"EAGLE'S EYE" NULLIFIES PLOT OF TEUTONIC AGENTS TO FOMENT CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

Hindu Message in Unique Code Sent by Wireless to Sayville and Intercepted by United States Secret Service Officers Leads to Discovery of Gigantic Plot and Many Arrests

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FACTS
Furnished by
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(Note—On the wall of the library in the Criminology Club hangs a portion of a newspaper in a frame. It is an account of the killing of Ram Chandra in a crowded court room in San Francisco, April, 1918, when he with other conspirators was on trial for sedition. His murderer, Ram Singh, who was on trial for the same offense, was killed a few seconds later by a United States Marshal. Written across the clipping are the words: "Evidently a striking demonstration of the truth of Ratu Chibra's statement in phonograph library in re the Made in Germany Hindu Society. Harrison Grant." An inquiry concerning the clipping leads to the story of the connection the club had with the breaking up of the great Hindu conspiracy, which is here related. The inevitable inquiry as to whether Ram Chandra intended to turn informer has never been answered.)

"THERE is the latest thing in German code, if it happens to be code at all," said Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, to Dixie Mason, of the secret service, one evening early in 1917, in the president's room of the club. He tossed her a piece of paper.

"Why, it's nothing but a continuous line of jumbled letters," exclaimed the little Secret Service operative, looking at it critically. "It appears as though some one had been trying out a typewriter to see if the letters needed cleaning. Where on earth did you get this?"

"Picked up from the Sayville wireless," answered Grant.

"The Sayville wireless?" questioned Dixie, intensely interested at the mention of the station so widely used by German agents until the United States put it under control.

"Yes," answered Grant. "You know a number of German operators are located there—none of them really under suspicion, but worthy of constant watching merely because they are German. For that reason Hennessy has carefully recorded everything that has been sent out."

"You mean that the censors let a jumbled mass of letters like this pass?" demanded Dixie.

"No, not in that form. A few nights ago Hennessy began to realize that between words there would be a quick jar and then a legible word. He got Charles E. Apgar, the wireless expert, to come here and listen in. Apgar suggested recording the sendings on the phonograph for study. The result is that by running the machine slowly distinct letters between words can be distinguished. They are snapped through, but easily caught by any one expecting them. These letters are the sending of the last two nights."

"There is no code or cipher that I know of that could be applied to them," said Dixie, studying the jumbled letters carefully. "They are not German, English, French, Spanish, Russian or any other language with which I am at all familiar."

"That is just the question," answered Grant. "Apgar, who is quite a linguist, said that the letter combinations reminded him very strongly of Hindu. I don't know Hindu at all, and Apgar declares that if it is Hindu it is a dialect different from any with which he is familiar. I telephoned to Columbia University today; you know there is a small colony of Hindu students there, for an expert in Hindu dialects, so we may know the answer to this any time."

Their talk drifted into other matters until it was announced that Ratu Chibra, of Columbia, was awaiting Harrison Grant.

Hennessy and Cavanaugh were waiting with a dark-skinned, intelligent-looking East Indian. He spoke perfect English as greetings were exchanged. Grant then turned to the business of the evening, and as he handed the same lines of letters to Chibra that he had shown to Dixie earlier in the evening, Hennessy started the recording phonograph as a means of preserving any aid the Hindu might be able to give in deciphering the strange jumble.

Chibra looked long and earnestly at the paper which had been placed before him. Not one of the four watching him detected a motion of his features or the muscles of his little body, but yet each one of the four had the impression that his spine hardened and stiffened, that his eyes became wider and his jaw set firmly. After some moments of silence, so complete that the din of the streets nineteen stories below could be clearly discerned, Grant broke the trance by asking:

"Can you make anything of it?"

Without turning his head the Hindu answered. Although he spoke in English his voice had assumed the chanting tone of the East Indian mystic:

Chibra Refuses to Translate the Code.

"It is my life you ask for, sahib. It is written that the chosen shall know that they have been selected. I have already had my call and know those who have been chosen with me. But it is also written that those who are selected shall have a judge among them, and shall also act as judge of one of the chosen. And it is further written that when one speaks of those things which concern only the selected ones to those who are not of the chosen, his judge shall kill him. That is all I can say."

"You mean that to speak of what you see there, would indicate your life would be in danger from some source?" demanded Grant.

"My life would be forfeit," answered the Indian still with his eyes on the paper. "For it is written that if a judge fail in his duty of killing his charge then the name of both the judge and the charge shall be given to all the chosen and they shall both be killed. No one can know all of the chosen, therefore he knows not who to guard himself against. It is unalterable and unpreventable that whosoever of the chosen shall speak of matters concerning the chosen shall die."

"Nonsense, man!" said Grant taking Chibra by the arm and shaking him. "Wake up, you are in America in the twentieth century, not in India in the fourteenth."

