"EAGLE'S EYE" TRAILS KARL BOY-ED ON BOARD U-BOAT-53 WHERE HE DIRECTS THE SINKING OF A RED CROSS LINER

Former Naval Attache of the German Embassy in Washington, After Surreptitious Visit to the Country He Betrayed, Escapes on Submarine Which Visits Newport and He Is Followed by U. S. Agent

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FACTS
Furnished by
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HARRISON GRANT, president of the Criminology Club, and Dixie Mason, of the Secret Service, did not wait for her suspicions in regard to the identity of the plotters who guided the campaign against cotton from the security of Mexico to be proved or disproved. If Franz von Papen and Karl Boy-Ed, the former attaches of the German embassy in Washington, were again in America both wanted to know it, for nothing but evil and crime against the United States could be expected from either of them. The American consular and diplomatic services were still available in both Germany and Mexico, and it was these branches of the Government to which Grant appealed for the information desired.

"It will be a comparatively simple thing to learn if Von Papen and Boy-Ed are still in Germany," he said to Dixie in one of the numerous conferences held in regard to possibilities of the next outbreak on the part of Imperial Germany against America. "If they are there, then we must abandon the idea that they were ever in Mexico. If they are not in Germany, then we may assume that they were in Mexico directing the boll weevil, acid and fire attacks upon the cotton crop."

"Yes," proceeded Dixie, "and if the two captains who were guests at the Zacetacas consulate have already departed, then it will be up to us to learn where they are."

"At least we can easily learn where they did not go," commented Grant. "Passports and travelers' permits, which luckily are required for even a rail journey in Mexico, will show whether two men of the descriptions given you by your Mexican spy prisoner have used any of the regular routes in going to their new destination. If they haven't, we can make a guess that they have attempted a passage of the boundary into the United States."

Grant and Dixie Mason Plan Campaign Against Spies

While waiting for the consular reports each pursued a line of investigation which had been previously mapped out. Dixie watched carefully for any signs of renewed activities in any of the German spy centers of the country by means of reports from Secret Service agents assigned to these districts. Grant devoted himself to a plan he had arranged with Mrs. Blank, shortly after she has given her promise to her husband to receive attentions from Count von Bernstorff, the imperial German ambassador, who was infatuated with her, for the purpose of getting any advance tips upon crimes against America contemplated by the Huns which might be of use in the manipulation of the stock market. Mrs. Blank had a motive far higher than the sordid idea of making money by entering into the liaison. She had arranged to transmit any knowledge she might gain of German activities to Grant for the use of the United States Government in combating the secret foes.

Survivors of the Red Cross liner Stephano, sunk by the U-53. They were picked up by the United States destroyer Balch and landed at Newport

In keeping with the plan of communication which they had devised Grant was waiting outside the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, after being advised that Von Bernstorff had just arrived on one of his frequent visits to New York, watching a certain window of the ambassador's suite intently. The signal which he expected came shortly. The curtain of the window was lowered, then raised to the top of the window, and then lowered again to its original position, covering half the window. A few seconds and then the shade on a window across the street was put through the same operation. Back of it Grant could distinguish the form of Mrs. Blank.

The president of the Criminology Club smiled to himself amusedly. This system of signaling had been devised by Von Bernstorff as a means of learning whether or not Mr. Blank was at home before sallying forth to meet the lady who had attracted him. He did not, of course, know that Blank was encouraging, in fact insisting, upon his wife entering into the entanglement, and during his previous adventures had learned that an American husband was usually the man to be feared. So Grant's amusement increased when he saw the German ambassador leave the side door of the hotel and slink across the street to enter the servants' door of the building in which Mrs. Blank was housed.

As the leader of all the Hun spies and plotters in America disappeared into the doorway Grant transferred his attention to the window of Mrs. Blank's room. Night was falling and already the lower streets were dusky. The shade, which had lately been used to signal Von Bernstorff that Blank was absent, was lowered, and from within a light flashed on. A curious person looking at the window would have thought that the hanger had been careless in adjusting the shade, for there was a narrow strip of light showing at the top, between the roller and the window frame. To Grant the appearance of that little strip of light meant that the method he had devised for a communication from Mrs. Blank had not been discovered.

It had been installed but a few days previous at a time when Mrs. Blank had the assurance that her husband would be absent for some time. Small push buttons had been inserted under the arm of every chair in the room, under each table, and in places where they could be reached conveniently on every article of furniture. Wires had been laid from each under the rugs and the floorings, then inside the window sash to the top of the window, where they all terminated in a small electrical device which bobbed up and down when any of the buttons were pushed. The Morse code used in telegraphing could be adapted to the bobbing of the device, and no matter where she happened to be in the room Mrs. Blank would have a button near her which she could use whenever she had anything to communicate to Grant. This evening was the first opportunity she had been to test the efficacy of the device, for it was the first visit she had made to New York since Boy-Ed had installed it. She hastily settled himself into position for a long vigil when the device began to bob up and down. Hastily taking his notebook from his pocket, he jotted down the letters as they were signaled. The device flashed up and down rapidly, and then, when it settled into inaction, Grant commented to himself:

Mrs. Blank Signals Grant

"She picked up the Morse quickly. She sent that as rapidly as a veteran."

