GERMS TO SPREAD CHOLERA THROUGH UNITED STATES BROUGHT HERE FROM GERMANY, "EAGLE'S EYE" FINDS

Teutons, Desperate in Their Need to Prevent Shipments of Munitions and Food to Allies, Did Not Hesitate to Attempt Infesting This Country With the Most Terrible Plague

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

RECENTLY RETIRED CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

IT WAS late at night. In his private office Harrison Grant was puzzling over a report by Tom Bailey, an operative, announcing a condition rather unpleasant for the president of the Criminology Club. The letter simply announced:

Harrison Grant,
Criminology Club.
Dear Sir:

Beg to report that all I can learn about Miss Dixie Mason is that she is almost constantly in the company of the Germans, particularly Heinrich von Lertz. Yours truly,

BAILEY, Operative.

Thereby, for Harrison Grant, a mystery remained unsolved, a mystery which nettled him, angered him. It had been weeks, months, since he had first met Dixie Mason, months in which he had constantly seen her in suspicious surroundings—yet never in a position to betray her. Once he had even gone so far as to send a special report on her to Chief Flynn—a report which the chief naturally received with a bidden smile and the announcement that he would have the affair investigated from his office, that Grant allow her activities to pass unnoticed in the chase for bigger game. But when a man is hovering between love and suspicion, he is not likely to allow every opportunity to slip. Hence the private investigation which Grant had ordered to be made by his operative, Bailey, with the resultant report. Half angrily Harrison Grant filed the report in his cabinet and returned to his desk, moody, silent—

Not knowing, of course, that in a far-away part of the city Dixie Mason was reading for the twentieth time an excerpt from the evening paper containing an interview with Harrison Grant, and musing over the visualized features of the man she loved, brought before her eyes by the cold, staring type of the interview. Naturally, Grant could not know that—and Dixie could not tell him the secrets that she must tell no one, the secrets that she must hold against the inclinations of her heart, that the battle against Imperial Germany be won.

Fifty Million to Spend

And that the battle still was imminent was more than apparent in the stooped, bearded figure of a man who stood fumbling at the lock of an office in one of the biggest buildings of lower New York. He had kept in the shadows on his way to the office. He had shielded his face in the elevator—and for a reason. Franz von Rintelen, arch plotter for Kaiser Wilhelm, friend of the Crown Prince, and special emissary to the United States with more than fifty million dollars to spend on destruction, was living under an alias. He had shifted his office since the capture of his river pirates by Harrison Grant, changed his name to E. V. Gates, and even had resorted to the melodramatic level of false beards and disguises that he might carry on his campaigns of devastation. And just how far he went in this regard was exhibited later, when Rintelen sought to flee America on a forged passport, only to be caught at Falmouth, England, and returned to the Tombs in New York, where he recently was sentenced for his activities against America. In his trunks at that time were found more than thirty suits of clothing, each designed to give him a different personal appearance, each built in such a way that they would make him seem a different appearing man with every suit he donned. His wigs and beards he left in America, to be discovered by the members of the Secret Service who searched his office.

But this narrative must tell the activities of Rintelen in America, not of his flight. And while Harrison Grant sat musing in his office, Franz von Rintelen removed his false beard, divested himself of his coat with the humped shoulders, then turned happily at the sight of a shadow on the door. A moment later he was chatting with Dr. Heinrich Albert, chief fiscal spy for Imperial Germany in the United States, and disburser for every fund except the activities of Franz von Rintelen. Doctor Albert held forth a telegram.

"I suppose you received one also?" he asked.

"From Bernstorff?" Rintelen looked up quickly. "Of course. I heard from Captain von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed also. They will be here. Did Bernstorff's message to you name a time?"

"No ——" Doctor Albert had removed his overcoat, displaying the usual immaculate evening clothes. "He simply told me to meet him here tonight for an important conference. By the way, is Von Lertz coming?"

"I told him. He should be here now."

The Germ Plot

But instead, Heinrich von Lertz was attending to another angle of Imperial Germany's campaign against America. He was then standing in the half light of an old attic, where, tucked away from observation, a German scientist, imported by Von Rintelen, had taken his quarters that he might prepare for future disease raids against American workmen in case the plans of Germany in other directions failed. With Von Lertz was Madame Augusta Stephan, chief of Germany's women spies in the United States, and together they were plotting the death of Harrison Grant and his members of the Criminology Club.

"You must remember," Von Lertz had just said, "the death of any American Secret Service man is a distinct victory for Germany. 'The Eagle's Eye,' I think some of these newspaper men have called it—and it has its eye on us too frequently. Now, Myerson, what's the danger of this affair?"

"Danger?" the old scientist looked up with a little smile. "None, that I see. I know enough about germs to take care of myself. All I have to do is to approach the club from the next roof, raise a window an inch or so and inject this. That's all there will be to it. The circulation of the air will take care of the rest of the plan."

