battery, capturing the two guns and seventy prisoners, but he could not advance against Mazera without reinforcements, and withdrew four miles and bivouacked. A Maxim had its mules killed and had to be abandoned. The gunboats were repeatedly hulled, and could effect little.

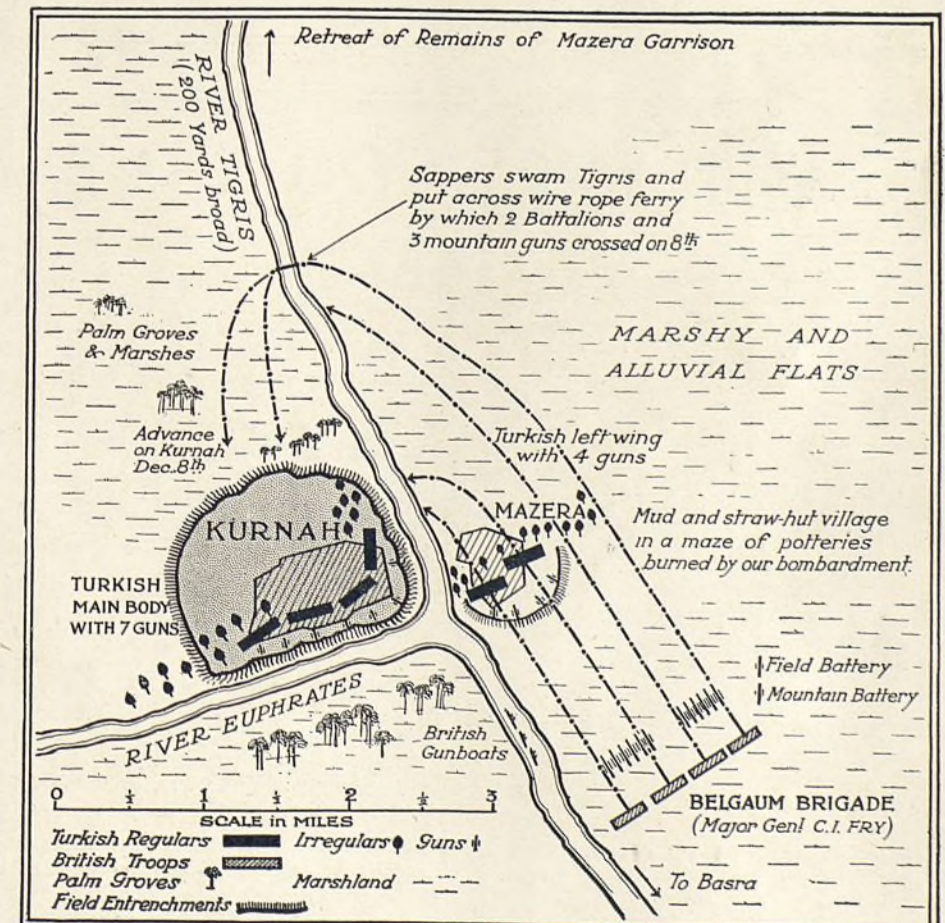
Colonel Frazer's report being received at Basra, the rest of the Belgaum Brigade was sent up in steamers and barges. On the 6th a faint Turkish attack upon the camp was beaten off, and on the 7th General Fry advanced upon the Kurna position. The defenders of Mazera made a hard fight, assisted by the strength of their position among a maze of pottery-works backed up by the ubiquitous palm-woods; but in the afternoon the village was carried. It had been almost destroyed by the fire of the gunboats, but the latter again suffered severely from the Turkish batteries. Four guns were captured. Some of the defenders escaped across the Tigris, here over 200 yards broad; others had fled along the river bank.

Kurna was now isolated, but its capture presented great difficulties owing to the width of the rivers and their marshy banks. The place was heavily entrenched and screened by palm groves. All through the 8th General Fry bombarded it from Mazera, while his infantry were slowly ferried over higher up. This was prepared by some daring sappers, who swam the broad river and fixed a wire rope, by which the boats were worked backwards and forwards. In the afternoon two battalions and three mountain guns were across, and an advance was made against Kurna from the rear. Subr Bey had lost very

heavily at Mazera; his irregulars had mostly dispersed. So he accepted the inevitable, and surrendered with 42 officers, 1,021 soldiers, and 7 guns. He had lost about 1,000 killed and wounded. Our own casualties were about 150.