He walked to the light of a street lamp to read the words formed by the letters he had jotted in his notebook in the darkness:

"Beau Brummell is here. I am so nervous."

Grant laughed, and then murmured sympathetically, "Game little woman," for he had recognized in the jocularity of the message the effort of a pure and noble woman to keep from breaking down in the playing of a part which was abhorrent to her. He returned to his place of vantage in the shadow of the wall of the Ritz-Carlton, and settled himself for a long wait, but the device again began to bob almost immediately.

"B greatly pleased over safe arrival of some one Frisco through stupidity of patrol, also arrival of another in Maine. Help for Bobb (?) and then K. C."

The message was stopped in its sending three times by the agreed signal for an interruption, and ended with a flash which meant that Mrs. Blank was leaving the apartment and would not return until very late. Grant lost no time in calling a taxicab and speeding to the Criminology Club, with the intention of analyzing the import of the message he had received.

But he found Dixie Mason there just finishing the reading of confidential consular reports containing the information they had asked from Germany and Mexico Grant's interest in these made him forget for the time being the message he had received from Mrs. Blank.

"There is no doubt about Von Papen and Boy-Ed having engineered the campaign against cotton from Mexico," said Dixie. "There is sufficient proof of that here, but they have already left Mexico and their trail was lost almost as soon as they left Zacetacas."

"Then here is a great deal of help for us," responded Grant as he laid Mrs. Blank's message on the table. "That 'patrol' evidently is the guard maintained on the Mexican border, and both of them have gotten through safely and are in the United States, one in San Francisco and the other in Maine."

"This is news," broke in Dixie. "That 'Bobb' that Mrs. Blank was not sure of means Von Bopp, and whichever one of the two is in San Francisco is there for the purpose of aiding the former consul general in preparing for his trial on the charges growing out of the reign of terror. After that matter is concluded he will go to K. C."

"Kansas City," commented Grant.

"And that is where I will meet whichever one it is," said Dixie. "He will be easy to find, for only the Dingleman case could take him there."

"A good plan, I think," commented Grant. "When will you start?"

"Some time tomorrow," responded Dixie. "There is no hurry. Kansas City is not far from San Francisco as it is from here, and whichever one of the rascals it is, he is evidently still in California."

The papers of the following day carried news which corroborated the meaning of Mrs. Blank's message as interpreted by Grant and Dixie. An unexpected friend had appeared to aid Franz von Bopp in some form of the clutches of the American law and the opening guns in a legal battle in which he was represented by expensive counsel had been fired. Dixie took the first fast train for Kansas City after she had read the story.

As she was walking through the train in the western city in the trail of her porter she passed within a few feet of a passenger who had just alighted from an east-bound train. The man started at the sight of her, but regained himself quickly when Dixie walked on, apparently without noticing him. But the little Secret Service operative had observed the start, and she had recognized the man. It was Captain Karl Boy-Ed, of the German navy, formerly naval attache of the German Embassy at Washington, but dismissed from the United States because of his violations of the espionage act. His hair was cut differently from the mode he had affected in his official capacity. A blonde moustache aided in changing his appearance, and slouchy, baggy clothes had taken the place of the immaculate garb which had distinguished his appearance when he was an embassy attache. But the change was not enough to deceive the Secret Service operative as to his identity.

Dixie Recognizes Karl Boy-Ed

Boy-Ed had been walking more slowly than Dixie, and as she passed he decreased his pace until he was just slouching along. Then, with his face expressing a sudden resolution, he turned round and walked rapidly back toward the train which he had just quitted. He glanced back nervously, but saw no sign of the Secret Service operative. Yet for the sake of precaution he stood on the platform watching the length of the train until it started in motion, and then hung on the step, looking backward until the train had gained such momentum that he was satisfied that no human being could board it successfully.

Had he been a little less cautious he might have been on the car platform in time to witness a strange sight—a sight which would have caused him a severe shock. Dixie had determined not to lose sight of Boy-Ed and after having encountered him she stepped behind the first pillar she came to and from this observation point had witnessed the sudden resolve not to stop in Kansas City. Then, as he showed his determination to watch the open side of the train until it started she moved rapidly around to the blind side. She had just succeeded in reaching the opposite platform when the train started in motion. Standing in front of the door she leaned out and saw that her only rival was on board.

It from that side was offered by the open door of a baggage car way down the platform near the engine.

"Can you make it?" she demanded of the driver of an electric baggage truck, pointing to the open door of the car. "Secret Service."

"I can, or burn out the motors," said the baggage handler, recognizing the shield. "Hop on."

Then ensued as strange and as thrilling a race as had ever been witnessed by the few persons who were in position to see it. Under the guidance of the expert handler the truck leaped into speed far faster than it had ever been intended to go. It jounced and bounced over the board platform, threatening to overturn at any moment, but always gaining upon the train, which was so heavy that it was slow in picking up momentum. As the truck finally drew up to the door of the baggage car the speed of the train about equaled the best that the truck could do, and the train was gaining every minute.

