

# VON RINTELEN CAME TO AMERICA WITH \$50,000 TO SPEND ON DEATH AND RUIN, BUT DID NOT GET FAR

## "Eagle's Eye," Under Direction of William J. Flynn, Frustrated Well-Laid Plan to Destroy Thousands of Heads of Livestock in Yards at Jersey City Waiting to Be Shipped to Allies

## Other Half of Double-Headed Plot Was to Prevent Grain Shipments Across the Ocean, but Although the Spies Succeeded in Firing Freight and Stock Yards, Cattle and Materials Were Saved

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN  
RECENTLY RETIRED CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE



FRANZ VON RINTELEN

MONTHS of apparent calm followed the plot against the fleet—a calm, however, which existed only on the surface, for beneath the veneer of friendship for America Ambassador Bernstorff and his aides, Captain Franz von Papen, Captain Karl von Helldorf and Dr. Heinrich Albert, still were scheming and working for the downfall of America in their insatiable desire to defeat the Allies. Here, they had received aid from abroad in the person of an intimate friend of the German prince, Franz von Rintelen, sent to America for the ostensible purpose of promoting friendship between Germany and America, but in reality with a bank account of more than \$50,000 to spend on any form of death and destruction that he might see fit as long as it harmed the Allies. And neither the harboring of the Allies, nor the little difference to Franz von Rintelen and his cohorts, the United States as described by Dr. Heinrich Albert as the "American front," and so regarded it, as a battlefield upon which to make their advance and counterattacks against the Allies, regardless of the consequences to the land for which they professed such friendship.

It was that in the sending of that \$50,000 Franz von Rintelen had built himself up virtually a separate organization, with which he preyed upon shipping, industry and manufacturing. He had secret agents in America, and so many of them that they might crash into each other and sink with their cargo, to be scattered in the sea, which was any kind of peace at any price as long as it was favorable to Germany, alleged Rintelen to conferences, the sole object of which was to spread a feeling throughout America, that it was wrong for the United States to manufacture arms and ammunition which could be sold to the Allies. All these things lay within the grasp of Franz von Rintelen, who, as he chose, with an occasional conference with Ambassador Bernstorff, at his expense accounts for the official maintenance of the head of Imperial Germany's spy system in America. He had his organization been built so thoroughly had Franz von Rintelen concealed himself behind a cloak of respectability and "straw" boxes, even the cleverest of the members of the secret service had failed as yet to get a clue to his real activities. Von Rintelen was suspicious, and among those who held them was Dixie Mason.

View Rintelen Suspected  
"I have no positive evidence against Franz von Rintelen, I believe that he is at the head of a spy system in America, and that he has been sprouting up around the harbor recently. But I can't be sure." "What about the name of Dixie Mason?" "The name of Dixie Mason is a name which I have heard of in connection with the work of the Hamburg-American line, who pays a large sum of money to the Jersey City office, but I can't say more than that." "What about the name of Dixie Mason?" "The name of Dixie Mason is a name which I have heard of in connection with the work of the Hamburg-American line, who pays a large sum of money to the Jersey City office, but I can't say more than that."

New Methods  
"I did you learn anything from the man just called Von Lertz?" "I know where it is," Dixie Mason's head narrowed. "Just above the old granary on the Vernon road. What I learned is that they are using a method which I couldn't catch all of it—I heard something about the 'tool' and 'use new methods.' I couldn't recognize it." "Wasn't Paul Koenig?" "No, Bernstorff, Von Papen or any other name." "Then it must have been Rintelen." "I couldn't be sure—he changes his name so often." "Dixie Mason smiled. Then she turned to the telephone. "Get me out of dress of some kind—something man 'rough' it in." "Missy—but you ain't goin' to your head into danger, is yo'?" "I'm going to find out what's happenin' at the point out the sale of a suit determination." "Hurry, Mammette."

Through the Knothole  
"There were men who were pouring gasoline into three fused metal containers, men who were making their preparations for hurried flight, and receiving orders as they did so. Already two of them were at the door." "Take the short-cut to the Allied stockyards," one of them was saying. "We'll burn the barns—you look after the other part of the yards. Now hurry!" "They were gone, while Dixie covered in the shadows. She had seen them cross the patch of snow and ice before the cabin, then disappear, unable to move for fear of detection, her brain working with plans and hopes. But they were faint! The spies had taken the short-cut—one that Dixie did not know."

