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War Spy Released.

How Secret Code Was Discovered.

Following upon the death of the clever female spy, Lizzie Louise Wertheim, another espionage drama of the war is recalled by the release from Scotland Yard of Johann Hahn, who was convicted as a German agent. Early in 1915 the Scotland Yard authorities laid by the heels one of the leading Hun spies in Karl Frederick Muller. It was soon after the outbreak of war that the authorities discovered that naval and military matters in code and by the aid of secret writing ink were being sent over to various addresses on the Continent. Generally these were written in between the lines of the ink apparent to the naked eye, and the secret writing could be decoded by the use of lemon-juice. One day a letter addressed to a spy at Rotterdam came into the hands of the authorities. It looked quite an innocent epistle, but, on being treated for invisible ink, revealed this brief message: "Co has gone to Newcastle."

The letter had been posted from a London district, and 201 was believed to be the number of the house in one of the streets. Very soon the place was located. It proved to be a baker's shop, and when the police officers visited it they found Hahn. He was taken to Scotland Yard, but, when asked, refused to say who the mysterious "C." was. This took some little time to discover, but the efforts of the police were finally rewarded, and Muller was tracked to Newcastle, where he was arrested. There was no doubt that Hahn was simply the tool of Muller. Hahn was born in Battersea, his father being a naturalised German. The pair were tried at the Old Bailey, by three judges in secret, in May, 1915. Muller was found guilty of espionage, and sentenced to be shot, while Hahn, who all along protested that he was only acting under orders, was sent to prison for seven years. Muller paid the extreme penalty at the Tower of London on June 23, Hahn being removed to Brixton, and thence to Portland convit prison. A third man, Kuperfelt, who was arrested for having communicated information to the enemy by messages written in invisible ink, committed suicide in his cell at the Old Bailey during the progress of the trial. Subsequent inquiries into the past histories of Muller and Hahn proved that Scotland Yard had broken up what might have become a very dangerous conspiracy. Hahn's release was ordered after five years' incarceration, because "subject" to the penal code which allows remission for blameless behaviour. He is now living in South London, and, being a British-born son of a naturalised German, will be recognised as a British subject, and not reported.—News of The World.

HOW YOU CAN TELL

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Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross" are Aspirin—No others!



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, refuse them—they are not Aspirin at all.

There is only one Aspirin, that marked with the "Bayer Cross"—all other tablets are only acid imitations. Look for the "Bayer Cross"! Then it is real Aspirin, for which there is no substitute.

Aspirin is not German but is made in America, and is owned by an American Company, all rights being purchased from the U. S. Government.

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions for Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—also larger "Bayer" packages, can be had at any drug store.

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Big Flannel Deal.

Over 12 Million Yards Bought From The Government.

Government flannel is going cheap. Mr. Arthur Johnson, managing director of the Cotella Shirt Company, which has bought 12,500,000 yards, at a cost of about £2,000,000, stated in an interview that all the material was in perfect condition. "We are out for quick sales," he declared. "There are millions of yards of pure wool flannels of various shades, including white, cream, grey, and blue-grey, which will soon be on sale over the counters at 3s. 11d. per yard. Some millions of yards of fine Angola and worsted will also be for sale at 3s. 11d. per yard; 3,500,000 yards of durable, hard-wearing flannel will be retailed at 3s. 4d. per yard, while the remaining 3,500,000 yards is the finest quality khaki flannel, mainly pure wool, and it will be retailed at 3s. 11d. per yard. "Experiments," added Mr. Johnson, "had been made with the khaki flannel, and it had proved that this material took dark dyes perfectly."—The Daily News.

Novelists at Leisure.

"Idling my dear fellow!" was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's decisive answer to my question: "What do you most like doing at holiday-time?"

"I am constitutionally the laziest that ever happened. Give me a sunny beach, a leafy glade, or a hammock, and my pipe and a book for company, and I envy no man in his holiday delights. But if, and only when, I am really driven to exertion, let me have a horse between my legs, a pair of oars, and a billiard-table, and I ask nothing more of the gods."

Mr. Max Pemberton confesses that his happiest holiday hours are spent with a golf-club in his hand or at the wheel of a motor-car. "Time was," he says, "when I loved nothing so well as a stiff pull on the Thames or the Cam, with a fifty-mile bicycle span by way of a change; but that was in the lamented days of my youth."

"O" Swears by the Sea.

Sir Arthur Quiller Couch swears by salt water for true holiday enjoyment. And at fifty-six he is as happy as a sandboy when sailing his yacht, pulling a lusty oar, or breasting the waves off the coast of his beloved Cornwall.

Mr. Le Queux, when he can tear himself away from his desk and his old manuscripts, loves to race over Europe in a swift motor-car; or, when he is not in a locomotive mood, to enjoy the dolce far niente in the company of a book and a good cigar among the rose trees of his beautiful home in Italy.