Dixie Boards Train in Thrilling Race

"Secret Service, Bill," yelled Dixie's driver to a man inside the car.

The name of America's most celebrated investigating bureau again brought action. Dixie's upraised hands were grasped by a pair of brawny ones, and the little Secret Service operative was lifted upward and into the car. She turned to wave appreciation to her late driver just in time to see him make a wild jump, as the truck, reaching the end of the platform, careened off the end, plunged sidewise and was smashed to bits under the wheels of the train.

The driver rolled over and over as he struck the platform, and finally came to a halt huddled up in the middle of the roadbed of an adjoining track. Dixie watched anxiously from out the door of the baggage car. She sighed with relief when she saw her late driver rise to his feet, draw himself erect and then wave to her that he was unhurt. A wild flutter of her handkerchief carried back to him her expression of thankfulness and gratitude.

Then she turned to the affair at hand. She decided to wait in the baggage car until the conductor had completed his trip through the train in order to learn the car which held Boy-Ed, so that she could avoid him. When the conductor appeared he told her of a proposition Boy-Ed had taken which made her glad she had remained in the baggage car.

"I know the fellow you mean," said the knight of the punch; "he just went through the whole train with me. Said he had learned that the friend he was going to visit in Kansas City had started East and thought he might be on board. Guess it must have been you he was looking for."

He then questioned Dixie as to how she got on board.

"Well, well," he commented at the conclusion of the recital. "I guess you are pretty safe in resting for a while. The German paid his way clear through to Chicago in cash."

A few minutes later Dixie was comfortable in a drawing-room section which the conductor had procured for her. She rested, too, for the conductor had promised to notify her if Boy-Ed left the train at any of the stops before Chicago was reached.

It was in this manner that Dixie started on nearly three weeks of close trailing of the former naval attache. Boy-Ed stayed in Chicago for three days apparently just killing time, for he went only to places of amusement and met no one. From Chicago he went to Cleveland, there to idle away more days; then to Pittsburgh, Scranton and finally Baltimore, each journey taking him closer to the Atlantic seaboard. In Baltimore he received a telegram, the first message of any kind he had received since Dixie had been watching him. It seemed to contain news he had been waiting for, as he went directly to his room, checked out and made a train for Newport. Dixie had no time to get a copy of the telegram, for she was on the same train which carried the spy.

In Newport the former naval attache walked from the train to a small grocery store located near the docks. He seemed to be known to the proprietor, and within a short time after his arrival Dixie saw him reappear in front of the store wearing overalls and a blue shirt, a garb similar to that worn by all the storekeepers in the section.

Surmising that this meant a prolonged stay, Dixie succeeded in renting a furnished room in a house directly across the street from the grocery store, where she had ample opportunity for watching Boy-Ed. To prepare for any contingency, she arranged for a high-powered touring car and two chauffeurs from the Secret Service and housed them in a ramshackle barn in the rear of her lodgings.

Then through the window of her room she began studying the building opposite. It was a wooden frame structure with signs of age and neglect on every part of it except the roof. This had evidently been newly tinned over within a very recent time, and Dixie studied it curiously to learn why so much attention had been given the roof when the remainder of the structure was permitted to deteriorate. The roof was flat, and the tin, after being laid, had been coated with a dull black paint. Then she noticed that down the entire center the tin plates had been laid in alignment rather than in the criss-cross manner which is the approved manner of artisans to lessen the length of direct seams. She studied it carefully, and then, as if she had made an interesting discovery, she exclaimed:

Dixie Makes an Important Discovery

"So that is why Boy-Ed is there. Well, it may be turned to our advantage also."

She hurried to the improvised garage in the rear, and gave one of the chauffeurs some hurried instructions. She then returned to the street, and, after looking up and down, walked rapidly to a little store which made a specialty of objects attractive to children. There she selected an ordinary pea-shooter, a long, hollow tube of tin. With this purchase over, she went to a drug store across the street and bought a box of gelatine capsules, selecting a size which slipped easily through the pea-shooter. She also bought a quantity of phosphorus and returned to her room.

Captain Rose, commander of the U-53

There she hastily mixed the phosphorus with water, making a thin paste, then taking one of the capsules she filled it and after reclosing it, she fitted it into the pea-shooter. Through her open window she pointed the pea-shooter at the roof opposite and then with a quick blow through her lips sent the capsule speeding on its way. She watched carefully when she saw it resting on the aligned tin near the back end of the roof. She prepared several other capsules and shot them onto the tin roof of the grocery store, and was still engaged in the task when her two chauffeurs entered carrying a heavy trunk.

"I have an idea that the center of that roof has been arranged so that it can be raised upright to support wireless," she exclaimed to the men who had gazed wonderingly at the spectacle of a young woman using a pea-shooter. "With that paint it would be invisible after dark when it was raised. The water mixed with this phosphorus will dissolve the gelatine caps, leaving splotches of phosphorus wherever they strike which will be luminous enough to let me know when it is raised to receive a message, if my idea is correct."