"You do not know, sahib," answered the Hindu drawing himself to a dignity which made Grant look rather awkward. "On those papers are sacred plans of the chosen, plans with which I am not in sympathy, but plans of which I may not speak. As I love my life, I must hope you fail in discovering them, for my judge, although he is unknown to me, knows of my presence here tonight as surely as I know every move of my charge. If you are successful in discovering these plans my life ceases."

In vain Grant offered him all the protection the Criminology Club could offer, and Dixie assured him that any means which she could be instrumental in getting would be forthcoming. Chibra remained obdurate; in fact, could not even be induced to look at the message a second time. Finally, he was permitted to depart.

"It looks as if we had come a cropper," remarked Hennessey.

"Far from it," responded Grant. "At least it has been established that they are messages, and that they are Hindu. That forms a working basis, and copies have been sent to the bureau in Washington, so it is only a matter of time before we have the translations at our disposal."

"Provided the code can be deciphered," commented Hennessey.

"There is no cipher that cannot be traveled by the Washington bureau," said Grant. "But from the eagerness with which Chibra recognized their importance I think that the message contains something of importance."

code. Probably written outright in some of the rarer Hindu dialects."

A short time later, back in his own room with only Dixie within hearing distance, Grant said:

"The fact that those messages are Hindu means a great deal more than I just told Hennessey and Cavanaugh. It is pretty conclusive evidence that German agents are again active in some plot against America and using the same tools from Von Bernstorff right on down through the whole choice crew of spies and murderers."

"Isn't there a chance that it may be an outbreak of the East Indian conspiracy which has been going on at intervals for the last twenty years?" interposed Dixie.

"It might be, except for some information which Mrs. Blank has given me," responded Grant. "And by the way, since you mentioned it, it is becoming more apparent every day that Germany has been responsible for most of the internal disturbances in English colonies since late in the nineties when the plans for the present war were first embarked upon seriously. But this information from Mrs. Blank. It is to the effect that Van Bernstorff, Doctor Albert and Baroness Verbecht are almost daily attendants at the service in a temple organized for the study of occultism by three Hindus in a farmhouse on Long Island."

"It would look as if that ought to be investigated, the temple, I mean," said Dixie. "Anything that trio touch is bound to show signs of slimy treachery."

"I agree with you that it is worthy of investigation now," answered Grant. "When Mrs. Blank first told me of the new diversion of the German Ambassador, I thought perhaps that it was merely a pastime. Von Bernstorff always has been more or less of a mystic. But I sent to Washington for a full report of any activities in regard to India, and here is the result."

He produced a sheaf of documents and handed them to Dixie.

"You will notice that most of it is old, but there is one dispatch there which was only suppressed by the censors last week. It was offered by a thoroughly reliable news agency for transmission to England."

Aware of German Activity In India

Dixie took the suppressed dispatch and read it with interest.

"The situation in India is growing grave. Since October, 1914, there have been numerous local mutinies of Mohammedan native troops, one practically succeeding the other. From recent reports it appears that the Hindu troops are preparing to join the mutineers.

"The Afghan army is reported to be ready to attack India. The army holds a position on one side of the Tuk River. British troops are entrenched on the other side. The three bridges crossing the stream have been blown up, and grave fears are held as to the outcome of the expected battle, because of the smallness of the forces of the empire when contrasted to the number of the Afghan troops.

"Mutineers have stormed and taken the arsenal of the garrison located on the Kathiawar Peninsula. Railroad and wireless stations have been destroyed. The Sikh troops have been removed from Kathiahsan. It is now garrisoned by English, Mohammedan and Hindu troops. The Twenty-third Cavalry Regiment at Lahore has revolted; the police station and town house were stormed. The Indian troops in Somaliland and Labakoran are trying to effect a junction with the Senussi. At Peshmah is reported to be ready for a revolt.

"There is great unrest, accompanied by street fighting, in Calcutta. In Lahore a bank has been broken into and robbed. Reports of many Englishmen killed have come from the northwestern district, with many stores and munitions captured by the mutineers. A relief train is reported to have been repulsed.

"Everywhere there is great unrest. In Benares a bank has been stormed. Chitrak reports serious revolts with barracks and Government buildings destroyed. The Hurti Martin brigade, under General Sir E. Wood, has been ordered there. The deputy commissioner of Lahore was wounded by a bomb, thrown when he was attending a bazaar. Soldiers threw bombs at the carriage of the Maharajah of Mysore, killing a child, two servants and severely wounding his wife. Communications with Ceylon are interrupted but reports received indicate that a state of war has been declared there."

"English papers would make a pretty stringent inquiry as to the source of such stuff before printing it," said Dixie as she finished reading it.

