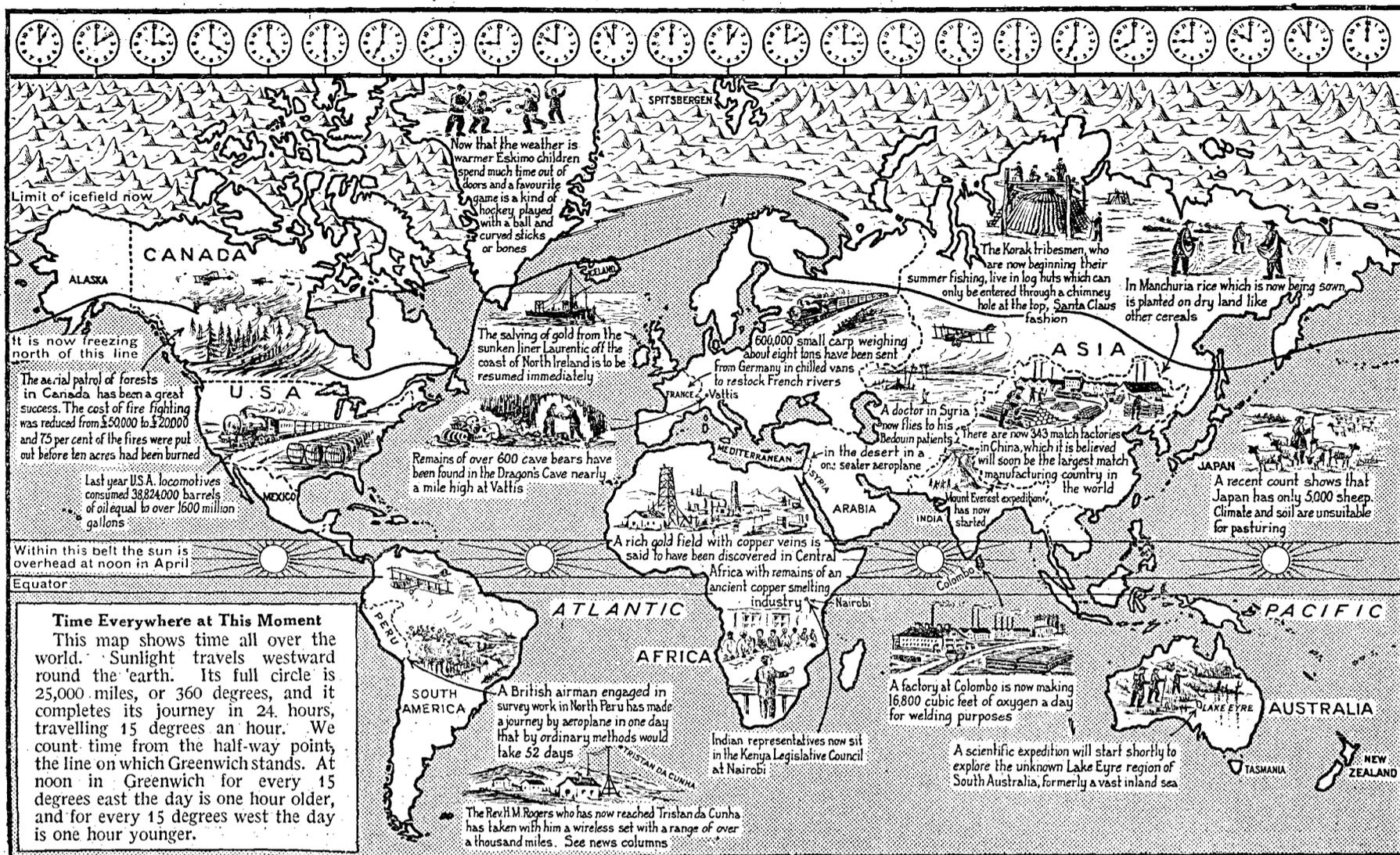


PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING TIME EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD



**GENERAL CHANGES HIS MIND**  
 Believer in Force Converted to Common-Sense

Soldiers are brave as a rule, but not many generals have the same degree of courage as the Prussian General von Deimling has recently shown.

To stand up and say, "I was wrong. I have seen the error of my ways," is much harder than to risk one's life on the battlefield. All honour, therefore, to this general, who told an audience at Stuttgart that the war had taught him the useless folly of militarism and the need for conciliation in place of hate.

This is all the more encouraging for the reason that this general was in command at Zabern in 1913 when the cowardly attack by a lieutenant on a lame cobbler roused indignation throughout the world. General von Deimling then supported the lieutenant on the ground that the dignity of the army must be maintained. He was in fact one of the most uncompromising upholders of military despotism in Germany.

Now he understands that militarism, the gospel of force, tends to anarchy, and he is plucky enough to announce his conversion openly.