Sir H. Rider Haggard has said: "Fate designed me for a farmer." And certainly few men in England know more about stock-raising and scientific agriculture than the discoverer of "King Solomon's Mines." "Many of my so-called holidays," he says, "have been spent in racing over England and, indeed, much further inland, on business. But the only ones I have really enjoyed have been passed in the peace and beauty of my Norfolk home, and in attending to my farm."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has spent holidays in many far parts of the world, from the Arctic to the West Coast of Africa, and in the enjoyment of a wide range of sports from hunting to mountaineering. But these strenuous days are practically over, and such time as he can spare from his pen and from hunting "spooks" in various parts of England, he gives to chasing the "wee sma' ba' over the Crowborough links near the home, wielding a bat in a local cricket-match, or riding through the lovely Sussex lanes.

Real Globe-Trotters.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, of "Captain Kettle" fame, it is said, has travelled more than any man who ever held a pen. He aims at covering ten thousand miles of new ground every year, and his journeyings have covered practically the whole earth, from the Congo to Lapland, and from Mexico to Morocco. Shooting big game is his favourite holiday pastime, and his home at Kettlewell, is crowded with trophies of his gun. "But," he says, "my taste in holiday sport is very catholic. It covers everything except cricket."

But even Mr. Hyne has a formidable rival in Mr. Morley Roberts, who, in his time, has played many parts—from navy in Australia and cowboy in the States to sailor in the South Seas and lumber man in Canada, the only "holidays," he says, he used to get in those days. To-day he finds his holiday pleasure in scaling mountains, travelling as a "gentleman of leisure," and luring trout and salmon from their lairs.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim confesses that his ideal holiday is with a gun on the moorlands, or on the links with his golf clubs. "But," he adds, "most forms of sport appeal to me, so long as I can enjoy them away from the haunts of men." And Sir Hall Caine is quite content to spend such time as he can spare from his desk in his native and beautiful Isle of Man, with occasional trips further afield in his motor-car. "But, much as I enjoy motoring," he said, "I enjoy more a gentle amble through the country lanes on horseback."

Golfing and Cycling.

Mr. Louis Tracy's happiest holiday hours are spent on the golf links, or when the "lust of roaming" seizes him, in travelling far and wide over the Continent. While Israel Zangwill's holiday excursions rarely take him beyond Ostend, or some seaside place where he can quietly study his fellow-men through his place-net.

Rudyard Kipling has long ago seen so much of the world as he cares to see, and is content, when he can "afford" time for a holiday, to spend it in some peaceful country spot, or in motoring or cycling through the Sussex lanes around his home.—Answers.

Fashions and Fads.

Fashions still smiles upon pleated frills. Tassels are featured on street costumes. Fall millinery is distinctly feathered.

Paris uses gay and novel fabrics for wraps.

The three-piece costume will be a favorite.

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Engine Room Heroes.

Thrilling Fight For Life Amid Scalding Steam.

In recognition of thrilling bravery amid scalding steam in an engine-room, the King conferred the Albert Medal upon Mr. David Fraser, chief engineer, and Mr. Aaron Edward Higgins, third engineer, of the steamship Melville Dollar, of Vancouver, British Columbia. On Aug. 27, 1919, when the vessel was in the North Pacific Ocean, the main steam pipe burst, killing the second engineer and five Chinese firemen. Attempts were immediately made to get down into the engine-room to rescue the injured and to shut off steam from the boilers. The chief engineer tried first, but was not able to get beyond the fiddle door, being badly scalded about the arms, throat, and face. The master and mates then fitted up two tarpaulins as wind-sails, in order to force as much air as possible down the skylights into the engine and boiler rooms. Meanwhile, the third engineer, having wrapped himself in coverings as a protection against the still escaping steam, made several attempts to get to the valves, but was driven back each time by the high-pressure steam which filled the engine-room. The master then descended and put a bowline around him as a life line. Mr. Higgins made another attempt, this time reaching the burst part of the steam pipe, but he became exhausted, and found it impossible to get to the valves, and had to be pulled back by the life line. It was not until an hour and a half after the explosion that the pressure of the boilers fell sufficiently to permit a descent, when the bodies were removed, the fires drawn, and the steam shut off, which was done by Mr. Higgins. Both officers incurred considerable risk as the engine-room was filled with super-heated steam, and Mr. Fraser had to be removed to hospital on account of his injuries. The silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea was awarded to the following members of the crew of the S. S. Oxonian, of Liverpool, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the S. S. Bradborne, of Bideford, which was abandoned in a gale in the North Atlantic on Feb. 6 last.

During the rescue operations six members of the Oxonian's crew and 13 members of the Bradborne's crew were drowned. The Board of Trade awarded silver cups to Captain John Parry, master of the Oxonian, and the master of the American steamship Monmouth, which lent assistance in the final rescue work.—News of the World.

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