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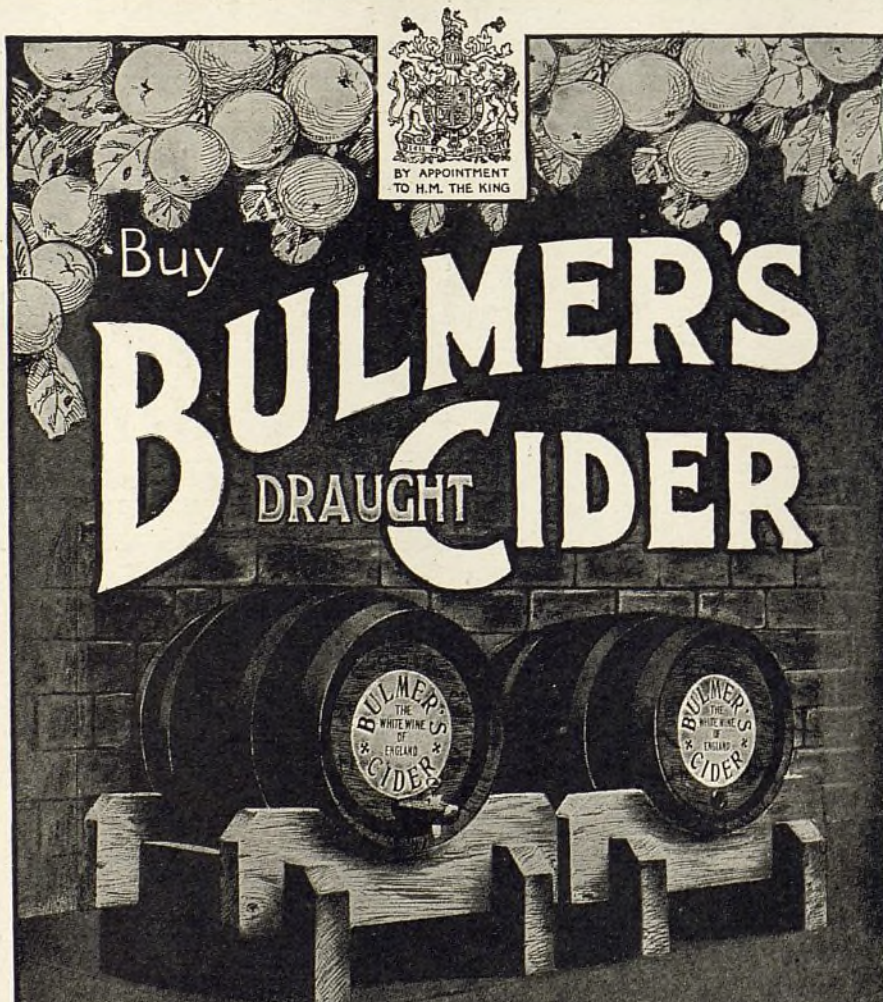
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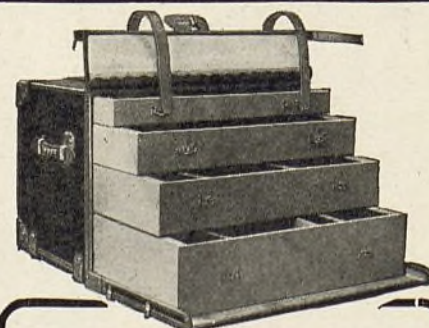
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London, May 29, 1915

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WOUNDED.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

The primary object of this war and of all wars is to lacerate human flesh, to break bones, to inflict torture, to paralyse, and to kill. Every army in the field to-day is out for maiming and homicide, and for nothing else. Certainly armies make prisoners, but not because they want to do so, rather because they are afraid to carry out logically their principles. This is war. This is the confessed first aim of Prussia, for no ulterior military aim can be achieved until this aim is achieved. This is what is going on daily just now in many different parts of Europe, against the outraged conscience of the world. This is what overlords wish to perpetuate among the usages of mankind. Let us never forget that war is first and last the tearing of human flesh, the shattering of human bones, and the greatest source of human agony, both physical and mental.

Among the wounded of all the belligerents, the British are beyond doubt the best treated. As for the French, it is notorious that French organisation has been overwhelmed by the casualties. As for Serbia and Montenegro, the state of things in these countries, complicated as it is by terrible epidemics, cannot be described, it cannot even be indicated, it constitutes a supreme horror.

Nobody deserves succour as a wounded man deserves it. His need is a thousand times greater than that of the average person for whose benefit the National Relief Fund was established. Ministries of War and Red Cross workers cannot do all they would wish for the wounded. The necessity of private enterprise, especially in the Allied armies, and in all the Allied armies, is so clear, so heartrending, so compelling, that charity was bound, as it were, to leap from the pocket and organize itself, and it has done so.

I desire to mention the Wounded Allies' Relief Committee whose chairman is Lord Swaythling, and whose address is Sardinia House, Kingsway. This Committee runs (1) Homes for Disabled Military Refugees, (2) a Refuge in London for Homeless Belgian Soldiers, (3) Three Hospitals for Wounded in France, treating 400 Patients weekly, (4) an Ambulance Unit in Belgium, (5) a Supply of Comforts for Men leaving Hospital, (6) a Typhoid Hospital in Serbia. Further, and supplementarily, it gives financial aid to Serbian Red Cross Work, and it maintains caravans with hot baths and hot soup in Belgium, an enormous Inquiry Bureau and Register for wounded Belgian soldiers, and a post office for Belgian soldiers at the front. The wounded Allies' Relief Committee generally makes half-a-crown do the work of five shillings, but it is extremely short of money, and its usefulness is accordingly limited. The greater part of its work has been undertaken at the direct request of the Governments concerned, and there can be no doubt whatever either of its propriety or of its success. If the charitable could imaginatively grasp what the plight of the wounded and sick really is, the Wounded Allies' Relief Committee would be as rich as the National Relief Fund. This is all I have to say, except that subscriptions will be welcomed by the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. T. O. Roberts, Manager, The London County and Westminster Bank, Ltd., 217, Strand, London, W.C.

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THE RATE OF POSTAGE OF THIS WEEK'S SPHERE is as follows:—Anywhere in the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy, to Canada 13d. per copy (under 14 lb.). Elsewhere abroad the rate would be 3d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies before forwarding.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR: WEEK by WEEK.

ITALY'S DECLARATION OF WAR

The following is the full text of the Note presented to the Austrian Foreign Minister by the Italian Ambassador at Vienna:—

"Vienna, May 23, 1915.

"In conformity with the orders of his Majesty the King, his august sovereign, the undersigned Ambassador of Italy has the honour to deliver to his Excellency the Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary the following communication:—

"A declaration has been made as from the 4th of this month to the Imperial and Royal Government of the grave motives for which Italy, confident in her good right, proclaimed as annulled, and henceforth without effect, her treaty of alliance with Austria-Hungary, which had been violated by the Imperial and Royal



The Duke of Genoa

Admiral of the Italian Fleet. He was born at Turin in February, 1854, and succeeded to the title as 2nd Duke of Genoa on the death of H.R.H. Prince Ferdinand

Government, and resumed her entire liberty of action in this respect.

"The Government of the King, firmly resolved to provide by all means at its disposal for the safeguarding of Italian rights and interests, cannot fail in its duty to take against every existing and future menace the measures which events impose upon it for the fulfilment of the national aspirations.

"His Majesty the King declares that he considers himself from to-morrow in a state of war with Austria-Hungary.

"The undersigned has the honour to make known at the same time to his Excellency the Foreign Minister that passports will be placed this very day at the disposal of the Imperial and Royal Ambassador at Rome, and he will be obliged to his Excellency if he will kindly have his passports handed to him. (Signed) AVARNA."

ITALY'S PARTICIPATION IN THE WAR

The entry of Italy into the arena, as the military correspondent of *The Morning Post* points out, has created a new factor in the general strategical situation of the Powers. In respect to the strategical condition of Italy she is under certain disadvantages, due to the configuration of her frontier, to the character of the country through which it runs, and to the alignment of the boundary with respect to the topographical features which dominate the situation. The total extent of the frontier between Switzerland and the Adriatic with all its convolutions is somewhere about 350 miles. Of this more than one-half encloses the great mountain mass of the Trentino, which juts out like a bastion between the plains of Lombardy and Venetia, and which constitutes part of "Italia Irredenta." The rest of the frontier, to within forty miles of the sea, also lies in mountainous country. Austria holds the crest of the mountains and the heads of all the most important valleys leading to the Adriatic.

It will be perceived that this mass of mountainous country, in which the enemy can assemble troops secretly and expeditiously at any desired points by means of the railways, constitutes a serious menace to an Italian army operating either offensively or defensively to the east of Verona. The whole extent of the frontier would have to be secured as a preliminary to an offensive campaign to the east towards Austria.

WHAT ITALY'S INTERVENTION MEANS TO THE ALLIES

The number of men in the Italian Army ready for war immediately it was declared was 300,000. After a few months, however, it will be possible to have in the field something like 2,000,000. The Italian soldier is well known as a good fighter, and a considerable proportion of the army has already seen active service. As regards the navies, that of Italy is superior to that of Austria. The number of Dreadnoughts possessed by the two Powers in July of last year was three each, but Italy had then eight pre-Dreadnoughts to Austria's six

THE GERMAN USE OF ASPHYXIATING GAS

A special correspondent of *The Morning Post*, describing the poisonous gases employed by the Germans, mentions, in the course of a recent article, the appearance and effects of the gas on the British. Acid fumes, he said, filled the air; the "stink shells," as one form of projectile is called, choked their lungs with gas, which, although not as deadly as that sprayed from cylinders, sufficed to weaken them. Yet they "stuck it."

During the night of the 31st the Lancashire Fusiliers and Essex held a line which was suddenly enveloped in clouds of this poison. The gas swept over the Fusiliers and affected the men seriously. Many men, driven out by the fumes, charged back through them again, and reoccupied the trench after it had been vacated. The height of the wall of gas varied, but it appears to have been at least 7 ft. above the ground. One soldier, a sergeant, had a curious experience. He was hidden on the roof of a farmhouse sniping Germans with great success when the gas swept over the ground below. He was untouched. Later he came to earth, and the remaining fumes made him dizzy.

The 7th Argyll and Sutherland's, sent to retake a trench cleared by gas, dashed headlong through the fog and came to the goal unhurt. In the language of one officer, "they simply side-stepped the gas." The brigadier, who afterwards went through "the thin of the gas" in order to be near his men, was very ill, but refused to go back.



The Duke of Aosta

Who is the commander of one of the five Italian field armies. He is the eldest son of an uncle of King Victor Emmanuel and was born in 1869, the same year as his Sovereign



The Duke of the Abruzzi

The famous explorer, who is also Commander-in-Chief of the Italian High Sea Fleet. He was born at Madrid in January, 1873, and holds the rank of vice-admiral in the Italian Navy



British Soldiers Protected Against Poisonous Gas Fumes

The employment of asphyxiating gases by the Germans constitutes a new phase in modern warfare. The usual German method of attack is to subject the opposing trenches first to a severe artillery bombardment and then to bring their gas cylinders into play. After allowing time for the gas to produce its expected effects, their infantry then advance to the assault. One such effort was recently made north of the Ypres-Comines Canal. The Germans here had two batteries of cylinders placed so that their nozzles projected



The Effects of Asphyxiating Gas on French Soldiers

over the parapet, and for the space of half an hour a cloud of thick gas was spurted out. It was so dense that when standing in it a man could not see his hand when held in front of his face, and its fumes bleached the grass and turned the sand bags of the parapets a bright yellow colour. No infantry attack was attempted, and, although the trench had to be evacuated for a time, it was soon reoccupied. From the movements in their lines, however, it is probable that the Germans suffered equally from the effects of this gas.

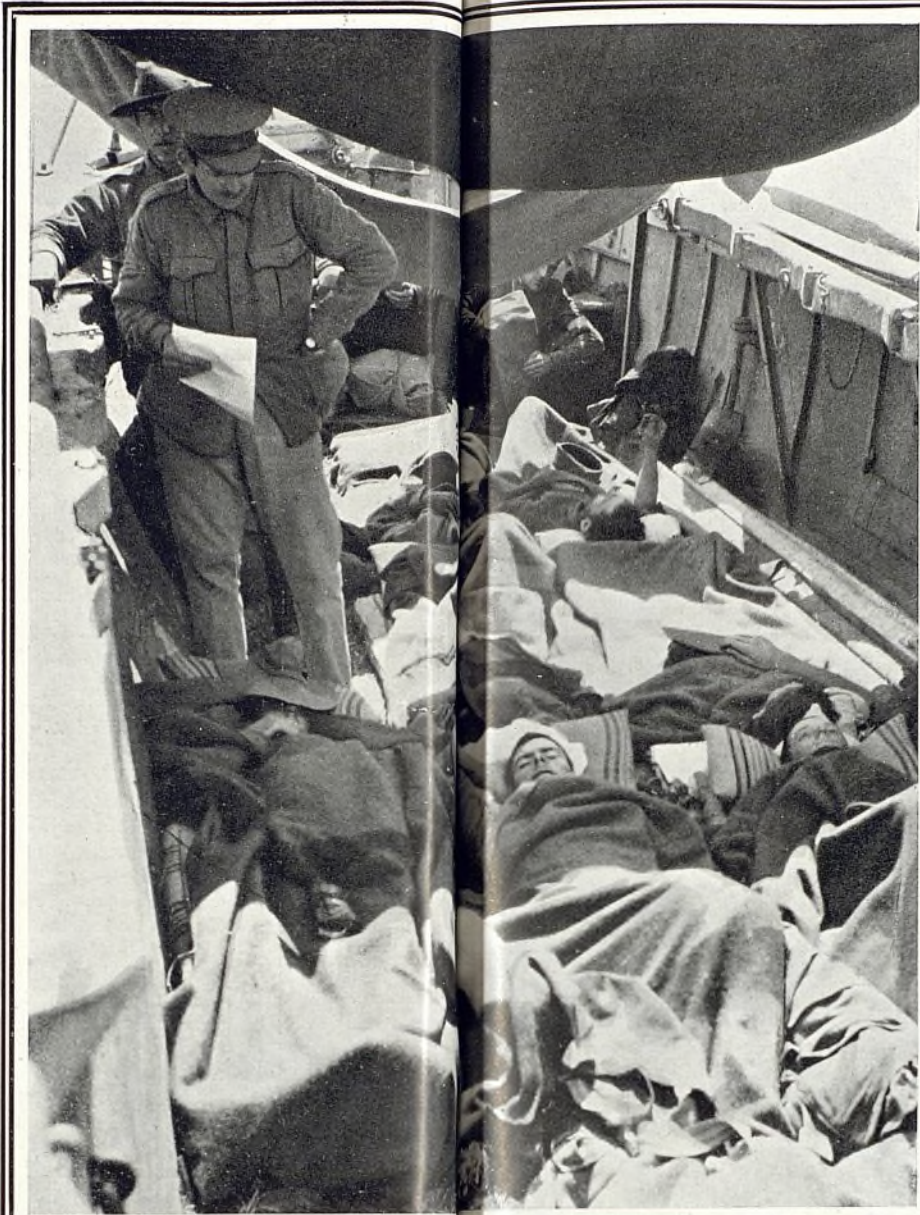


The STRUGGLE for the DARDANELLES : Scenes Afloat and Ashore with the British Forces in the Aegean.



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEDDUL BAHR—Old Muzzle-loaders Knocked from their Mountings During the General Pounding of the Sea Front

This view was obtained at the tip of the Gallipoli peninsula near a small built-up pier head or stage for a lantern. These entirely obsolete guns probably formed a decorative group on this little pier. A British cruiser and a mine-sweeper are lying off shore. The scene often appears just as quiet as this, until at a sudden signal it bursts into flame on land and sea.



Australian Wounded on Board a Native Craft on their Way to a Hospital Ship

Awning have been spread over the well of this little craft in order to protect the men from the already very hot sun. Each man is covered with a blanket.



