"THE EAGLE'S EYE"—HOW U. S. SECRET SERVICE CIRCUMVENTED THE KAISER'S INTRIGUES

THIS COUNTRY'S AGENTS, ALTHOUGH LOATH TO BELIEVE SPY-PLOT STORIES, FINALLY EXPOSED THE TEUTON SECRET WORKINGS

Continued from Page One

a great distance. Nor had the members of the embassy itself neglected to take part in the reception of orders from across the sea. Nearly every morning at 3 o'clock found Captain Franz von Papen, military attache of the imperial German embassy, and Captain Boy-Ed, naval attache, at a secluded part of Long Island, standing beside a racing motorcar, to which were attached antennae, directors and receiving apparatus, that they might personally assure themselves that the code messages from overseas were received and started on their way to Bernstorff, the master-spy.

So it was that one day in April, 1915, Count Johann von Bernstorff worked hard at his task of deciphering the maze of numerals that had come to him during the night. One by one he traced out the numbers, matching them first with the page of the old German dictionary, then with the words of the aged book, each of which was carefully numbered for easy transcription. When he had finished, his head bobbed slightly, he pressed a button and almost snapped an order at the hurrying man-servant.

"Send Doctor Albert in," he announced.

"Yes, your Excellency."

A moment later a tall, dark-haired man, his left cheek scarred from a schoolday duel at Heidelberg, stepped into the room. He was Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy for Imperial Germany, master of its exchequer in America, and second only to Bernstorff in what he termed "the battle on the American front." Just a second he hesitated, and then:

"You sent for me, sir?"

Lusitania Must Not Sail

"I did. Just got a message from Wilhelmstrasse." Bernstorff was talking jerkily, somewhat excitedly. "The Lusitania must be sunk on its next voyage."

"Yes?" Doctor Albert asked the question with the calmness of a person ordering a cab or choosing a meal. "Well, all arrangements are made, are they not?"

"As far as the submarines are concerned, yes. The entire Irish coast has been charted into squares, each square carrying the name of some fish indigenous to that region. The moment that the word is flashed that the Lusitania has sailed, a U-boat will be assigned to each one of those squares. Then it will be an easy matter for fishing smacks, each with a spy aboard, to patrol the coast and send a message from the nearest wireless station——"

"Something like: 'Shipping ten cases of mackerel,'" broke in Doctor Albert.

"Exactly." Bernstorff looked up with a smile. "You and I have discussed that before, haven't we? I had forgotten. Well, you know the rest. No one will pay any attention to the messages except our U-boat captains. They will know by them that the Lusitania is entering the square named after that particular fish. It should be an easy task for them to sink the ship. And it must be sunk."

"How about the international complications?"

"They must take care of themselves—after we have done all we can do to keep things running smoothly. The point is that the Lusitania must be sunk! We have a lesson to teach America! If we sink a few of their citizens perhaps they'll be more chary about sending their representatives abroad to sell good to the Allies. It may make them stop and think awhile before they ship their goods to the Allies, too—and that's what we're after."

"Suppose America objects to the loss of its citizens?" Albert was smiling in a quiet, quizzical way.

Give Them Sympathy, Says Bernstorff

"We'll sympathize, of course." Bernstorff looked up with an answering smile. "Really, we'll be very sorry. We will mourn for a week, but, in the meanwhile, we also will point to our manufactured fact that the Lusitania carried guns and contraband. That's where you are needed. Take the night train to New York, see Paul Koenig, of the Hamburg-American Line, and arrange for him to find some one not averse to forging a few affidavits, one to the effect that the Lusitania is loaded with contraband and another that she carries defensive guns. And be very sure on that point. The rules of war prohibit the sinking of an unarmed ship without due warning. We must have those affidavits."

"Very good, sir."

"And Albert——"

"Yes?"

"Here" — Ambassador Bernstorff lifted a sheet of closely written paper from his desk—"is an advertisement I have written, warning all American citizens from the Lusitania. See that it is inserted in the New York papers as close to the Cunard Line advertisements as possible. It will be our alibi when the Lusitania is sunk."

"Very well, your Excellency."

And so it was that with Ambassador Bernstorff at the head of the great spy organization which Germany had built up in America, with Doctor Albert, Captain von Papen, Karl Boy-Ed, Paul Koenig and a half hundred others working on the various details of the scheme, the preparations for the sinking of the Lusitania went forth in America.

Day after day passed, while Bernstorff translated his code messages from Wilhelmstrasse and sent replies in the guise of death messages and business telegrams to neutral countries, where they were received by German spies, translated and telephoned by long-distance to Germany. Day after day, and then—

It was April 29, forty-eight hours before the sailing of the Lusitania. In the great rooms of the Criminology Club in New York, where cosmopolite members daily gathered to discuss the themes which formed their chief aim in life, the apprehension of the genus criminal, an important meeting was in progress. Harrison Grant, the president and organizer of the great private criminal chasing brotherhood, stood before them, a telegram in his hand.