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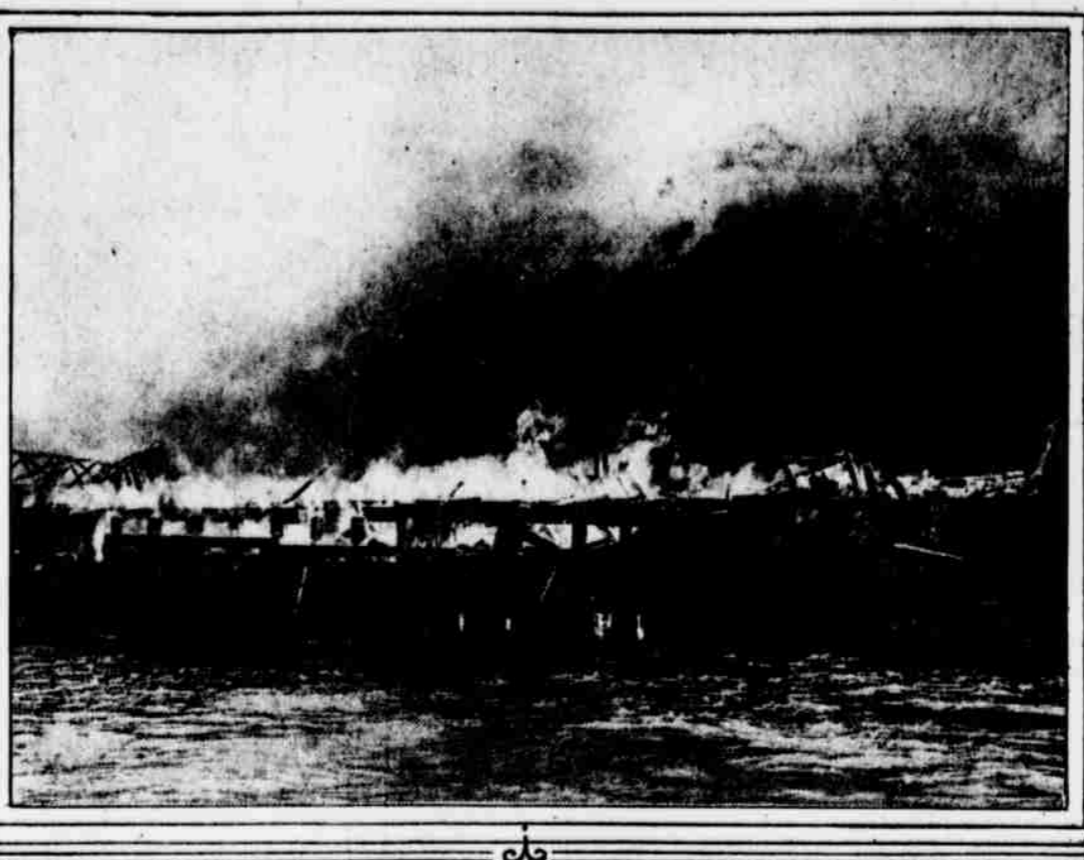
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A NEW JERSEY PIER DESTROYED BY VON RINTELEN'S AGENTS

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## Teuton Agents in New York Kept Informed of Manifests by Bank Employee Who Reported to Hamburg-American Line

## Gang of Gunmen Weakened Red Cross Ambulance Axles So That Automobiles Would Break Down on Way to Field Hospitals

had been given by Dixie. Everywhere was the willing rush to save—save, while men risked their lives for the lives of horses and cattle might be spared, while men took risks and men braved death—and while Dixie Mason struggled bravely to fight her way through the ring of fire that seemed to have closed all about her.

The smoke ate its stinging way into her cringing bones, choking her, making her. She sought to scream—but the screams were lost in the wild conglomeration of noises from below, the shrieks of fear-maddened horses, the urgent work of rescue. Here, there, back again she struggled, only to face everywhere a wall of fire that inch by inch was eating toward her a living, writhing, all-consuming circle of death!