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEDDUL BAHR—A Turkish Gun-carriage Destroyed by the Fire of the Allied Battleships

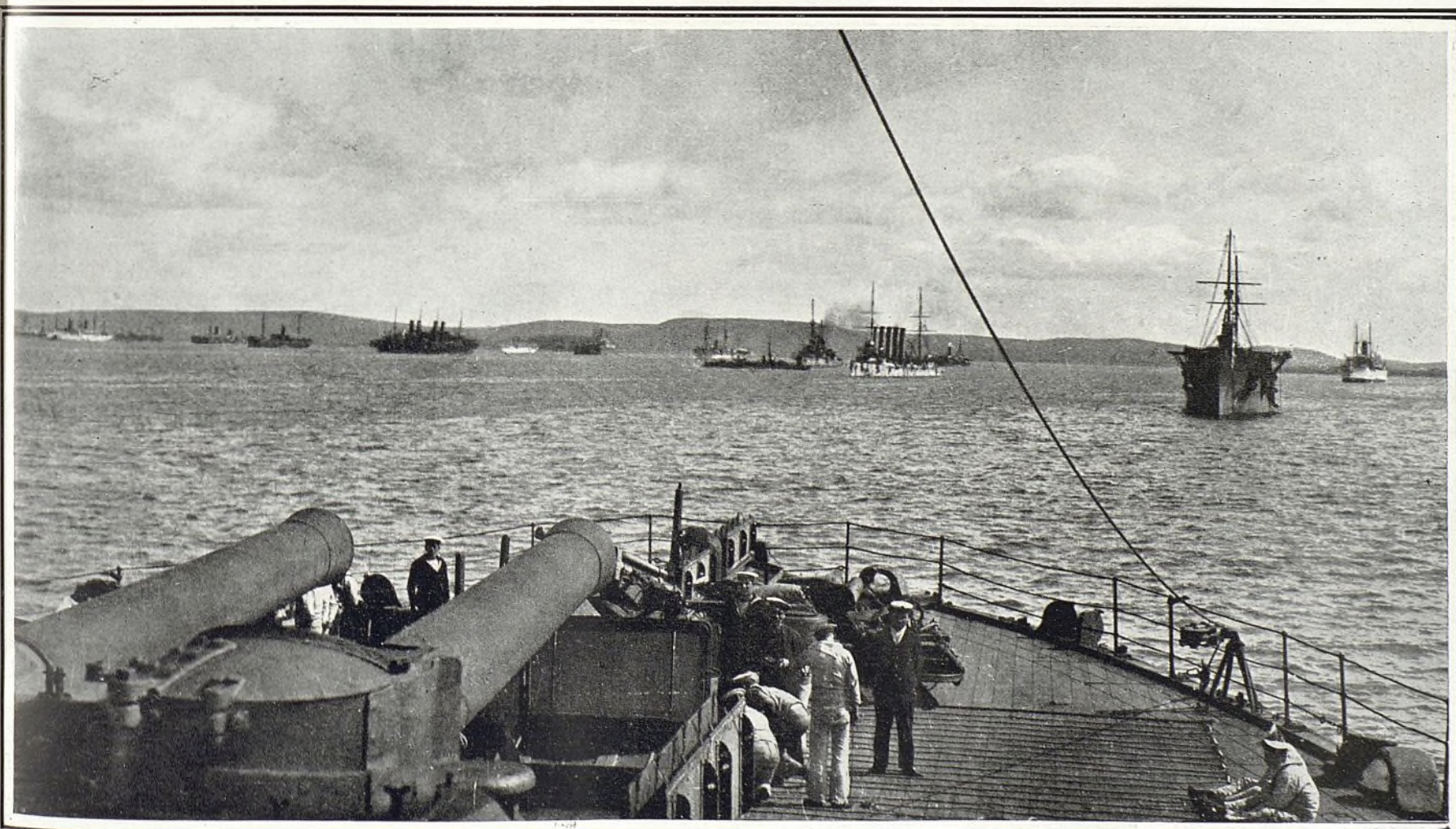
This view was taken in one of the old forts with tufts of grass growing on the walls. In the foreground is the twisted fragment of a gun-carriage with the brake-wheel and rod still attached. Many of the forts have been badly pounded but still hold together sufficiently to provide good cover for machine guns and snipers.



WITH THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS IN THE DARDANELLES—Transports and Four-funnelled Cruiser in Background

The situation in the Dardanelles becomes at one moment a military affair, the next moment a naval one. Here we illustrate chiefly the naval side of the operations. The views are all direct camera pictures obtained when opportunities have occurred during the preparatory periods preceding the major operations on land and sea. "We cruise up and down," writes a "Times" correspondent, "and at dawn are just off the entrance. There looks as if there was nothing to stop your ship from passing right up into the Sea of Marmora and on to Constantinople. There are the battered ruins of Seddul Bahr and Kum Kale to remind you there has been a fight, but otherwise you cannot see a fort, a battery, or a single human being. They might all have cleared out for all the interest they take in us, although we are only half a mile from the shore and well

within rifle shot. We are on the bridge examining the enemy's positions when a sharp signalman calls out, 'Aeroplane coming overhead, sir.' We pick it up with our glasses and it is one of the latest which has just arrived from England: it is flying high and passes over Gallipoli. Then another signalman calls out, 'They've fired at it, sir.' 'These remarks have been addressed to the captain. Just beneath the yellow wings, appears, but in reality much further off, a little ball of white smoke unrolls itself against the blue sky. It is shrapnel, and a little later the faint boom of a gun is wafted across the sea like water to our ears. It is followed by another ball of white smoke, and yet another, but the shots are not very near. The aeroplane takes not the slightest notice, but continues on its way



ON BOARD A BRITISH WARSHIP—Preparing a Ladder on Deck for Troops to Disembark

like some wild duck in full flight, undisturbed by the pellets of some sportsman who is always out of range in the marsh beneath. The gunner officer alone becomes fidgety. He edges nearer the captain, and seems to want to say something, but waits for yet another puff of white against the blue background. This does not disappoint him and he speaks out: 'Shall I try that battery with a few rounds of six-inch, sir?' The captain turns to him and quells him. 'What is the use? You can't see where they are firing from, and, besides, that machine isn't spotting for us, so you won't be able to correct the aim.' The gunner leaves the bridge with the look of a man who has just been refused by a millionaire. Another correspondent calls attention to the bravery of the wounded. "The courage," he

writes, "displayed by these wounded Australians will never be forgotten. Hastily dressed and placed in trawlers, lighters, and ships' boats, they were towed to the ships. I saw some lighters full of bad cases. As they passed the battleship some of those on board recognised her as the ship they had left that morning, whereupon, in spite of their sufferings and discomforts, they set up a cheer, which was answered by a deafening shout of encouragement from our crew. "I have, in fact, never seen the like of these wounded Australians before, for as they were towed amongst the ships, whilst accommodation was being found for them, although many were shot to bits and without hope of recovery, their cheers resounded through the night. They were happy because they knew they had been tried for the first time in the war and had not been found wanting."



ITALY'S DECLARATION OF WAR



MILAN—Italian Troops in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele

The Galleria Vittorio Emanuele is well known to all visitors to Milan. It is a glass-covered way connecting the Piazza del Duomo with the Piazza della Scala, and is the most spacious and attractive structure of its kind in Europe. Its form is that of a Latin cross, with an octagon in the centre, crowned at a height of 164 ft. with a glass cupola. During the recent pro-war demonstrations in Milan, Italian soldiers were held in readiness at this spot to curb any excesses on the part of the noisier element amongst the demonstrators.



ROME—Officers and Infantry in the Service Uniform of Grey-green

A sigh of relief was emitted by all Italians on learning that war had been opened against Austria. This day has been looked forward to for forty-nine years, since peace was forced upon Italy by Germany in 1866, thereby preventing the Italians from avenging their naval defeat at Lissa. The firmness of the people and their determination this time to endure anything and stand any sacrifice, side by side with the discipline of the nation and the spirited resolve of the army and navy to conquer, is most admirable. All Italians, irrespective of party, have full confidence in the Cabinet, and expect the Cabinet to have the same confidence in the people, who are ready to go through any ordeal with determination.



ROME—Excitement in the Piazza Borghese

The actual declaration of war by Italy was preceded by scenes of the greatest enthusiasm in Rome when it became known that Giolitti had fallen and that the Cabinet would carry out its full plans. Nothing seen in Rome in the last ten days surpassed the great demonstration of some few days ago, when the populace of Rome, headed by Prince Prospero Colonna, the mayor of the city, accompanied by his standard-bearers and all the members of the city council, headed a procession of 150,000 people to the Quirinal to salute the King. Waiting for the procession on

the balcony of the Palace were the King, Queen Elena, and Prince Umberto. As soon as the crowd saw them the cry went up, "Long live Italy!" "Long live Savoy!" The King, who was in uniform, took off his cap, shouted to the standard-bearers with the ancient flag of Rome to come on the balcony. Queen Elena snatched up a corner of the flag and fervently kissed it. A man who was present on the balcony said that she was so moved she could not speak.



Scenes in Rome, Milan, and London During the Fateful Week in which Italy Ranked Herself with the Entente Powers.



MILAN—Great Crowd in Front of the Famous Duomo

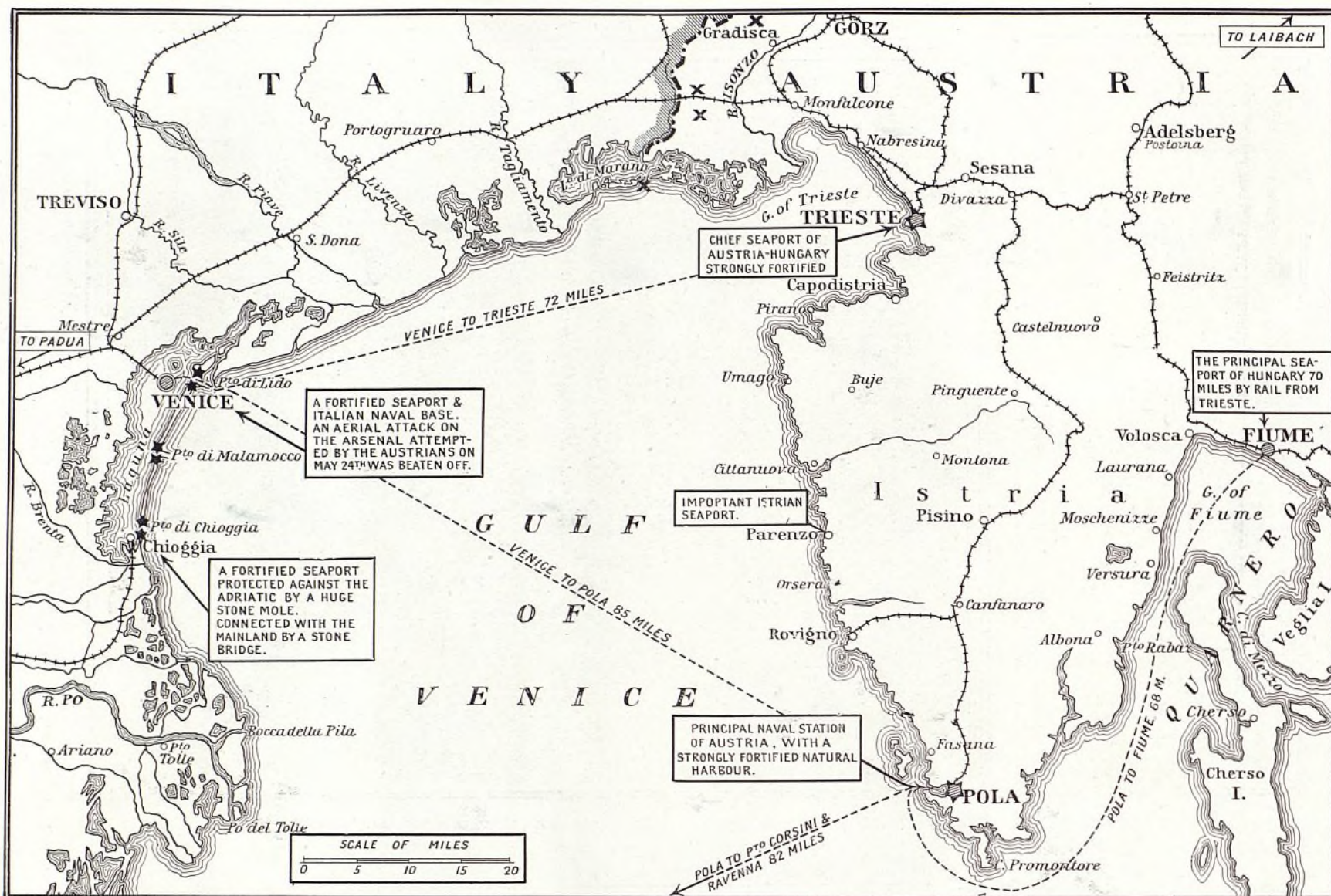
Throughout the length and breadth of Italy great rejoicing is accompanying the mobilisation of the army. In Florence, at the Palazzo Vecchio, the municipality caused the same bells to be rung as those which Pietro Capponi rang in 1494 when he summoned the people of Florence to resist the attack of Charles VIII. In Venice the Basilica of San Marco is decorated with flags. Just as it was in the days when the Venetians set out to achieve conquests in the Levant. In Genoa, and from Palermo to Turin, from Taranto to Milan, the whole country is vibrating with the memory of ancient glories.



LONDON—Italians Marching with their Colours through the Streets

The news that Italy had formally declared war on Austria was received with enthusiasm by Italians in London. The Italian working-men's societies organised a great Anglo-Italian procession through the West-end to the Embassy in Grosvenor Square, which was carried out amidst the greatest enthusiasm. In the picture above, which shows the processionists, may be seen Signor F. Matania, the "Sphere" artist, who has just returned from a visit to the trenches. He is seen marching bareheaded in the centre. He was standing at the entrance to his studio when he was hailed by the processionists. "Come on, Matania," they shouted, and he immediately left his work and marched in the van of the procession.

The Opening of Hostilities Between Italy and Austria.



THE ITALIAN AND AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN COAST LINES ON THE NORTH ADRIATIC

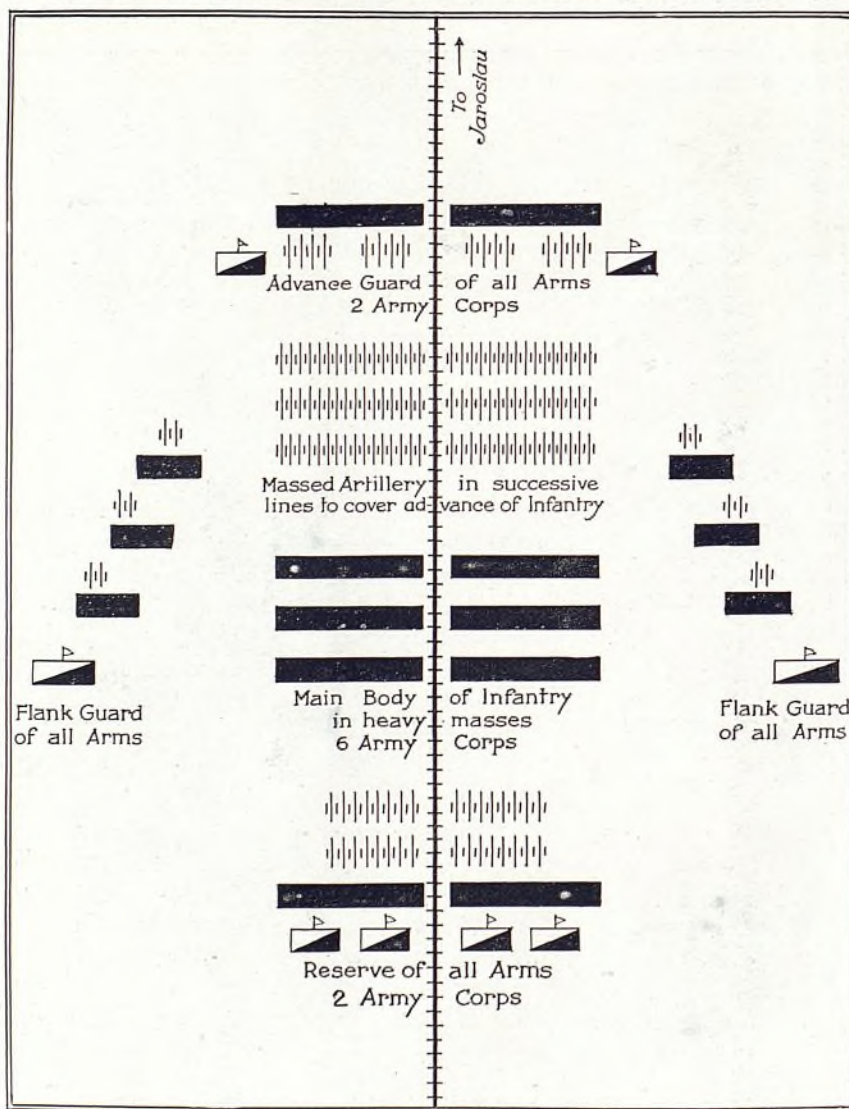
Hostilities have already begun between the Italians and the Austrians, and the Italian Army has now crossed the eastern frontier. Versa, Cervignano, and Terzo, across the border, have been occupied, the enemy falling back before the Italians, and destroying the bridges and burning houses on the way. The positions of these three places are shown by thick black crosses in the above map. Porto Buso—the little island on the extreme point of the Austro-Italian frontier—was also bombarded by the Italian destroyer, "Zeffiro." The barracks were destroyed and about fifty prisoners were taken. The distance from Pola to Venice is eighty-five miles.

