"EAGLE'S EYE" UNCOVERS PLOT OF VON PAPEN AND BOY-ED TO KILL COTTON CROP WITH THE MEXICAN BOLL WEEVIL

German Agents, Banished From the Country, Return to Prevent Allies From Getting Supplies From America and Scatter Mexican Pest in Southern Fields by Unscrupulous Means

Destruction of the Commodity in the Bales by Acid Concealed in Tubes and the Burning of Warehouses Also Part of the Plans

Novelized by COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER from FACTS furnished by

WILLIAM J. FLYNN

Recently Retired Chief of the United States Secret Service

BENT upon discovering evidence of some other crime as a means of bringing Heinrich von Lertz to the bar of justice to expiate in part his fiendish attack upon the children of America by the scattering of infantile paralysis germs, Dixie Mason fairly haunted the spy. There was scarcely a moment of the day but that she knew where he was, and there was very little that he did about which she did not learn in some way or other. A casual call at his office and then an alleged misplaced glove or purse would give her an opportunity of glancing through the expressed papers on desks and tables in the office. Von Lertz, as stupid and egotistical as ever, put down her frequent appearances at the office and her evident desire for his company as proof of the fascination he felt he had for women. He regarded Dixie as another conquest, and as long as it served her ends the little Secret Service operative was willing to let him have that opinion.

It was not many weeks before Dixie became certain that another plot on the part of Imperial Germany against America was in the planning or already in progress. Numerous telegrams and mail messages began to arrive at the former offices of Franz von Papen, where Von Lertz and Wolf von Igel made their headquarters, all from one city in Mexico. Numerous answers were sent and a great number of messages to southern cities in the United States were dispatched from the New York office. Dixie, acquainted with the great part messages played in any German planned plot, became uneasy because of her inability to learn the subject-matter of the messages. She saw many of them, but they were all evidently in a specially prearranged code and she had no opportunity of copying any of them verbatim as a basis for work on the part of the Secret Service experts in discovering the key by which they could be deciphered.

Evidence of New German Plot

"I am going South," she said one day to Harrison Grant during one of their numerous meetings for the purpose of conference. "I haven't much to guide me after I get there, but I am satisfied of one thing—that whatever the new plan of Germany the center of activity will be somewhere below the Mason and Dixon line. I am half inclined to believe that it is another attack upon the cotton industry, but what form it will take this time is beyond me."

"It would seem as if they had done about all that was possible in connection with cotton," commented Grant. "After they failed in their attempt to import all they needed through neutral countries they tried to corner the entire output here by depressing the price through false reports on the cotton exchange. The only result of that was the near ruin of many small growers."

"Yes, and then German agents almost succeeded in getting the United States to make a request to have cotton taken off the contraband lists through the sympathy aroused for the poor southern cotton grower by the 'Buy-a-Bale-of-Cotton' movement," said Dixie. "It is evident that Germany is badly pressed for cotton, but I cannot think of any feasible plan by which agents here could hope to get any past the British blockade."

"Neither can I," rejoined Grant, "but there is this to remember. If there was no cotton forthcoming from this country the Allies would be as badly off through lack of it as is Germany. If Germany could conceive any plan for stopping the shipping of cotton from here she would do so."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Dixie excitedly. "Do you know of any way in which it would be possible to destroy the cotton in America? If there is the facts are suspicious. All the messages which Von Lertz or Von Igel have sent, aside from those to Mexico, have gone to important growing or shipping centers for the cotton industry."

"I believe you have hit it, Dixie," declared Grant. "Only this morning there are dispatches published from New Orleans that the boll weevil, the deadliest enemy there is to growing cotton, has made its appearance in various isolated sections. If German agents are engaged in scattering this little insect throughout the South it is time we knew it, for it would mean the destruction of this year's crop which has not as yet been harvested."

"I start for the South tonight," was Dixie's answer. "Why don't you come also?"

"It may develop that I may be of greater use right here in New York," said Grant.

"Well, the best of luck to you," said Dixie. "I will have to hurry to make this night train as it is."

"May you have your usual success," answered Grant. "I will keep my eyes open here and if anything turns up which may be of aid to you I will send along to you."

Grant's heart-prompted desire for the society of the little Secret Service operative tempted him to invite her to remain downtown for dinner. He felt, however, that her devotion to duty would cause her to refuse, and rather than risk this he contented himself by holding her hand a trifle longer than was necessary in bidding good-by after escorting her to a cab. After watching the machine in which she rode until it had disappeared in the traffic, he suddenly realized that he was alone on Fifth avenue with no place for the remainder of the afternoon or evening. A moment of thought led him to begin at once in acquainting himself with the cotton conditions in the harbor. So calling an automobile, he had himself driven to the warehouses which held the shipments from the South awaiting to carry it across to England.

