"EAGLE'S EYE" THWARTS GERMAN PLOT AND SAVES MILLS PAPEN AND BOY-ED TOOLS HAD DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION

Wronged Woman Discloses Secrets of Hun Agents, and Dastardly Attempt to Destroy Bethlehem Plant by Means of Doctored Coal Is Nullified by Clever Work of Uncle Sam's Secret Service

Novelized by COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER from facts furnished

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

RECENTLY RETIRED CHIEF OF UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

CAPTAIN FRANZ VON PAPEN and Captain Karl Boy-Ed were spending their last hours in America as attaches of the Imperial German Embassy, in conference with the German Ambassador in the Embassy at Washington. The discovery of their attempt to dynamite the Welland Canal had caused the action by the United States Government which Count von Bernstorff had predicted. A demand had been made upon the German Government for their recall as accredited representatives of the Kaiser, and Imperial Germany had no choice in the matter. The request, styled so in diplomatic language but in reality a demand which brooked no denial, was acceded to and already Von Bernstorff had received notice of the cancellation of their appointments as military and naval attaches, respectively, to the Washington Embassy.

It was some weeks since they had been in the same room awaiting a telegram from Heinrich von Lertz, who was in charge of the attempt on the Welland Canal. There had been many details arranged and only that same day had they received their passports and permission from the British Government to safely pass the blockade which had been established around Germany. The safe-conduct passes had been a disappointment. They were made out for separate ships and Von Papen and Boy-Ed had planned many enjoyable hours together on their journey home, receiving wireless reports on the success of plans which they were discussing with Von Bernstorff and Doctor Albert.

"Von Bopp has proved a wonder at organization," said Von Papen, speaking of the Imperial German Consul General in San Francisco. "We have made the mistake of failing to employ our entire forces in a general attack. As we have been operating in the past we have engaged in but minor tasks, plans which would have resulted in great damage if successful, but minor in the sense that only a small percentage of our forces were engaged. The result has been that the Secret Service has always been able to oppose us with an adequate force, after they have been led to it by the damnable luck of Harrison Grant. We have them hopelessly outnumbered, however, and in the campaign which will open as soon as we have left the country we propose to make good use of our superiority in forces. Briefly the plan is this: To strike with explosives and fires simultaneously over the entire width and breadth of America with a two-fold object—first, to cut off the supplies for the Allies by destroying the means for their manufacture, and secondly, to create such a reign of terror in America that a declaration of war against Imperial Germany will be too fearful a thing to even contemplate. Boy-Ed, will you read the latest report we have received from Von Bopp?"

"Naturally, it is in code," responded the naval attache, "but I can give you the sense of it. Attacks are planned upon the Canadian Pacific Railroad in British Columbia, with the main damage inflicted in the Selkirk Mountains, where a little explosive will go a long way; the blowing up of a number of troop trains, and trains carrying horses and explosives also in western Canada; in fact, general renewal of the plans in Canada which Koolbargen undertook but which resulted so badly for our cause."

Plan Attack on Canadian Pacific

"Before you proceed farther," interrupted Von Bernstorff, "no more money is to be spent upon any schemes in connection with Canada. It is too costly for the result to be accomplished. Canada is virtually drained now of all the help she will be able to extend England. Her supply of men is nearly exhausted, and two-thirds of the supplies she is sending are gotten from the United States. We have no one left in Canada to work through, and the effort to get agents through the emigration lines is too great for the work that can be done. Instruct Von Bopp to confine his efforts to the United States."

"Exactly my own idea," said Von Papen, "but Von Bopp is a fanatic in regard to Canada. His plans in regard to Canada are harmless, for I never intended that they should be started. What has he to say of this country?"

"The docks at Seattle, Vancouver, San Francisco, San Pedro and other coastwise towns have received his consideration. Munition plants which have been suggested to him have also been carefully investigated and are all available for our general scheme. He only wants orders to begin the work."

"He can wait," said Von Papen, and then returning to Von Bernstorff and Albert, "you can appreciate the advantage of having affairs directed from San Francisco. The Secret Service is paying little or no attention to affairs there. Von Bopp, assisted by Baron Eckhart H. von Schaack, his vice consul; Lieutenant Wilhelm von Brincken and a number of others, has been getting the necessary men, not only for his own territory, but for operations in the Middle West and here in the East and South. Von Lertz will have supervision over everything east of the Rockies, but the men who will act for him will receive their instructions before they leave San Francisco. A whole week of explosions and fires in some of the biggest and most rushed plants in the country will be the result. Each night will see its toll taken, with the climax coming with the destruction of the Bethlehem big caliber gun works. In regard to this Von Lertz is entitled to a great deal of credit. The only unprotected portion of the plant is the coal chutes leading directly to the firerooms. Although the idea was undoubtedly suggested to him, Von Lertz was keen enough to realize its worth. Women gathering up coal which has been spilled in the unloading of cars into these chutes is an ordinary sight. Workers of ours will go to the chutes, ostensibly to gather waste fuel, carrying lumps of coal which have been hollowed out and filled with trinitrate of toluol and will slide these chunks down the chute. Could any sight be prettier than the one which will occur when these are thrown into the fireboxes? The explosions which will follow will scatter the fires so far that nothing can save the plant from destruction. If any portion of it does escape it will be useless, for the entire power plant will be wrecked by the explosions within the fireboxes. Is not this plan alone, without the others, worthy of commendation by Imperial Germany?"

