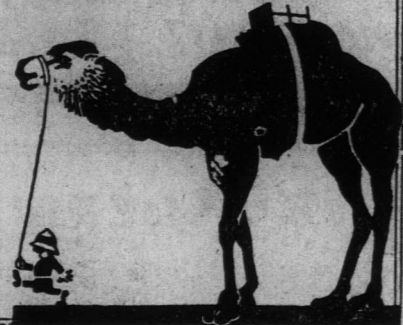


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is indispensable to the traveller crossing the African deserts, so also is SUNLIGHT SOAP indispensable to a careful housewife. A Camel can go for several days without drinking, but a good housewife cannot afford to let a single day pass without putting SUNLIGHT SOAP to some use. The first duty of every housewife is to economise; the duty of

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

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**LONDON GOSSIP.**

LONDON, June 29th, 1915.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES' MAJORITY.**

The Prince of Wales coming of age on June 23rd is one of the hundred of interesting national incidents which have lost public importance through the war. The Prince has now been at the front since November 16th, so he has seen half a year's active service—the only Prince of Wales who has done so since Stuart times. One would say at a venture that Charles II. was the last instance of the kind. Many stories have come through of the Prince's life at the front, of his clever driving of a motor car, of his cheery relations with wounded soldiers, of his eagerness to see and learn all that he can, and his anxiety to do all that is possible for a staff officer of his age and experience to attempt. The unsparring giving of himself to do whatever was before him in work and play has been characteristic of this young Prince since his earliest days. This quality and unflinching cheerfulness have naturally made him esteemed and liked by the army, but report says that the officers who are mainly concerned with him have been less appreciative of his eagerness for movement and danger, however much unofficially they may have agreed with it. The responsibility of having the Heir Apparent in the danger zone is a considerable one, with, one conceives, many human difficulties, but I believe that many anxieties entertained at the beginning have proved groundless, and that the Prince's presence, which was always personally welcome, is now considered an accession in many ways. With the Prince himself the experience he is now undergoing in facing like so many of his future subjects the realities of life and death at this early age, must be valuable in the making of the man who in a legal sense began his existence on June 23rd.

**ROSE DAY.**

Rose Day fell on the first sunless day for weeks, and on the 23rd June the spread of pink in the baskets of the sellers and in every buttonhole was very cheering. Everyone had a rose, from Lord Kitchener, who was tackled on the steps of the War Office, down to the sewerman who on crawling through a manhole into the light of day was promptly captured. Lloyd George was surrounded by sellers outside his office in Whitehall Gardens and had to confess he had no money in his pocket. With all his famous amiability he went back into his office and raised a loan for the occasion. It was the most generally

observed of all many war "days," because everyone was anxious to give his bit towards the hospitals where the wounded soldiers are tended. Queen Alexandra's Rose Day was originally a London festival, but now all the Empire decks itself with the little flowers, made mostly by blind and cripple girls in Clerkenwell. About 25,000,000 were sold all over the Empire. In London people were particularly keen on showing their sympathy with the great deeds of the soldiers from the Dominions by buying their roses from the New Zealand ladies in the Haymarket, the Australians in the Strand, and the Canadians in Trafalgar Square. The Canadian roses had a maple leaf with them, and the New Zealand a bit of fern. In the Haymarket wounded New Zealanders from the Dardanelles were helping soldiers in the streets forget the King's Regulations and boldly wore roses in their tunics. In the East End a soldier was walking with a pink wreath round his cap. Wounded soldiers taking their airing on the balcony of the Millbank Hospital were served with roses on the end of a long bamboo. There was a great crowd in the streets in the afternoon to greet Queen Alexandra when she drove round in a carriage brimful of roses.

**A RACING LADY.**

Lella Lady Samuelson, who died suddenly at the Anglo-Belge Hospital at Rouen, where she was nursing, was mother by a first husband of the late Captain L. S. Denny, the famous gentleman rider, who rejoined the army in April and was killed in May. Lady Samuelson was a very well known figure in the members' enclosure at many race meetings, and her dresses were much talked of. Nine years ago, her son, Captain Denny, rode the winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup. There was a field of thirteen. The second horse was ridden by Captain de Crespiigny, whose brother was killed last September. The third horse was ridden by Admiral Sir Christopher Crackock, who died nobly in the Pacific battle off Coronel. Now Captain Denny's mother has died at her post.

**GERMANS AND BIGGER NAVAL GUNS.**

The Dutch story about Teutonic big guns which comes to us by way of the United States has all the elements of a shocker, for it pictures our German enemies as secretly accelerating the construction and changing the guns of their newest ships in order to smash the British Grand Fleet when the proper time comes. The original is said to be a German naval of-

ficer interned in Holland, but it is very doubtful that he is. It is probably true that a battleship and a battle cruiser have been added to the High Canal Fleet since the war began. The Kronprinz and the Lutzow were at any rate due for delivery next month, and their construction has no doubt been accelerated. It is also the case that, excluding the Greek ship Salamis, four battleships and a number—if two is a number—of battle cruisers are in hand. Of these six ships are due for delivery in July of next year, and may therefore, with the necessary acceleration, be completed by the end of this year. Two have still, however, two years of their specified periods of construction to run, and one was only laid down this year. There is nothing in that provision which ought to alarm us. The part of the story which relates to change of armament provokes the obvious rejoinder that Germany's inferiority to us is not exclusively a matter of calibre. The greater trouble is that there are not enough German ships. It is not possible to re-arm vessels with bigger guns. But it is improbable that the Kronprinz and the Lutzow have 15-in. instead of 12-in. guns, for to jump 3 in. in calibre on the same hull dimensions, and retaining the original number of weapons, would be to run a rather heavy risk of disastrous failures. The intention always was of course to arm the six other ships with 15-in. guns. In the German officer's Dutch story guns of even greater calibre are to be mounted in them. Why, however, should even Germany desire to do anything of the kind, considering what their strategic needs of the moment are? With bigger guns they would not be appreciably better off.