Grant Makes an Important Discovery

Reaching the first warehouse at which he stopped made him glad that he had not delayed investigating conditions. As he drove up and made himself known to the proprietor, he found that worthy thoroughly angry.

"If you are looking for somebody to make trouble for," said the cotton owner, "you ought to get after these steamboats fellows for taking deckloads of acid. A shipment we got in a week ago had about a hundred bales spotted by acid eating, and now the stuff they are unloading seems to be entirely gone. Come on down and look at it."

Believing that the destroyed cotton was the result of carelessness on the part of the carriers, Grant accompanied the man to the docks merely to humor him and keep him in a talkative mood. As he stooped to look at the first bale, which was pointed out to him as spotted by accident, his eyes lit up with a surprising discovery.

"Have you taken any of these bales apart and examined them?" he asked quickly.

"Why, no," answered the cotton shipper. "When a bale is that way on the outside you can gamble that there will be very little salvage on the inside. What there is the steamship company is welcome to."

"But it looks to me as if the damage came from the inside," insisted Grant. "Look here, it is damaged on all sides equally. If acid had been spilled on the upper side, the lower side would not have been damaged as much."

"By crackey, it looks that way," said the shipper, becoming interested. "Hey, you boys! Look alive here, and rip this bale open."

A couple of husky stevedores answered the call, and as Grant and the owner watched closely the bale wires were cut and the spoiled mass inside ripped carefully apart. When the center had been reached there was a tinkle of glass as a handful of the wasted mass fell on the dock planking. Grant halted them at the work and pursued the rest of the search unassisted. By pulling to pieces every particle of the mass he found a large number of pieces of glass, which, fitted together, formed a glass tube about the size of those used in chemical laboratories. One end, found complete, contained a cork, and the smell of acid was still strong on the shreds of cotton which adhered to the broken pieces of glass.

"How many more bales have you got in the same condition?" asked Grant, after he had satisfied himself that the acid which had destroyed the bale had been placed in the cotton by some human agency. It was clear to him that it was the work of some one who had access to the compresses. A person carrying tubes of the acid would have no trouble in slipping one into the center of the mass as it was placed in the compress, and the pressure in baling it would be sufficient to break the tube and throw the acid into the cotton.

"I got twenty-two on the last shipment," answered the shipper, "but the shipment that arrived today seems to be more than half destroyed."

Grant wasted no time. With the help of the broker a large gang of men were hastily assembled and within less than half an hour the dock was buzzing with the efforts of scores of workers, each searching bales of acid-destroyed cotton for traces of a little glass cylinder similar to the one which Grant had found in the first.

Glass was found in more than a hundred bales examined before Grant ordered the search stopped for the night. He told the cotton broker, however, to have a guard placed around those which had not yet been examined and then telephoned to the Criminology Club and arranged for members to come to the dock the next day to supervise the searching of the rest of the shipment. Then, with the aid of a list of members of the Cotton Exchange, he began the work of checking on all shipments of cotton which had been received in New York recently. The losses were not as great as he had feared, but the reports seemed to indicate that the plot had just started recently, for shipments up to ten days previous had been free of any destroyed bales, while shipments after that time had steadily increased in the percentage which had been affected by the acid.

The drab murkiness of the night was giving way before the first filtered light of the new day when Grant left the office of the broker to catch an owl trolley, no taxicab being in sight in the night-deserted neighborhood of the warehouses, and ride to the Criminology Club. There he sat in his private office and wrote a report for Washington on his discoveries, a warning to be sent to each cotton shipping center and then a lengthy dispatch to Dixie Mason, before he sought his bed for well-earned sleep.

The message was delivered to Dixie while she was at breakfast in the dining car of the train which was carrying her rapidly toward the cotton belt.

"Good old Grant," she murmured. "Trust him to find traces of crookedness no matter how adroitly they are concealed. It seems as if my work is simply to seek the first compressing station of any size and watch. Then if I can discover the way in which it is being done a general raid can be conducted."

Following out this idea she consulted with the conductor of the train as to the first compressing station which would be reached, with the result that late that night she changed trains and the next morning found her in the midst of the northern part of the cotton belt. As soon as the compressing started Dixie was surprised with the ease in which she discovered the man who was doing Imperial Germany's despicable work at that particular compressor. As the cotton went into the compress two men stood nearby guiding it. She noticed that one of them was slacking off his work and as the compress was about half-filled she saw him reach into his coat pocket, hastily withdraw his hand and thrust it into the center of the soft mass.

