DESPERATE HUN ATTEMPT TO INVADE CANADA THWARTED IN THE NICK OF TIME BY QUICK WORK OF "EAGLE'S EYE"

Dixie Mason, a Girl Employed by the United States Secret Service, Works Her Way Into the Confidence of German Leaders and Tips Off Government Agents to What Is Going On

Novelized by COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER from facts furnished
By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

RECENTLY RETIRED CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

HARRISON GRANT carried home with him that night the vision of a handcuff, its metal seared through by the electric current, hanging empty by the switch in the power house. A potpourri of emotions seethed through his mind. A feeling of distaste that one who was, in all outward appearances, so square and true, so refined, should lend her cleverness to the furtherance of German plots mingled with his feeling of personal disappointment. He owned frankly, to himself, that he did not want Dixie Mason to be anything but as good and true as she was beautiful, that he had wanted her so because—he had cared for her. But any such feeling was impossible now. She had proved it. Her apparent friendliness with the German element was born of copartnership in their crimes; her interest in Von Lertz had come through the fact that she, too, was a coworker in Imperial Germany's great game of murder, a coplotter in the destruction of American industries, American peace of mind, American lives! He could see no alternative but that he should blot out this love for her that had grown in spite of him, and once more register a report against her.

Early the next morning he made his report at the chief's office.

"We will investigate the charge," he was assured. "You need concern yourself no further with it." The similarity of the announcement to those following his other reports of Dixie Mason jarred strangely on Grant. He could not fathom the mystery of events unless—a subtle hope suddenly sprang into existence. Could it be possible that there was some good reason for her activities other than interest in the Germans? Might it be that the main office was holding information from him that would explain it all. Grant pursued this line of reasoning because it held out a hope for him and removed the cause of his distrust for Dixie Mason. But once more it brought him up against a blank wall of useless conjectures.

If Dixie Mason had been of the Secret Service she would have told him so in the powerhouse instead of allowing him to think her a German spy, arrest her and then put her to the trouble and danger of freeing herself by such precarious means. If the arrest had gone through and she had been a member of the service she would have had to tell everything about herself later, so why not in the beginning? More than that, what possible reason could there be for her to conceal her affiliation with the service—if she were her?

All of which goes to prove how futile is the attempt of one mind to reason as another would. For there had been several reasons why Dixie Mason concealed her connection with the Secret Service. The first and biggest was her order from the chief that she work herself into the confidence of those highest in Germany's spy system in the United States, and that she tell no one of her connection with the Secret Service. Another very good reason for her not revealing her true status to Grant dashed into her mind as she stood at the switchboard listening to Grant's accusation that she had been instrumental in causing the destruction of the A. T. R. Munition Works. If it had been so simple a thing for Grant to believe, why could she not convince Von Lertz and his German friends that she had done this thing which would mean so much to them and so lay the foundation for a confidence which would help her obtain their secrets by established right? It was a good idea.

Dixie Mason Makes Appointment

The night of his disappearance from the powerhouse she called Von Lertz on the telephone.

"Can you come to my apartment, soon? At once if possible. It is very important. And please bring a sharp file with you—yes rather large. I'll explain. Thank you. Good-by." She hung up the receiver with a triumphant smile. The smile lingered as she deliberated on the events of the evening. She was very tired, but she must bring this latest affair to a successful close. The opportunity was too great to pass by.

She heard shortly the sound of Von Lertz's car drawn up to the curb and a few moments later the bell of the apartment rang. She ran to open it herself, and, as Von Lertz entered, she held up laughingly a little hand about whose wrist dangled one manacle of a pair of handcuffs.

"Now you know what I wanted the file for. Will you help me take it off?" She seated herself on a low stool beside the great armchair into which Von Lertz threw himself with easy familiarity.

"Take it off and I will tell you all about it. It's a long, long story, and I'm tired, and when I get through I think you will agree with me that I have a right to be tired." With quick interest Von Lertz bent over the little wrist with its strange adornment, and as Dixie in low tones told her story Von Lertz filed away at the manacle.

"The electrician mistook me for Madame Stephan, I think. I was standing by the powerhouse and he came running past, followed by the chief watchman." She stopped meditatively. "Do you think I look like Madame Stephan?"

Von Lertz glanced up impatiently. "Hardly, to one who knows you, you are both dark. But the story. What happened then?"

"Oh, yes," Dixie, obediently and naively took up the tale convinced that she was really interesting him. "I was standing there and he called. I ran into the powerhouse and threw the switch. Then there was this awful explosion and the whole plant went up in smoke and flame. The watchman ran in and arrested me. When some one called him out he handcuffed me to the gate. I saw a rubber glove in the electrician's box and I put it on. Then I pulled the handcuff over the switch and it melted and I got away, but I took this one with me."

Dixie paused for breath and gazed at him soulfully out of great dark eyes, doubting for an instant her ability as a romancer.

Von Lertz stopped filing for a moment and gazed at her in admiration. If he had any doubts, the handcuff had convinced him.