So a brilliant little episode came to a victorious conclusion. Subr Bey was returned his sword and complimented upon his stubborn defence. It seems clear that had he had more regulars at his disposal he might have done still better. The Turkish artillery made good practice, and the regular infantry fought well though they fired wildly. Eye witnesses enlorge the splendid shooting of our own artillery. The capture of Kurna assured the possession of the Basra region. Since then operations have been directed to securing it against Turkish attempts at recovery.

E. F.



The Second Part of the Operations: How Kurna was Attacked and Carried by way of Mazera



Mr. Douglas Sladen

Whose new book, "Twenty Years of My Life," has just been published by Constable

A LITERARY LETTER :

Douglas Sladen's
Reminiscences.

LONDON, May 10,
1915.

In one of Peacock's incomparable novels — *Headlong Hall* — he introduces us to two gentlemen, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle. I will permit Mr. Douglas Sladen to call me "Mr. Gall" if he will allow me to relieve my mind by calling him "Mr. Treacle." Mr. Sladen should have decorated his new book, *Twenty*

Years of My Life, with this text, "He brought forth butter in a lordly dish." It is a lordly dish, this autobiography with its fine series of pictures and portraits by Yoshio Markino and the handsome presentation to which its publishers, Constable and Co., have accustomed us. I suppose we shall all enjoy this generous shower of flattering comment.

I say "we," because I, gentle reader, have my share in it and must not be ungrateful, although Mr. Sladen has killed in me an early ambition some day to write my own reminiscences. I also have met this crowded procession of men and women who flourished in "the nineties," and if I were to write I should make up a volume as large as Mr. Sladen's, but as full of disagreeable comment as his is full of agreeable. Mr. Sladen has acted the better, or at least the wiser, part. His genial, indiscriminate praise of his friends and acquaintances will make them all so happy. Doubtless they will, many of them, live to read a very different estimate of themselves from one or other writer of reminiscences in the years to come. One well-known writer, famous for his "Sundays at Home," is reported to sit down after his guests have gone and to say in his diary exactly what he thinks of them. Twice blessed are they who have escaped these "Sundays."

Frankly, I have enjoyed Mr. Sladen's book very much. I admire the industry with which he has practised hospitality and brought the men and women most talked about in certain phases of life into his ken. They are not the people — most of them — in whom I am interested. Although an Oxford graduate his circle has never been of an academic character. The men who are writing the books most worth writing, the Oxford historians and the Cambridge scholars — Sir James Frazer of *Golden Bough* fame, for example — are not one of them mentioned, and distinguished politicians, usually so interesting to the bookman, he seems not to have known. But no one will fail to be entertained by Mr. Sladen's naive story of his literary friendships. His book is a glorified *Who's Who* of the little great men who were flourishing in the "nineties," and as such it makes quite entertaining reading.

As an example of Mr. Sladen's lack of discrimination, instance the following: "It is natural," he says, "to couple Hall Caine with Thomas Hardy, for both of them were brought up as architects." This is as if one should say that it

is natural to couple the Coliseum in Rome with the Coliseum in London, for both buildings were the creations of architects.

The two best stories are told by famous men at their own expense. The first is by Lord Wolseley:—

In the days when he was only a colonel, a sergeant-major came to him for a day's leave to help his wife in doing the company's washing. "I've been speaking to your wife, Pat," said Colonel Wolseley, "and she begged me, whenever you came to me for leave on her washing day, to refuse you, because you get in her way so." The man saluted and turned to leave the room, but when he got to the door he turned round and saluted again, and asked, "Have I your leave to say something, colonel?"

"Yes, Pat."

"Well, what I wish to say, sir, is that one of us two must be handling the truth rather carelessly, because I haven't got a wife."