Secret Service Flynn on the Job

"Fellow members," he announced, "I have just received the most vital communication that has ever come to this club. It is a telegram from William J. Flynn, chief of the Secret Service, which changes the aims and purposes of our organization to ideals far greater than ever were dreamed of when we banded ourselves together to follow out our individual hobbies in the chase and capture of dangerous criminals. For this telegram pits up against the most shrewd violators of the laws of God and man that ever were known—the paid criminals of Imperial Germany, protected by the power of international law, yet criminals nevertheless!

"All of you know the reason for this telegram. It is in answer to the letter we sent Chief Flynn at the last meeting of this club, when our various members displayed the evidence that had come to them of the perfidy of Imperial Germany in assuming friendship with this country, while seeking to violate our neutrality in its efforts to maim the Allies. More than this, my charge, you will remember, was that Germany had considered America also in its aims of conquest, and that it fully believed at the beginning of this war that it would crush England and France easily, then reach forth for our own country. But the danger of active invasion is past now—it stopped at the battle of the Marne. What we must battle against is the more insidious invasion of Germany's spies—and their name is legion! Therefore, gentlemen, I have the honor to announce to you that Chief Flynn has accepted our offer of services and that the Criminology Club is now and henceforth devoted to the defense of America and the outwitting of the paid tools of Imperial Germany who seek to use our nation as a battlefield!"

A cheer that resounded through the great rooms of the Criminology Club echoed Grant's speech. Then the members gathered into little groups to discuss the new development and to plan for the future. As for Harrison Grant——

He shifted from his position and veered toward Cavanaugh, his most trusted operative.

"Billy," he announced, "our first blow in this matter falls to you. You have seen the advertisements in the newspapers advising passengers not to sail on the Lusitania?"

"Of course."

Billy Places the Dictagraph

"Very well. I believe that means the beginning of more direct plots against America. There is only one way to learn. Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Dr. Albert Heinrich von Lertz, their unofficial agent in New York—and even Ambassador Bernstorff himself—make a habit of lounging at the Hohenzollern Club. We want a dictagraph in those clubrooms."

Billy Cavanaugh twisted his already tightly waxed mustache and smiled, ever so slightly.

"I'll attend to the details," he announced quietly.

And while Harrison Grant gave his orders, four men were gathered about the big table in the Imperial German Embassy in Washington. One of them was Bernstorff. Another was Albert, with his ever-present portfolio, in which he carried the reports of spies operating in every city of the United States. A third was Boy-Ed and the fourth was Captain von Papen.

The meeting, incidentally, seemed to have been a very happy one. A superlicious smile skimmed the lips of Franz von Papen as he gazed at his co-plotters. He waved his cigar slightly before him.

"These idiotic Yankees will wake up next week," he announced; "it will be something for them to think about."

"It will be something for the world to think about," echoed the fastidious Boy-Ed.

"Do you suppose," Doctor Albert was rummaging in his portfolio, "it could possibly act as a boomerang? America has had its eyes shut, you know. For instance, I think Captain von Papen recently reported the burning of several million bushels of wheat in its elevators, as well as a train wreck or two that have so far been classified as accidents. Now, my query is: Will the deliberate, prearranged killing of Americans and the fore-announced destruction of American property on board the Lusitania cause this country to open its eyes and inquire about other things that have happened? Or will it—"

Idiotic "Yankees," said Von Papen

Captain Franz von Papen smiled with one corner of his mouth.

"If you have ever noticed," he replied, "I have always used the term 'idiotic Yankees.'"

Bernstorff laughed. Albert bobbed his head.

"Quite so," he said finally. "I yield the point. Now, regarding the Lusitania, when is it destined to sink?"

Bernstorff rummaged in some papers, at last to bring forth a code message.

"Potsdam plans the sinking for next Wednesday, May 5. It has already ordered medals struck off to commemorate the victory."

And while the arch-spies of Imperial Germany continued to plot the murder of American citizens on the high seas, a lithe, dark-eyed girl walked to the stenographer's desk of one of the largest hotels of New York city, with apparently no purpose in life save to be pretty and attractive and likable. Spirited she was, with a dash of animation which caused people to look at her more than once, with a sparkle in those big eyes which told of a love of life and a zest for adventure, a tilt to her chin that spoke of determination, a smooth grace about her which spelled birth and breeding and aristocracy. Time was—and not so very far in the past—when her name had glittered in the electric lights of Broadway. But the love of adventure had been too strong and Dixie Mason, daughter of Brentwell Mason, of Sou' Car'lina, sur, had forsaken the stage to take her place as a quietly commissioned captain of women operatives in the Secret Service. And now——

Now she was walking toward the public stenographer's desk, smiling and speaking to friends in the lobby, apparently thinking of nothing in the world, but in reality straining with every nerve to catch the message in the Morse code that the stenographer was ticking off on the space-bar of her typewriter:

"This .... is .... the .... man .... I .... spoke .... of. .... He .... thinks .... he's .... a .... lady .... killer."