He held up a cotton-plugged tube from which Madame Stephan recoiled. Typed on the label of the tube were the words:

"Cholera Bacillit."

Heinrich von Lertz smiled cynically. "Good enough," he announced. "But be careful regarding yourself. We may need you in case this 'longshoremen's plot' fails."

The old scientist's head bobbed.

"I know how to use care," he answered. "You may count on that."

And while Von Lertz accompanied Madame Stephan to her apartments, the members of the German contingent were gathering for the "important conference" in the office of E. V. Gates. Franz von Papen and Karl Boy-Ed were already there, gathered around the desk with Franz von Rintelen and Dr. Heinrich Albert. Only two more remained to come—Heinrich von Lertz and Count Johann von Bernstorff, Ambassador from Imperial Germany to the United States of America. Franz von Rintelen slid forward in his chair.

Von Bernstorff Arrives

"Why is his Excellency so worrying?" he asked.

"It's about the 'longshoremen's strike," answered Doctor Albert, once more thumbing his telegram. "By the way, Rintelen, has there been any progress?"

"Nothing but retrogression," came the answer of the arch-plotter. "From what the papers say tonight, there is danger of failure. All the 'longshoremen are very loyal, and the hard agitators that I have sent to work among them have accomplished very little. In fact, they have accomplished nothing. They did succeed at one time by working the longshoremen up over the cost of living, but that was met by a prompt raise of wages on the part of the shipowners—with the result that all one money spent for agitation in that way went for nothing. However——"

There was a sound at the door. A moment later and Heinrich von Lertz entered the office. Then a sudden movement, a sudden circle of bows, a sudden outburst of greetings. Count von Bernstorff had arrived.

There was a moment of silence as he faced his assistants. Then slowly he looked toward Rintelen and held forth an evening paper.

"I am sure you will pardon my transgression in your field of endeavor," he announced, "but this news is exceedingly disconcerting."

"No more to you than to me, your Excellency," came the smooth answer of Von Rintelen. "I appreciate very much your coming tonight—and I would appreciate even more any suggestion that you might be able to make."

"How about bribery?"

"Of the union officials?" Von Rintelen laughed slightly and held up his hands. "I have tried that—with most unfortunate results. Through outside sources I caused an offer of $10 a week for every striking longshoreman, the amount to be paid for five straight weeks. The offer was made to Kelly, Butler and O'Connor, the leaders of the longshoremen. They also were made to understand that the money would be paid to them—totaling $1,025,000—and that there was no anxiety over what happened to it after it went into their hands—meaning, of course, that they could walk away with all of it if they so desired, providing they called the strike."

"Well?" Bernstorff raised his eyebrows.

Unions Refuse Bribe

"They reported the matter at once to Secretary of Labor Wilson that some one was seeking to cause disruption in the labor ranks. I think that more than anything else, caused the breach that was being made by my agitators to be closed more quickly."

Bernstorff took a quick breath.

"There wasn't any mention of Germany in all this?"

"Certainly not. The offer came through a former longshoreman who has carefully concealed his pro-German leanings. He let them think that the whole thing was a matter of revenge on the shipowners, and that he had powerful commercial friends who would be willing to pay for that vengeance."

Bernstorff breathed easier.

"Very good," he announced. "Then that does not hurt our cause, providing we can find some way of creating a strike. And understand," he clenched a hand and faced his colleagues, "this strike must go through! It means more to Germany than a victory at the front. When the longshoremen strike, it means that the ports of the East must inevitably be tied up. Not a ship will move. Industries will be paralyzed, and consequently the Allies will be deprived of the necessities of war. Of course," he added with a spider smile, "it will be hard on America, but——"

"These idiotic Yankees deserve something like that anyway," growled Captain von Papen. However, Bernstorff had turned his attention to Rintelen.

"You say that agitation has failed. Attempts at bribery have failed. Then some other means must be attempted."

Rintelen was pacing the floor. Suddenly his hands clasped.

"I have it!" he announced. "I know the way! There is nothing that angers a man so much as depredation against his property. That's what our spies must commit, and then we must fasten the blame on the longshoremen. It will create a breach that nothing can close."

Hurriedly they gathered in conference. And while they plotted the stagnation of all eastern America——

Harrison Grant rose from his desk and turned with a little sigh to look into the grinning face of Pat Hennessy, the Irish caretakey of the club.

Fixing the Burglar Trap

"Witness you're waiting for me to close up shop?" the master detective asked a little wearily.

"It's seemin' t' me I'm earnin' the money that way," answered the grinning Pat. "Everything locked up?"

"Yes, yes."

"By golly, no!" Pat clapped a hand to his head. "If it isn't me that's always forgettin'. I ain't fixed the burglar trap."