"Poor little girl! But that was great work. Why, you are a little heroine. Yes, if I had only trusted you before, what wonderful things you might have been doing for Imperial Germany with your cleverness and willingness to be of service." With a final chilling rasp the file was applied to the steel once more and slipped through the link. "There, that's off. Tomorrow morning we will go to Captain von Papen's office, you and I, and tell him of your wonderful exploit."

Dixie smiled. "It's very kind of you, and I will be glad to go." Just how glad she did not go into details to tell him. Her plans were working out too well.

The Visit to Von Papen

Von Lertz called for her very early the next morning. Dixie thrilled with the excitement of the experience she was about to have as the car threaded its way down the long lanes of traffic into lower New York and the canyons of Wall street where Von Papen's office was located. There she found Madam Stephan, Germany's greatest woman spy, there, and Boy-Ed, the naval attache. And Von Lertz had told of her great exploit, gone over all the details as she had done the night before. Dixie had to tell it over again for them herself, was praised and congratulated on her cleverness and her devotion to the interests of the government they represented.

"You are wonderful, my dear," Madam Stephan assured her when Dixie protested that it was but a little thing she had done. "We can find many things that your great ability can help us to do." Dixie artlessly and very truthfully avowed she hoped they would give her the opportunity. When, shortly, Boy-Ed and Madam departed, Dixie strolled to the window while Von Papen and Von Lertz conversed in low tones at the table. Since entering the room she had been conscious of the open desk near the window, littered with papers. Now as she stood at the window ostensibly for the purpose of gazing curiously over the tall buildings, she glanced at a letter, evidently tossed aside hastily.

"Your Excellency," the letter ran in German, "Dr. Albert and myself today took up your suggestion of an invasion of Canada with Count von Bernstorff. While he believes that the enterprise would be an exceedingly dangerous one and that we should use every precaution to prevent the Secret Service from charging us with any part in it should it fail, there is reason to believe that such an enterprise would meet with a great measure of success.

"I reported to him that our plan included the raiding of all important points of Canada possessing military stores, such as Windsor, Montreal, Winnipeg, Regina, Port Hope and other centers, the demoralization of which would mean great delay in the sending overseas of large expeditionary forces on the part of Great Britain.

"B. asked what had been done and I told him that arms already had been stored in six sections, assembling at Silver Creek, Mich., there to seize the Welland Canal; Wind Mill Point, Mich.; Wilson, N. Y., adjacent to Port Hope, Can.; Watertown, N. Y., near Kingston, Can.; Detroit, near Windsor, Can.; Cornwall, N. Y., from which easy possession can be made of Ottawa, Can., and at Exeter.

"It is at Exeter, as I explained to B., that everything must be done now, inasmuch as arms and reservists are available for all the other stations. However, as you told me to explain, I showed B. that all efforts must now be centered on Exeter, and that Von Lertz and Madam Stephan should leave at once to represent us in the final work which will immediately precede the invasion.

Werner Horn, tool of German plotters, who confessed to putting explosives under Maine-Canadian bridge

"In this connection, might I suggest to you that this be done at once, as more than 100,000 reservists throughout the United States will shortly receive their orders to move toward the border in as inconspicuous a manner as possible, and that everything should be awaiting them when they arrive. Otherwise, we fail.

Doctor Albert and myself will attend to the shipment of arms by the usual method.

E. B.

Efficiency again — efficiency in the shape of another written report from one office to another, in the stolid, plodding desire of Imperial Germany to see that every step of its murderous progress was arranged for and made clear to those in whose hands the trend of events lay.

This time it had made clear one of its plots to Dixie Mason of the Secret Service!

Across the top of the letter, in Von Papen's scrawling hand, had been written:

"Von Lertz and Stephan—10:20, N. Y. C."

"N. Y. C." New York Central, of course, and they were leaving at 10:20! Dixie glanced at her watch. It was a quarter after nine. She had wondered at the extreme earliness of Von Lertz's visit. Now she knew. He must catch that train. There were things she must do, too. Suddenly she caught at the window frame and gave a little moan.

Dixie Mason's Ruse

Von Lertz looked up in time to see her slide limply to the floor in a faint. He rushed to her, and picking up her unconscious form laid her on the long leather lounge that stood at one side of the room.

"Call a taxi and send her home," Von Papen ordered sharply, as Von Lertz rubbed her lifeless wrists.

"No, I'll take her home. She will be all right in a moment. Poor little girl, she had a hard day of it yesterday."

"But the time!" Von Papen looked at his watch. "You have less than an hour and you must get that 10:20 train, and there are matters to be gone over before you leave."

"I'll be back, all right; don't worry." Von Lertz's efforts to bring Dixie back to consciousness were meeting with success. With bewildered eyes she sat up and looked around her, then, smiling weakly, she staggered to her feet.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized softly. "I don't know what made me do such a silly thing. I must have been tired out from everything I did yesterday. Can you take me home?"