Girl Attracts Mashing German

Dixie Mason's sense of humor could not resist a trifle of a smile, and quite accidentally, as she smiled, she glanced toward the rather tall, sleek German who stood reading a dictated letter he just had received from the stenographer. The German's eyes rolled. Quite "accidentally," again, Dixie Mason allowed her swagger stick to fall to the floor. An instant later the German had bent forward, started to pick up the stick, and with intentional clumsiness, stepped on it, breaking it. He swept his silk hat in a flourishing bow.

"Dunnerwetter!" he exclaimed, "such clumsiness! And I had such good intentions!" Dixie Mason smiled again. She started to speak—then stopped suddenly as the stenographer's voice broke in.

"I'm sure he is more than sorry," she interrupted. "Miss Mason, this is Mr. Heinrich von Lertz. He is such a gentleman, and I know that he is so sorry!"

Dixie Mason had not placed Molly Farris in that hotel lobby for nothing. Quietly she pressed the "stenographer's" hand and listened to Heinrich von Lertz's apologies. With the result that a half hour later found them at luncheon, and with the further result that three hours later found Dixie Mason back in her apartment and smiling to herself as she brought forth an innocent appearing letter from a small filing cabinet. The twinkling little lines of humor gathered about her lips as she scanned the lines:

"My Dear Miss Mason:

"Thanks for your letter. James is doing fine and by hard work has gotten into a position of trust in the private bank of the two fine old Germans—Schneider and Wurtz. However, he intends to tell no one until he receives his first raise. Sincerely,

"WALLACE J. CLAFLYNN."

Universal Salvage Sales Co.

BRF-WJC

Flynn Gives Instructions

"Code signal BRF," said Dixie Mason as she looked at the stenographer's signature, then scanned the letters and signals in the cabinet, finally to bring forth a bit of celluloid, perforated here and there with aimless-appearing holes. A quick motion and the celluloid had covered the paper. Then the message started forth:

Work
into trust
of
Germans
tell no one
W J flynn
U S S S

A low laugh sounded as Dixie Mason returned the code letter and celluloid to its resting place.

"Not bad," she breathed happily. "The chief sent me that letter four days ago. Already I've taken luncheon with Heinrich von Lertz, chief benchman for Bernstorff, Von Papen, Boy-Ed and Albert, and he has asked me to go to the theatre with him tonight. And if I don't continue to keep in his company it won't be my fault! I rather think," and Dixie Mason laughed softly, "that Heinrich von Lertz is going to be quite valuable."

But time was short. Two days later the great, sleek Lusitania glided out of New York harbor and started upon the first phase of its journey across the seas, carrying with it 1250 passengers, more than 100 of whom were Americans, the pride of America's theatrical, editorial and financial worlds; American aristocracy and American common people, but all Americans, all equal in their standing in the light of the Liberty Statue, supposedly safe from warring nations, innocents, traveling toward a deliberate German murder.

Too short a time for Harrison Grant and his men to gain their knowledge of what was going on in the Hohenzollern Club. Only that morning Cavanaugh had reported progress—the assurance that the dictograph would be in the Hohenzollern Club by the end of the next week. Too short a time for Dixie Mason to obtain the confidence of Heinrich von Lertz and learn from him the details of the plot against America. Too short a time! The Lusitania was doomed!

The Lusitania Doomed

The very moment of her sailing a furtive-eyed spy had rushed to a cable office to send the following cablegram to Europe:

"L. H. Guerz, Amsterdam, Holland:

"Lucy has entered last phase of illness. Doctors say progress until Thursday normal. After that, difficult to diagnose. "THERBOLD."

Already the message was traveling under the sea while the spy reported to Von Lertz, and while another spy in Amsterdam anxiously awaited its arrival. And when he received it, his code-educated eyes read an entirely different message from that of a mere announcement of an illness, a message which thrilled his craven soul with the information:

"Lusitania has sailed. Course until Thursday normal. After that, unknown."

