

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

BY LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

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CHAPTER XIII The Forged Passport

For obvious reasons, I cannot describe the man to whom I applied for the passport nor the house in which he lived...

and came to me for assistance and whom I had been able to get through the lines. His message telling me of his safe arrival in Rotterdam came to me in an indirect way, of course, but the fact that the plans we had made carried through without mishap makes me feel that we ought to be able to do as much for you...

of choice wine—Huylliger subsequently told me that there were 1,800 bottles of it! I was so happy at the turn my affairs had taken and in the rosy prospects which I now entertained that I was half inclined to indulge in a little celebration then and there...

My first impulse, after the man had left, was to get out of that house just as soon as I could. I had the passport he had prepared for me, and I figured that even without further help I could now get to the border without very much difficulty...

turn in my affairs, when the front door opened and Huylliger ascended the stairs. "I have brought you such of your belongings as I still had, O'Brien," he said softly. "The rest, as I told you, I cannot give you. They are no longer in my possession."

right at the start, but I listened patiently to what they had to say. "Of course, you will have to return to us the passport we gave you before we can give you the real one," said Huylliger's brother.



"Your Lives Won't Be Worth a Damn."



Outlining the Plans He Had Made for My Escape.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) We Suppose This is So. In place of most of our troubles we might easily have much worse ones.—Albany Journal