Von Lertz smiled down upon her reassuringly as he held her coat for her. Dixie bade Von Papen good-by, very sweetly and graciously. That Von Papen's farewell was somewhat short and a little impatient was due to the fear lurking in his mind that Von Lertz would not make that 10:20 train. But defying all laws defiable and conforming as little as possible to the inexorable ones, Von Lertz drove Dixie uptown and left her in her apartment a short time later.

"And don't worry about me—please," Dixie begged, giving him her hand in good-by, "because I'll be all right. If I don't, I'll take a little trip, down South maybe, for a week or two."

"I may be out of town myself for a while, so if I don't call——"

"I'll understand," Dixie assured him, with perfect verity. "Good-by."

As the door closed behind him Dixie jumped to her feet with a sudden access of energy.

"Goodness, I'll have to hurry like EVERYTHING," she told herself.

She sat down at her desk and began to scribble hurriedly on a scrap of paper. Between lines she called to Mamette.

"Mamette! Mamette! Where are you? Hurry!" Mamette appeared in the doorway wiping her hands on her apron in her sudden haste.

"Yes'm, Miss Dixie."

"I have just about half an hour. I want you to go down the street in that old second-hand store and buy me the articles on this list of clothing."

She handed Mamette the list and some money. Mamette seized them and hurried out. Dixie turned again to her desk and scrawled a letter which, two hours later, was delivered to Harrison Grant at the Criminology Club by special delivery. It added another jot to the mystification which had been lending zest to his life the last few days. The letter read:

"Have notified the chief of German concentration camps along the border preparatory to invasion of Canada. Hold yourself in readiness for a big raid on German headquarters at Exeter. Will keep you informed under name of Randolph Bruce.

"Operative 324."

Grant turned to his card index of Secret Service operatives and hurriedly skimmed through the file.

"Operative 324." He slipped out the card and stared at it in irritation. The card bore no name, no address, no photograph, no thumbprints, no identification, simply the legend:

"Operative 324—Name and identification withheld for good of service."

Grant frowned, and then philosophically slipped the card back into its place and stepped toward the pushbutton to summon his operatives.

In a moment Stewart, Cavanaugh and Sisson joined him.

"Boys, there is a chance of heavy work for the Criminology Club very soon. We will have to summon every member possible who can leave his other duties. They must eat here, sleep here, wait here, until certain word comes to us." Grant glanced down at the message which he still held. "Stewart!"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you see what arrangements can be made for a special train to take a hundred men to Exeter, Vt., if necessary? Keep it quiet, of course, Sisson." Grant looked at the two other men, "and you, Cavanaugh, round up the other members. And if any telegrams come the club signed Randolph Bruce, find me at once!"

After Grant had issued his orders the Criminology Club became the scene of action as its members gathered, eager for the service they held themselves in readiness at all times to tender.

The Arrival after Rifles Shipped to German Reservists in Caskets

Hours after Grant had received the message from Operative 324 a train which had left New York promptly at 10:20 that morning thundered into the station at Exeter. A dirty-faced boy in rough clothes jumped from the steps of the day coach and stood at a respectful distance watching those more fortunate ones being assisted with servile obsequiousness from the parlor car. When Heinrich von Lertz alighted, followed closely by Madame Stephan, an expression of relief flitted across the face of the boy. He watched them curiously as a tall, cadaverous individual stepped up to greet them.

Across the dusty road from the station an undertaking shop held sway. That its proprietor was J. B. Dollings was signified by the ornate gold lettering across the window, and that the cadaverous individual who greeted Von Lertz and Madame Stephan was none other than J. B. Dollings was a conclusion not hard to arrive at as the boy watched him conduct his visitors across the road and into the shop. From his vantage point on the platform the boy awaited developments. In a short while Von Lertz and Madame Stephan and their tall host emerged from the shop and entered the car that stood at the curb. The boy watched the car whirl away amid clouds of midsummer dust down the long road that seemed to lead out of the city to the mountains that towered in the distance.

The dirty-faced boy slipped down from the truck on which he had been sitting and gazed after them ruminatively.

"So they are undertakers now. Queer business to be in." He stepped into the station and peered through the bars of the ticket window at the station agent who sat in the inner office, chair tilted back against the wall, an odoriferous corncob pipe clutched between toothless gums.

The station agent brought his chair to a level and slowly rose and slouched to the window. Following which effort was a long argument during which the dirty-faced boy finally convinced the station agent that he needed an assistant, had always needed one, and that he was the assistant needed. After due attention had been called to the ancient dirt-covered floor, the dust of station benches and the litter of bygone lunches, the job was landed, and an hour later found the station undergoing a long-needed cleaning at the hands of the new assistant. The dirty-faced boy had found employment, food, shelter—and the opportunity of acquiring the contents of every telegram entering or leaving the station! And as the dirty-faced boy was Dixie Mason, the information was priceless to her—and the interests she served.

While members of the Criminology Club passed days of waiting armed and ready for any emergency that might arise, Dixie pursued her purpose with relentless activity in and around Exeter.