ITALY'S OUTLOOK on the NORTH ADRIATIC

With Italy's declaration of war against Austria it becomes necessary to comprehend the territories concerning which the two former allies are now at war. Of these, after Trentino, the most important is Istria, in which Trieste is situated, and which directly faces Venice on the east. The great city of Trieste, a writer in *The Daily Telegraph* states, is the only considerable port in Austria. For Fiume is in Hungary, Pola is only a naval arsenal, and the towns upon the Dalmatian coast have little more than a local trade. Trieste is the fourth city of Austria—or, since Lemberg has now gone, we must say the third—a city of 160,000 people. But three-quarters of that population is Italian.

The adjacent peninsula of Istria is historically Venetian territory. It passed into Austrian hands little more than a century ago, when the Republic of Venice was plundered by Napoleon and the Hapsburgs. It is, like Trieste, a unit of the Austrian dominions. Its population numbers some 350,000, of whom only about one-third are Italian by race, the remainder being Croats and Slavonians. Between these divergent elements the Austrian Government has, in accordance with its usual principle, fostered discord. In 1894, for example, the Italians of Istria were ordered by Imperial decree to use the Croatian language, as well as Italian, on all signs and posters. At this even the Austrophil Crispi had to protest vigorously, and carried his indignation to the German Emperor. From the august lips of the Kaiser he received this assurance: "I will continue my efforts to convince the Austro-Hungarian Government that its conduct towards its Italian subjects seriously imperils the stability of the alliance."

His efforts were as successful and perhaps as sincere in 1894 as in 1915.



How the German Phalanx was Driven Towards Jaroslau

The German successes in Western Galicia have been achieved by means of a strategic formation termed a phalanx; but whereas the Macedonian phalanx consisted of massed battalions, this is made up of massed divisions. The root idea seems to be the bearing down of an adversary's line by the advance of successive lines of infantry in close order, the way being cleared by a terrific artillery concentration at the head of the column. This idea is not new. Napoleon used similar formations at Wagram, Lutzen, and elsewhere. But this "phalanx" is the hugest that has ever been employed. It comprises, according to report, no fewer than ten army corps—300,000 infantry, besides cavalry and an overwhelming proportion of artillery. The accompanying diagram is designed to give an idea of its probable general arrangement. The losses in such a crowded mass must be colossal.

The EASTERN THEATRE of OPERATIONS

It is now possible to envisage more clearly the situation in Galicia, which was not fully developed last week. The heavy German onslaught from the direction of Cracow has to all appearance been brought to a stand—just like the similar rushes upon Warsaw and the Niemen. The advance was made in a peculiar dense mass of concentrated divisions which the Russians have dubbed a "phalanx." Its mere weight enabled it to push its way through the thin line presented by the armies of Generals Brussilov and Dmitriev. But the huge figures of the Russian losses in the German bulletins may be taken like those of their Napoleonic prototypes, and the gaps in the crowded phalanx have certainly been immense. The losses of the attacking party, unless he is completely victorious, are always heavier than those of the defence.

At any rate, the phalanx has come to a stand on the San, with its head just over the river, and crowded by the Russians on both sides. To the northward the Russians are counter-attacking with vigour, and it is claimed that the lost ground in Southern Poland is being steadily recovered. General von Mackensen is reported to have been forced to detach troops from his Galician line northwards.

Meanwhile in Eastern Galicia the Russians have made an important advance. The Austro-Germans have been everywhere thrust back from the Dniester to the Pruth, and the pressure on the Russian line in this quarter has been relieved. The advance was clearly due to the deliberate plan of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, who threw forward his left wing to relieve his right. The result is that though the Russian reverse is undoubted it is in no sense fatal.

BEHIND the ENEMY'S LINES in the ARGONNE Region.



A GERMAN DUG-OUT IN A CAMP NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE WESTERN FIGHTING LINE

The dug-out has been carefully built into the wall of an embankment, and is skilfully concealed from sight by the thick undergrowth and by the brushwood heaped on the roof. The pathway running past the dug-out is evidently freshly made, and betrays the nature of the light, half-clayey, half-chalky soil typical of this district (see following pages)



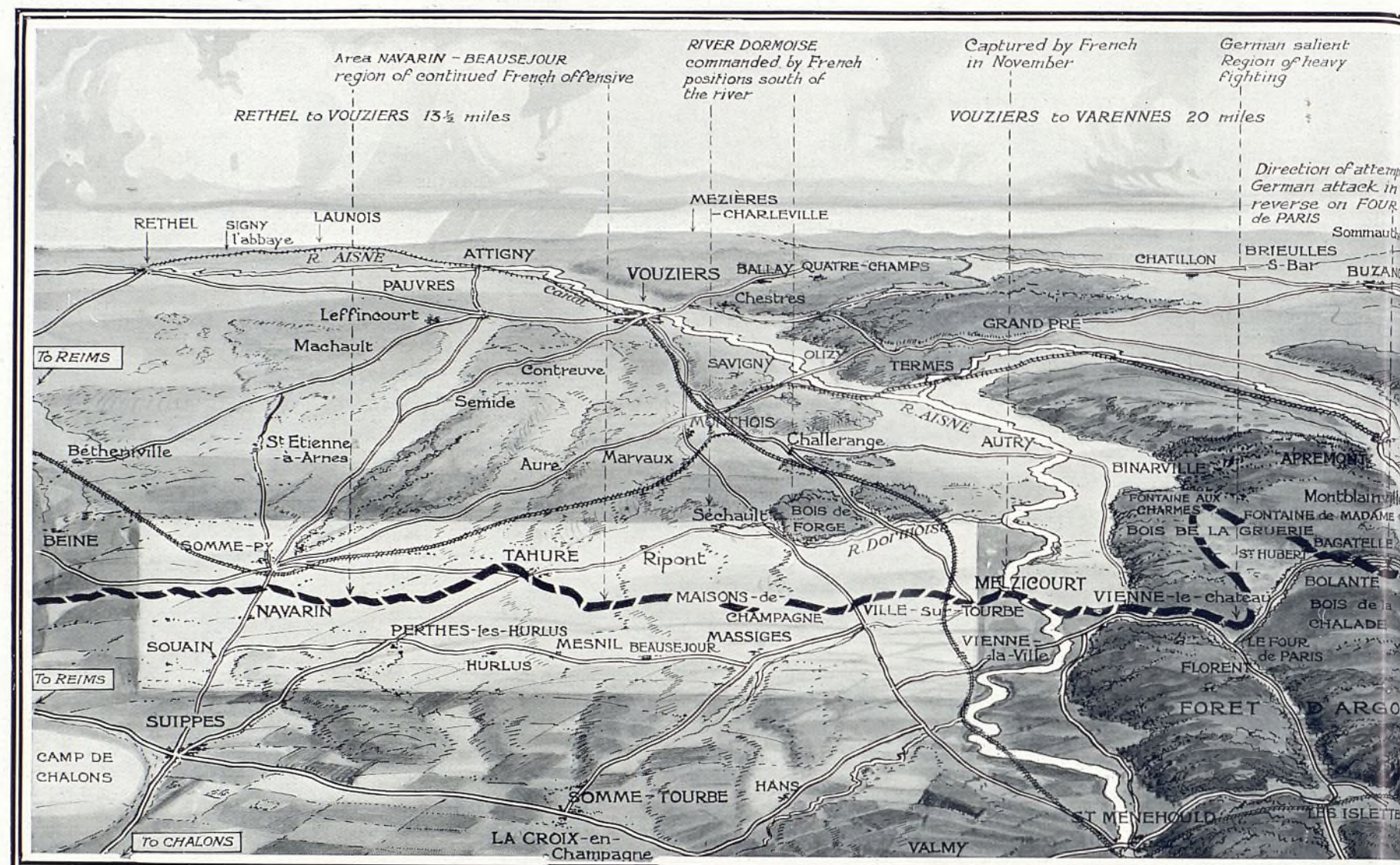
A GERMAN TRENCH CONSTRUCTED BEHIND A PALISADE OF TREE TRUNKS IN THE ARGONNE REGION

It would seem that even the European War with its wealth of novelty is still to remind us that there is nothing really new under the sun. Here we have the Germans constructing palisades in the Argonne woods to impede the progress of the Allies. Obstructions of this kind were much employed during the American Civil War, especially in the west, where the fighting frequently took place in virgin forest country. It was easier to fell trees and make them into obstructions than to form entrenchments. Historians of the war make frequent references to

log fortifications. At Chickamauga (1863) a hastily-constructed breastwork of trees contributed largely to save the Union Army from destruction. But 2,000 years before this we find Caesar speaking of such obstructions raised by the Nervii of Belgium to impede the cavalry of their enemies. This Gallic tribe had carried their construction to the verge of perfection by interlacing and bending growing trees. Those shown could, of course, be cleared away by artillery, but would seriously impede an advance of infantry.

b

The BATTLE-LINE in EASTERN CHAMPAGNE and the ARGONNE : Specially Illustrated and Described.



A Road Through the Forest Behind the German Lines in the Argonne

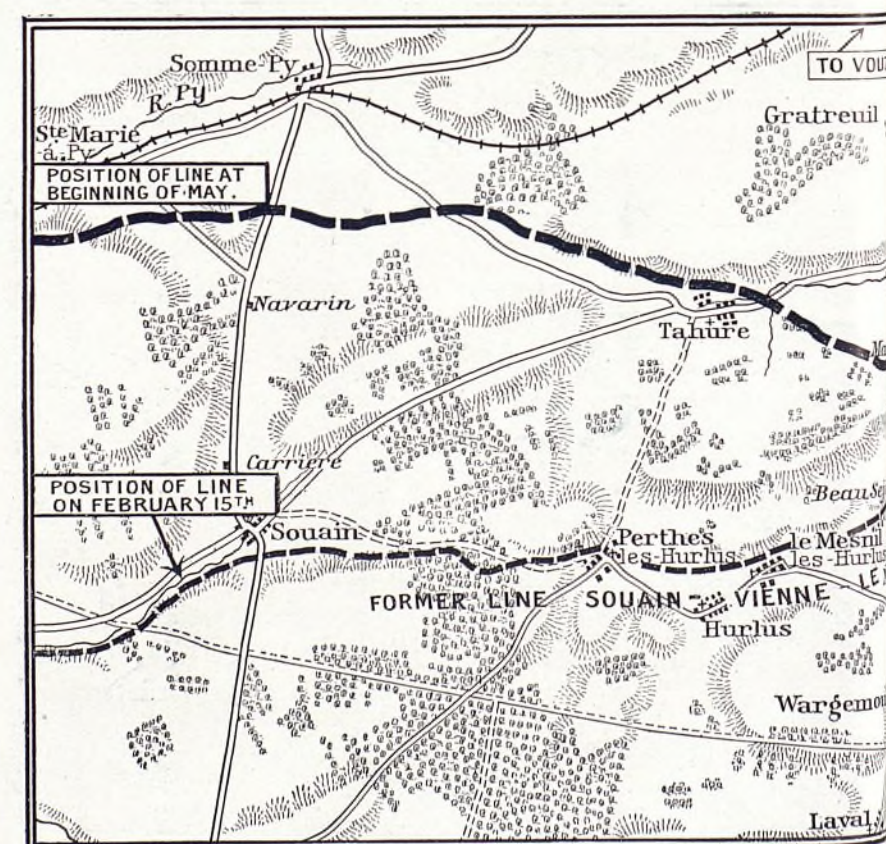
EASTERN CHAMPAGNE AND THE ARGONNE

The fighting in Champagne and the Argonne, from Souain eastwards to the great fortress of Verdun, has, since the beginning of the present campaign, been more fierce and more productive of positive result than any other sector along the western line—with the single exception of Ypres. The probable explanation of this is the German attempt to attack Verdun in reverse and invest it from the west, and the whole struggle in the wooded defiles of the Argonne forests has been determined by this fact.

The country is admirably adapted for the practice of all the time-honoured devices of warfare—direct frontal attack, concealment, ambush, and so on—devices in which the French excel. The struggle along the westernmost portion of the line from Souain, say, to Perthes has resolved itself into an attack directed towards the railway which runs through Somme-Py and Challerange, and which is of such vital importance to the Germans. The French positions on the Tahure side—north of Beausejour and Maisons-de-Champagne—now dominate a section of the Dornaise river to beyond Ripont.

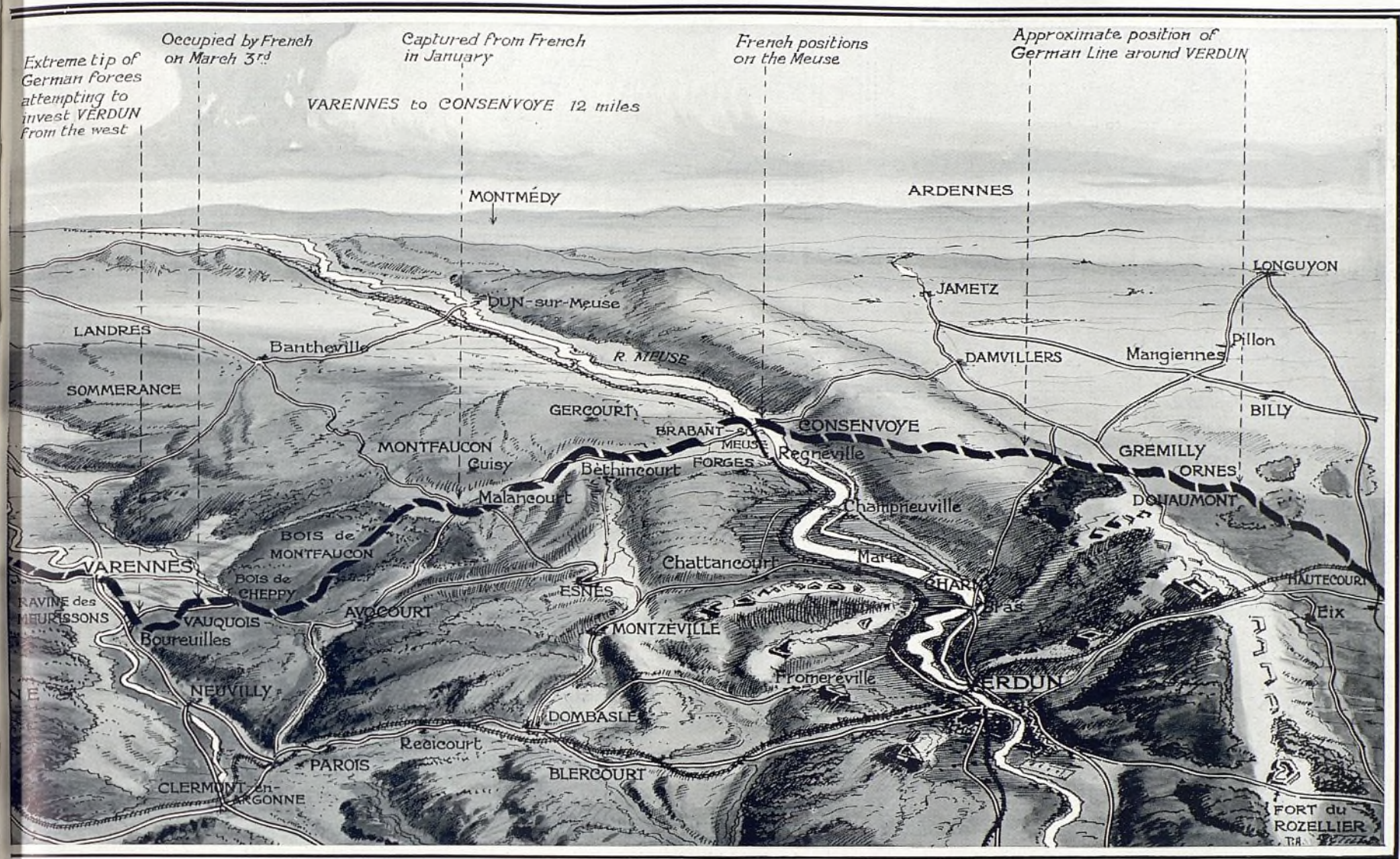
THE FRENCH LINE IN EASTERN CHAMPAGNE AND THROUGH

