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Pictorial Section 19

UTIN~DEVILOR (Convright, 1917, Public Ledger Company, All right

Russia Was Honeycombed With German Spies at the Outset of the War, Who Were Working Hand in Glove With the Highest Officers in Command of the Army-It Was This "League of Treason" That Was Responsible for the Disastrous Result of the Mazurian Expedition

Not the Least Frequently Mentioned Person in This Connection Was the "Blessed Gregory" Rasputin-Insinuations Were Frequent, but His Skill at Intrigue Made It Absolutely Impossible for Any One to Link His Name Definitely With Any Particular Instance of Giving Information to the Enemy

TT WAS about that time that the Massayedoff incident took place. about which such a lot has been written and which deserves a passing mention in this record. Massayedoff was a colonel who had already given some reasons to be talked about for misdeeds of a more or less grave nature. General Rennenkampf, when he had received the command of the Kovno Army Corps, had energetically protested against his appointment on his staff, but headquarters ignored his representations and maintained the colonel in his functions.

German Intrigue and Rasputin

After the disaster of Tannenberg and the loss of two Russian army corps in the swamps of the Mazurian region, it was discovered that some spying of a grave nature had been going on and that the principal spy was Colonel Massayedoff, who had kept the enemy informed of the movements of the Russian troops. He was tried and condemned to death, which sentence was duly executed. Together with him several individuals compromised in the same affair, mostly men connected with questions of army purveyance, were also hanged. Among these last was a man called Friedmann, who had been one of the parasites who were perpetually crowding around Rasputin. The latter, however, when asked to interfere in his favor had refused to do so, but whether this was due to the desire to get rid of a compromising accomplice or the dread of being mixed up himself in a dangerous story, it is difficult to say or to guess. But others talked, if the "Prophet" himself remained silent, and soon it hegan to be whispered that he was also, if not exactly a German agent, at least a partisan of a separate peace with Germany.

There certainly exist indications that such was the case. In spite of the strong character upon which Rasputin prided himself, it is hardly possible that he could have escaped the influence of the people who were constantly hanging about him, and who were all partial to Germany. This was due to the fact that they hoped if the latter Power triumphed and vanquished the Russians to obtain from the German Government substantial rewards for their fidelity, in the shape of some kind of army contracts for the time that the Prussian troops remained in occupation of some Russian provinces. It is quite remarkable that while the nation in general was all for the continuation of the war, and would have considered it a shame to listen to peace proposals without consent of its allies, commercial and industrial people were always talking about peace to whomever would listen. And Rasputin had now more to do with that class of individuals than with the nation.

It was at that time that he suddenly imagined himself to be ndowed with perspicacity in regard to military matters, and that he attempted to criticize the operations at the front, and especially the leadership of the Grand Duke Nicholas, whom he hated with all the ferocity for which his character had become famous. He was known to be absolutely without any mercy for those whom he disliked. He disliked none more than the Grand Duke, who had, on



there he would have him hanged immediately from the first tree he could find. Rasputin was prudent, and moreover he knew that Nicolas Nicolaiewitsch was a man who always kept his word, so he thought it wise to leave a wide berth between him and the irascible commander-in-chief. But he applied himself with considerable perseverance to undermine the position of the latter, and especially to render him unpopular among the people, accusing him openly of mismanagement in regard to military matters and of want of foresight in his strategical dispositions.

In the beginning this did not succeed, partly because the staff did not allow any news of importance to leak out from the front and partly because the country believed so firmly in a victory over the Prussians that it was very hard to shake its confidence in the Grand Duke's abilities. The early successes of the first Galician campaign had strengthened this confidence, and no one in Petrograd during the first months of the year 1915 ever gave a thought to the possibility of our troops being compelled to retreat before the enemy, and no one foresaw the fall of Warsaw and of the other fortresses on the western frontier. Rasputin, however, knew more than the public at large. He had his spies everywhere, who faithfully reported to him everything that was occurring in the army. He was well aware that the army was suffering from an almost complete lack of ammunition, and that it would never be able to hold against any offensive combined with artillery attacks on the part of the enemy. This knowledge, which he carefully refrained from sharing with any one, enabled him to indulge in prophecies of a more or less tragic nature, the sense of which was that God was punishing Russia for its sins, and that with an unbeliever like the commander-in-chief at the head of its armies it was surely marching towards a defeat which would be sent by Heaven as a warning never to forget the paths of Providence, and never to dis-

dain the advices of the one prophet that it had sent in its mercy to save Russia from all the calamities which were threatening her.

