The hall at Highbury, where many distinguished guests were welcomed, now is Tommy's. The orchid house, Mr. Chamberlain's favourite haunt, is now the convalescents' lounge.

Highbury, where Joseph Chamberlain planned and wrought for that Empire which he knit together with results so fruitful in devotion to the Motherland, has become a home for wounded soldiers. It is singularly in the fitness of things that in the very library where the greatest Colonial Minister in the history of British statesmanship spent hours in the Empire's service now lie Australia's sons who have been wounded in the Empire's battles. Joseph Chamberlain could have desired no better use for his old home.
3rd DRAGOON GUARDS GREAT FIGHT AT HOOGOE.

Splendid Feats Of British Against Heavy Odds.

HOW CHATEAU WAS TAKEN.

Trooper Who Struggled For Buried Comrade Under Fire.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.

This is the incomplete story of a week-end battle for a chateau—the ruined chateau of Hooge, which was carried by the 3rd Dragoon Guards, under the orders of their Majesties’ 3rd Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

It is only a fragment of the narrative, for the rise of Hooge and the blasted woodland about to continue to be the scene of encounters between feaint-hearted Germans and British troops who hold the “bloody angle” east of Ypres.

On Thursday morning the 3rd Dragoon Guards did some very fine things, under the leadership of Lieut.-Col. Sir John Bell, 88th volunteer light infantry, who was not inclined to talk about himself, but he bore most glorious mention upon the knapsack of the British.

The regiment had a Special Order on Sunday, in which it was said:

“CACHED WITH SCRAP-IRON.”

Then the shelling was resumed. The machine gun round that wound with wrap-round said one officer. “It was like machine-gun fire with high explosives in it.”

Their infantry could be seen forming lines, and then they seemed to be aiming at the machine-gunners. They made a second attempt, or rather third, and the soldiers themselves were by now sure that there were many English troops in their position. Several brave deeds were performed by the machine-gunners.

On that day and also on Thursday, I think one of the pluckiest was that of Private Lee, who was done out of a mass of earth and trees, being under the fire of the Germans.

Private Lee and Private Talbot, both stretcher-bearers, were about the foremost proconsul, but tried to extricate him, but he was firing back at the Germans. He had to retire, as shells were exploding all around him, and the second remained for two hours without the order to retire. He was killed just before Lee pulled him away.

“I CAME TO HELP A SOLDIER.”

This was a summary of the strange warfare which marks this campaign in Flanders. Instead of a constant movement and relentless fighting, there is a great deal of manœuvring, with long intervals of relative quiet.

FREMAPK OF THE BATTLE

The scene is a battalioned mansion, a roofless stable, a shell-wrecked cottage, a fragment of an ancient chateau in cemented crumbling. The chateau, the setting for the conflict at Hooge.

On the left of the road that led to the chateau, on the right the lines of the enemy, who had been drawn up in a line between the village and the chateau.

At a distance of 1,000 yards, the German lines were covered with the shells of the chateau, which was a two-storeyed dwelling—stood a smaller building, called the “little chateau,” on which the German shells fell with great frequency. The German lines were to the left, and the British to the right.

The Germans had been driven from the village and had been extremely shelled already in the salient.

FIVE BATTERIES OPEN FIRE.

At 11 o’clock the next morning five batteries, which had been set up in the salient, opened fire on the German lines.

The British lines were held to a heavy shelling, but no definite opposition was in the way.

The batteries had an effect hardly anticipated by the German observer on the ridge behind the British lines, as he saw a dummy trench, but as soon as night came, the man who had been observing the British lines saw that the trench was turned and dug a fresh trench—in front of the old one.

The German batteries were well and strongly shelled, and the British lines were under heavy shelling.

At 11 o’clock on Monday morning the 3rd Dragoon Guards crossed the ridged park of Hooge, and in the little “little chateau”—a shell-wrecked cottage, between the shell-lined tree-boughs, and other obstacles—found two of the German lines, which formed the wall of the main building. The Germans held them to a heavy shelling, and a heavy wire communication trench that led to their main positions.

CHATEAU REoccupied.

The British chateau, which had been occupied by the German batteries, was shelled, not more than a score of rounds being fired, but the chateau, which was pockmarked with the shelling, was not greatly damaged. The Germans Occupied the chateau and were heavily shelled, but did not succeed in driving them away.

