

THE SPHERE

JUNE



26, 1915.

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With which is incorporated
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Volume LXI. No. 805.

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London, June 26, 1915

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DRAWN BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK

FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT R. A. J. WARNEFORD, V.C.—KILLED AT BUC AERODROME, THURSDAY, JUNE 17.

Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford's brilliant feat in destroying a Zeppelin in the air, whereby he won the Victoria Cross and the warm admiration of the British nation, will long remain in memory as one of the great deeds of the war. His tragic death occurred at the Buc Aerodrome on Thursday afternoon, June 17, shortly after he had been rewarded with the V.C. and the French Legion of Honour. He had been ordered to fly back to Dunkirk to resume work there; accompanying him was Mr. Henry Needham, an American journalist. The machine had only risen about 700 ft. when it suddenly fell to earth, throwing out Mr. Warneford and his passenger, who were killed instantaneously. He is here seen standing in front of the machine on which he accomplished his great exploit—a Morane-Saulnier "parasol."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE SPHERE

An Illustrated
Newspaperfor the
Home.

London, June Twenty-sixth, 1915.

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Applicants will please specify whether they desire English or French periodicals.

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- WAR EDITION OF THE FLEET ANNUAL AND NAVAL YEAR BOOK, 1915. Compiled by Lionel Yekley. With Illustrations. 1s. net. ("The Fleet" Office.)

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AN area seven times the size of Belgium has been ravaged three times by the Germans. Millions are homeless and starving. Old men and women have lost the roofs over their heads, and when children stretch out their thin arms crying for bread, their mothers can only answer with tears.

The spectre of hunger has cast its withering hands over the vast land between the Niemen and the Carpathians. Workmen have lost their work, for all the workshops and factories are shut. The plough is rusting for want of use, for the labourer has been robbed of tools and seed. Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

HAS POLAND THE RIGHT TO YOUR HELP?

Yes; every nation has this right in the name of humanity. But Poland has the right also in the name of her historic past. During centuries Poland was the messenger of progress, the defender of the oppressed. Wherever great disaster struck the peoples, bringing hunger and need, Polish offerings flowed thither. Let the Polish towns and villages spring to life again from their ruins! Let Polish hearts know other feelings than pain, let the voice of Poland not only speak in a sigh! Let Polish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears!

By contributing to the GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND
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(THE SENIOR FUND FOR RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN POLAND.)Also, by helping Poland you will be able to show your practical admiration for the
splendid part played in this war by our Ally, great, brotherly Russia.

Twenty Shillings will keep twenty people from starvation for a week.

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When Irish eyes are smiling.

Words by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & GEO. GRAFF, Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.



A Serious Competitor with "Tipperary" at the Front

"When Irish Eyes are Smiling"—an extremely catchy tune which is familiar to most Londoners—has to a certain extent challenged "Tipperary" in popularity at the front. Its original melody and strong undercurrent of emotion appeal strongly to Tommy's fancy. All up-to-date regiments are humming it.



Count Peter Benckendorff

Son of the Russian Ambassador in London, who has been killed in action near Kovno. He was thirty years of age, and was colonel in a Russian cavalry regiment.

THE WEEK'S FIGHTING IN FRANCE

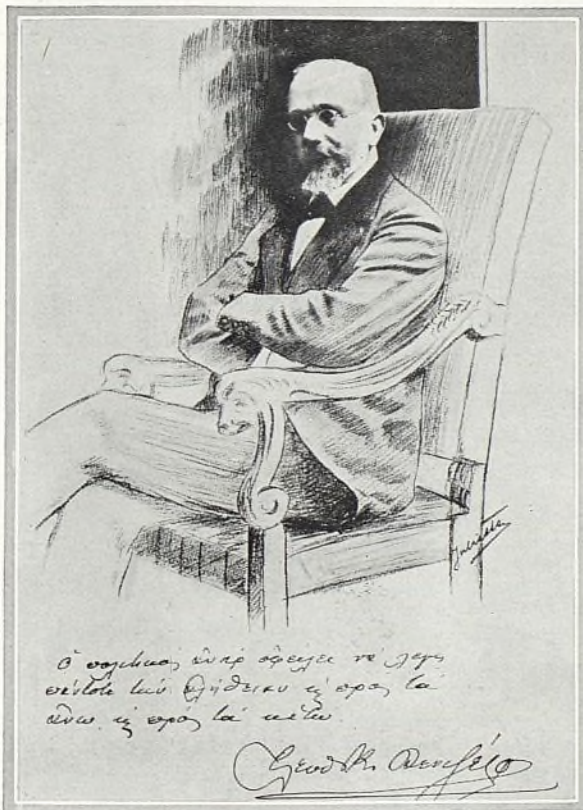
How Progress is Being Maintained Along the Whole Line

The struggle for the possession of Souchez is at last drawing to a successful close. The French are now in partial occupation of the town and are gradually fighting their way eastward through the village streets in the direction of their ultimate objective—Lens. Buval Bottom—Hell's Mouth as it is called—a ravine on the slopes of Notre Dame de Lorette, is also, after fighting of the most sanguinary character, in French hands.

The Germans have, it is computed, eleven divisions in this region; this would in all probability represent a force of between 150,000 and 200,000 men. The French, as opposed to these, have a total of over 300,000. Artillery was massed in huge numbers by both sides, and so intense was the artillery fire which preluded the final French infantry attacks that nearly 300,000 shells were spent in two days alone.

The present position in Souchez village is extremely complicated. Every house has been converted into a veritable fortress; cupolas of armoured steel, sheltering guns of all kinds, blockhouses protected by sand-bags and armour-plate, machine-guns in every commanding position, are but some of the difficulties the French will have to overcome before the road to Lens is clear to them.

Since this titanic struggle for Souchez started the French have captured more war



M. Eleutherius Venizelos

During the recent elections the above portrait of the former Prime Minister of Greece was circulated throughout Greece. The words at the bottom are from a speech of his in the Chamber, and the following is the translation: "A statesman must always say the truth to those above and those below." His signature follows.

booty than was even captured at the battle of the Marne. Over 10,000 Germans have been made prisoners, and the number of enemy losses must be overwhelming.

The British Front

Meanwhile, along the British front there has been a great renewal of activity at Festubert and Hooge. At Festubert a British artillery attack of extraordinary violence was launched, and under cover of this a general move forward was begun; as a result of the fierce German counter-attacks, however, the captured ground was not held, and the infantry fell back to their original line. At Hooge an advance along a front of half-a-mile was made and the German first line trenches were captured; whilst still nearer, towards Ypres, both the first and second line enemy trenches were captured. During these latter operations 157 Germans were captured.

The Advance in Alsace

There is one other successful movement forward to chronicle—Metzeral, in the Ficht valley, has been captured by the French after very severe fighting. According to the German version they were compelled to evacuate the town after it "had been completely demolished by the French artillery." During the subsequent progress beyond Metzeral 150 prisoners were captured. The significance of this latest move in Alsace lies in the fact that the French are now only about four miles from Munster, and will doubtless shortly obtain command of the railway from Metzeral to Colmar and Neu Breisach, which will render an advance on these towns and on Munster correspondingly easier.



Khaki-clad Undergraduates Entering the Senate House at Cambridge



After the Conferring of the Degrees at Cambridge on Saturday Last

A memorable scene was witnessed at Cambridge on Saturday last on the occasion of the conferring of degrees on successful students. The number of those who received the ordinary B.A. degree was 135, and of these about 40 per cent. appeared in khaki; many of the men received their degrees under the allowances made by the Senate. A cordial welcome was given the soldier-undergraduates, those wounded being especially well received. The above views show scenes outside the Senate House of the University.

WITHIN the FRENCH LINES at NEUVILLE ST. VAAST,



French Commissariat Service Kitchen Behind the First Line Trenches in the Neighbourhood of Neuville St. Vaast

The thoroughness of the preparations for the French attacks around Neuville St. Vaast has aroused the admiration of all who know the difficulties with which armies in the field have to contend. Not only has the army in the field to be kept well supplied with ammunition—the thing of first importance—but it has also to be supplied with various other materials, and has to be fed. Some idea of the importance of the commissariat department may be gathered from the above busy encampment, where meals are prepared for the fighters in the first line trenches near Neuville St. Vaast.



Barrier of Building Stone Constructed by the Germans to Delay the French Advance in Neuville St. Vaast

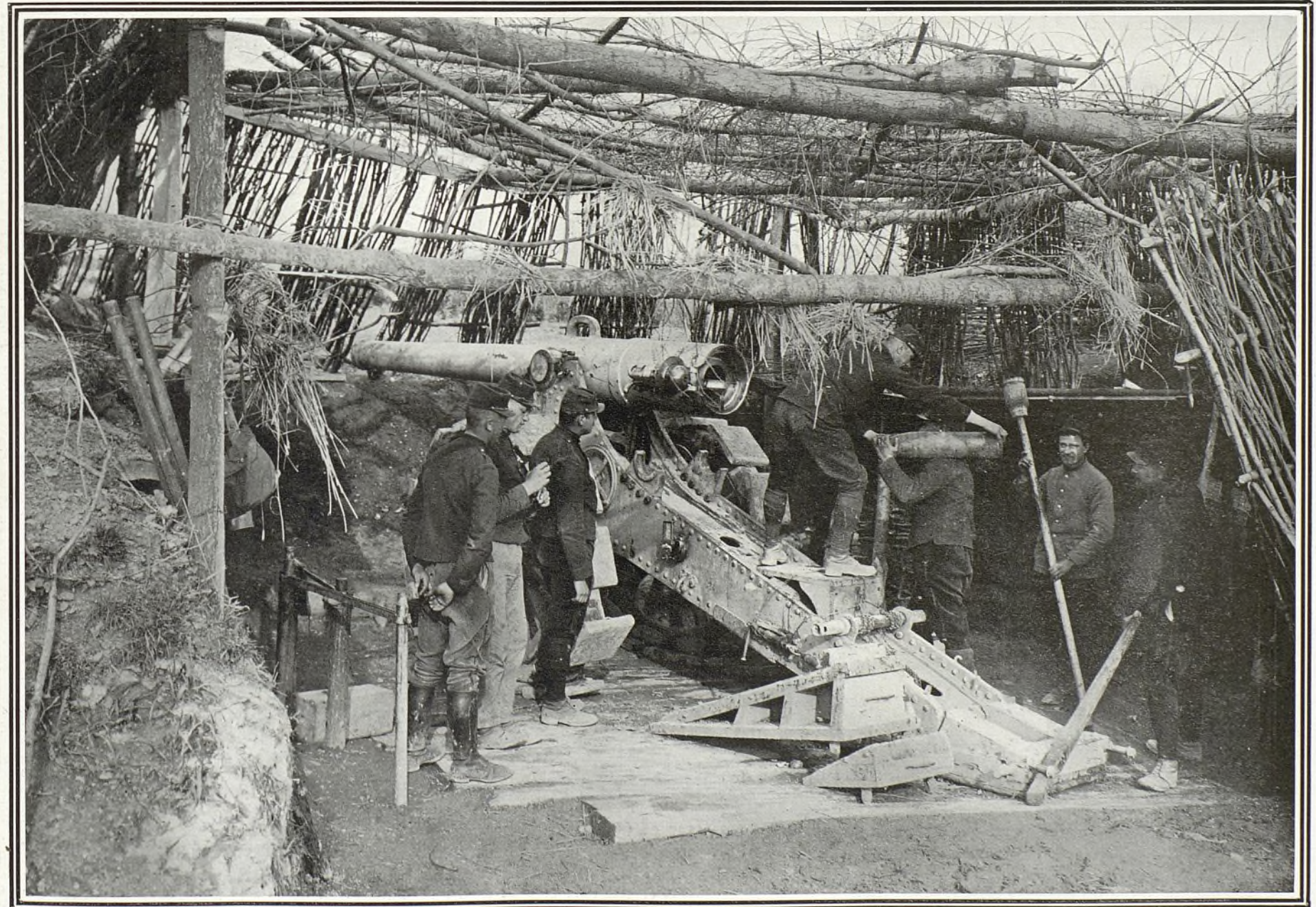
Neuville St. Vaast, which only very recently fell to the French, is a small village situated some four miles due north of Arras, between this latter place and Lens. The fighting here, and a little further to the east, in "the Labyrinth," has been of the most violent nature. Every device was resorted to by the Germans to hold up the French advance—houses were converted into miniature fortresses, machine guns were posted in commanding positions to sweep whole streets, even cupolas, sheltering guns beneath them, were erected. The above barricade is only one of many constructed by the Germans in a vain endeavour to check the French advance in the streets of Neuville. In "the Labyrinth" itself even greater obstacles than these were encountered in every lane and on every road.

near ARRAS : First Official Photographs of the French Army.



Soldiers' Graves in the Cemetery at Marœuil, Behind the Fighting Line near Arras

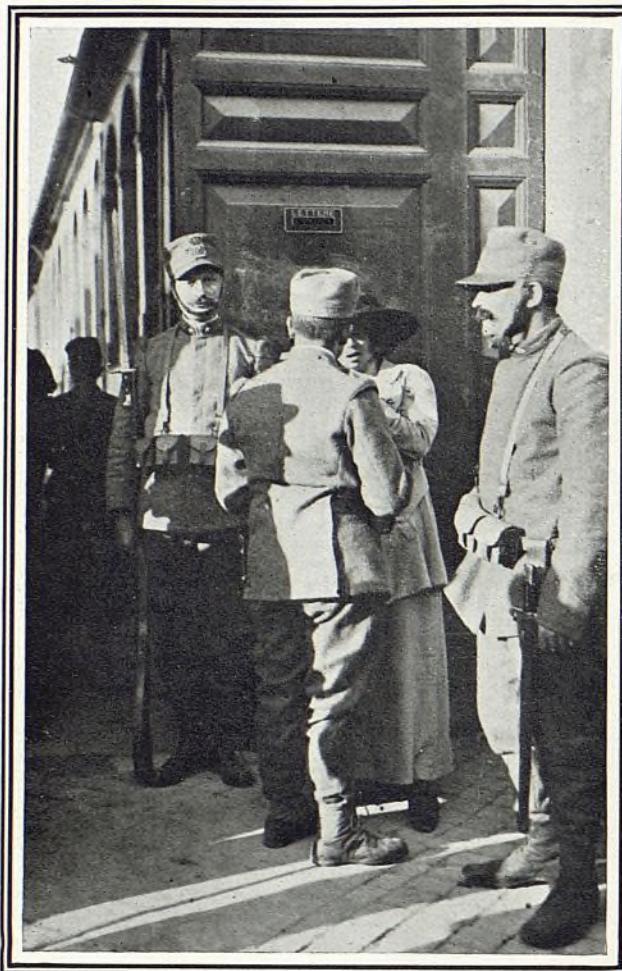
The advance of the French at Neuville St. Vaast and Souchez was not, as may be well imagined, allowed to proceed without desperate resistance from the enemy. But if the toll of French dead was heavy—and indeed it was—that of the Germans was particularly so. Marœuil, where many of the French dead are interred, is a small village about three miles to the north-west of Arras; the cemetery stands on a slight eminence actually overlooking the scene of much furious fighting. From this point to the village of Neuville St. Vaast, where the gallant dead fell, is about four miles.



A French 155-mm. Gun in Position Within the French Lines at St. Aubin, near Arras

The part of the heavy gun in modern warfare is of paramount importance. In fact, competent critics have declared more than once that, given otherwise equal conditions, the side possessing the bigger and better guns must surely come out victorious. Around Souchez, more to the north, to take a case in point, the French expended in two days no fewer than 300,000 shells in an endeavour to clear the way for infantry attacks. St. Aubin, where the French heavy gun, seen above, was located, is a tiny village—hardly more than a collection of houses—between Arras and Marœuil. From here, however, a range of fire over the whole countryside, from Bailleul to Neuville, obtained. When recoiling the whole of the 155-mm. gun, shown above, runs back on to the sloping wooden stops. One man is carrying the heavy shell on his shoulder. Another standing on a little wooden platform rams the shell into the barrel.

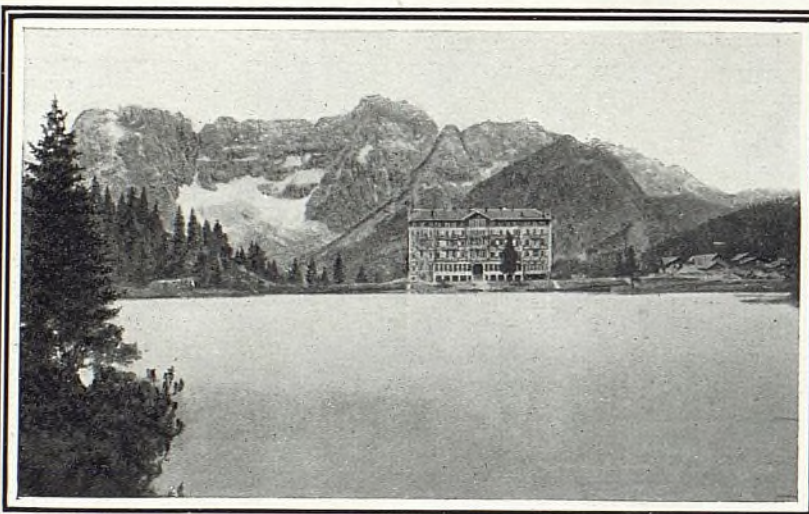
THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF ITALY:



A Last Family Talk
Before the soldier marches for the mountains



ITALIAN INFANTRY MARCHING TOWARDS THEIR DEPÔT.

