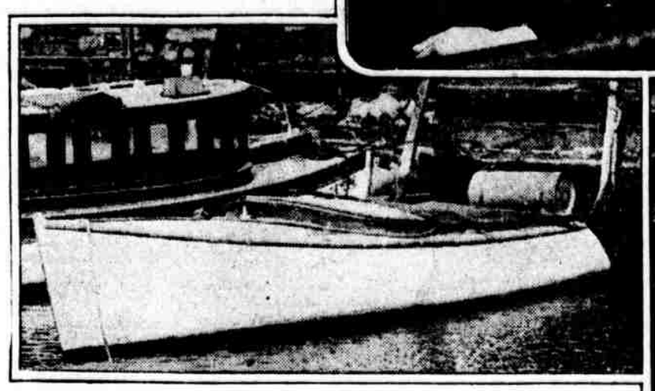
"EAGLE'S EYE" THWARTS ROBERT FAY'S WELL-LAID PLANS TO ATTACH BOMBS TO RUDDER POSTS OF MUNITIONS SHIPS

German Sergeant Relieved From Trench Duty as Expert Hand-Grenade Thrower to Use His Fiendish Ability in the Manufacture of Explosives to Blow Up Vessels While on Their Way to Europe

Came to the United States by Means of Forged Passports, but Patriotic German-American Betrayed the Spy's Plans

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



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At the top is Lieut. Robert Fay (left), with his brother-in-law, Walter Scholz (center), and Paul Drache in court during their trial on charges of being German agents attempting to sink munitions ships and otherwise violate American neutrality. At the right are the suitcases containing Fay's materials and disguises, taken from his room during the raid preceding his arrest, and in the center is a box filled with infernal machine contrivances addressed to the Weehawken garage he had rented. On the left is the high-powered speed boat owned by Fay which, he confessed, was to be used to run alongside of departing vessels to attach bombs to the ships' rudderposts

DEATHLY calm hung over the trenches. After a day made hideous by the thunder of artillery and shriek of shells an unearthly peace had settled over the desolate stretch of shell-torn battleground. In the German trenches a sergeant leaned against the sandbag fortifications. The light from his cigarette glowed fitfully in the darkness as he puffed at it nervously, while he waited for the men he had chosen to accompany him on an attack on the French trenches. Soon he would be crawling out over the shell-pitted stretch of No Man's Land with a haversack filled with hand grenades. His proficiency in handling them had brought him fame in the ranks of the Kaiser's army.

Fame! He tossed the cigarette butt aside contemptuously and then stamped on its glowing end. Fame! What was it compared to life? Why should he, for the sake of a few days of glory and a name for being successful in carrying out these bombing attacks, risk his life—his life which could be used for stopping the whole terrible business and bringing the war to a close in which Germany would be victorious? He clenched his fist in the darkness and struck at the sandbag. If his plans could be used he would stop in three months the munition supply of the Allies and soon, for want of munitions, they would sue for peace.

He reached for his watch. Its faint phosphorescence pointed the hour to him. He heard the tramp of footsteps. His men were coming. Soon he would be out there crawling through the darkness toward that other line of trenches, dodging wire entanglements, playing possum beneath the light of flares. Perhaps this raid would be his last. Perhaps in a day or so a cross would be reared for him:

SERGEANT ROBT. FAY
DIED FOR FATHERLAND

The footsteps drew nearer. The sergeant raised himself in preparation for taking command—and then he stopped. Out of the darkness his superior officer's voice came to him in guttural accents.

"Sergeant Fay, you are to report at once to Cologne for promotion and other duty."

Fay received the announcement with the stolidity born of long military training, but a moment later the meaning of the words transformed his features.

"My plans have been approved?" he gasped.

But the officer had disappeared. Fay could hear the tramp of his retreating footsteps.

Fay Leaves the Trenches

Far removed from scenes of strife and horror and suffering, separated from them by the broad blue of the Atlantic, the tide of life rolled on peacefully in the United States. Peacefully—to all appearances. There, a people torn with sympathy and pity for the wrongs wreaked on helpless Belgium by the greedy hand of Germany sought to alleviate those wrongs and bring what help they could to the suffering nation by food supplies and gifts of money and clothing. They little knew that the horrors that had raged on their shores were to meet with success. While the American people pursued their peaceful occupations, sinuous tentacles were reaching out to entangle them in the war that was casting its shadow over Europe.

On the twenty-fifth floor of a building that reared its dark heights among other skyscrapers on Wall Street, in a luxuriously furnished office, two men sat in conference: Captain Franz von Papen, military attache of the Imperial German Government, and Captain Karl Boy-Ed, naval attache.