Harrison Grant smiled, then stood watching while Hennessy moved the firing pins of the club's burglar protection into place at the windows. One by one the triggers of the concealed revolvers were cocked. Then Hennessy with a little nod, started toward the stairway, Harrison Grant following. A moment later they hesitated at the door, while Hennessy fished for his keys. Then—

The crashing detonation of a revolver shot—from upstairs! Then another and another and another! The men turned. They rushed up the stairway and toward a half-open window, through which could be seen the figure of a man, writhing in the agonies of death!

Old he was, and bearded, his nostrils covered by a gauze mask, his hands protected by rubber gloves. Besides the convulsing figure lay a "pump-gun" of "anti-injector" and Grant knew the contents—deadly germs!

Out the window went the master detective, and to the side of the dying man.

"Careful now!" he ordered. "Search him—but look out for cultures and bacteria!"

A moment later and Harrison Grant was in the possession of the thing he sought—a card, carelessly left in the old scientist's pocket in his surety of success, a card which gave his name and address and which sent Harrison Grant scurrying forth to pick up Billy Cavanaugh and his fellow secret operatives, and to hurry across town in search of the laboratory that he felt sure the dead bacteriologist had maintained.

A Toast to the Kaiser

But in the meantime things had gone well for Germany in the office of E. V. Gates. Only Franz von Rintelen and Heinrich von Lertz remained. The others had gone to the Hohenzollern Club for a fest toast to the Kaiser and a toast that regarding their plans, too quiet even for the concealed dictograph of the Criminology Club to detect. All the work had been left for Rintelen and Von Lertz and they were making plans hastily.

Papers were piled high on the desk of Rintelen, papers which formed reports from spies everywhere, from thugs employed by Paul Koenig, of the Hamburg-American Line; from spies scattered among railroad men, among the longshoremen, among the workmen of virtually every industry in the country. Rintelen was speaking.

"From what I can gather by the reports of Schmondel, the bath spy, shipments of automobiles have been very heavy in the Jersey cattle docks. Here is information that a lighter containing 150 cases will cross the river tomorrow for shipment to France. I would suggest that you choose that as your part of the plan."

Von Lertz rose.

"I know the man who can handle it for me," he said. "I'll see him at once. Good night."

"Good night," answered Rintelen. Already he was reaching for his coat and hat, even forgetting his inevitable glasses on his hurry to foment another of the great explosions against New York's 75,000 longshoremen.

The Laboratory on Avenue A

But while they plotted and schemed, Harrison Grant and Billy Cavanaugh were making their way up the tickety stairway that led to the bacteriologist's laboratory in the attic of the ramshackle building on Avenue A. A quick twisting of the knob and it yielded. Harrison Grant and his operative tumbled a moment in the darkness, then, finding the switch of a table light, began their search.

Desk by desk, drawer by drawer. Papers, musty old books on the development of cultures, newspaper clippings on the progress of the war, letters from Germany and at last——

An ejaculation from Harrison Grant and what I thought I heard announced, as he opened a small memorandum book. "The attempt against us tonight was an afterthought. A sort of a vacation of death, as it were. This man was brought to this country from Germany for one purpose—the propagation of bacteria to be used against American workmen in munition factories, steel mills, mines and other industries furnishing supplies to the Allies."

"Impossible!" Billy Cavanaugh's eyes went wide with horror. Harrison Grant nodded.

"There are the evidences," he answered, as he opened to the notes of a memorandum book he had brought from the desk. "Let's see what the rest of it has to offer."

A long silence except for the crinkling of the pages as Harrison Grant read the notations in the old book. A long silence then.

"Careful there!"

"What's the matter?" Harrison Grant paused with a finger in the air. Billy Cavanaugh reached forward, and taking the finger in his hand, bowed it.

"Nothing only you were about to touch that to your lips, and there's no telling how many different kinds of germs are on the pages of that book."

Harrison Grant smiled.

"Thanks, Billy," he said softly, then turned to his work again. A moment more and he had risen, his eyes wide-excited.

"Get to a telephone, quick!"

"What's up?"

"A good deal. Wasn't there something in the letter tonight about trouble with the longshoremen?"

"Yes, but it's all settled up. That is, the indications are that it will be settled. Why?"

"Because it is far from settled. Look here!"

Germs for Longshoremen

"Germs for longshoremen if agitation fails."