The conformation of the country in this district offers many points of interest. The somewhat flat rolling country around Rheims, farther to the west, develops in eastern Champagne into groups of well-wooded detached hills which rise near Melzicourt and Vienne-la-Ville to the densely-wooded mass of the Argonne ridge. Still farther to the east is the rocky broken ground which confronts Verdun on all sides. This country is divided longitudinally into three main sections by the rivers Aisne, Aire, and Meuse. The Argonne proper is confined between the two former rivers; in places the hills attain to a height of over 750 ft. The main utility of the forest as a defensive bulwark against invasion, however, is its impenetrability and the absence of good roads through it. The chief road through the Argonne is the defile from St. Menchould to Les Islettes, through which the railway to Verdun also runs. Four de Paris, which has been the centre of a great deal of recent fighting, is primarily coveted by the Germans because of the



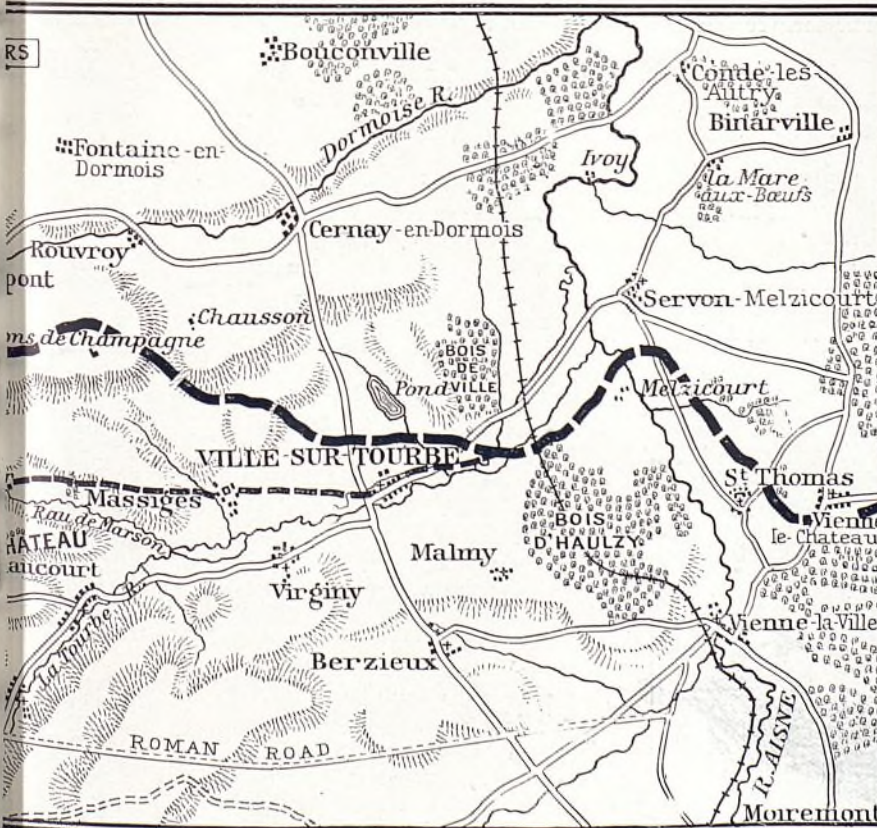
THE FRENCH FIGHTING LINES IN EASTERN CHAMPAGNE

The region Souain-Ville-sur-Tourbe has witnessed during the past few months a steady French offensive, which has resulted in a gain of from one to five miles roughly along a twenty-mile front. As the line stood on February 15, before this advance was made, it ran a little south of Souain, through Perthes and Massiges, to Ville-sur-Tourbe. On this latter place the advance then pivoted. Severe fighting was experienced along the whole of



THE ARGONNE—FROM NAVARIN TO BEFORE VERDUN

command of three good roads which its possession bestows. The numerous forts and batteries around Verdun which protect it against attack from all sides are indicated in the above view. The German armies have up to the present been unable to approach the fortress too closely, largely owing to the brilliant defence by the French field armies, which have ably co-operated with the detached forts round the city to protect it from investment. Amongst the more important railway lines may be mentioned that running through Somme-Py and Challerange back to St. Menchould, and a branch of this same line which proceeds from Monthois round to Grand Pré and Apremont. The present position of the fighting line is indicated by a thick black line, which runs from Navarin in the west through Melzicourt, Vauquois (which was recently captured by the French), Malancourt (which is still in German hands), and Consenvoye to Ornes and Hautecourt before Verdun. (The area around Tahure is enlarged below)



ON FEBRUARY 15 AND AT THE BEGINNING OF MAY

the front before the present positions, shown by the thicker black line above, were adopted. Around Perthes and Beausejour in particular the fighting was of the severest description, the numerous small woods of the district affording excellent cover for the retreating Germans. The French positions from before Tahure to Maisons-de-Champagne now command the Dornaise river from Ripont to Rouvray.



A View of the River Aisne at Aury in the Argonne District

It is, however, from Perthes eastwards to the wood of La Gruerie that the French counter-thrust has been most marked. Here a ceaseless unrelenting warfare is daily being waged. The immediate objective of the Germans is the possession of the road running from Vienne-la-Château to Varennes and the intervening strategic points, the capture of which is a necessary preliminary to the assault on Verdun. The struggle for the road has been confined largely to the wood of La Gruerie, and has pivoted particularly around Four de Paris.

Around Vauquois and Boureuilles—to the east of Four de Paris—a striking advance was recently made by the French, who now occupy the former town completely, and are holding it against strenuous counter-attacks. Still farther to the east, where the fighting is not so confused as in the Argonne itself, the Germans have not yet abandoned their attempt on Verdun. All attacks up to the present have been entirely fruitless, and the new German tactics of attempting to invest the fortress from the west have still to be worked out; with the French daily making great progress forward it is more than ever likely that these German plans will never be given time to mature.



Repairing a Trench with Sand Bags after Shell Fire



Canadian Highlanders Watching an Aeroplane

BEHIND the BRITISH TRENCHES in "PLUG STREET" WOOD.

A Personal Narrative by F. Matania, Special Artist of "The Sphere" at Ypres, April, 1915

ONLY when we had reached the second line of the trenches could we straighten our backs with a sigh of relief. For the moment we were safe.

A long line of sand bags a little higher than a man provided sufficient defence. I left my companions, who were stretching themselves after the tiring march, during which we had been bent nearly double, with noses almost touching the ground from fear that a well-aimed bullet might give us a longer rest than we needed.

The wood, which occupied a large extent of flat ground, was covered with a thick vegetation of high slender trees; not a single spot of green anywhere broke the prevailing monotony of silver grey. Shortly before our visit the ground must have been a mass of mud; to-day it was almost dry. Mixed in the hardening mass were the branches which fell from the trees owing to the constant action of the German bullets. They fly through the branches or they disappear into the trunk of a tree which has interrupted their whistling flight with a sharp little blow. Many of the trees are split by shells, which must have fallen on them like rain. At a height of above six feet all the trees are riddled by bullets. This wood being the nearest shelter behind the trenches has given the soldiers the opportunity of improvising very clever constructions with material found on the spot. They have made roads to avoid the mud; these are constructed of wood in the fashion of very long bridges.

"Piccadilly" and "Regent Street"

Miles of these roads wind and twist in all directions, and they were very precious during the time when the mud nearly paralysed all war movements. Each road has its own name, the principal one, which ran straight through the wood and reached the communication trenches, being christened "Regent Street"; "Piccadilly" and "Fleet Street" ran in other directions. At nearly all the corners notices have been engraved on wooden boards and fixed on to the trees by the cheerful Tommies. Several are stuck in the mud, and I remember one where the hardened mud had still the shape of sea-waves. The notice was, "Keep off the grass." An officer who was acting as guide informed me that another soldier, in order to justify the existence of the notice, had carefully brought a tuft of grass and planted it just at the foot of the board. Then I saw it for myself; it was not bigger than a water-colour brush.

A little further on there was one of the many graves which make the wood an international burial ground. It was the grave of a German officer. I stood admiring the way in which it was kept; it was decorated with brightly-growing plants, neatly arranged by British soldiers. There was also a newly-made cross carefully finished by a Tommy—a countryman, clever with his hands, who occupies his leisure time by constructing these little monuments which reveal a world of sentiment. Nothing had been found, except two initials, to identify this fallen officer, but these initials were engraved on the cross.

The Broken Mirror

Here and there shelters have been constructed, fortified on three sides by sand bags. They are the soldiers' improvised club house, and they were there intent on many different occupations. Several were making tea, others were sleeping peacefully on straw; some were writing letters, licking the point of the pencil at every phrase. Near one of the dug-outs there was a man kneeling down and shaving himself in front of a little triangular mirror, whispering something like a prayer. When I drew near him I became aware that he was swearing calmly and quietly for his exclusive satisfaction. I questioned him, and he told me that a bullet had smashed his mirror and he was compelled to shave in much discomfort. "Look at it! Isn't it a shame? That was once a fair-sized mirror, over 6 in., and look at it now!"



"Who's Taken Our Brazier?"

Echoes from the trenches around the Ypres salient



A Quiet Nap Under Cover

I asked him, "Why do you expose your mirror to rifle firing?" and he, jumping to his feet, replied:—

"Expose it? I didn't expose it at all; it was where you see it now; a nasty sniper who is behind those trees made the mess."

"Is he still there?" I asked.

"Yes; he will not be there for long, but he is still there."

Here the affair began to more than interest me, and after careful inquiries as to the exact spot whence these underhand bullets came, and affecting a certain indifference, I moved to the other side of the dug-out, inviting my companion to do the same. In that manner we should have been under more effective cover. He took no notice, and continued scratching his skin, smiling at me with a sidelong glance. After a pause he told me that it was useless for me to have changed my place as there was another sniper located in the opposite direction. He had been quite a nuisance for many days, and he had not been spotted. I understood it was waste of time to find a shelter when the sniper was there unseen. He generally chooses a place from which he can dominate the trench by enfilade fire. Then he proceeds to shoot at standing soldiers, even if he has a chance of hitting others sitting or lying down. He aims at the one standing up so that the responsibility of the shot is attributed to the trench in front and not to him. He determines on his hiding place, and goes there at night, taking enough food and ammunition with him to last perhaps for some weeks. He nearly always acts alone, and leisurely picks off his victims. Suddenly the soldier is hit in his shelter and falls to the ground. His comrades, surprised and angry, look round to discover the origin of this successful shot; for a moment it may be the eyes of the two unconsciously meet.

"Chateau du Marquis d'Atkins"

Crossing the wood, another novelty strikes me; a little museum of war relics, arranged on a flat mound of earth, forming a sort of counter on which are exhibited fragments of shell, bayonets, and many other little things which belong to the fallen. I particularly remember a post card on which a soldier's sweetheart was photographed in the attitude of writing to him, and in a corner of the same post card there was a portrait of the soldier smiling. Poor boy! I wonder if she knows. . . .

There were an infinite number of badges torn from caps, and each one bore a label, written sometimes with a quaint humour and on others in simple and touching terms. This little museum also had its border of flowering plants.

At other places in front of the dug-outs there are little gardens, not more than a yard square, which are tended with loving care by the soldiers, who do not hesitate to christen them with pompous names, such as "Primrose Hill," "Kew Gardens," and so forth. The dug-outs also boast pretentious names. One is known as the "Chateau du Marquis d'Atkins." I could have noted down many *jeux d'esprit* if time had permitted, but we were obliged to proceed.

To the left of us I passed by "Spy Corner." Goodness knows what it means. To the right was "Dead Horse Corner." It is by these labyrinths of wooden roads that the troops come from and go to the trenches, carrying with them all the impedimenta which means life to them and death to the enemy.

Continuous rifle firing was going on during my visit, and it was impossible to distinguish British from German. However, by now I too was quite used to it, and I crossed the last part of the wood without more than a poetic interest in the flight of the whistling bullets.

In spite of the spring, the wood still remained bare. The birds sing here no more; they have fled from a place which affords them no refuge. Instead, the bullets sing through the splintered branches.

GREECE and the DARDANELLES : *An Interesting Chapter in International History.*



M. VENIZELOS, EX-PREMIER OF GREECE, VISITS THE SPHINX DURING HIS STAY IN CAIRO



THE FRENCH CELEBRATE "75-MM. GUN DAY" IN CAIRO—THE FRENCH MINISTER WITH GENERAL MAXWELL

The personality and political prospects of M. Venizelos have been and are matters of great interest to the Allies. Since his dramatic retirement over the question of Greece's intervention in the Ægean operations he has been on a visit to Egypt, where he met with a very cordial welcome. He is seen above standing by the camel which has conveyed him to the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid. The lower view shows General Sir J. G. Maxwell, in command in Egypt, with M. DeFrance, the French ambassador, and his wife on the occasion of the 75-mm. gun celebrations

THE FIGHT FOR THE FIVE BEACHES :



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HOW THE FIVE BEACHES, KNOWN OFFICIALLY AS Y, X, W, V, AND S, WERE STORMED

We are now able to set out in diagrammatic form the whole of the actions which took place at the extreme end of the Gallipoli Peninsula on Sunday, April 25. In the far distance can be seen the point at which the Australians and New Zealanders landed in Suvla Bay, but this action does not concern us here. The five landings took place very early on the Sunday morning, the landing on Y beach being covered by the cruisers *Dublin*, *Amethyst*, and *Sapphire*. Two battalions and one company were landed unopposed, but upon advancing inland they met with a very stiff opposition owing to the fact that the landings on W and V beaches were held up for the time being; this force found itself outflanked, and it was therefore decided to re-embark it, which was successfully done on the morning of the day following, Monday, April 26.

A landing was also taking place at the same time on the X beach. This proved to be the most successful of all the five landings. The *Swiftsure* acted as the covering ship, the *Immaculate* standing close up to the beach until she finally reached the six-fathom limit. From this point, which was only 500 yards from the shore, she poured in such a hail of metal that the landing was able to be carried out without any loss, 12-in. shrapnel scattering hundreds of bullets, which made it impossible for the enemy to reply. This force succeeded in entrenching itself on the edge of the cliffs and subsequently advanced 1,000 yards inland, but was driven back at night time.

At W beach fierce fighting had also been raging. The broad stretch of sand is here commanded by cliffs 100 ft. in height, with a semicircular valley stretching away inland. The covering ships covered the hills with a storm of shells. The right and left parties succeeded in reaching the edge of the cliffs, to which they hung tenaciously. The centre party found themselves confronted with a solid hedge of uncut barbed wire and were exposed to a terrible cross fire. Machine guns were concealed in holes in the cliffs and fired on the landing party with complete immunity. Almost every man of the first central party was shot down. The second made for the shelter of Cape Tekeli, and swarming up the cliffs, joining our men who were already there, the reinforced party were able to advance and capture a Turkish trench, in which they established themselves. At ten a.m. another regiment was landed, and it became possible to cut the barbed wire and to sweep the Turks from the skyline.

Our forces then began to push out inland, endeavouring on the right to link up with the forces which had been landed on V beach. These endeavours were at first successful, but the line becoming very attenuated a retreat was found necessary. Further desperate fighting occurred at night, when the Turks counter-attacked with great vigour. A beach party who were landing stores were ordered up as reinforcements, those who found their rifles in the darkness rushing forward, while the remainder carried forward supplies of ammunition. The approximate position of the Turkish trenches

How the British, with the French, Landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula on Sunday, April 25, in the Face of a Terrific Fire from the Turkish Positions.



DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

BY BRITISH LANDING PARTIES UNDER COVER OF THE GUNS OF THE BRITISH FLEET

is shown by a dotted line, and we now come to the landing on V beach, which is shown in the immediate foreground in the view. We have again a wide stretch of sandy beach similar to W beach, with a curved valley stretching away inland. On the left are the high cliffs of Cape Helles, on which the remains of the lighthouse stand, and also the partly-demolished Turkish fort. It was at this time occupied by machine-guns, the larger weapons having been destroyed during the bombardments which took place in March. To the right there rise up the battered walls of the ancient castle of Seddul Bahr, considerably demolished in parts, but still offering considerable cover to Turkish machine-guns. Behind the fort were further machine-guns and masses of barbed-wire and entrenchments, forming a very strong position. Still further beyond was a demolished modern fort, which was, however, held by Turkish troops.

The attack on V beach was of the most desperate nature. It was here that a steamer named the *River Clyde* was run ashore with 2,000 men aboard her—another "Horse of Troy" with steel sides. These same metal plates proved of the utmost service, for so hot was the fire from the Turkish positions that it was impossible to land the men until the evening. A steam hopper and a lighter had been brought into position to enable the attempted landing to take place. A gangway connected with one of the four doors cut in the vessel's side. The covering party found themselves unable to advance and took shelter behind a ridge of sand.