The second story was told at the Authors' Club by Sir James M. Barrie, Bart., who had undertaken to be present at a dinner:—

He apologised for being late. He had been to the wrong club. He had never been to the Authors' Club before, so he asked a policeman the way. From the way in which he pronounced the word the policeman thought he meant Arthur's, which was quite near. When he got there he found it was a very grand place. The club porter looked him up and down and said, "The servants' entrance is round the corner."

But those who know Barrie will also know that this was his fun.

Mr. H. G. Wells will not find much pleasure in Mr. Sladen's new book, for he "demands the return of the literary men, as such, to a decent obscurity." "So long," he says, "as good writing and sound thinking are still appreciated, the less we hear about authors the better." Yet, although we always obtain good writing and, as I believe, sound thinking from Mr. Wells, much of the attraction of his new book, *Boon, The Mind of the Race* (T. Fisher Unwin), is in his satirical references to a variety of authors. In this book Mr. Wells breaks out in an entirely new place. Here is his philosophy of life up to date. Not a little of it reminds me of a line in W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads*, in which he quotes Tupper, once so popular as the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*:—

"The fool is bent upon a twig, the wise men dread a bandit."

Which of course was very clever, but I could not understand it.

There are side issues in Mr. Wells's readable satire. There are some frank personalities, as when he calls Mr. Bernard Shaw "an intellectual jackdaw." The literary criticism which most interests me is his reference to J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*. "Full," he says, "of bad ethnology about Kelts and Anglo-Saxons. It was part of that movement of professorial barbarity, of braggart race-Imperialism and anti-Irishism of which Froude and Freeman were leaders." Now this seems to me to show how young Mr. Wells is and how mixed up he has got over the histories that he read in his youth. So far from there being any anti-Irishism in Green and Freeman, both were always peculiarly friendly to Ireland and Ireland's movements; and Mr. John Richard Green gave

hostages to that feeling by marrying an enthusiastic Irishwoman who has done much of late years to promote a sympathetic interest in Ireland in this country.

Although I am naturally flattered at certain satirical references to myself in Mr. Wells's book, because I look upon Mr. Wells as one of the greatest writers of our day, I cannot say that I wish that he had written it. Because I think Mr. Wells a great writer I am anxious for his reputation, which is not enhanced by the purveying of "small beer." Many of us have long known what a clever master of caricature this writer is, and the skilful drawings in *Boon* are to me one of its principal attractions. I look forward, however, with more eagerness to Mr. Wells's latest novel, *Bealby*, which apparently has been published in America a long while before it is published here. Certain reviews of it which I have read make me eager for its publication in this country.

It seems only the other day that Mr. Alfred Noyes was brought into the public eye in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, but his success has been rapid and well deserved. It has been accompanied by an entire absence of the offensive log-rolling to which so many of our verse-makers owe their success. Mr. Noyes has published several volumes of poetry and an excellent life of William Morris in the "English Men of Letters" series. Latterly we have heard of him as a professor of literature in an American University. I wonder, by the way, if he can trace any descent from one of those Puritan divines of the seventeenth century who were responsible for the horrible cruelties in the Salem Witchcraft movement?

Now we find Mr. Noyes glorified in the May number of *The Bookman*, and here before me is a little volume, *Rada: A Belgian Christmas Eve* (Methuen), a dramatic little play which brings home forcibly and effectively the horrors of the German occupation of Belgium. By the way, Mr. Noyes cannot know German or he would never have written the line:—

Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!

which is repeated more than once in his pages. Of course this should be:—

Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!

One would have thought that a printer's reader, however (and my experience of these gentlemen is that they know every language under the sun), would have corrected Mr. Noyes in this trifling particular.

I have been greatly amused by the curious confusion of English names in *The Publishers' Weekly* of New York. In one of the advertisements we have *A Bookman's Letters*, by W. Robert Nicholson, in which one can scarcely recognise Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Mahaffy is hardly recognisable in the demand for Mahoffey's *Greek Life and Thought*. Gibbon's *Rome*, again, is not usually spelt as it is here, Gibbin, nor is Gourgaud, the author of the journal concerning Napoleon, generally written Gourgand. A Boston firm asks for Synge's "Arryan Ireland," and so I might go on through a long list of similar blunders.

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.