"And agitation has failed," Harrison Grant said quickly. "Agitation has failed—and the words mean one other attempt against the longshoremen. It means——"

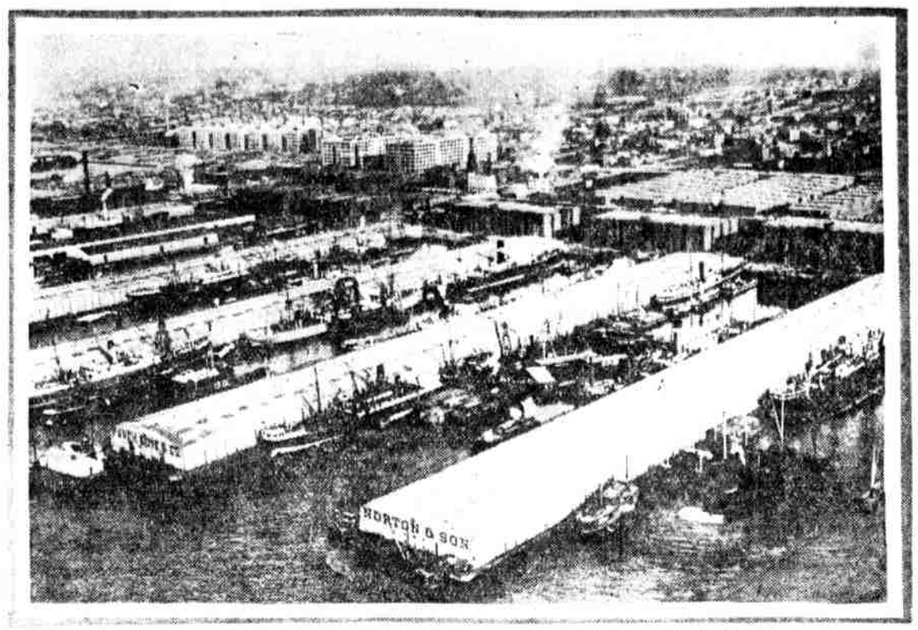
"But the bacteriologist is dead. He won't carry out his orders."

"Imperial Germany only begins its real duality after it's been blocked," cried Harrison Grant. "Its first and second line of offense have already failed in this campaign against the longshoremen. But you can count on it, Billy, that there's a reserve somewhere and that the blow is going to fall, and fall quick! Get to a telephone as quick as you can! Notify every member of the Criminology Club to seek work at the docks as longshoremen. Tell them to keep their eyes and ears open for everything that sounds like German propaganda."

"Nothing there that will tell what they're planning?"

"No—only the information that they are planning something—and that they'll keep on working in spite of the death of this man. What they intend to do—for me to find out—and we've got to find out quick! So hurry to the telephone. The docks are open day and night now, you know. Every member who can spare the sleep must find employment tonight. The rest of them will get jobs in the morning—we'll work in day and night shifts."

But even as Harrison Grant gave the order Heinrich von Lertz was laying his plans for the first blow as he talked to a furtive-eyed spy in the back room of a Hoboken saloon.



A view of one section of the New York waterfront, showing how each pier is congested with ships waiting to be loaded with ammunition and food for the Allies. It was such a sight continually before the German agents' eyes that inspired some of their most dastardly crime against American neutrality

If Longshoremen Refused to Strike and Inspired Sabotage Failed to Foment Trouble, Bacteria Were to Be Let Loose on Docks

"Here's the number of the lighter," he was saying. "I just got it from one of Paul Koenig's men. It will leave the Jersey side about 10 o'clock in the morning."

"Got the numbers of the freight cars?"

"The ones that contain the autos. Yes."

"Better give them to me. I can trace the stuff better that way. That lighter might make another load with something else. I don't guess it makes much difference though—just so we sink some stuff."

"Except," said Heinrich von Lertz, "if we can strike a double blow it's all the more to our advantage. A hundred and fifty auto ambulances laying at the bottom of the river would do France any good, you know. So sink these cars if you possibly can."

Perfecting the Plans

For Rintelen also was busy in his scheme of destruction. Far down in the lower end of New York the arch-plotter, his hair covering his face as he talked to prevent recognition by any possible roving Secret Service man or detective, his eyes moving constantly, his whole body being nerved and ready for instant escape, had sought out the German foreman of one of the largest docks in New York and was giving him orders in the name of Imperial Germany.

"First of all," he was asking, "who am I—in case you are caught?"

"Gates is the only name I know."

"You don't know my address?"

"No."

"Good. Remember, if forced to it Germany expects you to confess and to submit to the punishment. But we also direct you must be protected. Understand?"

"I am a German reservist," answered the foreman.

Rintelen bobbed his head slightly at the assertion. Then he leaned closer.

"Are you experienced in the loading of a ship?"

"No—I've been working with entirely new crews for the last three or four weeks."

"None of them are especially sharp—concerns the right and wrong way of loading?"

"They all follow my orders. Besides, a number of my men are pro-Germans I imported them for emergencies."

"Good. Be sure they are all at work in the morning. What's the boat at the docks now?"

"The Arabic. Freighter. 20,000 tons."

"Big boat." Rintelen nodded his head with satisfaction. "How long would it take to load that boat in such a way as to make it consize?"

"Twelve hours'll do it."