"Naturally," said Grant, "but they would have been satisfied. The news agency which filed it believed it was from their own correspondent in India. It came into the San Francisco wire over their leased line. Censors recognized it as being based upon a report which was started for the Wilhelmstrasse from agents in this country. They started an inquiry and apparently the agency wires had been tapped, because the message never originated in India."

"But there is just enough truth in it to cause unrest in England," commented Dixie. "And also to cause distrust of the native Indian troops which are doing much in France."

"Further than that, Dixie," said Grant, "it would give every week-kneed cowardly traitor in India nerve to join in if Germany succeeded in starting a mutiny of any size."

"It seems to me as if the coincidence of this sort of stuff being sent through the wireless and Von Bernstorff's sudden interest in Hindu occultism will bear looking into."

"Just what I was going to ask you to help on," said Grant. "Mrs. Blank can look after everything that is obvious and it is up to us to find out what is under the surface."

A discussion as to the ways and means followed, with the result that Dixie and Grant both started for Long Island that night.

Dixie and Grant Start Investigations

Grant went as president of the Criminology Club to check up at express and freight offices upon shipments to or from the Temple of Occultism. Dixie carried with her a box of grease paints, a gray wig and some cheap clothing.

The purpose of these became apparent the next morning when a decrepit old woman, driving a horse which seemed as old as herself, drove up to the rear of the door of the converted farm house which housed the temple. The old woman alighted, and taking a basket of eggs from under the seat, started for the door in a quavering walk. From the feeble, cautious steps she took, the woman might be nearly blind, but under the shaggy gray eyebrows and the red granulated lids, the keen eyes of Dixie Mason were darting about, taking in every detail of the premises.

Before the Hindu servants started expostulating with her that they required no eggs Dixie had seen that the windows of more than half the house had been shaded with black screens. The servants, after trying to make an apparently deaf old woman understand that they wanted nothing, turned back into the house and left Dixie to her own devices. No sooner were the servants out of sight inside than Dixie darted into a passageway leading to the portion of the house where the windows had been covered.

The passage was not a long one but it was intensely dark. Dixie, although moving cautiously, was startled at the noise she made in coming up against a closed door. After a wait to satisfy herself that the noise had not caused an alarm, she tried the door and found it unlocked. She opened it cautiously, just enough to permit her to peer through.

Under her eyes was a shipping and packing room of a size capable of handling the output of a large mercantile concern. A score or more of Hindus were busy unpacking crates and repacking the contents into others under the direction of a man well known to Dixie, Heinrich von Lert. And the goods which were being so busily unpacked and repacked were rifles, munitions, explosives and bombs. An elevator in the middle of the floor, which seemed to sink into the bowels of the earth from the length of cable which was unwound when it was lowered, seemed to be the only entrance or exit to the room with the exception of the one in which Dixie stood.

Resolved to learn more of this elevator, Dixie decided upon a daring move. Waiting until the attention of every one in the room was occupied with some task, she darted into the shipping-room, leaving the door open behind her. Before she was observed, she had assumed the feeble half-blinded walk with which she had approached the house. She had nearly gotten to the elevator when she was observed.

Heinrich von Lertz leaned toward her and seized her arm roughly.

"Here, you old hag, what are you doing here?" he demanded, in a frightened voice.

Dixie turned her red-rimmed, watery eyes up toward his face. Then in a thin, quavery voice she said:

"It is a young gentleman, I know from the voice. Maybe you will help me to find my horse and wagon. It seems as if I have walked miles and I can't find the outside door."

Von Lertz scrutinized her carefully, and then, apparently satisfied with her story, took her by the arm and guided her carefully back through the passage to the door in the yard. There he left her, and Dixie could hear him soundly berating the servants as she held herself to a slow, tottering walk to her vehicle, despite her eagerness to reach Harrison Grant with her news.

"I am not surprised to hear that you found no evidence of any unusual shipment," she said to the leader of the Criminology Club, after she had told him of her discovery in the farmhouse. "For I got near enough to the elevator shaft to smell salt water. Their contraband goods is carried by boat to some shipping point."

Grant knew that Dixie could not be mistaken, despite the fact that the farmhouse was nearly a mile from the nearest salt water—Long Island Sound. Without delaying for discussion, a motorboat was procured, and within an hour they were touring the shore line. They began at a place about five miles away from the nearest point to the farmhouse, and, running at slow speed, scanned the shore line for a cliff or shrubbery which might mask the end of a tunnel.

The physical aspect of the shore line was disappointing, in producing possible places for the concealment of a tunnel. It was a long, low sandy beach. The first sign of life which they noted was a lone fisherman out on a small promontory, who seemed to be setting lobster pots. About a half-mile farther on there was a launch drawn up close to the shore, with two men tinkering on the engine. As they hailed from Grant as to whether he could render any assistance was answered by the statement that it was merely a wet wire that had interfered with the spark which caused them to stop and that no help was needed. Farther on another promontory disclosed a second lobster fisherman.