Totally unconscious of the stamp of fiendishness which he had planned upon Germany by asking commendation of a scheme which would inevitably result in horrible deaths by scalding and fire of stokers, whose only offense was the earning of an honest living by hard work, Von Papen paused to see the effect of this announcement upon his hearers. Albert clucked his delight by clicking his tongue against his set teeth. Von Bernstorff smiled evilly.

"I might say that Germany is compensated for the loss of your services in America by the splendid work you have planned as your farewell greeting," he said. "I have heard enough. You have planned well and wisely. But let me caution you not to become too rash before you leave. Clear your office well, for with your departure it will lose its capacity, and nothing must be found. Now for a little service I wish you to perform for me."

He opened a drawer of the table at which he was sitting and, after unlocking a compartment within it, produced a pair of field glasses. Undoing a catch at the side divided the object into two sections, showing that the interior had been cunningly arranged as a camera. From it he took two small cartridges of films.

Von Bernstoff's Message to Hindenburg

"Some pictures which will amuse Hindenburg," he said, handing the films to Von Papen. "They contain views of the military parade which took place this morning, and, as they were taken through two of the finest microscopic lenses in the world, enlarged prints will give him much information about the state of training and the equipment of the American army. To me it was an amusing sight, comparable to a chorus in a musical comedy. They make a brave showing on dress parade, but every one knows that they are few in number, inadequate in equipment, and with absolutely nothing in the way of preparation for a war."

"Tin soldiers have no conception of discipline or the rudiments of fighting," commented Von Papen. "I do not if a quarter of a million men could be induced to enter the army if America did declare war."

"The number who would respond would make no difference," said the German Ambassador. "Untrained, they would be slaughtered in France, and would leave less opposition to us here when 'der Tag' arrives for America. Four years is the least possible time in which a civilian may be made into a soldier, for it takes that time in Germany, working with the most intelligent material in the world, and with the best-equipped system. By that time, if training were attempted here, France and England will be subjugated and America on the defense in its own country."

Nods of approval from his three listeners gave assent to the fact that he had but expressed an idea which they all held; in fact, a belief which was held by the entire military party of Germany.

"And now, we must say farewell," said Boy-Ed. "We will not see you again, for you must condone our indiscretions and show your revulsion of our methods by being unfriendly. For were you too friendly toward us who have betrayed you, why even the big-hearted Americans might be led to suspect that Imperial Germany condoned, even if it did not sanction, our activities here."

A hearty laugh followed this ironic sally, and then, after leave-takings, Von Papen and Boy-Ed departed to take a train for New York, where many things, in addition to their packing, remained to be done before they sailed, and the time was short.

Heinrich von Lertz, Madam Augusta Stephan, Baroness Therese Verbecht and Wolf von Igel were in Von Papen's New York office when they arrived.

"One matter which you will have to arrange yourself," said Von Papen, immediately plunging into the matter which was engrossing the attention of all. "With Von Bopp making the arrangements for the actual explosions and fires with the exception of the one at Bethlehem, I want you to devote your time to the propaganda work. Have a correspondent near each place at the time the event occurs, prepared to exaggerate everything in connection with it. The story may contain suggestions of the existence of a league of British and French-born workingmen who have been active in the neighborhood which had for its object the stoppage of manufacture of supplies for the Allies in order to prevent a war which is forcing the British and French workmen into the army, training women for their positions, doing everything to disrupt labor while pouring capital with the means of intrenching itself. Arrange, if possible, to have German reservists in the vanguard of those who protect the property which remains. In each story emphasize the number of German reservists in this country. You understand the object?"

Von Papen's Propaganda Plans

Von Lertz shook his head hopelessly.

"It is for this reason," continued Von Papen. "At the time when America is appreciating its own helplessness, because of inability to prevent property destruction with the attendant loss of life, such stories will drive home the fact that Germany already has a trained army in this country which outnumbers the entire regular army of the United States. We have tried to persuade America, tried to make them see the justice of our cause, and failed. Now we will browbeat them into remaining absolutely neutral, even if we cannot get aid from them.

"Stephan and Verbecht will remain under your orders. Von Igel will remain with me. Now get out, and get busy. We will see you here tomorrow morning before my steamer sails."

Von Papen turned into his private office to begin the packing of all documents, which, if they fell into the hands of the Secret Service, would reveal the full extent of the complicity of the Imperial German Government itself in the many outrages which had been committed in America. Madam Stephan, Baroness Verbecht and Heinrich von Lertz, left the office together to separate when the street was reached, the two women to return to their own apartments and Von Lertz to attend to some business which had suddenly become urgent since Von Papen would expect a report upon it on the morrow.