Germany."

He used to speak in that way everywhere and to everybody, even at Tzarskoie Selo; not to the Emperor and Empress, of course, but to all those persons surrounding them who were favorably inclined toward himself and likely to spread abroad the prophecies which he kept pouring into their ears,

But, in spite of all this, he was not quite so successful as he had hoped, because owing to the ignorance which prevailed as to the real state of things in the army, few people believed him, and fewer still would own that they did so. Once more Rasputin's star was beginning to wane, and even the Empress began to think him very wearisome with his perpetual forebodings concerning misfortunes which seemed to be far away from the limits of possibility.

Then suddenly things changed. Mackensen began his march forward, and the Grand Duke, with his heart full of rage and despair, was compelled, owing to the mistakes, the negligence and the crimes of others, to make the best out of a very bad job, and to try at least to save the army confided to his care. Even if he had to sacrifice towns and fortresses, he had declared he would never, and under no conditions whatever, surrender to the enemy. The great retreat began, and proved to be one of the most glorious pages in the history of Russian warfare, a deed the gallantry of which will live in the military annals of the world as almost as grand a one as the famous retreat of Xenophon and his 10,000 warriors. Russia appreciated its importance; the world admired it; the Tzar, though he may have shed bitter tears over its necessity, felt grateful for the talent which

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his heart jump.

the porter.

With a murmured apology one of them

for concealed weapons. He began at

Johnnie's shoulders and patted one pocket

after another, "fanning" him in the fash-

the American regretted his refusal to

heed the mate's warning. It seemed cer-

tain that he was in for trouble, but he

drew his heels together and stood with

the revolver pressed between his legs,

praving that those exploratory paims

would not encounter it. When the officer

had slapped every pocket, ending at the

hips, he nodded; his companion snapped

shut the valise and handed it back to

El Gran Hotel Europea

feared that his nerve might fail him.

nizable odor of decay issued from the

looked as if it might have a dark and

was displayed in such a terrible emergency. People in Petrograd began looking for those upon whom they could fix the respon for this awful disappointment which had overtaken them. This was the moment for which Rasputin had been waiting with the patience of the serpent watching for its prey, and of which he hastened to make use with the infernal cunning he usually displayed in all the evil deeds with which he was familiar.

"After the disaster of Tannenberg and the loss of two Russian army corps in the

swamps of the Mazurian region, it was discovered that some spying of a grave nature had been going on * * * and it began to be whispered that the 'Prophet,' if not exactly a German agent, was at least a partisan of separate peace with

Attacking Grand Duke Nicholas

The secret police agents, who were working with him, and thanks to whom he had been enabled to make the enormous profits that had added so many millions to his fortune since the war had started, began to spread the rumor that the Grand Duke was plotting against the Tzar, and wanted to usurp the latter's throne and crown, out of fear of being called upon to render an account of his activity during the nine months of the campaign. Though it was quite evident that the responsibility for the lamentable want of organization which had culminated in the momentary defeat of the Russian troops lay upon the War Office and the Artillery and Commissariat Departmenta, and though the War Minister, General Soukhomlinoff, had been dismissed in disgrace before being sent to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul to await there his trial; though strenuous efforts had been made to punish those to whose carelessness this mass of misfortunes had been due, yet Rasputin and his friends applied themselves to the task of representing the Grand Duke as being more guilty than any one else, and of having on purpose kept secret the real state of things, out of fear that he would be called upon, if he revealed the truth, to surrender his command. There was not one word of truth in these accusations, because Nicolas Nicolaiewitsch had, on the contrary, worked harder than any one to repair the blunders of others, and had never shared the blind confidence in victory which so many people who knew nothing about the real condition of affairs professed to nurse. He had done all that it was humanly possible to do, in order to save a situation which had been doomed from the first day that it had begun to develop. If he had failed, this had been in no way his fault, but that of circumstances and of fate which had proved too strong for him.