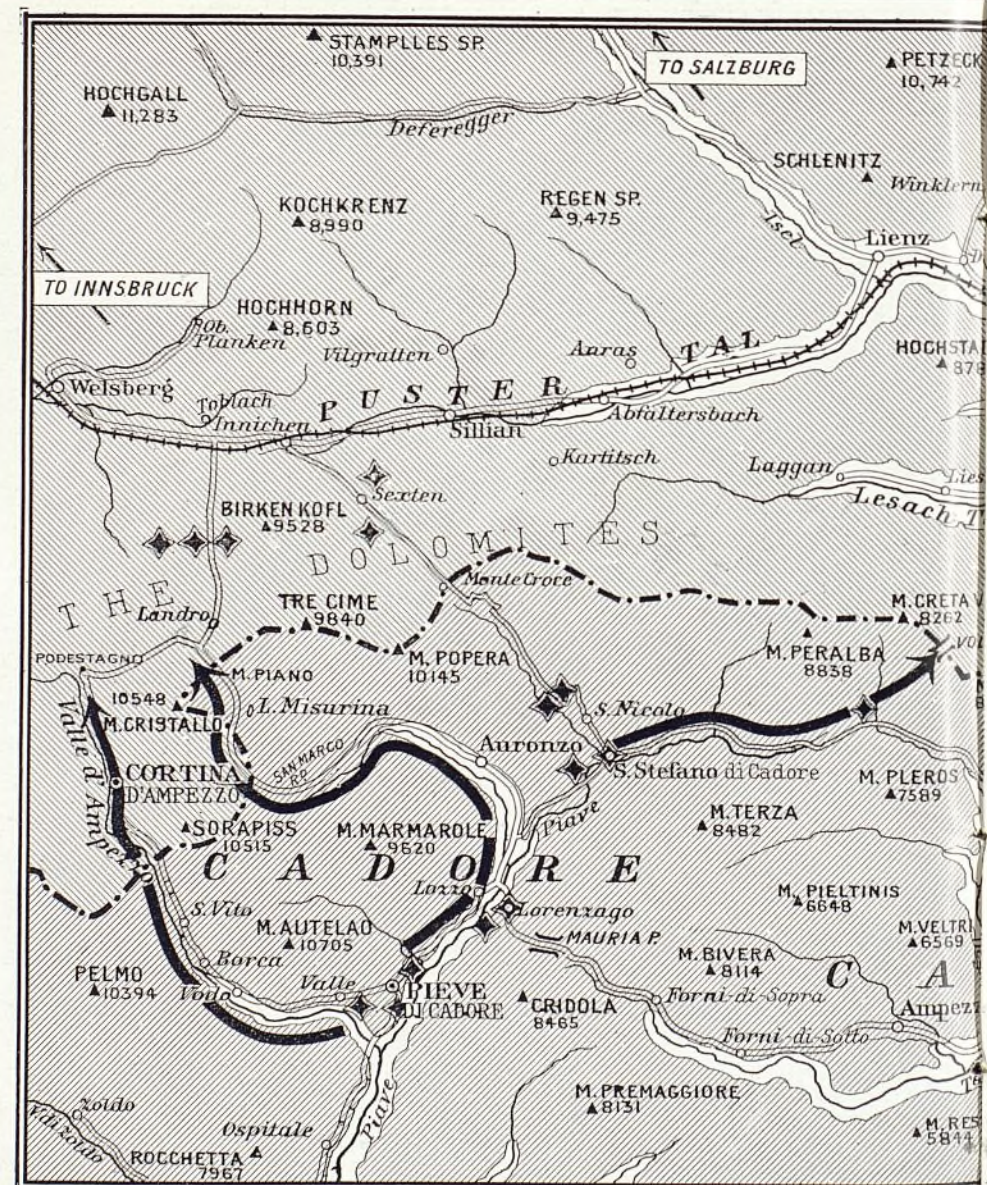


Lake Misurina—whence the Italians have Advanced to Monte Piano
This lake is a very favourite spot with tourists to the region of the Dolomites. The wooded slopes and the rugged limestone peaks beyond make a very beautiful picture



From Cristallino Looking Towards Toblach

Showing the gorge through which the Italians will have to proceed to reach the Toblach valley from Cortina and thence to Franzensfeste. This will give some idea of the rugged country in which the Alpini are operating



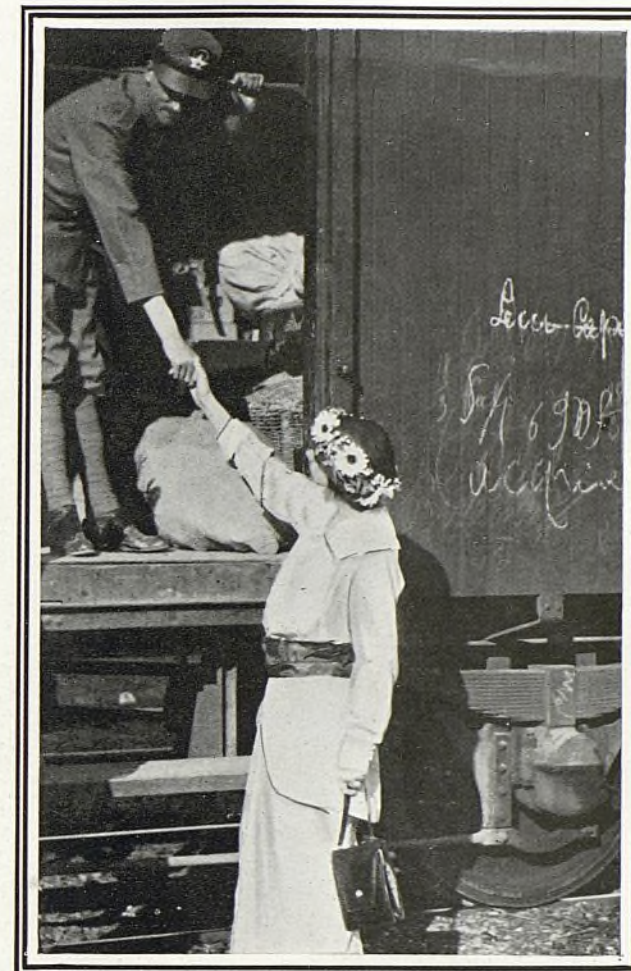
WHERE THE ITALIANS ARE ATTACKING

The above map has been prepared to show the five lines of attack which the Italians are making against the Austrian positions over their northern frontier. Last week we illustrated the eastern frontier of the Adriatic up to the vicinity of Tarvis; we now continue the frontier from the neighbourhood of that point due west towards the Dolomites. It will be noticed that the main feature beyond the political boundary is the valley of the Gail, which lies between the frontier and the more important railway valley of the Drave. The five main lines of attack are indicated by black arrows. The one on the right is by way of the railway to Pontebba against the fortress of Malborghetto, which in the early days of this week was being bombarded by the Italians. Moving westward, we see another line of attack from Tolmezzo up the Chiaro valley towards the Valentin Pass, the main approaches to which have been captured after heavy fighting. Proceeding westward, the next arrow indicates the line of attack in the direction of the Volaja Pass. This attack

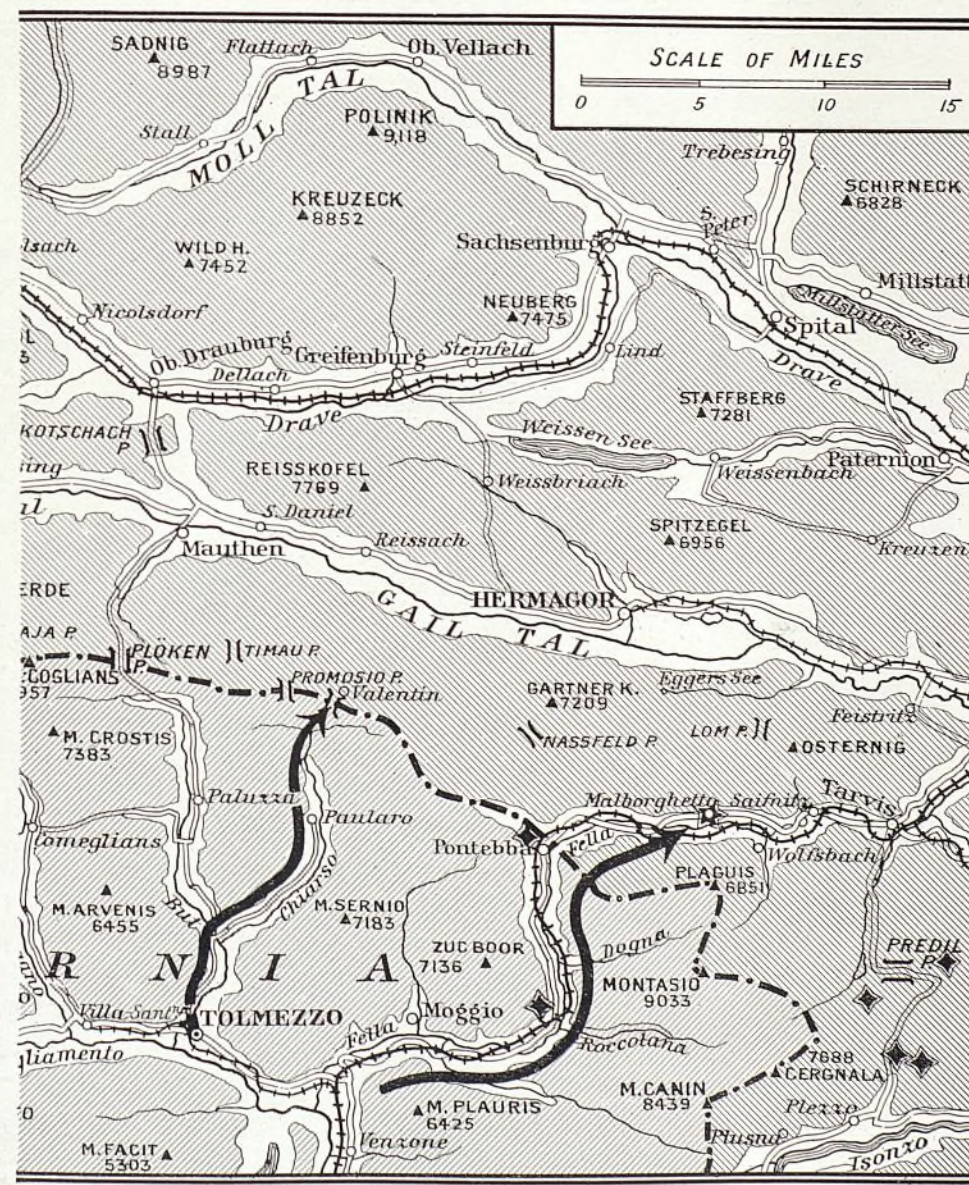
The Five Chief Lines of Attack Between the Malborghetto Fortress on the East and the Ampezzo Valley on the West.



EACH MAN CARRYING HIS BUNDLE OF BELONGINGS

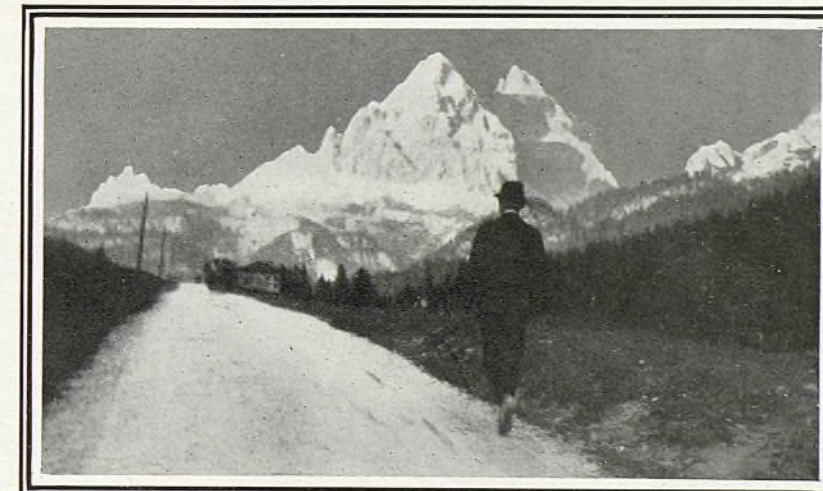


A Farewell Grasp of the Hand
As the train leaves for the front



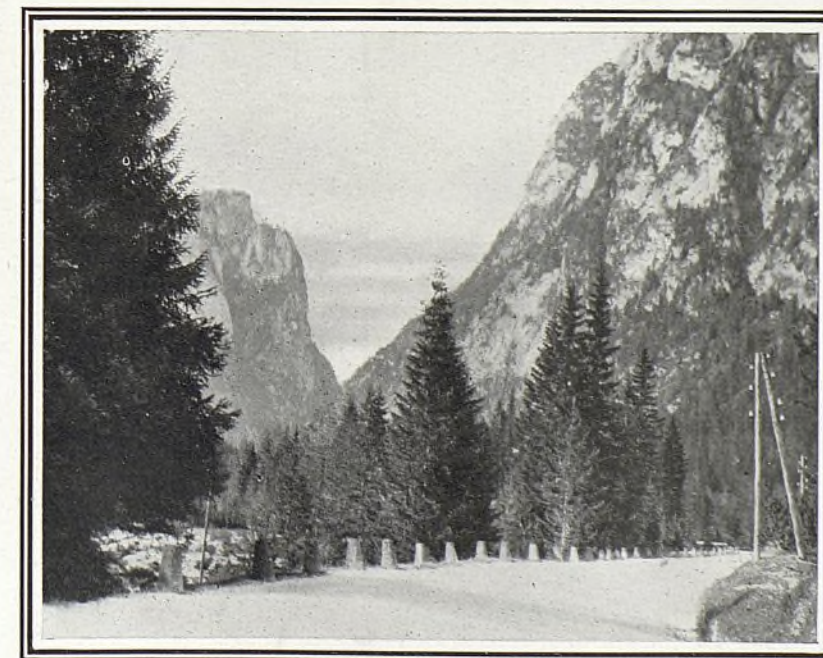
BY WAY OF THEIR NORTHERN FRONTIER

is taking place in very rocky ground served by rough roads and tracts. The mountains here rise to nearly 9,000 ft. Still further westward we reach the district of the Dolomites, that mass of magnesium limestone which nature has worn into such imposing and sometimes fantastic shapes. One line of attack is following the San Marco road past Lake Misurina to Monte Piano having as an objective the village of Landro and the Toblach valley. The fifth line of attack is following the valley of Pieve di Cadore over the frontier into the valley of the Ampezzo. The picturesque town of Cortina d'Ampezzo is already in the hands of the Italians. All these attacks are taking place in country which only highly-trained mountain troops could negotiate. The two mountain districts of Italy with which this map is concerned are those of Cadore and Carnia. The positions of several Austrian fortresses on the Sexten plateau and in the vicinity of the valley leading towards Toblach will be found indicated on the map.



Two Peaks of Tre Cime de Lavaredo

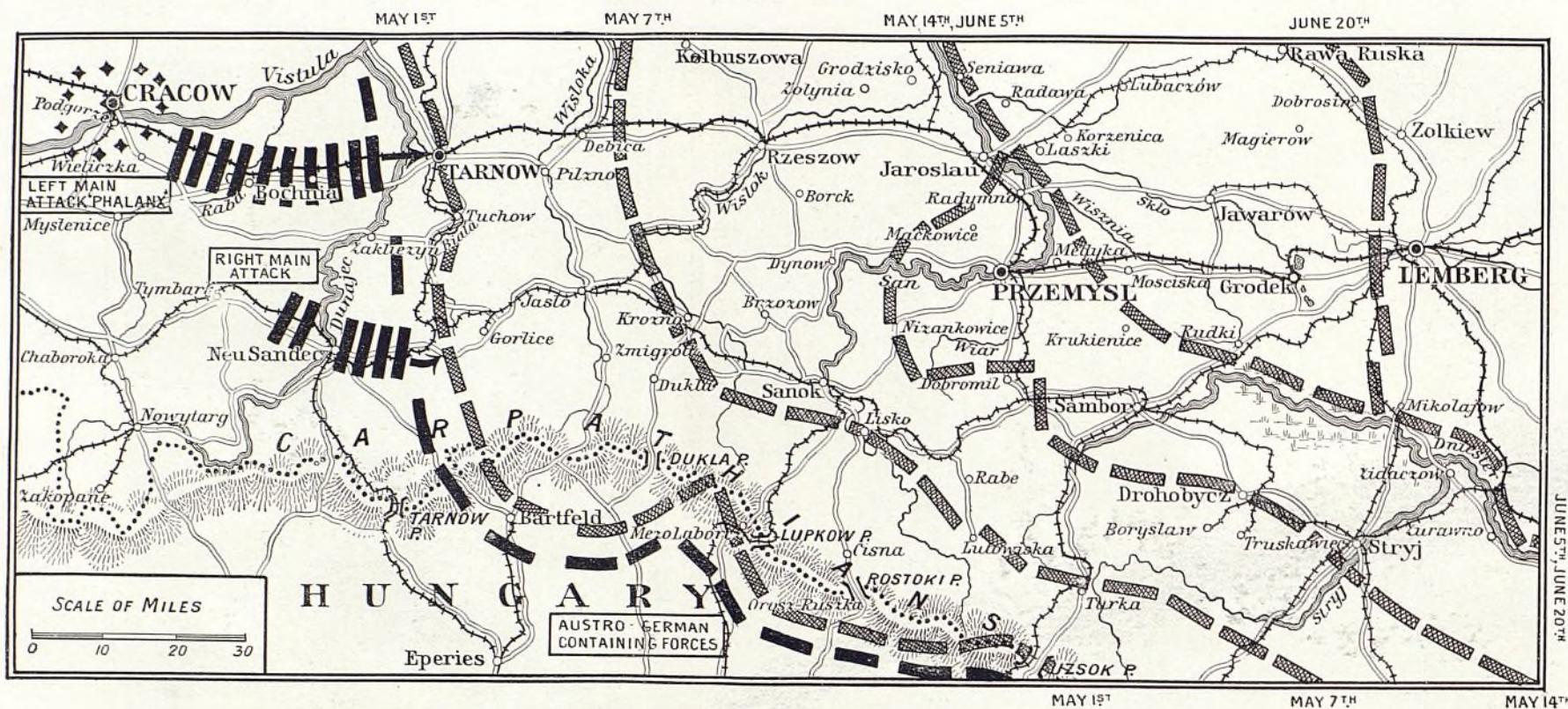
Seen from the San Marco Road. Beyond can be seen the summit of Monte Piano, just reached by the Italians



The Dolomitenstrasse Outside Landro

Landro is a pretty village on the road from the frontier towards Toblach. The Dolomitenstrasse, which is here illustrated, is a well-made road which twists its way round great limestone bluffs

SEVEN WEEKS of FIGHTING in GALICIA.



THE RUSSIAN RETREAT THROUGH GALICIA SHOWN IN FIVE STAGES

This map has been specially prepared to show the successive stages of the gradual Russian evacuation of Central Galicia. The Russian lines are shown shaded

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT IN GALICIA

How Our Ally is Faring. By Edward Foord

At the present moment the Russians in Central Galicia have, after a slow retreat extending over nearly two months, fallen back from their original defensive line along the river Dunajec to the suburbs of Lemberg; and the evacuation of that important city would seem to be inevitable. On the north the armies of General von Mackensen have reached Rawarska and Zolkiew; and the Russian general line is now just to the westward along the Czezerok rivulet. North and west of the positions before Lemberg the Russian armies stretch in a shallow curve to the old Galician frontier and the Lysa Gora Hills in southern Poland, where they link up with the line in advance of Warsaw. To the south the Russians are stationed along the Dniester as far as the frontier of Bessarabia. Here they appear to be holding their own with some success, though the thrusting back of their line to the west of Lemberg will also involve the drawing in of that along the Dniester.

In appearance, judging only from the map, our Allies have sustained very severe reverses. Judging from the Austro-German bulletins they have been crushingly defeated. The journals of Berlin and Vienna are full of imposing lists of prisoners and captured material of war, and decorations have been distributed broadcast to the successful generals. It is clear that the Russians have fallen back in places nearly 150 miles, and have abandoned several important places, including the now ruined fortress of Przemyśl.

But a careful study of the position involves modification of the views that ordinarily prevail. Whatever the Russian losses may have been their armies are still to all appearance intact as armies; and, though continually in retreat, they are obviously maintaining an obstinate resistance. And there are other points to be considered. During the last few days the Russians have fallen back rather rapidly west of Lemberg, while holding firm upon the Dniester. The Grodek position, which was expected to have been firmly held, has been evacuated with little fighting.

All this is somewhat suspicious. Russian communications do not lay stress upon desperate lack of ammunition, and, as there is no evidence that the troops are broken or demoralised, it is suggested that the Grand Duke Nicholas is deliberately drawing his opponents on in order to develop a decisive counter attack at the right moment. It may be regarded as certain that he would not for a moment hesitate temporarily to evacuate Lemberg if by so doing he could the more easily carry out his strategic designs. The idea is, that by drawing the Austro-German masses to the east of Lemberg, they will find themselves in a difficult country much intersected by river valleys. These all run north and south towards the Dniester and afford excellent positions for staying frontal advances, while at the same time, owing to their direction, they offer no protection against flanking attacks from the northward.

If the Germans were attacked and defeated in this region and forced to retreat, their position would be very serious. They would find their retrograde march interrupted, first by the string of lakes about Grodek, and next by the marshes of the Wiszka and the Upper Dniester. That these ideas are merely the outcome of Russian optimism is, however, not improbable. It is true that the last detailed report from the Commander-in-Chief gave an impression of calm confidence.

It has recently been stated, upon what special authority I know not, that the troops of the Odessa Military District, hitherto held back for an attack upon Turkey, have now joined the Russian Army of Galicia. If so, and if our Allies are not crippled by lack of ammunition, the situation may develop in directions very distasteful to the Austro-German armies.

THE SIEGE OF GERMANY

Some Notes on the Strategic Situation. By R. P. Hearne

When Germany, after the battle of the Marne in September, went into trenches on the west she changed her war of offence into a siege, wherein she was the beleaguered party.