Before proceeding on it, however, Von Lertz stepped to a telephone to speak to Dixie Mason, asking to be excused from a luncheon engagement with her. He did not know how long the business he had in hand would take, and stood in too wholesome fear of the departing military attache of the Imperial German Government to neglect it for pleasure.

"Perhaps I am derelict in my duty to my country," said Dixie Mason to Harrison Grant, at an appointment she had arranged with him after she had received the telephone call from Von Lertz. Grant had promptly extended a luncheon engagement and the two of them were seated at a window table in one of the more exclusive New York hotels. "Von Lertz is slipping away from me and I cannot bring myself to make the necessary effort to hold him."

Dixie Mason and Grant Compare Notes

"America does not demand such a sacrifice from her womanhood," said Grant heatedly. "If such methods are necessary to gain information then we will go on without any information he can furnish us."

"It isn't that he has lost confidence in my loyalty to his cause," continued Dixie, after a grateful little nod to Grant for his understanding of her position, "but most of my information was gained through little chats over a dining table. Now he has no time for these between entertaining the Baroness and his own work. Something is brewing, I know, for he is not with the Baroness today since she is at home. I haven't the least inkling as to where he is, but Heinrich is not such a lover of work that he will do it for the mere sake of having it done. It means he is doing something under instructions and that means something against America."

"Nothing will be attempted until after Von Papen and Boy-Ed are safely out of the country," said Grant, "and by that time we may strike a lead of some kind."

"If only you could bring yourself to meet Madam Stephan half way," bantered Dixie, for the admiration which the German woman spy had for him was an aggravating matter to the president of the Criminology Club. "I think she knows what it is all about and might tell you in return for just a little affection."

"Please, please," said Grant, "but tell me, how does she feel about the way in which the Baroness is pushing her out of her position as leader of the women spies because of the attraction Von Lertz has found in the Baroness?"

"Much hurt at it, for she has a sincere affection for Heinz."

"Do you think a letter from me appealing to jealousy might result in a confession from her?"

"No," answered Dixie after a thoughtful pause. "She is intensely loyal to the master she serves and will let nothing personal interfere with that. No information could be gotten from her because of the defection of Von Lertz unless something happens. But I have to leave you. It is understood that you will keep Von Papen in sight until he is on his steamer and I am to do the same for Boy-Ed."

Dixie found that circumstances aided her greatly in the task she had selected for herself. Despite the fact that Von Papen and Boy-Ed were being dismissed in disgrace, a large number of people called at the office which housed both of them to wish bon voyage to the discredited emissaries. When she arrived at the office she found that Baroness Verbecht, Madam Stephan and Von Lertz were already closeted with Von Papen and that Boy-Ed was receiving all the callers who were of sufficient importance to be met personally. So it naturally fell to Dixie, as an intimate of both the former embassy aides, to act as hostess to the throng which gathered.

Acts as Hostess at Attache's Office

It was to her liking. She flitted here, there and everywhere throughout the offices, greeting a person here, and bidding adieu to one there, but all the time with her eyes open for any information which might be of value. Only one thing did she find. This was a bill submitted by a telegraph company which Von Igel was working upon, checking on the receipt of the message from the office files. To aid himself he had carefully written on the blank the name of the sender of the message or the name of the person to whom it had been sent. The frequent repetition of "Von Bopp" on the blank caused Dixie to pocket it for future investigation. Another thing which she noticed was that Boy-Ed was sending most of his personal and private papers into Von Papen's rooms, which led to the surmise that Von Papen had undertaken the task of caring for all the important papers of the office.

It was of this she first spoke when she met Harrison Grant after both Von Papen and Boy-Ed had been escorted to their separate boats.

"It is a shame that we had to observe the rules of civilized nations by letting them take those papers," she said, "when they themselves have violated every one."

"I noticed how careful Von Papen was of two bags, a portfolio and one trunk," said Grant, "so I have cabled the British authorities that it might not be amiss to search them for information which might be of comfort to the enemy when the ship touches at Falmouth."

"Oh, good," exclaimed Dixie. "And now I am starting for San Francisco this afternoon. I think I have a lead worth working on."