Dixie Gets Her Man Red-handed

"Stop," cried Dixie, showing her Secret Service badge, "and don't let that man escape."

The sight of the small automatic she held in her hand held the spy stationary in his tracks until other workers realized that he was the man to which the little Secret Service operative had referred. Then they seized him, and, at the touch of the captors' hands, the miscreant threw himself into a desperate struggle, which suddenly ceased with yells of anguish from him. Extra cylinders of acid, which he carried in his coat pocket, had been broken in the struggle and the acid was searing his flesh.

Leaving it to others to relieve his suffering, Dixie thrust her hand into the center of the cotton which had already been placed in the compress. A few seconds of groping, and her hand reappeared clutching a glass tube filled with a cloudy white liquid. Taking out the cork gingerly, she placed a few drops on a handful of cotton. In a moment the fiber was eaten away, and nothing remained but a damp bunch of wastage. Dixie demonstrated the extraordinary carrying quality of the acid by placing the damp wastage in the centre of a pile of unspoiled cotton. In a few moments the whole mass had been eaten away until nothing but wastage remained.

While the spy was being taken to the county jail, Dixie whirled away to the nearest telegraph station, in the automobile of the superintendent of the compress. There she sent code messages to the offices of the Secret Service in every southern city, telling them of her discovery, and advising a simultaneous raid on each compressor in the cotton fields. This work completed, she returned to the open air to be confronted by the young superintendent of the compress, who had driven her to the telegraph station.

"I don't want to bother you, Miss," he said, "but I have got something here that has caused me considerable wondering, and I thought it probable that you, being used to puzzles and such likes, could explain it right off."

Dixie examined curiously the object he had taken from his pocket and handed to her while he was speaking. The object appeared to her to be a part of a cotton boll similar to thousands of others she had seen in such abundance since her arrival in the cotton belt.

"I don't see anything puzzling about this," she said. "There must be a million of these in sight from here."

"Not that kind, ma'am," said the superintendent. "That is Guatemala cotton, and its been mighty puzzling to me as to how that boll came to be in the lower field of my plantation. I know for a fact that there hasn't been any of that in this section for nigh on to five years. I wonder wish now that the weevil has found my fields that I had made a greater effort to cultivate that."

Guatemala Cotton Not Affected by Boll Weevil

In response to Dixie's question the superintendent explained that Guatemala cotton was the only known fiber that was impervious to ravages of the boll weevil. It was discovered under cultivation by Indians in a certain part of Guatemala by O. F. Cook, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who had made a special study of enemies of the boll weevil. The plant had developed a hardihood to resist the pest after long years of cultivation in a place where the weevil was abundant.

"You see the Government brought some of the bolls and seed here for free distribution," said the superintendent in ending his talk, "to encourage American planters to cultivate it. There isn't anything yet known that will stop the weevil. But we didn't try very hard, for the average spread of the weevil would not make it reach here for six years yet, but it is already here. You know the weevil is supposed to have come direct from Guatemala here by migrating an average of sixty miles a year. It was in Mexico when first notice was taken of it. Then it spread into Texas and is gradually spreading through the whole cotton belt."

"And you say it is already here?" asked Dixie. "Why, it seems to me that the cotton around here is pretty healthy."

"This right around here is early cotton," rejoined the superintendent, "and was pretty well developed. It is the buds that suffer from the weevil. Once the weevil has drilled into a bud that bud is gone. It shrivels and drops off. It is the later cotton which will be affected this year, and next year all of it. If plants go through, however, I won't have to worry about next year but I am afraid Colonel Moulton's syndicate won't buy now that the weevil has already come."

"You were thinking of selling?" asked Dixie, interested in drawing the young man out in hopes that some clue might be uncovered in regard to the boll from thousands of miles away.

"Well, not exactly selling," explained the superintendent. "Colonel Moulton's syndicate was going to guarantee us our average income for the last five years for the next fifteen years. They intended to take the whole area here and encircle it with a half-mile strip of land from which all vegetation had been eradicated. You see, it has been estimated that the greatest distance that the individual boll weevil travels is a quarter of a mile, there to lay eggs, and then the hatched ones travel a quarter of a mile and new eggs are laid. This is the theory of its migration. Well, Colonel Moulton figured that the half-mile strip would keep them out, and that after the whole belt had been infected his syndicate would make a small fortune by having good cotton and a large yield. It's a pretty popular plan with the planters around here, for we will all be satisfied with the same income for fifteen years to come that we have averaged for the last five years and let some one else have the worry."

"Didn't Colonel Moulton make any examination of your fields?" asked Dixie.