In an outer office sat Wolf von Igel, von Papen's secretary. His knock at the door interrupted the confidence in the inner office.

"Lieutenant Fay wishes to see you," Von Papen glanced up with a frown.

"I can't see him now. Tell him to come back in an hour.

"I told him you were busy, but he had a letter from the General Staff which indicates that his visit may be of importance."

Von Papen hesitated.

"Show him in," he ordered.

A moment later Robert Fay, erstwhile expert grenade thrower of the German trenches, now promoted to a lieutenancy, saluted the Captains.

Von Papen eyed him closely.

"Your papers?"

Fay handed him a letter. Von Papen read it and handed it to Boy-Ed, his gaze returning again to Fay.

"So you are here to help us? How did you make the trip?"

Faking Passports

"I arrived yesterday on the Rotterdam. My passport was made out to one Kearling, from whom I bought it in Cologne. It is a simple matter now to buy a passport. I substituted Kearling's picture for my own. His description fitted mine nearly enough to pass."

"But the passport must be stamped," interposed Boy-Ed.

"Yes, but that too is simple. The photograph is simply perforated to match the perforations of the stamp already on the passport. You see how easy it is. I am here. I have had no trouble. But now I am Fay. No longer Kearling."

"Very good," commented Von Papen. "And now your plan."

"It is to stop the export of munitions to the Allies from the United States for three months and perhaps permanently."

His listeners looked at him somewhat incredulously.

"I am by profession a mechanic and have in mind many inventions. My most recent one is a bomb which can be attached to a vessel while in port and which will not explode until the vessel is three miles out. This, when attached to munition-carrying ships, will also cause the munitions to explode. My plan met the approval of the German Government to such an extent that they have commissioned me to come to the United States for the purpose of carrying it out. They have generously granted me 20,000 marks to further my plans."

"You will perhaps be kind enough to describe this bomb to us?" Von Papen indicated a chair and they drew close about the table.

"You are acquainted with the explosive, trinitrate of toluol?"

They nodded. "What is known as TNT?" Boy-Ed commented.

Explaining the TNT Bomb

"Exactly. This bomb carries 100 pounds of TNT. It is so arranged that it can be fastened to the rudder post of a ship with a wire line running from that to a clamp that fits on the rudder. As the rudder is worked in the movement of the ship at sea, the line will wind up, tightening the clockwork until the spring inside is released. This will send the plunger against two rifle cartridges which will explode the TNT, and——" he stopped. There was no necessity for finishing the sentence. A fantastical light shown in his eyes. He clapped and unclapped his hands in an intensity of excitement, and his hearers unconsciously absorbed his mood.

"Our bomb squads have used TNT effectively on various occasions," said Boy-Ed with a smile at Von Papen. "As the highest powered airplane bomb carries only about 80 pounds of TNT, we are able to judge quite accurately what 100 pounds can accomplish."

Von Papen nodded and reaching across the table for a match, lighted a cigar.

"Lieutenant Fay, does any one know of your arrival in America?"

"No one," answered Fay, "except his excellency, Count von Bernstorff."

"That is well. You perhaps are not well acquainted with conditions here. Our position at this time is such that not be known as the directors of any movement of espionage against the United States. Germany, of course, is not at war with the United States. To the United States we are a friendly nation." He flicked the ashes from his cigar with a contemptuous movement.

A cynical smile crossed the face of Boy-Ed. It was reflected on the face of Fay.

For a few moments a deep silence settled on the room. From far below on Wall street sounds of traffic drifted up, shouts of drivers, newsboys, fruit venders, each sound echoed and magnified as it rose between the dark walls of the building that bordered the street.

Fay stirred uneasily. The even tones of Von Papen once more broke the silence.

Planning Against Discovery

"In this crusade it is inevitable that many ships will be blown up. If we, who are here in public official capacity, should become identified in any way with this movement it would lead to our dismissal from the country—and dismissal at this time would mean the relinquishment of many plans now under way. Therefore, if your plan should fail and you should be arrested we would, of course, be compelled to repudiate you. Likewise, it would be your duty to say that you had tried to see us, but that we had denied you an interview. This is clear to you?"

Fay smiled imperturbably.

"I understand."

"Very well. We are then in a position to be of aid to you as far as possible. You will, of course, need explosives. It is very difficult just now to obtain these."

"In case you cannot get the TNT at once I will be willing to go on with my work using dynamite until the higher explosives can be secured. But I would rather have the TNT. Can I count on you to procure it for me?"

"As soon as possible, but it may take some time. As I said, explosives are hard to procure now unless some good reason is given for their need."