Searching for the Tunnel

"I didn't know this was such good lobster grounds as to warrant setting pots within a mile of each other," commented Dixie.

"Neither did I," answered Grant "and as soon as we get out of his sight I am going to land and find out if he really is a fisherman. Did you notice that each of those fishermen was in an ideal position to warn the boat we saw, if they were placed there for that purpose?"

"Now that you mention it, yes," answered Dixie. "Each of them was on a promontory which shielded the boat from view until after you had passed the fisherman."

"And further than that," added Grant, "as near as I can judge that boat was nearly on a line with the shortest route to the temple from the water."

Grant drove the boat along for a considerable distance before he was satisfied that the lone fisherman could no longer distinguish it. Then he headed it into the bank, and after pulling it well upon shore, Dixie and he started retracing their route on foot. Grant chose a path which took them almost a quarter of a mile from the water where the wooded section of the shore commenced. Once in the shelter of the trees their progress was rapid.

When they reached a position directly back of the fisherman who had aroused Grant's suspicions, they found their further progress blocked by a newly built barb wire fence. Grant held Dixie back while he examined the strands.

"We have found something," he announced. "This wire is strung for the purpose of warning people some place or other when any one climbs through it or over it. It is a veritable burglar alarm similar to those employed in large business houses. The fence ends almost by the fisherman. I am going to take a chance on assaulting an innocent party by attempting to put him out of commission before he can give a warning. I hate to do this, but there isn't a chance of creeping up on him."

As he spoke he drew an automatic revolver from his pocket. From the same pocket he drew two extra sections of barreling for it and rapidly screwed them onto the end of the regular barrel. Then he attached a silencer. When assembled the automatic had a longer barrel than the regular Colt 45 whose accuracy at long range has become a proverb. Quickly adjusting a wind slight, with which the extra barrel was equipped, Grant knelt and aiming for a second pulled the trigger. There was the suppressed "zing" of a bullet starting on its course but no other sound. The fisherman suddenly crumpled and then fell face forward into the sand.

"Creased him, I think," said Grant as he and Dixie ran toward the fallen man. "The heat of a bullet just grazing the top of the skull will paralyze the brain for a short period, causing no bad effects except a headache for a few hours, a system frequently used for capturing wild horses."

Grant's aim had been perfect. As they knelt to examine the man they found an angry red welt along the top of his scalp, a wound which was scarcely bleeding, so delicate had been the touch of the bullet.

"I could have forgiven myself if it had killed him," said Grant pointing to an object in the sand, and he knelt to bind and gag the man who was already commencing to show signs of returning consciousness. The object he pointed to was an ordinary electric push button.

"Evidently the first fisherman signaled our approach, giving the boat ample time to assume an innocent aspect," commented Dixie, "and then this man signaled that we had passed and that they were safe from observation."

"The scheme exactly, I think," said Grant, and then as he finished binding his prisoner, "Come on, he will be all right here."

Interior of Sayville wireless station with operator at work

They once more sought the woods as a place of concealment and then made their way rapidly toward the point where the boat had been lying. In a few moments it was in view, and also a strange sight. Two square sections of the beach seemed to be tilted upward and from the hole thus made boxes, many of them, were being taken and carried to the boat.

"Clever," commented Grant, "although simple. The mouth of the tunnel was closed with two doors flush with the beach and then they were covered over with sand, making them invisible except when one was very close to them. A good example of camouflage."

They watched the loading of the boat for some time. Then Grant becokoned to Dixie and led the way farther back into the woods.

"The boat is higher in the water than when we passed," he said. "Evidently we interrupted the unloading of a cargo, and the reloading has just been started. The Sound Boat Club, where it will be easy to procure a speedy launch, is only about ten miles from here. While I go there and get a craft which can trail up with anything in these waters, will you go to the other boat and watch from the promontory to guard against the launch leaving before I returned?"

A nod from Dixie and they separated, Grant to walk only half a mile when he came to a road upon which two automobiles were passing frequently. He had no trouble in getting speedily to his destination. He knew several of the boat-club members and every craft in commission was offered to him. Choosing a speed boat which had registered forty-two miles an hour on her trials, he started back at the best speed the motors could produce.

Dixie reported that everything had been quiet during his absence. The spy had recovered consciousness, and Dixie, with womanly compassion for suffering, had eased his aching head somewhat with a cool bandage.

The shadows of approaching night soon began to darken the shores. Grant picked up the German spy and carried him to the speed boat. Then, in order not to leave any explanation to any one who might come to relieve the captive, the launch was hitched to the back of the speed boat and towed into the sound, there to be turned adrift. Grant then turned the speed boat back in the direction of the tunnel's end.

