

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THRILLING LIGHTHOUSE STORY.

LITTLE CHILDREN KEEP THE LAMP TURNING WHILE THEIR FATHER LIES DEAD BELOW.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A THRILLING story of heroism in humble circles is related by the "Figaro." It is characteristic of such deeds that it is only now, nearly two months after the occurrence, that the facts have been made public.

On April 18 the keeper of the Kerdonia lighthouse, in Belle Ile, Brittany, placed at an isolated spot on the island's edge, some miles from any house, was taken ill while he was cleaning the big lamp. He went on with his work, however, until about noon, and was then forced to take to his bed. His wife who had four little children as well as her husband to look after, could not leave the lighthouse, though Matelot—this is the keeper's name—was getting worse.

When the evening came, and it was necessary to light the lamp, it was Mme. Matelot who did the work. She had barely returned to her husband's bedside when he breathed his last. It was in the presence of this calamity that the poor woman was told by one of the children that the revolving light was not turning, so that it might easily be confused with some other warning, with the most serious consequences. Mme. Matelot therefore climbed to the lamp chamber and endeavoured to put matters right, but, in spite of all her efforts, she was unable to set the light revolving. Her husband, forced by illness to abandon his task, had not been able to replace part of the mechanism of the lamp.

In this dilemma the brave woman thought of her little boy and girl, aged ten and seven respectively. She mounted to the top of the lighthouse with them and showed them how to turn the lamp with their hands alone. From nine in the evening till seven in the morning the two children kept the light revolving, while down below, at the bottom of the lighthouse, the woman watched over her two little ones and her dead husband.

The telling of her story in the newspapers has moved the French Administration to immediate action. The widow is to have a small pension, has received an official gift of £6, and is to remain keeper of the lighthouse at Belle Isle in place of her husband.

BARNET SHOOTING OUTRAGE.

MOTOR CYCLIST BADLY WOUNDED BY REVOLVER SHOTS.

SENSATIONAL ARREST AND CONFESSION BY THE WANTED MAN

[Subject of Illustration.]

A YOUNG man, named Saul Splitter, is at present lying in the Barnet Cottage Hospital in a critical condition, as the result of an extraordinary outrage perpetrated on the highway between St. Albans and Barnet early on Wednesday morning, the 7th inst. The injured man, who is only twenty-three years of age, lives at Stapleton House, Green Lanes, Clissold Park, and is a salesman in his father's offices, a firm of merchants, of Tooty Street. His story is a remarkable one of attempted robbery and outrage. He reported that a man on a bicycle, whom he had met on the road, demanded money from him, and afterwards shot him with a revolver.

The outrage occurred at the top of Ridge Hill, near South Mimms, but notwithstanding his injuries Mr. Splitter retained consciousness and managed to walk to Barnet, where he entered the police station. Here he was attended to and was removed to the Cottage Hospital, where a bullet was found pressing upon the windpipe, having entered beneath the collarbone, and another was extracted from the side of the head. So serious was the injured man's condition that his depositions were taken by a justice of the peace.

Mr. Splitter's account of the matter is that he was returning from a motor cycle trip in the Midlands, and just after leaving St. Albans he ran short of petrol. He met a cyclist, a young man about his own age with red hair and an impediment in his speech, who sympathised with him and offered to tow him to Barnet where he could get petrol. On the way the man demanded money from him, and as this was not forthcoming, he fired several shots and decamped.

His brother, Bernard Splitter, was seen by a Press representative. He said that Mr. Saul Splitter was twenty-three years of age, and on Sunday morning he left for Birmingham on a motor-cycle with a side-car. He stayed at Birmingham on Sunday as his accumulator had run out, and then went to say he was returning on Tuesday night. The next intimation they had was from the police on the morning of the 7th inst., requesting Mr. Bernard Splitter to attend at Barnet Cottage Hospital. There he had an interview with his brother Saul, who stated that whilst coming from St. Albans he got into company with a man who was riding an ordinary cycle. This man was well dressed, and as his (Mr. Saul Splitter's) motor had broken down it was arranged that he should take it in tow. Consequently it was attached to the ordinary bicycle.