A hurried ten minutes, in which the spy turned to a specially installed telephone, sent the message to Nauen and thereby to Cuxhaven and to every other U-boat base of Germany, where waited the scavengers of the sea, Germany's submarines and their commanders. More, from Nauen the message flashed to hundreds of men on the Irish coast, apparently fishermen, who arranged to speed forth as far as possible into the ocean and to wait day and night for the sight of the vessel that they might spy it to its doom. Expensive—of course! But all battles are expensive, and Germany was planning the death of women and children in what it would call one of the greatest "victories of the war." Were not the medals that would be issued to commemorate the "victory" already being struck off? And had not even the date been placed thereon in characteristic German "efficiency"? Germany had named May 5. And May 5 they would be distributed. For where was there a chance for the Lusitania to escape?

Medals Made Before Ship Is Sunk

Nor did the fact that May 5 passed with no message from the U-boats cause Germany to hold back those medals. On they went to the populace, while flags fluttered in Berlin to announce the "victory" that had not yet happened. Everywhere were the U-boat. Everywhere were the fishing smacks, flashing out the supposed business message that carried the code word of the position of the great ship. Time and again the sleek greyhounds of the sea dodged destruction only through her speed. But in the distance more U-boats were lurking. The end was inevitable.

May 6. Then May 7. Into the rooms of the Criminology Club hurried Billy Cavanaugh to seek out Harrison Grant and to report with a little smile:

"There's something interesting for you in a room adjoining the Hohenzollern Club."

Harrison Grant raised his eyebrows. "Got it fixed, Billy?"

"Yes, sir. Broke a water pipe leading into the club, then hurried for the plumber shop that always attends to their work. Good fellow there—thorough American. He let me fix the leak. And while I was fixing it, I also fixed the dictograph—just behind the picture of His Imperial Majesty, William Hohenzollern."

Harrison Grant laughed happily and reached for his hat. A half hour later he lifted the receiver of a dictograph to his ear. Stewart, the relief operator, watched him.

"I've just been listening," he announced. "Think von Papen, Boy-Ed and Wolf von Igel just came into the club. Couldn't sweer to it, though."

"Harrison Grant nodded slightly, the dictagraph still to his ear. Then he started. Hurriedly he turned:

"Put this down:

Koenig Buys Some Alibis

"'Paul Koenig has assured us that a man will swear that the vessel carried guns. Also that an affidavit will be given that she was loaded with contraband. Dumba can be counted on to espouse our cause ——'"

"What does it mean?" Cavanaugh stepped forward. Grant frowned. "Can't tell. Von Papen's doing the talking. Now Boy-Ed has joined him:

"Surely we should have heard before this. Do you suppose anything could have gone wrong? Surely they were prepared. But today's May 7, and it should have happened May 5. If——"

"All right. What's the rest?" Stewart looked up from his copying. Grant shook his head.

"They're mumbling—I can't hear. They seem to have all gotten over in a corner with their heads together and are trying to talk so that no one around the club will hear them. But—wait a minute—they're talking louder now—no, they've settled down to that buzzing again—I think I hear a telephone ringing—Von Papen has just told Boy-Ed to answer it. Wait now—wait——"

A strange silence in the dictograph room. Harrison Grant adjusted the receiver closer to his ear.

Like a Bolt From the Blue

And at that moment, out on the open sea, the passengers of the Lusitania were strolling happily about the decks after a jovial luncheon. Some one looked at his watch to absently note that the time was 2.32. And as he raised his eyes—

The deadly, gray serpent-like form of a periscope as it raised itself above the waves. The wake of a torpedo as it hissed its way through the water. Then a great, rolling roar, a shock that trembled through the whole vessel, a sickening lurch and plunge, the thunder of an explosion——

Hours later, in the dictograph room, Harrison Grant again leaned forward.

"That telephone again!" he announced. "I wonder what it means? Boy-Ed always answers it. There he goes again. Guess he'll mumble into it, just as he's done all day—no, he's talking louder this time—it's something about a ship—"

His hand clenched.

"I can't get it," he grumbled, "if he'd only talk louder—what's that—the Lusitania?"

"Lusitania?" The two other operatives looked up quickly. Harrison Grant nodded slightly.

"Yes. Heard him say something about the Lusitania. Seems to be getting some kind of a report over the telephone, as though some spy were telling him something that had happened. Now he's left the telephone—he's gone back to the others—good God!"

The two operatives leaped to their feet at the ejaculation of their chief. Their staring eyes saw that his cheeks were white, that the blood was slowly leaving his lips, leaving them purplish, ghastly.