As they arrived, they saw the lights of the German craft just moving away from shore. Grant fell in close behind and adapting his speed to that of the strange craft, settled down for a stern chase. The launch, which both Grant and Dixie felt sure was loaded with crates and boxes similar to those which Dixie had seen in the farmhouse in the morning, headed straight for New York, and held to the course.

Trailing the German Agents

Morning had nearly arrived when the launch headed into a dock on the Brooklyn waterfront. There three trucks were awaiting and the cargo was quickly transferred. Grant and Dixie landed at a wharf several yards distant, and then crept back to where the launch was unloading. As the first rays of morning light made objects distinct the trucks were disclosed as bearing the name of one of the largest shippers in Brooklyn.

"No numbers, however," said Grant. "Evidently some more camouflage."

The little Secret Service operative and the president of the Criminology Club had no difficulty in following the trucks after they had left the dock. They went directly across the lower part of Brooklyn to Brooklyn Bridge, across to New York and then to the ferries to Jersey City. Here the crates were all unloaded into an express receiving station. Waiting until the trucks had unloaded and had departed under the surveillance of members of the Criminology Club, whom Grant had summoned by telephone, he and Dixie entered the express office. Their credentials gained them readily the information they wanted, the addresses to which the packages were consigned. After he had made careful note of them, and had also taken other addresses from the express book of destinations of packages which had been brought by the same trucks on previous days, Grant ordered all the boxes confiscated. Then he broke one open and found what he expected. Rifles and cartridges. Another showed bombs fashioned after the latest mode of manufacture used in the trenches in Europe.

After leaving the express office Grant and Dixie each filed a long message to Washington. Then they ordered a hearty breakfast, the first cooked meal they had had since the previous morning. After eating they went direct to the Criminology Club, where messages were awaiting them from Washington granting the co-operation which had been requested. From then until early in the evening they were busy sending instructions for raids to points in every part of the United States which had been indicated by the addresses gained from the express packages.

Shortly after the clock had struck 8, the hour set for the raids, the first report reached Grant at the Criminology Club. It was from the Temple of Occultism on Long Island. The net there had captured the first of many who were later to be convicted of sedition in the courts in San Francisco. The names given on the list of prisoners contained those of Dr. U. Chakraborty, Dr. E. Sakunna and H. L. Gupta, but Heinrich von Lertz had not been found on the premises. From New Jersey came a report that the raid had disclosed that a school, teaching method of bomb manufacture and the latest uses to which heavy explosives could be used, had been conducted by Dhirenda Kumar Sarkar. Ram Chandra and a number of lesser lights were caught in San Francisco. A school of instruction for officers under the tutelage of Yada Sarif near Seattle was raided. Frederick Jabson, a former officer in the German navy, was caught on the Pacific coast also. He had two ships all outfitted for transporting the army which was being raised and trained in the United States for a rebellion against England in India. Many other places in various sections yielded their quota of prisoners, and evidence of the extent to which the Imperial German plot against England, fomented on the neutral soil of the United States had progressed. Last but not least all of the German operators were removed peremptorily from the wireless station at Sayville. As the total of the number of prisoners mounted and the mass of evidence increased, Grant remarked to Dixie, who had been seated near him:

"Here endeth the great Hindu conspiracy."

But there was another prisoner yet to be taken.

"A lady to see you, sir." It was a club attendant at the door to Grant's office, and close behind him was a woman whom the president of the Criminology Club recognized as maid to Mrs. Blank.

Message Carried by Baroness Verbecht

"My mistress wants you to come to her apartment at once," said the maid. "Make no excuse for coming, and bring a bottle of acetic acid, she said, sir."

Grant asked no questions, despite the unusual character of the request. A few minutes later he was in his motor, and making only the stop necessary to procure the acid, he drove directly to the apartment which Von Bernstorff had fitted up for Mrs. Blank when she left her husband.

"I am sure you don't mind if I wait here until another car comes," he said as he was admitted to the apartment, bowing to Mrs. Blank. From another room came the banging of a door. Mrs. Blank winked significantly. Harrison Grant continued, talking now in a much louder tone. "My car broke down just outside your door. I saw the light in your window, then caught sight of you reading. So I felt I would not be detrop."

"Not at all. And by the way," Mrs. Blank was using her most courteous tones, "Baroness Verbecht and myself were just talking of you tonight. You know the baroness is staying with me?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Oh, baroness!" Mrs. Blank went to a door and called. "I'm sure you will be interested in seeing Harrison Grant. He has just dropped in for a moment——"

"But, I'm not dressed to receive callers," expostulated the voice of the baroness.

"But you must come out. You know you may not have another opportunity of seeing him."

"I don't——," but Baroness Verbecht thought better of the caustic remark and stopped it halfway. A moment later she came from her room smiling a greeting to Grant. Mrs. Blank tufned to him.

"I was sure you would be glad to see each other," she said in her sweetest tones. "You know, Baroness Verbecht is starting on a quiet but hurried journey."

