

And the hilltop gardens
yield this fragrant tea.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Austrian Threat To Attack Britain In 1908 a Secret

Interesting Data Coming to
Light on Conditions in the
Dangerous Days of Pre-
War Europe

London.—The latest volume of confidential foreign office documents issued by the British Government reveals that in March, 1908, Germany directly threatened Britain with war. The threat was concealed from the British people. M. Arental, the Austrian Foreign Minister, by his hostility to M. Iswolsky, Russian Foreign Minister, and Arental's continental intrigues had a good deal to do with securing King Edward's visit to the Czar at Reval in 1908.

On the way thither we read that the smart appearance of the whole German North Sea fleet, lying at anchor in Kiel, gave the King food for reflection upon the recent German naval program of construction while the intricate evolutions of the torpedo flotilla excited the admiration of naval officers on board the Royal yacht, and served a useful object lesson in the efficiency of the German navy.

The volume entitled "British Documents On the Origins of War" also reveals that a Russo-British war was imminent in 1906.

Czar Cheered Up

What happened at the Reval visit is already known, but we are told that some members of the Russian Emperor's suite commented upon the marked difference in the Emperor's spirit and attitude during the British King's visit to Reval, compared with what they were on the occasion of the recent visit to the Kaiser at Swinemunde, where he felt anxiety all the time as to what might be unexpected sprung upon him.

Threatened Britain

In the light of the information contained in these documents, it seems certain that Arental twice duped Iswolsky, no doubt with all the more satisfaction because Iswolsky was a member of the Liberal Government in Russia, and Arental was an extreme reactionary. He lied freely to the British Government and threatened it. To the British Ambassador at Vienna in December, 1908, he talked in a vague manner of the meeting at Reval as an Austrian grievance against Great Britain.

He attributed the revolution at Constantinople and the beginning of all the present troubles to a royal interview.

"I am afraid," added the Ambassador, "that in governing circles here there is very marked ill-will against us and much suspicion of our policy. The situation is complicated by Arental's jealousy of Sir Edward Grey, because you succeeded in acquiring for England a preponderant position in deciding Balkan affairs."

Preparing for War

At this date Austria was preparing for war with Serbia, had been promised German assistance against Russia. The exact situation which produced the Great War was anticipated. Iswolsky was told by the German Chancellor, Prince Von Bulow, that owing to the present grouping of European powers, Germany would act with Austria in a perfect and close solidarity on every question.

Angry Outburst

Arental burst out in a passion of rage at the British Ambassador in Vienna, accusing England of giving support to Serbia. "You people in England are incurring a great responsibility, and the Russians too. The attitude of both powers is anything but friendly. All I can say is that if Russia wants war she shall have it."

The British Ambassador to Berlin

Wrote in March, 1909: "While one minister of foreign affairs is saying one thing, the other two or three may be holding forth in quite a different language. Last week there was a fine example of this—while Schoen, the Foreign Minister, was deploring to me Arental's unmanageable character, and of the stiffness of the attitude of Kiderlen, the assistant Foreign Minister in the German Foreign Office, was drafting the Norddeutsche communication to stiffen the people; as there had, he said, been for too much criticism in the press and elsewhere with regard to Arental."

Plan of Attack

The Austrian plan was to move a large force to Serbia about March 29, 1909, after the ultimatum, while with a 24 hours time limit a week before

that action was taken, Germany struck at St. Petersburg. The British Ambassador telegraphed on March 23, 1909: "Iswolsky is in great alarm this afternoon. I think some threats must have been made to him by the German Ambassador."

"His surrender to the German demand, which was peremptory, was so complete and sudden that I feel he has been rudely shaken. He will, I think, cede all along the line."

What really happened was that Russia was served with an ultimatum from Germany, threatening immediate war, as Iswolsky said afterwards to the British Ambassador. The German power now considered that the moment had arrived for pushing Russia to the wall. The military preparations in Galicia were on a scale that was ominous; the immediate readiness of Germany for war was undoubted. Russia was alone, France even diplomatically supported Russia very feebly, while, though Britain was loyal throughout in support, it was limited to diplomatic support. There was no time for him to consult Paris or London, any delay would be misconstrued, and might precipitate for a catastrophe.