"They've ordered a toast to the Kaiser!" he announced coldly, "a toast—in commemoration of Germany's victory over the Lusitania! It can mean only one thing——"

Newsboys Shout Disaster Scareheads

And as if in answer, up from the streets of New York there radiated the shouts of the newsboys, calling the headlines of the first "extra":

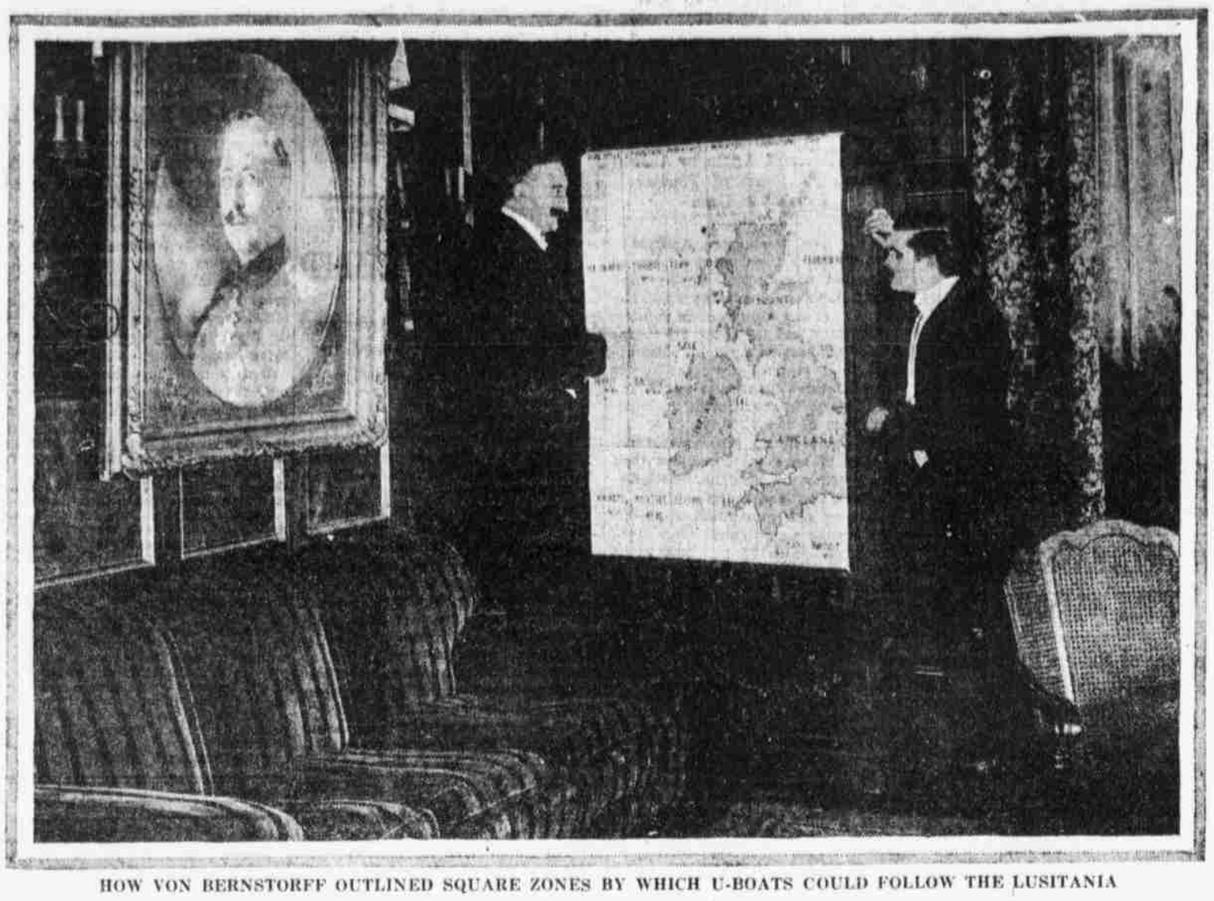
"Lusitania sunk! Lusitania sunk by German submarine! Klein, Vanderbilt, Hubbard and thousand others missing. Extry paper! Extry paper! all about the sinking of the Lusitania!"

So that was the German victory! The Lusitania sunk! Wearily Grant sank into a chair, the dictagraph receiver still to his ear. On the other side of the wall three men had raised their steins to the picture of the Kaiser, toasting him for the idea which had enabled the fishing smacks to wireless the news of the Lusitania's course to the waiting submarines, for the distorted brain which had devised the message of fishermen into instruments of death, for the ungodly, demon-like cunning that had conceived the death of women and children to be a German "victory!" Droningly the words came over the dictograph:

"To the Kaiser! May he continue his glorious victories, abroad—and here!"

"Abroad—and here!" murmured Harrison Grant between his clenched teeth. "And 'here' means America!"

NEXT SATURDAY—THE NAVAL BALL CONSPIRACY



HOW VON BERNSTORFF OUTLINED SQUARE ZONES BY WHICH U-BOATS COULD FOLLOW THE LUSITANIA

THE LUSITANIA SINKING WAS PLOTTED WITH THE FULL KNOWLEDGE AND ASSISTANCE OF THE THEN AMBASSADOR VON BERNSTORFF

THE LUSITANIA MEDAL, STRUCK OFF TWO DAYS BEFORE THE SINKING

CHECK UPON EXPENDITURES IS ADVOCATED BY MOORE

Philadelphia Congressman Shows How Government Department Heads Usurp Broad Power, During Stress of Wartime and Suggests Misapplication of Some Funds

By CONGRESSMAN J. HAMPTON MOORE

Washington, April 20.