"Not himself," was the answer, "but while he was talking a Mexican expert he had with him visited every one of my fields and gathered sample bolls in a large pasteboard box he carried. But the boll weevil hadn't appeared at that time. I first noticed it about five days later."

Cotton levee, New Orlans, La.

Dixie's thoughts began to hum. Guatemala—boll weevils plentiful—Mexican expert and Wallingford type of promoter with fantastic scheme—Mexican visits uninfected fields—five days later boll weevil apparent—these were the flashes which passed through her mind, and, knowing Imperial Germany, she felt that she had discovered another ramification of the campaign against cotton.

"Where is Colonel Moulton now?" she demanded.

"Somewhere around the district interviewing planters," answered the young man, surprised by the serious tone of Dixie's voice.

"Thank you," responded Dixie. "Now will you drive me to the nearest place where I can procure an automobile and a chauffeur. I believe Moulton and his Mexican expert are spreading the boll weevil in the interest of Germany, and I want to find them!"

"You don't have to look any farther for a car and a chauffeur for that purpose," answered the superintendent, "and I have the added advantage of knowing the district."

Dixie on Another Trail

The start was made without loss of time. The young driver trailed Colonel Moulton easily by inquiries of other planters, most of whom he knew. Following directions thus obtained, they found that the colonel and the Mexican registered at the only hotel in a small town in the midst of a cotton-growing section which had always been free from weevils.

Moulton and the Mexican were out when Dixie and her escort arrived. By showing her Secret Service badge Dixie obtained permission to search their room. While the landlord, clerk and the superintendent watched her she opened the only trunk in the room and found it contained just what she expected. It was about half filled with bolls of Guatemala cotton, each boll filled with the weevils so deadly to any other variety of cotton bloom. Dixie made a quick examination and then turned to caution the witnesses of the discovery to secrecy until the two plotters returned to the hotel.

But she had delayed too long in giving the warning. As soon as the clerk had realized the enormity of the offense which the presence of the Guatemala bolls portended he had left the room and started spreading the alarm. Cotton was the life blood of that district, and an attack on cotton meant an attack on the commonwealth. Southerners have but one way of dealing with a common menace, and already a mob, on foot, horseback and in automobiles, had started over the same road taken by Moulton and his confederate in the morning. Dixie and her escort joined the crowd and were in the vanguard when Moulton was sighted seated on the veranda of a large plantation house talking with the owner.

Moulton took but one look at the mob and seemed to divine its purport. He ran from the veranda and leaped into a high-powered automobile which stood in the roadway and started it instantly. Several shots were fired at him, but all went astray and in a moment he was going down the road at a pace which easily outdistanced the cars which started in pursuit.

"Go back to town and send out a telegraph alarm for his arrest," said Dixie to the superintendent as she leaped from the car and started trailing after a section of the mob which had sighted the Mexican in one of the cotton fields. Hurrying as fast as she was capable of moving brought Dixie to the scene of the Mexican's capture only after a rope had been placed around the spy's neck and the other end thrown over the limb of a convenient tree. The spy was almost unconscious from fright when Dixie broke through the ring which encircled him. Taking a place near the trembling wretch, Dixie addressed the mob with an air of authority:

"This man has information which will aid the Secret Service in fastening the heinous crime against cotton and America upon Germany. Will you give his life in return for this information?"

"If he tells all he knows," were the answer from one, and the rest joined in an affirmative acclaim. The trembling spy, with hope renewed cried feebly:

"I will hold nothing back, nothing."

The Mexican Spy Confesses

With the rope still around his neck he made his confession. He said he had been called to the German consulate at Zacetacas, and there had been introduced to two captains who had been interested in learning if spreading the boll weevil was possible. When assured that it was he had been hired to go to Guatemala and procure the infected bolls and then had come into the United States accompanied by one of the captains who had assumed the title of Colonel Moulton. Since then he had been engaged in scattering the boll weevil while Colonel Moulton had gained him unquestioned entrance to fields by talking of the scheme of an isolated district.

"And of other plans they had against cotton," prompted Dixie.

"I heard talk of destroying cotton which had already been picked but not shipped, by acid, and of setting fire to all warehouses in which cotton was stored which had already been shipped, but of those plans I knew none of the details."

The mention of firing warehouses caused Dixie Mason to again move rapidly. Commandeering another automobile, she whirled back to town, there to send messages of warning to Harrison Grant.

The messages sent by Dixie were carried rapidly to the Criminology Club, but Grant was not there to receive them. He was a guest at a reception given by a broker and his wife to Count von Bernstorff at their country home.

Grant was at the reception watching the progress of events, out of touch with the Criminology Club, for he had thought caution necessary, and Dixie's warnings lay unopened on his desk.