In the east the trench system did not develop to such an extent, but the natural conditions of Russia contribute to prevent Germany from expanding very far from her own frontiers. Russia is unconquerable. At the utmost her armies can only be driven back some distance, and only total destruction will prevent them from coming back to the attack again. As long as Russia has men and munitions she can hold or occupy a large German force in a practically besieged state.

Austria is in the same plight with Russia and Serbia, and the entrance of Italy into the field further emphasises the siege conditions.

It is usual to suppose that the Dual Alliance is mainly fighting on conquered ground, but it must not be forgotten that Russia occupies, or has occupied and will re-occupy, large portions of German and Austrian ground, that France in Alsace is on German soil, and that Italy has carried the war into the enemy's country. Russia, it is true, has lost ground very heavily since the Galician reverses, but we may expect rapid fluctuations here.

The two Germanic states must hold a land line of 2,000 miles. No part of the land within these lines is securely held; they are fought for day by day. By sea Germany is most effectively blockaded by the allied fleets.

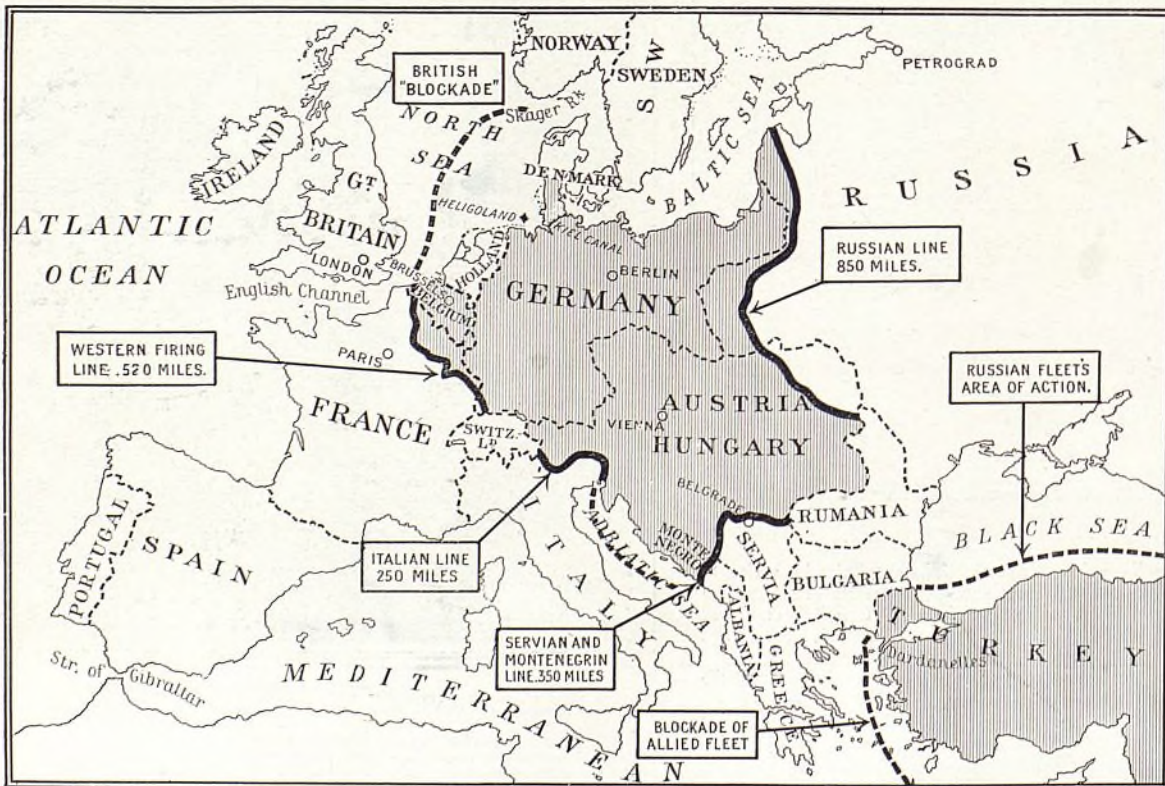
It will be seen that the neutral countries in touch with the Germanic states are Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Roumania, and Bulgaria. Here are seven possible gates through which supplies may be smuggled. But possibly two or three of these states may be drawn into the war eventually, and on the side of the Allies. The Balkan states have a double importance in that they act either as barriers or as links between Austria and Turkey. Bulgaria by participation in the war could open a flank for easy advance upon the Turks, and in union with Greece and Roumania the Balkan countries could bring about the downfall of both Turkey and Austria more speedily than is possible at present.

Taking the two vital factors of this war, men and munitions, we see that Germany and Austria are very much inferior in number of men to the Allies. The quality and quantity of the available reserves are inferior to the supplies which the Allies can yet draw upon. There can be no substitute for men. By the sheer logic of numbers Germany and Austria must bleed to exhaustion.

The question of munitions delays the agony. At the start Germany, through her years of secret preparation, had the technical advantage. That advantage is passing. Britain, France, and Italy can eventually turn out more munitions than Germany, and, moreover, they have a free market in the United States.

This war is now reduced really to a trial of economic strength in men and munitions. On the one side we have a loose assembly of states hurriedly allied and not yet fully extended or prepared. These states, however, are wealthy and have unlimited resources. On the other side we have two penned-in states, one of which is highly organised for war. But its supply of men is strictly limited, and already is much depleted. The supply of cotton is limited and can be rendered irreplaceable, and the outputs of the mines and munition factories are now at their maximum.

In short, Germany is fully extended, and has been so almost since the war started. She will grow weaker instead of stronger with every day of war. The Allies are not yet fully extended.



The Siege of Germany—How Italy Effects the Closing of Teutonic Frontiers

An Incident During the Recent Fighting Around Ypres.



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"GOOD-BYE, SIR"—SHAKING HANDS WITH THE COLONEL BEFORE LEAVING TO PERFORM A DANGEROUS TASK

DRAWN BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK, JUNE, 1915

In an account of the recent heavy fighting around Ypres, the "Morning Post" special correspondent in France described the incident which is illustrated above: "During the fight for the canal," he wrote, "a small body of Canadians performed a particularly gallant service. While the Germans were rushing the bridges orders came that a pontoon of ours must be held at all costs, and as far as possible intact. The colonel in command of the section could only spare two companies for the work. In sending them out he wrung the sectional commander's hand and wished him 'Good-bye,' for the task seemed to involve certain death. Digging themselves in on the canal bank the two companies

withstood the awful onslaught. Behind them the pontoon was mined, and the engineers on the farther bank lay ready to blow it up when all resistance was over. But they battled on and held their ground till the German attack was defeated. The bridge was saved intact, and the gallant commander was able to bring in his two companies with surprisingly small loss." It should be mentioned that although the sectional commander is usually a commissioned officer, when he goes into action he discards his ordinary uniform and dresses as a private so that the enemy may not be able to distinguish him too easily.

b

WOMEN under FIRE with the BELGIANS :



Soldiers from the Trenches are Well Looked after

Both coming and going the soldiers have been helped on their way by British aid. Hot meals have been prepared in instant readiness for the men as they pass through.



A British Nurse Redressing a Wounded Belgian's Arm

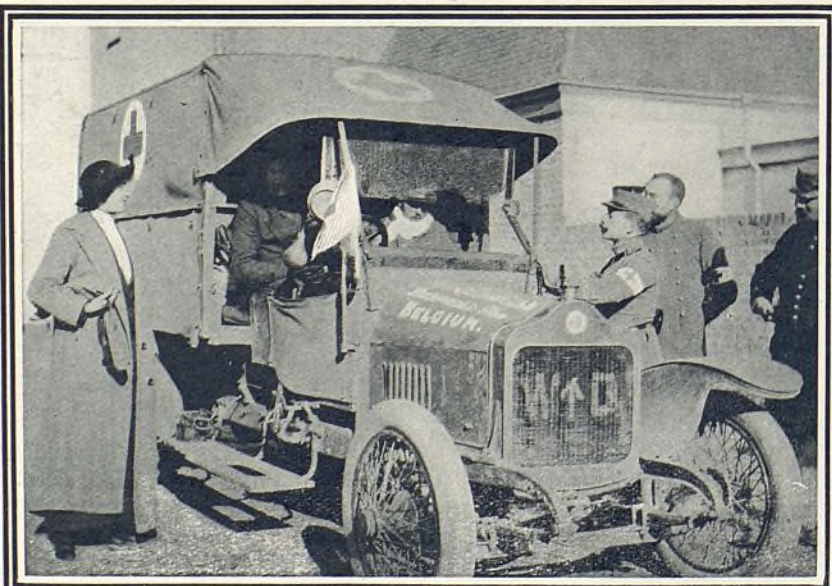
The cheery look on the man's face, although his arm has received a nasty hurt, is very typical of the Belgian in Flanders.

How the British Nurses Have Helped the Belgians at Furnes and Pervyse

By Arthur H. Gleason



Shattered Windows of a Hospital in Furnes



A Motor Ambulance Starting Out for its Day's Work in the Furnes —La Panne District

"What are women going to do about this war?" That question my wife and I asked each other at the outbreak of the present conflict, and we decided to go across to the front to find the answer for ourselves. There were several attitudes that they might take. They could deplore war, because it destroyed their own best products. They could form peace leagues and pass resolutions against war. They could return to their ancient job of ministering angel. That really meant resuming their old-time location in the background. They did all these things, and did them fervently; but they did something else in this war—they stepped out into the foreground, where the air was thick with danger, and demonstrated their courage. The mother no longer says, "Return, O gallant one, with your shield or on it," and goes back to her baking. She packs her kit and jumps into a motor ambulance headed for the dressing station.

My wife and I have had the chance to watch women in this war. We were fortunate enough to be made members of the Hector Munro Motor Ambulance Corps, which has been attached to the Belgian Army since the latter part of September. Baron de Broqueville, Prime Minister of Belgium, placed his son in charge of our corps. We have had access to every line from Nieuport on the sea down for thirty miles. We were able to run out to skirmishes, to reach the wounded where they had fallen. We have gone where the fighting had been at such close range that in one barnyard in Ramskapelle lay thirteen dead—Germans, French, and Belgians. We brought back three wounded Germans from the stable. We were in Dixmude on the afternoon when the Germans destroyed the town by artillery fire. We were in Ypres on November 1, the day after the most terrible battle in history, when 50,000 English out of 120,000 fell. For four months my wife has been living in Pervyse with two Englishwomen. Not one house in the town itself is left untouched by shell fire. The three women lived in a cellar for the first weeks. Then they moved into a partially-demolished house. In early March a shell exploded in the kitchen and killed two of their soldier helpers. The women were at work in the next room. We have had opportunity for observing women in war, for we have seen several hundreds of them—nurses, helpers, chauffeurs, writers—under varying degrees of strain and danger.

Steady Nerves in the Face of Danger

The women whom I met in Belgium were all alike. They refused to take "their place." They were not interested in their personal welfare. There have been individual men, a few of them—English, French, and Belgian, soldiers, chauffeurs, and civilians—who have turned tail when the danger was acute. But the women we have watched are strangely lacking in fear. I asked a famous war writer, whose breast was gay with the ribbons of half-a-dozen campaigns, what was the matter with all these women that they did not tremble and go green under fire as some of us did. He said, "They don't belong out here. They have no business to be under fire. They ought to be back at the hospitals down at Dunkirk. They don't appreciate danger. That's the trouble with them; they have no imagination."

That's an easy way out. But the real reasons lie deeper than a mental inferiority. These women certainly had quite as good an equipment in mentality as the drivers and stretcher-bearers. One reason that they behaved as they did was their desire to help. They could not bear to let immense numbers of men lie in pain. They wished to bring their instinct for help to the place where it was needed.

The other reason is a product of their changed thinking under modern conditions. "I want to see the shells," said a discontented lady at Dunkirk. She was weary of the peace and safety of a town twenty miles back from the front. Women suddenly saw their time had come to strip man of one more of his monopolies. For some thousand years he had been bragging of his carriage and bearing in battle. He had told the women folks at home how admirable he had been under strain, and he went on to claim special privileges as the reward for his gallant behaviour. He posed as their protector. He claimed the right to tax them because they did not lend a hand when invasion came. Now they are campaigning in France and Belgium to show that man's much-advertised quality of courage is a race possession.

Sleeping for Twenty Hours

One morning we came into the dining room of our Convent Hospital at Furnes, and there on a stretcher on the floor was a girl sleeping profoundly. We thought at first she was one more of our innumerable wounded who overflowed the beds and wards during those crowded days. She slept through the morning and through the noon meal. The noise about her did not disturb her. She did not stir in her heavy sleep. She lay under the window, her face of olive skin, with a touch of red in the right cheek, turned away from the light.

She awoke after a sleep of twenty hours. She had come in the evening before, wearied to exhaustion after a week in the Belgian trenches.

That was the thing you were confronted with—woman after woman hurling

Scenes in Southern Flanders with the British Nurses.



Belgian Medical Officer and Orderlies near Furnes

This little group was obtained outside a Belgian cottage in which the inhabitants were still residing



The Little Shoes the Belgian Cyclist was about to Send to His Wife

The little shoes were found in this military cyclist's knapsack together with a letter he was about to send his wife. They are seen hanging above his bed

herself at the war till she was spent. They wished to share with the men the hardship and the peril. If risks were right for the men, then they were right for women.

If the time had come for nations to risk death, these women refused to claim the exemptions of sex difference. If war was unavoidable, then it was equally proper for women to be present and carry on the work of salvage.

I was with an English physician one day before he was seasoned. We were under the bank at Grembergen, just across the river from Termonde. The enemy were putting over shells about one hundred yards from where we were crawling toward a machine-shop where wounded lay. The shells were noisy and the dirt flew high. Scattered bits of metal pattered on the bank. As we heard the shell moaning for that second of time when it draws close, we would crawl into one of the trenches scooped out in the green bank, an earthen cave with a roof of boughs.

"Let's get out of this," said the doctor; "it's too hot for our kind of work. If I had a rifle and could shoot back I shouldn't mind it. But this waiting round and doing nothing in return till you are hit, I don't like it."

But that is the very power that women possess. They can wait round without wishing to strike back. Saving life gives them sufficient spiritual resource to stand up to artillery. They have no wish to relieve their nervousness by sighting an alien head and cracking it.

Smoking they do indulge in. Almost all our women smoke. In it they found the same relief from tension that men find. Cigarettes were what they used. Some of them smoked them while waiting for the wounded as they sat in the ambulance by the roadside. They smoked them at the end of the hard day. The sudden lulls of waiting when one is expecting action and noise are hard to live through, and smoking quiets the jumping nerves.

Feminine Courage at the Front

One of our corps was Lady Dorothea Feilding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. She had all the characteristics of what we like to think is the typical American girl. She had a *bonhomie* that swept class distinctions aside. Her talk was swift and direct. She was pretty and executive, swift to act, and always on the go.

What she is the rest of the women are. Miss Smith, an English girl nurse, jumped down from the ambulance that was retreating before the Germans and walked back into Ghent, held by the Germans, to nurse an English officer till he died. A few days later she escaped by going in a peasant's cart full of market vegetables, and rejoined us at Furnes.

Miss Macnaughtan is a grey-haired gentlewoman of independent means who writes admirable fiction. She has laid aside her art and for months conducted a soup kitchen in the railway station at Furnes. She has fed thousands of weakened wounded men, working till midnight night after night. She remained until the town was thoroughly shelled.

The order is strict that no officer's wife must be near the front. The idea is that she will divert her husband's mind from the work in hand. He will worry about her safety. But Mrs. von der B—, a Belgian, joined our women in Pervyse and did useful work, while her husband, a doctor with the rank of officer, continued his work along the front. She is a girl of twenty-one years.

Recently the Queen of the Belgians went into the trenches at a time when there was danger of artillery and rifle fire breaking loose from the enemy. She had to be besought to keep back where the air was quieter as her life was of more value to the Belgian troops and the nation than even a gallant death.

Intrepid Motor Ambulance Drivers

One afternoon most of the corps were out on the road searching for wounded. Miss Chisholm, a Scotch girl eighteen years old, and a young American woman had been left behind in the Furnes Hospital. With them was a stretcher-bearer, a man of twenty-eight. A few shells fell into Furnes. The civilian population began running in dismay. The girls climbed up into the tower of the convent to watch the work of the shells. The man ordered the women to leave the town with him and go to Poperinghe. The two girls refused to go.

For the last few weeks Furnes has been under heavy artillery fire from beyond Nieuport. One of our hospital nurses was killed as she was walking in the Grand Place.

I saw an American girl covered by the pistol of a Uhlan officer. She did not change colour, but regarded the incident as a lark. I happened to be watching her when she was sitting on the front seat of her ambulance at Oudekappele, eating her luncheon. A shell fell thirty yards from her in the road. The roar was loud. The dirt flew high. The metal fragments tinkled on the house walls. The hole it dug was 3 ft. deep. She laughed, and continued with her luncheon.

I saw the same girl stand out in a field while this little drama took place: The French artillery in the field were well covered by shrubbery. They had been pounding away from their covert till the Germans grew irritated. A German Taube flew into

sight, hovered high overhead, and spied the hidden guns. It dropped three smoke bombs. These puffed out their little clouds into the air and gave the far-away marksmen their location for firing. Their guns broke out. Their shrapnel shells came overhead, burst into trailing smoke, and scattered their hundreds of bullets. The girl stood there interested on the arena itself. A London banker placed himself behind a hayrick. It interested her mentally, but of concern for her personal safety she had none. It was all like a play on the stage to her. You watch the blow and flash, but you are not a part of the action.



A British Nurse Defies the German Lightning



A Motor Ambulance Waiting to Convey Wounded from the Belgian Lines to Furnes



At Work in the Laundry



The Hospital at Furnes was Protected with Sand Bags

WOMEN UNDER FIRE—Continued.

A Narrative of British Women's Work Around Furnes and Pervyse. (See Previous Pages)

Each night the Furnes Hospital was full with one hundred wounded. In the morning we carried out one or two or one-half dozen dead. The wounds were severe, the air of the whole countryside was septic from the sour dead in the fields, who kept working to the surface from their shallow burial. There was a morning when we had gone early to the front on a hurry call. In our absence two girl nurses carried out ten dead from the wards into the convent lot, to the edge of the hasty graves made ready for their coming.

There is one woman whom we have watched at work for six months. She is a trained nurse, a certified midwife, a licensed motor-car driver, a veterinarian, and a woman of property. Her name is Mrs. Elsie Klocker, a widow with one son. She helped to organise our corps. I was with her one evening when a Belgian corporal ordered her to go up a difficult road. The three of us were seated in this nurse's motor ambulance. The corporal was the driver of a high-power touring car which could rise on occasion to seventy miles an hour. He carried a rifle in his car, and told us he had killed over fifty Germans since Liège. He dressed in bottle green, the uniform of a cyclist, and he looked like a rollicking woodlander of the Robin Hood band. It was seven o'clock of the evening. The night was dark. He pitched a bag of bandages into the motor ambulance.

Driving Through the Night

"Take those to the dressing station that lies two miles to the west of Caeskerke," he ordered the nurse. I cranked up the machine; the nurse sat at the wheel. We were at Oudekappele. The going was halfway decent as far as the cross-roads of Caeskerke. Here we turned west on a road through the fields, which had been intermittently shelled for several days. The road had shell holes in it from one to three feet deep. We could not see them because we carried no lights and the sky overhead was black. A mile to our right a village was burning. There were sheets of flame rising from the lowland, and the flame revealed the smoke that was thick over the ruins. We bumped in and out of the holes. All roads in Belgium were scummy with mud. It is like butter on bread. The big brown-canopied ambulance skidded in this paste.