In addition to the apology to Lance-Corporal Pat O'Keefe and Bandsman Blake which has been made elsewhere in this paper, I wish, as the writer of the original paragraph in which they were mentioned, to say that I am much more sorry than I can put in words that I did them this injustice.

The death of Bunny, the famous fat man of the cinema, is a calamity that both hemispheres will feel; for, as I remember writing on this page a year or so ago, he and Max Linder were the best-known men in the world. At a cinema office in the Charing Cross Road gigantic portraits of Bunny may be seen, draped with black, and one has but to study the acreage of his face to appreciate the fortune that he was to his employers and to see, in the mind's eye, the activity of the authors of film stories in attempting to fit him with congenial adventures.

The Echo had a very brief existence, shorter than *The Tribune*, and he will be a bold man who next assails the London evening paper fortress. The fault of *The Echo* to me was its imitativeness and want of individual character, and it seemed to me lamentable that at this period yet another sheet of betting tips should be added to those which already somewhat overdo the gambling industry. *The Echo* had a chance to be so much better than that, and it did not take it; but its failure could

hardly have been quicker even if a touch of idealism had been permitted.

The latest word is "polymuriel." It has been coined in America to describe a dress which will always be in fashion, the universal gown, and a New York paper offers a prize for the best design. Everyone it is equally to become, young and old, and it is never to change again. There is a jibbery sound about it, a suggestion of Socialists and sandals; and half or more of the purpose of life will vanish for many women if the polymuriel really comes in. All the same, how very sensible for the eye of La Mode capricieuse to be wiped!

"Seldom," says the New York *Outlook*, "has a newspaper correspondent received a more complete 'setting down' than in the case of a critic who abused the fair sex generally on the strength of a letter published in the New York *Evening Post* signed 'Aunt Kate.' At the end of the critic's wholesale attack on woman's 'honour' because of Aunt Kate's alleged lack of it, the editor appended this brief reply: 'The writer of the "Aunt Kate" letter was a man.'"

The late Mr. Post did pretty well in his time. Twenty-one years ago he started to make Grape Nuts, a commodity which the advertising pages of papers have occasionally referred to, and to these Grape Nuts he added Post Toasties and other

American cereal preparations. At the end of twenty-one years, when his fortune amounted to £4,294,423, Mr. Post died. It is possible that were his wealth less by, say, two millions, he might still be alive; an innutritious thought on the wrong side of Styx.

A new method of doing one's bit, or more properly giving one's bit, has been discovered. Wounded soldiers sometimes require new skin for patching purposes, and to offer to supply this is one of the latest forms of national service.

Here is a good variant on the story of the fat Irish duellist who, when confronted by a thin opponent, said that he himself should have lines corresponding to his antagonist's dimensions chalked on him, and any shot outside that area should not count. The new version runs thus: Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection. "Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

I was wrong in assuming that horses are neglected by our liturgy. A correspondent writes that if he (my inaccurate self) "will attend the intercession service which takes place daily at St. Paul's he will see in the printed Intercession Litany a clause for the animals who serve us in the war."

*Born 1820
—Still going strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER : "You've heard what the War Minister says about you! eh?"

AVIATOR (R.F.C.) : "Yes! He describes us as your friends describe you."

JOHNNIE WALKER : "How's that?"

AVIATOR (R.F.C.) : "The finest in the world."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

A Relief from War's Tragedies : "Printers' Pie."

A Red Cross Exhibition

To aid the funds of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John a loan collection of regimental trophies and mess plate is being exhibited in a reserved portion of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's showrooms, Regent Street, London, from May 10 to May 15. The entire proceeds of the exhibition will be devoted to the Red Cross funds for the sick and wounded, and it is hoped to hand over a substantial sum of money. The mess plate and trophies comprising the collection are of great and historical interest, the plate of some of the most famous regiments

being included, while many of the pieces that have been presented mark important epochs in the history of the Empire and the British Army. Some typical examples are shown in the illustrations on this page, but the entire collection contains many hundreds of pieces, and the descriptions of these with many illustrations is given in a souvenir which is being sold during the exhibition. In addition to the regimental plate loaned, the Duke of Wellington, the Right Hon. Earl Curzon of Kedleston, P.C., Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, Lady Roberts, and other well-known people have generously lent important and valuable presentation plate to the exhibition.