THERE is one angle of the demand for legislation to prevent so-called unpatriotic discussion that does not receive much consideration, to wit, the check upon expenditures.

Congress is thinking seriously of increasing the Federal power to stop treasonable talk and sabotage, but it is not inclined to go so far as to make it a crime to criticize departments respecting the expenditure of public funds. And there seems to be ample reason why no such power should be given to those to whom Congress appropriates money and who are charged with the responsibility of seeing that it is dispensed honestly and without waste or graft.

It would be anomalous, after appropriating a lump sum of, say, $50,000,000 to a department for war purposes, to then provide that any one should be prevented from exposing a bureau or department found to be violating its trust by misapplication of such funds. Some of the provisions of law recently demanded, however, go substantially that far, making it virtually impossible for a newspaper or for any one else not possessing the constitutional privilege of a Senator or Representative to in any way reflect upon the Administration.

The fear that espionage and censorship laws may be carried too far accounts for the delay in the passage of several measures that have recently been engaging the attention of Congress.

Arlington Hotel Site

It is conceded that never in the history of the Republic has such unlimited confidence been placed in the President as the departments are now the case. [illegible] upon the President [illegible] Congress [illegible] but members of Congress are hoping to uphold his hands. But the President cannot possibly keep in touch with the details of the various departments nor with the expenditures they make.

A notable exception is that of the Hotel Arlington building site recently purchased by the Secretary of the Treasury. For several years a hotel company has been endeavoring, first, to erect a hotel upon this site and, failing in that, second, to dispose of the property. After it had fallen into the hands, largely of a group of Virginians, and the departments in Washington became overcrowded, the eligibility of the site appealed to the Secretary of the Treasury.

Ordinarily the purchase of such a property would have required an authorization by Congress. The price of it in former times had been quoted at a much lower figure, but the urgency of acquiring new quarters, especially for the new War Risk Bureau and for the internal revenue service, appealed so strongly to Mr. McAdoo that he wrote to the President asking him to divert from the $100,000,000 war fund, voted to the President by Congress, the sum of $4,200,000 with which to take over the hotel site and complete the construction of an office building. It was the Secretary's way of cutting red tape. The President approved the request and the property was purchased for the Government at the figure stated. The Secretary has since come to Congress, supported by the President, with the request that the President's fund be reimbursed to the amount of $4,200,000 that was thus loaned by the President. Meanwhile the well-satisfied former owners of the property are involved in a suit brought by one of those in interest for a proportion of the proceeds.

The Secretary was right as to the need for quarters for his official force, but members of Congress are hoping the method pursued in this case may not establish a precedent for other short cuts to the Treasury by the heads of departments. In peace times, of course, Congress would not permit any such irregular procedure.

The Nitrate Plants

The expansion of nitrate plants presents another illustration of war doings in the matter of expenditures. In one of the early army bills Congress appropriated $20,000,000 for the establishment of a nitrate plant for war purposes, with a very well-defined fertilizer attachment. It was rumored that this nitrate plant was to take over the Muscle Shoals outfit, a waterpower proposition, for which the Government had paid, on the Tennessee River. The Government took some time to locate this nitrate plant, although it was finally placed at the point where rumor had fixed it.

But recently, through the passage by the House of a bill giving the Federal Government certain special powers to condemn property, it developed that not one, but three nitrate plants had been established along the Tennessee River and that the total cost of them would run up to from $100,000,000 to $125,000,000. Some of them, it was admitted, would be of no practical use for war purposes for several years, but the local Representatives contended that, even if they were not completed in time to be of war service in the manufacture of nitrates, they would be of lasting benefit to the farmers, and if Chilean nitrate failed would save them from excessive charges by the private fertilizer manufacturers.

Involved in the discussion were charges that private chemical companies would be the beneficiaries of these great Government expenditures, and along with these charges were suggestions that some of the Tennessee River land owners were profiteering and holding the Government up so that condemnation of their lands had become a necessary expedient.

If the casual taxpayer were to ask how it is possible, when Congress appropriated only $20,000,000 for a nitrate plant, that approximately $125,000,000 is to be expended, the answer would be found in lump sum appropriations granted to the Bureau of Ordnance for war purposes.

Defenders of these nitrate Government plants insist that the expenditures are all right. They go further and demand a part of the $60,000,000 housing fund recently voted to the Secretary of Labor so that houses may be provided for workmen at these nitrate plants. These proposals are treated as war measures and have the approval of the departments.