Fay arose and pushed his chair back. "This will be agreeable to me. I will put in my time perfecting my bomb case, and will report to you by the end of the week—Friday, if it is convenient."

In a moment the door closed behind him and they heard his footsteps echoing down the hall.

Boy-Ed glanced at Von Papen quizzically. "The procuring of this TNT—it is important that we have it, but how can it be brought about?"

Von Papen smiled. "Do you remember the doctor that Von Igel brought to the club one night last week?" Boy-Ed nodded. "He spoke to me of a friend who has access to explosives of all kinds. Through him I am sure I can supply Fay with the material for this wonderful bomb of his."

Friday found Fay again in enthusiastic conference with the Captain.

Fay Rents a Weehawken Garage

"I have rented a garage on Main street in Weehawken which I will use for an experimental station," he reported. "To throw off suspicion I rented it, saying I was going to conduct an automobile-repair business. I have an old motorcar there which I have taken apart to carry out the illusion, but meanwhile I am working on my mine. Have you been able to learn where I can procure some TNT?"

"I have worked through several people and have at last arranged for an amount of this material large enough to enable you to do some practical work, to be delivered to you as soon as I received your address. I will see now that the shipment is made in a day or so." Von Papen scribbled the address of the garage in Weehawken on a memorandum and Fay departed, pleased at the results of his visit.

A lull had fallen on the affairs of the Criminology Club. To its members, always on the alert to stamp out the first fires of intrigue before they spread their destroying flames over the peace of the country, the lull brought no illusions. They recognized it simply as the calm before another storm.

It was the day of Fay's second visit to Von Papen's office. Pat Hennessy, door man at the Criminology Club, had just announced a visitor and shown him into Harrison Grant's office.

Grant surveyed his visitor quizzically. "My name is Wettig, C. L. Wettig. I am a dealer in explosives," he announced simply.

Grant nodded and motioned him to a chair.

"I have something which I think will be of interest to you. I have been asked to procure for certain parties a quantity of TNT. You are, of course, acquainted with the nature of this explosive and the use it is commonly put to?"

A gleam of interest shown in Grant's eyes. "Trinitrate of Toluol? Yes."

The Plans Leak Out

Wettig wasted no time in words. He told his story briefly.

"I have, in fact, been approached by several people recently, all of whom seemed particularly interested in obtaining some of it. I thought it best to go ahead with the deal in an effort to gain all the information possible concerning the persons who wanted it. Now, however, something has happened which brings me to the need of advice. Today I was told to deliver the TNT as soon as I could get it to a garage in Weehawken. Shortly after I was told that the purchaser had changed his address and I would have to wait a day or so until he could furnish a new one. I'm afraid he has slipped through my hands."

He surveyed Grant somewhat anxiously but appeared reassured by Grant's decision. "No, I think he is probably playing safe. You will undoubtedly hear from him in a day or so. Let me know when you do."

Wettig picked up his hat. "We'll let it stand that way, then. As soon as I hear anything I will communicate with you."

A week sped by without further information of those who wished TNT. Harrison Grant had put the week to good use. A casual acquaintance formed with Madame Augusta Stephan, chief of Germany's women spies in America, had been cultivated with care and subtle intent on his part. Madame Stephan, somewhat blindly, received the acquaintanceship with the feeling that it was a heaven-sent opportunity which would enable her to gain information for the interests she served.

At her invitation, Grant was spending a most enjoyable evening in her apartment. Madame Stephan was clever. Too clever, he mused, as she left the room with a promise to return with "one of those American cocktails," which she professed to be an adept at mixing. His glance strayed to a little writing-desk near the couch upon which he lounged. He could hear the clink of glass in the little kitchenette. With a quick move he slipped the desk top down and noiselessly ran over a pile of letters that lay in full sight. The clink of glasses on a tray grew louder. Madame Stephan was returning. He thrust the top letter into his pocket and closed the desk.

A Beautiful Spy Fails

Madame Stephan's beautiful face clouded with disappointment as Harrison Grant, bewailing the necessity that forced him to leave the pleasure of her company so early, shortly after made his adieus. The disappointment turned to plain anger as the door closed behind him and she realized that her efforts to gain his confidence had not met with success.

Grant's evening had proved more profitable. The letter he had purloined from Madame Augusta's writing desk he read later with obvious satisfaction in his office at the Criminology Club.

"Dear Madame," the letter ran. "Fay will be able to obtain what dynamite he needs at the old lighthouse at Marsh's Inlet, C. L. Wettig has promised a quantity of TNT. Sincerely, Von Papen."