Fire Insurance

The City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, Ltd., has made steady progress since its formation seven years ago, and with a growing business fresh capital has become a necessity. The original capital was £50,000 in Ordinary shares, but an additional £200,000 of Participating Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each have now been created, these being entitled, in addition to the fixed dividend of six per cent., to one-fifth of the surplus profits distributed, so that the new shares should be a very desirable investment. The whole of the shares have already been subscribed privately. With the new capital the company will be in a better position to cope with the business offered by English tariff fire insurance companies



A Silver Centrepiece

Presented to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers by officers who were promoted in consequence of the campaign in the Crimea in 1854. Now being exhibited at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's showrooms in Regent Street



A Silver Centrepiece

Belonging to the Carabineers. This and the companion illustration form part of a collection of regimental plate now being exhibited at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's premises, 112, Regent Street

At the Zoo

The Bird: Hallo, young un! What's the trouble?
The Hippo-pup: N-n-nuffin, only, boo-hoo, it's the first time I've ever s-seen myself.

From a drawing in colours by G. E. Studly, reproduced from "Printers' Pie," which has just been published by The Sphere and Tatler Company

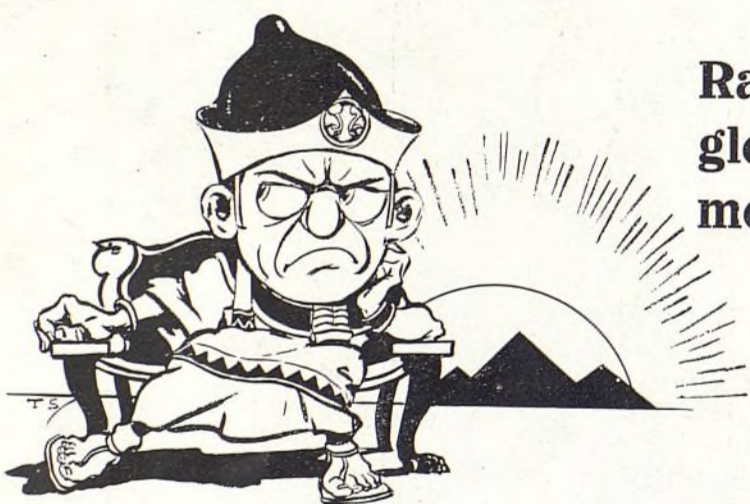
a rich harvest of humorous illustrations. Mr. Lawson Wood, Mr. Gunning King, Mr. W. H. Robinson, Mr. René Bull, and a long succession of other humorous artists—many of them working in colour—have given us a succession of cheerful stimulants. If a prize were to be given to the most mirth-provoking we think it would be won by Mr. Tony Sarg—an interview between a policeman and a tourist outside the Tower of London; but in this realm all are prizewinners. The literary side of *Printers' Pie* offers a long succession of contributions by well-known writers. There is a capital little story by Mr. G. B. Burgin, a delightful sketch of amateur theatricals by Adrian Ross and his wife. There are contributions by Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Barry Pain, and a number of other old friends of established reputations as humorists. Mr. Egerton Castle, the distinguished novelist, is in more serious vein, but what gives *Printers' Pie* a position above all rivals is its splendid format, its admirably-designed page, its fine type, and beautiful paper. Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, the editor, is certain to receive a host of congratulations upon his latest venture.

for the purpose of rearranging the contracts which, prior to the war, they had in force with German and Austrian insurance and reinsurance companies. These companies, which have for years carried on business in this country, have secured reinsurance premiums aggregating millions of pounds, and the proclamation which prohibits during the continuance of the war all insurance business with the enemy has opened a much wider field for the company as a powerful reinsurer.

The Joys of "Printers' Pie"

In a recent ably-written novel the charming heroine has a

faculty for a frequent ejaculation, "Come, let's have a laugh." Now to laugh in these sad times is not always easy, yet anyone who helps to provide us with an incentive does his country much service. There is plenty that is provocative of laughter in the new issue of *Printers' Pie*—a wonderful shilling's-worth now to be found at all the bookstalls and in all the booksellers' shops. There is first of all



Rameses' gloomy mornings

Your own gloomy mornings are due to the same cause as his. The ages have made no change in the human system.