**PESTS OF THE TRENCHES.**

It is not a very savoury subject but owing to the enormous prevalence in the matter I am glad to hear that the important question of the destruction of lice—these horrible pests of the trenches, which attack friend and foe alike—is being investigated by scientific men in many countries. A French investigator who has now published the results of his experiments finds that lice are quickly destroyed by the vapour of ordinary benzine. He recommended that about a teaspoonful of benzine should be poured on a handkerchief which should be folded over several times and then placed between the shirt and the tunic. The heat of the body causes the benzine to evaporate slowly, and the vapour destroys the lice. As the nits take three or four days to hatch, the simple operation above described should be repeated at the end of four days. Should the lice infest the head, the treated handkerchief should be placed in the hat. Another French investigator strongly recommends a weak solution of anisol (a coal tar product). This should be sprayed both on the parts affected and on the clothing. The Prussian Home Office has officially recommended the use of a mixture composed of French chalk, magnesite, and china clay, with which is incorporated 3 per cent of cresol. Another substance recommended by the Prussian Home Office is balsam of Peru, a substance obtained from the trunk of a tree growing in parts of Central America. This drug has become very scarce and very dear since the war began.

**THE NEW "POISON" GAS.**

The report from France that the Germans are substituting another poisonous gas for chlorine is not surprising, but the suggestion implied by the letter of a French soldier that this new gas is formal should be carefully examined. If it is correct that chlorine is being replaced by another gas it would be a fact of no small military importance. It would suggest that the Germans having discovered the means adopted by the Allies to counteract the effects of the chlorine fumes and the precise nature of the chemically treated respirators, were endeavoring to render our protective measures useless by employing gases which would not lose their effectiveness in contact with certain chemical substances. It is highly improbable, however, that formal is the new gas. To begin, its fumes are lighter than air, and would be rapidly dissipated by the slightest breeze. Further, notwithstanding that formal is a powerful germicide, it is only slightly poisonous to human beings, although the fumes are intensely irritating. What is quite possible and even probable is that the Germans are using formal in colossal quantities for disinfecting the trenches and for antiseptic purposes generally, and that under some peculiarly favorable circumstances the fumes have been carried to the French trenches.

**WOMEN IN UNIFORM.**

The uniform habit spread to women soon after the war began, and with the world of beautiful stuffs and styles and colors at command they hasten on the smallest excuse to dress themselves in khaki suits stiff with pockets—the more numerous the pockets the greater the satisfaction. Orderlies, volunteers, and am-

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balance drivers in khaki, policemen and Red Cross workers in blue serge have long been familiar and utilitarian figures, and now we have the girls in the underground railways neat and business-like in their dark blue suits, with mysteriously wide and shady felt hats. Then there are picturesque messenger girls at the War Office in their artist-designed brown overalls. But none of them approached the West End lift-girl in her glory. Some of the big stores have rather odd ideas. One sees unhappy little women in shapeless coats—"dusters" they used to be called—of yellow linen, with awful little caps to match. But there are also very smart girls in well-cut coats of brown linen or belted suits of blue. One famous store has put its girls into elegant costumes of dark blue cloth with long-skirted coats and Medic collars. The costume is finished languishingly by long strings of black beads and dangling earrings which are apparently considered suitable for most business occasions. The lift girl's hair is always beautifully dressed, and it is essential that she should wear just above her left ear a little oval clasp set with brilliants. This is so invariable that one feels the lift would not go up and down if the girl some day forgot to wear it.

**A NATIONAL REGISTER GOVERNMENT BILL.**

I am informed that the Government has decided to set up a national register which may well prove to be the foundation stone of a great scheme of national organization for war services. A bill will be necessary to sanction the formation of the register, and this will be presented to the House of Commons next week by Mr. Long. The measure is described as "A Bill for the Registration of the National Resources," and is so far as its title is concerned wide enough for any purpose the Government may have in view. According to my information, the bill will authorize the enrolment of women as well as men, and its main purpose is to discover the distribution of labor in the country between war-work and non-war-work. The proposed register does not, of course, commit the Government to the country to compulsion, and it ought not to be regarded as paving the way for the adoption of that system. Ministers, I am told, believe that a register will be a valuable aid in mobilising the energy of the nation on a voluntary basis, and it is with this sole object in view that the proposal is put forward.

**SEMI-SEASON.**

Perhaps semi-season hardly expresses it. It is a mere fraction of a season in London itself. A few of the big hotels are doing good business, but at two or three of the super-hotel business is languishing desperately. Dinner at one, in particular, of the most exclusive and fashionable of London restaurants is now a thing to make both guests and management weep. "It is terribly quiet," said a cloak-room attendant last night, handing out one of perhaps twenty coats, where last year there would be two or three hundred, "and some nights there is no one at all!" On the river things are better, and the fashionable world, which of late years has left the Thames to the middle classes, is now flocking there in such numbers as it can muster. Teas and dinners in the riverside clubs are now "in the mode," and the expensive inns and hotels by the water are welcoming not only the usual rich city folk but the inner ring of society, which is becoming quite rural in its tastes. The opera which was started came to an untimely end, though there is talk of a fresh start just to keep things going. Such affairs as that for Our Dumb Friends' League at the Botanical Gardens are still well attended, for it has become almost automatic to give. Pretty frocks are still to be seen in the streets, but carriages and motor-cars full of pretty women are conspicuous by their absence, and, in fact, where a pretty woman is seen in an automobile nowadays she is generally driving it.

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