Then she turned to the trunk and with one of the keys on a ring she carried in her hand bag she unlocked it. Raising the lid she exposed that the entire receptacle was filled with a cylindrical object made of aluminum. It was about as large in diameter as an ordinary galvanized ash can, but a trifle shorter. Also there was a mass of brackets and wires and a headpiece for a wireless outfit.

Working under the directions of Dixie, the chauffeurs fixed the brackets to the floor, attached other parts to them, and within a short time the tank was suspended on an arm of rigid steel directly back of the window overlooking the street, with the bottom of the tank on a level with the sill. After inspecting the apparatus Dixie dismissed the two men and then settled herself for a long wait with her gaze directed at the roof opposite.

As darkness fell the results of Dixie's marksmanship with the pea-shooter of the afternoon became apparent. From the front to the rear the middle portion of the roof of the grocery store was splashed with the dull luminous glow of phosphorus which became more and more visible against the black roof as the darkness of the night became deeper. It was nearly midnight before Dixie received proof that her theory in regard to the roof concealing a wireless was correct. Shortly before the hour which separates the past from future days the luminous spots on the roof began slowly to raise forward and upward. There was not a sound that Dixie could distinguish, yet within a few seconds the position of the phosphorus glows indicated that the whole center section of the roof was standing upright, and the little Secret Service operative knew that there could be but one purpose for it—the support of wireless aerials to receive messages from the sea.

Dixie's Surmise Proves Correct

Dixie turned quickly to the aluminum tank. A turn of a wheel and the arm carried the tank out through the open window. The turn of another wheel and the top of the tank opened and a slim collapsible steel rod rose quickly into the air. Upward it went as section after section slid into place, until the top was above the raised roof section across the street. Another lever was pushed and from the top of the mast came a slight click as aerial arms swung into place. The turn of a key on the arm started the ear receivers of the headpiece to clicking with the reception of wireless impulses.

Dixie clamped the receivers over her ears and immediately began to pick up numerous reports of positions of ships at sea. The calls of some of them were familiar to her, while the signal codes of others she jotted down for future reference. After half an hour of almost unceasing calls the aerial support on the roof across the street began to lower itself and Dixie knew that the message which was awaited had been received. Quickly lowering her own apparatus she fell to studying the various calls which she had recorded.

By means of a maritime register she checked off all the calls except one which had been sent several times just before the spies had cut off their aerials. This signal call was "R-S" and there was no such call in the register. The call had been followed by a position about four days' run out in the Atlantic for a boat of average speed.

"So it is an unregistered boat of some description which engages the interest of Boy-Ed," commented Dixie. "Possibly a raider which has so far escaped the British cruisers, or an undersea boat of the Deutschland type."

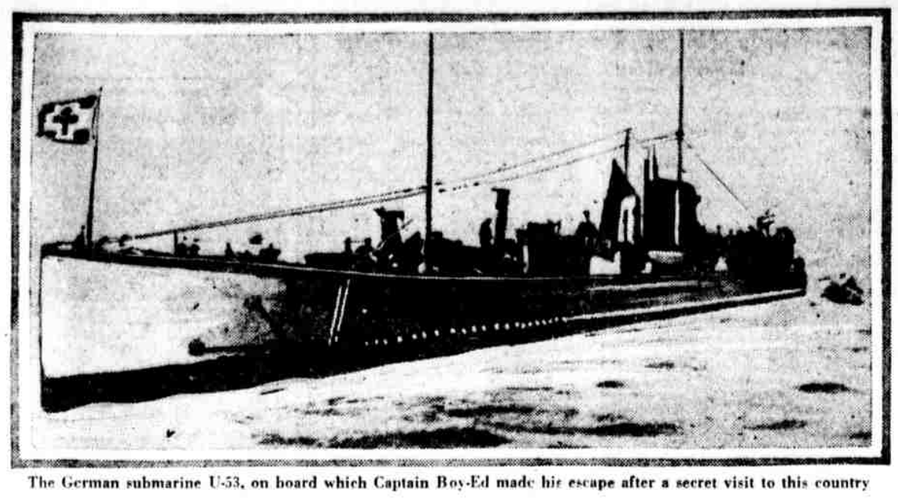
The following night the report from the unregistered craft which was received about midnight showed that it was not coming as rapidly as Dixie had estimated, so she revised her schedule and was down the arrival of the craft, if it headed straight into Newport, as five days away. Reports on succeeding nights showed that her corrected surmise as to the speed was nearly right. Finally came the dawn of the day which Dixie had marked for the arrival of the craft, and she was not surprised to see Boy-Ed in front of the store once more garbed in the slouchy business suit he had worn on his journey across the country.

The morning wore away without incident but about three o'clock in the afternoon the Newport harbor was suddenly turned into a bedlam by the noisy shrieking of the whistle or siren of every boat at the docks. Dixie did not have to wait long for an explanation of the reason. A small boy, proudly taking the position of a news carrier, ran down the street, shouting at the top of his voice:

Arrival of the U-53 in Newport.

"A German submarine, the U-53, has just come in."