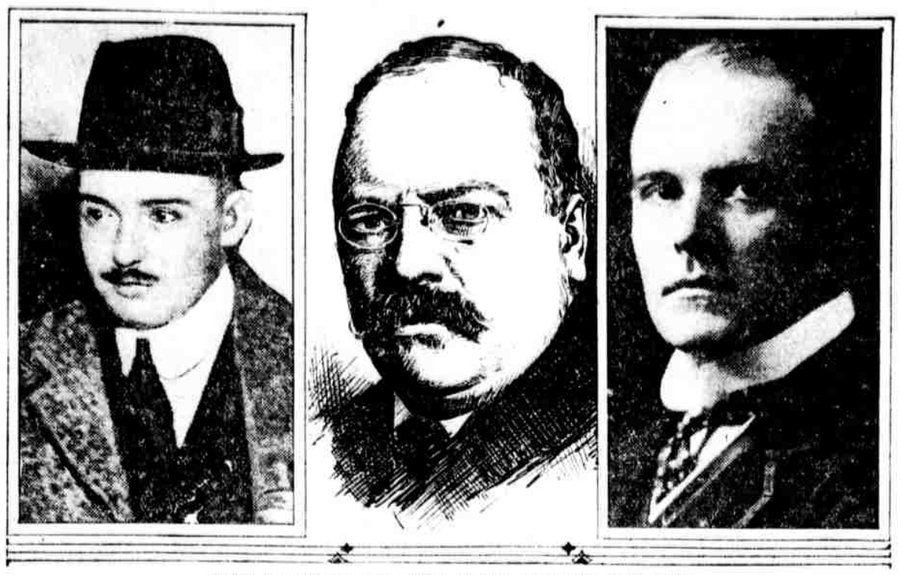
Then she told him of her reasons for wanting to watch the movements of Franz von Bopp, the Imperial German consul general at San Francisco. Grant heartily agreed with her. Then on finding that she had already engaged her train he accompanied her to the station and saw her start on her week's journey.

He chafed at the idleness which confronted him. Shadows had been set on the baroness. Madam Stephan and Von Lertz, as well as others who had been active in previous German activities, Von Lertz was reported as having interviewed and retained the services of a large number of publicists whom he had dispatched to various parts of the country. Grant decided that perhaps acts of violence as a part of the German propaganda were to be left with the departure of the two arch-conspirators, and that Von Lertz was directing a campaign of publicity work in an effort to regain American sympathy.

Finally, through sheer inactivity he began thinking of the letter to Madam Stephan of which he had spoken to Dixie. He finally decided that sending it could do no harm, and he dispatched a short note, telling her that it might be wise for her own safety to give up any information she might possess.

Decides to Write to Madam Stephan

The note was destined to have a far-reaching effect, but not in the way in which Grant thought. Madam Stephan received it and, after reading it, tore it into small pieces, enraged at the idea that Grant had such a poor opinion of her that he could believe she would turn informer. Baroness Verbecht called a short time later while Madam Stephan was busy with her morning toilet. The Baroness was a natural spy and when she saw the torn bits of letter on the table she gathered them up carefully, and carried them with her when she left. At her own apartment she spent the day piecing them together until the whole note stood revealed. Then she had a hearty laugh at the stupidity of the American who would expect an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse to turn informer and brave the mighty wrath of Imperial Germany.



LEFT TO RIGHT, VON IGEL, BOPP AND VON BRINCKEN

Franz Bopp, Imperial German consul general at San Francisco, was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for the activities indicated in this story. Baron Wilhelm von Brincken, military attache at the consulate, was the actual intermediary who supplied funds to blow up ships engaged in transporting foodstuffs to the Allies. Wolf von Igel was one of the conspirators in Von Papen's office in New York at the time of a noteworthy preliminary conference

The dispatch published the following day, however, telling of the seizure of Von Papen's papers at Falmouth caused her to think of the letter. A plan whereby she could put Madam Stephan in a position where she could no longer claim the leadership of the women spies of the Kaiser in America occurred to her and she put it into instant execution.

She hurried to the former office of Von Papen where, as she expected, she found Von Lertz, seething with rage at this new disaster to Germany. She had counted upon rage and fear dulling the never too sharp wits of Von Lertz, and he was in the mood which she had anticipated, willing to believe almost any explanation.

"How, how could they have known of those papers, check stubs and everything else which we had hoped to have destroyed, instead of being taken to Germany as proof of our fidelity?" he groaned.

"Here is your explanation," said the Baroness, extending the note to Madam Stephan from Grant, on the letterhead of the Criminology Club. The fact that it was undated made her story plausible. "She received that five days ago and since then I have watched her. She has met Grant four times and was with him four days ago when he sent a long cablegram to England. I could not get the contents of that message, but it was without a doubt notification of the papers which Von ——"

But Von Lertz had not waited to hear her finish. He had fallen a ready victim to Baroness Verbecht's scheme for discrediting Madam Stephan and had dashed from the office to confront the supposed traitor with her perfidy.

Threatens Madame Stephan with Death

He was forced to wait at her apartment, for Madam had not yet arisen, and, as he strode up and down in her study, his rage momentarily increased. An open book lay on the table. Hardly aware of what he was doing he picked it up and read two or three passages before he even noted the title.

"Bah!" he suddenly exclaimed in disgust. "'A Tale of Two Cities.' She has so far forgotten Germany that she turns to English books for entertainment."

Then Madame Stephan entered the room. Enraged at the cool, unruffled appearance of the woman, he hurled forth a violent denunciation of her as a being unworthy of the respect of any one, and ending by accusing her of being a traitor to Germany. A finer grained man would have read the falsity of the charge in the effect the accusation of disloyalty had upon Madame Stephan. In the moment she was turned from a bright, vibrant, keenly alert woman to a crushed, heart-broken, dull-eyed, horror-stricken, pleading wretch.