Russia Backed Down

Russia therefore surrendered to the threat. That Germany was ready for war appears from the words of Kiderlen and from the Kaiser's comments on documents in the German Foreign Office papers. After Russia and Great Britain were treated with the sudden ultimatum on March 25, Metetrnich, the German Ambassador, asked whether Britain would follow Russia in its act of giving unconditional assent to the terms that Austria wished to impose.

Sir Edward Grey gave him a memorandum showing that the British Government was not disposed to give the assurance required, whereupon the Ambassador remarked: "That is a very grave decision which has imperilled peace."

Count Metetrnich impressed on me the grave position which we would be in when the other powers agreed to the Austrian request we alone stood out.



ATTRACTIVE ROMPERS

These cunning rompers of printed pique, showing smart contrast in shaped waist band, are the newest idea for small folk of 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. They button at back and may also be made with short sleeves. The collarless round neckline is comfortable fashion. Style No. 376 is easily made at a substantial saving. Plain light blue shiny finish cotton broadcloth with deeper blue contrast, printed sateen, pink chambray, tan gingham with white pique, natural colored pongee, white pique, and wool jersey in light blue shade are interesting suggestions. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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THE LATEST

Big: Yes, Mr. Dragon Fly has a fine job now. He's operating the Bug-life air mail line.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by ANNE
D. H. HARRINGTON

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Within two minutes after Robert Abbott, ne'er-do-well brother of Mark Abbott, bachelor proprietor of The Red House, had arrived and been ushered into Mark's office, a shot was heard.

Anthony Gillingham, a friend of Bill Beverley, one of Mark's guests, arrived at that moment to find Mark's companion, Matt Cayley, pounding on the locked door of the office and demanding admittance. The two men entered the office by a window and on the floor found the body of Robert with a bullet through the head. Mark was nowhere to be found. Investigation by Inspector Birch showed that Mark had learned with considerable disgust and annoyance of the coming of Robert. Cayley refused to believe that Mark had deliberately murdered Robert.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Cayley was walking across the lawn toward them, a big, heavy-shouldered man, with one of those strong, clean-shaven, ugly faces which can never quite be called plain.

Cayley nodded. He came to them, and stood there for a moment. "We can make room for you," said Bill, getting up.

"Oh, don't bother, thanks. I just came to say," he went on to Anthony, "that naturally they've rather lost their heads in the kitchen, and dinner won't be till half-past eight. Do just as you like about dressing, of course."

Having said what he wanted to say, Cayley remained there a little awkwardly, as if not sure whether to go or to stay. Anthony wondered whether he wanted to talk about the afternoon's happenings, or whether it was the one subject he wished to avoid. To break the silence he asked carelessly if the inspector had gone.

Cayley nodded. Then he said abruptly, "He's getting a warrant for Mark's arrest."

Bill made a suitably sympathetic noise, and Anthony said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Well, he was bound to do that, wasn't he? It doesn't mean anything. They naturally want to get hold of your cousin, innocent or guilty."

"Which do you think he is, Mr. Gillingham?" said Cayley, looking at him steadily.

"Mark? It's absurd," said Bill impatiently.

"Bill's loyal, you see, Mr. Cayley." "And you owe no loyalty to anyone concerned?"

"Exactly. So perhaps I might be too frank."

Bill had dropped down on the grass, and Cayley took his place on the seat, and sat there heavily, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands, gazing at the ground.

"I want you to be quite frank," he said at last. "Naturally I am prejudiced where Mark is concerned. So I want to know how my suggestion strikes you—who have no prejudices either way."

"Your suggestion?"

"My theory that, if Mark killed his brother, it was purely accidental—as I told the inspector."

Bill looked up with interest.