The Baroness whirled in surprise. A half denial arose to her lips, only to be stifled. Harrison Grant begged permission to smoke, then laughed.

"It was fortunate I dropped in then," he suggested. Mrs. Blank nodded.

"Oh, indeed it is. The baroness has a most important mission. Something has happened to the German operators at Sayville, so the Baroness has been intrusted with most important messages for San Francisco by very high officials."

An exclamation of rage burst from the lips of Baroness Verbecht as she came forward.

"It would be well for you to mind your own business," she exclaimed to Mrs. Blank. "What I may or may not be doing can be of no interest to Mr. Grant."

"On the contrary," interposed Grant. "I am greatly interested. I would gladly hear more of this honor which has been given you."

"There is nothing more to be said." The Baroness started sullenly for her room. Mrs. Blank went to her side soothingly.

"Don't be angry," she cooed. "Harrison Grant is alway so interested in such things that I thought——"

"You never had a thought in your life," snapped the spy. "Please let go my arm. I must——"

"You must stay right here until you have told Harrison Grant of the message which was intrusted to you by the gentlemen who just left your room." Mrs. Blank had suddenly changed her expression and tone. The Imperial German spy gasped.

"There are no messages," she began haltingly.

"No? And I suppose no combination of acids to make writing invisible?"

"I refuse to be questioned."

"You are making things very hard for yourself, Baroness," said Mrs. Blank sweetly and while she was speaking she had placed both her hands on the woman spy. She pulled them back suddenly. There was a ripping and tearing of cloth. Most of the upper part of the blouse worn by the Baroness was in the hands of Mrs. Blank, and the muscular shoulders of the German woman were bared. A scream from the lips of Baroness Verbecht. Scratching, tearing, raging, she leaped at Mrs. Blank, but before she could reach her, she found her wrists caught in the firm grasp of Harrison Grant.

"Where is the acid," asked Mrs. Blank, "in my side pocket."

The bottle came forth. A sweetish, sticky odor permeated the room as Mrs. Blank opened the bottle and saturated a handkerchief with the liquid. Then, as Grant held the struggling form of the woman spy, Mrs. Blank carefully patted the smooth muscles of Baroness Verbecht's shoulders with the handkerchief. For a moment nothing appeared. Then dimly the letters of written words began to show on the skin. They became clearer as Mrs. Blank continued the applications of the acid, and finally they stood forth brilliantly revealing the desperate orders issued by Dr. Albert and Von Bernstorff when they learned that the wireless could be of no further use to them.

"Communications via Sayville have been stopped. Start mutiny at once. Delay dangerous. A."

Harrison Grant smiled.

"I might as well tell you," he said. "Your little trip would have been in vain. The mutineers have already been arrested."

A vile Teutonic oath broke from the lips of the supposed refined woman. She snarled at Grant and tried to bite his hand. Grant laughed quietly.

"So the serpent can bite also." Then, changing his tone: "Baroness Verbecht, your little game is over. You are under arrest. If you care to go quietly, I will drive you to the Tombs. If not, I can summon an ordinary patrol wagon and have you taken there. I would prefer the former way, but it is for you to choose."

There was a moment of silence. The features of Germany's chief of women spies worked convulsively. Then the tears came, and Harrison Grant released his grip on her wrists.

"My work is over," said Baroness Verbecht, slowly. "I will not resist you."

As the clanging steel gates of the Tombs closed behind Harrison Grant, after he had left Baroness Verbecht in charge of the matron inside, he suddenly thought of Ratu Chibra. As much for the sake of the refreshing air as anything else, he drove to the boarding house which he had learned housed the young Hindu student.

"He isn't in," said the landlady in response to Grant's request to see Chibra, "and I am a little worried about him. He has frequently out late, but this afternoon when he went to his classes he told me that he would be back at 6 o'clock, because he was expecting an important letter. The letter has come and he isn't here."

Grant showed his badge and, accompanied by the landlady, went to the room occupied by Chibra. The landlady gasped when she saw the interior. It was topsy turvy, as if every receptacle in it had been carefully ransacked. The letter was gone, and in fact, everything else which concerned the young Hindu personally. On the dresser was a note: "I shall no longer require this room. R. Chibra."

But the landlady declared that the note was not in the handwriting of her lodger, an opinion which Grant later cerified by an examination of papers written by the Hindu at the college. Grant resolved to find out if Ratu's judge had escaped the net thrown out for the Hindu conspirator, and had wreaked the vengeance of which the Hindu student had spoken, but it was a task which had to be postponed, for German agents were again active on a desperate plan to injure America.

Next Saturday's episode, No. 19—"The Menace of the I. W. W."