"All right, start in the morning. See that everything heavy is piled on one side, so that it will overturn the minute the hawsers are touched. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well." Rintelen looked hastily around to see that he was not watched, then rose cautiously. "I shall expect you to be working for Imperial Germany in the morning."

But when morning came there were others at work also, not for Imperial Germany, but for the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America—Harrison Grant and the members of the Criminology Club, seeking to ferret out the trouble they knew to exist about the docks; seeking to learn what this German combination was which they felt sure was gnawing apart the bonds that had held the shipowners and the longshoremen in union. But it was a hard task.

More than that, the doomed freight shipments of automobiles already had reached their lighter and were starting down the river, while concealed behind the freight cars were two of Rintelen's paid agents, waiting for the time to strike.

And that time came. Far out into the river swung the lighter. The workmen were gathered at the other end of the long, traveling crack. Everything was clear. Hurriedly the men ran to the end of the freight cars, where they had been blocked and snubbed. Quickly the ropes were loosed. The brakes were released. A few quick movements of a pair of pinch bars, and the cars had been started toward the river. And in a moment more——

To the River Bottom

A resounding crashing splash, which seemed to echo from one side of the Hudson to the other. The box-cars, with their precious autos, had been sent, careening and bobbing, to the bottom of the river, and already a spy was on his way to a telephone to report:

"Hello, Mr. Gates! Those cars have been accounted for."

"Good." Franz von Rintelen, alias E. V. Gates, hung up the phone, then turned to write a scrawling letter which read:

"Say, you shipowners. Either you give us longshoremen what we want or you'll get worse than what happened when we turned over those box-cars. THE COMMITTEE."

Into a mailbox went the letter, to reach the shipowners by special delivery just as they were considering the granting of every demand of the longshoremen. But that letter changed their attitude entirely.

"Call up union headquarters and tell them that all negotiations are off," ordered the president. "If those longshoremen think they can bully us they're badly mistaken. We'll give them nothing."

The message reached union headquarters. And the reply flashed back over the wire.

"We don't know anything about the sinking of your lighter. But if you can't take our word for it——"

"We have your word—the confession that you sank the lighter, signed by the men who were responsible," was the reloinder.

There was only one answer for the part of union headquarters to make, and they made it:

"Then our only reply must come in the form of a strike. We are sorry."

The Strike Meeting Called

Then, throughout the city the word radiated, the word that the final breach had been reached between the longshoremen and the shipowners, that a strike meeting had been called and that within another twenty-four hours the docks of the East would be silent, the trucks motionless, industry paralyzed. In a private room of the Hohenzollern Club Von Rintelen, Albert, Von Papen and Boy-Ed received the information and rose to drink a toast to the success of the strike. Down at the docks Harrison Grant paled at the news, then sent his men scurrying about in a last effort to gain some information that would give him a positive clue to work on. But there was none.

And in her way Dixie Mason also was working, for she had met Heinrich von Lertz and had gone with him to the Ten-Mile House, a fast roadhouse just outside the city, where she might ply him with wine and seek to gain the secrets that she knew he carried concealed about him.

At union headquarters arrangements were being made for the strike meeting, while other officials were making a last effort to reach the shipowners and to seek to prove to them that the depredation committed against them had not been done by longshoremen. But the task was almost hopeless.

Besides, Imperial Germany still lurked in the shadows with its greatest blow still unstruck, the blow that would cost the shipowners millions of dollars, that would end forever any conciliatory relations between the shipowners and the longshoremen. And when that end came—it meant the stagnation of the industry of all eastern America.

Next Saturday's article, Episode No. 6—The Plot Against Organized Labor—Kaiser's agents sink ship and perpetrate other outrages to discredit longshoremen and to foment strikes.

WILSON AT WORK FOR RED CROSS

President Sets Patriotic Example by Boosting $100,000,000 Drive

BUSY DAY IN NEW YORK

New York, May 18.

President Wilson today set a glowing example for the patriots of the nation by devoting his time to boosting the $100,000,000 drive of the American Red Cross.

The nation's Chief Executive, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and Rear Admiral Grayson, will review a monster parade here this afternoon, and tonight at the Metropolitan Opera House he will deliver a speech in support of the great drive which was started today in cities throughout the country.

The President spent the greater part of the morning preparing the address he is to give tonight. He will call on the nation for further sacrifice to win the war against Germany, and his speech is expected to prepare the people of the United States for sacrifices which they may be called upon to make in the future.

The parade today is the largest of its kind ever attempted in this city. More than 75,000 marchers, including 30,000 women, will be in line, and the long column will be augmented by forty people as it marches down Fifth avenue.

President Wilson had planned a round of golf before reviewing the Red Cross pageant but altered his plans and went for a walk instead.