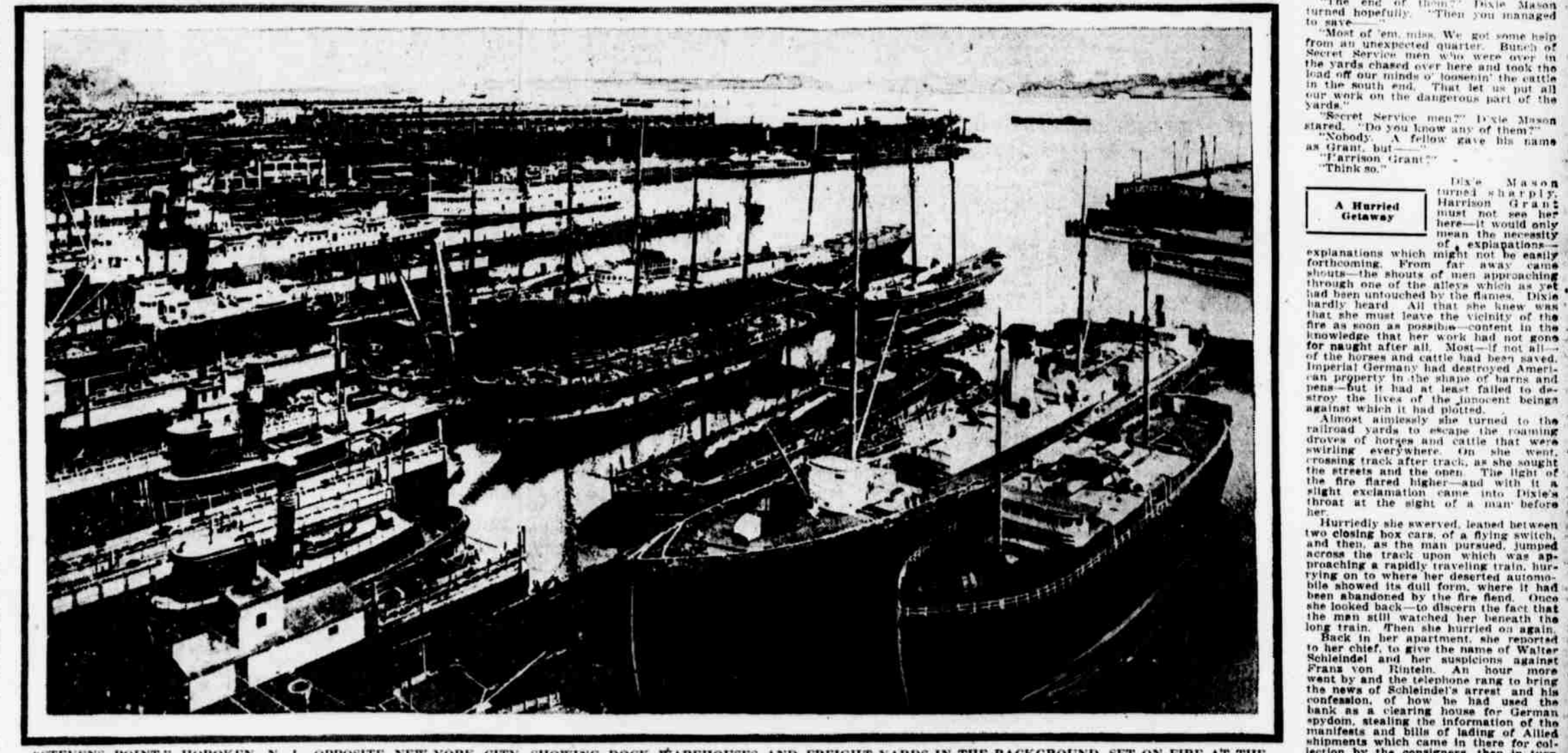
The fire had eaten its way through portions of the roof now, and were spreading the flare of their flames against the sky. Over in the railroad yards Harrison Grant, receiving the reports of his men as they checked up the distance started, then while to the members of the Criminology Club.

"Shackle those men together!" he ordered sharply. "Leave them in charge of Dixie—she can handle them. There's every one come with me—there's a fire at the stockyards!" "Quickly the orders were obeyed. Quickly the men swept forward under the leadership of Harrison Grant to aid the hundreds of horse wranglers and cattlemen in their maddened efforts to release the flame-threatened animals. And as they did so Dixie Mason was making her last desperate effort to escape.

Death in the flames or death in the hands of a leap—Dixie Mason chose the chance of the latter. She fought her way forward, beating out the flames that crept her dress, covering with her feet.

"That's the end of me!" she heard breathily. "We were luckier!" "The end of me?" Dixie Mason turned hopefully. "Then you managed to save."

"That's the end of me?" Dixie Mason turned hopefully. "Then you managed to save."



"STEVENS POINT," HOBOKEN, N. J. OPPOSITE NEW YORK CITY, SHOWING DOCK WAREHOUSES AND FREIGHT YARDS IN THE BACKGROUND, SET ON FIRE AT THE ORDERS OF VON RINTELEN

## TEXTILE MILLS SWAMPED WITH GOVERNMENT ORDERS

### Taxed to Capacity in Turning Out Winter Underwear for Soldiers and Sailors, They Cannot Take Care of Orders for Civilian Needs

GOVERNMENT orders for winter underwear for men in the military service have swamped textile mills in Philadelphia to such an extent that manufacturers are unable to care for their private business.

## \$10,000 GIFT TO HOSPITAL

### Woman's Homeopathic Institution Shares Under W. H. Barnes's Will

A bequest of \$10,000 to the Woman's Homeopathic Hospital is included in the will of William H. Barnes, 1727 Spruce street, former treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which, as probated today, disposes of property valued at \$26,000.

## THIRTY-FIFTH DISTRICT SETS DRAFT RECORD HERE

### One Local Board Has Sent 1000 Men to Camps, and as Result Must Supply Only Nine Selectmen for Next Contingent, While Other Boards Must Send 125

LOCAL Draft Board No. 35, with headquarters in the station house at Twentieth and Federal streets, has the distinction of sending the greatest number of draftees to National Army cantonments of all the draft boards in Pennsylvania.

## TWENTY GOOD JOBS OPEN

Vacancies Exist in Quartermaster's Local Depot

## POINT BREEZE PARK OPEN

South Philadelphia Resort Starts Season Under New Management

## BURIAN HOPES FOR PEACE

Austrian Minister Desires to See General Negotiations Started

## LURED FROM HER HOME

Neighbor, Accused as White Slaver, Held Under Bail

## FIVE RESCUED AT FIRE

Women and Children Are Taken From Burning Dwellings

## Changes His Name

That in future his name would be E. V. Gates and that his "business" would be that of a "circulating agent"—but that Imperial Germany's work of destruction would still continue.