"No Heinrich, no," she moaned falling to the floor at his feet. "Tell me that you don't mean it. I have forgotten compassion, sympathy and kindness that I might be faithful to Germany. I have given my every thought, my life, my right to love and happiness, and even virtue itself to carry out Germany's command. Am I not now even worthy of trust?"

Her voice had gained in strength as she made her plea, and she paused, kneeling, with tear-streamed face upturned and outstretched arms.

Even the dull-witted Heinrich von Lertz was affected by the sincerity of the appeal, but it was not for a German gentleman, a disciple of Hun kultur, to weaken at the misery of a woman.

"Imperial Germany demands that your fealty be above question or that you die," he said brusquely. "Unless you can send me absolute proof within one week that you have communicated in no way with Harrison Grant you must die. One week of grace I grant you, because last night the reign of terror for America began, and I will be very busy. One week from today—absolute proof or death."

As he was talking Madame Stephan had fallen forward and had grasped him tightly around the knees. As he finished, Von Lertz disentangled the clutching arms, threw her violently to the floor and hurried from the apartment. Madame Stephan lay still. A faint had quieted for the time being her tortured brain.

Madam Stephan Confesses to Harrison Grant

Von Lertz had spoken truly of being busy. As he recentered his office Von Igel met him.

"There was a long-distance telephone call," said Von Papen's former secretary. "The message was 'O. K. at Buffalo,' and signed this telegram."

Von Lertz grasped the yellow envelope and hastened into the former private office of the military attache. There he took a long list of cities in America from his pocket and put a check after Buffalo. Then he took to open the telegram.

"O. K. at Wilmington," read the printed message.

The Reign of Terror Commences

And throughout the day similar messages continued to arrive from all parts of the country, each denoting the destruction by fire or explosion of American property, and, in many instances, American lives. Many were from the west, for Franz von Bopp was busy. As proof after proof came to his hand that the crimes were proceeding unmolested, showing that the Secret Service had been fully deceived, Von Lertz thought of Madame Stephan.

"I must see her tomorrow," he told himself, and he closed his desk late that night. "Perhaps I have been in error, but I am too tired tonight."

He overslept the next morning, and arose too late to stop at her apartments before he was due at his office, and by this little chance happening the entire course of Franz von Papen's reign of terror for America was changed. Madame Stephan, following her recovery from the first shock of the accusation, had set herself to thinking clearly. She knew of the mental process of Heinrich von Lertz, and as she noted the success of the plot she felt there was hope for her. When the morning papers of the following day showed more explosions and more fires she became almost cheerful. Then the noon editions of the daily papers dashed her hopes to the ground.

Franz von Bopp's office in San Francisco had been raided by the Secret Service. The papers hinted that much documentary evidence of incriminating character had been seized. Many prisoners had been taken. But Dixie Mason, who had caused the raid, was uneasy. Evidence had been gained of plots for explosions and fires on the Western coast, but explanations of the crimes in the East had not been found, and the little Secret Service operative knew that but half her work had been done.

The effect of the news upon Madame Stephan was startling. She dismissed any hope of being able to prove her innocence to such a man as Heinrich von Lertz. She thought of how different it would be if he were a man of the type of Harrison Grant. Then in a flash the whole truth burst upon her. She realized in a flash the entire falsity, the utter worthlessness of a system which could elevate a man of Von Lertz's caliber to the position he occupied. She appreciated the vileness of the crimes in which she had participated, and gained an understanding of the glorious things for which American ideal stood. With the thought came a decision based upon the fineness of her nature which she had suppressed during her entire life. She called for her wraps. It was as a woman new born that she left her apartment. She was a woman arrayed on the side of humanity as against Imperial Germany.

She made her way straight to the Criminology Club. As she walked she wondered how she could ever have thought that the thing she was about to do was abhorrent, how she could ever have thought of it as anything but her bounden duty to humanity. At the club the announcement that she was awaiting him made Harrison Grant start eagerly.

For two nights he had gone without sleep, working incessantly trying to get some clue which would expose the whole of the plot. He knew of the messages which were received by Heinrich von Lertz, but the coincidence of each being from a city in which a fire or explosion had taken place was not sufficient evidence to warrant a raid. The news of the raid on San Francisco had not aroused hope, for he had received a long message from Dixie Mason telling of everything found in the offices, and he realized that he still had before him his work of stopping the reign of terror in the East without aid to be expected from anywhere. So he grasped the outstretched hand of Madam Stephan eagerly.

"You come in response to my letter?" he asked.

"I had scarcely thought of that," responded Madam Stephan. "I have come as a true friend of the German people, Mr. Grant. I love my people and my country. Events of the last two days, of which you need never know, have shown me that it is only through the destruction of Imperial Germany and everything for which it stands that they, my people and my country, can take the place I want them to have in the world. Misguided as they have been from birth, they cannot throw off the yoke. With America's help it can be done. So I am here to aid America. I will be compensated if I bring the day of Germany's salvation, the day upon which the horrors of bondage will be removed to the German people, as it has been revealed to me today, one hour nearer."