We reached the dressing station and delivered one bag of bandages. In return we received three wounded men, stretcher cases, who lay at length on the stretched canvas and swung on straps. Then we started back over the same mean road. This was the journey that tested the nurse's driving, because now she had wounded men who must not be jerked by the swaying car. Motion tore at their wounds. Above all, they must not be overturned. An overturn would kill a man who was seriously wounded. Driving meant drawing all her nervous force into her directing brain and her two hands. A village on fire at night is a rather eerie sight. A dark road, pitted with shell holes and scummy with mud, is chancey. The car with its human freight, swaying, bumping, sliding, is heavy on the wrist. The whole focused drive of it falls on the muscles of the forearm. And when on the skill of that driver depend the lives of three men the situation is one that calls for nerve. It was only luck that the artillery from beyond the Yser did not begin tuning up. The Germans had shelled that road diligently for many days and some evenings. Back to the cross-roads my companion brought her cargo, and on to Oudekappele, and so to the hospital at

Furnes, a full ten miles. Safely home in the Convent yard, the journey done, the wounded men lifted into the ward, she broke down. She had put over her job and her nerves were tired. Womanlike she refused to give in till the work was successfully finished.

But the steadiest and most useful piece of work done by the women was that at Pervyse. Mrs. Klocker and two women helpers, one English and one American, fitted up a miniature hospital in the cellar of a house in ruined Pervyse. They were within three minutes of the trenches. Here, as soon as the soldiers were wounded, they could be brought for immediate treatment. A young private had received a severe lip wound. Unskilful army medical handling had left it gangrened, and it had swollen. His face was on the way to being marred for life. The nurse treated him every few hours for ten days—and brought him back to normal. A man came in with his hand a pulp from splintered shell. The glove he had been wearing was driven into the red flesh. The nurse worked over his hand for half an hour, picking out the shredded glove bit by bit.

Tending Wounded Horses

Three artillery horses were brought to her, laid open by shrapnel bullets in deep raw wounds. The men did not know what to do with them. She sat up with them all night, easing them. By morning she saw they were doomed. She made the men send post-haste to La Panne to bring over an officer who was a veterinarian. He shot them.

Except for a short walk in the early morning and another after dark, these three women have lived immured in their dressing station, which they moved from the cellar to a half-wrecked house. They have lived in the smell of straw, blood, and antiseptic. The Germans have thrown shells into the wrecked village almost every day. Some days shelling has been vigorous. The bodies of two men lie in the stream a couple of hundred yards away. The churchyard is choked with dead, who are visible when a shell breaks into the ground. The fields are dotted with hummocks where men and horses lie buried. Just as I was sailing for America the house where the women live and work was shelled. They came to La Panne, and are now planning to return to Pervyse to go on with their work, which is famous throughout the Belgian Army.

As regiment after regiment serves its turn in the trenches of Pervyse it passes under the hands of these three. "The women of Pervyse" are known alike to generals, colonels, and privates, who held steady at Liège and who have struggled on ever since. For months the three nurses have endured the noise of shell fire and the smells of the dead and the stricken. The King of the Belgians has with his own hands pinned upon them the Order of Leopold II., the highest honour in Belgium for a woman. The King himself wears the Order of Leopold I., the corresponding decoration for a man. They have eased and saved many hundreds of his men.

"No place for a woman," remarked a distinguished Englishman after a flying visit to their home.

"By the law of probabilities your corps will be wiped out sooner or later," said a war correspondent.

Meantime the women will go on with their cool, expert work.



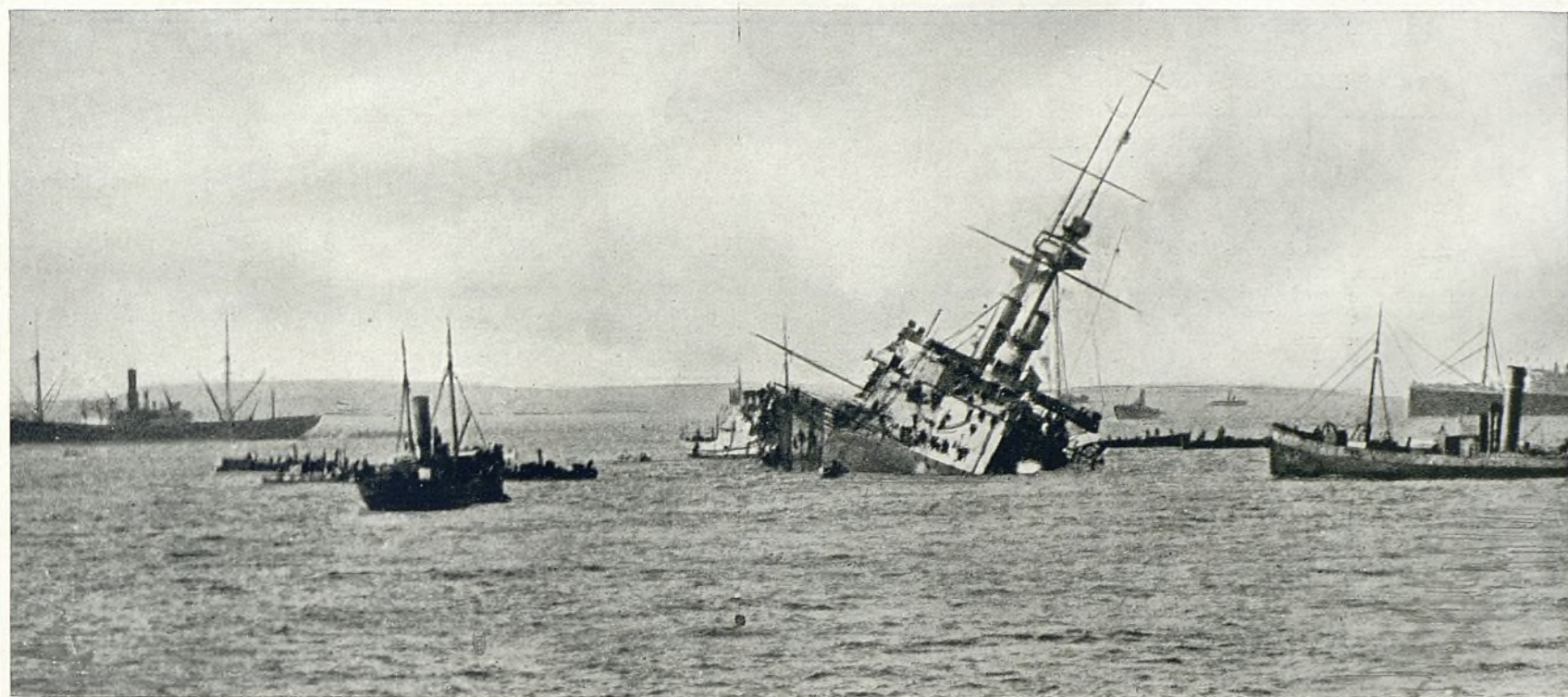
The Patient as He is Found upon the Field



How the Wounded Man is Nursed Back to Health

WITH BRITISH NURSES IN THE FURNES-PERVYSE-LA PANNE DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN FLANDERS

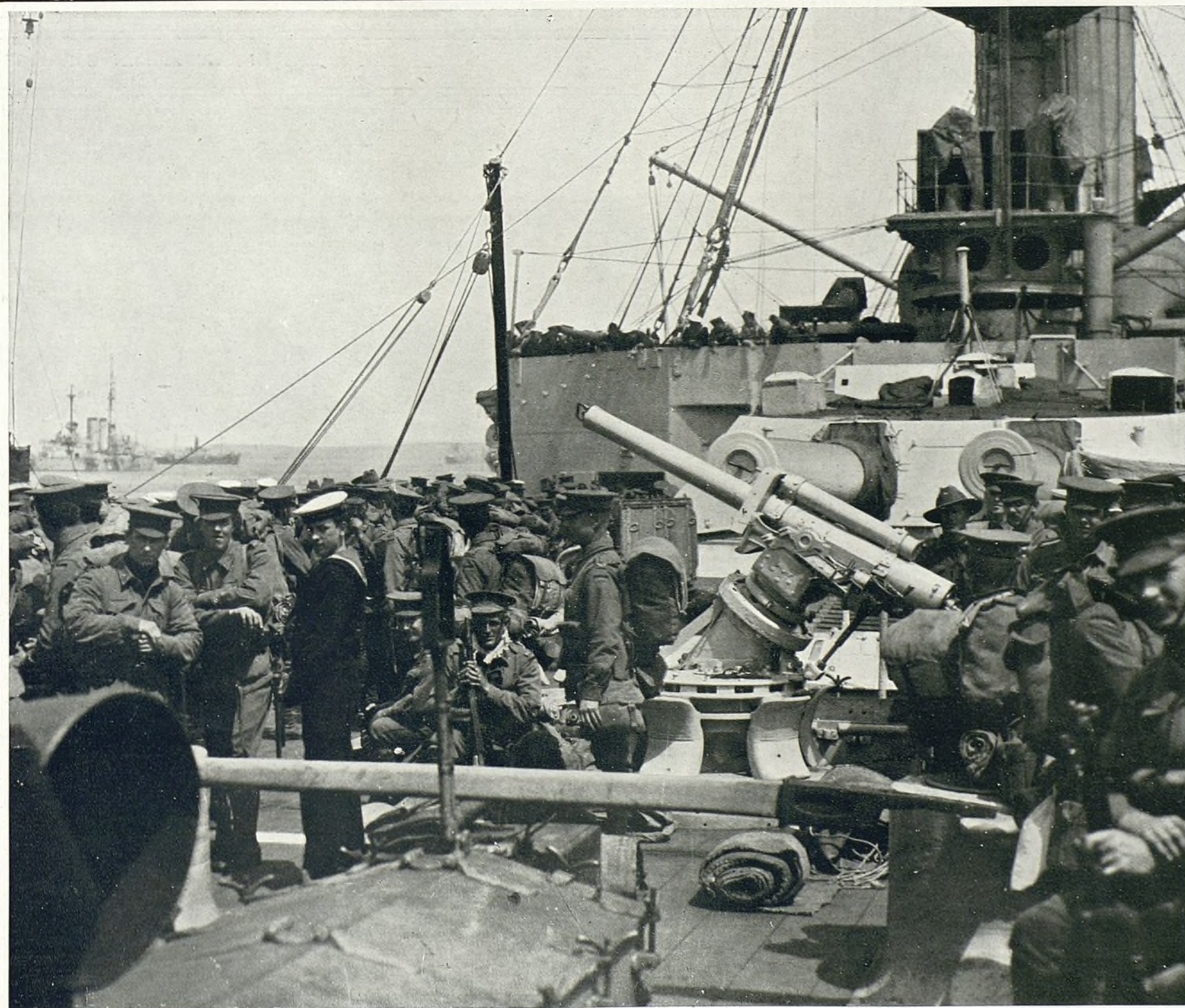
The NAVAL SIDE of the DARDANELLES OPERATIONS.



THE "MAJESTIC" SINKING AND HEELING OVER TO PORT AFTER BEING TORPEDOED IN THE DARDANELLES

The "Majestic," which was torpedoed and sunk on the morning of Thursday, May 27, was the oldest battleship on the active list of the British Navy. She was launched at Portsmouth in February, 1894, and had a displacement of 14,900 tons. Her armament (of an obsolete pattern) consisted of four 12-in. breech-loaders, twelve 6-in. and sixteen 12-pr. quick-firer, and five torpedo tubes. The "Majestic" had been in service nearly twenty years,

and she cost complete nearly £1,000,000. The above illustration was taken after she was torpedoed. The doomed vessel is seen bows towards the spectator; she has a marked heel to port. The men on board her can be seen scrambling down the hull into the water. Small craft are rushing to the rescue, and in the distance are also larger vessels, which were rendering what assistance was possible.



AUSTRALIANS AND BLUEJACKETS ON BOARD A BRITISH BATTLESHIP IN THE DARDANELLES

The obstacles with which the fleet operating in the Aegean has to contend, according to Mr. Hugh Martin, writing in "The Daily News," fall into five classes—guns of position, field howitzers, shore torpedoes, observation mines, and floating mines. That the observation mine—that is to say, the mine that is fired from the coast upon an operator "observing" that his quarry has reached the point at which he knows the mine to rest—has been brought

to a high pitch of perfection in the defence of the Straits cannot be doubted after recent experiences. Hardly less dangerous are the carefully-concealed torpedo stations at the water's edge, but it seems unlikely that the projectiles available carry a high enough charge to sink any ship of importance. The above picture shows a useful little gun which would be likely to prove very troublesome to an inquisitive aviator.

c

NIGHT WORK IN THE DARDANELLES: How

NIGHT OPERATIONS in the DARDANELLES STRAITS

Night attacks on land in the Dardanelles have been gradually assuming a greater importance. Sometimes the big guns from the Allied warships in the Straits have taken part, the flickering beam of the searchlight seeking out the enemy positions on the mainland. The searchlight, however, is only infrequently used for fear of betraying the changes of the ships' positions to the enemy. From the deck of a warship one can perceive the rifle fire from the Turkish trenches lining the hillside, bright little flashes of light forming a fiery fringe against the velvet blackness of the hills.

The Appearance of a Night Bombardment

The effect is singularly strange and brilliant. The only lights are those from bursting shells and from the rifle fire, with the broad beam of the searchlight occasionally stabbing the night.

The first night affair was when the Turks made a desperate attempt to drive our small and sorely-tried force on the plateau above Cape Helles with a rush into the sea, but they were themselves beaten back by the fire of the *Implacable's* guns. The second was on the night of May 1, when the enemy made an attack which lasted till dawn.

Since then the enemy has made demonstrations practically every night, provoking the artillery duel, which continues intermittently for a couple of hours.

How the Naval Shells Pound the Cliffs

"Steaming a little way down the coast we came across two cruisers heavily bombarding what looked to be an overgrown cliff. Reference to the map showed that it was the main, indeed the only, road in that part of the peninsula leading from Seddul Bahr and Krithia up the country to the Bulair Line. Having got the key, it was easy to make out the purpose, and we watched with greater interest tons of earth and stone being churned up by the shells all along the cliff.

The "Lizzie's" Tremendous Shell

"We found the *Queen Elizabeth* about seven a.m. some miles up the west coast, in company with two other warships, shelling a hill of scrub which hid some big enemy batteries. In spite of the peculiar difficulties of the task the Navy kept up their heavy fire from various angles, and thus permitted our troops ashore to bring their machine guns into place, with what result we soon were able to hear.

"The *Queen Elizabeth* lent us support, and during the morning the effect of her shells was enormous. Standing several miles out she shelled the enemy opposite the north-east corner of the position. The effect of her shells was like a tonic to our tired men. Huge yellow clouds burst from her side, and seconds later a crash as if the sky had fallen in was followed almost immediately with a tremendous roar somewhere on land. The *Queen Elizabeth* was provided with monstrous shrapnel sent out specially, each shell weighing nearly a ton, which when bursting leaves in the air not the wholly little puff of ordinary shrapnel but a miniature thunder-cloud."



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BRITISH DESTROYERS IN THE ÆGEAN CARRYING OUT A NIGHT



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BRITISH BATTLESHIP SHELLING TURKISH POSITIONS ALONG THE SHORES OF THE

The above picture was made from a sketch by a correspondent who was present during the Dardanelles operations when the Turks were being driven out of Kum Kale. In the fading light, this correspondent could just discern the village (on the extreme right of the sketch). The shells bursting on the peninsula to the extreme left in the background are from the Turkish batteries situated in the neighbourhood of Achi Baba, which lies about three miles northward from Seddul Bahr. Had not the bombarding vessels constantly changed their positions they would have been struck. The batteries

the Conflict is Waged Unceasingly by Night and Day.

The ALLIED FLEETS in ACTION AGAINST the TURKS

The effect of our naval shells is thus described by an observer:—"The battle at the mouth to the Dardanelles started early in the morning. We entered the firing line about ten o'clock, and it was one terrific din, with shot and shell dropping all over the place. The shells screamed as they were hurled through the air at the great forts, and sent up clouds of smoke where they pitched and did their destruction. We were at one time very close to the beach on the European side, where our fellows were landing.

Shelling the Turkish Trenches

"The Turks were well entrenched, and some of our poor chaps were killed before they could set foot on land. I could see them advancing to the attack quite plainly with the naked eye. The rifle and Maxim fire was one incessant rattle. All this time our ships were covering their attack by shelling the Turkish trenches on the crest of a little hill, up which our troops were making much progress. Some of the wounded who came aboard said that all they saw in those trenches was one mass of flesh and earth. The shells from our ships had caught the trenches end on and had ploughed through the whole length, absolutely destroying everyone in them.

"I sat on top of the wireless cabin, whence I had a fine view of the battle on both sides of the Dardanelles. The battleships on each side of us were pouring shot and shell into the Turkish trenches. The shrapnel fell everywhere, and sent up the water as though it was raining stones.

The "Queen Elizabeth" in Action

"The big shells as they struck the water sent up columns quite 30 ft. high. When the *Queen Elizabeth* began firing with her 15-in. guns the shells ploughed their way through the forts, reducing them and a village—which was full of snipers—to the ground. Near Cape Helles a cargo boat was landed to act as a protection to our troops when landing. During the battle shrapnel fell over the bridge of our ship, and the captain ordered those on deck below. The wounded in cots on deck were removed to cover. All the while our ships were reducing the forts on the European side, the French fleet were engaging the forts on the Asiatic side and landing troops. They were assisted by 'The Packet of Woodbines,' a Russian cruiser, so called because of her five funnels. This little ship was firing for all she was worth, and must have felt proud at being the only Russian vessel fighting here with the French and English Allies. She was the only cruiser to escape from Port Arthur during the Russian and Japanese War."

Another account states:—

"The naval guns took the matter up, and until long past sunset the most violent siege of the day was carried on. The *Queen Elizabeth* and another ship poured their shrapnel into the town. One saw the shells burst, uproot houses and buildings, and leave the most complete devastation behind them. When, finally, at sundown we were ordered out to an anchorage, the heart of Seddul Bahr was aflame, and so it continued, blazing furiously, through the night."



BOMBARDMENT OF THE TURKISH POSITIONS ON THE HILLSIDE

Drawn by G. H. Davis from a sketch by an officer



DARDANELLES STRAITS IN THE DUSK—TRANSPORTS STANDING IN BEHIND

Drawn by Montague Dawson from a sketch by an eye-witness

were silenced one after another by the warships opening fire from half-a-dozen points. Smoke from the firing of the guns in the Narrows hung over the Straits and blotted out a view of the other ships far up the Straits bombarding other points. This action took place at dusk, and owing to the rapid waning of the light and to the necessity of the ships constantly changing their positions the task of the naval gunners was by no means an easy one. The action ceased as night closed down upon the Straits.

A VISIT TO A BRITISH BATTERY : With "The Sphere's" Special Artist Behind the British Lines.