Count von Bernstorff was very attentive to Mrs. Blank. The couple were seated under some palms near a staircase when a telegram was delivered to the German Ambassador. As a token of the esteem in which he held her, the German, after begging her permission, read the message, and then handed it to her, with the remarks:

Bernstorff Secures Message From Von Lertz

"Thus does Imperial Germany prevent her enemies from securing cotton."

Blank accosted his wife and Von Bernstorff almost immediately, and it was evident from his manner he was asking the guest of honor to excuse Mrs. Blank for a few minutes, as her attention was required in connection with the reception. As Von Bernstorff gave polite, regretful acquiescence, Blank put his arm through that of his wife and led her toward the conservatory. Grant had noticed with satisfaction that Mrs. Blank had retained possession of the telegram. He stepped from in back of the palm and succeeded in catching her eye. Then he passed closely by the couple, and the message was transferred from her hand to his pocket.

He stepped into a small room where he would be safe from observation, and drew the telegram from his pocket. What he read made him regret that he had put himself out of communication with the Criminology Club. Here are the words which were on the yellow slip of paper:

"Vast fires raging in New York harbor. Cotton warehouses 16 and 17 destroyed and all others threatened. H. von L."

Such a message from Heinrich von Lertz to Von Bernstorff could mean but one thing, that Imperial Germany had again employed incendiaries to further her ends. Hurriedly procuring his coat and hat, Grant made his way rapidly to the conservatory toward which Mr. and Mrs. Blank had been walking when he had last seen them. At the door he stopped suddenly because of words which had reached him in the suppressed angry tones of Blank.

"Had you been interested in my welfare you could have put me in a position to collect millions tomorrow," Blank was saying. "Von Bernstorff knew these fires were coming, would have told you, and I could have sold cotton short this afternoon. Now everybody knows of the fires and the market will be broken before the exchange opens."

Grant stepped quietly back out of earshot, and then, making intentional noise, approached the couple and made his excuses. Then he hurried from the house to make the best speed possible to the Criminology Club. There he found events had moved rapidly. Members of the Criminology Club had hurried to the waterfront as soon as the cotton fires were reported, and had done everything which could be thought of to capture the spies who had started the blazes, but without success. Grant, himself, hurried to the scene of the conflagration, but had no better success than others of the club members. Then, exhausted, he returned to the club, to find more messages from Dixie Mason after she had held a more detailed conference with the Mexican captive in a jail at Shreveport.

In the messages was the information which caused the agents of the Bureau of Investigation to raid the office occupied by Wolf von Igel and Heinrich von Lertz. The agents entered the office just in the midst of hurried packing by Von Igel. He had been warned of the disclosures made in the South, and was preparing the documents in his possession for shipment to Washington, there to go into the sanctuary of the German embassy safes. He fought desperately to prevent a seizure of these papers, papers which exposed the innermost workings of some of the most stupendous plots against America which Germany had attempted or planned.

Papers Exposing Many Plots Seized

"Those are private papers of the Imperial German Embassy," he screamed as agents opened the safe. "If you touch them it means war. Do you understand? War with Imperial Germany"

"And peace for the entire world when that war is over," answered one of the unperturbed agents, never stopping in the work of gathering up the documents which laid bare the close association of Von Igel with Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Bintelen, Fay and other German spies and plotters.

And included in the messages which Dixie Mason had sent to Grant was a personal one which read:

"Have suspicions as to identity of plotters in Mexico, which I will tell you when I arrive in New York."

And the result of that message was that Grant met the train which carried the little Secret Service operative back from the South. After dinner she related in detail her experiences and then said:

"The Mexican never heard the names of the two captains, but from his descriptions I have come to the conclusion that Von Papen and Boy-Ed are again on American soil, and that it was Boy-Ed who acted as Colonel Moulton. Nothing came of the alarm sent out for him, and with him still at large and Von Papen on this side to help, we can expect more trouble at any time."

"You are right, Dixie," responded Grant. "If your surmise is correct, it is a safe gamble that even now they are talking of some other nefarious scheme against America."