Evading the newspaper correspondents, the President left his quarters at the Waldorf, descended in an elevator leading to one of the side entrances, guarded by secret service men. He mingled with the throngs on Fifth avenue for half an hour, finally arriving at the University Club, where he looked up references to be used in his address tonight, returning to the hotel after an absence of an hour and a half. On his return Mrs. Wilson left the Waldorf to visit with friends.

BURN GERMAN TEXTBOOKS

Departure of Young Men for Camps Celebrated in Hollidaysburg

Altoona, Pa., May 18.—When twenty-[illegible] young men of Hollidaysburg left today to be assigned to various divisions of America's army, residents built a pyre of German textbooks, the study of which has been eliminated from the public schools of Hollidaysburg.

[illegible] H. A. Miller, H. M. Hull and [illegible], fathers of the boys who [illegible] in the army, superintended the burning of the [illegible] and applied the torch. A band then marched [illegible] and lit the soldiers' [illegible].

President Has Company on His "Constitutional"

A tall gray-haired gentleman emerged from the University Club and started down Fifth avenue shortly before noon today.

As he proceeded along the famous thoroughfare shoppers—first surprised and silent, then delighted and cheering—fell in behind him. Soon he was the leader of a great throng coming down Fifth avenue. Thousands lined the street. Traffic stopped. Automobile horns and sirens sounded.

Suddenly the tall, gray-haired gentleman stopped and greeted a young man who emerged from the crowd with hand extended—Henry P. Davison, head of the Red Cross.

"You seem to have a lot of friends here," said Davison, indicating the throng.

"Yes, they are taking a little constitutional with me," replied President Wilson and continued his walk.

U. S. Troops Ready On British Front

Continued from Page One

the British and French armies at this time serves two purposes. Primarily it places fresh troops at points where they are needed, tending to lessen any chance that Germany might win the war this year. A secondary but no less important purpose is that the arrangement will give the American troops invaluable training which they could get in no other way.

Open Fighting Expected

There are indications that much of the warfare in future months may be open fighting.

It is not easy for the Americans to get training in that kind of warfare except in this region.

Participation of the American units in warfare with the British and French units will give our soldiers such training in modern warfare as they could get in no other way.

The great task of the Allies is to block the plans of the Germans to make further advances now. This is a task for America, no less than for England and France, especially since the Kaiser hoped to win the war before our growing weight could be thrown in serious strength against him. Therefore, the chance for Americans to help fight the foe on his chosen battlefield at this time is nothing less than an opportunity to make our role the more glorious.

There is something in the service of American fighters with the British and French that is in keeping with the spirit of our whole participation in the war—the spirit of unselfishness.

While America's colonies might prefer to defeat the foe under their own flag, this does not mean at all that they do not seize with the best spirit the opportunity to help defeat him somewhere else, until they can do it as it may suit them best.

Arrangement May Be Changed

Because of the uncertainties of war, it is impossible to say at this time how long the present arrangement will continue. It is safe to say that it will continue as long as there is need for Americans elsewhere more than in their own sectors.

Of course, it is not permitted to state the plans as to the extent of participation of America's fighting men with the armies of the Allies. Moreover, today's plans are likely to be changed before tomorrow.

I am not allowed to tell the size of the American forces in the British war zone or give their identity, save to say that they are large enough to prove of material assistance when the Germans resume the pounding of the British lines.

BRITISH STAFF OFFICER LAUDS U. S. SOLDIERS

London, May 18.

"A steady stream of American reenforcements is flowing into France, faster and faster, swelling the Allied reserves.

"The Germans pretend to belittle American aid, but we do not think the German general staff does—otherwise they would not have hazarded their entire future on this big attack."

This statement, made by a representative of the British general staff, authoritatively represents the views of that body. "The Americans must buy their experience like every one else," continued the officer, "but they are good business men and will buy it at the cheapest market and sell it at the highest price to Germany. The Americans will make good. They will never let go until they do.

"During the past week in France a series of minor operations has been in our favor. Wherever the Germans broke in we drove them out. This is satisfactory, because the Germans are extraordinarily good at infiltrating, holding and improving positions, due to the good training of the regimental officers, subordinates and staff.

"The air fighting also has resulted satisfactorily to us. From May 9 to 15 seventy-one German airplanes were brought down, while only nineteen of ours were missing. Our air situation is infinitely better than last year, and a considerable factor in halting the first phase of the German offensive.

"The Germans are now 'oiling up' for a real effort. The longer they wait the more troops they can put in. If they wait a little longer they can renew the offensive on as big a scale as they began it—a fifty-mile front. However, the longer the Germans wait, the more time it gives us to prepare.

"Regardless of the change in territorial position, the situation will be very anxious this summer."

Quit Camp Secretly to Say Good-by

Norristown, Pa., May 18.—The members of Battery C, Phoenixville and Norristown men, who took French leave from Camp Mills, L. I., that they might visit home folks before going overseas were given a rousing send-off when they returned to camp. They had been rounded up by officers of the battery who were on hand to bid them farewell.