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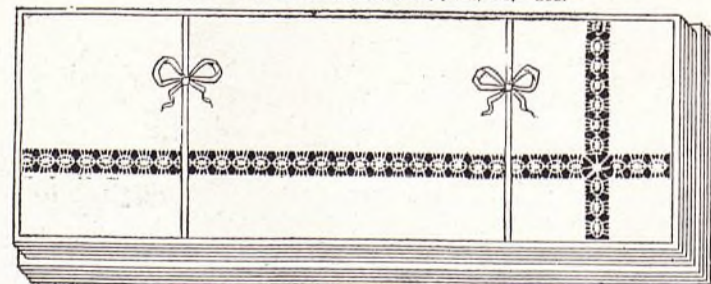
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Woman's Sphere in War Time

By Olivia



"Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.
I love that beauty should go beautifully."

Thus sings an English poet of other days who evidently had an eye for feminine charms and was shrewd enough to divine that new clothes "do make a difference." There are some to whom their old clothes become beloved, but they cannot expect other people to view their *démodé* garments in the same sentimental light. It is one of the pardonable frailties of human nature, and especially that not inconsiderable portion of it that is feminine, to love new clothes, and on closer examination it is a weakness not entirely frivolous, reprehensible, or unjustifiable. Change is the spice of life, and new clothes undoubtedly bring wonderful renewal to a woman's mind as well as to her appearance. A new hat may give greater consolation than good words sometimes. It can alleviate sin, sorrow, and servant troubles, and there can be more solid satisfaction in a new and becoming frock than in all the wisdom of Solomon. Never was there greater need for change and renewal than now, and happy are they who can find them in the innocent delight of a change of raiment.

The Fashions of our Grandmothers

As our grandmothers are always held up to us as models of all the virtues, one of the pious pleasures we may take in dressing fashionably to-day is that we are emulating their oft-exalted graces—only, of course, we think we look much nicer, and it cannot be proved that we do not. In our demure little shapeless coats and beflowered silk frocks, very flowing veils, and pork-pie hats, our wee, short bodices and full skirts, the turn of Fashion's wheel has taken us back half a century, and we have taken whole-heartedly to even the little et ceteras of that bygone time—the pinking, and rucheing, and gauging, the black velvet bands and sloping shoulders, and the high boots. Most of the smart walking suits are made to come just to the top of the said high boots, which will be among the features of the season. At the Comedy Theatre, by the way, Miss Ellaline Terriss vindicates the smartness of the new and simple tailor-suit in her biscuit-coloured covert-coating, whose full, short skirt hangs from a deeply-pointed hip yoke, while the flare of the jupe is repeated in that of the basque of her dainty little coat. A

charming blouse bodice of chiffon of the same tint, cut on somewhat novel lines, and fastening at the side, and a becoming sailor hat draped with a very long and graceful lace veil, complete the pretty costume.



A Charming Restaurant Frock
Of black taffeta opening over an under-skirt of white lace

Pictured Dress at the Academy

The Academy—one of the few precious fixtures of the season that remain to us this year, is full of interest from the point of view of dress. Portraits, of course, are numerous, and many of them are quite unusually charming. The portrait by Mr. Orpen of the Marchioness of Headfort stood out as one that might rank among the Old Masters for restraint and balance of colour. Against a black background Lady Headfort's black chiffon velvet gown, with its large bell sleeves edged with ermine and the corsage topped with heavy white beadwork in a handsome decorative design, and her long antique diamond earrings, were a clever exposition of the eternal charm of black and white. It is a striking portrait. The preponderance of black in the raiment of the lady sitters is remarkable, and its success inclines one to feel that it is one of the best and safest of colours to be painted in. Mrs. Butt's portrait by Arthur Hacker is another instance of the beauties of the black toilette, her satin dress, black toque, and furs being relieved of complete sombreness simply by a veil of white tulle. Another pictured black gown has a deep waist-belt of vivid emerald green into which a wee posy of red flowers is thrust. It is the young women in this exhibition that are mostly arrayed in black, while the older wisely display the charms of age—I use the phrase in all sincerity, for age has exquisite and tender charms only too often concealed and rendered uncharming by hideous dressing—in white or softest silver grey. Mr. Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Phipps is a shining example of this. The beauty of her lovely grey hair and the charm of her personality are emphasised by the gleaming whiteness of her satin dress veiled about with a filmy lace scarf and with a sash of soft delphinium blue round the waist. The golden gown is also much in evidence, the famous one worn by Miss Gladys Cooper in *My Lady's Dress*, the play of last year, being the most brilliant example. The whole portrait is one of the Hon. John Collier's masterpieces among pictures of fair women—a dream of a fair woman in a dream of a dress. It is of all-gold tissue hemmed round