She then related quickly all that she knew of Von Papen's plan for a reign of terror in America.

"Heinrich von Lertz will not wait until the day set for the destruction of the Bethlehem Steel Works to attempt it," he said. "The news from San Francisco will cause him to advance the climax of the plot planned by Von Papen before it is started on it."

She then gave him the address of the artisan in Harlem who was inserting explosives in the hollow lumps of coal for use at Bethlehem. Grant hurried hardly longer than was required to express his thanks after receiving this information and hurried away.

But he and his men arrived too late. Evidence aplenty was found to prove that Madam Stephan's description of the work that was being done had been true, but the three men who had occupied it were gone.

"They left but a moment since," volunteered a woman who lived on the same floor. "A young, light-mustached young man called, and they left with some satchels in a taxicab."

So Heinrich von Lertz had taken the course which Madam Stephan expected of him. Grant did some quick thinking. Hastily running over timetables which he carried in his pocket, he found that a train was leaving shortly for Bethlehem, and, taking a long chance, he ordered his men back into the machine that had taken them and disregarding speed regulations quickly arrived at the station.

With but a few minutes to spare they hurst into the large train room. Suddenly Grant raised his arm and pointed. Heinrich von Lertz was one of the track gates talking earnestly to three men.

Grant and His Men Travel with the Conspirators

"Stewart, Cavanaugh, come with me. We must keep out of sight of Von Lertz," cautioned Grant. "You other men are not known to him. Keep the men to whom he is talking in sight. We will meet you on the train."

Grant and his two most trusted men found their way to the train through the employes' gate opened to them by their Secret Service badges. On the train he found the three German conspirators well covered by his men. Von Lertz had not boarded the train, according to a report of one of the operatives.

It was after nightfall when the train pushed them in Bethlehem. The sky was bright with the glare from the big gun works, incessantly turning out large caliber artillery, by means of three shifts of workmen who keep the wheels turning night and day. The three conspirators slunk off into the shadows leading toward the settlement of the foreign laborers in the big plant, closely followed by Grant and his men.

In one of the poorest sections of the city the men mounted an outer stairway leading to the top floor of a two-storied building. After some delay they were admitted. Ten minutes later the figure of a woman came down the stairway, stepping cautiously and carrying gingerly some objects in her apron. Hastily assigning two men to keep her in sight, he organized the remainder of his force for a raid.

Despite a desperate resistance the four men found in the upper part of the house were quickly overcome. One grip filled with the doctored coal was seized and on the floor lay discarded outer clothing of a man. Taking only Stewart with him Grant started in pursuit of the figure which had left the house, a figure which he now felt sure was one of the three men who had come from New York now dressed as a woman.

The conspirator, because of his acquaintance with the neighborhood, had easily eluded the two men who were shadowing him. Grant came upon them hopelessly searching to pick up his trail. Without delaying Grant started running at top speed toward the coal chutes.

The conspirator was already there and was busy dropping bombs down the chutes. Grant fired one shot, but missed, due to the uncertain light. The man at once fled and sending Cavanaugh and the others in pursuit, Grant ran to the nearest chute. Without hesitation he dropped into the yawning black pit of its mouth.

The Plot Foiled

A second later, bruised and covered with coal soot, he rolled into the boiler room of the big plant. Springing hastily to his feet, he tore his coat aside to show his Secret Service shield.

"Stop, men," he shouted. "Not another shovelful until we have examined the coal."

He stooped, for almost at his feet lay a chunk of coal which he recognized as being of the same kind used for making the bombs. It was larger than the ordinary screenings used in the furnaces, but would never have attracted attention for large lumps were frequently found. Picking up the piece that had excited his suspicions, Grant found one side was of black cardboard. Hastily he peeled it off, and held up before the astonished stokers, who had been watching him wild-eyed, a tube filled with the most powerful explosive known.

Orders were given hastily. The firing pits were all emptied and the coal taken away for screening. Fresh cars were rushed up to the chutes and before the steam had dropped below the point where it would not drive the engines fresh coal, safe coal was being poured into the gigantic fire boxes. Grant's work was done and he repaired to town to wash and dress. Hardly had he resumed his usual immaculate appearance when his men arrived to report that the six at the coaltes had been captured and was in jail with his fellow conspirators.

Then telegrams began to arrive, forwarded from the Criminology Club in New York. They told of raid after raid which had been made, each nipping a plot in its budding, each conducted on information furnished by Madam Stephan. Not one of Imperial Germany's attempts had been successful. Grant's last waking thought that night, was of two women.

"Dixie and I must see to it," he murmured sleepily, "that Madam Stephan is given opportunity to appreciate to the full the life of freedom to which she had just awakened."

But Madam Stephan had already made the supreme sacrifice. She was lying at that moment in her apartment, dead, a bullet wound in her heart, victim of a system the full extent of which she had not realized, although she had been a member of it. An hour before her maid had requested the evening out and had appeared at the office of Heinrich von Lertz. He had scarcely noticed her, for message after message had reached him of the frustrations of the various plots of destruction, and he was nearly frenzied. Suddenly he was drawn up taut. The maid had given him the secret sign of the Imperial Germany spy army.