**In the Auction Rooms**

- The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.
- Pair of Chinese egg-shell plates . . . £483
  - A blue Chinese vase . . . £346
  - A pair of Chinese bowls . . . £273
  - A Louis XV snuff-box . . . £205
  - Swansea china dessert service . . . £168
  - A guinea of 1813 . . . £128
  - Five-guinea piece of 1773 . . . £95
  - Pamphlet by R. L. Stevenson . . . £95
  - Four George III candlesticks . . . £62
  - Book on agriculture owned by Burns £38
  - A Waterford glass bowl . . . £30

**AN OPEN-AIR KING**  
 State Business to be Done in the Garden

King George is a great believer in fresh air. He likes to do his work in the open whenever the weather permits. He has been accustomed to use a tent for this purpose in the big garden of Buckingham Palace.

Now he has had a work-room built which will enable him to be out of doors in all weathers. It can be opened on any side so as to catch all the sunshine and to avoid cold winds or driving rain. It has electric light for dark days, and is connected with the house by telephone.

Here the King will have his papers, and will go through all State documents that require his signature.

Ministers who call to see him on public business will be invited into the garden, as they used to be on fine days in Queen Victoria's time. But the aged Queen never worked in the fresh air so systematically as her grandson intends to do.

**MOUNT EVEREST ONCE MORE**  
 Preparing for the Final Conquest

The advance guard of the party that is to try to get to the top of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is now on its way from Darjeeling, in Northern India, to the Upper Himalayas.

It will make a base camp, and from that the six climbers, all mountaineers of great experience, will set out in June.

Last year the expedition got up to a height of 23,000 feet, and then had to turn back, still 6000 feet from the top. This time the effort to reach the summit will be more determined and more likely to succeed, because a good deal was learned in the course of last year's ascent, and also because the weather is reckoned to be most favourable in the early winter. See World Map

**BIRD'S FIGHT WITH A SNAKE**  
 Odd Sight Seen by a Traveller

From Australia comes a vivid story of a fight between a snake and a bird.

A traveller in New South Wales saw a sparrow-hawk dive time after time against some unseen antagonist. He watched it fly round and round the spot; then saw it dive again. This time it rose with a snake four feet long in its beak.

The sparrow-hawk had seized it about six inches from its head, so that the snake could not get its fangs round far enough to bite.

The reptile tried hard to coil its hinder part round the bird's neck so as to strangle it, but it was not able to do this before the sparrow-hawk let it drop from a height of 150 feet.

That was almost the end of the battle. The snake had very little fight left in it after such a fall, and the bird soon managed to kill it, and then eat it.

**STEERING BY SOUND**  
 New Method of Piloting Ships

The rate at which sound travels through water is being made use of in a new and important method of piloting ships into harbour in foggy weather.

When the ship is approaching the harbour a grenade is thrown into the sea, giving out a loud report, and at the same instant a wireless signal is sent to two stations, one on each side of the harbour and some distance apart.

If the ship is nearer to one of these stations than the other, the sound of the grenade will reach the nearer station some time before the other, as sound travels comparatively slowly; the wireless signal, however, is received instantly at both stations, so that, knowing the rate of travel of sound, the two stations can calculate how far the ship is from each one of them.

It is then a simple calculation in geometry to find its exact position, and the wireless stations flash back to the ship its bearings.

**MEASURING INDUSTRY BY DUST**  
 What Science Learns from the Air

We can get some idea of the amount of industry going on in Germany by the quantity of dust carried over to England by the wind. This striking fact was described by Dr. J. Owens a few days ago at the Royal Society.

Huge quantities of dust are blown over to us from the Continent, and the heat, haze, or mirage which excited so much curiosity last summer appear now to have been caused by finely suspended dirt wafted across the North Sea to us from industrial centres in foreign countries.

Dr. Owens has made the important discovery, through a new dust-measuring instrument he has invented, that dust which we breathe in through the nose penetrates to the very depth of the lungs.

We thus learn the important lesson that a dusty atmosphere is never good, and that dust should be kept down in every way possible.

**FAREWELL TO A FRIEND**  
 French Peasant Woman's Pathetic Goodbye

The article in the C.N. about horses being less used in war has brought us an interesting story from a Birmingham reader.

When the war began I was at Pontarlier, on the Franco-Swiss frontier, staying opposite the barrack-yard to which the peasants from the districts around brought their conscripted horses in a steady stream.

There were many touching sights, and I particularly remember one very old woman, who had doubtless walked several miles to the town, bringing her beautiful horse at her country's call.

Her turn was a long time in coming, and all the while she talked away to her horse very fast. When the moment of parting arrived she flung her arm around the horse's neck, crying bitterly.

Often have I wondered whether the horse so dearly loved ever returned.