"Wettig!" it was the man who had talked with him early in the week, the explosives agent. It was probable that the Fay referred to was the man of whom Wettig had spoken. It was more than probable. Certainty grew in Grant's mind as he outlined his plans for action. He reached for the push button that summoned Cavanaugh.

"Get C. L. Wettig here as soon as you can," he ordered, handing Billy Cavanaugh the card Wettig had left on his recent visit.

Billy Cavanaugh made good time. It was scarcely three-quarters of an hour later when he returned with his man.

Grant greeted him cordially. "Well Wettig, we have a line on your man. Have you heard anything?"

Wettig pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and a card.

"Not until today when a man called at my office and told me to deliver the stuff to a boathouse on the Jersey shore tomorrow, to a Robert Fay. Here's the location of the place."

A smile of satisfaction crossed Grant's face.

"Fay. That was the name." He glanced up. "You haven't delivered the stuff yet, of course?"

"No, I was going to see you first. Thought it was too late tonight to get hold of you."

Fixing the Trap

"Not us. The Criminology Club never sleeps," Grant smiled. "Tomorrow have the TNT delivered to me. Then get into communication with this Fay and tell him that you are having it sent over by some one you can trust. Some one who is all right. You understand? Tell him that your messenger is a trained mechanic and is anxious to be of help to 'The Cause.'" The last was added with a sardonic smile.

Wettig nodded. "I get you. Tomorrow I'll have the stuff delivered. Here's a card that was given me when they first started negotiations. This will help you get by and show them you are the one I mentioned." He held a card. Grant, looking through it toward the light, saw the coat-of-arms of Germany watermarked on it.

"Thanks. I'll be able to make good use of it," he said, slipping the card into a leather purse.

Wettig held out his hand. "Good by and good luck."

The men shook hands, and a moment later Pat Hennessy was closing the outside door after Wettig.

For precautionary reasons Robert Fay had moved his headquarters from the garage in Weehawken to the boathouse, the description of which had been given to Wettig. He worked with the assistance only of a brother-in-law, Walter Scholz, [illegible] he had [illegible]

The Eagle of Germany

There was no answer. Fay frowned, and then caught sight of a card slipping through a crack in the door. He pulled it through and held it to the light. The eagle of Germany showed clearly. It was the pass card.

Fay opened the door. Outside a laborer, dark and roughly dressed, stood holding in each hand a suitcase. Stepping into the boathouse he laid them carefully side by side.

"TNT. A hundred pounds, eyes. Dangerous stuff," he announced rubbing his hands together. "They gave me orders to stay and help you."

Fay looked at him. "Yes, I was told." He hesitated a moment and stirred uneasily. His new assistant watched him calmly. Fay broke the silence. "We who work for Germany are watched constantly. You will, therefore, understand if I appear inquisitive. I must assure myself that you are entirely in sympathy with what I am working for."

The newcomer laughed easily. "If I wan't I wouldn't be running the risk of getting pinched by carrying around this TNT. But if you want credentials I can tell you that I have done a few things myself in connection with the work of the German Government."

Fay looked interested. "Is it so? Then we will work well together."

That his assistant's task had been to land various hired agents of the German Government in Federal prisons for stays ranging from two to ten years was something that Fay was not yet destined to know and, eager to be back at his work, he put aside further questioning and with the pride of a fanatic who sees his one idea about to be realized, described his invention. The canvas covering was thrown off the model of the ship's stern. The manner in which the bomb could be screwed to the rudder post, just how the wire line would lead to the rudder and how the clockwork would gradually wind and wind with the motion of the rudder until the tightened springs inside set off the plunger which would cause an explosion of sufficient force to blow the ship from the face of the ocean was described.

Fay Unbosoms Himself

As they worked together in the succeeding days Fay told him of the dreams of destruction which were seemingly to be realized. He told him how first munitions-carrying ships would be attacked, and then the ports. And then, his plans succeeding, his energies would be extended to war ships operating outside the three-mile limit.

"And as a final blow," he finished, "one day there is the harbor of New York. With one blow—one great explosion—it can be cleared of all shipping, its docks and wharfs destroyed. New York's giant shipping industry will be crippled forever and the Allies delayed for months by being deprived of the supplies they need. Such an event would be a victory for Germany unequaled in the annals of her magnificent history!"

His assistant glanced at him with a look bordering on repulsion, but Fay, in the frenzy of imagination, was blind to it.

"And the loss of life? That also does not matter?"

"Why should we care," Fay answered recklessly. "Germany will bombard New York anyway—why not now? And the glory of the achievement—"

He was interrupted by a knock at the door, and went outside. The murmur of voices sifted into the boathouse. Then Fay reappeared.