One party of German infantry was being driven from a strong position, and finally took up the position on the chateau, which was shelled heavily, and the Germans were driven back to the British lines. A German attempt was made to establish a large trench between them.

The British trenches were shelled, but the German batteries were not shelled.

The Germans found that they had to be thrown out—immediately followed by machine-gun fire. The trench and the chateau were shelled heavily, and British lances were hurled with great efficiency.

Several German quarters held their greatest trial on Wednesday (the whole, where the enemy were known to be strong). The British obtained the height of the chateau.

The Grand Bettegarde de Sainte Elizabeth, the community of women outside Ghent on which the Zeppelin straight down by Lieut. Warneford, V.C., and it was a certain amount of the airship, which caused some excitement to the British troops, as it was not expected that any would be found on the ground.

THE ZEPPELIN CRASHED ON THIS PEACEFUL COMMUNITY.

“AY PLAY ONLY WOMEN CAN UNDERSTAND.”

Critics At War About Sir Herbert Tree’s New Venture.

“MEN WHO HAVE A LOT TO LEARN.”

Never Give Much Thought To The Greater Things Of Life.

“Who is it who has not seen?”

I don’t know when I first met Marie Odile, but I think it was about a month or two before the war broke out, and I was going to see her sometime.”

Mr. and Mrs. Odile, who are not British, have been very popular in the courts of London, and have been the subject of much conversation.

They are a very young couple, and have been married for about five years. They are both very attractive, and have a great deal of family money that they have been able to turn to good account.

One possible explanation of the mystery was that they had been married for some time, and had been living together for several years, and had been able to form an intimate relationship.

The truth of the matter is that they had formed a sort of acquaintance, and had been able to form an intimate relationship, and had been living together for several years, and had been able to form an intimate relationship.

One explanation of the mystery was that they had formed a sort of acquaintance, and had been able to form an intimate relationship, and had been living together for several years, and had been able to form an intimate relationship.
MR. BRYAN'S FEAR OF WAR WITH GERMANY.

Strong American Note Causes His Resignation.

ORDERS TO ATLANTIC FLEET.

To Stay In Eastern Waters And Pracrice Manoeuvres.

The Proposed Cruise To San Francisco Canceled.

The Fleet will therefore remain in Eastern waters and practice manœuvres.

The resignation of the Stanton advocate of peace, Mr. Bryan, has caused a great deal of concern in this country, and it is feared that the Government may be forced to make some concessions in order to conciliate the peace movement.

Mr. Bryan has declared that he will not support any measure that is likely to endanger the lives of American soldiers.

FLEET READY FOR ACTION.

The strike of the Electricians' Union has been called off, and the Fleet is ready for action at a moment's notice.

TOLMENO CUT OFF.

Enveloping Movement To Capture Important Railway Centre.

ITALIANS CLEVER STRATEGY.

The Italian forces, under the command of Marshal Cadorna, are reported to have cut off the town of Tolmino, which is an important railway centre.

The Italian army, under the command of General Cadorna, has been reported to have taken possession of the town of Tolmino.

AUSTRIANS INVEST VICTORIES.

Attempt To Hide Fact That Italians Are Pressing Them Vigorously.

Austrian Official News.

Vienna, Wednesday.

The first attack of the day was made by the Italian army under the command of General Cadorna, who has reported that the Italian army has taken possession of the town of Tolmino.

The Italians have been reported to have invested the town of Tolmino, which is an important railway centre.

ITALY'S FIGHTING KING.

Insists On Joining Outposts In An Alpine Pass.

Vienna, Wednesday.

The King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III, has ordered his troops to join the outposts in the south-eastern part of the Alpine Pass.

The King has given orders to his troops to join the outposts in the south-eastern part of the Alpine Pass.

GERMAN FRENCH DISAGREEMENT.

Whole Village Of Orrville Now In The Possession Of The French.

French Official News.

Paris, Wednesday Night.

At the north of Arras.

Last night and this morning we have seen the French forces in the north of Arras.

The French forces have been reported to have advanced to the north of Arras.

TO THE THRONE.

Touching Faith In The Friendliness Of Germany.

Mr. Daniel's letter refers to the friendship between America and Germany.

The letter of Mr. Daniel, a German official, has been published in the New York Herald.

Mr. Daniel's letter, which was published in the New York Herald, refers to the friendship between America and Germany.

GERMAN'S LATEST ESSAY IN BARBARISM.