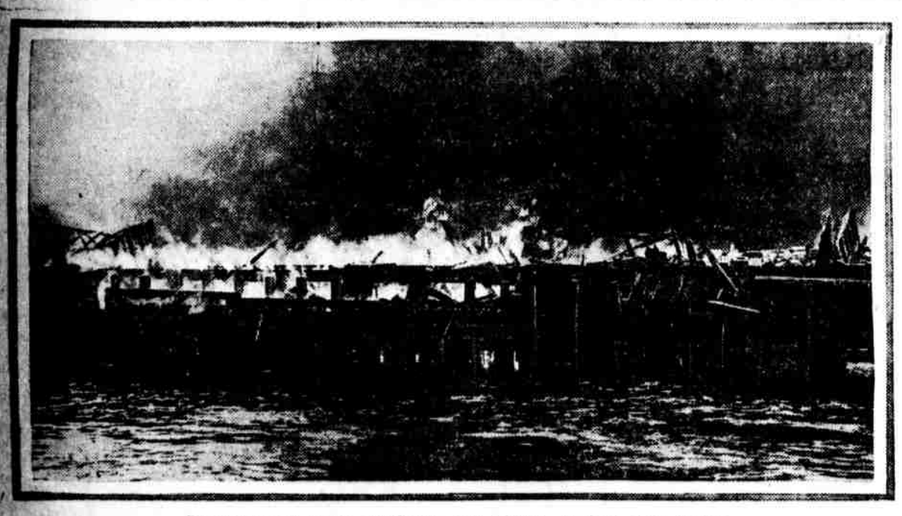
Grant found out later how prophetic his words were, for at that very moment Von Papen and Boy-Ed, in Mexico, were preparing to separate, each to attempt to enter the United States secretly by different routes.

"I will go direct to San Francisco and look after bail for Von Bopp and the others," said Boy-Ed. "Later I will go to Newport and there join with the greatest weapon Imperial Germany has ever used against America, the weapon which should have been employed long since."

"And I?" asked Von Papen, once the leader but now the follower of the more crafty former naval attache of the German embassy at Washington.

"You go direct to Maine, there to gather the supplies necessary that the new weapon may be effective for many weeks."

Next Saturday's episode—No. 16—The attempts of German agents to build a U-boat base within a half hour's trip of New York, the visit of the U-53 and the escape of Karl Boy-Ed from America after his month of plotting in disguise.



Destruction of cotton warehouses and wharves in New York Harbor

HORVATH'S RULE IN SIBERIA ENDED

Omsk Government Asserts Authority and Declares Independence

ANNULS SOVIET DECREES

By the Associated Press

London, July 27.

The Siberian Government, including the Premier, has resigned, says a Vladivostok dispatch to the Times.

By the Associated Press

London, July 27.

The Provisional Government at Omsk has assumed supreme authority in Siberia and proclaimed Siberia's independence, according to a Reuter dispatch from Pekin under date of Tuesday.

The Provisional Government has annulled all Bolshevik decrees and re-established the Siberian Duma. Approval of these actions has been requested of the Vladivostok Government.

A telegram received in Peking from Omsk says that in view of the co-operation of the Czecho-Slovaks, and owing to the numerous war prisoners in the Bolshevik ranks, and also the opposition of conservative quarters and commercial and industrial classes who are undermining the position of the Siberian Government in the eyes of the population, the commissioners of the provisional Siberian Government have decided to assume supreme authority in Siberia.

This authority, it is added, rests in the council of ministers, constituted at Omsk, pending the arrival of all the members. All the soviets have been ordered closed and decrees have been issued restoring the land to the owners, pending a solution of the agrarian question by a constitutent assembly.

By the Associated Press

Amsterdam, July 27.—A dispatch to the Cologne Volks Zeitung, a copy of which has been received here, says the monarchists' conference held at Kiev was attended by many leaders from throughout Russia. A majority of those present desired the formation of an absolute monarchy or a military dictatorship in Russia.

Out of consideration for the opposition, namely, the Octobrists and Nationalists, who advocated a constitutional monarchy, the congress passed a resolution demanding a form of government for Great Russian like that before the February revolution. The congress then adjourned.

GLOOMY VIEW BY MICHAELIS

Ex-Chancellor Forecasts Dearth After the War

By the Associated Press

Amsterdam, July 27. — In an article quoted by the Berlin Socialist newspaper Vorwaerts, Dr. Georg Michaelis, former German Imperial Chancellor, warns the German nation that there will be a time of dearth after the war because of lack of shipping.

"Let us not indulge in the idea that all distress will come to an end and happiness begin if our enemies indemnify us for our billions of war debt," he added. "Everything depends upon how we face the period of distress. The billions of the war of 1870 did us great harm."

HELFFERICH OFF FOR RUSSIA

New German Minister Takes Battalion of Soldiers With Him

By the Associated Press

London, July 27.—Doctor Helfferich, the newly appointed German ambassador to Russia, started for Moscow Friday, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Amsterdam. On the same train went a battalion of German soldiers.

Doctor Helfferich, former Vice Chancellor, takes the place of Count von Mirbach, who was assassinated in Moscow early in July.