"It is a message. They are complaining at our slowness. But I was able to tell them that our bomb is finished. And the time for action has come. Tonight our first blow will be struck!"

The assistant leaned forward and smiled peculiarly. He reached back to his pocket, slowly, carefully.

"No it won't." The words fell strangely in the quiet of the dingy boathouse. Fay stared.

"It won't! Why not?"

"Because I arrest you in the name of the United States of America!"

A livid light spread over Fay's face. He stared at the other speechlessly, as though his vocal organs had suddenly been stricken with paralysis. Then he gasped strangely.

"You—Secret Service? You—" he rushed at Grant madly. But Grant whipped his revolver around and pressed the trigger.

It snapped futilely.

Fay's Plotting Career Ends

Angrily, Grant threw it at Fay's oncoming form and retreated to the wall. As Fay reached him Grant raised his foot and planted it squarely on Fay's chest. With a strange inhuman groan, Fay fell backward.

His career as a bomb plotter was over. The news of his arrest spread quickly. Marsh's Inlet, where the boathouse was located was a rendezvous for many who came there to enjoy the winter sports. The day after Fay's arrest Dixie Mason came with Von Lertz to the Inlet. In the crowds she was able to pick out a dozen or more people whom she could identify as being in active sympathy with German interests in America.

A short way down the shore was the lighthouse, long since abandoned though still picturesque. Dixie, somewhat wearied from an afternoon of skating, had retreated to the shelter house. As she unlaced her skating shoes, she glanced up to see through the window a group of men passing. Among the [illegible] fear that he had come to the Inlet for the skating and that again she would be seen with Von Lertz, left her weak. But she stifled it. Her own hopes and fears and desires must not influence the work she had set her hand to.

She watched with relief the group of figures as they passed on their way toward the lighthouse. A vague wonder as to their intent flitted through her mind and then was blotted out by a new interest. Madame Stephan had arrived. Dixie saw her glance over the crowd outside, single out Von Lertz and beckon to him with a gesture imperceptible to one untrained to catch the slightest gesture and attach a meaning to it.

Von Lertz glided to the shore and stopped before her. They were beside the shelter house and close to the window.

Dixie heard Madame Stephan's voice, quiet but ringing with suppressed excitement.

A Trap for Grant

"Grant has gone to fold the dynamite depot in the lighthouse."

"Yes?" Von Lertz's interest was instant. "And the trap?"

"Set and ready to spring."

A shiver of dread passed through Dixie Mason. What was this trap they spoke of? Grant was in danger! The man whom Dixie could not forget or put out of her mind. The man who occupied her thoughts as no man had done before. She wavered—and then straightened up determinedly. She smiled graciously at Madame Stephan, entering the shelter house. And she walked out to where Von Lertz was awaiting her still smiling, but her heart was beating with anxiety for Harrison Grant. A man skating in long curves glided past and then with a sudden turn faced her. He glanced at her closely as he skated slowly backward. Dixie had seen him several times during the afternoon. She had noticed him eyeing Von Papen and Boy-Ed. A faint hope came to her. Could it be that he was a "forward shadow"?—the man who takes the risks of the Secret Service to aid some other man to gain evidence?

She caught his eye and winked quickly, her eyelid making the dots and dashes of the Morse code.

"Secret Service?" she signaled.

The man nodded. Dixie's heart bounded with hope. She signaled again.

"Grant—danger—lighthouse."

She turned to Von Lertz. Looking back she saw the Secret Service man making for the shelter house.

The two men whom Harrison Grant had his operatives found in the lighthouse submitted to arrest with unusual alacrity. The ease with which they were taken puzzled Grant for a moment, but it was forgotten in the interest awakened by the place they had raided. Grant ordered the men to drive to headquarters with the captured spies, deciding to make further investigations himself.

Searching a Bomb Factory

The lower room of the lighthouse bore all the evidences of a typical bomb manufactory. The odor of chemicals hung heavy in the air. Tables were loaded with retorts and measuring glasses. Lengths of leaden pipe and great jars of acid were stored on broad shelves. Grant marveled at the great stores of material on hand, and the indications of preparations being made for wholesale destruction. In one corner of the room were several packing boxes labeled "dynamite," and coiled lengths of fusing.

Grant, hands in pockets, had taken a mental inventory of the contents of the room. It would be necessary to secure further help. The lighthouse must be guarded until the destructive story of materials it held could be removed to places in which they could put them to better use. He walked musingly to the window. Far down the inlet the crowds of skaters still held sway and the late afternoon sun shone brilliantly on the myriad-colored throng. It was very quiet in the room. So quiet indeed that Grant started suddenly at a muffled but clearly audible "click!" The sound was a familiar one. It was the click of the hammer of a gun that had failed to fire, and it came from above.