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C 10.



C 11.



C 12.



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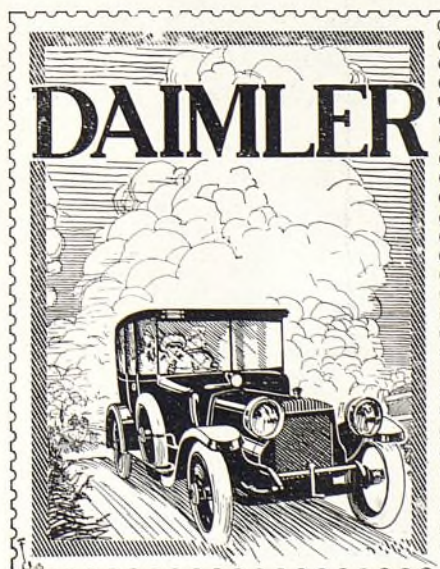
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the skirt with mink fur. The corsage is of beautiful point de Venise veiled in gold chiffon, and in the deep swathed gold belt is a golden rose with brilliant emerald foliage. There is another lovely picture, also of a girl, in a classic garment of gold and white damask of splendid design. In fact, dress in its most beautiful and dignified aspects is well represented in the year's Academy. On the whole, its perusal confirmed me in my desire to see two-thirds of the women of the world dressed in either black, white, or gold, or two only of these three colours blended, and the rest put into certain vivid or soft colourings suited to their temperaments. The promiscuousness of colour in the dress of the present day is one of the baneful effects of a civilisation that gives us an *embarras du choix*.

Temperamental Dresses at the Play

At His Majesty's one can always be sure of a feast for the eyes in the way of colour and dress as well as miracles of staging, and the dresses in *The Right to Kill* are truly exquisite. In the wonderful opening scene by the twilight waters of the Bosphorus Miss Irene Vanbrugh wears a gorgeous frock of cerise taffeta over a petticoat of gold. The over dress, cut shorter in front than at the back, is much fluted at the sides so as to show its *doublure* of shimmering gold. The corsage is very plain and close-fitting, the shoulders and arms covered with just a veiling of white tulle. Miss Maude Cressall's gown of shot-blue and silver tissue with a *diamanté* corsage shows charmingly against the background of starlit sky, and is admirably suited to her fair beauty. In the second act Miss Vanbrugh dons a simple frock of embroidered white ninon, having a long tunic edged with emerald green. A touch of emerald at the throat and a dainty Leghorn hat, flower-spangled, complete a deliciously cool-looking morning toilette. Her tulle evening dress in *nuances* of flame colour is a triumph of temperamental effect in dress in that crucial third-act scene, where love, violence, and tragedy are so swiftly blended, and her old-gold satin trimmed with touches of black makes a fitting garb for her exit from the tragic stage of her life in Constantinople as Lady Falkland into a widowhood the dullness of which one rather shudders to contemplate after the play is over.

The New Features

The new features of the fashions at present are, of course, the short wide skirts measuring about three to four yards round for outdoors, and anything from four to eight yards for indoor and evening wear. Black silk braid is the most correct kind of ornamentation for coats and skirts. We are remaining faithful to the belted coats, but the newest models have belts that button on at the side seams, leaving the back plain. A famous tailor has just introduced a rather long loose coat with bell sleeves and a deep Puritan collar that buttons up to the throat and is lined with one of the new printed silks which show Chinese designs on a pale ground. Coats are either very wee or else short in front and long at the back, and the shaped basque is also a

feature. A popular mixture is fine navy serge, pipings of black satin, touches of black silk braid, and brass buttons. Printed linen waistcoats, too, buttoning with silver balls, are among the recent additions to our wardrobes that are distinctly alluring. For wearing with the coat and skirt the correct blouse is that made of chiffon and lined with chiffon.