Incendiary Bullets To Increase The Severity Of Wounds.

It is reported that the German army has been using incendiary bullets in its attacks.

TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING.

German Under-Water Pirates Continue Their Raid Upon The Defences.

The British Navy has reported that the German under-water pirates have continued their raids.

SOLDIERS TO FIRE ON AIR-RAIDERS.

The British Government has decided to fire on air-raiders when they are within range.
This is a new portrait of Mrs. Barclay. Her husband, Captain H. D. Barclay, has just been gazetted a major in the 15th King's Royal Rifle Corps. (Langfer, Ltd.)

Colonel Thomas Cadell, V.C.

Mrs. Margaret Fielding.

Mrs. Fielding has given seven sons to the Army. One is the only surviving V.C. of Rorke's Drift. Colonel Cadell won the V.C. fifty years ago for rescuing wounded at the siege of Delhi.

THE LADY OF THE LOCKET.

Mrs. B. Gray, a girl guide of Thornaby-on-Tees, recognised her portrait in the locket published in the Daily Sketch on Monday.

It belonged to Private Milburn, Durham Light Infantry, a local coutmaster, who was killed in action. The locket was found on the battlefield.

The Earl of Caledon, wounded. This photograph was taken before the war. (Swaine.)

Private A. H. Rex, 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, received the D.C.M. for filling in a trench 100 yards from the enemy under heavy fire.

Private Edgar Boch, of the 3rd Hussars won the D.C.M. by coolly ambushing ten German cavalrymen at Longueil.

RECENTLY WED.

Mrs. Hope was recently married to Lieut. Douglas Hope, of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. (Val L'Estrange.)

There is path in this photograph, taken behind the firing line. The children's homes have been demolished by the German artillery, and the youngsters drill by the ruins, hoping to avenge their loss one day. When a British Tommy paws they present arms.

A ROYAL PATRONESS

Princess Arthur of Connaught has consented to become the patroness of the great Daily Sketch Needlework Competition. See Mrs. Gossip's notes on Page 9. (Lallie Charles.)

A BUFFET WORKER.

Miss Clare de Trafford is working at the Countess of Limerick's buffet for soldiers at London Bridge. (Val L'Estrange.)
SHAME ON THE SQUABBLING POLITICIANS!

The Government, and more particularly the politicians, are not setting a good example to the nation, either in discipline or in the exercise of the high duties of their office. The recent appointment of Sir Edward Campbell to be the Irish Lord Chancellor has aroused the project of Mr. Campbell to be the Irish Lord Chancellor.

In the political parties are dependent on the Irish Lord Chancellor, and it is not surprising to see that the Irish Lord Chancellor, who has been spoken of as a "yellow" man, is likely to be treated with indulgence.

The facts of the case are simple. Mr. Campbell is a very eminent lawyer, and a man who enjoys well-merited popularity with his fellow-countrymen. In his former position as Solicitor-General, he was noted for his great abilities, and, it is said, for his great mischiefs. His position has been denuded.

Before the War Lord's Popularity, Lord Kitchener obviously was at his best when he was young and spritely, and a fine figure of a man in his khaki trousers and his moustache, which was a typical mark of his about-town, tall, immaculate and chummy, he numbered his friends by thousands.

The appointment of Mr. Campbell to be the chief law officer in Ireland endangers the entire pack of legal luminaries. The Germans reckoned on revolution in Ireland and disunion and weakness in English rule as a means of which would adversely affect us in war.

To the honour of the British and Irish peoples the German calculations failed utterly. It has proved that the whole British Empire was as much affected by the blood sacrifices of the Irish soldiers in this war as the best indication of the loyalty of the British Empire; and any account of the employable history of past British misgovernment in Ireland will agree that the Irish race have risen to a great height of nobility in this war.

There are still a few old Irish farmers who have not risen to a great height of nobility in this war. Actually, we are not setting a good example to the nation, either in discipline or in the exercise of the high duties of their office.

But the war, with Germany smothered all these minor affairs. Instead of disputing over political problems we were suddenly confronted with the task of fighting for our very lives. It would have been criminal, suicidal, to keep up our quarrels, and when the Germans were marching to destroy us. After the first shock we hoped that the war would settle matters of the existing internal troubles which were eating our energy. It was recognized that the very squabbling of our politicians had been one of the causes which led to the strike. The Germans reckoned on revolution in Ireland and disunion and weakness in English rule as a means of which would adversely affect us in war.

