

## Woman Styled the Chief Of Huns' Women Spies Is Dead in Criminal Asylum

Notes on Career of Lizzie Wertheim—Harland and Wolff May Have Shipbuilding Plant on Thames—A London Beauty—News of the Movies and the Stage.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)  
London Aug. 12.—It is a strange ending to an extraordinary career that Lizzie Wertheim, a woman who, at the time of her trial in 1915 was described as Germany's chief woman spy, should have died in a criminal asylum. She was, perhaps, the most romantic figure in the war, amazingly fascinating, delightfully dressed, and on terms of close friendship with many of the principal foreign officers who were in London at the beginning of the war. Her lack of caution was finally her undoing, and the cause of the death of her accomplice Rowland at the Tower but it was this very

appearance of innocence that saved her more than once. At the end of 1914 she was living in a small flat in Baker street, declaring that she was a Russian, though born in Bavaria. She was actually examined by a special committee about this time, and they declared she was in no way dangerous. In December 1914 she contrived, by what means is uncertain, to travel to Germany, returning to London after Christmas, and was indiscreet enough, or clever enough, to say that she had done so to an officer whom she met one evening in a hotel. He, perhaps naturally, did not believe her. During this early period of the



war she was generally known as Paula, and was never seen without a particular umbrella, with a very short handle, and a large moonstone set into the top.

Shipbuilding in London.

Much interest has been aroused by a report that Harland and Wolff of Belfast are going to attempt shipbuilding and repairing on the Thames. Since Messrs. Yarrow went north and the Thames Iron works built a Dreadnought, there has been little shipbuilding done here. London rates of wages and expenses of all kinds have been considered prohibitive. Yet the need for up-to-date yards, in view of the continued and growing importance of the Port of London, is keenly felt, and Irish enterprise may bring prosperity to the Thames-side districts and attract back some of those who have drifted to other parts of the country and are a source of expense through lack of employment. In spite of the gloomy forecasts as to the future of shipping in view of the expected severity of international competition, the announcement of the late Lord Inverclyde's fortune of £2,000,000 shows that there is plenty of money still in shipping if the government do not claim it all as excess profits duty.

A Modern Beauty.

Beauty, says the optimist, is a thing of all time and all ages. Thus disagreeing with the valdianian—and Mrs. Asquith—who looks round with scorn and declares, often in print, that no woman is as fair or lovely as the society women of her youth. Now the London press has "discovered" Miss Paula Gellish, as a positive proof that modern society is as rich in feminine beauty as that of any former period. It is, of course, no very startling discovery, as everyone this season has been agreed about this young lady's great beauty. She possesses almost perfect features, wonderful deep-set dark eyes that sparkle with vivacity, and a figure that is the envy of her friends. But she is more than just a beauty. Her sense of humor, unfailing buoyancy, and infectious gaiety have contributed more than a little to the success of the season. Sponsored by Lady D'Abernon, she has

been everywhere, and her dancing is a marvel of ease and rhythm. She was at the Isle of Wight with Lady D'Abernon for Cowes week.

The Northcliffe Touch.

To those behind the scenes of the film industry in this country the evolution of the British film has presented many curious and intriguing phases. Everyone knows how in its early stages the home product was torn to tatters by critics. The industry was an American monopoly. It was useless for British competitors to enter the field. Then quite simultaneously two curious symptoms appeared. From America, the home of the cinema de luxe and the "movie" par excellence, came murmurs that have grown louder during the last few months. American picture audiences were sick to death of the American productions, and a galaxy of American stars of the first magnitude flashed across to London in swift and startling succession. First the "Doug and Mary" invasion; then the world-renowned "vampire" Theda Bara; then Mary's first husband, Owen Moore; while the popular Marguerite Clark and the famous Talmadge sisters, Constance and Norma, with Dorothy Gish, are due in London this month. And now the cinema world is awakening to the realization that London is to be its film centre, and that the once-despised British film will circulate freely in every country where the picture theatre is part of the life of its people. Lord Northcliffe, I hear, is the prime mover in the great new scheme which is to co-ordinate American and British film production and distribution.

Somerset Maugham's New Play.