For one moment Grant hesitated as a succession of thoughts rapidly passed through his brain. Leading to an upper room at one corner was a ladder. His assailant, whoever he was, was in that upper room! Grant made a dash for the ladder—but his onrush was stopped midway as a revolver, thrown with heavy force, caught him above the eye and hurled his body back to the floor, unconscious.

A moment later, with a scurry of footsteps, a man rushed down the ladder. He paused to glance at the body and around the room. An end of fusing lay near at hand. With a quick movement he jerked it out, and whipping a match from his pocket, lighted the end. The other end lay across a box of dynamite—and the unconscious body of Grant lay on the floor.

With a grunt of satisfaction as the red flame caught at the fuse and then glided down to a glowing, growing ember that slowly but obstinately ate its way along the fuse, the spy opened the door [illegible] the lighthouse. The driver leaped out.

"Follow him," he shouted. "I'll see to Grant."

The machine plunged down the embankment of the shore and out on the ice in a spray of snow.

Inside the lighthouse Grant groped in returning consciousness. About him swirled clouds of smoke. The fuse, along which the slowly creeping red fire advanced, had ignited a bunch of chemical-soaked excelsior. Choking and fighting for breath Grant essayed to rise. In fitful moments of consciousness he realized his peril and the need for help.

Dragged From Death

Suddenly the door banged back on its hinges and in the draft clouds of smoke eddied and whirled.

"Grant!" It was Steward's voice. The anxious voice startled Grant into consciousness. He reached out a hand and caught at Steward's coat. Slipping an arm under him, Steward staggered out into the cool, fresh air with Grant a dead weight, impeding every moment of their previous progress, the progress that must take them away from that creeping tongue of flame and the dynamite.

He dragged him on and on to the edge of the woods that bordered the lake. There he stopped, he could go no farther. As Grant slipped from his grasp to the snow-covered ground, a wild roar echoed across the lake and back again, and seemed to split the very heavens. Steward saw a cloud of smoke and flame shoot up from the lighthouse. The ground about him shook with the blast and great cracks ran crazily out into the ice of the lake. Where all had been solid ice a moment before a broad expanse of black water appeared, and gliding swiftly toward it with a speed that could not be diminished, and a direction that could not be veered, Steward saw the iceboat with its helpless occupant. Steward saw his men in the automobile, a short distance behind the iceboat. He saw the driver jam on his brakes and saw the machine skid swiftly about in a flurry of ice and snow just as the iceboat disappeared over the brink of ice into the cold blackness of the waters of the lake.

He passed a hand over his face and turned back to Grant, who was staring up at him in bewilderment.

"What are you doing here?" Grant's voice was scarcely a murmur.

Steward smiled and bent over him. "A girl gave me the tip—Dixie Mason. The girl with Von Lertz, you know."

Grant sat upright and stared at him. "Dixie Mason!" he rubbed his aching head. A wild conglomeration of ideas made his head whirl. Why had Dixie Mason done this? Had she, too, been working with the Germans for a purpose? Or had she simply allowed kindness to intervene in a plot which otherwise would have meant his death? His aching brain refused to solve the puzzle.

Grasping Steward's hand he rose.

"We'd better go back," he said simply, brushing the snow from his clothes. "Fay must be about ready to make a full confession."

They walked to the bank of the lake and waited for the return of the operatives in the automobile.

Fay's Confession

At the club they found Fay ready to make his confession. He had signified his willingness to do so.

"I was given 20,000 marks to come to America," he said. "I was told to get in communication with German officials here—but they would not have anything to do with me. That is all I can tell you regarding them—"

He stopped. The memory of another day had come to him—a room in an office building in lower New York, in Wall street. The clamor of traffic and shouts of drivers echoing into a still room. Two men before him, hard, cunning, calculating. And the voice of one suavely suggesting:

"Our positions demand that we must not be known as the directors of any movement of espionage against the United States—if your plan should fail and you should be arrested, we would, of course, be compelled to repudiate you. Likewise, it would be you duty to say that you had tried to see us, but that we had denied you an interview."

His plot had failed, and Fay true to the inborn traditions of his nationality was shielding those above him. But even as he realized that the end of his plottings was at hand, he knew that somehow, somewhere his work would be taken up. That the work of the German Government in undermining the peace of this nation would not stop with his failure, that its paid agents would take up the plotting and scheming and destruction where he had given it up.