Enough has been said in Congress, however, to let it be known that the departments have assumed the responsibility for these expenditures and that the results are expected to be commensurate with the demands of war.

GOVERNMENT'S BAN ON POULTRY LIFTED TODAY

Nearly Two Million Birds Again Put in Jeopardy of Chopping Block

Mrs. Hen may be brought to the chopping block today. So may Mrs. Hen's youngsters and her husband, Mr. Rooster.

The Government restriction against the killing of poultry announced several months ago as a food-conservation measure expires today. Approximately 1,700,000 birds are affected. Farmers, however, are urged to refrain from rushing their poultry to market, thereby glutting it and causing heavy losses from spoilage.

The ban on the killing of the hens is lifted ten days earlier than was expected and is due to the mild weather of the last few weeks, which resulted in earlier laying and hatching periods.

WILSON PROMOTES COLONEL

Nominates National Army Staff Man as Brigadier General

Washington, April 20.—President Wilson has nominated Colonel Frank T. Hines, of the general staff, National Army, to be a brigadier general. The following were nominated to be secretaries of embassies or legations, class four:

William S. Howell, Jr., Texas; G. Howland Shaw, Boston, Mass.; Cornelius Van H. Engert, Berkeley, Cal.; Curtis C. Williams, Jr., Columbus, O.; Joseph W. Carroll, New York city; Walter C. Thurston, Phoenix, Ariz.; Samuel S. Dickson, Gallup, N. M.; Nathan P. Stedman, Aurora, Ind.

BECK WOULD WIPE OUT ALLIES' DEBT TO U. S.

Suggestion to Write Off Seven Billion Dollars Meets Approval of Brokers

"Paid in full by the blood of your sons."

This is the entry that James M. Beck, former Assistant Attorney General of the United States, would write opposite the item of seven billion dollars owed by the Allied nations to the Government of the United States.

The statement of his views on this subject in an address on behalf of the Liberty Loan, delivered on the floor of the Stock Exchange, brought Mr. Beck's audience to the wildest pitch.

"When this war ends, as it will in a victory for the Allies," the speaker said, "and Great Britain and France of enthusiasm.

will say to our Government 'the time has come for us to settle the matter of our great indebtedness to you in a more formal way,' I believe our Government will reply by writing across the paper on which the money was lent, 'Receipted in full.'

"And when they ask, 'Receipted in full—how?' our Government will answer, 'By the blood of your sons.'

Cheers taking on the proportions of a mighty roar greeted the speaker's last exclamation. Many of the listeners were moved to the point of tears; strangers in the audience shook hands with each other; cries of "Right! Right!" were heard. The applause lasted a minute.

Sketching the war situation of the moment, Mr. Beck warned his listeners against overconfidence. "This is the darkest moment in recorded history," he said. "And we must come to an accurate sense of the danger and oversubscribe this loan."

Viscount Motono to Quit

Tokio, April 20.—Viscount Ichiro Motono, Japanese foreign minister, has announced his intention to tender his resignation. Ill health is given as the reason for his decision.

LIBERTY LOAN SUNDAY IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES

Rectors of All Philadelphia Parishes Will Mention Bonds

Liberty Loan Sunday will be observed in every Catholic church and chapel in Philadelphia at the masses tomorrow. In accordance with the suggestion of President Wilson, who has made his desires known through Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, special mention will be made to the several congregations by the rectors concerning the campaign to obtain subscriptions to the third issue of the Liberty Loan and many sermons will be devoted to appeals to the patriotic zeal of the worshipers.

To arouse interest in the campaign and stimulate the number of subscriptions among members of his flock Bishop John J. McCort, administrator of the diocese since the death of Archbishop Prendergast, has called the attention of the rectors in an official announcement, urging that they do all in their power to help dispose of the Government Liberty Bonds.

Since the announcement of Bishop McCort more than $1,000,000 in subscriptions has been collected through the Catholic churches and parish houses.

Several of the parishes have compiled their accomplishments in their efforts to dispose of bonds. Here are their reports up to date:

Holy Angels parish, Oak Lane	$111,750
St. Francis de Sales	108,000
Gesu	101,750
St. Monica	70,000
St. Thomas Aquinas	67,000
Our Mother of Good Counsel, Bryn Mawr	60,000
Our Mother of Sorrows	57,800
Our Lady of Mercy	50,000
Our Lady of Lourdes	40,000
St. Agatha	35,000
St. Matthias, Bala	32,500
Holy Cross, Mount Airy	32,150
St. Vincent de Paul's, Germantown	30,000
St. Malachy	30,000
St. Michael	27,800
Our Mother of Consolation, Chestnut Hill	25,000
Transfiguration	22,000
Immaculate Conception, Germantown	22,000

It is announced that the Knights of Columbus Liberty Loan drive has reached at least $250,000.