SINN FEIN LEADERS ARRESTED

Among the most prominent Sinn Fein leaders arrested in Dublin last night were Eamonn de Valera, who is seen above addressing a seditious meeting, and the Countess Markievicz (below)

Sin Fein Chiefs Put Under Arrest

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lead to the conviction, the statement says, that the Government has no intention of producing any bill whatever, and that all the promises made were uttered simply for the purpose of deceiving the House of Commons, the British public, and above all the American Government, the American people and the allied European nations, and of prejudicing the cause of Ireland in their eyes.

The statement goes on to say that conscription would be not only an outrage of national right, but a breach of faith. The complaint is made that British propaganda is creating prejudice against Ireland in America, and an appeal is made to the United States to listen to Ireland's cause as stated by Irishmen qualified to speak in her behalf. The statement concludes:

Asks American Sympathy

"We beg of the American people and Government, in the memory of the bonds of sympathy which have existed between the American and Irish nations ever since the foundation of the Republic to urge upon their British allies the duty of immediately applying, in the case of Ireland, those principles of democratic freedom and national self-determination so magnificently set forth in President Wilson's declarations, the benefit of which is denied to Ireland, while the Irish people are called on to fight for them in foreign lands."

Eamonn De Valera is known as the "Stormy Petrel of Ireland." Although his name indicates a different nationality, he is a native of the Emerald Isle. He is noted for eloquence in his radical addresses, which he has made throughout Ireland. De Valera has assured his adherents that they will not be sent unarmed against the enemy, but has repeatedly cautioned them against force pending their fuller political development. He is thirty-six years old.

Countess Constance de Markievicz, the Jeanne d'Arc of Ireland, is the daughter of Sir Henry Gore-Booth, an Irish baronet. A radical from youth, she led the attack on Dublin Castle in the 1916 Sinn Fein revolt, for which she was sentenced to life imprisonment and pardoned several months ago. Her husband is a Polish artist. He was wounded while fighting on the Russian front in 1916.

New Anti-U-Boat Device

An Atlantic Port, May 18.—Captain Gilbert More, of the Royal Flying Corps of Great Britain, has brought to the United States a little box containing a device for sighting and hitting submarines which has been in use on hydroplanes in the war zone and has been highly effective.

FRENCH SUPERGUN IN ACTION

Reported That Giant Piece Smashed Krupp Prizes

An Atlantic Port, May 18.—A passenger on a transatlantic steamship, who has just arrived from England, reports that the new 22-inch French gun, by far the greatest in the world, has been completed. For obvious reasons it is not permitted to describe the gun in detail.

It is conjectured that it is one of these guns that has succeeded in silencing the two German superguns located near Laon. Before the German superguns near Laon were put out of commission they are said to have killed in Paris 268 persons, wounded 360 and driven to places of refuge "somewhere in France" many thousands of the population of Paris.

8 INDICTED AS DISLOYAL

Distribution of "The Finished Mystery" Is Called Violation of Espionage Act

Harrisburg, May 18.—The Federal of Sunbury and nearby places, charging them with violating the espionage law through the distribution of a book entitled "The Finished Mystery," many copies of which found their way into Harrisburg homes.

It is charged the publishers, given as the International Bible Students' Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., arranged to distribute $50,000 copies of the book, which declares all wars to be murder and patriotism a delusion.

Hotel Man Wins Liquor Suit

Norristown, Pa., May 18.—A jury in civil court rendered a verdict in favor of Frederick Schupphaus, proprietor of the Whitemarsh Inn, Barren Hill, who was sued by George Moyer, a farmer, of Roxborough, for damages resulting from loss of services of his minor daughter, Margaret, who, it was contended, was made ill at Schupphaus's hotel through liquor served to her.

Auto Speeders Are Warned

Norristown, Pa., May 18. In exonerating from blame Miss Mary Loch, a Norristown society woman whose motorcar last Saturday struck and killed Joseph Maggio, a boy four years old, Local Registrar White, who investigated the death in place of the coroner, called upon the police to keep an "ever-watchful eye" on violators of the automobile laws.

Present Gift to Doctor Sparks

State College, Pa., May 18.—In commemoration of his ten years' administration, Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of the Pennsylvania State College, was presented with a large silver tray by the undergraduates. George C. Smith, Jr., of Newark, N. J., president of the junior class this year, made the presentation speech at the assembly of the farm camp boys last evening.

Germany Seizes Rumanian Wires

Amsterdam, May 18.—A Vienna report says that under the peace treaty with Rumania, Germany has assured herself of possession of the telegraph lines, cables and wireless installations on the Rumanian coast. The purpose is said to be to carry on an intelligence service on a large scale after the war, particularly by use of wireless.