"You mean that Robert did the hold-up business," he said, "and there was a bit of a struggle, and the revolver went off, and then Mark lost his head and bolted? That sort of idea?"

"Exactly."

"Well, that seems all right." He turned to Anthony. "There's nothing wrong with that, is there? It's the most natural explanation to anyone who knows Mark."

Anthony pulled at his pipe.

"I suppose it is," he said slowly.

"But there's one thing that worries me rather."

"What's that?" Bill and Cayley asked the question simultaneously.

"The key."

"The key?" said Bill.

Cayley lifted his head and looked at Anthony. "What about the key?" he asked.

"Well, there may be nothing in it; I just wondered. Suppose Robert was killed as you say, and suppose Mark lost his head and thought of nothing but getting away before anyone could see him. Well, very likely he'd lock the door and put the key in his pocket. He'd do it without thinking, just to gain a moment's time."

"Yes, that's what I suggest."

"Yes, that's all right if the key is there. But suppose it isn't there?"

The suggestion, made as if it were already an established fact, startled them both.

"What do you mean?" said Cayley.

"Well, it's just a question of where people happen to keep their keys. You go up to your bedroom, and perhaps you like to lock your door in case any body comes wandering in when you've only got one eye and a pair of braces on. Well, that's natural enough. But downstairs people don't lock their doors. It's really never done at all. Bill, for instance, has never locked himself into the dining-room in order to be alone with the cherry. On the other hand, all women, and particularly servants, have a horror of burglars. And if a burglar gets in by the window, they like to limit his activities to that particular room. So they keep the keys on the outside of the

doors and lock the doors when they go to bed." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and added, "At least, my mother always used to."

"You mean," said Bill excitedly, "that the key was on the outside of the door when Mark went into the room?"

"Well, I was just wondering."

"Have you noticed the other rooms—the billiard-room, and library, and so on?" said Cayley.

"I've only just thought about it while I've been sitting out here. You live here—haven't you ever noticed them?"

"Cayley sat considering, with his head on one side. "It seems rather absurd, you know, but I can't say that I have." He turned to Bill. "Have you?"

"Good Lord, no. I should never worry about a thing like that."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," laughed Anthony. "Well, we can have a look when we go in. If the other keys are outside, then this one was probably outside, too, and in that case—well, it makes it more interesting."

Cayley said nothing. Bill chewed a piece of grass, and then said, "Does it make much difference?"

"It makes it more hard to understand what happened in there. Take your accidental theory and see where you get to. No instinctive turning of the key now, is there? He's got to open the door to get it, and opening the door means showing his head to anybody in the hall—his cousin, for instance, whom he left there two minutes ago. Is a man in Mark's state of mind, frightened to death lest he should be found with the body, going to do anything so foolhardy as that?"

"He needn't have been afraid of me," said Cayley.

"Then why didn't he call for you? He knew you were about. You could have advised him; Heaven knows he wanted advice. But the whole theory of Mark's escape is that he was afraid of you and of everybody else."

"Yes, I expect you're right," said Bill thoughtfully. "Unless he took the key in with him, and locked the door at once."

"Exactly. But in that case you

have to build up a new theory entirely."

"You mean that it makes it seem more deliberate?"

"Yes; that, certainly. But it also seems to make Mark out an absolute idiot. Just suppose for a moment that, for urgent reasons which neither of you know anything about, he had wished to get rid of his brother. Would he have done it like that? Just killed him and then run away? Why, that's practically suicide. No. If you really wanted to remove an undesirable brother, you would do it a little bit more cleverly than that."

Cayley had been silent, apparently thinking over this new idea. With his eyes on the ground, he said now: "I hold to my opinion that it was purely accidental, and that Mark lost his head and ran away."

"But what about the keys?" asked Bill.

"We don't know yet that the keys were outside."

"Oh, well, of course, if they are inside, then your original theory is probably the correct one. Having often seen them outside, I just wondered—that's all."

"Even if the key was outside," went on Cayley stubbornly, "I still think it might have been accidental. He might have taken it with him, knowing that the interview would be an unpleasant one, and not wishing to be interrupted."