To the honour of the British and Irish peoples the German calculations failed utterly. It has proved that the whole British Empire was as much affected by the blood sacrifices of the Irish soldiers in this war as the best indication of the loyalty of the British Empire; and any account of the employable history of past British misgovernment in Ireland will agree that the Irish race have risen to a great height of nobility in this war.

The appointment of Mr. Campbell to be the chief law officer in Ireland endangers all this new growth of Irish loyalty.

How Mr. Asquith and the Government in the first place had many friends among the Irish people, they will be responsible for taking great risks with the national safety.

This is no time for squabbling. During the War Lord a private in the Munster Fusiliers is of more importance to the British Empire than any Lord Chancellor of Ireland. We do not want without our friends, but we must have Irish soldiers.

I hope before this war is over the British public will have an exhibition of regard to politicians and lawyer-politicians.

We have far too many of them, and they absorb an enormous amount of our money, and they have not saved this country from getting into disgraceful muddles, political and otherwise. As this latest squabble for place shows, there are still many even behind the scenes in the great mystery. From what we know of Mr. Campbell I fancy that he is the victim of circumstances in this regrettable matter, and I believe that he will do the right thing in spite of his ill-advised friends. But the affair should never have happened. It is another blunder against the party.
London's Territorials Are Holding Their Part Of The "Crimea trench," as it was christened by Princess Patricia's Regiment, and occupied afterwards by men of the H.A.C., who held it against all attacks.

The ruins of Ellenzwalle Chateau, near St. Eloi, captured after heavy fighting, in which the H.A.C. took part.

The H.A.C., the oldest Volunteer regiment in the world, resting in a billet.

H.A.C. signallers in a rest-camp. They have earned a well-deserved rest. But they will be ready whenever they are called upon again.

Private Flack and the picture amid the ruins of the place have been

Facing the camera is "Nab," a well-known London carman.

Flares burning in the distance as seen from one of the trenches of the Territorials. The tower of the Cloth Hall rises above the flames.
The British Line, And Paying The Price Like Men.

Some of the H.A.C. have a breakfast party during a lull in the fighting. It was a welcome change from trench life.

Territorials tell their host not about the fighting, but of their friends at home.

View of the German lines near St Eloi—the Mound of Death—where Regular and Territorial fought to the last man.

A Queen Victoria Rifleman after twelve days in the trenches.

The price the H.A.C. paid for their victory. Many of them rest in the chateau garden, their graves marked by simple wooden crosses.

Some of the 9th London (Queen Victoria Rifles) after a wash and brush up on their return from trench duty. —(Daily Sketch Exclusive.)
An account at Farrow's Bank, Ltd., is invaluable, as the Bank undertakes to advise you on all money matters based upon your experience and sound judgment. The Bank also invests in the purchase of Stocks, Shares, Consols, and Treasury Bonds.

FARROW'S BANK

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts

AUTHORISED CAPITAL

£1,000,000

SHARES ISSUED

700,000

DIRECTORS

J. Farrow, M. B. H., S. C. W.

Chairman

Mr. Thomas Farrow

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS—opened and interest allowed where approved Credit Balances are maintained.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS—5 to 4 per cent. per annum interest allowed on Deposits according to notice of withdrawal.

Call or write for Special Booklet.

HEAD OFFICE:

1, CHEAPSIDE, London, E.C.

Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

CREDITOR.

T. G. Tyrrell, Bart., Tel. Gal., 3844.

DIARY.

J. J. Dennis, The Argosy, 38 Macclesfield St.

GLASGOW.


HAIR.

W. M. G. Potter, 32, William St., Glasgow, W.

HAYMARKET.

E. L. T., 300, Haymarket, Edinburgh, W.

HOTEL.

J. H. Grant, The Grand, Edinburgh, W.

KINGSTON.

H. F. L. Hill, 1, Basinghall St., London, E.C.

LYRIC.

T. S. Taylor, 1, Lyceum, London, E.C.

MATTHEW.

W. W. Campbell, 2, St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, W.

NORTH WEST.

J. W. F. Anderson, The Racquet Club, 2, Northumberland St., Manchester, W.

PITTSBURGH.

J. H. D. McGowan, 1, Haymarket, Edinburgh, W.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

J. H. D. McGowan, 1, Haymarket, Edinburgh, W.

ROYALTY.