German Drive Fully Primed for Delivery

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have been openly boasting the last three weeks that they confidently expected being in occupation of Calais by Sunday next. Yet no effort of any kind has been made to realize that program.

Confidence here in the ability of the Allies to meet the coming assault is absolutely unshaken.

The two outstanding reasons why the French are optimistic as to the future are the steady influx of American troops and the rapid progress of Allied aviation. The fact that the French brought down no fewer than eighteen German machines on Wednesday affords good basis for hope on the latter point.

ARRAS-GIVENCHY LINE MAY BE OBJECTIVE

London, May 18.

The growing intensity of the gunfire in the Arras-Givenchy sector of the western front—the only stretch of the front where the British first lines have not been changed since March 21—causes the belief that General Otto von Below's army will be the next that is called on to strike against the defenses of Bethune, Souchez and the St. Eloi coal fields.

At the same time the Germans would attempt to eradicate the salient between the Lys and Somme Rivers (the Arras salient).

General von Below's army has not suffered heavily, having participated only in the abortive thrust in the Arras zone early in April, which was decisively stopped. Then the Germans switched their pressure northward, near Armentieres, and the sector held by the Portuguese.

General von Arnim's army group had to provide the shock troops for the attack on the northern end of the line.

Reports that Field Marshal von Mackensen has taken over command of Von Below's army group are current. If they are true, they indicate that attacks between Arras and Givenchy would be of a weighty nature and not mere demonstrations. Von Mackensen would be called to the western front only as a last resort, because of his feud with Von Hindenburg and the Crown Prince.

HINDENBURG FORCING GERMAN NAVY TO ACT

Washington, May 18.

Von Hindenburg is trying to impose his will on the rest of the German war lords, and force them to send out the high seas fleet, so that his land operations may be a success, according to the Navy Department's best information today.

He succeeded in compelling the mobilization of the bulk of the fleet under full steam, in its Kiel base. And the navy's information tends to indicate he has the whip hand and will wring some more desperate action from the navy unless the Allied navies strike first.

Hindenburg's theory, according to the Navy Department's advices, is that even though he were to take the English Channel ports by land, a German victory would still be impossible while England's navy was intact. For that reason he is reported to be urging naval action. This action would seek to disrupt the transport service of both the United States and Great Britain, and wreck some of England's naval strength. American naval officers believe confidently that if the German army manages wins out in the contention, he will only sacrifice German navy vessels and lives without accomplishing his mission. With the United States, France, and perhaps Japan, in on the play, the boche would be unable to cripple the Entente, it was said, inasmuch as their sea power is far above the German.

Hindenburg is reported angered at the Zeebrugge and Ostend raids, and at the fact that American army strength on the west line is growing constantly, without interruption of the transport service. Because of these things, and because of the unharmed sea strength of Great Britain, he is anxious for naval action. He is reported to look upon the military situation as a whole, and not to care what happens to the navy, so long as he has a chance to win through its use.

While he is trying this plan he is also preparing for another push on a considerable portion of the western line. This push will find the Allies in better shape than previously, with their reserve augmented and their divisions rested and repaired. Army men are just as confident as the navy that the final outcome will be a Teuton loss. They say overconfidence now tends to slacken preparations, and should be avoided.

That the Allies may undertake a naval offensive of larger proportions than anything thus far attempted, is considered quite probable. Entente and American authorities incline to think that striking first in this case would be superior to taking the defensive, though there are numerous considerations which may limit the Allies in action intended to smother the U-boat nests.

BRITISH AIRMEN DROP TONS OF BOMBS ON FOE

London, May 18.

More than twenty-three tons of bombs were dropped by British airmen on important railway centers, airdromes and billets behind the German lines on Thursday, according to an announcement made by the British War Office. Thirty German machines were destroyed and five more driven down.

The text of the official report follows:

"There was great aerial activity on the 16th. Our observation balloons accomplished a large amount of registration for the artillery and reported movements of the enemy in forward areas.

"Our airplanes carried out long distance reconnaissances, artillery work, bombing, photographing and fighting throughout the day.

"Over twenty-three tons of bombs were dropped on important railway centers, airdromes and billets behind the enemy's lines.

"There was intense fighting early in the morning and again in the evening. Thirty hostile machines were shot down and five others were driven down out of control. In addition two German planes were brought down by our anti-aircraft guns and two other hostile machines were compelled to land behind our lines. The occupants were captured.

"Five of our machines are missing.

"During the night our fliers dropped ten and one-half bombs on different targets, including railway stations at Lille, Douai and Chaulnes (all in northern France, but behind the German lines and billets in the neighborhood of Bapaume, Peronne, Brosle and the docks at Bruges (in Belgium).

"Enemy night fliers were active, also. One Gotha machine was compelled to land behind our lines and the crew was captured."