The public, however, thought differently, and Rasputin's numerous supporters helped it to come to the conclusion that the Grand Duke ought to be deprived of his command by some means or other. This, however, was not such an easy thing to do, because the Emperor had a sincere esteem and respect for his uncle, and understood better than all those who criticized the latter the extent of the difficulties against which he had had to fight. He refused to listen to those who had tried to shake his confidence in the commander-inchief. He might have gone on for a long time doing so had not Rusputin succeeded in winning over to his point of view several high ecclesiastical dignitaries, who took it upon themselves to speak to the sovereign of the desire and wishes of the nation to see him assume himself the supreme command over his armies. They assured him that it was quite certain that the armies would fight ever so much better under the personal leadership of their Tzar than under any other commander-in-chief, no matter how high might be his military reputation, or how elevated might be his rank. This was quite a new point of view, and Nicholas II had to examine it with attention, the more so as the Empress, too, had been won over to the idea, and was pressing him to give to his subjects this satisfaction for which they craved.

The military situation was then recognized, even by the most optimistically inclined people, to be very serious, and it was generally felt that something had to be done to excite the enthusiasm of the troops, which had lately begun to wane. The assumption by the Tzar of the supreme command seemed to present itself almost in the light of an absolute necessity. Perhaps from some points of view Rasputin was not so very wrong to urge it, as it most certainly produced a salutary effect on the whole situation. But it is to be doubted whether the "Prophet" had ever looked at it from that point of view. It is far more likely that his only aim had been the displacing of the Grand Duke Nicholas, who had begun to look too closely into al. that was going on around Rasputin, and to watch the different intrigues in which the latter was taking part with an attention that did not promise anything good for him, or for the further development of his career as an adventurer.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) '

AINBOW'S F Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset"

Copyright, Harper & Brothers. CHAPTER VI (Continued)

"VOU don't take me for a spy, do you?" Johnnie asked, with his friendly grin.

"Ah! You don't look like one, but we never know whom to trust. This young lady in whom you are interested, who is she?"

"Her name is Varona; Miss Rosa Va-Pona."

"So?" Enriquez raised his brows. "Not by any chance the heiress to that famous Varona treasure?"

"Exactly!--if there is such a thing." There ensued a pause while the Cuban drummed softly upon his desk with his fingertips. "Her brother Esteban told me that he was working for your cause. I warned him to be careful, but---" O'Rell- gestion. "Surely you don't think it can upon." ly's voice grew suddenly husky. "Here! be done as easily as that?" he inquired. Read this. I want you to believe me." "In the first place, wherever you land. Miss Varona and learn that she's safe. Reverently he laid Rosa's letter before you will be watched and probably I don't much care what happens after her countryman. "I'm not in the habit searched. Such a letter, if discovered, that." of showing my letters to strangers, but- would not only end your chances, but it I guess that'll convince you I'm not a apy."

He sat silently while the letter was the result. Mr. Enriquez raised dark, good Cubans, Mr. O'Reill". Enriquez told --wife." compassionate eyes to his, saying:

Help From Enriquez

doubt you now. Poor Cuba! Her sons must be brave, her daughters patient."

"Well! You understand why I must go quickly, and why I can't chance delay by going either to Matanzas or to Havana. I want to land somewhere farther east, and I want you to help me to find Colonel Lopez."