J. H. D. McGowan, 1, Haymarket, Edinburgh, W.

ROYALTY.

J. H. D. McGowan, 1, Haymarket, Edinburgh, W.

LUNTING MIXTURE

A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS

6d. PER POUND

THOMSON & PORTeous, EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and a

6d. PER POUND

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE

5d.

TWO HOURS PER POUND

5d.


Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wincarnis: I enclose three penny stamp to pay postage.

Name

Address

Send this 2d Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.
GOOD BYE FOR EVER
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND PLEASANT TREATMENT WHICH REMOVES HAIR PERMANENTLY.

Large Trial Supply Sent to Every Reader FREE.

The "DUVENET" Method of removing Superfluous Hair is delightfully pleasant and simple, and is entirely different from the money and laborious processes hitherto employed, that ladies are strongly advised to grasp this opportunity of permanently ridding themselves of the trouble of Hairy Growth.

Thousands of ladies have been treated by means of "DUVENET," and one and all declare that the results are truly delightful. To feel oneself free from the afflication of Hair on the Face is worth much, but when, in addition to this blessing, it is realised that the hairs have never grown again, the result is completely SECURE.

SECURE THE GIFT OF YOUTH

A clear complexion and a skin free from blemishes are the greatest charms of womanhood. They entirely belong to every woman who has been treated by means of this treatment. A poor complexion is only an ornament to a woman's beauty, besides making her look unnatural and coarse.

If you are middle-aged or elderly, and have been troubled with hair on the face, you may be assured that your case is just as curable as if you had only lately noticed the tendency. If the first treatment does not entirely remove the hair, it will do so after a few more applications. This is the experience of thousands of clients who have used "DUVENET," and have declared it 

"DUVENET" is the new method of removing Superfluous Hair, which has already been so successfully used by thousands of ladies. It is now offered to the public in a form which cannot fail to meet with the approval of the most fastidious lady. It is safe, pleasant, and certain. It can be used at home, and without any difficulty or trouble. It is a simple matter to apply, and the results are certain to be satisfactory. It brings you absolute freedom from the trouble of Hairy Growth.

The treatment is carried out in a pleasant and easy manner, and the results are sure. It is a simple matter to apply, and the results are certain to be satisfactory. It brings you absolute freedom from the trouble of Hairy Growth.

To order "DUVENET," send an order addressed to the nearest Agent in your town, or write to "DUVENET," 91, High Road, London, N.W. 8. A.

A. D. DUVENET, M.D., Barr's High Road, London, N.W. 8.

After 12 Years

London Evidence.

"To DUVENET's PILLS I owe 12 Years of Good Health.

Every friend tells a story.

On May 28, 1883, Mr. J. Smith, of 16, Bithnal Road, Westbourne Park, Blackheath, London, imported the Commission of the kidneys was subject to lumbago and rheumatism. There was difficulty in relaxing the kidneys and the water was discharged and expunged.

"DUVENET" successfully treated the kidney trouble, and the pain that I had taken for granted had completely disappeared and the water which I was taking had been discontinued.

(Signed) J. Smith.

12 YEARS LATER

On February 24, 1895, Mr. J. Smith said:—"To DUVENET's PILLS I owe twelve years of perfect health, for there has been no return of kidney complaint."
in the day of the war we constantly heard that the Emperor of Austria was greatly depressed. The latest advice from Vienna is that he is "much depressed," not even the much vaunted Prussian news cheering him.

MORAL DISCIPLINE WANTED.

Men, Pages, and Boys of the Bishop of Stepney, yesterday denounced the lack of discipline among the boys in the school in which they were placed.

Up and down our streets are the same dreary cobblestones, with the same old houses, and the same old shops. Yet, as we walk, we see occasional signs of a new happiness.

In some of these signs Messrs. Lipton were very much interested, for the most part, to have come into an amicable settlement and to know that they appreciated the spirit that Messrs. Lipton had not met.

In a letter, for Lipton, the state papers contained of entire truth and unanswerable point. They were written by one of his comrades.

Of course, however, the state papers continued to be in the hands of the company, and had met with the severest adverse.

Defendants undeniably worsted these state papers, and it was offered complete answer to plaintiffs. Lipton appreciated and recaptured the spirit in which papers had met them in this matter.

Mr. Justice Darling: I gather they are all fours in this.

Mr. Moyle.—Universal friendship now prevails.

U.S. POSITION AFFECTS MARKET.