Two hundred men at the call of their officers attempted to rush from the vessel to the shore. Some fell on the gangway itself, others on the lighter and the steam hopper. It was not until evening that the attempt could be carried out. All day long the 2,000 men remained packed like sardines in the vessel, with bullets rattling on her sides. Four shells penetrated her hull but fortunately failed to explode. Officers were crowded on the armoured bridge, where machine guns were placed for assisting the landing. This finally took place about eight o'clock, with no real resistance from the Turks. The troops took up positions under the shelter of the walls of old Seddul Bahr, and some three hours later the Turks, who had taken alarm, swept the beach with a hail of shot, but to little effect. In the morning the troops had considerable trouble in clearing the Turks out of the village of Seddul Bahr, which lies just beyond the castle, and then pushed on towards the final work of securing Hill 141. This was done by noon.

At S beach some 700 men had been landed from trawlers and had met with a stiff opposition. They held on, however, until the position was taken over by the French troops, which had been withdrawn from the Asiatic shore according to the prearranged plan. Thus by Monday afternoon, April 26, it was possible to say that we were astride the Gallipoli peninsula.

The heroic work is still being pushed on over the grassy plateau in the direction of Krithia and Achi Baba, where the Turks are in force. Stores of all kinds are being daily unloaded on the beaches with great precision.

With "THE SPHERE" ARTIST in FRONT of YPRES : Relief Party Marching Along "Regent Street."



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IN THE FAMOUS "PLUG STREET" WOOD—A RELIEF PARTY MARCHING BACK TO THE TRENCHES THROUGH "RECENT STREET"

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA, YPRES, 1915

A relief party is here seen marching along "Regent Street" from the wood of "Ploes'cert," which some time ago became known to the Tommies—and subsequently to official despatches—as "Plug Street." They are marching along the narrow footway made

of small branches closely placed together upon bigger transverse ones below. The men carry back with them from their billets their various personal belongings. Advancing with the party is a lieutenant, map in hand. The men are in no immediate danger—

a long line of sand bags, a little higher than a man, provided sufficient defence," writes Mr. Matania. Above the height of 6 ft. the slender trees are scarred with marks where the bullets hit them a glancing blow. Sometimes a man will turn his head to follow, as it were,

the track of a singing bullet through the air. On the extreme right is a sand-bag shelter. A full description of this now historic wood will be found from Mr. Matania's own pen on another page of this issue.

THE LOST CARPATHIAN PASSES : The



BACK ON THE DUKLA—AUSTRIAN ARTILLERY ONCE MORE IN THE FAMOUS PASS

In the foreground is a young Austrian officer with his prism binoculars slung from the neck. Just behind him is a Krupp field gun with its shield showing above the protecting mound of earth. A second gun is visible slightly lower down the slope.



AUSTRIAN ARTILLERY HALTED AT A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN THE CARPATHIANS

The turn of fortune's wheel has again brought the Austro-German forces on to the passes of the Carpathians. In fact, the whole of the Beskids, for which such a desperate fight was made by Russia, have again been surrendered owing to the ninety-mile retreat from the Dunajec to the San, which rendered the holding of the passes at once impossible.

EBB and FLOW on the EASTERN FRONT.



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RUSSIAN TROOPS MOVING TO THE ATTACK AMONGST THE CARPATHIANS

Special SPHERE picture

The above view was taken by Captain Adrian Simpson, Acting A.D.C. to the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the commander of the Caucasian Native Division operating in Galicia. Some of the troops belonging to this division are seen passing through a defile in the Carpathians and across a tributary of the River San. It is probable that this actual valley is no longer in the hands of the Russians at the time of writing. Other pictures illustrating the work of the Caucasian Native Division have been given in previous issues of "The Sphere".



THE MILITARY ATTACHÉS OF THE ALLIES FOLLOWING THE RUSSIAN OPERATIONS IN THE FIELD

The above group shows the military attachés of the allied nations who are following the operations of the Russian armies in the field. Reading from left to right, the names are: Captain Semet (Belgian attaché), General Oba (Japanese attaché), General Marquis de la Guiche (the French military attaché at Petrograd), General Daniloff (Quartermaster-General and Director of Military Operations), Major-General Baron de Rickel (Belgian attaché), Major-General Sir John Hanbury-Williams, K.C.V.O. (British attaché), and Colonel Lompkiewitch (Serbian attaché). Since the above group was taken General Oba has returned to Japan, being succeeded by General Makadima.

FOUR DAYS UNDER RUSSIAN FIRE.

By an Austrian Artillery Officer

IT is so difficult and rare a matter to obtain any personal narratives giving first-hand impressions of the fighting on the eastern front that we give this letter from a young Austrian artillery officer as taking one a little closer to the actual happenings on this gigantic battle-line. The reports from the East are apt to have such a cosmic character that any more precise information is welcome. This account will further serve to describe the two pictures of the Austrian artillery at work on a preceding page. This young Austrian writes as follows to his aunt:—

"At the moment I am out of action lying in a peasant's cottage, taking fifteen drops of opium every two hours and listening to the whistling of the bullets. Taking advantage of this opportunity I will sketch a few of the last days of my battle life.

"Hullo! Battery 2! Here, division station!' 'Here, third officer, Battery 2.' 'Herr Lieutenant is to come immediately to the colonel!'

"No luck! I had just made my last sardine box protection with great trouble and difficulty and wanted to hide myself in it, but the ways of fate are incalculable! I had to stand up, creep out of my covering, and run to the colonel.

"My dissatisfaction was soon over. I had to go with him three kilometres to reconnoitre the position of the enemy again. It was a difficult job; very hilly, through the forest, with the enemy shooting at us. Horses sink up to their hocks in the morass, but in return for it a position from which we could see everything, look right down into the centre of the Russians. It was impossible for the army to get there; but my ambition awoke, and I reported that I could bring a battery train there. I obtained permission from his Excellency X for a half company and my two guns, ammunition waggon, and limbers, and in an hour I was on the spot.

"Once there it was indescribable. Almost in line with our infantry—the result was miraculous. I quite destroyed a Russian battery; the infantry shot very well—had a new target every quarter of an hour. The Russians grew to hate me, and their whole artillery shot at me. I deceived them by pretending to be out of action and ceasing fire, but the

moment they left off, thinking I was already done for, I let loose a murderous fire. Three times I averted a close attack. The Russians wished to drive me out as it was a splendid position, and each time directed the attack against me. On the third day his Excellency X came to me and stayed a night and a day with me. In the darkness and mist the Russians tried to storm us. The infantry was already only 400 paces away when I received an order from his Excellency that he did not want to sacrifice me, and that I must save my gun team. But I pleaded that the guns might remain and that we might stay till the last man. Then a colonel of the artillery staff sat down by one of the guns, my sub-lieutenant by another, while I as commander of the gun team was behind them. We were loaded with shrapnel, and awaited the Russians. But there was a terrible confusion in front of us, and as there was a danger of our shooting our own troops we did not fire.

"In the meanwhile his Excellency X had sent his last reserve to our rescue, and they captured a whole Russian battalion. After this attack had been averted there were two night attacks. Finding that my guns were very dangerous to them the Russians proceeded to subject us to a bombardment. We stood as firm as the oldest.

"At last, on the fourth day, they brought their heavy mortars against us. They were splendidly aimed, but the holy saints guarded us. The shells all burst within a space of about 100 square metres where my guns were standing, killing five men and four horses. Two shells fell exactly on the guns, but did not explode. A gun shield was completely pierced, the wheels of the ammunition carts shot to pieces—but after four days we were able to carry off one gun with whole skins. A shell burst in my observation stand. A captain of the General Staff sitting near me was killed, and a first lieutenant of the General Staff was severely wounded. The battle is still going on. The Russians are showing themselves very obstinate, continuing to persist in the face of slaughter. . . .

"Enough for to-day. I hear I am mentioned for distinction. In the meantime I have a little picric-acid poisoning from one of the shells and a thorough chill. Otherwise we live rather well."



Austrian Artillery Officer Observing a Russian Position

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 P. d'A. Banks
Corps of Guides. Aged 29 years. He joined in 1903, being appointed to the Guides in 1905



Captain H. T. Radcliff
Leinster Regiment. He joined the regiment in 1910, becoming captain in February, 1913



Captain John Geddes
16th Canadian Scottish. Aged 37 years. The eldest son of the late Alexander Geddes of Blairmore



Captain A. S. Henderson
1st London Regiment. He joined the Territorial force in 1909, and became captain in 1913



Captain W. T. Stackhouse
1st Sherwood Foresters. He obtained his commission in 1903, becoming captain in 1913



Lieutenant J. B. MacLeod
2nd Black Watch. Aged 21 years. He joined the regiment in November, 1912, becoming lieutenant in September, 1914



Lieutenant E. A. Hopkins
3rd Bedfordshire Regiment. Aged 29 years. He joined on the outbreak of war



Lieutenant W. B. R. Rhodes-Moorhouse
R.F.C. Aged 27 years. Died of wounds received whilst dropping bombs on Courtrai



2nd Lieutenant W. B. Hirst
4th Lincolnshire Regiment. Aged 25 years. He joined the regiment on mobilization



2nd Lieutenant F. L. Rolleston
2nd London Regt. Aged 20 years. Killed whilst attending to the barbed-wire entanglements in front of his trench



Lieutenant K. McDiarmid
2nd K.O.S.B. Aged 33. He obtained his commission after the outbreak of war, and was promoted in November



Lieutenant Oscar Brown
7th Lancers (attached 4th Dragoons). Aged 27 years. He received his commission in 1908



Lieutenant G. J. Child
2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry. Aged 23 years. He joined the army in September, 1913



Lieutenant R. Hely Owen
2nd West Riding Regiment. Aged 22. He served during the whole of the present campaign



2nd Lieutenant J. R. Wallace
Royal Scots Fusiliers. Aged 20 years. The younger son of Mr. R. W. Wallace, K.C., and Mrs. Wallace of Kensington



Lieut.-Col. H. Carington Smith
2nd Hampshire Regiment. He saw service in Egypt, 1898; South Africa, 1899-1902; and at Aden, 1903. After serving 27 years in the Dublin Fusiliers he obtained his command in 1913



Captain and Adjutant R. C. Y. Dering
2nd K.O.S.B. He served continuously since the retreat from Mons in August last, and was mentioned in Sir John French's despatches. His younger brother served with him during this time in the same regiment



Major C. F. Hawkins
46th Battery, R.F.A. Aged 35. He served during the South African War in 1901-2. Only son of the Rev. W. W. Hawkins of Acomb, Yorks



Captain J. V. Nancarrow
4th Yorkshire Regiment. Aged 29 years. He joined the 1st Volunteer Battalion, Durham Light Infantry, in 1907. Later he became lieutenant in the 4th Yorkshire Regiment and was promoted captain towards the end of 1913



Major W. A. S. Walker
46th Punjabis. Aged 40 years. He took part in the operations on the N.-W. Frontier, 1897-8, and also served in the Tirah the same year. Killed at Myima, East Africa

Pro patria mori

MINE - SWEEPING IN MANY WATERS.



One of the Men Employed on the Mine-

sweepers Wearing his Life-belt and Air-collar

DEADLY FISH—THE MINE-SWEEPERS AND THEIR DANGEROUS HAULS

In the North Sea and the Dardanelles

Not until the complete history of this war is written will be known the humble and dangerous yet all-important part played by the mine-sweepers. The Admiralty has publicly recognised the work of these boats and their crews, and many of the men have received well-earned honours. The seaman in the above illustration is dressed in the garb worn when the weather is foul and mine-sweeping more dangerous than it usually is. His feet, encased in heavy sea boots, are further protected by woollen over-stockings. Round his waist he wears a life-belt and on his head a cap, which during this winter has proved of great comfort with its ear-flaps and neck guard. Most of the men employed in the work have gallantly volunteered for their job, with navy men to train them in their new trade.

The Method of Sweeping for Mines

Day in and day out they have tossed and tumbled through the grey heaving waters fighting out the stiff gales which were so frequent in the North Sea during the winter. With another trawler in company, away either to port or starboard, the trawlers work, connected to one another by a steel cable that goes over their bucking stern down towards the bottom of the sea and then in a bulging loop crosses to the other vessel and up to her bollards. This is the sweeping wire, which, kept below by the two iron kites, "creeps" for the unseen peril—the German floating mines which are beneath them. If luck be with them the chains which hold the explosive globes just below the surface, and which are anchored at the bottom end to the iron sinkers on the sea bottom, are caught by the sweeping wire and the mine is dragged up and exploded; if, however, luck is against them, then their own stem may strike the mine. Instantly there is a roaring, tearing explosion, a gush of water and flame, and one more stout trawler will never more roll its way home again.

Mine-sweeping in the Dardanelles

Not only in the North Sea have they carried on their dangerous work, but lately have gone away down into the Eastern Mediterranean, and between the grim gun-protected hills of the Dardanelles they have steamed in night after night to clear the waterway for the safe passage of the Allied battleships, braving in this case not only the dangers that lurk below the surface but also

the fierce fire from the Turkish batteries. In these days at sea, when all are taking risks, the men on the sweepers are taking the major share, for are they not employed in moving the danger to others by daring most themselves? From the early days of August to the present moment their work has never ceased, and if many have been lost they have removed scores of mines and saved many a good ship and thousands of human lives.

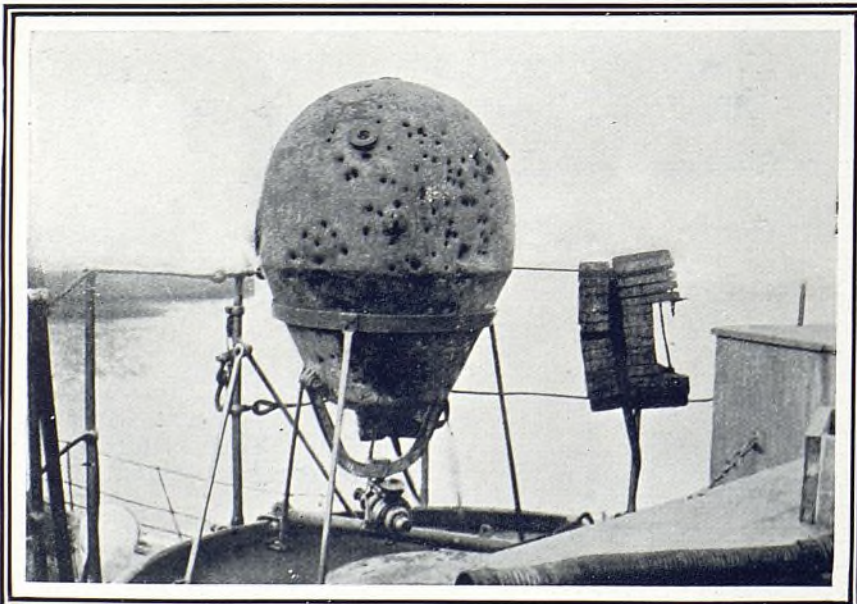
A Thrilling Rescue by the "Koorah"

The heroic work of Captain Woodgate and his crew in the *Koorah* during mine-sweeping operations in the Dardanelles has been graphically told in the columns of *The Western Daily Mercury*: "During this work another trawler, the *Manx Hero*, was blown up. Hearing cries for help Captain Woodgate turned his ship round, and with the truest traditions of British pluck and seamanship decided to save his fellow sweepers. He called for volunteers to man the small boat. It was thrown over the ship's side, and into it jumped the boatswain, Joseph Abbott of Burham, and two deck hands, Thomas Thompson and Robert Strachan. Away they rowed, with shot and shell pitching thick around their tiny craft, while Captain Woodgate stood at the helm, keeping his ship as near as he could to the boat. The crew of eleven from the *Manx Hero* were rescued and put aboard the *Koorah*.

"The *Koorah* was now the last sweeper, and with powerful searchlights flashed on her there seemed little chance for her to get through as she was the centre of the fire from the forts. Again sound judgment saved the *Koorah*; observing the faults of the marksmen Captain Woodgate steered the trawler towards the northern shore, and came through the fire zone safe."

