

THE WAR.

FURTHER PICTURES FROM OUR OWN CAMERAMEN.

Picture.:-

On the home front at Geneva. Mr. Eden again states the British attitude, and carries on the fight for sanctions; sanctions which are supposedly to force warring nations to sheath the sword.

NATURAL SOUND.

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While Committees, and more Committees, sit, on the very knotty question of sanctions, and try to agree, Italy steadily advances into Abyssinian territory. Haile Selassie, the Abyssinian Emperor, commands that the war drums beat, and announces that his armies are, for the first time in the conflict, apparently, to take the offensive, as opposed to the defensive. The excitement aroused by this latter order is intense. Armed natives flock to the flag, bare of feet, fierce of face, most with weapons which would provoke the derision of any modern soldier. Arab columns assemble, brandishing knives, and uttering savage threats which, half a century ago, might have been carried into effect.

Little Prince Makonnen, the Emperor's

son weeps as he

bids his European tutor good-bye.

The capital is no longer safe. Italy has refused to agree that she will refrain from bombing it. In preparation for attack from the air, trench emplacements for anti-aircraft guns are dug, and the pitifully few weapons trained on an illimitable expanse of hostile sky, from which the hail of horrid death may presently descend. More troops assemble, and begin their march to take part in the offensive which they wage against odds too ghastly to contemplate.