She first of all established the fact that the undertaking business of J. B. Dollings was a comparatively new departure. That while he had several assistants constantly in attendance, his establishment was little patronized and he made no efforts to gain patronage. Dixie found that Henrich von Lertz and Madame Stephan made their daily headquarters in a new, roughly constructed building among the hills at the outskirts of the village where a small city of tents had sprung up miraculously, housing laborers strangely inactive and a grading outfit. She found that hundreds of men were gathering daily. At night, smuggled close to a great boulder, Dixie watched the activities of the camp and saw wagons loaded to their limit with supplies winding their way along the gorge roads. And she saw the men gathering at the board building for meetings.

One afternoon Dixie, attractive in spite of dirty face, towsled mop of hair, rough clothes, ran across the street to J. B. Dollings's shop.

"A carload of caskets just came in for you, Mr. Dollings," Mr. Dollings's long, clawlike fingers clutched the bill in obvious excitement.

"Where—where are they?" He reached for his hat and hurried around the counter.

"The caskets? Over on the first track. I'll show you——"

"No, never mind, never mind. The number of the car's on the bill of lading. I'll find it." As Dixie lingered outside she heard him calling hoarsely, "Bloedt! Rudolph! Mahlen! The caskets have come. Get teams at once. We must unload them at once. Hurry! Must send a telegram!"

Dixie listened speculatively. Mr. Dollings was exhibiting an unheard-of amount of excitement over a carload of caskets for one who was an undertaker. And a carload of caskets for an undertaking shop that did no business!

Her speculations were cut short by the rumble of express wagons. They drove through the yards to the car. One of the men broke the seal while Dollings bustled about, excitedly issuing orders. Dixie found a place where she could watch them without being seen.

Carefully the gruesome boxes were unloaded and carried out to the express wagons. Then two wagons loaded and driven across the street to the shop. Her ruminations over their disposal were cut short by a crash and sound of splintering wood which quickly brought her attention back to the unloading process.

Dollings's voice was raised in angry expostulation.

"Donnerwetter! Why didn't you hold on to that end! Here, you Bloedt, cover up that end. Quick! Mahlen, you, too—"

Dixie slipped down behind the freight car and peeped under it. She could see plainly the splintered box. And though the men were vainly trying to conceal its contents she could see them. It was no casket that the box contained. Slipping out from its broken boards were rifles! Military rifles!

And the car had been filled with scores of boxes similar to this. This was the cause of Dollings's excitement. Here were rifles enough to fit out hundreds of men who were gathering at the borders of Canada waiting the hour to strike. The men at the grading camp were there awaiting these arms. As soon as they were fitted out the time would be ripe for the invasion which the powers above them had planned.

Then Dixie remembered the telegram that Dollings had hastened to send as soon as the car had been reported.

She hurried back into the station. The station agent had left. There were no trains due until late in the evening. She let herself into the office and reached for the telegrams which had been filed for the day. Near the top was Dollings's, addressed to

Captain Franz von Papen,
60 Wall St.,
New York City.

"Everything O. K.

"DOLLINGS."

That was all. But it meant that the rifles had arrived—the rifles for which Von Lertz and Madame Stephan had been waiting, the rifles which were to equip the waiting German reservists! An armed invasion of Canada from American soil. Her mind whirled at the thought of the complications involved—perhaps war between Great Britain and the United States on the charge of having fostered this invasion by German sympathizers!

No! Dixie knew that the moment for action had come. Her fingers sought the telegraph key.

Dixie Telegraphs for Harrison Grant

"Harrison Grant, Criminology Club, New York City," she tapped. "Danger! Come quick! Wire arrival. Randolph Bruce."

Then, womanlike, she gave herself up for a moment to self-congratulation. Had she waited too long? Would this message reach him in time to get his men to Exeter to stop the invasion? After all, had she followed the right course? Would it not have been better to have stopped the whole thing at its inception, rather than let it attain this amazing growth that threatened to be overwhelming. But time was short. Already Von Papen had received the telegram and she must wire the chief of developments. Her fingers tapped the keys once more. She had the consolation of knowing that the chief's men had covered all other camps along the border. This one camp had depended on her, and Harrison Grant and his men in turn were dependant on her. As soon as the chief received her wire his message would go back to the other camps ordering instant action. But here—at Exeter—no one could foresee the result.

The afternoon light was fading in the dim station as Dixie crept out. She took the road to the gorge, stepping into shadows as heavy wagons lumbered past with cargoes that she dreaded to guess at. A great purring car slid past and she heard Madame Stephan's laugh tinkle out on the night air. A sudden activity sprung into being. Everywhere were wagons, rumbling through the night and men hurrying past on strange and unwonted errands.

From the friendly shadow of a boulder Dixie looked down upon the will-o'-the-wisp lights of the camp and the greater glow of the windows of the main camp building. The shadowy outlines against the darkness of the night of wagons rumbling into the camp yard, the silhouettes of men at the leading doors carrying the long boxes filled with rifles for Germany's army in America!

A lump rose in Dixie's throat and she clenched her hands in a passion of earnestness.