"Because he had just told you to stand by in case he wanted you; so why should he lock you out? Besides, I should think that if a man were going to have an unpleasant interview with a threatening relation, the last thing he would do would be to barricade himself in with him. He would want to open all the doors and say, 'Get out of it!'"

Cayley was silent, but his mouth looked obstinate. Anthony gave a little apologetic laugh and stood up.

"Well, come on, Bill," he said; "we ought to be stepping." He held out a hand and pulled his friend up. Then, turning to Cayley, he went on: "You must forgive me if I have let my thoughts run on rather."

"That's all right, Mr. Gillingham,"

said Anthony suddenly.

"Tell me something about Mark,"

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said Cayley, standing up, too. "You say that you're going up to the inn now about your bag?" Cayley nodded and turned to go into the house. Anthony took hold of Bill's arm and walked off with him in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER VII

They walked in silence for a little, until they had left the house and gardens well behind them.

"Tell me something about Mark," said Anthony suddenly.

"What sort of things?"

"Well, never mind about his being your host, or about your being a perfect gentleman, or anything like that. Cut out the Manners for Men, and tell me what you think of Mark, and how you like staying with him, and how many rows your little house-party has had this week, and how you get on with Cayley, and all the rest of it."

Bill looked at him eagerly. "I say, are you being the complete detective?"

"Well, I wanted a new profession," smiled the other.

"What fun! I mean," he corrected himself apologetically, "one oughtn't to say that, when there's a man dead in the house, and one's host—"

He broke off a little uncertainly. "Well," said Anthony. "Carry on, Mark."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

"Here's To—"

"Here's to more of 'I will' and less of 'I can't'; more of 'I'll help myself' and less of 'Please help me'; more of 'Nothing is good enough which can be better' and less of 'What is good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me.'"

"Here's to the making of 1929 as great a year of progress as happy, earnest effort and hard work can make it."

"And here's to the throwing over our shoulders all pessimism and downheartedness and filling their places with good cheer and enthusiasm."

—Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, in the Sunday Dispatch.

We are told that Egyptian cigarettes need not come from Egypt, and we long ago learned that all the Swiss cheese did not come from Switzerland. More recently large numbers in Volsteadia have discovered to their sorrow that all the "Scotch" whisky does not come from Scotland.—Boston Transcript.

Speeding around corners is a straight road to the hospital.

Says Body Is Found Of Solomon's Wife

Cairo Paper Reports Discovery of Mummy in Jerusalem of King's Favorite

Scroll Relates Sacrifice

Cairo.—The Cairo newspaper Mokattam publishes a remarkable story reporting the discovery in Jerusalem of the mummy of King Solomon's favorite wife. The body is said to have been found in the course of excavations on the Mount of the Temple in an underground chamber filled with wonderful objects, the most marvelous being a gold coffin in which the mummy lay wrapped in richest coverings set with precious stones.

Buried with the body, it is said, was a parchment scroll in Hebrew, said to have been written by Solomon, extolling the virtues of "my favorite wife, Moti Maris of Memphis, who sacrificed herself for husband and king. In recognition of my deep love for her, and my boundless appreciation of her loyalty and self-sacrifice, I with my own hands have placed on her forehead my magnificent crown, presented to me by my people on the twenty-fifth anniversary of my accession."

The scroll is said to recount how three months previously Amerto, the woman's father, came from Egypt, "his hands laden with valuable gifts but his heart full of malice," and in an endeavor to seize the country on behalf of Pharaoh of Egypt ordered his daughter to poison Solomon's wine. It reads:

"When Moti poured the wine into the cups I noticed Amerto did not extend his hand, nevertheless, I unsuspectingly raised by cup to my lips. Thereupon Moti, who was standing by my side, snatched the cup and drank the wine herself."

She died in Solomon's arms, but the scroll does not relate what happened to Amerto.

Amerto is said to have been a powerful man, and his death was a great loss to the country.

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