Mr. Enriquez frowned thoughtfully. dearly." "What I just told you is literally true." he said at last. "We work in the dark up here, and we don't know the whereabouts of our troops. We are suspicious leaving in three or four days, and you of strangers, too, as we have reason to can arrange passage on her. He is a be. But-I have a thought" He excused dentist. Meet him somehow, and make himself and left the room. When he yourself known by repeating this senreturned he explained: "I don't have to tence: 'I come from Felipe. He told me tell you that we are watched all the time, how you whipped him to keep him from and that for us to assist you openly would going to the Ten Years' War! That will be liable to defeat your purpose. But I have just telephoned to a man I can trust, are and what you want." and I have told him your story. He has relatives in Cubs and he agrees to help you, if he can. His name is Alvarado." what you have told me, and do as anything more. No living soul, except he directs.

when O'Reilly tried to thank him he understand from the message that I a big proposition."

Doctor Alvarado, a high type of the Varona, what then?" Cuban professional man, was expecting O'Reilly. He listened natiently to his caller's somewhat breathless recital.

you are known," he agreed. "It would thorities. Once you disappear into the be madness, under the circumstances, manigua, you will be a marked man." even to be seen in Matanzas; those enemies of-your friends-would have you deported. But just how to reach the In-

surrectos-"If you'd merely give me a letter saying I'm a friend-"

O'Reilly Gets Instructions

The doctor promptly negatived this sugwould bring certain disaster upon those

me about that poor girl. She bears a famous name and-I want to help her."

you for allowing me to see it. No, I don't rados living," he resumed. "My two brothers, Tomas and Ignacio, reside in Cuba, and we all work for the cause of independence in our own ways. I am fortunately situated, but they are surrounded by dangers, and I must ask you to be extremely careful in communicating with them, for I am placing their lives in your hands and-I love them running sea.

"I shall do exactly as you say." "Very well, then! Go to Nuevitas, where Tomas lives-there is a steamer

be enough; he will ask you who you

"I see. It's a sort of password."

municate with him in this way." Noting grant shores swept over the steamer's Writing an address upon a card, he the bewilderment in O'Reilly's face, Al- decks and Johnnie O'Reilly sniffed it handed it to O'Reilly, "Go to him, tell varado smiled. "You won't need to say joyfully.

Tomas and I knows that he thrashed

In Cuba you may have cause to regret me with a bamboo. Later we bound holding the weapon in his hand, debating stood out; the rickety, worm eaten plling, rose from a bench where they had been while his small black eyes reved inquisi-IL" Mr. Enriques extended his hand, and ourselves never to mention it. He will how and where to conceal IL, when the of its waterfront resembled rows of rot- iding. They carried the tasseled canes tively.

shook his head. "It is nothing. I wish trust you, and he will help you to reach you success, but-I fear you have tackled the rebels, if such a thing is possible. But tell me, when you have found Miss "Why, I'll bring her out."

"How? Do you think you can walk into any seaport and take ship? You "You do well to avoid the cities where will be tagged and numbered by the au-

Alvarado Helps

"Well, then, I'll marry her right there. I'm an American citizen-"

"Don't build too much on that fact, either," the doctor warned. "Spanish jails are strong, and your country has never compelled that respect for its nationals which other countries insist

"Perhaps! But the first thing is to find

Alvarado nodded and smiled. "Good! What would this world be without sentito whom it was written. I have no right ment? It loves a lover. I like your to jeopardize the lives of those I hold spirit and I hope soon to have the pleasbeing read; nor was he disappointed in dear. These are perilous times for all ure of again seeing you and meeting your

upon the good Cuban patted him on the and, spying it, exclaimed: He removed his glasses and wiped them, shoulder. "Come and see me when you "This is a touching letter, sir. I thank absent-mindedly. "There are three Alva- get back, and bring me news of Tomas. Now, adios, compadre."

"Adios, senor! I am deeply grateful!" O'Reilly had no difficulty in securing passage direct to Nuevitas on the English solve into the mists of a winter afternoon ble." as the ship headed outward into a nasty

It proved to be a wretched trip. Off Hatteras the Dunham Castle labored heavily for twelve hours, and bad weather followed her clear into the old Bahama Channel. Not until she had thrust her nose into the narrow entrance of Neuvitas harbor did she wholly cease her seasick plunging, but then the weather changed with bewildering suddepness.