Boy-Ed stopped the boy and after questioning him, gave him a piece of money. He was evidently well pleased with the information he had received, and immediately began peering expectantly up the street toward the docks. Fifteen minutes passed and then a taxicab came rapidly down the street and stopped in front of the grocery store and from it alighted a man in the uniform of a commander in the undersea division of the German navy. He saluted Boy-Ed and then shook hands with him heartily. A moment later both men had disappeared from the store, which turned and retraced its route.



The German submarine U-53, on board which Captain Boy-Ed made his escape after a secret visit to this country

Dixie's touring car was waiting for her when she got to the street, and taking the chance that Boy-Ed and Captain Rose, for it was the commander of the U-53, who had met Boy-Ed, were bound for the submarine, she chose a side street and drove with all speed to the dock at which the German craft was moored. It was closed to visitors, and Dixie learned that no one had been permitted on board except a correspondent of the Associated Press, who had been told that the boat had made the trip clear across the Atlantic to carry dispatches to Von Bernstorff. The hint had been made that it was a peace proposal.

As she was getting this information the taxicab, with Boy-Ed and Rose, drew up near the dock. Dixie saw Boy-Ed alight and mingle with the crowd which was gazing at the submarine. Then Rose honked three times on the horn of the taxicab, and, as if in answer, bells clanged on the submarine, a gangplank was thrown to the dock, and it was announced that the boat was open for a short time to visitors. Dixie appreciated that it was strategy to permit Boy-Ed to get on board unobserved, which had prompted the admission of visitors, and she pressed closely into the throng which flocked up the gangplank. Boy-Ed was but a few feet ahead of her.

She saw the former naval attache whisked through the door of a compartment which had not been opened to the sightseers. A moment later she had darted through the same door and found herself at the head of a steel ladder leading into the bowels of the submarine. She slipped down noiselessly and found herself alone in the torpedo room of the craft. From an adjoining compartment, evidently the navigating room, she could hear the voices of Boy-Ed and Rose.

"It is no use delaying longer," Boy-Ed was saying. "It will take us some time to reach the northern steamship route. We have a list of vessels clearing from New York today, and there is plenty of work for us in the morning."

Dixie secreted herself in one of the lockers with which the torpedo room was lined as Captain Rose entered the room and ascended the ladder. A short time later she could hear the visitors being ordered ashore. Then came the throb of engines, the quivering of the boat as it was put in motion and Dixie Mason was started on a voyage, an uninvited passenger on an imperial German war vessel.

Dixie Mason Starts on a Submarine Voyage

For more than an hour the throbbing of the engine continued. Then there was a change. The floor seemed to be sinking under her, and from the change in the air she knew the boat was submerging. She surmised correctly that the three-mile limit of safety from British war vessels had been reached, and that the German submarine was going under the waves for safety. For hours the boat churned along, completely hidden from observation on the surface. Then it emerged, and from a glance at her watch, aided by a crack of light through the door of the locker, Dixie saw it was nearly 10 o'clock, and knew that the ocean would be covered with the darkness of night, through which only a lucky flashlight of a searchlight would disclose the presence of the low-lying submarine.

All night long the U-53 journeyed northward on the surface of the ocean. The torpedo room was deserted, and Dixie rested her cramped muscles by walking up and down, seeking the refuge of the locker again at the least sound. Thus the night passed, and when the morning was announced by the submerging again of the boat the engines were stilled, and Dixie could tell by the roll of the boat that it was lolling stationary, with only the periscope showing. The room filled with sailors.

"Steamer to the south-southwest," came the voice of one of the sailors on watch through the periscope.

"Run closer," came the voice of Boy-Ed, who had evidently taken a station at the ground glass of the submarine's eye, and with his words came the throb of the engine. Several minutes passed, and again came the voice of Boy-Ed: "It's the Strathdene, a British freighter. To the surface, and give them fifteen minutes to take to the boats and then give her a torpedo."

The orders were followed. Dixie heard the hail to the hapless freighter. Evidently no resistance was thought of for the U-boat remained almost stationary. Twelve minutes had passed when Captain Rose re-entered the torpedo room. One of the six torpedoes in racks around the compartment was swung into the tube. Promptly at the end of the quarter hour, the hand of the commander, who had been jockeying his boat into position, dropped and the deadly weapon sprung on its course. Dixie learned later that it struck the Strathdene amidships and tore such a hole that the freighter disappeared beneath the waves within another quarter of an hour.

First Victim of the U-53 in American Waters

The U-boat cruised about and from her place of concealment Dixie heard the orders which sped four more of the torpedoes on their ways of destruction against unprotected steamers. Dixie heard the identity of three of the victims announced before the deadly weapon was discharged—the Bloomersdyk, a Dutch freighter; the Christian Knudson, of Norwegian ownership, and the Stephano, another British boat.

During the lull which followed the sinking of the latter boat, Dixie heard the voice of Boy-Ed:

"If something doesn't show up for this last torpedo I am afraid we will have to start. What position do you make us now, captain?"

Dixie could not distinguish the reply of Rose, which came from the navigating room.