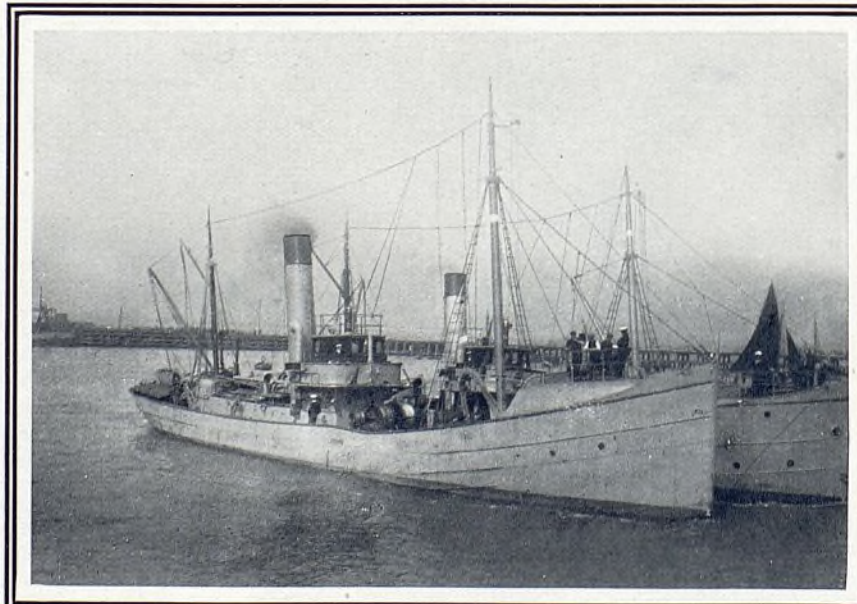
A Hot Time off Smyrna

The narrators of the above incident, Captain James of the *Beatrice* and Mr. Stanley Fry, mate of the *Renarro*, also relate in the same newspaper their exciting experiences off Smyrna. "Five of us, accompanied by the battleships *Swiftsure* and *Triumph* and the cruiser *Euryalus*, had orders to proceed to Smyrna. The *Triumph* was the first to open the bombardment, but the Turks did not reply. The next morning the sweepers received orders to go in and sweep. Right in towards the harbour we steamed, right in as far as the buoys were placed. We had our sweeps ready to shoot out when we were signalled to retire. Then the music began. As we turned they let us have it pretty warm. It was a rare race for life to steam out of range. Shells fell thick around us, but luckily all missed their mark; one shell would have smashed any one of the sweepers. It was quite a miracle that we came out unhit. Had there been British sailors behind those guns we should not have stood a dog's chance."



An Unexploded Mine Mounted on a Patrol Vessel

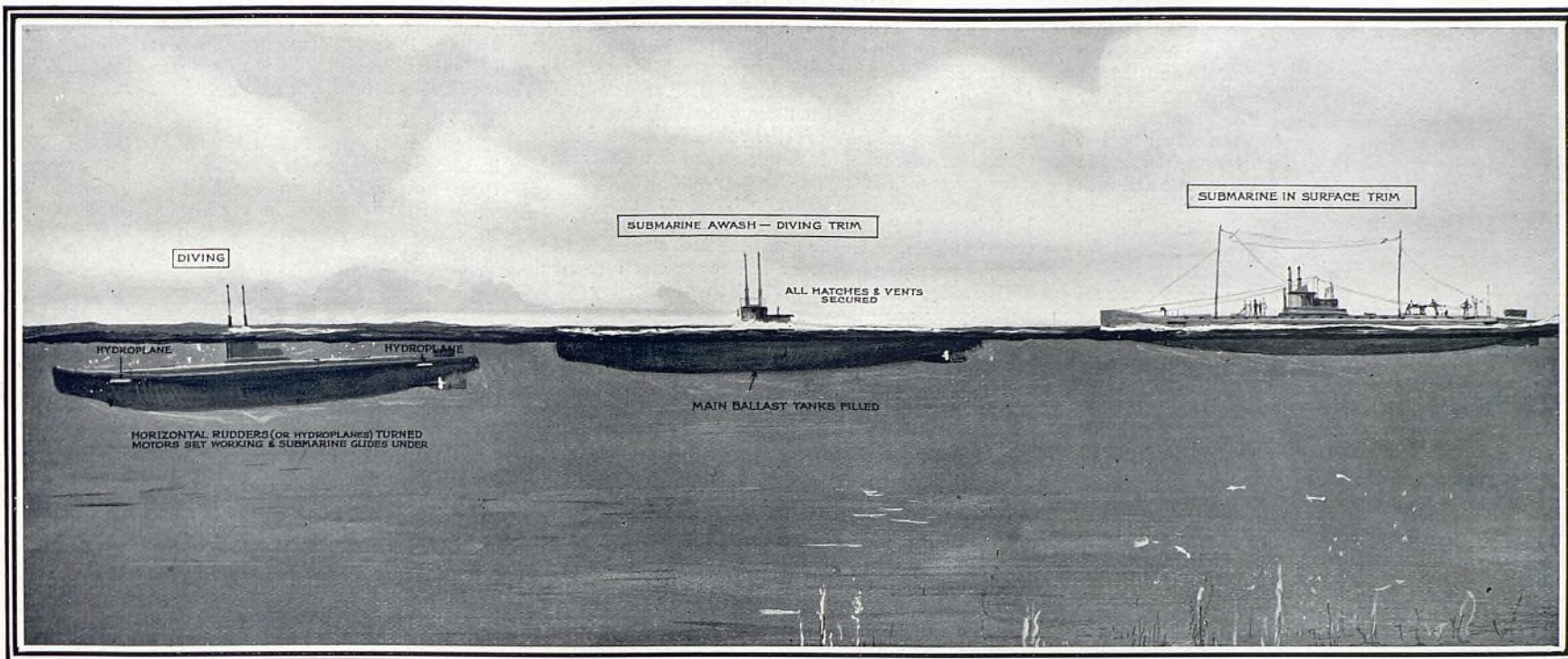
Many attempts were made to explode the mine by rifle fire, which accounts for the number of bullet holes in it. It is now carried as a trophy



Mine-sweepers Setting Out for the Open Sea

Two mine-sweepers (originally fishing trawlers), painted the usual naval grey, setting out on their hazardous work

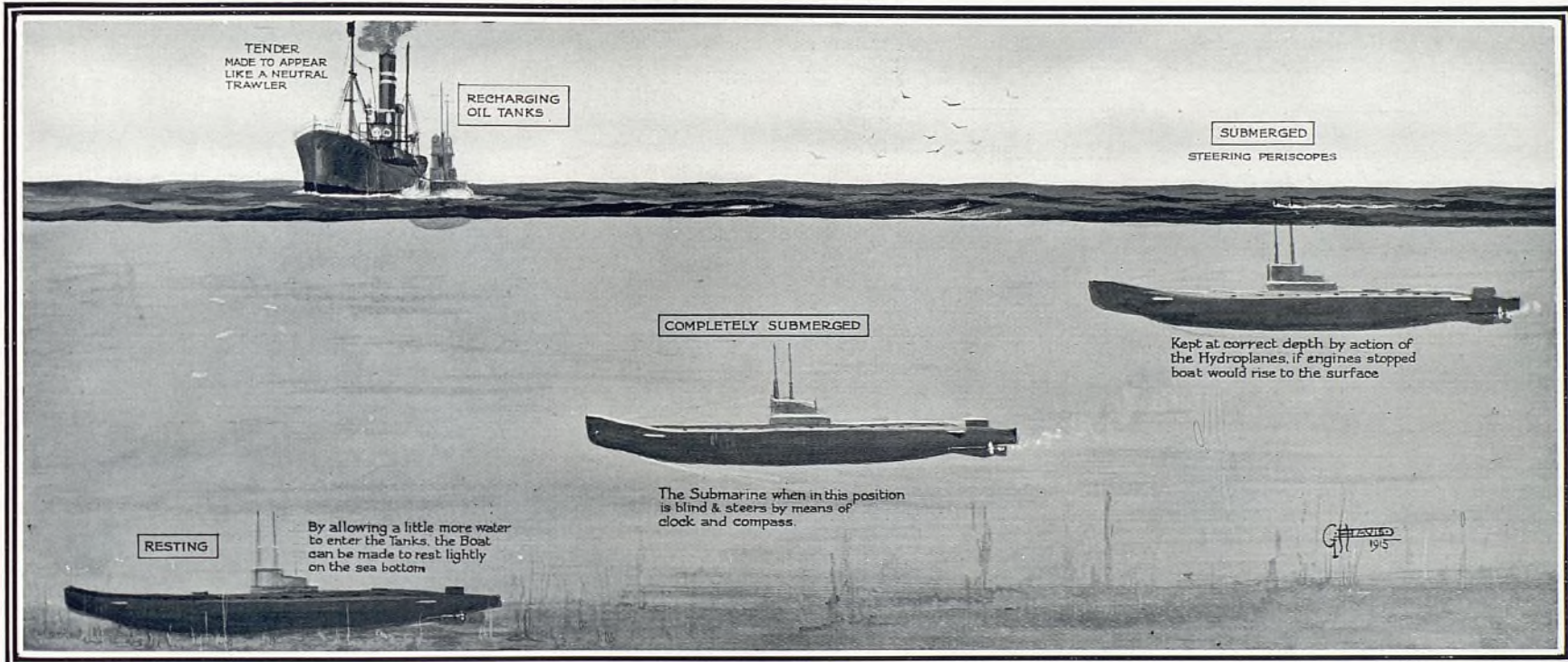
THE GERMAN SUBMARINE : *How it Does its Deadly Work.*



FIRST STAGE—THE MOVEMENT FROM SURFACE TRIM TO DIVING

The submarine on the right is observed in surface trim—her decks well above water-level and her hatches open. The rails are up on the deck and the hinged wireless masts in position. The boat is being driven by her 2,000-h.p. Diesel oil engines, and can attain 18 to 20 knots speed. In the centre can be observed the boat in the awash position; her

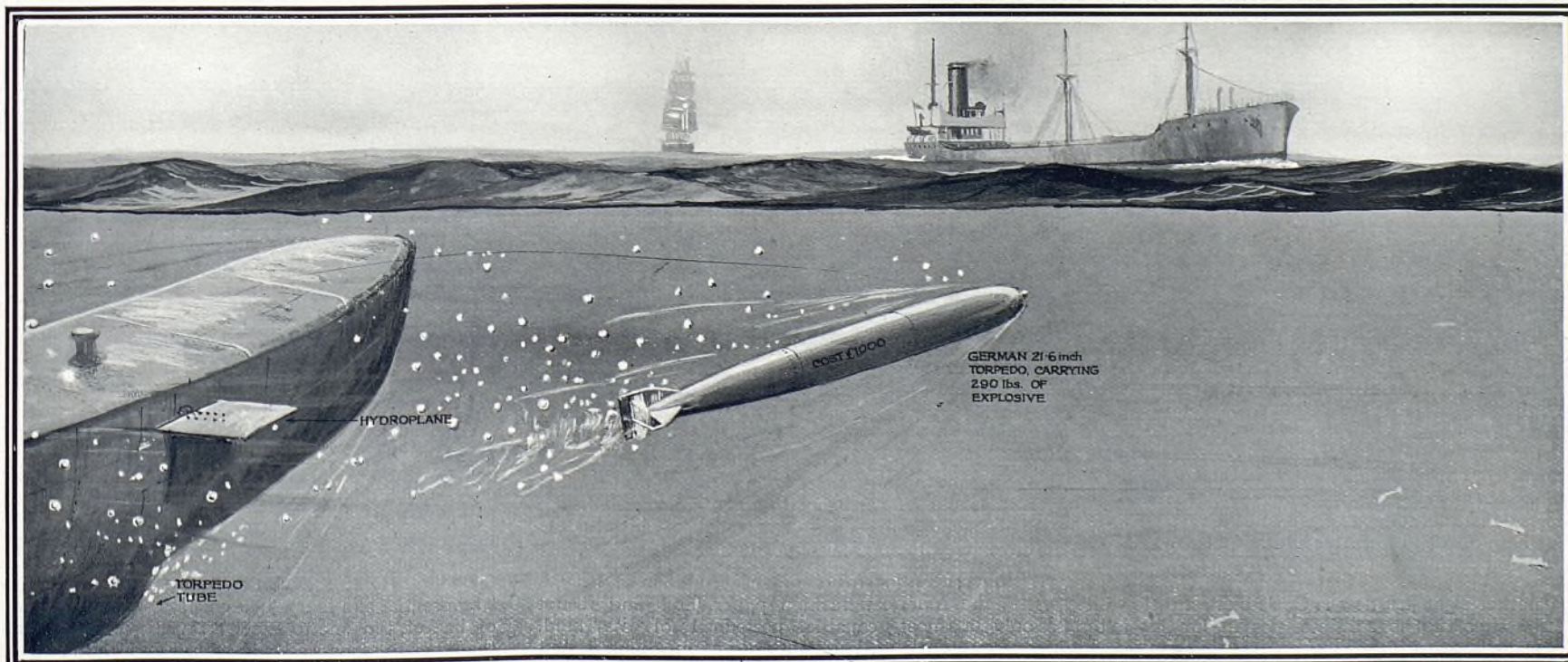
wireless masts have been taken down, her rails lowered, her hatches secured, and her ballast tanks filled until her conning tower alone shows above the surface. On the left the boat has tilted her diving rudder—or hydroplanes—and set her electric motors running. The action of the water on the planes drags the boat under.



SECOND STAGE—GERMAN SUBMARINE SUBMERGED AFTER SINKING A NEUTRAL VESSEL

The boat can now be seen submerged at a depth of 15 ft. to 18 ft. The tops, or eye-pieces, of the periscopes alone show above the surface, and by these the boat is steered and kept at the correct depth by the action of the water on the horizontal rudders. In the centre it will be seen the boat has dived still deeper. She has now completely left the surface. She is now steered by means of the many delicate gauges fitted inside her

frail skin, as, of course, her periscopes are out of action. Going still deeper, a little water is allowed to enter her tanks, and she rests gently on the bottom, where she is able to remain for a considerable time. For supplying these boats with fuel, trawlers flying neutral flags have been used. The submarine comes to the surface, a pipe-line is placed from tender to her tanks, and the oil fuel pumped in.



THIRD STAGE—SUBMERGED AND DISCHARGING TORPEDO (VALUE FROM £750 TO £1,000)

The bow of the submarine can be seen to the left of the diagrammatic sketch. The latest type German torpedo has just left her starboard tube and is careering away at nearly forty miles an hour. As the tubes are fixed, the whole boat has to be turned, and

is coned through the periscope (in this case) until the correct position has been attained, when the torpedo is fired by the commander from his position in the working chamber. The torpedo itself costs from £750 to £1,000, an expensive weapon if it misses its mark.



Mr. Robert Bowman
Author of "A Lady of Russia,"
just published by William
Heinemann

A LITERARY LETTER : Our Ally—Russia.

LONDON, May 24, 1915.

Mr. William Heinemann sends me a novel entitled *A Lady of Russia*, by Robert Bowman. It has the advantage of most melodramatic novels connected with Russia written in the English language that the author has had an abundant experience of that country. He was for a number of years scientific adviser to some of the principal chemical

works in Russia, and has been instrumental in introducing several new industries into the land of our new ally. He speaks the language, and a great deal of his life has been lived in remote spots many hundreds of miles from the nearest railway. The result is a novel in which the hero is an engineer and in which there is a very true instinct for Russian life. It is a clever novel, and if it had been published in normal times I might have welcomed it with enthusiasm. I cannot do so now, and indeed I question the judgment of its publication during the war quite apart from its admirable structure and its undoubted interest.

Its main thesis is that of a woman of rank accused of some kind of Nihilism and sentenced to a remote Siberian village for the remains of her life. It reminds me in its poignancy of much that I have read in Mr. George Kennan's writings. Now this is a side of Russian life which I greatly object to being dwelt upon at the moment. Some of the Jews among us have been doing so, and have earned the contempt of all patriotic Englishmen for so doing. When a burglar enters your house you do not ask too many questions as to the antecedents of the strong man who walks in and assists you to evict him or to get him into custody.

Any sane native of these islands will blink at a lot of the terrorism of which he has read in connection with Siberia, and if he be a fair-minded person and happens to have read the history of Ireland—of which too few English people know a line—he will realise that our record until twenty years ago, at least, was for a hundred years as black as that of Russia. If he knew—which he probably does not—the names of Charles Kickham, John O'Leary, and other men of the '48 and of the Fenian movement, as many of my friends knew the bearers of them, and knew that they were thoroughly high-souled men of noble character and fine ideals, he would be a little modest with regard to the kind of story with which Mr. George Kennan, and now Mr. Robert Bowman, have regaled us. That the Russian bureaucracy is not as admirable an institution as the parliamentary government of these islands I readily admit, but then I hope and believe in a gradual change in the political atmosphere of Russia after the war, and, meanwhile, I know that Russia has a great record, that its literature during the past thirty years has been distinctly finer than that of Germany and greater in some respects than that of this country.

A capital antidote, by the way, to the story of Russia, as many of us read it before the war, may be found in a little volume published at two-pence by Hodder and Stoughton, *Russia's Gift to the World*, by J. W. Mackail. Mr. Mackail we know as a man of high literary quality, the author of the standard *Life of William Morris*, the best translator of much of Virgil, an admirable translator in verse of Homer's *Odyssey*, and as Professor of Poetry at Oxford University. For my own part I think that Russia, in alliance with France and Great Britain, will make great political strides in the coming years, and whether it does or not I rejoice in the fact that the countrymen of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky are marching their armies against the common enemy, and every blow struck by Russia at this moment is an added guarantee of the freedom of these lands.