Interest in the drive has exceeded all expectations and the workers at the main headquarters, 2132 Land Title Building, and at the "boosting" headquarters, 1523 Chestnut street, and the various district quarters are being kept busy taking in the money. The boosting quarters has been enlivened by St. Francis Xavier's Boy Scout band. Boy Scouts are also assisting the committee at the northwest corner of Twenty-third street and Columbia avenue, where a store has been opened. Not content with the large subscriptions being received at Thirty-eighth and Market streets, the West Philadelphia workers are making a street corner campaign in automobiles. Much interest is also being taken in the drive at the central Knights of Columbus headquarters, Girard Avenue and Watts street.

John V. Loughney is chairman of the executive committee that is conducting the drive. The other officers are Joseph C. McMenamin, secretary, and L. B. Bothéld and B. J. Martin, assistant secretaries.

RELIGIOUS NEWS NOTES

Dr. Charles Wadsworth will preach at tomorrow morning's services in the Arch Street Presbyterian Church. The evening speaker will be Dr. J. A. MacCallum.

"The Kingdom of Heaven and the Kingdom of Lucifer" is to be the theme of the Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, who will preach tomorrow morning in the First Unitarian Church.

The Unitarian Society of Germantown will be addressed by its pastor, the Rev. Roger S. Forbes, tomorrow morning on "The Parable of the Acorns."

In St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, Olney, the Rev. Edward J. Randolph will preach at the morning service on the topic, "Love Your Enemy." In the evening the Rev. A. J. Kynett will deliver a sermon.

The Rev. Dr. Charles P. Wiles will preach at the morning and evening services at the Messiah Lutheran Church.

B. K. Ratcliffe, of England, editorial writer and lecturer on sociology, will address the Society for Ethical Culture on "England and America Today and Tomorrow." The Ethical Culture Society will convene in the Broad Street Theatre at 11 o'clock.

"A Prayer and a Prison" is the topic of the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cannon Ellis in Messiah Baptist Church, Fifty-sixth street and Woodland Avenue, tomorrow evening.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Baptist

CHESTNUT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH
Chestnut st. west of 40th
GEORGE D. ADAMS, D. D., Pastor.
9:45 a. m.—Brotherhood of A. and P.
10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.—Rev. Y. H. Shahloe, of Urmia, Persia, a native missionary, who was held prisoner by the Turks in the present war.
12 noon—Bible School.

Ethical Culture

S. K. RATCLIFFE will speak on "England and America Today and Tomorrow." Broad Street Theatre, 11 a. m.

Lutheran

MESSIAH, 16th and Jefferson sts.
Rev. CHAS. P. WILES, D.D., will preach.
10:30—Morning Service.
2:30—Bible School.
7:45—Evening Service. Special music by Wm. Schmidt, cellist, Phila. Orchestra.

Methodist Episcopal

ST. JAMES'S M. E., Olney.
Rev. EDWARD P. RANDOLPH, Pastor.
Morning—"Love Your Enemies."
Evening—Rev. A. J. Kynett.
Liberty Day Service, Friday, April 26, 8 p. m.
Lecture: "Caesar or Christ?"
Reserved seats upon application.
Silver offerings for the Olney Red Cross.

A CALL TO THE COLORS
HON. J. DENNY O'NEIL,
DRY CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR,
SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 2:30 P. M.
ERIE AVE. M. E. CHURCH, ERIE AVE. AND 7TH ST. "NATIONAL PROHIBITION AND THE WAR."

Presbyterian

ARCH ST. CHURCH, 18th and Arch.
Rev. Clarence Edward Macartney.
10:45—Dr. Charles Wadsworth.
12:00—Sunday School.
8:00—The Power of a New Name, Dr. J. A. MacCallum.

HOPE, 33d and Wharton sts., Rev. J. GRAY BOLTON, D. D., Minister—10:45, Rev. George P. Avery; 7:45, Patriotic Service.

Protestant Episcopal

ST. JAMES'S, 22d and Walnut sts.
Rev. JOHN MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Rector.
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer, Sermon and Holy Communion.
8 p.m.—Evening Prayer (Choral), followed by Organ Recital.
Corporate attendance by the Sons of St. George and Daughters of St. George.

Unitarian

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH
2125 Chestnut st.
Rev. FREDERICK R. GRIFFIN, Minister.
10 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Mr. Griffin will preach on "The Kingdom of Heaven and the Kingdom of Lucifer."
Anthem: "O, Taste and See," by Sullivan, and "The Song of Deborah," by Goepp.
Philip H. Goepp, organist.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF GERMANTOWN
Chelten av. and Green sts.
Rev. ROGER S. FORBES, Minister.
11 a. m.—Subject: "The Parable of the Acorns."