"And the base is at longitude 69, latitude 44," came the voice of Boy-Ed. "We ought to be on our way this very minute. Most of the run will have to be submerged for we cannot afford to be observed, and we must have supplies tonight."

Dixie thrilled. A submarine base for imperial German boats within a few hours run of Nantucket! That could have but one meaning, that spies had established a base on American soil. Hastily she tried to devise some means of escape from the U-boat. She came near to hoping that another victim for the U-boat would appear, and resolved upon a desperate dash up the ladder and overboard when the boat came to the surface to give the customary fifteen minutes' respite for the crew of the selected victim to take to the boats. As the thought came to her, a cry came from the periscope watch announcing another boat in sight.

"The West Point, a British freighter," announced Boy-Ed. "We haven't time to give her warning, and it is a senseless thing anyway. Get your position and then full speed to the base."

Dixie was horrified. Not so much at the cruelty expressed by Boy-Ed in destroying a defenseless boat without giving those on board a chance to escape, for the merciessness of the German in this regard had been known since the sinking of the Lusitania, but because she saw her one chance of escaping from the U-boat disappearing. It would not be necessary for the submarine to emerge if no warning was given.

She made a sudden resolve. Abandoning hope that she could carry her knowledge to the Secret Service, she resolved to at least save the lives of those on the West Point. She opened the door of the locker slightly to give her an opportunity to carry out her design. A large wrench lay on the floor almost at her feet. With a quick dart it was in her hand. Almost before her presence in the room was realized, she had reached the one torpedo remaining on the U-boat. One swift swing of the heavy wrench, and the delicate mechanism of the propeller was smashed beyond hope of repair.

She was suddenly slung nearly the full length of the compartment. Boy-Ed had seized her and thrown her roughly with all his strength. Then he glared at her where she lay huddled on the floor where she had fallen:

"Heinrich von Lertz's little friend," he raved. "We will attend to you later." Then, turning to Captain Rose: "To the surface quickly. We will dispose of the West Point with our deck guns. Stromberg, keep your eye on this little friend."

Dixie thrilled with hope. The chance for escape which she had wanted had come most unexpectedly. The fall had not hurt her. She was left alone in the compartment with Stromberg, as the others rushed to the deck. She dragged herself to her feet as if badly dazed by her rough treatment. Her eyes were busy searching for a means of eluding the watchful Stromberg. The quick crash of the deck guns as they were fired caused the sailor to turn his head for but a second, but it was long enough for Dixie. Seizing a coil of rope from the floor she threw it over his head and shoulders, and while the surprised sailor struggled to release himself from the entangled coils she leaped up the ladder.

Dixie Escapes From the U-53

Shouts of warning greeted her appearance on deck, but before she could be stopped she had jumped into the water. She struck into a strong swimming stroke with all her speed as a loud command came from Boy-Ed:

"Let her go. The West Point is done for. There is a United States destroyer coming to pick up survivors. Submerge quickly for it will never do to have that boat trailing us."

A boat from the destroyer which had put out for the purpose of picking up the luckless crew and passengers of the West Point, also picked up Dixie. On board the destroyer she quickly made herself known. She told the commander her news.

"A few minutes ago I picked up a wireless message to the Navy Department stating that there was a submarine base somewhere in Maine, without location," commented the commander. "It was signed by a Harrison Grant. Let's see where longitude 69, latitude 44 is."

As the commander sought his charts Dixie visualized the means by which she knew Grant had gotten the information he had given the Navy Department. In her thoughts she saw him standing outside the Ritz-Carlton while Count von Bernstorff was visiting Mrs. Blank. Then the signaling device, which Grant had told her of, carrying to him the information which the imperial German ambassador betrayed in his elation over the success of the U-53 on its day of raiding on the American side of the Atlantic.

"The base must be near Machias, Maine," said the commander of the destroyer.

"So that is the reason for Von Papen being in Maine," murmured Dixie to herself, then aloud, "Captain, how long will it take us to reach the nearest port?"

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Next Saturday's Episode, No. 17—"Germany's U-Boat Base in America."

Plucky Secret Service Operator on Board Enemy Vessel Learns of German Base on Maine Coast, Saves British Ship and Escapes

Kaiser Is Junker Who Enslaves Prussian People

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erable victims of their tyranny like Wisniewski to be invested with the same electoral rights as themselves they will not hesitate to overthrow the present Prussian ministers and Count Hertling, the Imperial Chancellor, himself.

People generally believe in Germany that the Junkers have been secretly encouraged by the Kaiser to frustrate electoral reform in Prussia. The Vorwaerts alludes to this imperial influence thus: "It is commonly said that the road to electoral reform is barred by a higher power." Although the monarch's word of honor is at stake and he dare not openly break it, he fears the possible democratic effects of the franchise bill on Prussian institutions quite as much as the Junkers and will be vastly relieved if their obstinate opposition supplies him with an excuse not to keep his hypocritical promises. Moreover, the Kaiser is absolutely dominated today by Ludendorff, who is a typical Junker.