Cuba Again

Cuba, when it came fairly into sight, lay bathed in golden sunshine, all warmth and welcome, like a bride upon an azure "No. I've never had reason to com- couch. The meist breath from her fra--

He had brought little luggage with him,

THE STORY THUS FAR

By REX BEACH

JOHNNIE O'REILLY, more commonly known as THE O'REILLY, has J fallen in love with ROSA VARONA, one of the orphans of DON ESTEBAN VARONA, a wealthy slave owner and sugar planter of Cuba. Don Esteban had hoarded a vast fortune in precious stones, old Spanish coins and modern currency in a secret chamber at the bottom of a well. In building this well he was assisted by SEBASTIAN, a faithful slave, the only other person to share the secret. When Don Esteban's first wife died he became the target for many match-

makers, who knew vaguely of his hidden fortune. DONA ISABEL suc-ceeded in becoming the second wife and immediately set about intriguing to learn of the fortune. Hoping to get information from Sebastian, she succeeds in having his daughter EVANGELINA sold. The slave, infuriated, murders his master and several others before he is shot. Thus in a few minutes the only two persons who know the whereabouts of the fortune are killed.

are killed. Isabel tries vainly to get information from PANCHO CUETO, the manager of the plantations. Instead, he threatens to claim the estate as his because Don Esteban left no deeds to the property. That night Isabel falls into the well and is drowned. She is rescued by ESTEBAN, Rosa's brother and a spy for Colonel Lopez, the leader of the Cuban insurrec-tionists. Pancho Cueto finds a letter with information which Esteban had dropped and turns it over to the authorities. Rosa and Esteban then escape up the valley to the hut of Evangelina, their old nurse.

O'Reilly, back in New York at the office of the firm which he repre-ed in Cuba, anxiously awaits information from his sweetheart. His sented in Cuba, anxiously awaits information from his sweetheart. His many letters do not bring a reply until months later, when Rosa tells him of the misfortunes that have befallen since he left Cuba. O'Reilly determines to rescue his beloved, and for that purpose calls upon Mr. Enriquez, head of the Cuban junta in New York. Enriquez says he is helpless to aid O'Reilly.

O'Reilly flushed and stammered, where, first officer paused in the stateroom door ten, snaggly teeth smiling out of a

"Hello! Smuggling arms to the Insur- ficial spots of color. Gusts of wind from rectos, ch?"

O'Reilly laughed. "It's an old friend. I don't know just what to do with it." "Lead your old friend out here to the steamer Dunham Castle, and a few days rail, shake hands with him and drop him later he saw the Atlantic Highlands dis- overboard before he gets you into trou-

with that hardware. Take my tip."

"Really?"

But Johnnie hesitated. Though his intentions were far from warlike, he could not bring himself, in view of his secret plans, to part with his only weapon. He and yellow bars of Spain. examined his extra pair of khaki trousers

in so that it hung close against the inside of his right leg when he donned the able, but it did not appear to be noticehis winter suit and changed into lighter so awkwardly at every step. clothing.

only an extra suit of khaki, a few toilet day sun when he came on deck. Its low, At the last moment, however, just as he O'Reilly suspected something. "Another thing don't return here unless me, but it is true. I was young. I wanted articles and a Colt's revolver, the com- square houses were glaring white; here was about to plant his feet upon solid It is necessary; otherwise when you land to go to the war, but he took it out of panion of his sariler Cuban days. He was and there a splotch of vivid Cuban blue earth, he was halted by two men who bajal testered upon the balls of his feet

chalky face mottled with unhealthy, artithe shore brought feverish odors, as if the city were sick and exhaled a tainted breath. But beyond, the hills were clean "I'll tell you," the mate volunteered, and green, the fields were rich and ripe, street, was full of flies, and dust from the unclean roadway lay thick upon its That was the Cuba which O'Reilly knew. stone-topped tables; moreover, a recog-

guidly discharging uniformed troops; hind it. After O'Rellly's first meal he was lighters of military supplies were being sure it came from the latter place; even "I mean it. They won't let you land unloaded; the sound of a bugle floated suspected that the odor flattered actual from the shore. Moored to the docks or conditions. But it was the best hotel the Carbajal seated himself on the edge of anchored in the harbor were several place afforded, and Senor Carbajal was shallow-draft "tin-clad" coast-patrol craft the most attentive of hosts. from the staffs of which streamed the red He was a globular, unctuous little man,