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"AN ORDER ARRIVES BY TELEPHONE; A SOLDIER REPEATS IT LOUDLY; THE OFFICER UNFOLDS HIS MAP HURRIEDLY AND LOOKS, AND RAPS OUT, 'TELL THE OBSERVER WE WILL FIRE ON X'"

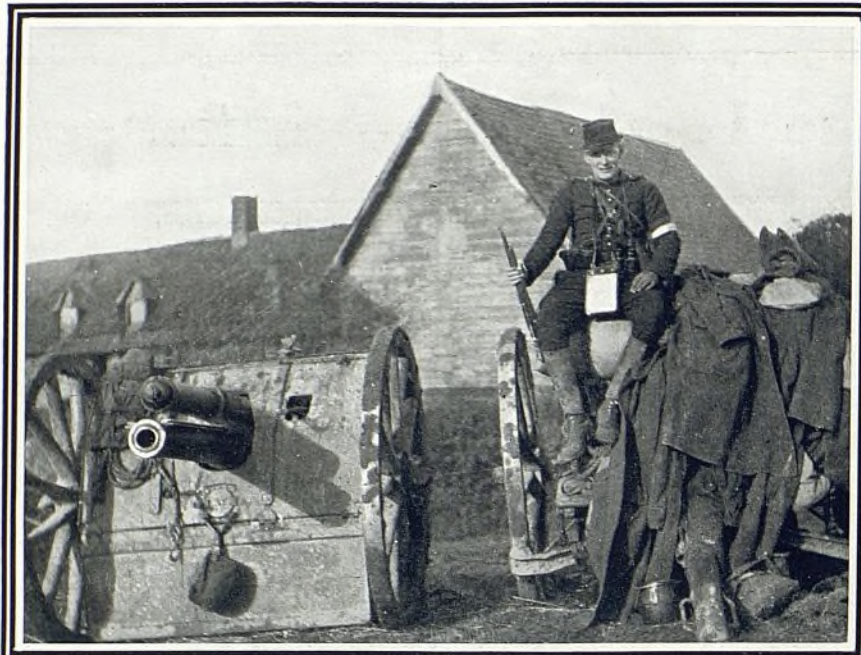
DRAWN BY F. MATANIA, YPRES, 1915

Mr. Matania here gives to "Sphere" readers the results of a visit to a British battery. The men are busy round the gun; the officer in the

foreground is just receiving a message which has come by way of the field telephone. Readers of "The Sphere" will recognise the gun as one

of our standard field guns. One man is pressing down the spade at the end of the cylindrical trail while another holds the shell in readiness. A

full description of the battery and of several vital matters concerning it from Mr. Matania's pen will be found on the following page.



Two British Field Guns Guarded by a French Soldier



One of Our Heavy-weights Behind a Wattle Screen

A VISIT to a BRITISH BATTERY.

By F. Matania, the Special Artist of "The Sphere" at the Front

What do I tell the public at home in my drawing of a British battery in action? Tantalisingly little of what might be said. There are too many other things connected with the gun, things which are apt to pass unnoticed by the public, to whom the word "artillery" connotes only the gun and its gunner. But such a view of the artillery arm is hopelessly inadequate. I had to pass over miles and miles of ground before I could begin to understand the immense amount of preparation and the vast number of accessory services which combine to make what a soldier understands by the word, "artillery."

First, there are the aeroplanes in their hangars, reeking of petrol and resting while their wounds are attended to, and while occasionally new sets of bones are being put into them before they fly again. An enormous number of men are necessary for the manning of these artillery accessories. A very exceptional type of man is required for the difficult task of searching out from among the clouds the targets which the guns must hit.

The task is not yet finished. There are meadows swarming with horses which are supposed to be bivouacking in places of safety. At the front, however, it must be remembered that the word, "safety," has only a comparative significance. Sometimes the word is an absolute lie. But these horses are being tended with loving care—which the British soldier always gives his steed—care which is generally greatly in excess of what his rules call for. All these glossy animals wait the pleasure of the artillery. Endless processions of motor lorries, which carry their light bulky loads of hay to feed these selfsame horses, are followed by endless processions of cars carrying the concentrated loads of lead and lyddite to feed the guns.

Connecting and binding all together is an intricate telephonic net which daily employs the talent and courage of another horde of valiant men. Every kind of apparatus is conveyed in all directions. Here there is an engineer studying some scheme; there an indefatigable wire-layer, who crawls and lays the wires under the very nose of the enemy. One end of this thin filament is in the hands of an observing officer. The wire runs twisting and turning in and out until it reaches the guns.

The weapons themselves, however, must be directed by some clever calculator, who sees what the guns must hit. Everything moves like clockwork in these varied realms of activity, whose sole object is to serve the guns. But the steel monster remains hidden away under a frail roof of boughs or straw or even a few rags, with its threatening muzzle thrust into the air like some determined tyrant served by a legion of workers, so numerous that they pass out of sight over the horizon far away into the homeland. If I could only include all this in a single picture—but it is beyond my powers! I find it difficult even to bring this mental picture together in words. This is the best I can do.

The guns are placed at intervals one from the other. At last I can walk down the line and examine closely these monsters of bronze and steel. Each one is standing there ready. An officer courteously explained to me the various movements of the guns, with a wealth of technical names which my simple artistic brain is unable to retain.

An order arrives by telephone; a soldier repeats it loudly; the officer unfolds his map hurriedly, looks, and raps out, "Tell the observer we will fire on X." Immediately a voice at the telephone transmits the order. The men who have been scattered about, all gather round the gun. They seem like a group of ants swarming upon crumbs of bread. Each one takes his place; the aim is rectified; the shell is driven into the barrel and the breech closed; the gun is now loaded and the men wait motionless, gripping their terrible machine, men and gun one group of bronze.

"What was X?" I asked the officer. He replied that it was "a house containing some half a dozen Germans." My heart began to beat fast. "Ready," said the telephone. "Ready," repeated the officer; and I stopped my ears with my hands. At the word, "Fire!" a terrible boom shakes the gun. For an instant the shining barrel recoils; the group then composes itself mechanically, repeats the reloading of the gun, while a little cloud of hot smoke comes out from the reopened breech. In a few seconds the gun is ready again.

A voice shouts out, "Drop twenty yards." The aim is adjusted and another round sent off. I continued looking into the air after the shell had died away, but the others took no notice, but went on calmly with the business of the gun. The officer's baritone voice roused me. He was repeating a third order from the telephone. "Three yards more to the left. Ready! Fire!" A third shell tears through the air. The attention of everyone is turned to the telephone.

After a few seconds a message comes through which produces a smile of solemn satisfaction on the faces in the group. "Perfect," is the message. And then afterwards with greater detail, "A hit in the middle of the wall, which has fallen carrying the roof with it." The guns cease firing. A sense of oppression fills my heart, and I picture the scene which must have been taking place in the smashed house. The officer marks his map with a blue pencil. I cannot quite see what he has done, but he has doubtlessly cancelled X.

A little time afterwards, when I had a quiet moment to myself, I also found X upon the map; a group of little houses stretching along the German front. Afterwards I scrambled up a hill to see with my own eyes quite a number of buildings—farmhouses, ruined buildings, churches, factories—deserted by their owners long ago, but now in German hands.

I swept the famous panorama with my field-glasses. All the houses seem uninhabited. If I could pass over to the other side and see behind them I am certain that I should have seen a landscape swarming with Germans who are all alive in spite of the knowledge we have of their positions.

Looking from my coign of vantage, I saw in the distance a big building which stood out prominently against the sky. I was informed that the building was an observation post in daily use by the Germans. I asked if the building was not within range of our guns. "Of course it is," was the reply. I had a strong temptation to ask why it was still standing. However, I refrained. On one or two occasions I had been met with evasive replies. I determined not to ask. I said to myself that I was not an expert, and that I need not go into a matter which did not concern me. In spite of this I found myself constantly reverting to this question. "Why," I said to myself, "is it all these houses, each one of which may well be an observation post or a nest for snipers, or some lesser headquarters from which skilful officers are planning our destruction, still stand?" Each one was a snare and a danger of some sort it appeared to me.

"And then the barbed wire," I said to myself. Explosions can push it away, can entangle it still further, and can even open small places, but cannot destroy it. The wire is always in the way. A building may be knocked down by a single shell, but a few feet of barbed wire require fifty shells. I began to realise why it was that the bronze mouths hungered so for their daily food. If I had to leave my studio, paint brushes, and palette, I would not direct my steps to a recruiting office, but I would go straight to where the lathe hums and quivers, and I would do my best to produce shells and more shells, being convinced that by so doing I was giving the most useful possible service to the nation at the present time.



A Target for the Gunners—A Typical Group of Shattered Houses at St. Eloi

Failure of a German 150-mm. to Locate a French Battery.



The Beginning of the Search for the French Guns

This view shows the beginning of the German search for a concealed French battery. The 150-mm. shell bursts well in front of the battery, far wide of the mark. The curious mushroom-like shape of the smoke cloud may be well seen here.



Approaching Nearer to the Concealed Battery

The second shell bursts considerably nearer the battery and more to the right. Gradually the zone of fire is approaching closer to the concealed guns. This picture was taken some seconds after the shell had exploded, as the smoke cloud was thinning.



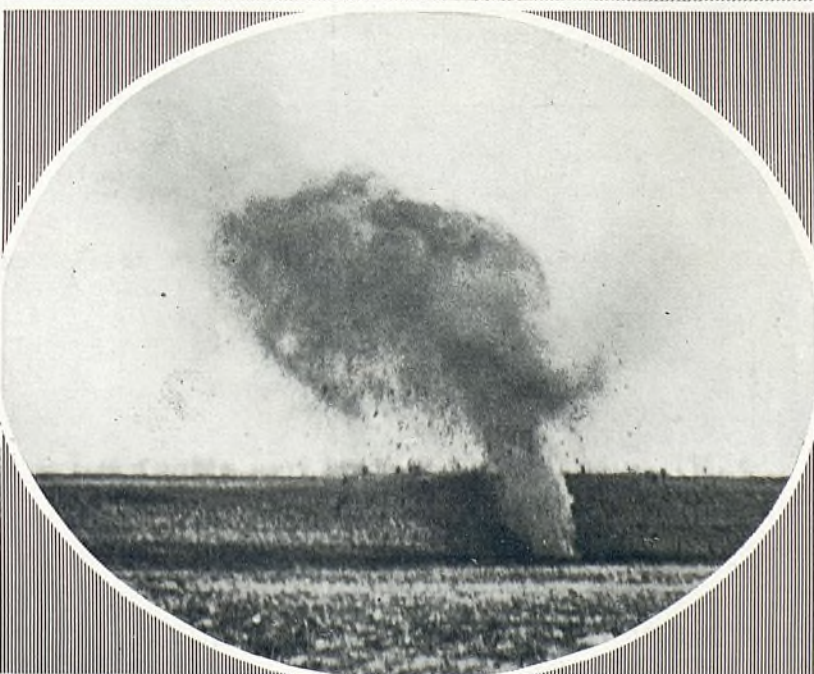
The Third Shell, Still at Fault, Bursts a Little Closer

This shell, though considerably nearer than the previous two, is still short of its mark. The ranging here is, however, more accurate. The dense column of black smoke was thrown up at the moment the shell hit the ground and exploded.



The Nearest Approach—Shell Bursting Just Short

The fourth shell was the most successful of all. Though the battery was not actually hit, the enemy gunners approached very near to the French position, and the huge 150-mm. shell fell only very slightly short of its mark.



The Range Lost—Shell Bursting Behind Battery

Even after four shells had fallen short the correct range was not found, the fifth and sixth shells falling behind the concealed battery, between it and a blockhouse 80 yards to the rear, from which latter place this series of pictures was obtained.



Only 15 yards from the Photographer, but Hopelessly at Fault

The sixth 150-mm. shell fell well to the rear of the concealed battery, but only 15 yards away from the blockhouse from which the picture was obtained. Despite the unpleasant proximity of the shell, however, a good result was secured on the plate.

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 T. V. T. T. Neville
3rd Dragoon Guards. Aged 35. He served in S. Africa, obtaining the Queen's medal with 5 clasps



Captain T. G. Powell
3rd Northamptonshire Regiment. Aged 37. He served during the Matabele and S. African Wars



Captain R. O. Gardner
3rd Monmouthshire Regt. Aged 31. He entered the regt. 8 years ago, becoming capt. in Nov., 1914



Capt. A. H. P. Cruikshank
32nd Sikh Pioneers. He served on the N.-W. Frontier, 1908, and in the Mohmand country



Captain H. Haylock
4th Leicestershire Regt. Aged 41. He transferred from the Yeomanry to the Territorial force 6 years ago



Lieut. W. H. C. Edwards
1st Black Watch. Aged 21. Awarded the Military Cross. Son of Colonel A. H. Edwards, C.B., M.V.O.



2nd Lieutenant W. Wood
4th Rifle Brigade. He received his commission as 2nd lieutenant in December, 1914



Captain G. Bonham-Carter
19th Hussars. Aged 30. He joined in 1905, becoming captain in September, 1912



Lieutenant F. J. Briscoe
1st York and Lancaster Regt. Aged 24. Only son of Mrs. Briscoe, Madeley, Salop



Lieutenant C. R. MacGregor
South Wales Borderers. He joined the regiment in February, 1912, and was promoted lieutenant in Sept., 1914



2nd Lieutenant G. W. Pigott
R.F.A. He obtained his first commission in the Essex Regt. Only child of Major and Mrs. Wellesley Pigott



2nd Lieutenant N. D. Macfadyen
2nd Cameron Highlanders. Aged 21. Only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Macfadyen



2nd Lieutenant E. Yarrow
7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Aged 20 years. He joined in September last



Lieutenant A. C. Le Mesurier
12th Cavalry, Indian Army. Aged 25 years. He was killed in the Persian Gulf



2nd Lt. V. B. Llewellyn-Jones
3rd Suffolk Regt. Aged 23 years. He received his commission in August, and fought at Hill 60



Lieut.-Colonel J. Clark, C.B.
9th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. A member of the Royal Company of Archers. In 1908 he became a K.C., and the following year chairman of the Edinburgh School Board



Major C. H. Corbett
18th Hussars. Aged 47 years. He served with the Tirah Expeditionary Force in India, 1897-8, and during the South African War. He joined from the Militia in 1888, becoming major in November, 1904



Captain G. H. Merriman
R.F.A. Aged 30 years. He first served in the R.H.A., and, at the time of his death, was in temporary command of a field battery, R.F.A.



Major G. S. Adams
1st Lancashire Fusiliers. Aged 42 years. He took part in the South African War, 1900-2, serving in the Orange River Colony and Cape Colony, and received the Queen's medal with four clasps



Brig.-Gen. G. C. Nugent, M.V.O.
Aged 51. He served during the South African War as A.D.C. to Sir Henry Colville, and was twice mentioned in despatches. He obtained his commission in the Grenadier Guards in 1882

Pro patria mori

The TSARINA and her DAUGHTERS as NURSES.



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND HER DAUGHTERS AS NURSES IN THE HOSPITAL AT TSARSKOYE-SELO

DRAWN BY E. MATANIA FROM ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIAL

At the hospital at Tsarskoye-Selo—a town about fifteen miles south of Petrograd and one of the residences of the Russian Imperial Family—the Empress of Russia and her daughters, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, have been working as Red Cross nurses. They attended at the hospital almost daily, and have done much by their presence to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded soldiers. The Empress Alexandra-Feodorovna is seen in the centre of the group tending the bandages of the soldier in bed. The Grand Duchess Olga, who is the eldest daughter of the Tsar and Tsarina, and who is only nineteen years old, is seen on the extreme left. She, with her sister, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, on the extreme right, are, perhaps, the two most beautiful royal children in Europe; they are undoubtedly among the most charming



Mr. A. G. Temple

Art Director of the Corporation of London, who has just arranged a War Exhibition at the Guildhall

Mr. Temple is the art director of the Corporation of London, and his father and his grandfather before him held similar posts in the service of the Corporation. He has known forty-five Lord Mayors and has attended no fewer than thirty-eight of the annual banquets. His rich fund of anecdote connected with the Corporation will, I hope, sooner or later bear fruit in a volume of reminiscences.

Life, of New York, an admirable journal which reaches me weekly, has just published a book number in which, among its other humorous literary fantasies, is a series called "Simple Home Remedies for Literary Troubles." Here I find the following:—

Ibsen brain-fag can be handled most successfully by weekly injections of Pinero, Brieux, Harry B. Smith, and George Cohan.

It may perhaps indicate the gulf which separates the literary interests of England from those of the United States that most of us here are entirely ignorant of the names of Harry B. Smith and George Cohan. Pinero we know, and Brieux, but these two others I confess I have never heard of before. The Americans take so much interest in our men of letters, as this number of *Life* abundantly shows, that one feels quite guilty in confessing so much ignorance.

To its nicely-printed series of books, of which only 350 copies are issued, the Cuala Press of Dublin has just added *John M. Synge: a Few Personal Recollections, with Biographical Notes*, by John Masefield. Mr. Masefield provides the best personal impression of Synge that I have read. "He was the only writer I have ever known," he says, "who composed direct upon a typewriting machine." Many of our modern workers have done this, but probably Mr. Synge is the only writer of genius who found it possible. It is hard to deny genius to Synge, although his verse is so bad and his prose work only moderately distinguished.

There is, however, genius in *Riders to the Sea* and *The Shadow of the Glen*, although the play which gained him most praise from English critics, *The Playboy of the Western World*, seems to me to have been vastly overrated. One understands, however, in reading Mr. Masefield's admirable little volume how that play contains so much of brutal stricture irritating to serious lovers of Ireland. Synge had a curiously detached mind. His was an impish nature very much akin in its texture to that of two other literary Irishmen of our time who have proved themselves to possess genius but with it an extraordinary absence of responsibility and a remarkable disposition to be spoiled by success. Here Synge has much in common with Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. G. B. Shaw. Mr. Masefield's little book has its value greatly enhanced by an excellent bibliography of Synge's writings.

One good result of a war between Germany and the United States would be the prompt internment of a ruffian who calls himself Ignatius Timothy Tribich Lincoln. This man publishes a revelation of his iniquities in the *New York World* for May 23 and May 30. Mr. Lincoln was for a short time M.P. for Darlington, and he reproduces in facsimile a telegram from Sir Edward Grey and a letter from Mr. Lloyd George in praise of his victory. Since the war commenced Mr. Lincoln has, he declares, been an active spy on behalf of Germany in this country, and he tells unblushingly of his various infamies. He is, it seems, a naturalised Hungarian, and his hatred of England is conspicuous in every line of his confessions. The man will, no doubt, ultimately meet with his deserts, but the one moral to be drawn from his adventures is that in the future greater care should be taken by constituencies as to the type of men they select as candidates. Lincoln's past, which he tells in detail, quite stamps him as an absolutely impossible person to have been put forward as a candidate.

A LITERARY LETTER : "Freckles."

LONDON,
June 21, 1915.

My congratulations to Mr. A. G. Temple, the art director of the Corporation of London, upon his remarkable effort in collecting together so much good work of Great Britain and her Allies—France, Russia, and Belgium—at the Guildhall Art Gallery. I very much enjoyed a visit to this collection the other day under Mr. Temple's auspices.

Lincoln's revelation of the secret code is not the least interesting feature of his "revelations." A telegram, for example, addressed:—

"Weber, Rotterdam. Best love to Alice and father—Joe."

really meant—

"Four Dreadnoughts at Grimsby."

He further tells us:—

Another means of transmitting information through the mail from England was to write in invisible ink on the white margin of English daily papers, weeklies, or magazines, and then to send them in an ordinary wrapper to a prearranged address in Holland. As Consul Gneist laughingly remarked to me: "They can open all the letters they like; I am getting most of my postal information on *The Times* and other English papers."

"Seven hundred and fifty thousand copies of this book have been sold"—that is an announcement on the wrapper of a book I have just read, *Freckles*, by Gene Stratton-Porter (John Murray). The book has had this colossal success in the United States, and Mr. Murray makes a bid for a similar success in this country. There is always something very attractive about success, even if it is not always respectable. I suppose that few books in the history of literature can claim to have sold 750,000 copies within a year or two of publication. The great novels of Dickens and of Dumas must have taken many years to have secured these figures. Certain novelists of our day who have played to the melodramatic instincts of the gallery and have produced reading matter, and not literature, must have sold this number of certain of their books; but they assuredly took a much longer time to achieve such a success.

What, then, do these figures on the wrapper of *Freckles* mean? I assume that cheapness has been a factor in the business. In the days of the three-volume novel, and even in our time with the 6s. novel, numerical success could not be expected to reach three-quarters of a million; at least, not instantaneously. But these are the days of the shilling novel, and I expect that *Freckles* has been selling in America at 25 cents, the equivalent to our shilling.