Fay's Story Disappointing

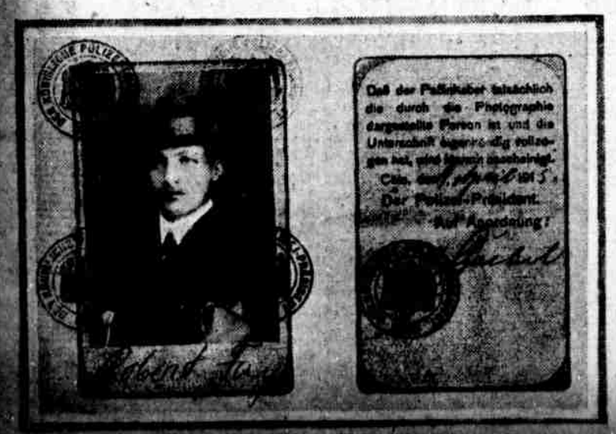
Fay told them what they already knew, the story of the bomb he had invented, the bomb which was to stop all shipping which was eventually to be used to blow up the habor of New York. He told them of his exploits in the trenches, of the fame he had earned for bombing expeditions successfully concluded, of the Iron Cross that should have been his, but had gone to one higher in command, but no other word regarding those others in this country who were backing him.

While the members of the Criminology Club were listening to Fay's confession, two men sat in a room of the Imperial German Embassy at Washington; Count Johann von Bernstorff and one other. Before them was a table littered with blueprints. That the plan they were discussing had been brought to a high degree of practicability the blueprints bore evidence. Fay, the pawn in the hands of those higher up, was forgotten, his effort overshadowed by a plan the magnitude of which was beyond his wildest dreams. Bernstorff laid a clenched fist heavily on the table.

"It will be the greatest achievement Imperial Germany has yet brought about in America," he said, and his visitor smiled.

"And it will make America our unwilling ally."

Next Saturday's episode—No. 9—How Imperial Germany used the munitions companies of America to help win her battles, through chicanery, the switching of plans, the destruction of great plants with attendant loss of lives.



DON'T GET FAMILIAR WITH MARINE MINES

Keep Distance From These Ship Destroyers and Report Suspicious Objects

It is considered bad form to approach a marine mine unless properly introduced. A good method of approach is with rifle or gun fire at a distance of at least 200 yards.

The office of Naval Intelligence has issued a pamphlet for seamen clearly and intimately describing the etiquette demanded at such meetings. The letterpress is accompanied by photographs and diagrams.

Whose mines are first put into place they are so anchored that they are held at a certain distance below the surface of the water. It is intended they shall remain invisible till they are struck by a vessel. Then they explode. They are called submerged-contact mines. They may be removed by dragging or sweeping, but the work should be undertaken only by experts. One way is to sink a large cable, each end of which is attached to a tug. Every time the cable hits a mine the mine explodes. It is a very exciting game, for nobody can tell when or where the explosion is going to take place.

If through stormy weather or other reason a mine becomes detached, it comes to the surface and may be carried about by various currents. Sometimes they are stranded on a beach. But wherever they are, floating or beached, they should be approached with caution. Undue familiarity may mean death. A mine is usually harmless until it touches something.

It is desirable in all cases that the discoverer of a mine should learn whether it is English, French or German before it is destroyed. Only under favorable weather conditions however, is this possible.

But always, the pamphlet says, the discoverer should report all the circumstances to the Hydrographic Office, the collector of any port, any officer of the navy or the army or any other Government officer at the earliest possible moment. To make assurance doubly so, the presence of any floating object resembling a metal ball or cylinder should be reported in order that proper investigation may be made.

"If all persons along the coast or at sea," the pamphlet concludes, "keep always on the lookout and bear in mind these instructions, a great loss of life and property may be avoided and service of the greatest importance to the Government will be rendered."

Today's War Names

Following are today's war names, as nearly as they can be expressed phonetically in English; the names are, in general, unaccented:

Chateau-Thierry . Shato-Tee-Ery
Torcy ..... Tor-See
Bouresches ..... Boo-Resh
Belleau ..... Bel-Lo
Neuilly-la-Poteries . Neu-Yee-La-Pote-Ree
Bussiaux ..... Bee-Se

TENT SERVICES PLANNED

Inasmuch Mission Arranges Meetings, Enlistments Follow Conversions

The seventh annual report of the Inasmuch Mission, just issued, shows that in seven years more than 500,000 persons have attended the nightly meetings, as of that number 25,000 professed conversions and 200 have enlisted in the army and navy.