"Make Grant get here in time!" she prayed. "He must get here in time!"

The thought brought to her the need of being on the alert at the station for messages. She rose quickly and, leaving the lights of the camp, hurried back over the dark road to the little station. She let herself into the little office and seated herself before the telegraph instrument, signalling for the relay station at Buffalo. She waited impatiently for a moment and then heard the answering call.

She tapped her message.

"Anything for ex?" The long silence that followed was finally broken by the clatter of the instrument.

"Nothing."

Dixie sank back in the chair. Her message had gone through hours before, certainly by this time Grant should have received it and answered her.

But the instrument was clicking again—calling for Exeter.

"Ex—ex—exexexexexex—ex—ex—ex." exexex - ex - ex."

"O. K. ex—go ahead." Dixie tapped in an agony of impatience. The sounding key snapped back:

"Hello ex—thought I'd tell you—wire trouble between here and New York. Ought to clear up soon."

The instrument ceased its chatter. Dixie settled back, hopeful—and yet hopeless. Now there was no means of knowing. Her communication had been cut off. She could only wait—wait—with the teeth of anxiety gnawing at her heart. Wait, while all through the northern states, Imperial Germany's reservists were hurrying to their stations. Wait—while out at the main camp Heinrich von Lertz and Madame Stephan were giving orders that would cause rebellion to flare at the first word from Von Papen.

But Dixie brightened a bit as she caught at the cheerful thought that Von Papen's message could not come through until the wires were opened—still when the wires were opened Von Papen's wire might come through and Grant would not be there to stop the resultant activity.

Hour by hour dragged endlessly as the night wore on. Dixie sat by the telegraph key, waiting. Call after call sent through Buffalo brought back the answer:

"Wire not clear yet. Working on it."

The moon dimmed, and the chill air of the night made her huddle closer in the chair and shiver. Would the night never end and the call she was waiting for come?

As the dawn lightened the dingy interior of the station it showed Dixie Mason with troubled, towsled head fallen sleepily on one shoulder.

The staccato clicking of the telegraph sounder broke into the quiet of the room. It started Dixie from her sleep. For one bewildered moment she glanced at the instrument before her and then on the alert reached for the key to answer the call that was coming through for Exeter.

"O. K. Ex." She waited tensely for the answer.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the doorway and Dixie started violently. "Here, you! What're you doing at that telegraph instrument?" The rough voice of the station agent sent a chill of fear through her. "You don't know nothing about them things. Get out of here!"

He pushed her roughly aside and seated himself at the table to take the message that in spite of nervousness and sudden fright seemed to burn itself into her brain. It was for Heinric von Lertz!

"Proceed at once!"

"P. V. P."

Von Papen Orders Invasion of Canada

Von Papen! Dixie clutched at the station agent's arm as he started for the door with the message.

"Don't deliver that!" she begged. "Please—don't deliver it yet."

"Don't deliver a telegram?" the agent glared at her uncomprehendingly. "What's the matter with you? Want me to lose my job?"

"But if that telegram meant trouble—if it meant danger for our country?"

"It's a telegram and it's got to be delivered," he answered stubbornly.

Dixie's hand reached for her Secret Service commission, then dropped. She had seen the station agent with Von Lertz and Dollings on various occasions. If he were an accomplice—which was very likely—her commission would profit her nothing and probably would work harm to her cause. She turned with an effort and laughed.

"I was just fooling," she apologized. "Poor way to fool," grumbled the station agent, and slammed the door.

Dixie watched him shuffle across the dusty road and intercept Von Lertz and Madame Stephan as they left the hotel. She saw a hurried conference over the yellow slip of paper follow. As she watched them the telegraph instrument began to clatter once more. The station agent was across the street. This time she would not be thwarted.

"O. K. Ex," she signaled rapidly, and the answer came through.

"Randolph Bruce, Exeter (delayed): Arriving 6:40. Grant."

Dixie dragged herself weakly out of the office and sat down for a moment. Grant was coming at 6:40! It was 6:10 now. She jumped to her feet. There was no time for unnecessary rejoicing. There was too much to be done.

The station agent shuffled into the station again and seated himself at the table and began to take the orders that were clattering in over the wire. Dixie waited no longer.

The town boasted one garage. The garage owner, industriously cleaning a thick veneer of dust from a car, started suddenly at a light touch on his shoulder. The boyish figure standing in the doorway was very businesslike.

"I want every car you have got!"

The garage owner stared. "What for?"

"There's a special train coming in at 6:40 with a lot of men, and they will have to have cars. Dixie slipped a hand into pocket and brought out her Secret Service commission.

"Here's the reason," she said. "And listen to me, because I want you to get this straight." For a few moments she conversed with him in low tones.

"It's all right. I'll have them there," he assured her finally, and Dixie hurried away on the road leading to the camp.

Grant and His Men Arrive on the Special

The special train bearing Grant and his men slid into the station and came to a smooth standstill, and as the first men jumped to the platform, the garage owner stepped up to them.