Well, for a popular book, *Freckles* is not at all bad, in the way that so many popular novels are bad. It is not too well written, but there are no crude theories, no belief that the writer is a prophet or a prophetess with a "message." The author probably wrote this orgie of sentiment with his tongue in his cheek. The hero is a ragged waif of sixteen or seventeen just escaped from a "home," he having apparently been deposited on the doorstep as a child. The boy has but one hand but is good-looking and has an Irish brogue. How, although of Irish birth, he derived the said brogue from years spent in this home for destitute children in America is not explained.

However, the boy, who is always called Freckles, appears before a wealthy Scotsman who owns acres of timber; Freckles asks for work. The Scotsman is attracted towards him and gives him the task of watching the forest of splendid trees, and protecting it from forest thieves. Here appears to him a beautiful girl, the daughter of another wealthy man. She assists and protects him, and there is much pretty sentiment as well as heroic adventure. Ultimately the poor waif turns out to be a son of an Irish peer who has, of course, a castle in the Emerald Isle. If this book were to sell three-quarters of a million copies in this country we can imagine a delightful page of *Punch* founded upon it. It is the *Bow Bells* novelette of our childhood over again—but then, what a lot of pleasure that novelette gave us, and so why should we not read *Freckles*?

My congratulations to *The Daily Telegraph* upon its jubilee. To me this journal, which I scarcely ever opened before the war commenced, has shown during the war the highest patriotism of all London newspapers, the least disposition to instruct our authorities on how the war should be run. It has been also the most heartening in convincing us that we are working through to a sure triumph.

Surely the most unpatriotic thing that has been printed during the war is a statement by Mr. William Watson in *The Evening News* to the effect that "it is very doubtful indeed whether we are going to beat the Germans at all." This has been quoted widely in American newspapers and in pro-German organs with glee. Although it is merely the utterance of a minor poet it is obvious that the writer of it should be interned. There is not the faintest shadow of doubt that not we, but we in conjunction with our great Allies, are going to beat the Germans; but if this is not the time for brag, still less is it the time for the kind of pessimistic utterance of which Mr. Watson has been guilty.

Mr. E. B. Osborn has perpetrated a very good pun in *The Morning Post* at the expense of Mr. H. G. Wells, who has put him in *Boon*. Perhaps it is a chestnut, but it is new to me.

As Mr. H. G. Wells seems to be secretly cultivating the classics (I can hear his *Bohns* rattling), the following dissertation, etc.

One of the most elusive things in connection with a certain type of literary enthusiasm is the present-day rage for manuscripts of particular authors. This enthusiasm has nothing whatever to do with the popularity of an author. There are authors whose books sell in hundreds of thousands who, if their manuscripts were offered in the sale-room, would be knocked down for a few shillings. There are other authors who command but a very moderate public, but their work has become a hobby of collectors.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of this kind is that of George Gissing. In those publications which have to do with the selling of second-hand books, Gissing's work is in constant demand. I find sometimes no fewer than a dozen booksellers asking for the same books, and these are books, remember, that a few years ago one could have obtained for a few pence. Still more, of course, does this zest apply to Gissing manuscripts, and only the other day I saw in a well-known bookseller's a manuscript of Mr. Gissing's marked £450, another £80, and so on—and to think of it, that I must have destroyed dozens of Mr. Gissing's manuscripts in my time!

I had rather prided myself upon the fact, which Mr. H. G. Wells has generously acknowledged in an essay upon Gissing, that I was zealously publishing Gissing's work at a time when no one else was doing so. I was publishing it, I may add, not only for my own gratification—because I delighted in the stimulating quality of his work—but also with abundant advantage to those publications in which it appeared. But it certainly never occurred to me that Gissing's manuscripts would some day have a commercial value. Had it occurred to him he would have retained them for the benefit of his family. Certainly I must have destroyed, or permitted to be destroyed, dozens of Gissing's manuscripts in my time, but after all this adds very much to the advantage of the owners of those that were preserved. The value of the manuscripts of an author is naturally affected by their fewness.

Another writer whose work has fallen to the collector is, I confess, a greater surprise to me than that of George Gissing. It is George Moore, who must not, by the way, be confused with another George Moore who has been very much in evidence of late among those who are following public affairs from behind the scenes. Mr. George Moore's books are greatly in request in first editions; and to think what a number of them I have discarded after reading, not recognising a God-given immortal in the author of *A Mummer's Wife* and similar books! Mr. Moore, however, has been revenged. If you have a complete set of first editions of his work they are worth an incredible lot of money just now, and in one catalogue I note that seventeen pages of original manuscript by him, bound in half-morocco, is offered for £35, and another manuscript, forty-two pages, is offered for £42.

The firm of T. C. and E. C. Jack is to publish a *Life of Theodore Watts-Dunton*. It will be a somewhat composite kind of book, I gather, as three authors' names are mentioned—Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Hake, who long acted as Watts-Dunton's secretary, and Mrs. Watts-Dunton, the widow. Watts-Dunton was an admirable letter-writer, very generous in his appreciations, and his correspondence will certainly make a good book.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has, I believe, completed his volume on *Swinburne* in the "English Men of Letters" series. I should not be surprised if Mr. Gosse does not follow it up some day by a longer and more exhaustive biography of the great poet. He has invaluable biographical material in the remarkable series of privately-printed books which Mr. Thomas J. Wise has issued for circulation among his friends.

Waterloo day has passed, and what a difference the war has made to the way the centenary has been kept—a few leading articles, a few stray efforts by word-spinning journalists, and Waterloo is done with, lost in the larger conflagration of our time. But one little book of permanent worth reaches me in a second edition, *The Waterloo Roll Call*, by Charles Dalton (Eyre and Spottiswoode), a little volume which forms a kind of "Who's Who" to all who fought in the British Army at Waterloo. You have here in a compact little volume the history of the Waterloo campaign on its personal side.

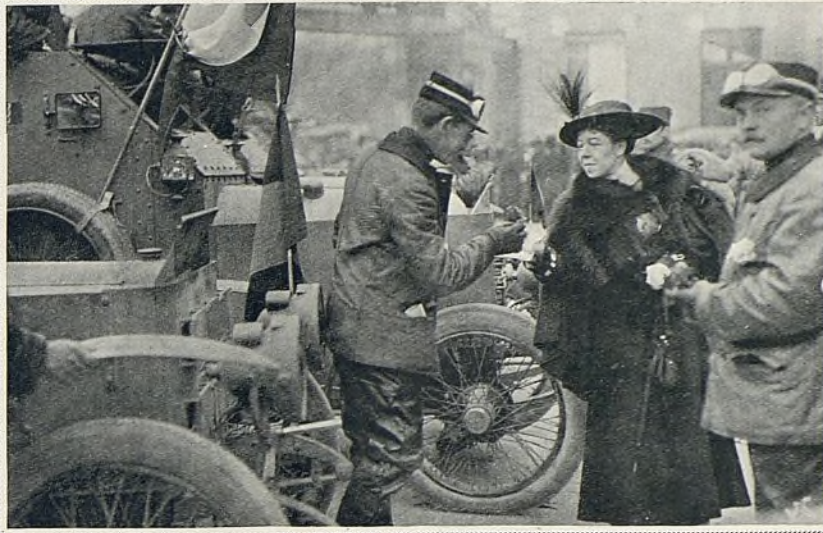
C. K. S.

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

MARTIAL SCENES in PARIS : *The Departure for the Front of a New Belgian Regiment.*



Scenes at the Departure of the New Belgian Regiment
Madame Colace Osorio, the lady who presented the regiment with its flag, motored down to the headquarters with her car laden with flowers for the Belgians



Mrs. Connell Presents Violets to the Armoured-car Drivers
Prior to the departure of the new Belgian regiment which left recently for the front the armoured-car drivers received presents of violets from Commander Connell's wife



A Farewell Before Departing for the Front
A motor-car driver bidding his wife farewell before leaving for the fighting line in Flanders with a new Belgian regiment which was recently formed in Paris



The New Belgian Regiment's Flag and Decorated Gun
A new Belgian regiment, which was formed in Paris, left recently for the front amidst the hearty farewells of numerous well-wishers. The regiment was presented with a flag before departure. Included in the regiment was a detachment of mitrailleuse cars, the value of which has repeatedly been proved in warfare



A Group of Patients in the American Hospital at Paris
This hospital is one of the largest in Paris, and many wealthy Americans are connected with it. Dr. Blake, the famous New York surgeon, is seen on the left. The dog in the picture saved his master's life by scraping away some of the debris of a trench which had collapsed and killed all the occupants with the single exception of the soldier whose life was saved by the dog



A Wounded Officer Studies the War News
The above picture was taken on a bright summer morning in the Champs Elysées in Paris, and constitutes a pathetic reminder of the realities of war. This brave French officer was wounded at Soissons and has lost a leg in consequence

THREE INTERESTING PLAYS for WAR TIME.



Sister Marie Odile (Miss Marie Löhr) is a novice in a convent where she has "never seen a young man"



"Marie Odile," at His Majesty's.—The novice, compelled by the soldiery to assume the chair of the Mother Superior, wishes them all the protection of Heaven and a safe return to their mothers



Sister Marie Odile meets a corporal (Mr. Basil Gill) and removes her head-dress, showing her "Joan of Arc" hair



"The Day Before the Day," at the St. James's.—This scene had a decided thrill about it. The British Secret Service officer lounges into a room full of Germans who are signalling to an enemy submarine. The three Germans cover him with their revolvers



"The Day Before the Day," at the St. James's.—Mr. Lyn Harding acted with great vigour and cleverness as the apparently simple Yank. He was gagged and bound in this scene, but managed to save the heroine (Miss Grace Lane)

"MARIE ODILE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

This play, by Edward Knoblauch, has great charm. It reveals the interior of a convent in a mountainous region, no country being specified and no period, but it is war time. The Mother Superior of the convent is very rigid and austere with the young novice, who has been brought up among the nuns from her earliest childhood very innocent, very devoted to her opinions, never having seen a man other than the elderly priest and Peter, the gardener, admirably presented by Mr. O. B. Clarence. The story of the taking of the convent by a few soldiers and the love inspired in Marie Odile by a young corporal, of the flight of the nuns, all provide an exceedingly pathetic and poetical play which is certain to attract large audiences

THE FATE OF WAR PLAYS AT THE PRESENT TIME

The production of a war play is a perilous business at the present time. Some quite good plays with a war flavour have been produced, only to fall like leaves before an autumn frost. The war is too near us to be staged in the way these plays have been presented to us. There was Mr. C. B. Fernald's war drama at the St. James's. There were two scenes in it which at any other time would have secured a long run. Mr. Lyn Harding's acting was very clever (his make-up was a complete disguise) during the time when he liberates himself from the German den on the east coast. A galaxy of stars did their utmost but for all that the play has passed away. These two pictures will, however, place it upon our record of war-time dramas

MR. H. B. IRVING'S PLAY AT THE SAVOY

The Hon. Hyacinth Petavel (Mr. H. B. Irving) is a young crank invited by an elderly baronet to be his guest for an indefinite period at his country seat. He finds there the baronet in question, two young men who are very much in love with the two daughters of the baronet, also an old friend of the family, Lady Sarel. The old family portraits are to him but abhorrences, the sculpture replicas of Greek art, extinct atrocities, and he sets himself to work to change all this. So effective is he that in the second act we see the family portraits replaced by extensive Futurist canvases. The play is an amusing burlesque, to which Mr. Irving brings his abundant talents, and Mr. Holman Clark, as the baronet, his usual charm and good humour



The First Act of "The Angel in the House."—Hyacinth Petavel (Mr. H. B. Irving), arriving with his dogs, meets Sir Rupert Bindloss (Mr. Holman Clark), his two daughters, Lallie (Miss Vera Coburn) and Joan (Miss Mary Glynn), Lady Sarel (Lady Tree), and, to the extreme left, Count Pietro Rossi (Mr. C. Walter Martin)



The Second Act of "The Angel in the House."—Hyacinth Petavel declaiming on the beauties of Futurism to the three admiring women while Sir Rupert Bindloss stands in petrified amazement, and the two young lovers, Count Pietro Rossi and Basil Malet (Mr. Langhorne Burton), are contemptuous of his extravagance

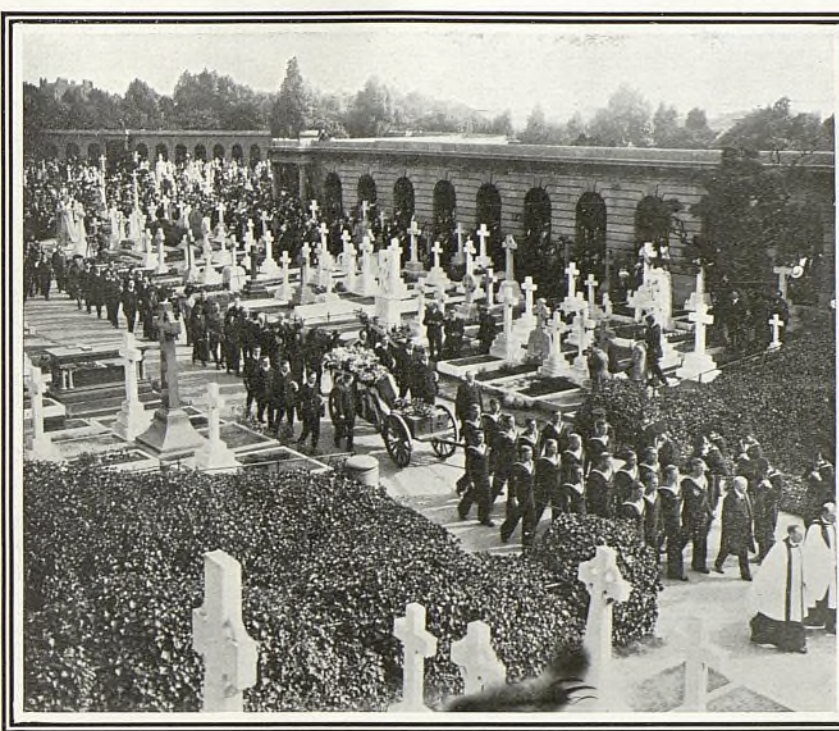


The Funeral of Flight Sub-Lt. Warneford, V.C., at Brompton.



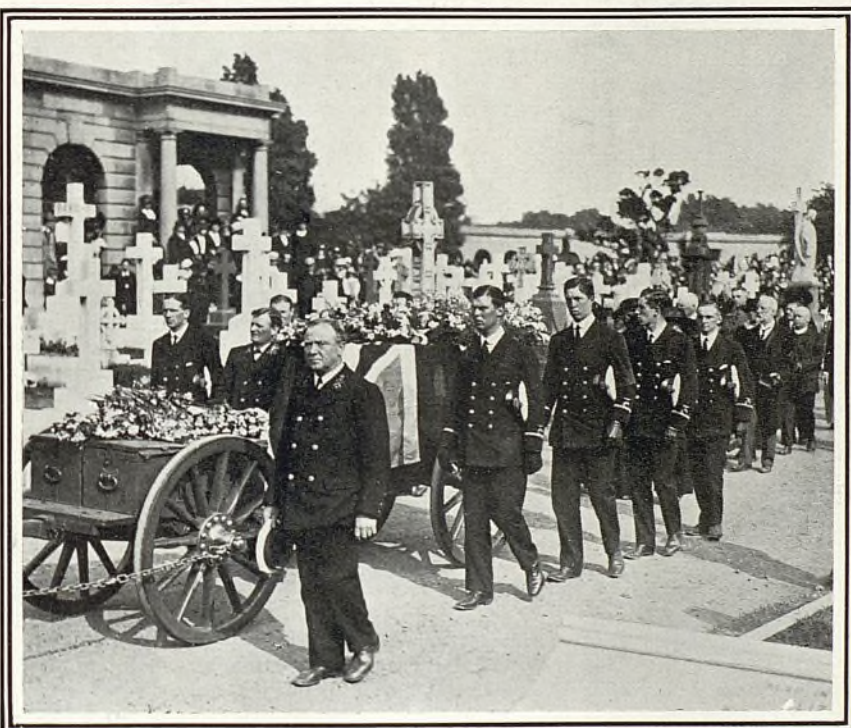
Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford's Last Journey to London

The body of the gallant aviator arrived at Victoria Station on Monday evening. Eight sailors approached the van in which the coffin had come up from Folkestone and bore it to the waiting gun carriage. On the Union Jack covering the coffin lay a huge wreath representing an aeroplane, sent by the officers and men at the British Hospital in Paris.



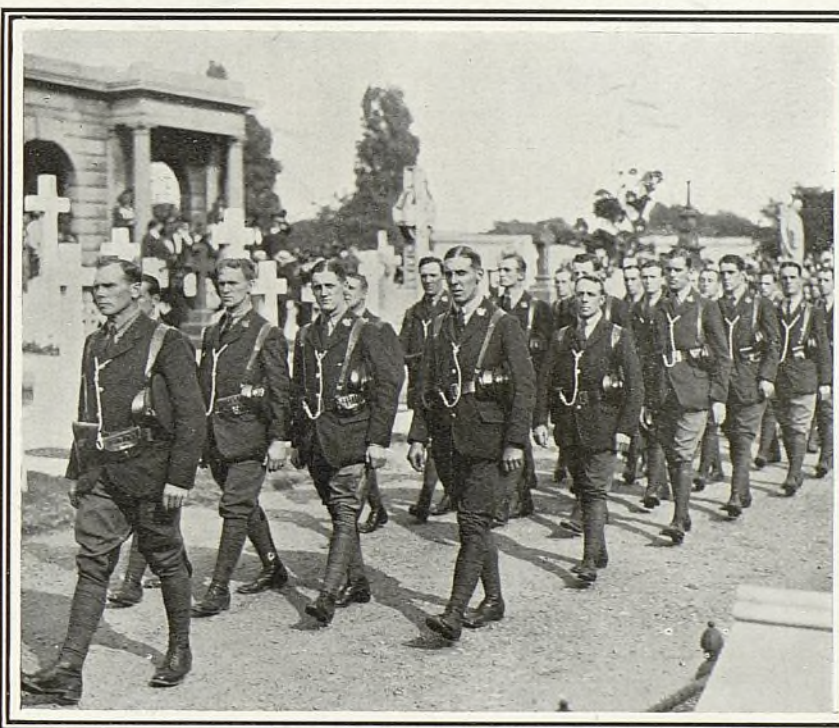
The Coffin Being Borne from the Chapel to the Grave

The interment took place at Brompton Cemetery. Previous to the interment a funeral service was held in the chapel, at which the mother of Lieutenant Warneford, Mrs. Corkery, and her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Corkery, and other relatives of the dead aviator were present. During the course of the day some 50,000 people visited the cemetery.



The Coffin Being Carried to the Grave on a Gun Carriage

The arrangements for the funeral were in the hands of the Admiralty, and they were carried out with fitting ceremony. The body was conveyed to the grave on a gun carriage amidst the great numbers of people who had gathered to pay their last respects.