On Saturday, June 29, the mission will formally open a tent large enough to seat 1000 persons at Sixtieth and Locust streets. Bishop Rhinelander will dedicate the work. Addresses will be made by the Rev. Dr. Floyd Tomkins, George Long and others. Frank Conley and F. Nevin Weist will be soloists. There will be meetings every evening except Monday throughout the summer. George Long will be the evangelist in charge. He will be assisted by Mrs. Long. Professor Watkins Davis is organizing a large volunteer choir and I. A. Knight has been engaged as pianist.

For the Tired Business Man

When Jim tells me he's going to have a hard day at the office, I know it's going to need something especially nice for dinner to make him the cheery, carefree husband I married—and on days like that I usually give him scalloped oysters because he likes them better that way.

I heat and butter individual egg shirrers, put in a piece of buttered toast, cover with the oysters, and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of A1 Sauce. I bake all this in a hot oven until the edges ruffle, and garnish with toast points and lemon. It's really no bother at all. It's the A1 Sauce that does the trick. After that Jim's all pep and sunshine again. There's nothing like it to make him forget that he's a tired business man.—Advt.

Airplane Construction

Women as well as men may qualify for good positions in Government service or private Airplane Plants after taking the Y. M. C. A. Airplane courses—

Drafting (for women)
Wood Working (for men and women)
Metal Work (for men and women)
Fundamental Engine Construction (for men)
Field Mechanics (for men)

Men who pass as Field Mechanics are qualified for Ground Service in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

For information write, phone or call today.

SCHOOL OF AIRPLANE CONSTRUCTION

RELIGIOUS BREVITIES

The Rev. Roger S. Forbes, pastor of the Unitarian Society of Germantown, will preach at 11 a. m. on the subject, "Christianity Child Centered."

The Rev. Clarence Edward Macartney, of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, will preach at 8 p. m. on the subject "A Sleepless Night and Destiny." At the morning service at 10:45 the Rev. William Bigelow Stuff will speak on "God Will Win the War."

The Rev. George D. Adams, pastor of the Chestnut Street Baptist Church, will preach at 10:30 a. m. on "Is a New Message Needed? Has the Gospel a New Chance?" At 8 p. m. he will preach on "Echoes From Camp; the Rebirth of Patriotism or the Soldier's Self-Discovery." Maude Ballington Booth will speak at 7:45 p. m. at the West Hope Presbyterian Church, Croston and Aspen streets.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Baptist

CHESTNUT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH Chestnut st. west of 40th.
GEORGE D. ADAMS, D. D., Pastor.
10:30 a. m.—"Is a New Message Needed? Has the Gospel a New Chance?"
8:00 p. m.—ECHOES FROM CAMP. "The Rebirth of Patriotism or the Soldier's Self-Discovery."
12 to 1 p. m.—Bible School.

Presbyterian

ARCH STREET CHURCH, 18th and Arch. Rev. CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY. "A Sleepless Night and Destiny." Sermon at 8 p. m. by Dr. Macartney. Recital on Turner Memorial Organ at 7:30. At 10:45 a. m. Rev. William Bigelow Stuff will preach on "God Will Win the War."

BETHLEHEM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Broad and Diamond sts. Rev. JOHN R. DAVIES, D. D., Pastor. 10:30 a. m.—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.
7:45 p. m.—Service in charge of the Salvation Army.
2:30 p. m.—Sabbath School, graded classes for all ages.
Everybody always welcome.

N. 10TH ST. CHURCH, 10th & Girard. Rev. Herbert G. Hurrell, Minister—10 a. m., Child'n's Day Serv.; 8 p. m., preaching.

Protestant Episcopal

ST. JAMES'S, 22d and Walnut sts. Rev. JOHN MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Rector.
8 a. m.—Holy Communion.
11 a. m.—Morning prayer with sermon.
4 p. m.—Evening prayer (choral).
Weekdays: Wartime Intercessions at 12:45.
Holy Communion: Tuesday (St. Barnabas' Day), 7:30 and 10; Thursday, 10.
Strangers always welcome.

Unitarian

FIRST UNITARIAN, 3125 Chestnut st. Rev. FREDERICK M. GRIFFIN, D. D. 11 a. m.—Mr. Griffin will speak. Anthems: "My Defense Is of God," Huhn. "Turn Thy Face From Me," by Sullivan. Philip H. Goepp, Organist.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF GERMANTOWN Chelten ave. and Greene st. Rev. ROGER S. FORBES, Minister. 11 a. m.—"Christianity: Child-Centered."

OPEN-AIR CHORAL SERVICE

Under the auspices of Bishop Rhinelander ON THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL on the Parkway
At Twenty-fourth and Benjamin Franklin Parkway