A strange tendency prevails in some quarters to believe that Kaiser William is an unwilling victim of the Junkers, the Pan-Germans and the general staff, and that he is personally inclined to political moderation and would conclude a democratic peace if they did not hinder him. One also often hears it said that the Kaiser was opposed to declaring war and that the Crown Prince and the military party are in reality alone responsible for the world-conflagration.

All this is nothing but German propaganda destined to exonerate the Kaiser in the event of Germany's losing the war and to influence the Allies in his favor. In reality, **at all crucial moments of the world conflict, the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the military party and the Junkers have been absolutely united.** It would be extraordinary if it were otherwise.

The Hohenzollerns are themselves merely overgrown Junkers, Prussian landed proprietors whose genius for depredation, brutality and oppression raised them in the course of centuries above their fellows to royal and finally to imperial rank. In all essential characteristics Kaiser William is a Junker, quite as much of a Junker as his son and heir. From his earliest youth his intimate friends have all been Junkers and prominent officers of the army belonging to Junker families. The two men who have probably had most influence over him during the present war, Prince Pless and Prince Fuerstenberg, are both great country magnates of the Junker caste.

Not long ago, shortly before the electoral reform bill was debated in the Prussian House of Representatives, the "Bund der Landwirte," the powerful economic and political union of the Junkers, held its annual meeting in the great hall of the Philharmony at Berlin. The climax of the meeting was an address by the famous old Junker leader, Herr von Oldenburg.

Blasphemous Madness

The following extract is a specimen of his eloquence:

After the war Germany must have new frontiers and greater possibilities of expansion. For this she will need a mighty army and great navy. If we did not already have our army and navy we should have to invent them as the finest of all educational institutions for the German people. So long as our army is in the field, fighting victoriously all is well; but God alone knows what will happen later. We shall need a chancellor of iron, a chancellor who is not afraid to shoot!

The Reichstag majority is a miserable assembly of traitors who have attacked the army in the rear with their infamous peace resolution. This war is a struggle for the domination of the world. No matter how great our losses and sacrifices are it must be carried on till victory is ours, and our victory must be utilized to the utmost if it is not to prove a germ of death for the empire.

We are keeping 200,000 men in Poland, not in order to make the Poles happier, but for the greater glory and prosperity of the fatherland. Hindenburg and Ludendorff have been blamed for mixing up in politics; but their tremendous responsibility gives them the right to do so and to make sure from time to time that it is still our Emperor and King who decides political questions. If we do not obtain a war indemnity the Reichstag will have to vote ten billions yearly. The German heart beats not in the Wilhelmstrasse, nor in the Reichstag, but at general headquarters. Our kingdom is no kingdom of renunciation, but of might and splendor, for ever and ever. Amen!"

Thanks, Says the Kaiser

There is method in this blasphemous by the same ideals I am certain that made me." At the close of their meeting the Junkers telegraphed a message of loyalty to the Kaiser, who promptly sent them the following reply:

Heartfelt thanks for the assurance of faithful allegiance sent me by the Bund der Landwirte. The long preparations of peace and the mighty protection of the empire have enabled German agriculture to perform deeds which will be gratefully chronicled in the history of these great times. Now the home-front must be united for a last, decisive effort. I do not doubt that the country gentlemen represented in the Bund der Landwirte will perform their part in strengthening the spirit of sacrifice and uplifting our hearts in the service of our beloved, glorious fatherland. If we all remain united with God's help a speedy, crushing victory and a mighty, splendid future will be ours!"

Although the Kaiser's desire not to compromise himself is evident from the circumspect wording of this reply, it is clear enough that at heart he thoroughly sympathizes with Herr von Oldenburg's ideas. Nothing is, as I have said, more natural. There is not only a community of ideals, but also of interests, between the Kaiser and the Prussian Junkers. They stand and fall together.

The Specter of Revolution

The monarch's ruling fear has always been, and still is, that the democratization of Prussian institutions might deprive him of some part of his absolute power, or, worse still, that a revolution fomented by the Socialists might drive him from his throne. He knows he can rely upon the Junkers to defend him to the last with undaunted, aggressive courage and incorruptible loyalty, against this danger which threatens to deprive them also of their power and wealth.

Bourgeois politicians, or even great, cosmopolitan nobles like Prince Lichnowski, may turn against the Kaiser, but the Prussian Junkers will stand by him unshaken and will either triumph, or succumb with him. They are the only people in Germany whom he can unreservedly trust, and it stands to reason that their word has more weight with him than that of any other class or political party.

The war policy of the Junkers is well known; it coincides with the theories of the Pan-Germans. In the Prussian House of Lords, Count Yorck von Wartenberg, a typical Junker, declared quite recently:

"Frederick the Great's kingdom did not grow strong through renunciation and reconciliation, but through might and force of arm. To all faint-hearted pacifists we say: A great country is founded on might, and on might alone." And General von Kleist added: "It is not our business to wonder how our vanquished enemies will manage to pay a war indemnity. That is their affair. We must be hard. We must not ruin Germany with our idealism."