"I have a message for Harrison Grant." Grant was pointed out to him. "Mr. Grant," he said, stepping over to where the detective stood, "A Secret Service man gave me an order a little while ago, he wasn't any more'n a boy. He says to be sure to raid that undertaking shop across the way and then go on to the main camp in the gorge."

Thanking his informant, Grant called his men around him and issued quick, incisive orders. Leaving Cavanaugh and Stewart to oversee the raiding of the undertaking shop, he selected his men and loaded them into the waiting machines. Soon the streets of Exeter resounded with the roar of speeding automobiles, whirling through in a cloud of dust to the mountains beyond and the camp that lay in the gorge.

Time was too short for the Secret Service to catch up all the tangled threads of this plot. While the waiting automobiles whirled Grant's men to the camp in the gorge, the station master was telephoning frantically to Von Lertz. And a short half hour later their big automobile was grinding its way southward, carrying Madame Stephan and her partner in intrigue away from the scene of the fiasco.

Up on the Canadian border, mounted troops, summoned from twenty barracks by the Chief and Grant, rushed to protect the passes, tunnels and bridges, and throw a line of soldiery along the frontier.

Out at the camp the headquarters were suddenly surrounded and under cover of guns in the hands of Grant's men the reservists were herded together and placed under arrest. Leaving them in the hands of his men, Grant started out to look about the camp. He found the powder house and supply depots hidden deep in the gorge, and as he stood and wondered at the hugeness of this plot which had been foiled just in time, his gaze wandered from one object to another. Suddenly it centered on a little figure lying just below him beside a boulder. It was a boy deep in the sleep of sheer exhaustion. He stepped down the hillside and stopped beside the boulder.

"Poor youngster," he muttered. "I'd better take him in, it's damp here."

As he stopped and lifted the sleeping form, the cap slipped from the boyish head and a mop of curly hair waved loose. Grant gasped. The sleepy dark eyes opened and looked into his. Suddenly a hand sought to pull the coat which had fallen open, together. But it was too late. Grant had caught sight of the Secret Service star.

"Dixie Mason!" Grant breathed. "In the service? Oh, Dixie—" and his arms closed about her a little tighter than was necessary, although Dixie Mason lay still.

While Harrison Grant stood holding Dixie Mason in his arms with the cares of the world, the troubles, the strain, slipping away from him, in the great relief of his discovery, many, many miles away the first seeds were being sown for a plot that equaled the one they had just quelled.

In the interior of a fortune-telling emporium in Hopewell, Va., sat a woman in the garb of a gipsy fortune-teller. Her features were cold and heavy, her eyes piercing, and her voice when she spoke belied with guttural accents the garb of the southern people she had donned.

"Minna," she called, and as the tapestries that hung the room were pushed aside by a maid, she spoke quickly:

"Telegraph Von Papen to send me a good man at once for dangerous work."

The maid bowed.

"Yes, Baroness," she answered, and disappeared.

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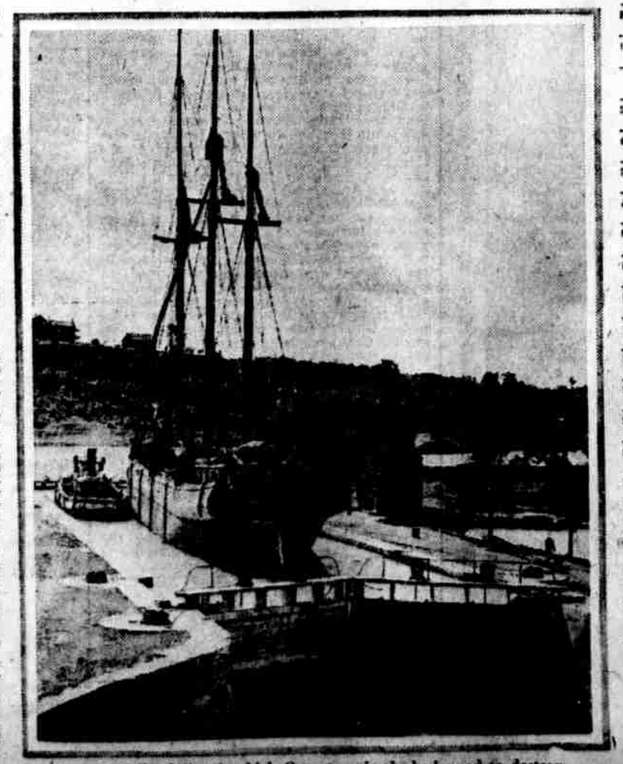
Next Saturday's episode—No. 11—The burning of Hopewell, Va., in which a thriving city of 25,000 was swept from the face of the earth in Imperial Germany's mad desire to destroy all America, if necessary, to prevent shipment of munitions abroad.

Dixie Mason's warning results in the raiding of this German arsenal near the Canadian border.

German Reservist Army Was Ready for Action With Rifles Concealed in Caskets Consigned to Undertaker on the Canadian Border

Rifles Shipped to German Reservists in Caskets



View of Welland Canal, which German spies had planned to destroy.