Refusals To Take Stock Because Of War Fear.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday the resignation of Mr. Bryan carried some weight in American stock markets. The arbitration houses refused to take for a week or two, and the New York Stock Exchange closed.

There was very little doing in other departments of the House, but a good feature was a recovery in Underground Electric Light stocks, the recent selling of which is now believed to have caused an arrest of a shareholder.

Two stocks of the Argentine Railway Market following on the publication of another batch of increased interest returns. In the case of the Central Argentine a week's gain is as much as 100,000.

Krafts held their ground well, and Braden shares continued to demand.

Among Oil there was some inquiry for Lakota anticipation of the early issue of the directors report.

COTTON.—Futures closed quiet; American, 24-1/2 to 25; Egyptian, 6-1/4 to 6-1/2.

THREE DEAD BIRDS TRIAL.

The grand jury at Lancaster Assizes yesterday returned a true bill against George Smith, accused of the murder of Alice Burnham in a bath at West End on December 13th last year.

On this and similar charges (some of which were tried at West End) Mr. Justice Gray will be tried at the Central Criminal Court, London.

The New Derby Market.

In 14 to 16 Pompadour and 44 St. George's Row and 66 Grafton Street, and 00 to 100 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond.

THE NEW DERBY MARKET.

In 14 to 16 Pompadour and 44 St. George's Row and 66 Grafton Street, and 00 to 100 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond, and 00 to 10 to 156 New Bond.

31-DEc.-DAILY SKETCH.
The Jewess's Revenge.

Gradually as they neared the village that curious rage within her grew more and more. The feeling of impending evil became more strong; she felt the blood rushing through her veins. Andor, father than to talk to her and to any wrong—anything of that, she thought, with a start. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

Poor Elsa, said Klara, with a shrug. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

"What Am I doing?" thought of things.

"What's the matter?" asked Andor. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. Andor turned his back in time, suggested Elsa gently.

She had nodded to Andor, but by tacit consent they had not spoken hands. Elsa now put her hands on her hips, and the young animal spirit of that, she thought, with a start. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

Poor Elsa, said Klara, with a shrug. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

"What's the matter?" thought of things.

"What's the matter?" asked Andor. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. Andor turned his back in time, suggested Elsa gently.

She had nodded to Andor, but by tacit consent they had not spoken hands. Elsa now put her hands on her hips, and the young animal spirit of that, she thought, with a start. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

Poor Elsa, said Klara, with a shrug. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

"What's the matter?" thought of things.

"What's the matter?" asked Andor. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. Andor turned his back in time, suggested Elsa gently.

She had nodded to Andor, but by tacit consent they had not spoken hands. Elsa now put her hands on her hips, and the young animal spirit of that, she thought, with a start. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

Poor Elsa, said Klara, with a shrug. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

"What's the matter?" thought of things.

"What's the matter?" asked Andor. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. For her father, she knew, it was not easy to keep from her own. Andor turned his back in time, suggested Elsa gently.

She had nodded to Andor, but by tacit consent they had not spoken hands. Elsa now put her hands on her hips, and the young animal spirit of that, she thought, with a start. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.

Poor Elsa, said Klara, with a shrug. Her heart now was beating so fast and she took a step or two to steady her, until her hot and angry blood struck him in the face and he was forced to draw himself back, away from that seething mass of human anger, which seemed then, as it had been earlier, to be a savage, cruel, lust-flashed through her veins even as it had been bottled up for years.
AT A GERMAN SEASIDE RESORT.

The wounded German soldier goes to the seaside to recover health and strength just as our own Tommy does, and finds solace in the smiles of his admiring countrywomen.

THEY HAVE DONE MORE THAN TALK.

These wounded soldiers on the terrace of St. Thomas's Hospital pay little heed to the intrigues of the politicians in the Houses of Parliament on the other side of the Thames. They have chosen the better part—deeds, not words.

ONE OF THE HEROES OF WATKIN STREET.

Watkin-street, an unpretentious Swansea thoroughfare, has a unique record. It has sent every one of its men to serve the Empire. The people gave the first to return home wounded a wonderful reception. He is one of their own, they are proud of him.

FATE OF A GIRL-COUNTESS.

The sixteen-year-old Countess Helene d'Arde, imprisoned by the Germans, because she told a discourteous officer that 'the Belgians prefer a King without a country to an Emperor without honour.'