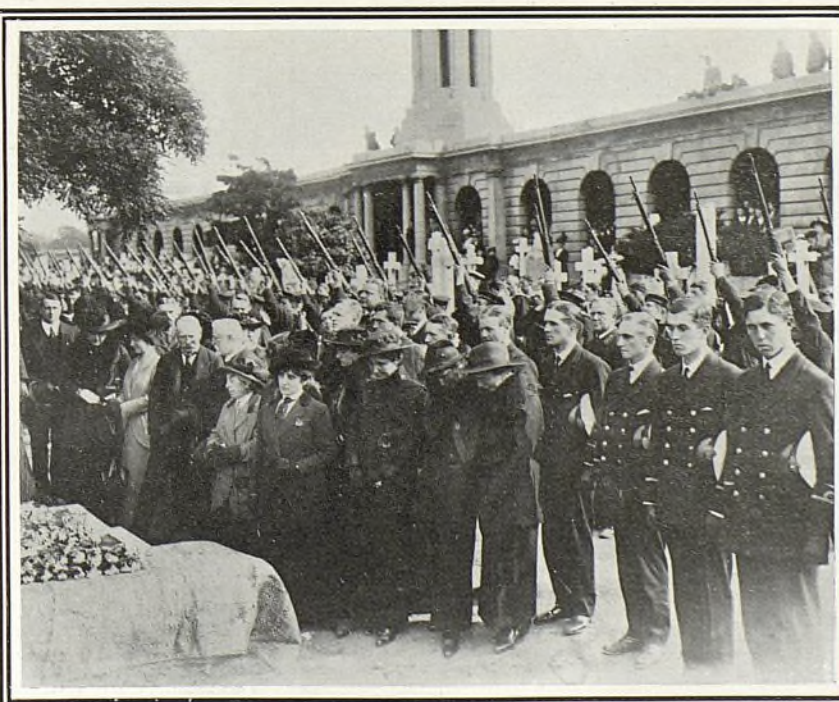


Members of the R.N.A.S. Following the Coffin to the Grave

Following the coffin to the grave was a number of men of the Royal Naval Air Service—comrades in arms of the air pilot. The wreaths included those sent by the dead hero's relatives and by representatives of the Admiralty and War Office.



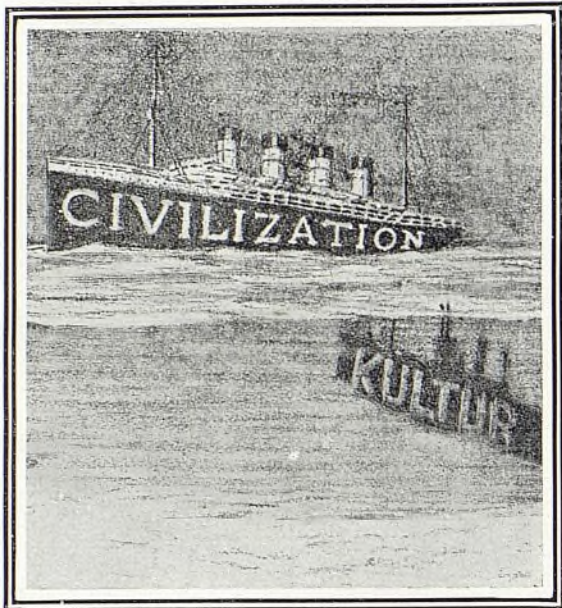
The Model of an Aeroplane in Flowers Lorne on the Coffin



The Firing Party at the Graveside Pay the Last Tribute to the Dead

"In the hot-fit of life, a-tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. . . . The trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."—From Robert Louis Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque"

The MENACE of the TEUTON in the United States.



"As the World Sees It"

A cartoon in the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger"

The American Note to Germany concerning the latter's submarine policy was transmitted to Berlin on June 8. Up to the moment of writing, however, no statement from Germany has yet been made in reply regarding the demands made by President Wilson. When it became known that the American Note was to go forward, Mr. Bryan, the Secretary of State, resigned office and at once began an active peace propaganda throughout the States. In American diplomatic circles this dissociation of Mr. Bryan from the remainder of the American Cabinet caused quite a mild sensation.

By talking about the possibility of peace, and hence the possibility of American mediation, the German propagandists in the United States, as *The Times* recently pointed out, hope to cajole the President; by working up anti-war sentiment they hope to intimidate him into the abandonment of the determination expressed in the first Note to press the *Lusitania* controversy to a satisfactory conclusion; while by spreading the idea that Germany is ready for peace they show that they have not given up the old policy of attempting to saddle us with the responsibility for the continuance of the war.

As to their main object, the continuous stream of invective emitted by their organs against the "arbitrariness" of our blockade and of insinuations that Germany is ready to stop her submarine activities if we will abandon the blockade, show that they have not given up hope of using official American discontent with our maritime methods to obscure the *Lusitania* issue and make bad blood between the United States and England. Their numbers, as shown below, are considerable, but whether they will succeed must remain to be seen.

In amplification of the details published in last week's issue of "The Sphere" concerning the number of Germans in America, we publish below further figures which include, in addition to Germans, the number of Austrians and Hungarians in the United States. These amended lists therefore supplement and, in some cases, supersede the previous figures:—

TOTAL POPULATION OF AMERICA

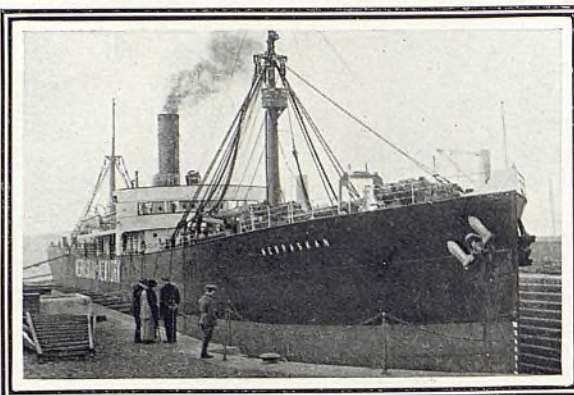
Exclusive of outlying possessions -	91,972,266
White, total -	81,731,957
Negro, total -	9,827,763
Total -	91,559,720

Note.—Difference in two totals accounted for by the non-inclusion of Japanese, Chinese, Mongolians, etc., in either negro or white totals.

GERMANS AND AUSTRO-HUNGARIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

From the 1910 Census

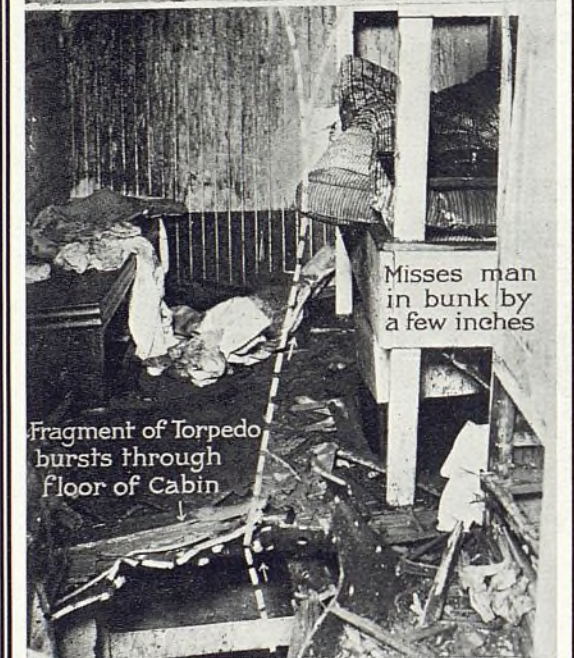
Total -	10,984,404
Born in Germany or Austria-Hungary -	4,171,705
Both parents born in Germany or Austria-Hungary -	4,811,976
One parent born in U.S.A. and one in Germany or Austria-Hungary -	2,000,723
Total -	10,984,404



The "Nebraskan" in Dry Dock at Liverpool



Two fragments blown out through deck



Misses man in bunk by a few inches

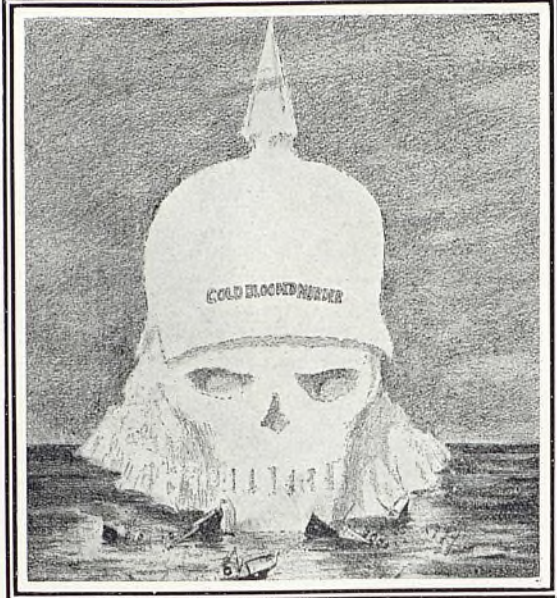
Fragment of Torpedo bursts through floor of Cabin



Torpedo entered here on under side of hull

The Torpedoing of the "Nebraskan"

The United States steamer, "Nebraskan," a vessel of 4,400 tons, was torpedoed by a German submarine shortly after the *Lusitania* tragedy on May 25. She was bound for Delaware from Liverpool and was attacked off the Irish coast. The crew immediately took to their boats, but returned when it was found that the vessel was still floating. She steamed back to Liverpool, where she was dry docked. The torpedo, as will be seen from the above series of views, entered the under side of the hull and a large fragment then penetrated the vessel, emerging finally on deck. A man sleeping in his bunk in one of the cabins was missed only by a few inches.



"Another Iceberg"

A cartoon in the Brooklyn "Eagle"

The other side of the situation is given in an article, published recently in *The Times*, from a person actually in Germany, who wrote: "I travelled recently widely throughout the German Empire, and in every part of the country I met with signs of the growing intense hostility towards the United States. Americans are already treated almost like 'the enemy.' In one city I noticed that the word 'American' on a signboard had been covered over with white paper. At a variety theatre in another city an American juggler was featured as a 'Deutsch-amerikaner,' etc., with a capital 'D' and a small 'a.' And other similar outbursts of animosity clearly indicate the trend of events.

"With singular bitterness the press campaign has been directed against America. Not a day passes that American affairs are not treated in an insulting manner. One of the most influential newspapers in Germany published a lengthy article accusing American Consular officials of being industrial spies, and urging manufacturers and others not to furnish any information whatever to Americans, officials or otherwise.

"It must be acknowledged that the situation of Americans in Germany is becoming untenable. There is a small coterie of 'German-Americans' who loudly protest that friendly relations exist between the two countries—when these persons are not engaged in vilifying the responsible authorities of the country to which they owe allegiance, and which affords them immunity and protection. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the great majority of Americans now in Germany are sitting on their packed boxes, ready to leave at a moment's notice, which, in the opinion of many, will not be long delayed."

GERMANS, AUSTRO-HUNGARIANS, ETC., IN AMERICA

From the United States Census, 1910

	Foreigners in the United States	Foreigners born outside United States	
		United States	Foreigners
England -	2,322,442	876,455	
Scotland -	659,663	261,034	
Wales -	248,947	82,479	
Ireland -	4,504,360	1,352,155	
	7,735,412	2,572,123	
Germany -	8,282,618	2,501,181	
Belgium -	89,264	49,397	
Luxembourg -	6,945	3,068	
France -	292,389	117,236	
Italy -	2,098,360	1,343,070	
Russia -	2,541,649	1,602,752	
Austria -	2,001,559	1,174,924	
Hungary -	700,227	495,600	
	2,701,786	1,670,524	
Turkey -	76,631	59,702	

Some Records of GAMAGE TYRES

14,652 miles on back wheel of Hotchkiss Landaulet.
14,000 miles on 40 h.p. Berliet.
5,000 miles—6,000 miles—7,000 miles.
7,490 miles—3,000 miles—still running.
5,206 miles on front wheel of 45 h.p. car.
9,000 miles on left wheel of car.
10,000 miles on 20 h.p. Vauxhall cabriolet.
4,600 miles without puncture.

GAMAGE TYRES.

Guaranteed for 3,000 miles. Compare the guarantee with the above records, copied from actual testimonials in our possession.

SIZE.	Ribbed Square Tread.	Steel Studded Non-Skid.	Tubes.
700 x 85 mm. ...	1 12 3	—	14 3
710 x 90 mm. ...	2 7 3	3 4 9	14 3
760 x 90 mm. ...	2 11 6	3 11 9	15 0
810 x 90 mm. ...	2 13 9	3 16 6	16 3
815 x 105 mm. ...	3 15 3	5 3 3	1 2 6
875 x 105 mm. ...	4 1 6	5 12 3	1 3 3
820 x 120 mm. ...	4 10 0	5 15 0	1 6 3
880 x 120 mm. ...	4 17 9	6 5 6	1 8 3
920 x 120 mm. ...	5 2 3	6 10 9	1 10 0
SIZES TO FIT FORD CARS.			
30 x 3 in. ...	1 15 3	2 18 9	11 0
30 x 3½ in. ...	2 17 0	3 18 6	16 3

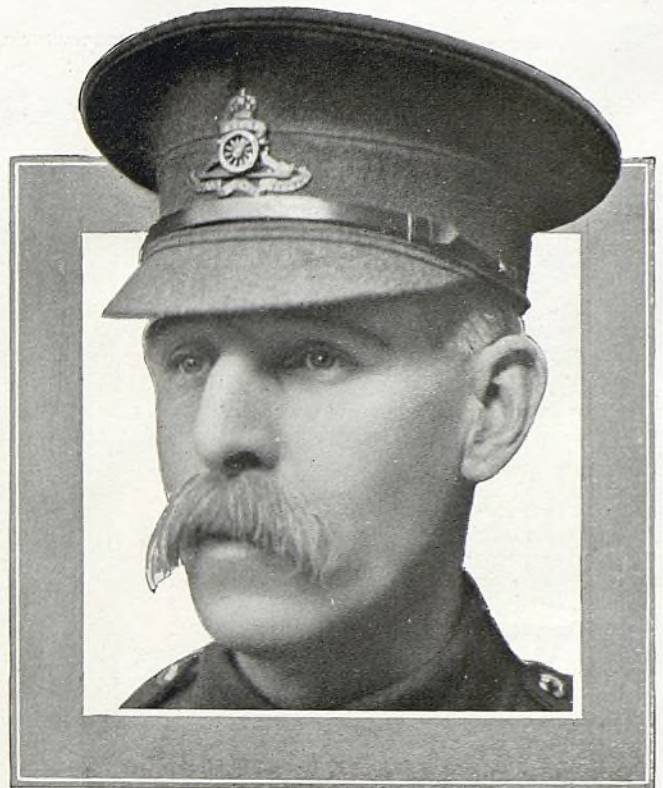
A Recent Testimonial from Ireland.

Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd. 22nd May, 1915.
Dear Sirs—It gives me great pleasure, instead of complaining of failures, to inform you that I have just removed a tyre of yours, No. 20061, 820 x 120, which has been on both driving and front wheels of my 30-35 h.p. car since July, 1913, and has run 5,274 miles. It has worn evenly and would, perhaps, run a few more miles, but I am taking the car next on a long run.

"THE ECONOMICAL MOTORIST."

Our Catalogue of Motorists' Requirements will show you
HOW TO SAVE POUNDS ON YOUR ACCESSORIES BILL.
Full details of all the latest and most up-to-date devices, each listed at Gamage Prices—the lowest. Send for free copy to-day.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.



J. H. BAKER,

**1st Class Master Gunner,
Royal Garrison Artillery, writes:**

"In my work as a Master Gunner I know of nothing to equal Phosferine for restoring vigour and bracing up the system. Well-balanced nerves, readiness, promptness, and sustained strength are all wanted in working the big guns. Phosferine has been of the greatest help in keeping me fit, and in counteracting the overstrain due to heavy physical exhaustion. When speaking of your medicine in the Sergeants' Mess, I was interested to hear the testimonies of the various Staff-Sergeants and Sergeants standing round as to the value of the preparation, one Staff-Sergeant stated that it saved him from a collapse whilst undergoing a twelve-months' training. I have for years found it invaluable both for myself and family."—May 12, 1915.

This highly qualified Master Gunner has proved that in all his long service experience Phosferine has been the only means of acquiring that lasting vigour and nerve force by which he achieved such great proficiency—Phosferine gave him the increased nervous vitality, the fine staying power, to withstand the constant nerve-wrecking strain and shock involved in working the big guns.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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Woman's Sphere in War Time

By Olivia



The sales bid fair to be a greater excitement for womenkind this year than ever before. Firstly, because the

zest for bargains is perhaps keener than ever; and secondly, because the shops are making a special effort to make them extraordinarily attractive. Not the least wonderful part in this terrible time of war has been played by our big business firms of all sorts, who while giving nobly to the country's cause, both in men and in kind, have quietly and unostentatiously "kept the flag flying" and seen to it that we lacked nothing. Their enterprise has been magnificent, and their industry indefatigable. Prices have been cut down to the lowest possible, and the utmost value has been given for money. Not only have we been kept well supplied with all the necessities, but with practically all the luxuries. In the realm of dress daintiness and elegance have been kept well up to the usual standards, and may even be said to have surpassed them, for in the domain of *lingerie* and lace, for instance, there has never perhaps been a greater wealth of exquisite needlework, done by the thousands of French and Belgian women whom war has thrown on their own resources. The summer sales that are just beginning will present a unique opportunity for picking up pieces of beautiful needlecraft at modest prices. A perusal of the sale catalogues of the bigger shops is quite a revelation of the wondrous bargains to be found in them during the next month also, and those who buy wisely now will be laying in provision against lean years to come, when luxuries at least must decrease for a time.

Cotton Fabrics

For present wear the galaxy of cotton materials is almost bewildering, and it is quite a sign of the times that they are often so wondrously woven as to make them look like silk, so that for a comparatively small outlay one can have a number of dainty frocks, suitable for any occasion. Cotton crêpes have been brought to such a state of excellence and solidity that delightful coats and skirts for warm weather may be made of them, provided the making

is entrusted to sophisticated hands, for these cheap materials too often come into those more audacious than capable, with deplorable results. The simple cotton gown, so often sung by poets, may be a terribly dowdy affair unless some touch of subtlety redeems it. Perhaps one of the most satisfactory investments at the moment is



A Dainty Afternoon Frock

In cotton voile, the flounces edged with bands of taffeta

a black-and-white checked voile. When the checks are quite small nothing gives a greater impression of coolness as well as good taste. A pretty frock of this voile is made with a full gathered skirt ornamented with some large tucks and a loose accordion-pleated panel or apron in front, which is carried up above the waist like the bib of the apron. This is upheld by black velvet bretelles, between which appears a dainty vest of fine lawn trimmed with tiny frills of Valenciennes lace and fastening with wee crystal buttons. This, worn with a big, floppy Leghorn hat trimmed with black-and-white daisies, would make a charming afternoon toilette, with which a little taffeta coat might be allied. Another very useful and attractive item of the summer wardrobe is a grey linen coat and skirt opening over a blouse of white muslin with deep waistcoat points and other touches of black moiré.

Holiday Gear

The lazy holiday is out of fashion—and out of the question—for most of us this year, but there will probably be as much moving about in search of change and a little distraction, and the question of travelling and holiday garb begins to occupy our thoughts. In view of the difficulties of transport, they who travel light will be wise in their generation. Big trunks should be tabooed; the holiday wardrobe should be such as will compress easily into a few light valises. And to this end it should be remembered that holiday garments, however few, should be got specially for, and made suitable for, holiday wear. Those who betake themselves to the depths of the country, and the moors or seaside, thinking to wear out the clothes they have been wearing during the season in London make a fatal mistake, and condemn themselves to much discomfort and the landscape they are about to adorn to much incongruity. As we have said, the fewer the better, but let one's clothes be fitting—both to the wearer and to the occasion. A rough homespun coat and skirt, with a hat to match it, a few simple shirts, a good sports coat, a simple taffeta frock, and an evening gown or two—the only

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THIS happy photograph has been received direct from our soldiers. It shows that in the Army, as elsewhere, Hall's Distemper is "to the front." Its sterling merits as a thorough disinfectant, and a quickly applied hard-drying decoration, take it there, and, wherever used, it safeguards the health of the troops in the buildings they occupy.

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Table Knives £2 12 6 doz.

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RICHARD BURBIDGE · MANAGING DIRECTOR

July Linen Sale

Owing to the War, scarcity of Flax, and increased cost of production, all kinds of linen goods are advancing in price. Our July Sale presents an opportunity of filling up household linen requirements at prices that cannot last much longer. It will pay to write for our Sale Linen List, as many of the items quoted cannot be repeated afterwards.