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTATIONS FOR WEEK OF JUNE 24 TO JUNE 29, 1918, INCLUSIVE
SEE ANNOUNCEMENT DAILY IN THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER

Subject to Change	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ALHAMBRA (a) 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave.	William S. Hart in Selfish Yates	William S. Hart in Selfish Yates	William S. Hart in Selfish Yates	Fannie Ward in The Yellow Ticket	Fannie Ward in The Yellow Ticket	Fannie Ward in The Yellow Ticket
APOLLO (a) 52d and Thompson Sts.	Edith Story in The Legion of Death	Pauline Frederick in Mrs. Dane's Defense	Pauline Frederick in Mrs. Dane's Defense	Bushman and Bayne in Cyclone Higgins, D. D.	Viola Dana in Riders of the Night	Rita Jolivet in Lest We Forget
ARCADIA (a) Chestnut below 16th St.	Sessue Hayakawa in The Bravest Way	Sessue Hayakawa in The Bravest Way	Sessue Hayakawa in The Bravest Way	Sessue Hayakawa in The Bravest Way	Sessue Hayakawa in The Bravest Way	Sessue Hayakawa in The Bravest Way
BELMONT 52d and Market Sts.	Elsie Ferguson in Rose of the World	Elsie Ferguson in Rose of the World	Marguerite Clark in Rich Man, Poor Man	Marguerite Clark in Rich Man, Poor Man	M. Love & B. Castleton in Vengeance	M. Love & B. Castleton in Vengeance
BLUEBIRD (a) Broad & Susquehanna Ave.	Dorothy Dalton, in The Mating of Marcella	Dorothy Dalton, in The Mating of Marcella	Ethel Clayton in Souls Adrift	Mabel Normand in Joan of Plattsburg	Mabel Normand in Joan of Plattsburg	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town
CEDAR 60th and Cedar Ave.	Arthur Guy Empey in Over the Top	Arthur Guy Empey in Over the Top	Dorothy Dalton in the Mating of Marcella	Dorothy Dalton in the Mating of Marcella	Mary Pickford in M'Liss	Mary Pickford in M'Liss
COLISEUM (a) Market below 60th St.	Wm. S. Hart in Selfish Yates	Wm. S. Hart in Selfish Yates	Carlyle Blackwell in A Leap to Fame	Charles Ray in A Leap to Fame	Sessue Hayakawa in The White Man's Law	Sessue Hayakawa in The White Man's Law
COLONIAL Gtn. and Maplewood Aves.	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray The Family Skeleton	Charles Ray in The Family Skeleton	Charles Ray in The Family Skeleton
EMPRESS (a) Main St., Manayunk	Arthur Guy Empey in Over the Top	Arthur Guy Empey in Over the Top	Bert Lytell in the Trail of Yesterday	Mae Marsh in Fields of Honor	Peggy Hyland in Peg of the Pirates	Francis X. Bushman in Cyclone Higgins
EUREKA 40th and Market Sts.	Vivian Martin in Unclaimed Goods	Alma Reubens in Madame Sphinx	Viola Dana in Riders of the Night	George Walsh in Brave and Bold	C. Talmadge in Up the Road with Sallie	George Beban in One More American
FAMILY (a) 1811 Market St.	Henry B. Walthall in With Hoops of Steel	Gloria Swanson in Station Content	William Russell in Up Romance Road	William Desmond in Closing In	Mrs. Vernon Castle in the Mysterious Client	Louise Glaum in Shackled
FAIRMOUNT (a) 26th St. and Girard Ave.	Mabel Normand in Joan of Plattsburg	Sessue Hayakawa in The Honor of His House	Harold Lockwood in Lend Me Your Name	Billie Burke in Let's Get a Divorce	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Virginia Pearson in The Firebrand
FAIRFORD 4715 Frankford Ave.	William S. Hart in Selfish Yates	William S. Hart in Selfish Yates	Wallace Reid Believe Me, Xantippe	Wallace Reid Believe Me, Xantippe	J. Stuart Blackton's Missing	J. Stuart Blackton's Missing
60TH ST. THEATRE (a) Below Spruce St.	Fannie Ward in the Yellow Ticket	The Son of Kazan The Eagle's Eye	Douglas Fairbanks in Flirting With Fate	Jewel Carmen in Confession	Mrs. Vernon Castle the Mysterious Client	Mrs. Vernon Castle the Mysterious Client
GREAT NORTHERN (a) Broad St. at Erie Ave.	Rex Beach's Heart of the Sunset	Rex Beach's Heart of the Sunset	Mabel Normand in Joan of Plattsburg	Mabel Normand in Joan of Plattsburg	Fannie Ward in the Yellow Ticket	Fannie Ward in the Yellow Ticket
IMPERIAL (a) 60th and Walnut Sts.	Norma Talmadge in The Devil's Needle	Frank Keenan in Loaded Dice	Margarita Fisher in A Square Deal	Peggy Hyland in Persuasive Peggy	Douglas Fairbanks in Mr. Fix-It	Bessie Barriscale in Within the Cup