We have heard much discussion as to the effects of the war on literature. I wonder whether the effect of the war upon journalism will not be to kill the last vestige of influence upon opinion which has been so markedly declining a force during the generation that has passed. Time was, we know, when journalists really did influence public opinion, but that was in the days before the Reform Bills. We have seen that power declining as evinced by the return in various constituencies of members of Parliament of opposite views to those of the prevailing journals. I should not be surprised—and I certainly shall not be sorry—if the war kills this kind of influence entirely. One sees signs of it in the less reputable newspapers of the times with their "catch-penny" cries on this or that aspect of the war. The war will not kill, alas! the influence of the cheaper newspapers in exciting unholy passion. But that is quite another thing and may ultimately have to be dealt with by the magistrate.

If we are to have a Coalition Cabinet, as the newspapers surmise at the time that I write, the occupation of the more fiery type of leader writer who flatters himself that he has influence on public opinion will have gone, and indeed one wonders whether those journals which do not pay their way but are subsidised by capitalists for their own ends will have any further reason for their existence. I once saw a letter which urged the purchase of a Conservative newspaper on the grounds that the Conservatives might return to power at any moment and that they would be certain to reward the proprietor of this journal with a baronetcy, or even a peerage. That kind of game one suspects to be played out for a long time. Papers that do not pay their way, unless they have a very remarkable personality at their head, will have little reason for existence during the next three years.

With the appearance of the sixth volume we have the completion of the Illustrated Edition of Macaulay's *England* (Macmillan), the book that enthralled our fathers and captivated our own early years, remains, with all its limitations, the most entrancing book on certain phases of our country's history. With the exception of one or two chapters of "Froude"—his account of the Pilgrimage of Grace, for example—we have no epoch of our national story visualised for us with anything like the charm that Macaulay still offers. An antidote for those who desire to dwell upon his limitations,

by the way, may be found in a book by his latest publishers. Well do I remember reading Mr. James Cotter Morison's *Macaulay* in Macmillan's "Men of Letters" series. How angry was Edward Freeman at that trenchant piece of writing.

Well, at this hour, one has only to welcome the new issue of this classic and to say what handsome volumes are these six, what excellent type—not better than the first edition, five tall volumes now happily in my library, but a change from the double-columned issue in which I first read *Macaulay*.

As for the illustrations, they are varied and interesting, and have been collected with diligence and knowledge. These last qualities have not, however, gone to the arrangement of them. A month's training in THE SPHERE office might have taught the individual responsible for this aspect of the book that the wealth of pictures here set forth might, with a better manipulation, have made a very much more handsome book. More praise may be given to the index. One final growl is that Professor Frith has not given us enough editing. Most classics are over-edited, so perhaps it is a good fault.

It was recently stated in print when the death occurred of Mrs. Nicholls of Banagher, the second wife of the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, Charlotte Brontë's husband, that this lady was the last survivor of those who knew the Brontës. Mrs. Nicholls, whom I well remember, having more than once visited her in her Irish home, was able to recall one meeting only with Charlotte Brontë. This was when Mr. Nicholls brought his wife for a day to the home of his relatives, the Bells, the second Mrs. Nicholls having been a Miss Bell and his cousin. There are, however, I was well aware, at least four people living who were able to recall the Brontës, and I have just discovered a fifth. Mr. Whiteley Turner of Halifax, the author of *A Spring-time Saunter Round and About Brontë-Land*, writes to me as follows:—

Mrs. Wadsworth, the first of the Charlotte Brontë Sunday School scholars interviewed in my "Spring-time Saunter" is now, as the book shows, eighty years of age. She has removed from her native place, Haworth, and resides at Shelf, between Halifax and Bradford. The old lady was out when I called, but a daughter invited me in and I awaited her mother's coming from church, and presently she returned. In less than sixty seconds she was transformed in dress, and, looking exceedingly neat and prim in white cap, sat conversing with her visitor. Her faculties are most wonderful. Questioned as to whether she could recall Emily Brontë, she remembered her only in this light; she could not think of her individually but associated her with Anne, the two sisters, she declared, being always together. One of them, she could not say which, had very prominent "front teeth." I suggested this would probably be Anne judging by the protrusion of the upper lip in Anne's portrait, but she could not confirm my supposition. She added, that she remembered Emily and Anne as being distinctly taller than Charlotte, which, of course, is no new information.

A correspondent points out to me that by a strange oversight I referred recently to Edgar Allan Poe's famous story, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, as "The Swing of the Pendulum." 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.

The future of the submarine, *B 11*, will be watched with great interest by the superstitious, for a horse-shoe, supplied to the commander by an admirer, has been placed on its bulkhead. The test, however, will not be a very convincing one, for the *B 11* was lucky long before the horse-shoe arrived, this being the boat which dived under the Dardanelles mines, did much damage, and returned safely. Such a charmed vessel hardly needed the assistance of a horse's cast foot gear.

One of the sights of London to-day—and a very melancholy one—is the arrival of the wounded at Charing Cross and their removal in ambulances to all the various hospitals awaiting them. I chanced to be near the station recently at half past one, in the midst of the luncheon hour, and joined a crowd which consisted almost wholly of youngish men. How many of them were disqualified for service I cannot, of course, say, but it seemed to me that here ought to be a recruiting incentive beyond any band of music.

Another sight just now is Cox's bank a little while after the boat train comes in, for this is the favourite bank with the services, and the first thought of an officer arriving sound in London for a rest is to collect some of the sinews of the other kind of war from a cashier. Travel-stained and trench-stained are many of them, but not until they have

"touched" Cox's do they think of Turkish baths and the other luxuries awaiting them.

Mr. Tussand's alleged intention of transferring the German Emperor to the Chamber of Horrors has merit, but what I should like to see established quickly in London is a war museum, which would be both instructive and profitable enough to be of real value to any charitable cause. There is talk as it is of adding to the museum in Whitehall certain proofs of atrocities, but my scheme would be far more elastic than that and would comprise every kind of exhibit of interest in the struggle.

Certainly some of the trench periodicals, both English and French, should have a place—and German too, if they could be obtained. Whether or not the Germans indulge in humour at the front I do not know, but both the French and English have been very light-hearted in these bellicose ephemerides. The mock advertisements have given them great opportunities.

I have been looking at a stray number of *Vogue*, the American fashion paper, and find it not only a most capable periodical of its kind, with a touch of Parisian distinction about it, but also very amusing. The way it sets out to teach civilization, so to speak, is most entertaining, and symptomatic too, and now that Europe is locked by Bellona, Americans must more and more tend to

intensive culture. In the "Answers to Correspondents," for example, a lady, having asked what is the correct size for dinner napkins, is told, "The correct size for dinner napkins is 27 in. by 27 in." Alas! for a young country that bows to the word "correct."

On the same page I find this: "When a young woman is travelling alone she should always register herself as 'Miss Marion Jones.' This is the one sort of occasion when it is correct for a woman to put the prefix 'Miss' or 'Mrs.' in signing her name." I hope that this absurd fallacy will not gain ground. As a matter of fact, every woman, married or single, when writing to a stranger, should prefix "Miss" or "Mrs." to her signature.

A gardening advertisement in the same paper indicates that some American gardens are going to be very self-conscious places. Among the articles which it offers and illustrates are these: "A painted singing bird to sing above a plant stick to the roses"; wooden "Munich figurines" of men and women, also on "plant sticks"; a coolie hat for "the lady of the garden" to put her flowers in "before the sun is up"; a cushion with an edging of basket, the one to kneel on while weeding, and the other to place weeds in; a red and white striped nest box which "the robin" will like because the red and white will "make him think of cherries" (which, as a matter of fact, robins do not eat); and the inevitable weather-vane.

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SCOTCH WHISKIES



YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY!

“BLACK & WHITE”
AND “RED SEAL”

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES ARE WELL-MATURED AND PERFECTLY BLENDED. THEIR VAST STOCKS IN SCOTLAND ENSURE AN UNFAILING SUPPLY OF THE SAME FAULTLESS QUALITY.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE NEW FASHIONS FOR THE SUMMER.

A Season's Review, by Olivia

The "leafy month," bringing with it "summer days that scarce dare breathe, they are so beautiful," brings also the prettiest period of dress of the whole year. Muslin frocks with ribbon sashes, shady hats and sun bonnets, and all the dainty *frou-frous* of high summer are things that have inspired the poets of all ages. It is the time of weddings and roses and all joyous things; the time when a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of dress. This summer, it is true, everything is tinged with sadness, and we have many other and sterner things to think of, but that is all the more reason that beauty should still "go beautifully," and that everything fair and beautiful should be more than ever brought into prominence and emphasised as an antidote to the great and hideous tragedy that is always at the back of our thoughts. There are some who treat the subject of dress just now as a purely frivolous one, but we would remind them that Ruskin, in one of his most iconoclastic tirades against frivolity, ranks the passion for dress, when not carried to excess, among the nobler passions—an overmastering desire for beauty which is "a stretching towards the stars."

War Conditions and the Shops

Strangely enough there has never been a time when fashions were more charming or the shops fuller of pretty and inexpensive things for our adornment than now, and we are grateful that it is so. To tell the truth, we owe our shops and big firms a great debt for keeping the flag flying as they have done since the beginning of the war in face of great difficulties. In no other country in Europe has "business as usual" been carried on as it has been in England, and it is the bounden duty of every British man and woman to uphold them by buying steadily without extravagance and without parsimony, and by paying promptly. It is one of the best ways of serving our country. As Mr. A. C. Benson somewhere says finely, "We must aim ever at more beauty and fulness of life; not at husbanding our resources with meagre economy but at spending generously and fearlessly, grasping experience firmly, nurturing zest and hope."

Little Changes

The coming of June is a signal for all kinds of welcome changes in our wardrobes. Even if one's clothes budget does not admit this year of many new dresses, yet there are the certain little additions that, if well chosen, will renew the youth of old toilettes and be a joy in themselves. The wise woman will at this juncture provide herself with one or two new hats of the shady, summery kind, one of the fascinating new pagoda parasols, some pairs of *mousquetaire* and light-coloured gloves, some fresh neck *frou-frous*, a silk petticoat or two, a flounced frock of taffeta, and a wee coatee; a few dresses in *Luvisca*, the delightful new silky fabric that can be washed, and some blouses, which have never been so charming as now. Everything points to the cotton frock and blouse assuming a position of supreme importance in the dress of the coming months, and they afford great scope for individuality in the little dainty touches they require to lift them out of the commonplace. A great feature of the more dressy cotton frock this summer will be its flounces of embroidered lawn and *broderie Anglaise*, and its wide bell-shaped sleeves edged with the same embroidery as the skirt. Scalloped edges will beautify many of the summer skirts, and be more appropriate to them than to dark-coloured cloth skirts.

A Charming Tea Gown of Lace and Peau-de-Sole

At Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's

Fashion's New Features

Foremost among the new features are, of course, the wide, short skirts measuring about three to four



The 1915 Summer Silhouette

yards round for outdoors, and anything from four to eight for indoor and evening wear. Silk braid is the most correct ornamentation for coats and skirts, and we remain faithful to the belted coats, but the newest models have belts which button on at the side seams, leaving the back plain. Coats are either very abbreviated or else quite long, and the shaped basque is favoured in some quarters. Printed linen waistcoats, buttoning with silver balls, are new additions that are distinctly alluring, and the high fanciful collar or deep frill of lawn is an indispensable adjunct of the outdoor coat of to-day. Taffeta frocks with plenty of fluffy and frilly petticoats underneath are "the thing" for afternoons, and chiffon or *crêpe de chine* for evenings, embroidered with gay ribbon-work. With them are worn the prettiest, wickedest cobweb silk stockings, often with filmy lace *motifs* inset down the instep, and Cinderella slippers made of gold or silver tissue and adorned with a tiny chiffon rosebud. Evening skirts of shaded tulle flounced from waist to hem are indescribably dainty for young girls, to whom fashion is this year especially kind.

The 1915 Coiffure

The drastic changes in the modes of the year have necessitated an entirely new *coiffure*. Like all its other fashions its hair-dressing of 1915 is characterised by that deceitful simplicity that looks so simple and yet is so difficult to attain. The extreme tightness and neatness, the severity of line, are all hard to achieve, and at the first attempt require the guidance and tuition of a master hand. Those who have not yet mastered the elusive art would do well to go to Messrs. Harrod's magnificent hair-dressing *salons* and be initiated into its mysteries. The woman endowed with lavish tresses will be somewhat intrigued as to where to put them, for no puffings or "artistic carelessness" are allowable. From the forehead the hair must be drawn tightly backwards and tucked away behind the head in cunning fashion. Curls are rigidly curtailed, one at most being allowed on one temple, and perhaps a little wilful wisp at either side, just in front of the ears, which saves the outline from being too hard. The *coiffure* of the moment is really a plagiarism from that of Marie Antoinette, without its extreme height, and *sans* puffings and cushions. It is, in fact, exaggeratedly simple, but the outline is much the same on an infinitely-reduced scale. For evening wear the hair may be lightly waved, but waving in the daytime is practically obsolete. A simple ornamental comb thrust in at the back of the head to keep the swathed hair in place is almost the only ornament seen.

Messrs. Harrod's Wonderful Hairdressing Salons

As we have just said, anyone in doubt about any question of the toilet cannot do better than avail themselves of the vast departments devoted to it at Messrs. Harrod's, where every assistant is a highly-trained expert in this especial branch, whether it be hair-dressing, manicure, massage, electrolysis, chiropody, hair-colouring, removing superfluous hair, or any other Sybarite art. It is probably no exaggeration to say that nowhere in Europe is greater space afforded or more skilled and concentrated knowledge brought to bear on these phases of the culture of the body which the ancient



A Lovely Transformation

From Messrs. Harrod's hairdressing salons

Greeks and Romans looked upon as second only in sacredness to the culture of the mind and of the soul, and in which we moderns do well to emulate them. The spacious *salons* are partitioned off into dainty and luxurious little boudoirs, where all the various aids to bodily comfort and beauty are administered and explained. They constitute a species of modern wing of the temple of *Æsculapius*, and their oracles are well worth consulting.



A Dainty Dinner Frock

In taffeta and embroidered net

HARRODS



NO matter how stylish the Tailor-Made, it could frequently be improved by wearing a smart collar or Feather Necklet. In Harrods' Made-Lace Department (Ground Floor) a really beautiful selection of Neckwear may always be seen.

The CONSTANCE.

Chic Tailor Bolero Suit. Copy of a French Model. Outlined with Silk Military Braid, with relief of colour. Fine Lawn at cuff, collarette, and front. In Navy and Black Gab Cords, also in Black and White Check with Braid.

7½ Gns.

In the Coat and Skirt Salon, First Floor.

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With the advent of the warm weather Natural Shantung Suits, similar in character to the garment illustrated, will be in great demand. These suits are adapted from the most exclusive Paris Models by our own highly-skilled men tailors, and are made in rich heavy Natural Silk, which tailors exceptionally well.

Smart Suit, as sketch, in best quality heavy-weight Natural Shantung Silk. Sacque Coat, and well-cut full Skirt, bound silk braid to match.

7½ Gns.

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The New Crêpe de Chine Blouse-coat

WE are introducing an entirely original and novel garment which we have named the "Blouse Coat." It is cut on particularly graceful lines, as the accompanying sketch illustrates, and is made in a heavy Crêpe de Chine in the following colours:—champagne, saxe, grey, vieux rose, wine, sand, black and ivory. It is equally suitable for light sports or house wear. Moderately priced at

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Layette Specialists.

Infant's New Wicker Cot,

4½

Guineas.

daintily trimmed with washing Scotch net, laurel design; Coverlet, satin quilted, covered with net, finished with fine Valenciennes lace, edging and quillings of satin ribbons and bows. Trimmed in our own workrooms.

Basket trimmed to match.
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Regent Street, London, W.

Comfortable from the Beginning

TO be comfortable in new boots from the first day onwards, to stand up and step out in them without ache or uneasiness, is what many a man must have sighed for, as something far beyond his reach, the particular luxury of those who buy made-to-measure boots at fabulous prices. Yet this is not so. A little care, a little personal attention about fit when in the shop, and he can be as well fitted in Delta as if he had been measured for them beforehand. For Delta are made in so many sizes that there actually is a size for his own particular foot, actually a made-to-measure boot for him at an extremely moderate price.

Letters

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Boots



Delta 21/-

For continuous all-day wear. To be obtained from agents everywhere.