"The Unknown," Somerset Maugham's new play at the Aldwych is not going to be among the great theatrical successes of this season—all of which, by the way, have come at the end—nor even among Mr. Maugham's own best works. It is a post-war play dealing with some of the big problems that have perplexed men's minds in consequence of the war's upheaval, but it is neither convincing philosophy nor great dramatic writing. One thrilling outburst of enthusiasm came from the curiously "holiday" first-night audience at the close of the one good act, but after that the audience grew rather weary.

The Scout Jamboree.

Amid scenes of indescribable enthusiasm, almost unprecedented in London, the first jamboree came to a triumphant conclusion at Olympia on Saturday. The boys and the vast audience which crowded the building were caught up by the wild outbursts of cheering. Happy but exhausted, thousands of people wended their way home to spread the fame of the jamboree. The chief scout was the hero of the night, as he had been the life and soul of the jamboree throughout. He was acclaimed chief scout of the world, and the League of Youth, which he had gathered from twenty-one nations, solemnly pledged itself to spread the spirit of comradeship and good will through all nations. After a fine performance of the pageants, and physical games and set pieces, and the touching act of homage from the scouts to their chief, the Last Post was sounded for those who fell in the war, and then the jamboree was launched there was naturally some anxiety about so great an venture, but it caught on, and a very remarkable success has been scored.

Omar Pageant.  
Next month the disciples of Omar Khayyam and Edward Fitzgerald will assemble at Merton, in Norfolk, for a pageant play. The famous Rubaiyat has been dramatized, and the pageant will be presented by Rev. Charles Kent, rector of Berton, at whose old-world rectory Fitzgerald often visited when Rev. George Crabbe, a grandson of the poet, was rector there, and where Omar's incomparable interpreter died suddenly during the holiday. Some of the immortal stanzas were written in the beautiful rectory grounds. The pageant will be presented in a wooded dell used for this purpose by the poet. The dramatic personae are Omar the Beloved Spring, the Three Roses, a Soothsayer, the Potter and his six pots, the Hysterics, the Angel Shape, Death, and a Chorus. Dr. Kirkby, late Fellow of New College, Oxford, will present Omar, and the cast includes Prince E. Duleep Singh, Miss Pennef of Bokerly Hall, and several well-known Norfolk people.

Lord Birkenhead and the R. Y. S.  
Cowes, like Goodwood, has been heavily marred by wet, and I must say that

apart from that I got the impression on going down simply for the day that the famous "week" is now in its decline. If it had not been for the presence of the king and queen, who, with their children and the Duke of Connaught, raced assiduously and valiantly every day, very little interest would have been taken in the sport at all. Many of the squadron have no yachts themselves, and do not race on other people's. That august club, by the way, has just distinguished itself by electing the Lord Chancellor. With so many peers among its members this was inevitable. None the less I congratulate Lord Birkenhead on being the first man without a grey hair to be elected.

PRAISE FOR HALIFAX TOWN-PLANNING WORK.

(Halifax Chronicle.)  
At a meeting of the Town Planning Board yesterday afternoon Thomas Adams, federal town planning expert, expressed himself as being delighted with the progress which is being made in Halifax along the lines of the most modern and effective laying out of the city. The fact that the work in the city was being done by the local engineering staff was a matter of congratulation, he thought. Detroit was spending almost one hundred thousand dollars on the importation of expert engineering talent in the interest of town planning, but in Mr. Adams' opinion a much more satisfactory arrangement was being made in Halifax. He pointed out that the city's own engineers would naturally take a far greater and more far-seeing interest in the welfare of Halifax than men brought in from outside to do the work of town planning.

The board decided to go ahead with the scheme and will shortly have printed booklets with explanations and maps of the plans. It was considered that the wide distribution of these would be good advertising for Halifax as the city is looked upon as somewhat of a pioneer in the matter of town planning. A rather unique indication of the interest taken in the work being done here was a letter to the city engineer from Barcelona making enquiries as to the workings and success of the scheme.

Mr. Adams is anxious to see Dartmouth and the county linked up with the city in the furtherance of the matter.

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By "BUD" FISHER