An Afternoon Dress

Of beige whipcord with chemisette and cuffs of fine white lawn

The lining may be of some bright contrasting colour which gives a shot effect, and often the blouse has a white chemisette from which a high collar rises, buttoning high up to the throat. Taffeta frocks with plenty of fluffy and frilly petticoats underneath are "the thing" for afternoons, and chiffon or crêpe for evenings, embroidered with dainty ribbon.

work. With them the prettiest, wickedest cobweb silk stockings should be worn, and Cinderella slippers made of silver or gold tissue and ornamented with a tiny rosebud. For evening a skirt, flounced from waist to hem is quite the daintiest type. They have an air of fresh and innocent gaiety that is charming. Truly the new fashions seem to have been designed as a delicate protest against all the horrors of war and all the sordid ugliness of the big things of the moment.

Lotus and Delta Shoes

The war has affected the leather trade to an extraordinary degree, and the shortage is getting so great that we hear from the makers of the famous "Lotus" and "Delta" shoes that the output of their Stafford factory must be kept for agents who come first in rotation with their orders, and that in all probability there will not be enough shoes of their make to go round for some time. Therefore those who would keep themselves supplied with these delightful shoes should order at once. The shortage is felt most keenly in the new Lotus Nos. 54 and 97, Delta 160 and 650, and in a few favourite current Lotus Nos. 50 and 70 and Delta 140 and 550. Yet, on the other hand, the factory has still a noticeable stock left of the Lotus Nos. 13, 15, 81, and 84, all attractive summer shoes and nearly all at old prices. Here is a chance for those women who so dearly love a bargain or who—as all salesmen know—are so often swayed by the saving of a shilling. Besides, this sort of business is so easily done by choosing from one sample pair in the shop or, failing that, from a picture in the catalogue.

Messrs. Hampton's New Catalogue

To those who are considering the question of house decoration or furnishing we would strongly recommend the perusal of Messrs. Hampton's very complete and charming new catalogue containing patterns of the newest furnishing fabrics and coloured illustrations of their latest designs in cretonnes, carpets, curtains, furniture, wallpapers, etc. It is, in fact, a complete guide to all house equipment. Messrs. Hampton undertake everything from piano-tuning to removals and warehousing, and the entire furnishing and decoration of cottage or palace. This new catalogue will be sent post free on application to Messrs. Hampton, Pall Mall East, S.W. OLIVIA.

National Refuges

There were seventeen old *Arethusa* boys on one ship in the Royal Navy. Here is a letter from one of them on H.M.S. *Neptune*: "Seeing a notice that you required to hear from any old *Arethusa* boys, I have been round this ship and got as many names as I could find of old boys hereon, and I am forwarding a list of seventeen. I am also forwarding on a post card photo of my gun's crew, which was the best in the ship this year. The medal is for the best shot in the fleet during the year 1911. I was in Fortescue House, Twickenham, before I went to the *Arethusa*, and have always been glad to hear of any of the old boys. We are all in the best of health and spirits, and all quite ready to meet the Germans when it comes to our turn. I hope that all the *Arethusa* boys at present on board are well and happy, also all the officers." Britishers should not let this work suffer from lack of funds. The office is at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.



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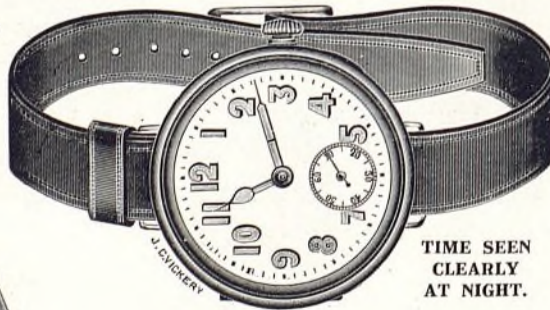
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