Summer Toilettes at Messrs. Paquin's

Among the many beautiful things at Paquin's the blouses are among the 'cutest of creations. There is something so entirely out of the common about them. Some quaintly-shaped panel or yoke, some cunning manipulation of stripes, or whimsical collar stamps it and lifts it for ever out of the realm of the ordinary. One in "Linon Favorite, blanc et bleu de France" was an extraordinary clever mixture of the two colours, while another in citron-yellow inlet with white, and one in white piped in mauve, had their own individual and quite indescribable *cachet*. Frocks, very simple and yet distinguished, for river and country wear this summer, restaurant gowns, and the most elegant of coats and skirts richly braided, are specialties among the new clothes destined for the season's requirements. Those, by the way, who want to be sure of getting authentic Paquin

gowns should go for them to 39, Dover Street, which is the only address at which they can really be obtained. It has been brought to the notice of Messrs. Paquin that gowns are being sold as Paquin models at various other places which are not authentic, and they are anxious that readers of THE SPHERE should be warned against buying so-called Paquin creations anywhere except at the Dover Street house.

Smart Wrap Coats

The smart wrap coat for wearing over fragile summer frocks has come to be looked upon as one of the most indispensable of garments. At the Regent Street House of Peter Robinson I have just seen an infinite variety of every kind of slip-on coat in moiré, satin, and taffeta. Very elegant is the one sketched on this page. It is of black taffeta edged with rucheing, and its price is 6½ guineas.



An Elegant Taffeta Coat
(6½ Guineas)
At the Regent Street House of
Peter Robinson

These wraps are made in all lengths, some wee coats in moiré or taffeta with high collar at the back, faced with white or black and white, piped seams, and all kinds of dainty touches giving them distinction, are 2½ guineas. A stately three-quarter coat in black moiré with a broad belt girdling the hips is £3 7s. 6d. An ideally graceful wrap for an elderly lady is of soft black satin, gathered finely into a broad band somewhere in the vicinity of the knees, and finished with a flounce. A very deep square collar of fine black lace is draped over the shoulders and weighted at the four corners with fringed tassels. Dust coats in shantung, faced with various colours, irreproachably tailored and extremely smart, range from 35s. 6d. to 6½ guineas in price.

Lovely Tea Gowns at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's

There can be no doubt that the tea gown is one of the most alluring garments of the day. In all its loveliest expressions it is to be found at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, who devote a whole department to it. The spell of real summer weather has made one's thoughts turn more and more to these fairy garments. A lovely model of a Worth design is in silver-grey satin, over the shoulders of which fall shimmering draperies of lace embroidered with silver and finished with crystal tassels. A bunch of Parma violets at the waist gives a harmonious touch of colour. A Saxe-blue satin—a Callot copy—has an under dress of gold lace and two stole-like ends which cross over in front and form both bodice and sash, tying in a graceful knot behind, while another distinguished model in turquoise and silver-brocaded ninon hangs straight from throat to hem, just gathered in slightly at the hips, and has the new bell-shaped sleeves of lace worked in silver. Among the simpler models are some in delightful flowered chiné silk with double-tiered skirt and crossover bodices at 98s. 6d., and others in cotton voile with a pannier effect at the sides and chemisette and square collar of lace for 49s. 6d. In the *lingerie* department are the most entrancing of new Princess petticoats, fragile cobwebby affairs of soft satin, shadow lace, and ninon at 98s. 6d., for evening wear, and all manner of charming petticoats and camisole-petticoats of original design for the day-time. Night gowns are dreams of beauty and daintiness. Some delicious "nighties" of triple ninon hemmed with net showed the fineness of the material thrown into relief by the reticence of the trimming. These were priced 29s. 6d. Ladies' pyjamas in crêpe de chine and radium silk, made in Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's own workrooms, are very attractive, and the galaxy of exquisite boudoir caps is quite irresistible. The two very smart hats inset in the heading of page ii are from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's millinery department.

Coats for Hard Wear at Messrs. Elvery's

Even our clothes nowadays have to be made with a view to active service. The stout overcoat that will stand any amount of hard wear and withstand the wet is the thing that everybody wants just now. Such workaday garments—carefully thought out and designed for absolute comfort and yet well-tailored and wearing a certain air of distinction—are the speciality of Messrs. Elvery of 31, Conduit Street, to whom one may safely go for anything and everything of a waterproof description, assured that it will turn out to be all that is claimed for it. The smart coat sketched by our artist on this page is one of their latest designs in superfine covert-coating, cut on the newest lines. One of its chief features is its long roll-collar, cunningly made to turn up closely to the throat in wet weather, and yet "set" perfectly the while. The sleeves are easy-fitting and the belt comes from the side seams or goes all the way round, according to taste. A wondrously adaptable garment altogether! Another *genre*, in a dark covert mixture, in light fawn or steel grey, at 2 guineas, has a high military collar and can, if desired, be buttoned right up to the chin or worn with open fronts. Then there is the coat of "Elvery" triple-proofed cashmere twill, with detachable all-round belt, two patch pockets, easy-slipping sleeves, adaptable collar, the acme of practicality, in all neutral shades, at 48s. 6d.; and yet another coat, built in all details like a man's, triple-proofed, and lined with triple proof, warranted to stand any amount of wear, for 2½ guineas. Messrs. Elvery's leather slips for motoring and their "feather-weight" silk waterproofs in no fewer than ten different sizes still at the old price of 2 guineas are now too famous to require mention in detail.



A Smart Waterproof Coat
At Messrs. Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W.

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NEW TOILETTES and MILLINERY for the SUMMER SEASON

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BACK & LEG RESTS. CORDED
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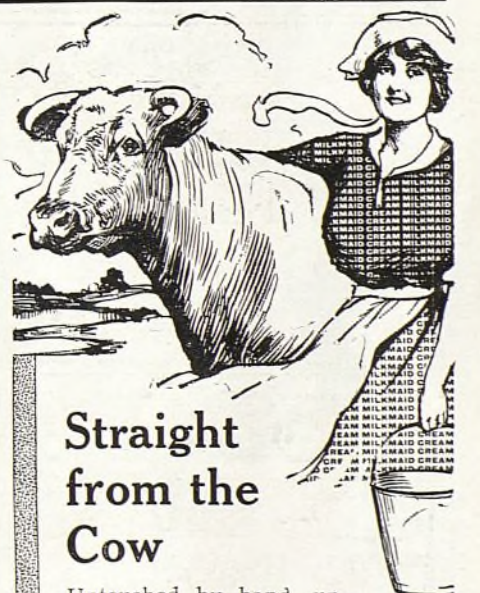
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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

I would again draw attention to the Flying Services Fund, originated by M. André Michelin (chairman of the Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd.), which is under the administration of the Royal Aero Club. The fund is for the benefit of officers and men of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps who are incapacitated on active service, and for the widows and dependents of those who are killed.

Although some £8,000 has already been collected, largely from persons directly concerned or interested in aviation, the general public has not yet given the fund the support it so richly deserves. Hardly a day passes but some brilliant feat is carried out by the flying services, and although the casualties have so far been relatively small it is more than probable that many further additions will be made before we attain the final victory. Subscriptions should be forwarded to the Flying Services Fund, 166, Piccadilly, London, W.

A map has been prepared by the Automobile Association and Motor Union to indicate the stretches of main roads which have been extensively damaged by military traffic, and which motorists should avoid as far as possible. The association has been in communication with the county surveyors concerned, and there appears to be little prospect of any appreciable improvement in these routes during war time. Considerable sums are being spent in temporary repairs to maintain the roads in "passable" condition. In the neighbourhood of the military camps roads of lesser importance have also suffered much damage.

The accompanying illustration of a Wolseley car in use at

the front has been sent from "Somewhere in France." It is stated by the driver that this car has been in constant use with the forces since August last, and that he has "driven it thousands of miles over most fearful roads, shell-torn and traffic-torn, in fact, roads one would

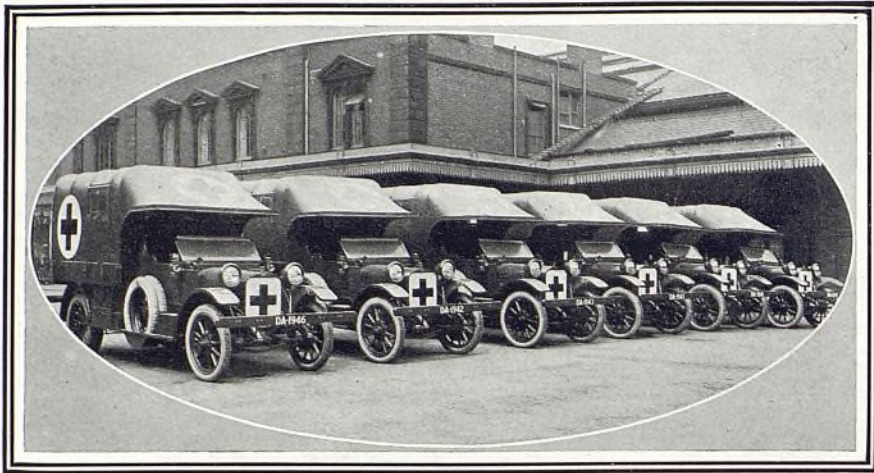
hardly venture to drive a horse and trap over in England, but she is still going strong."

I illustrate one of the 25-h.p. Vauxhall cars which are doing so well in military use at the front. In sending the picture the driver of the car writes: "I have done about 15,000 miles and have only had to grind the valves in once. In fact, we have had no time to attend to it, it being out night and day, and it is surprising how it has stood these rough roads. Last week was the first time it had a bath, being down at the base for a few days' rest. It is the most comfortable car I have driven, and I have now had fourteen years' experience driving all makes of cars. The generals and other officers who have ridden in my car always congratulate me on my fine car before leaving. The wings are still intact, despite the weight carried."

A first consignment of twenty-one special 20-h.p. Sunbeam ambulances was recently supplied to the Admiralty. The chassis is standard, but the following special features are worth noticing. Protecting buffers are fitted fore and aft, side windows have been arranged in the body, and boards are carried at the side for use in the event of the car

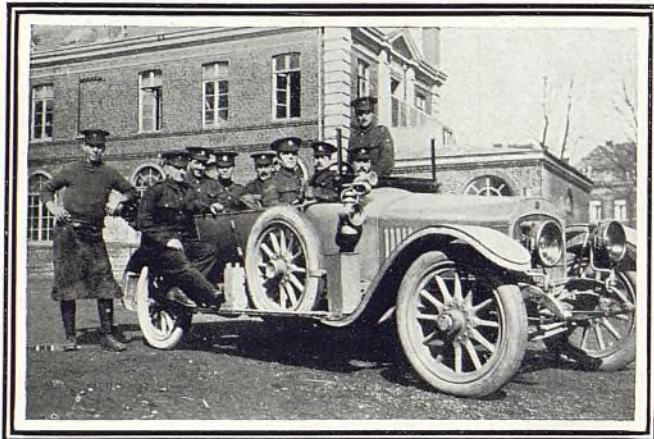
getting stuck in muddy ground, and the rear wheels are fitted with twin tyres. The cars have electric headlights and oil side lamps.

The Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., asks me to give publicity to the fact that the statement which has appeared in certain journals to the effect that the prices of Dunlop tyres are increased 10 per cent. is absolutely erroneous. It is in the prices of motor and cycle sundries only that the company was obliged to make the increase.

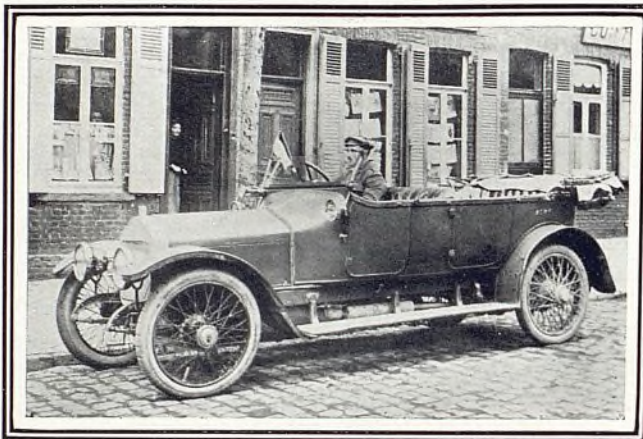


A Group of Sunbeam Ambulance Cars for the Admiralty

Note the buffers in front and at the rear



A Vauxhall Car which has Done 15,000 Miles at the Front



A Wolseley Car which has Been on Active Service in France Since August



What was the matter with Nero?

We know now. Rome wouldn't have burned, and all would have been happier, if he had had Cockle's Pills.

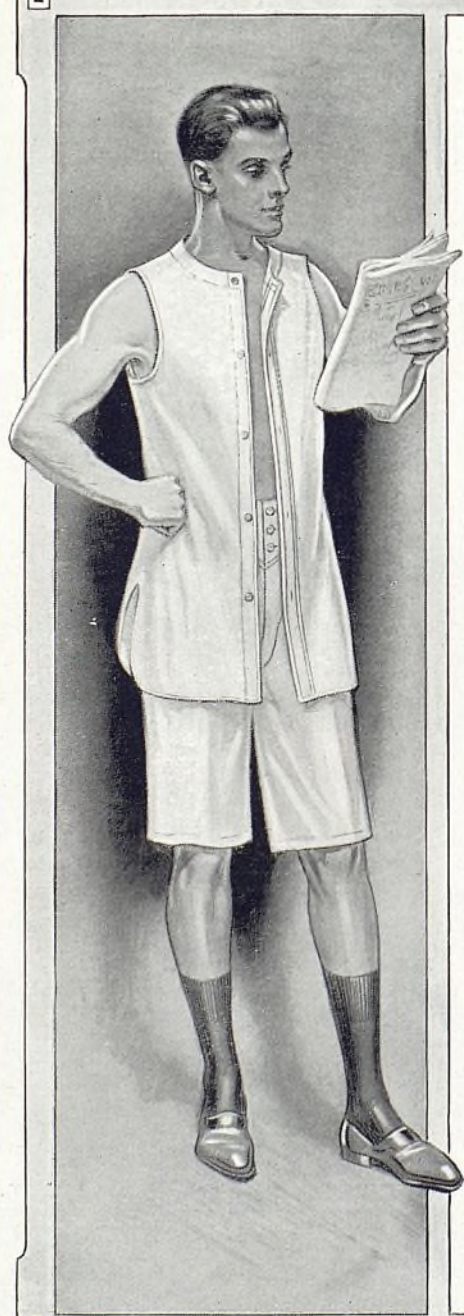
The same internal reasons that made him cheerful or depressed are the reasons that make **you** cheerful or depressed. If your digestion is faulty, if wastes and poisons accumulate in the system, your outlook

on life becomes poisoned too. All gloomy and vindictive people are constipated. Poor old Nero might have been as cheery and kindly as **you** are, if he could have had—as easily as **you** can get them—

Cockle's Pills

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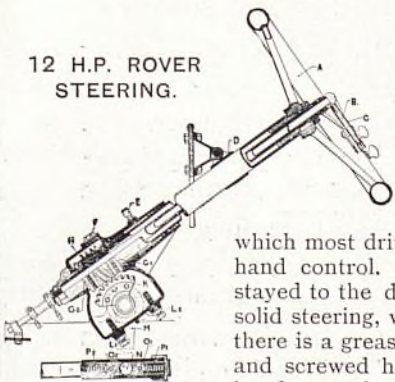
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THE FAMOUS

12 h.p. ROVER

£350



On this is shown the large diameter steering wheel "A," with the control levers "B" for the throttle, and "C" for the ignition. The ignition lever "C," which very seldom requires any adjustment, is made the shorter, while the throttle control lever "B" is the one nearest to the hand when placed on the steering wheel. In addition to the control lever "B" there is a foot-operated accelerator pedal, which most drivers of the car will use in preference to the hand control. It will be seen that the steering column is stayed to the dash by means of a bush "D," ensuring a stiff, solid steering, with an absence of vibration or whip. At "E" there is a grease lubricator, which should be frequently filled and screwed home, while a plentiful supply of grease should be frequently put into the worm gear box through the

screwed cap "F." "G" 1 and 2 show the ball bearings on the top and bottom of the worm "H," which take up the end thrust from the worm when operating the sector "K." "L" 1 and 2 are two adjustable bolts, which are so adjusted in our works that the steering angle is as great as possible without wheels coming in contact with the wings or frame.

The steering arm "M" is provided with a ball "N," situated between two blocks "O" 1 and 2, which are held in position by springs "P" 1 and 2. The most frequent cause of a strained steering is when the car is being turned on full lock, and the wheels hit some obstruction; a slight alteration of steering is then taken up by these springs "P" 1 and 2. The Rover steering, therefore, consists of a worm "H" of hardened steel (its thrust top and bottom taken up by ball bearings "G" 1 and 2), operating a sector "K" with all special jars on the steering taken up by the springs "P" 1 and 2, so that the owner of a Rover may have the greatest confidence in this important part of the car.

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