JUMBO Front and Girard Ave.	Enid Bennett in Biggest Show on Earth	Olive Thomas in Heiress for a Day	June Elvidge in the Oldest Law	Gail Kane in Velvet Law	Pauline Stark in Shoes that Dance	The Guilty Wife The Woman in the Web
KNICKERBOCKER 40th and Market Sts.	June Elvidge in A Woman of Redemption	Mary Pickford in M'Liss	Mary Pickford in M'Liss	Fannie Ward in The Yellow Ticket	Douglas Fairbanks in Flirting with Fate	Wm. S. Hart in Selfish Yates
LEADER (a) 41st and Lancaster Ave.	Arthur Guy Empey in Over the Top	Arthur Guy Empey in Over the Top	Arthur Guy Empey in Over the Top	Mary Garden in the Splendid Sinner	Stuart Blackton presents Missing	Stuart Blackton presents Missing
LIBERTY (a) Broad and Columbia Ave.	Peggy Hyland in Peg of the Pirates	Dorothy Dalton in Love Me	William S. Hart in Selfish Yates	Tom Mix & Kathleen Connors in Ace High	Wallace Reid in Believe Me, Xantippe	Viola Dana in the Only Road
LOCUST 52d and Locust Sts.	Pauline Frederick Her Final Reckoning	Pauline Frederick Her Final Reckoning	Pauline Frederick Her Final Reckoning	Vivian Martin in Viviette	Vivian Martin in Viviette	Vivian Martin in Viviette
MARKET ST. THEATRE (a) 833 Market St.	Kitty Gordon in The Interloper	Monroe Salisbury in The Eagle	Dolly Sisters in the Million Dollar Dollies	Harold Lockwood in Lend Me Your Name	Gladys Brockwell in The Scarlet Road	Lina Cavalieri in Love's Conquest
MODEL (a) 425 South St.	Norma Talmadge in By Right of Purchase	Love and Castleton in Vengeance	With Neatness and Dispatch	Virginia Pearson in The Firebrand	William Farnum in Rough and Ready	R. A. Walsh's Drama Woman and the Law
NIXON 52d and Market Sts.	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town	Charles Ray His Own Home Town
PALACE (a) 1214 Market St.	Pauline Frederick in Her Final Reckoning	Pauline Frederick in Her Final Reckoning	Pauline Frederick in Her Final Reckoning	Norma Talmadge in De Luxe Annie	Norma Talmadge in De Luxe Annie	Norma Talmadge in De Luxe Annie
PRINCESS (a) 1018 Market St.	Mae Marsh in the Face in the Dark	Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Drew in Pay Day	Jack Pickford in Mile-a-Minute Kendall	June Elvidge in The Oldest Law	Gladys Leslie in The Soap Girl	Pauline Stark in The Man Who Woke Up
REGENT (a) Market St. below 17th	Viola Dana in The Only Road	Viola Dana in The Only Road	Viola Dana in The Only Road	Wallace Reid in the Firefly of France	Wallace Reid in the Firefly of France	Wallace Reid in the Firefly of France
RIALTO (a) Gtn. Ave. & Tulpehocken	Persuasive Peggy, with Peggy Hyland	Mae Allison in the Winning of Beatrice	Sessue Hayakawa in The White Man's Law	Jack Pickford in Mile-a-Minute Kendall	Mae Marsh in The Face in the Dark	Tarzan of the Apes
RIVOLI (a) 52d and Sansom Sts.	Fannie Ward in The Yellow Ticket	Fannie Ward in The Yellow Ticket	Clara Kimball Young in The House of Glass	Clara Kimball Young in The House of Glass	Tom Mix in Ace High	Tom Mix in Ace High
RUBY (a) Market St. below 7th	Dolly Sisters in the Million Dollar Dollies	Gladys Brockwell in The Scarlet Road	Constance Talmadge in The Lesson	Gladys Leslie in The Soap Girl	Dorothy Dalton in the Mating of Marcella	Charles Ray in His Own Home Town
SAVOY (a) 1211 Market St.	Dorothy Dalton in The Mating of Marcella	Harold Lockwood in Lend Me Your Name	J. Stuart Blackton's Missing	Carlyle Blackwell in The Cabaret	Lina Cavalieri in Love's Conquest	Gladys Brockwell in The Scarlet Road
STANLEY (a) Market above 16th	Madge Kennedy in The Fair Pretender	Madge Kennedy in The Fair Pretender	Madge Kennedy in The Fair Pretender	Madge Kennedy in The Fair Pretender	Madge Kennedy in The Fair Pretender	Madge Kennedy in The Fair Pretender
STRAND Gtn. Ave. at Venango	Pauline Frederick Her Final Reckoning	Pauline Frederick Her Final Reckoning	Pauline Frederick Her Final Reckoning	Wallace Reid The Firefly of France	Wallace Reid The Firefly of France	Wallace Reid The Firefly of France