They had got some distance along the road, and were near South Mimms, between St. Albans and Ridge, when they had a rest. The man pulled out a revolver and demanded money. His brother had only a few shillings on him, and he told the man of this fact, whereupon the man fired two or three shots, saying, "Give me your money or I will have your life." After firing at him he rode away saying, "You can think yourself jolly lucky that you have got off as you have." Mr. Saul Splitter managed to walk along the road to Barnet, where he went to the police station, and the police had him removed to the hospital. At the hospital it was found that a bullet had entered under the collarbone and was touching the windpipe. The X-rays were used in order to locate this bullet. Another bullet entered the side of the head, and this was removed without difficulty. The police also found a bullet in the road near where the men were seated.

The young man wanted in connection with the shooting of a motor cyclist on June 7 on the highway between St. Albans and Barnet was arrested at Angell Road, Brixton. He gives his name as George Douglas Hay, of no occupation. In the afternoon he was taken to Barnet, where he appeared before the magistrate. Chief-inspector Ward, of Scotland Yard, then read a long and sensational statement accused had made, in which he gave a minute description of his movements and how he repeatedly fired at the motor-cyclist and afterwards escaped by walking by out of the way roads to Brixton. He was remanded.

Hay is a young fellow of very respectable appearance. He was dressed in a smart grey striped suit, with brown boots, soft silken collar and green tie, and a light tweed cap. His hair, which had been an important clue in the search, could by no means be described as red. It was rather of a very light ginger. He did not appear to feel that his position was at all serious.

Prisoner was brought before Mr. J. L. Tank, a local magistrate, in a room attached to the Barnet County Court buildings. Some time elapsed before the attendance of a magistrate could be secured, and it was past five before the defendant was brought up.

His name was given as George Douglas Hay, aged twenty-four, of no occupation, of Angell Road, Brixton, and the charge was that on June 7, at New Road, Barnet, in the parish of South Mimms, he did feloniously shoot at Saul Splitter with a loaded pistol with intent to murder him.

Chief Detective-inspector Ward, of Scotland Yard, said that at 9 p.m. on Thursday he saw prisoner detained at Brixton Police Station. Witness asked prisoner if he knew what he was detained for. Prisoner said: "Oh, yes; Mr. Wallace (another officer) has told me he suspects me of committing a crime somewhere on the road to Barnet, but I am quite all right. I know nothing about it. I have told Mr. Wallace where I have been staying, and he is going to make inquiries and ascertain if it is correct."

Witness replied that he was also making inquiries, and wanted prisoner to account for his movements this week. He replied: "You will find what I have stated is correct."

Witness said: "It is incorrect, and before you are allowed to go I shall have to make some further inquiries." May replied: "Very well; I expected you would

run me to earth. I will tell you all about it."

"I am the man you want," he proceeded, "and I appeal to you, Mr. Ward, for sympathy and any act of kindness you can extend to me. I am a castout."

Witness said that he must make a note of what the prisoner was saying, and prisoner said:

"What will the effect of that be?" Witness replied that what he said might be used in evidence for or against him, and prisoner proceeded to tell how, on June 5, he went first to Hitchin and then to Bedford, sleeping out during the night. A cycle agent said he could take a machine with him for 2s. 6d. a day.

After a moment's hesitation, I did so, and rode straight off towards London. Nothing transpired in particular, but I called at one or two houses on the way to get some hot water. I do not know where the houses are situated. I got up to and passed through a place—I think, Luton—where I saw a policeman, who directed me on the road to London. After this I had not proceeded far when I overtook a man pushing a motor bicycle. I think he was doing something to his machine when I overtook him. I asked him what was wrong, and he replied, "My petrol has run out."

"After various halts we arrived at a point, I think a little less than a mile from Barnet. He declared himself fagged, and asked me if I would ride on to Barnet on my machine, knock up a petrol agent, and bring back some petrol, and that would save time. He would then tow me to London in a few minutes. I agreed that this would be a good suggestion, and said that it was a pity he had not thought of this before, as he seemed exceedingly exhausted. He sat on a side car attached to his machine.

"I drew a revolver I was carrying and shot him. I aimed at his head, he sprang up shouting, 'You have killed me.' His English is somewhat imperfect. I think he is a Jew. I then raised the revolver again, but it failed to go off. He ran up the road. I ran after him, and aimed a few shots after him, and then I returned for my bicycle and pursued him on it. I also took time to put another shot in my revolver. When I overtook him, he stopped. I said, 'Your money or your life, or something to that effect. He hastily pulled out a small brown paper bag with something in it, and I said, 'Hand it over, without taking out the money. He did so. I then fired another shot at him, and we grappled together. To shake him off I dealt him a blow with my left hand and this is the result."

Witness said that at this point the prisoner showed him his hand, which was very much swollen and bruised.