Although there were but a few pas- drop of oil. He evinced an unusual inbaggage and questioned them. Finally, moments, ostansibly to see that all was however, O'Rellly found himself free to as it should be. Now there was very dily, and now he was eager to reach some 'a bed with a cheesecloth mosquite net, a able so long as he stood upright. With lodging-place where he could remove that washstand and a towering, smelly clothessome pride in his stratagem, he laid off revolver which knocked against his leg press of Spanish achitecture, which

Nuevitas was scorching under a mid- negro and led the way toward the street, time, he appeared without knocking,

"You have everything, ch?"

of the Secret Service, and O'Rellly felt "Everything in abundance." "There is water, eh?" The proprietor

A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mys-

terious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

peered dutifully into the pitcher, incirelieved the negro of the valise while the dentally taking stock of O'Reilly's toilet other began to search O'Reilly's person articles.

"A veritable ocean of it."

"One never knows. These servants are so lazy. But-your other bargage, your ion approved of policemen. Now, too late, trunk?"

Suspicious

"I have no trunk." "So? I took you to be a great !

"I am."

eler."

"Selling goods, eh?" "No.".

"Indeed? Then you are a pleasure traveler? You see the sights, is that it? Well, Cuba is beautiful."

"Most beautiful, judging from what I O'Reilly paused a moment or two later have seen." to wipe the abundant perspiration from

Mr. Carbajal wagged a pudgy forefinger his face; even yet his pulse was pounding at his guest. "Tut! Tut! You know Cube erratically. He hoped the future held You speak the language better than a no more surprises of this sort, for he native. You can't fool me, sly one!"

El Gran Hotel Europa, Nuevitas's He wrinkled his face and winked both leading hostelry, belied its name. It was eyes. It was an invitation to further confar from large, and certainly it was any- fidence, and he was disappointed when thing but European, except, perhaps, in it passed unnoticed. "Well, you Ameriits proprietor's extravagant and un-Amer- cans are a brave people," he continued, ican desire to please, at any cost. The with an obvious effort to keep the corr building was old and dirty, the open cafe, versation going. "You like to be whe fronting upon the sidewalk of the main the fighting is."

"Not I. I'm a timid man."

"Ho! Ha! Ha!" the proprietor cackled Then he became pensive. "There is nothing here at Nuevitas to interest a tourist -except the war."

"I'm not a tourist."

"Indeed? Now that is interesting." Mr. the bed, where he could look into O'Rellly's traveling bag. "Not a tourist, not

a traveling man. Now what could posthis Carbajal; he reminded O'Reilly of a sibly bring you to Cuba?"

O'Reilly eyed his inquisitor gravely; a subtle melancholy darkened his agreeable said he.

"Your-health---- !" Carbalal's fram began to heave, his buiging abdomen or ciliated as if shaken by some hid hand, "Good! Ha! There's another joks for you."

"I'm a sick man," O'Rellly insist hollowly.

"From what mulady do you an inquired the hotelkeeper.

"Rheumatian." Mr. Car-"Rheumatism? That is no move

pain in the joints, a stiffness-

(CONTRAINT TOM TANK

Spain at War A Spanish transport close by was lan- patlo-or perhaps from the kitchen be-

garment. It felt queer and uncomfort. go ashore. He had passed the ordeal han- little in the room to need attention-only

and discovering a considerable surplus of sengers on the Dunham Castle, they were terest in the affairs, of his American cloth at each inside seam he took needle subjected to a long delay during which guest, and soon developed a habit of pop- countenance. "I travel for my health " and thread and managed to sew the gun' suspicious customs men searched their ping into the latter's room at unexpected

Once on the dock, he gave his bag to a sinister history. When, for the third