TABLE LINEN



Fine Hand-woven Double Damask Tablecloth, No. 307 G (Regency Period), 2 x 2 yards, 19/3; 2 x 2½ yards, 23/11; 2 x 3 yards, 28/9; 2½ x 3 yards, 39/11; 2½ x 3½ yards, 46/6 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 43/6 dozen.



Double Damask Tablecloth, No. 313 G, pattern Pansy border and centre piece, 2 x 2 yards, 11/-; 2 x 2½ yards, 13/9; 2 x 3 yards, 16/6; 2½ x 3 yards, 21/3; 2½ x 3½ yards, 24/9 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 17/- dozen.



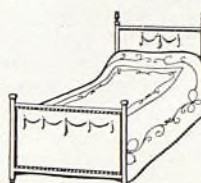
TOWELS

Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, our own make, 24 x 41 in., 24/9; 25 x 42 in., 26/9 per dozen.

Hemmed Huck Towels, 20 x 40 in., 8/11, 12/3 dozen.

Hemstitched Huck Towels, 18 x 38 in., 8/9; 24 x 42 in., 15/6 dozen.

Kitchen Towels, lettered in Border, "Kitchen," "Pantry," or "Housemaid," 8/6, 9/6 dozen.



BED LINEN

Fine Irish Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 13/11, 20/3, 23/11; 2 x 3½ yards, 16/6, 24/3, 27/11; 2½ x 3 yards, 19/9, 26/9, 29/9; 2½ x 3½ yards, 22/10, 30/9, 34/6 pair.

Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 50 in., 16/9, 21/11; 22 x 32 in., 19/9, 24/6; 27 x 27 in., 21/3, 25/3 per dozen.

Linen Bolster Cases, 17 x 54 in., 27/-; 19 x 60 in., 30/6 per dozen.

Hand Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, 2½ x 3 yards, 18/6, 23/6 each.



HANDKERCHIEFS

No. M4. — Ladies' pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 12½ in. with ½ in. hem, 3/- dozen.

No. M24. Ladies' fine linen hand-embroidered Monogram Handkerchiefs, about 13 in. with ½ in. hem. Can be had in any two-letter combination, 6/8 dozen.



No. M10. — Gentlemen's pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 18½ in. with ½ in. hem, 5/3 doz.

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Our celebrated Castle quality Collars in the latest shapes. All faced with fine Irish Linen, woven in our Belfast factories, Reduced to 5/9 dozen. Royal Quality, 7/9 dozen. Postage 3d. extra.



Coloured Tunic Shirts, soft fronts, rounded cuffs with two buttons in front, made of Oxford and Zephyr Cloths in neat blue, black, helio and green stripes on white ground, each 3/11. Also in Fine Zephyr and best quality Oxford Cloths, each 5/6.

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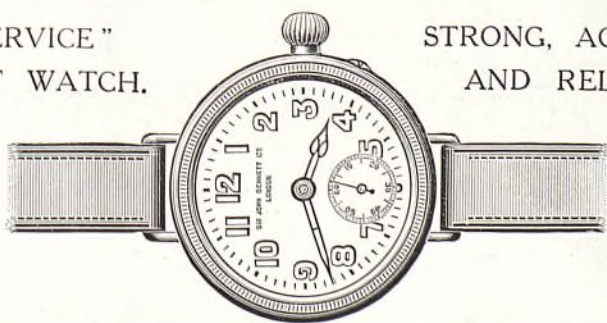
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things that may be at all frivolous and elaborate—and a pair or two of stout boots and shoes, should comprise the chief necessities, other ingredients being added according to taste. Country-house visiting with all its rigours and its endless paraphernalia will not come upon us with anything like its usual severity this year, so our requirements will be curtailed, but the staple garments remain the same and should be of the best and most correct.

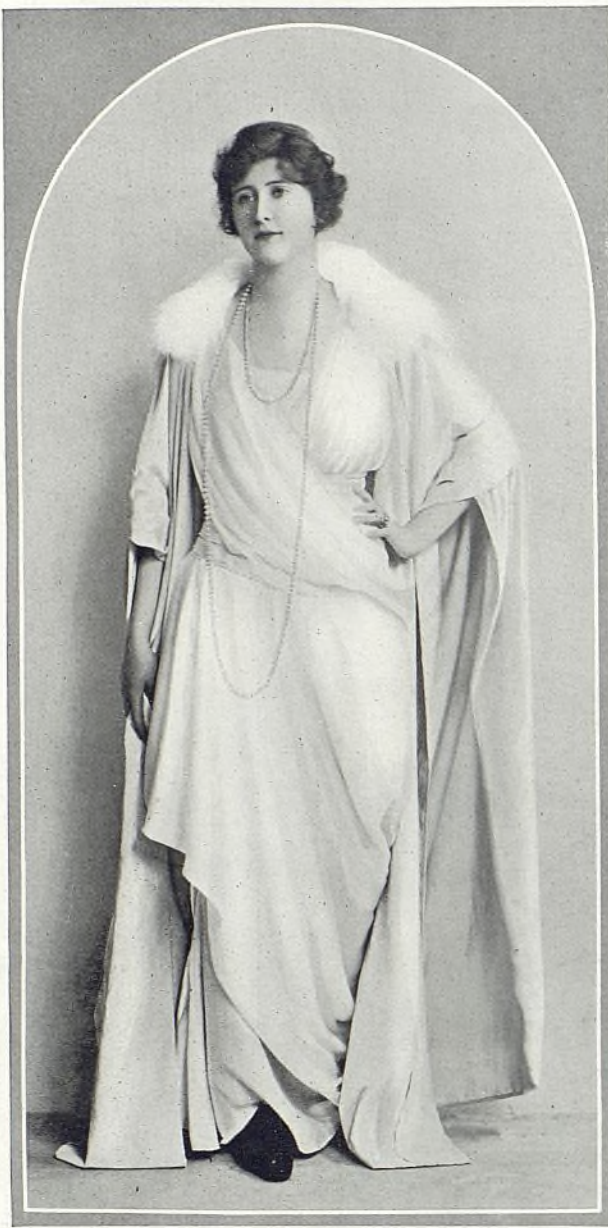
Some Beautiful Stage Frocks

In *Gamblers All*, at Wyndham's, the gamblers are certainly well-dressed. Fur, velvet, and fringe are the chief features, and vivid colourings are the order of the day. A triumph of loveliness is Miss Hilda Moore's evening dress, made by Löyse of Prince's Street, Hanover Square. It is a symphony in amber, orange, and Chinese-blue, the skirt being of amber chiffon over orange tulle, with an edging of skunk fur and blue ribbon, and the bodice in reality a mere swathing of orange and amber brocade held up over one shoulder by a black velvet strap, and over the other by a band of civet-cat. Over this frock is worn a cloak of deep Chinese-blue chiffon velvet, lined with Chinese tapestry and trimmed with skunk. Her black chiffon velvet dress, too, is extremely handsome and effective. It has a short circular skirt and jumper bodice garnished with chinchilla and silver lace, and with it is worn a black velvet hat trimmed with chinchilla and one red, red rose poised on the brim.

Bathing Costume Up to Date

Fashions in bathing gowns are as varied and numerous as those for dress on dry land. Their designers seem to have fairly let themselves go this year, and a parade of the new "creations" for bathing in would be indeed a startling affair, calculated to take away the breath of ordinary unsophisticated sea-bathing folk. Silks, taffetas, and satins are employed as material for them, and even complete "fleshings" for wearing under them, *brassières*, corsets, silk stockings, laced-up boots, and beflowered millinery are among the accessories of up-to-date bathing costumes. Bathing millinery is most wonderful. It may be had in all colours, checks, and stripes, and in all shapes, and all in rubber, of course. There is the "Tipperary" cap, of Glengarry *genre*, with two jaunty ends floating in the breeze behind, the "common or garden 'tammy,'" the tasselled biretta, the airman's cap with ear-flaps, the kerchief cap with two ends tied smartly in front, and their name is legion. Styles in bathing suits are likewise legion. They may be cut *en Princesse*, *à l'Empire*, close-fitting or loose, high or low in the neck, and fitted with a good supply of pockets, the use of which is problematical—unless they be for stowing away treasures found in the deep, though their appearance is piquant. One I saw the other day was in navy-blue taffeta with deep-cut armhole and little sleeves turned back with cuffs of white crêpe de chine. It had a sailor collar of white

crêpe de chine, little slanting pockets outlined with it, and a sash of it knotted at one side.



Miss Lydia Bilbrooke
In a lovely gown and cloak as Mrs. Chesterton in "Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby" at the Comedy Theatre

The Summer Sale at Messrs. Peter Robinson's

Among the most interesting of the sales from the point of view of dress is that of Peter Robinson's, which begins at both the Oxford Street and Regent Street houses on Monday, June 28. At the Regent Street House are wonderful bargains in evening frocks, perfect in style and dainty in finish, some of them reduced as low as 79s. 6d. A vast number of pretty river frocks and afternoon frocks, quite out of the ordinary, are also most modestly priced, and of their blouses it is impossible to speak too highly. They are all much reduced, beautifully-cut batiste shirts being only 4s. 9d., and some in heavy crêpe de chine at 13s. 9d. and 14s. 9d. Exquisite *lingerie* is a great feature, and the loveliest hand-made nightdresses in cambric and lawn are 9s. 3d. and 11s. 9d., while in crêpe de chine they are reduced to 18s. 6d. They are also offering splendid bargains in corsets of the latest and most correct cut, and *négligées* of all designs are temptingly cheap. Pure silk stockings with lisle feet and tops are 3s. 11d. during the sale, and gloves, handbags, and all the small but important accessories are at bargain prices, as their illustrated sale catalogue will show. At the Oxford Street side there is a great sale of tailormades of first-class fashion and finish to suit the most fastidious taste; and also of silk frocks, tennis frocks, and gowns for young girls—these last ranging in price from 7s. 11d. Blouses and sports coats are also attractive and inexpensive. Fascinating flowered *ninon* tea or bridge coatees, with tucked hems and fall-over collars of *plissé* net and Valenciennes, are 12s. 11d., or in spotted silk net over *ninon*, with Medici collar and front of lace and coloured satin waist-belt, 15s. 11d.; while some in flowered voile are only 5s. Lace boudoir caps for 3s. 11d. and 4s. 6d., hand-made camisoles in all sizes for 3s. 11d., pretty and practical bathing costumes, and everything for babies' and children's wear, will not fail to appeal to materfamilias in these times.

Comforts for the Troops

I am always glad to receive and forward to the front any comforts for the soldiers that readers send me. Socks, handkerchiefs (old or new), notepaper and copying-ink pencils, cigarettes, sweets, towels, and soap are constantly asked for and very gratefully received. I send out consignments weekly, and parcels sent to "Olivia," THE SPHERE offices, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C., will at once be acknowledged and forwarded. Bags for containing the personal belongings of the wounded, which are so apt to get lost when their uniforms are removed, are also urgently required. These should be made of unbleached calico, 12 in. by 10 in. *when made*, and with a linen label sewed on and a double draw-string to close bag. A dozen yards of unbleached calico at 3½d. a yard will make forty-eight bags. These bags may be sent either to me or to Lady Smith-Dorrien, 21, Eaton Terrace, S.W. The War Office has specially asked for these and an enormous number is needed.

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Note the examples here illustrated—they will give you an idea of wonderful money-saving offers awaiting you.



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Smart Walking or Afternoon Gown made in navy and white or black and white spot foulard, with deep flounce of fine cloth at foot of the full skirt. The waist sash and front of bodice are of taffeta silk to match. Available in medium and large sizes.

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New Coat made in a variety of very rich silks in various colours, light and dark, richly lined. It is a copy of one of the latest French Models. Also in black silk and wool cord material. Cut full in the skirt.

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The "FULLSIZE"

A perfectly designed Model Suit, made in best navy and black Aberdare cloth. Coat becomingly cut, adorned with wide Military braid at waist; new shaped stole collar with embroidery. Skirt has sets of deep pleats over hips: coat lined best quality satin merv. 3 sizes.

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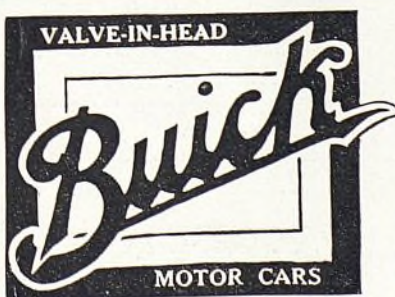
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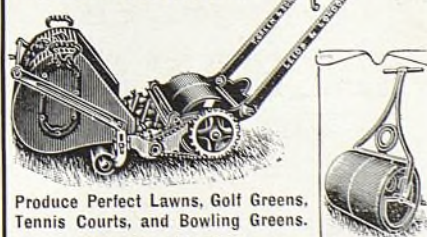
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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

Most praiseworthy work has been done by the American Red Cross Society in connection with the Allied armies. There is now in operation a field hospital of a very efficient nature, with motor vehicles as auxiliaries. The hospital comprises six large hospital tents fitted with folding beds, three operating tents, eight bell tents, four kitchen tents, and six officers' tents. The whole of this material is carried about as required on motor lorries supplied by the French Government. By the use of these vehicles it is possible to strike tents, remove to a new position, and erect the tents again in a period of time varying from a few hours to a day, according to the distance to be travelled.

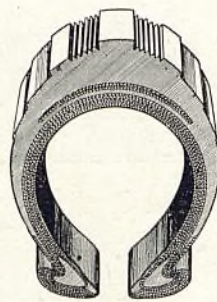
The American field hospital is supplied with ten Ford ambulances, and also with a Ford repair shop and supply van, and with a couple of Ford staff cars. These light ambulances are made use of for picking up the wounded at or near the front and hurrying with them to the field hospital some distance in the rear.

The staff, which is entirely voluntary, consists of sixty-five men, of whom twenty-five are motor drivers and attendants. Among these are many American college graduates and members of the Automobile Club of America. Another important motor ambulance which has gone to the front recently is the gift of wealthy members of the Argentine Republic residing in France. This is a transportable hospital, installed a few miles to the rear of the fighting line, but capable of keeping pace with the movements of the main body of troops.

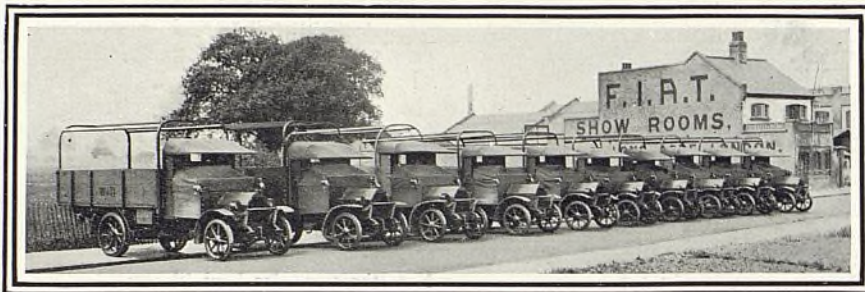
A point of some interest in the accompanying picture is that it shows a Vauxhall-Prince Henry chassis fitted with a closed body—the only instance, so far as Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., are aware, of a closed body of this type being mounted on the Prince Henry chassis, which was designed more particularly for open bodies. This low-built limousine, however, appears well suited to the fast type of chassis. The roof is brought to a point at the front, in keeping with the sharp radiator, and the

front lights are V-shaped. The side windows are so hinged at the top that they can be turned upwards and secured to the roof.

An important item in Messrs. Gamage's stock is the "Gamage" ribbed tyres. The 1915-16 design has all the 1915 improvements combined with some new features which mark a distinct advance upon the tyres previously produced. These tyres are well designed, and their notably moderate prices will also serve to commend them.



Section of the New Gamage Tyre



A Group of Fiat Lorries Forming Part of One Week's Delivery to the War Office

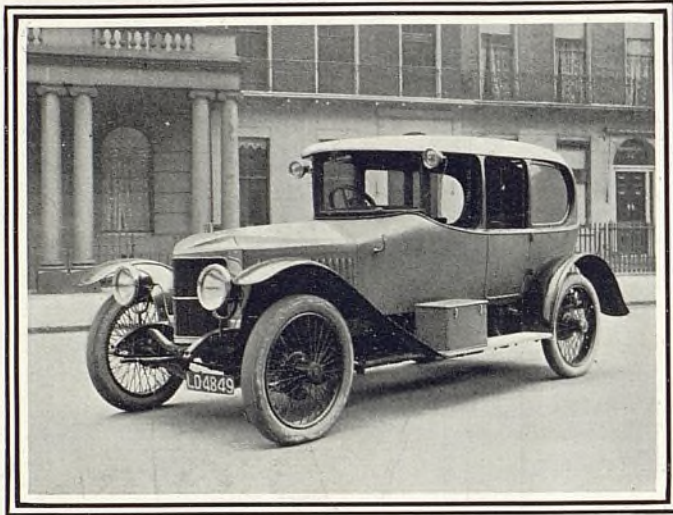
We publish an illustration of a 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier car near the boundary between Italy and Austria at the foot of the Tonale Pass. In this region at the present moment the Italian and Austrian armies are at very close grips, and the picture gives an idea of the difficult country

in which the fighting is now taking place. The photograph was taken during the famous Alpine test of the 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier car, which it will be remembered took place in September, 1913. On this occasion the Napier conquered the Alps of Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and France under the official observation of the British Royal Automobile Club, and it is interesting to record that during this test it traversed practically all the passes now being contended for by the armies of Italy and Austria.



At the Foot of the Tonale Pass

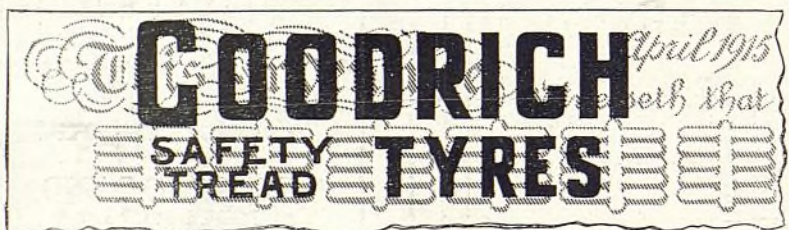
Where Italian and Austrian territory meet. The car is the 30-35-h.p. Napier which made the famous Alpine tour



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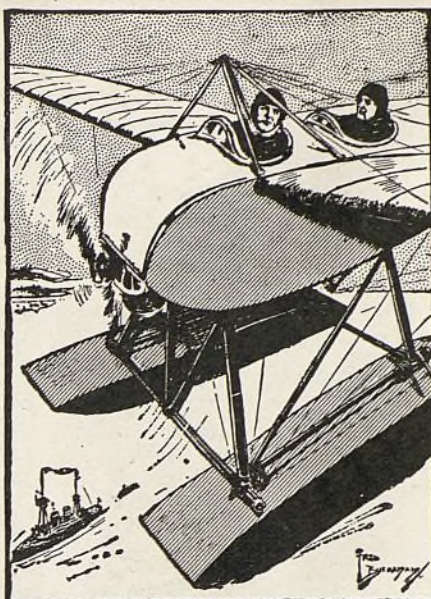
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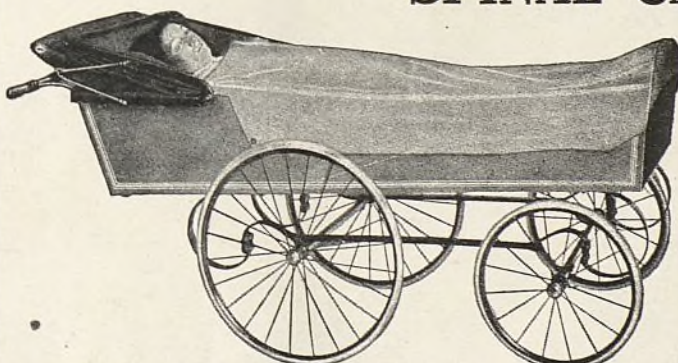
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