Madam Stephan Pays the Penalty

"You, you," he gasped.

"Yes," she answered without emotion. "Eight years have I served Madam Stephan as personal maid on guard against the moment which has now arrived. She gave information to Harrison Grant at the Criminology Club, and I have come to remind you of your duty."

The heart of Heinrich von Lertz became cold with fear. So this was the way Germany trusted her most confidential workers. He thought of his own valet, of his housekeeper, of every one whose respect he had thought he held. Mechanically he put on his coat and hat. He talked aimlessly as they rode toward Madam Stephan's apartment, wondering, thinking of the relentless grip Germany held upon her spies.

At the door to madam's apartment the maid pushed something into his hand. He shuddered as he felt it to be a revolver.

"It is her own," said the maid in a cold, lifeless voice, "so it makes no difference which one of you uses it. You will find her in the library."

As she was speaking she had slipped her latch key into the lock and had entered. Von Lertz followed in a semi-daze, and walked alone into the library.

"Madam Stephan, I have come to claim the debt you owe Imperial Germany," he said in a voice which he hardly recognized as his own. Mechanically he thrust the revolver toward her.

Madam Stephan started to her feet from the easy chair in which she had been reclining. One look at the pallid, set face of Von Lertz convinced her of the desperateness of her position. Life had become very sweet to her after her intimate talk with Harrison Grant. She made a sudden lunge at Von Lertz.

She had just reached him when there came the muffled report of a revolver shot smothered in clothing. Von Lertz had reversed the weapon and pulled the trigger. Madam Stephan staggered back and then fell full length on the floor, her life blood oozing out through a wound which had penetrated her heart.

As Von Lertz stood aghast gazing at the result of his handiwork, the maid entered. She took the revolver from his nerveless hand and, stooping by the body of her former mistress, twisted the fingers of the right hand, already cooling in death, about the handle and the trigger. Then she walked to the table and picking up a book opened it and began marking a passage.

"This will be absolute proof of her suicide," she remarked calmly. "It occurred to me this afternoon. You know she had been reading Dickens, expecting to be ordered to England any day for work."

Von Lertz dully took the book which was extended to him. He recognized it as the copy of "A Tale of Two Cities" which he had examined but a few days previously. He saw the sentence which the maid had underlined:

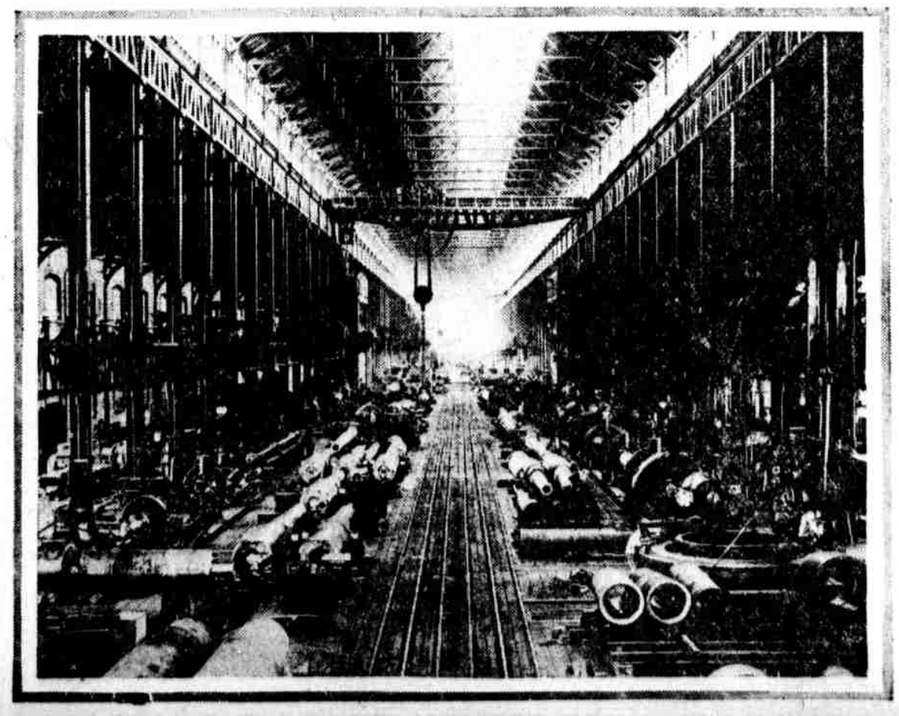
"It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

He stood motionless as the maid took the book from him and placed it on the table where the passage would be the first thing to catch the eye of an investigator.

"You had better go now, sir," said the maid as she completed her task, "before I summon the police. You spoke of important work you had to attend to tomorrow."

He urich von Lertz left the apartment. It was important work he had to do tomorrow. A German secretariat had requested money for one of the most diabolical schemes which had ever been related to the German spy.