Two German Fliers Shot by Reds

By the Associated Press

Amsterdam, July 27.—Two aviators who were captured by the Bolsheviki when they alighted on Russian territory were ill-treated and shot, according to German reports. Berlin has protested, and made a demand that those responsible for the executions be severely punished.

FOCH SHIFTS BLOWS SOUTH IN SOISSONS-RHEIMS AREA

Threatens to Cut Off German Troops in New Pocket Within Larger One—Teutons May Attempt Drive on Marne

By the Associated Press

Shifting their blows to the southern arc of the sector between Soissons and Rheims, the French have struck the German line north of Port-a-Binson, which lies on the south side of the Marne and about a mile south of the village of Chatillon. It is officially reported from Paris that the French lines were advanced at that point.

Further east on the Champagne sector the troops of General Gouraud by a local operation south of Montagne Sans Nom (mountain without a name), have pressed forward over half a mile along a front of almost two miles.

The advance east of Rheims was seemingly for the purpose of restoring the Allied line in that section of the battlefront.

Secondary Pocket

The attack at Port-a-Binson, however, had another object. German troops were reported early in the week at Marfaux and Fourcy, northeast of Chatillon and south of the western spurs of Rheims mountain. A considerable success near Chatillon would put them in a pocket within the larger pocket and tend to force their withdrawal to new lines further back toward the middle of the German sallent.

West of Port-a-Binson the Germans hold the north bank of the Marne for a considerable distance and the French apparently have struck at the angle between the German line along the river and that from the Marne toward Rheims.

Clear Enemy From Woods

Along the western side of German salient there is no ocial mention of events of special importance last night. It is reported that French and Americans were attacking the enemy this morning, centering their efforts on the work of clearing the Germans out of the wooded area to the south and southwest of Fere-en-Tardenois. This was said to have been nearly accomplished.

In spite of the general expectation that the Germans are fighting on the southern side of the sallent to cover the retreat of their armies and the salvaging of the vast supplies piled up along the Marne in preparation for the great offensive which began July 15, there appears to be a disposition on the part of some of the military experts to consider the possibility of a new German attack somewhere on the battle line between Soissons and Rheims.

Foe Hopes for Victory

The stubborn manner in which the enemy has been fighting, and his failure to attack on some other sector, it is contended points to the fact that the Germans are committed to a renewed offensive along the Marne in the hope of still winning a victory there.

Along the British front near Arras and Lens and along the Somme sector, the German artillery has been active. British raiding parties have been active at various points along their lines.

GERMANS LEARNING AMERICANS ARE ON JOB

Col. Gaedk Says Foch Was Only Able to Succeed Through Their Help

Special Cable to Evening Public Ledger

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The Hague, July 27.

Colonel Richard Gaedk, writing in Vorwaerts on Foch's big flank attack, argues that it was successful only in the beginning. All the papers emphasize the idea that the German attack was known to the Entente weeks before it began, but that Foch was able to succeed only because America's help had begun to work gradually.

"A year and a half after America's declaration of war they were able to throw 100,000 trained soldiers into the battle," says Gaedk. "Freight space and measures of security sufficed to transport them continuously over the ocean. Then their training was completed in France's camps, with the help of French instructors, according to modern warfare. Other brigades were sent to help the English divisions and to fill up gaps, and Italians also were called to the west front. So Foch succeeded in massing considerable troops near Paris."

The paper declares that these troops were thus ready to defend Paris or be sent to Flanders, Amiens, Soissons or Chateau-Thierry, and that in the middle section of the front southwest of Rheims and south of the Marne there were enough French, American and Italian forces not only to repulse the German push, but to make a decisive attack. Gaedk insists that the attack must be viewed as a whole frontal movement in order to gain freedom and initiative. Foch's attack, he says, which was carried on with tremendous fury, was not without success in the beginning, but that the force of the storm was broken on the third day, because, in spite of American help, Foch had not enough troops to continue with the same force on the fourth day.

Allies Raid 12 German Towns

London, July 27.—Twelve German towns were raided by Allied airmen during the week ending today, the distance covered making a brand-new record. Altogether twenty-five raids were carried out and many tons of bombs were dropped.

76 FOE FLIERS TOLL OF ALLIES IN WEEK

Fifteen Others Sent Down Out of Control—Many Bombing Raids

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London, July 27.

Despite frequently unfavorable weather conditions, the present week has seen no diminution of aerial activity on the western front. The intensity of the air-fighting is shown by the fact that seventy-six enemy machines have been brought down by the British alone and fifteen driven down out of control, while fifty-one British machines were reported missing in the same period.

More than 154 tons of bombs have been dropped on points within the German lines.