The statement continued: "The blood on my left shirt-cuff is from the injured man. I saw someone standing in the middle of the road, about 400 yards away, observing us. He was between us and Barnet. After a time the person disappeared into the field adjacent. I rather thought it was a boy. The man whom I had attacked then ran back the way we had come, and I rode off through Barnet. I don't know how far I went through Barnet, but I took a turn to the right, which led me to a railway station, and I found it was a blind road, and one terminating in a field, so I dismounted and put the machine in the field, concealed in the hedge.

"Just about fifty yards down the field was a brook and tunnel. Crossing this, I threw away everything I had got—pocket-book, containing cards, my handkerchief, etc., to destroy my identity, as I expected I should get caught, almost immediately, because I had passed several policemen."

"I then made my way up into the pastures, miles and miles, until I came to a point where I wanted to cross, but as workmen were about I could not do so. I was perfectly exhausted, and must have laid down, waiting the opportunity to get away, probably four hours."

"Finding I could not escape by the road-way, I crept along the hedge. I traversed a good many more fields until I came to a small village, where I entered a house and had refreshment—a cup of tea and something to eat. From this place I walked to Edgware, and then to Willesden Green or Junction, and took a bus from there to the Marble Arch, and afterwards to Brixton to my lodgings, but only stayed long enough to have refreshments and change my clothes."

"The suit I was wearing at the time of the attack I have pledged for 2s. to-day. The revolver I used on the man is at 41, Market Street, and the bag handed to me by the man contained a 6d. and a stone, the shape of a spectacle eyeglasses. To-day I called at Angell Road to get something I wanted and met Mr. Wallace. My statement to him was false."

Witness said he afterwards searched the prisoner and found two halves of railway tickets dated June 5, 1911. One was from Bedford to Hitchin, and the other from Hitchin to King's Cross. There were also among other things eight live revolver cartridges and five spent cartridges, and the prisoner said: "These are the cartridges I used on the man." To-day he was charged at Barnet, and he said: "Very well."

A remand was ordered.

SHOCKING TRAGEDY NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

MOTHER AND SON KILLED BY GAS UNDER PAINFUL CIRCUMSTANCES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SHORTLY before noon on Sunday a particularly distressing tragedy occurred at Ladywood, a suburb of Birmingham. Shortly after eleven o'clock the neighbours on both sides of the house, 35, Reservoir Road, noticed a smell of gas. Owing to painful circumstances within their knowledge, they feared that something serious had happened. Police-constable Farrer was communicated with by a man named Frederick Lidstone, and the officer, going to the house, forced an entrance.

Immediately the door was opened the house was found to be filled with gas. Going to the front bed room Mrs. Holmes and her child Cyril, a boy of five, were discovered dead in bed. Gas was escaping from the bracket, and the atmosphere was so densely charged that it was some time before it was safe to remain in the room. Subsequent examination revealed a letter, in handwriting recognised as that of Mrs. Holmes, lying by the side of the bed, and two short pieces of rubber tubing on the floor. Mr. J. J. Belkenn, surgeon, was fetched from his house round the corner in Monument Road, but his services were of no avail. Life had been extinct in both cases several hours. Mother and child had evidently gone to bed in the usual way, and death was due to asphyxiation. In the opinion of the medical man it had come slowly, as no attempt had been made to seal the room hermetically.

The discovery naturally aroused excitement in the district, and among the neighbours a feeling of deep sympathy when they learned the trouble which, it is supposed, had led to the tragedy. It seems that on Saturday morning the woman's husband was arrested at the General Post Office on a charge of felony, and was taken to the central lock-up in Stochhouse Lane, where he now remains. On that charge he will be brought up before the magistrates. It was not until Saturday afternoon that Mrs. Holmes learned of the arrest of her husband. Her condition became hysterical, and not until midnight was her married sister able to leave the poor woman. What happened in the night when the house was occupied by mother and child only is of course not known, and it was not until the neighbours perceived the smell of gas that fear as to their condition were entertained. The note left by the bedside in possession of the police, who decline to divulge its contents.

Mrs. Holmes, who was thirty-five years of age, is described by the neighbours as a quiet woman, much esteemed by them. The family had occupied the house for about three years. Holmes seems also to have been generally respected, and up to Sunday night had not been informed of the tragedy which has bereft him of wife and child. The sad affair will, of course, form the subject of investigation by coroner and jury.

(Subjects of Illustrations continued on p. 6 col. 1.)

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