Next Saturday's episode—No. 14—The Infantile Paralysis Epidemic. The story told to the Secret Service of the secrets behind the New York spinal meningitis epidemic of 1916, how blue bottle flies were fed on the deadly germs and released broadcast.



The interior of the Bethlehem Steel plant, where thousands of large-caliber guns are being made by Uncle Sam to lick the Hun, and which German agents, with brutal disregard for innocent lives, planned to destroy

Franz Bopp's Conspiracy to Blow Up Munitions Plants Throughout the Country Is Discovered in Time to Prevent Irretrievable Disaster

Good News for Home Folk From Boys in the Service

WARREN R. HULING

Now serving in France with the Fifth Regiment of marines

Mrs. C. C. Huling, 5030 Chestnut street, has received two letters that please her. One is from her son, W. R. Huling, now in France with the marines, and the other from a clergyman in Detroit who saw the young man a short time ago in the Verdun sector.

The Rev. Homer B. Henderson, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church, Detroit, writes Mrs. Huling:

Dear Madam—Having just returned from six months' service in the Y. M. C. A. in France, I am writing to advise you that while in the sector of Verdun I had the pleasure of talking to Mr. W. R. Huling, and he wished that on my return I drop you a line advising you that he is well. It is a privilege and a pleasure for me to bring you this word from the front. One of the greatest pleasures the boys have over there is letters from the home folk, and we cannot write too often to our boys in the service. Yours sincerely,

HOMER B. HENDERSON.

And the letter from her boy reads:

Dear Father and Mother—This letter I am writing in the hospital. I was slightly gassed. That accounts for my presence here. It is nothing very serious, though, as I expect to be out soon. I don't think I got quite enough to do much damage. I have been here now about four days. It takes about a week to determine just what effect it really will have on a person. Quite a few of our fellows are here with me.

I suppose you have read all the news about the German drive and how we stopped them. Believe me, we sure did have some excitement for a few days.

Remember the fellow who had his picture taken with me? He was one of my best pals. He was killed. It sure did make me feel bad, and also blamed mad. He was awfully reckless.

I have lost all my personal belongings.

We had Red Cross bags given to us yesterday. They contain many useful articles and will come in very handy.

We have had plenty of excitement at the front in the last few weeks. I got through fine until I was caught in a barrage of gas shells. I did not feel the effects of it until some hours afterward. I saw the company doctor, and he told me I was gassed.

I am at a big base hospital now, a long distance from the front.

We had moving pictures at the Y. M. C. A. last night, the first I had seen for nearly a year. They certainly do treat the patients fine here. The chow is great. Will say good-by for the time. As ever, your loving son.

CHOW

Ever notice how the fellows who are
fighting now in France
Only briefly mention how it feels to
fight,
But they say enthusiastically when they
have the chance
That's the chow all right!
The chow's all right! The chow's all
right!
They all grow enthusiastic o'er the
chow.
Where Old Glory's proudly waving
They like heroes are behaving;
So if food you would be saving,
Do it now!

Though the coward foes may run 'em—
for they're fond of cruel sport!
Our heroes put the enemy to flight!
They don't mind their many hardships;
they're too trifling to report
When the chow's all right.
The chow's all right! The chow's all
right!
Your Uncle Sam is clever with the
chow.
Ere we lick the foe, Lor' bless,
We must check each little tummy,
And with abstinence grow chummy!
Do it now!

CHAMBER HAS DISPUTE BOARD

S. K. Mulford Heads Body to Pass on Commercial Differences

Plans for the settlement of commercial disputes by arbitration have been arranged by the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce in accordance with the report approved by the board of directors of the chamber at its last meeting.

Ernest T. Rigg, president of the chamber, announced the appointment of the committee which will have charge of this work.

The chairman of the committee is Spencer K. Mulford, a member of the board of directors. Other members are Robert Biddle, W. J. Conlen and Joseph W. Wear.

Under the proposed method a number of men from each branch of trade and industry will be appointed as referees, and they will sit as required to adjudicate cases brought before them.

SAMUEL ALCOTT DEAD

Was Member of Large Woodworking Mills Concern

Samuel Alcott, who was a member of the old firm of Alcott, Ross & Scully, which had large woodworking mills at Broad and Cambria streets, Eighteenth street and Washington avenue and Dunkirk, N. Y., died yesterday at his home, 2248 North Broad street.

Mr. Alcott had been in poor health several years. He was a director of the Continental-Equitable Trust Company.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Lydia Flack Alcott, a son, W. K. Alcott, head of the firm of W. K. Alcott & Co., mill workers at Fifty-second street and Lancaster avenue, which succeeded his father's firm, and a daughter, Mrs. Henry L. Kister.

MINIMUM ELIMINATED

Small shippers of milk no longer are required to pay the minimum freight charge of fifty cents, imposed on all shipments, no matter how small or how short the haul.

Elimination of this provision, since the freight charges on milk were increased twenty-five per cent on June 28, was obtained by the food administration through co-operation with the railroad administration.