Another feature of the week has been the large number of bombing raids made by the British-American-French independent force in German territory. Whether judged by the number of towns visited, the tonnage of bombs dropped, the distance covered or the material damage caused, the week's work constitutes one of the heaviest records of long-distance bombing of the war.

Twenty-five separate raids have been made. Among the military objectives attacked were the railway station and sidings at Thonville, four times; the famous poison gas factory at Mannheim, twice; the Benz Works, Lanz Chemical Works and Gebruder Guilini munition factory at Mannheim, the works and blast furnaces at Burbach, the railways and factories at Offenburg, twice; the railway station at Heidelberg, the powder factories at Rotteweil and Oberndorf, the furnaces at Wadgassen and Hagondange and the airdromes at Boulay, Dieuze and Morhange.

Flying Cadet Killed in Fall

By the Associated Press

Fort Worth, Tex., July 27.—Flying Cadet Fred C. Campbell, Jr., whose home was at Rosedale, Kansas, was killed here this morning when his plane dropped into a tail spin at a low altitude. He was twenty-six years old.

ATTEMPT TO BOMB FACTORY BALKED

Detectives Seize Man in Act of Blowing Up Machinery Plant

FIVE HELD FOR PLOT

By the Associated Press

Newark, N. J., July 27.

An attempt this morning to blow up the plant of the Gould & Eberhardt Machinery Company at Irvington, near here, was frustrated by the vigilance of the factory guards. Two men, said to be Germans, were arrested on suspicion of attempting to cause the explosion.

According to Federal officials, the factory owners had been apprised that an attempt would be made to destroy the plant, which is engaged on Government contracts. Accordingly guards and detectives were stationed about the premises throughout the night, and one of them, it was alleged, caught one of the prisoners in the act of igniting a bomb. At the point of a gun the officer forced the man to extinguish the fuse, which had already been lighted.

It was announced that evidence of a conspiracy had been unearthed, and shortly afterward Bruno Reichelt, a patent attorney, was placed in custody, arraigned before a United States Commissioner and held in $10,000 under the espionage act. Other men arrested are Frederick W. Bischoff, a skilled chemist, of Irvington, N. J., and William Heineman, who were arraigned and held in $20,000 bond each on charges of violating the espionage and sabotage acts.

OPEN-AIR CHORAL SERVICES

Under the Direction of

Bishop Rhinelander

ON THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL

On the Parkway

at Twenty-third Street,

Sunday Afternoon, July 28, 1918,

at 5 o'Clock

Rev. Curtis H. Dickens, Resident Chaplain U. S. N., League Island.

Sunday, August 4,

Rev. Karl M. Block, Resident Chaplain Camp Dix.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Baptist

BIG LIBERTY SING at THE TEMPLE. Broad and Berks (1900 North). Sunday, July 28, 7:15 p. m. Song Director Hoag and his Liberty Chorus, with the Marine Band and Band of Factory Glee Club and the Temple Chorus, will participate. Doors open 7:15. Associate Pastor William Dyre McCurdy preaches at 10:30.

Presbyterian

ARCH STREET, 18th and Arch. C. E. MACARTNEY, D. D., Minister. 10:45—Rev. J. Stockton Roddy, "Our Church." 8:00 p. m.—Patriotic Service. Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Boy Scout war work, presided by representative speakers. Recital on Furness Memorial Organ at 7:30.

BETHLEHEM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Broad and Diamond sts. Rev. JOHN R. DAVIES, D. D., Pastor. Rev. E. C. HIRSHMAN, M. A., Assistant Pastor. 10:30—MORNING WORSHIP, SERVICE in charge of Rev. E. L. Mattox returned MISSIONARY to CHINA. 7:30 p. m.—Popular evening service in the church. Rev. E. L. MATTOX WILL BE THE SPEAKER. Miss Marguerite Graham, contralto soloist, will sing. Wednesday evening, prayer meeting at 8 o'clock. Everybody always welcome.

Miscellaneous

MORNING WATCH BIBLE CONFERENCE SIMPSON GROVE, Trevose, Pa. August 4 to 10, 1918. SPEAKERS: Rev. Bishop F. W. Warne, D. D., of India, Rev. Lewis Chafer, East Orange, N. J., Rev. Joseph W. Kemp, New York, Rev. Charles L. Page, Boston, Mr. A. M. Schantz, New York, Mr. William B. Oliver, New York.

INASMUCH TENT, 60th and Locust sts.—"You're All Right, But—" Sunday Night, Orange Lore, 3:30. Mrs. Long's Quiet Hour, 7:30. Lecture-sermon, tonight, 8:00.