Closing of Sayville Wireless Station by the Government Hastens Plotters to Action, but Their Plans Are Frustrated by Uncle Sam

COMBINED CAMPAIGN FOR CAMP WORK FUND

Fosdick Explains Plan of Drive During Week of November 11

Washington, Aug. 17.

Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities of the War Department, who has represented the Government in the negotiations with the organizations which led to the joint agreement for a union campaign for funds, just announced, made the following statement:

"I am sure that the country will cordially indorse the action taken by the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the War Camp Community Service and the American Library Association in holding a common campaign for funds during the week of November 11, 1918. It is not only in accord with common sense, but it is in line with the spirit of co-operation that is making it possible for us to win the war.

"The plan has the hearty approval of the President, the Secretary of War and the Council of National Defense, and I do not believe that there is any doubt that under this new arrangement the societies will gain their full quotas in every community.

"I am naturally sorry that it was impossible at this late date to effect a joint campaign of all seven organizations engaged together in this service for the American army and navy. Differences as regards fiscal periods and financial needs and the fact that the campaign plans of some of the societies were greatly advanced over those of others made it impossible to achieve the end which was sought.

"I am confident, however, that the country will regard these two combined drives as part of the same campaign, and will loyally support the work of both groups, inasmuch as the seven societies are engaged in a common program of service for our men at home and abroad, without regard to affiliation, creed or race."

WILSON VISITS BOSTON BUT ISN'T RECOGNIZED

President, Wife and Colonel House Tour City in Auto

Manchester, Mass., Aug. 17.

President Wilson, with Mrs. Wilson and Colonel and Mrs. E. M. House, took an automobile sightseeing trip through Boston last night unrecognized by the thousands of persons in the busiest streets of the city. The President's machine, followed by two cars containing secret service men, even passed through newspaper row undetected.

Taking advantage of a perfect evening the party motored along the shore boulevard through Salem and Lynn, paused to watch the merrymakers at Revere Beach and passed through Chelsea to Boston.

The Italian quarter in the north end was visited and the old Paul Revere house. Then the machines went by Faneuil Hall and the old State House and passed the spot where the Boston massacre occurred. The party rolled leisurely through the narrow winding thoroughfare of newspaper row, observing the crowds with interest and smiling at escaping without being recognized.

It was a day that naturally lured a person out of doors, and the President heeded the call early and remained out until late this evening. Before breakfast he went for a walk with Mrs. Wilson. Later he had a round of golf with Dr. Gary T Grayson, his physician, and lunched with Colonel and Mrs. House. During the day Governor McCall dropped in for a few minutes, but, so far as known, there were no other visitors. Word that the President was here drew hundreds of automobile parties to this resort, but the marine guard extended their picket line, and all machines were barred from the road leading to the estate. The President's desire for absolute rest and seclusion was carried out to the letter.

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTATIONS TO WEEK OF AUGUST 19 TO AUGUST 24, 1918, INCLUSIVE
SEE ANNOUNCEMENT DAILY IN THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER

Subject to Change	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ALHAMBRA (a) 12th, Morris & Passyunk Av.	William Farnum in The Plunderer	William Farnum in The Plunderer	William Farnum in The Plunderer	To Hell With the Kaiser	To Hell With the Kaiser	To Hell With the Kaiser
APOLLO (a) 52d and Thompson Sts.	Pershing's Crusaders	Pershing's Crusaders	Cath. Calvert in A Romance of Underworld	Alice Brady in La View de Duheme	Henry B. Walthall in His Robe of Honor	June Elvidge in Joan of the Woods
ARCADIA (a) Chestnut below 16th St.	Billie Burke in In Pursuit of Polly	Billie Burke in In Pursuit of Polly	Billie Burke in In Pursuit of Polly	Billie Burke in In Pursuit of Polly	Billie Burke in In Pursuit of Polly	Billie Burke in In Pursuit of Polly
BELMONT 52d and Market Sts.	Dorothy Dalton in The Kaiser's Shadow	Dorothy Dalton in The Kaiser's Shadow	Jack Pickford in Jack and Jill	Jack Pickford in Jack and Jill	Elsie Ferguson in Rise of Jennie Cushing	Elsie Ferguson in Rise of Jennie Cushing
BLUEBIRD (a) Broad & Susquehanna Ave.	Kitty Gordon in The Wasp	Marguerite Clark in Uncle Tom's Cabin	Marguerite Clark in Uncle Tom's Cabin	Elsie Ferguson in The Danger Mark	Elsie Ferguson in The Danger Mark	Wallace Reid in Less Than Kin
CEDAR 60th and Cedar Ave.	Pauline Frederick in Her Final Reckoning	Pauline Frederick in Her Final Reckoning	We Can't Have Everything	We Can't Have Everything	Sessue Hayakawa in The City of Dim Faces	Sessue Hayakawa in The City of Dim Faces
COLISEUM (a) Market below 60th St.	Wm. S. Hart in Shark Monroe	Wm. S. Hart in Shark Monroe	Sessue Hayakawa in The City of Dim Faces	Sessue Hayakawa in The City of Dim Faces	Enid Bennett in The Vamp	Enid Bennett in The Vamp
COLONIAL Gtn. and Maplewood Aves.	Alma Reubens in The Sphinx	Alma Reubens in The Sphinx	Alma Reubens in The Sphinx	Alma Reubens in The Sphinx	Alma Reubens in The Sphinx	Alma Reubens in The Sphinx
EMPRESS (a) Main St., Manayunk	Peggy Hyland in Other Men's Daughters	Peggy Hyland in Other Men's Daughters	Peggy Hyland in Other Men's Daughters	Mabel Normand in the Floor Below	Four Years in Germany	Viola Dana in Opportunity
EUREKA 40th and Market Sts.	Mae Marsh in All Woman	Constance Talmadge in Good Night, Paul	Emily Stevens in a Man's World	George Walsh in the Kid Is Clever	George M. Cohan in Hit-the-Trail Holliday	Mary Miles Minter in a Bit of Jade
FAMILY (a) 1311 Market St.	Bryant Washburn The Ghost of the Rancho	Thomas Jefferson in A Hoosier Romance	Fritzi Brunette in Playthings	Gloria Swanson in Shifting Sands	Bessie Barriscale in Maid of the Storm	William S. Hart in Shark Monroe
FAIRMOUNT (a) 29th St. and Girard Ave.	Jewel Carmen in Paying the Piper	Bennett and Holt in A Desert Wooing	Edith Storey in The Demon	Wm. S. Hart in Shark Monroe	Madge Kennedy in The Service Star	Pershing's Crusaders
FRANKFORD 4715 Frankford Ave.	Marguerite Clark in Uncle Tom's Cabin	Marguerite Clark in Uncle Tom's Cabin	Wallace Reid in Less Than Kin	Wallace Reid in Less Than Kin	Enid Bennett in The Biggest Show on Earth	Enid Bennett in The Biggest Show on Earth
56TH ST. THEATRE (a) Below Spruce St.	Mabel Normand in The Venus Model	Mabel Normand in The Venus Model	Catherine Calvert in Romance of Underworld	Bryant Washburn in Twenty-one	Ethel Clayton in The Dormant Power	Carlyle Blackwell in Beloved Blackmailer
GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie Ave.	Clara Kimball Young in The Claw	Clara Kimball Young in The Claw	Francis X. Bushman in A Pair of Cupids	Francis X. Bushman in A Pair of Cupids	Theda Bara in Forbidden Paths	Theda Bara in Forbidden Paths
IMPERIAL (a) 60th and Walnut Sts.	William Farnum in The Conqueror	Louise Glaum in Wedlock	Constance Talmadge in Good Night, Paul	William S. Hart in Hell Hound of Alaska	Thomas Jefferson in The Hoosier Romance	Pershing's Crusaders
JUMBO Front and Girard Ave.	Douglas Fairbanks in Say, Young Fellow	Bessie Barriscale in Within the Cup	June Elvidge in Joan of the Woods	Geo. M. Cohan in Hit-the-Trail Holliday	William Desmond in An Honest Man	Henry B. Walthall in A Fight for Millions
LEADER (a) 41st and Lancaster Ave.	Marguerite Clark in Uncle Tom's Cabin	Marguerite Clark in Uncle Tom's Cabin	Theda Bara in Forbidden Paths	Theda Bara in Forbidden Paths	Cecil de Mille's We Can't Have Everything	Cecil de Mille's We Can't Have Everything
LOCUST 52d and Locust Sts.	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco
MARKET ST. THEATRE (a) 835 Market St.	Madge Evans in Neighbors	Edith Roberts in The Love Swindle	Virginia Pearson in The Liar	Edith Storey in The Demon	Cecil de Mille's We Can't Have Everything	Olga Petrova in Tempered Steel
MODEL (a) 425 South St.	Emmy Wehlen in The House of Gold	Arnold Daly in My Own United States	Constance Talmadge in Good Night, Paul	June Caprice in Miss Innocence	Carlyle Blackwell in The Golden Wall	Grace D'Armond in The Crucible of Life
NIXON 52d and Market Sts.	Charles Ray in The Claws of the Hun	Charles Ray in The Claws of the Hun	Charles Ray in The Claws of the Hun	Charles Ray in The Claws of the Hun	Charles Ray in The Claws of the Hun	Charles Ray in The Claws of the Hun
PALACE (a) 1214 Market St.	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco	Douglas Fairbanks in Bound in Morocco
PRINCESS (a) 1018 Market St.	Mae Marsh in All Woman	May Allison in A Successful Adventure	Jewel Carmen in Paying the Piper	Pershing's Crusaders	June Elvidge in Jo