All Junkers Pan-Germans

All Junkers are Pan-Germans, though by no means all Pan-Germans belong to the Junker caste, many of their most prominent leaders being bourgeois politicians, university professors, and great captains of industry who have no agricultural interests, nor titles of nobility. The Junkers are a caste, not a political party, and as such, their members are to be found in the Reichstag not only in the ranks of the Conservatives, but also of the Liberal Conservatives, the Catholic Center Party, and the National-Liberals. Their stronghold is Prussia, and from Prussia they seek to dominate all Germany.

Grow Rich by War

Before the war the majority of the Prussian landed nobles were poor, if not absolutely bankrupt. Their estates were heavily mortgaged as a result of the mismanagement and extravagance of their owners. Today the poorest Junker in Silesia or Pomerania has become a wealthy man. The war has brought the Junkers undreamed-of prosperity. The enormous increase in prices for cattle and agricultural products has more than trebled the value of their estates.

The Berliner Tageblatt reports that a small country estate, which was worth 200,000 marks in the first year of the war, cannot be bought now for less than 600,000 marks. Agricultural land formerly worth from 700 to 900 marks an acre is now being sold for 3000 and even 4000 marks an acre. And the Junkers have not only grown rich, they have, above all, suffered least from the privations the war has imposed upon Germany.

Masters of their own livestock and produce, they have laughed at the food restrictions of the Government and violated them with impunity owing to their control of the Government offices and officials intrusted with the task of carrying out these measures. The Frankfurter Zeitung calculates that last year the Prussian Junkers illegally kept back nearly 10,000,000 tons of potatoes out of 54,000,000 tons commandeered by the Government.

Nor have their losses on the field of battle in spite of their heroic war-

Russian Prisoners Enslaved

The Government has never made any serious attempt to force them to give of their plenty to the emaciated women and children of Berlin, Hamburg or Leipzig, nor to enforce a just taxation of their estates, but it has supplied them with thousands of Russian prisoners as cheap wage-slaves. The Junkers owe a great part of their present unprecedented prosperity to the submissive labor of these Russian mujiks. This is one reason why the German Government, in violation of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, has not yet liberated the Russian prisoners in Germany.

Some time before the war Pastor Traub, a young Prussian divine, whose independent preaching had got him into trouble with his ecclesiastical superiors, was elected to the Reichstag as the candidate of the Progressive People's party. He was expected to do great things for the Liberal cause. During the war he has become a complete convert to the political ideals of the Junkers, and last week, in a speech on the Prussian franchise reform, made this astounding statement:

It is only fair and just to recognize the great merits of the Prussian Junkers. They have inherited from thir fathers an ability to govern which is undeniable and which cannot be acquired from one day to another. The wisdom of government is theirs by right of birth.

In spite of this grotesque declaration, Pastor Traub has not yet been ejected from the Progressive party, which is supposed to support democratic ideals.

Liberalism Junkerized

Another rengade from the Liberal camp, Burgomaster Koerte, of Koenigsberg, recently made the following statement in the Herrenhause, which shows how thoroughly Germans of the middle classes assimilate the ideals of the Junkers as soon as they are raised to higher rank in the Prussian hierarchy:

A war in which the conquered territory does not remain the victor's property in nonsensical. After our enormous losses we need an enormous war indemnity. We need also a great store of grain, coffee, rice and ore in order to be better prepared for future wars.

After this one is no longer surprised that "democratic" politicians like Herr von Payer and Herr Friedberg, when promoted to be ministers of State, immediately wax more reactionary and autocratic than the Junkers themselves. A place on the Government invariably has this effect on the Teuton "democrat," who is overcome by the honor thus conferred upon him and deems it his duty to prove himself worthy of it by acting as much as possible like one to the station born.

In the early days of the war particularly the Junkers openly accused the Kaiser of personal cowardice, weakness, and of secret sympathies for the French, the English, or even the Americans! I have heard them call him a religious maniac, a sufferer from nervous and chronic diseases of all kinds, a perverted voluptuary. They often hinted darkly that Prince Heinrich, the Kaiser's brother, was a traitor who favored England and had therefore been deprived of the command of the German fleet.

Try to Force Workers' Revolt

The Junkers are unscrupulous but astute politicians who believe in methods of government as practiced by the tyrants of the Middle Ages. Their **intractable opposition against the electoral reform bill,** in spite of all the restrictions invented by the Government to render it virtually illusive, **is, in the opinion of German political exiles in Switzerland, a deliberate attempt to provoke the working classes of Prussia to open revolt.**

The Junkers argue that a revolutionary uprising is inevitable sooner or later in Germany, and they prefer it to break out during the war, when they are sure of being able to suppress it by force of arms, all really able-bodied men being absent at the front and subjected to military discipline, whereas after the war the ranks of the rebels would be swelled by many thousands of dismissed and disaffected soldiers, accustomed to bloodshed and violence, and a revolution consequently be infinitely more dangerous.

As the Kaiser is constantly haunted by this same fear of revolution and as the war, which his Junker intimates are careful to impress still more deeply upon his morbidly receptive mind, is easy to understand why he also secretly elated over the rejection of the equal vote by the Prussian Diet, which was to pave the way for a democratic