

Thrilling Experiences of a Woman Spy Who Ran Down German Plotters

MATCHES HER WITS AGAINST ENEMIES WITHIN BORDERS

By "MAUDE MULLER."

I have little of the spirit of adventure in my make-up and, up to the time when this story begins, I should have laughed at the suggestion that I might ever become a "secret service operative"—a woman spy. Yet I bring principally instrumental in bringing about the exposure and arrest of seven German spies in the Dominion of Canada; all of them trained in their profession and skillful enough to have eluded the regular secret service men of Canada and of Scotland Yard, for months.

I can account for my success only in one way. I was so naive and inexperienced that my manner disarmed suspicion, and my crude methods were more direct and effective than those which cleverer people might have adopted. However, you may judge for yourself about that, for I shall set down as simply and accurately as possible all the facts of my experience in the employ of the British secret service, giving names and dates and places, so that anyone who cares to do so, may ascertain that I am not romancing.

Holiday in Quebec.
On Easter Sunday, a little more than two years ago, I was taking a holiday at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec. It had been a rather dull affair for me, for, although the hotel was filled with guests, I was quite alone and unacquainted with anyone. On the next day, I was to return to Montreal, where I was employed as a special writer on one of the newspapers. I was absolutely hungry for human companionship, and I suppose I looked it, as I sat in a chair in the hotel lobby, watching the people pass. My attention was attracted by one couple, a man past middle age, of military bearing, and a pretty young woman, evidently, despite the disparity in their ages, his wife. The man went into the cafe after receiving with mock humility a warning from his pretty wife about the dangers of strong drink. I smiled at the scene, and the pretty woman smiled back at me.

Then she seated herself in a chair beside me, and engaged me in conversation. Her manner was charming and ingratiating. She talked in the most natural and unaffected way about her husband and herself. They had been married three years, and she was much in love with him.

In the Boer War.
He had served with distinction in the Boer war, and had been retired with the rank of colonel. Almost before I knew it, I was telling her all about myself, and, from that I wandered on in casual comment on the affairs of the war as I had observed them from my place in a newspaper office. She invited me to dine with her husband and herself, and I accepted with real gratitude.

They came down to dinner in evening clothes, and, instantly, I felt that the dressing hour, or some reason or other, had been devoted to a discussion about me. I felt rather ill at ease during dinner on account of the manner in which the colonel made the measure of all my qualities, physical and mental. However, the feeling wore off, and I parted with the pair in a very comfortable and pleasant state of mind, regretting, rather, the thought that I was seeing the last of them.

The Surprising Offer.
Two weeks later I was astonished when the colonel and his wife called to see me at my hotel in Montreal, the Coronet. The colonel made me the most extraordinary proposition, but made it in a very quiet and matter-of-fact way.

"In the interval since our first meeting," said he, "I have investigated regarding your antecedents and connections in the United States, and your professional work in Canada.

"I am satisfied that it is quite safe for me to speak frankly to you. I am engaged in the work of the British secret service in Canada and have a position of considerable importance in the organization. I desire to know if you will accept employment as one of our operatives—to do some special work for us. It will not be extremely difficult for you if you are the person I take you to be, and you will be compensated liberally. How would you be disposed to consider such a proposition?"

I grasped it in astonishment. My ideas regarding detectives and spies and adventures and secret service operations were gathered mostly from the E. Phillips Oppenheim novels. I remember that I had to knock back a hysterical declaration that I wasn't prepared to be a secret service spy because I hadn't any decolette gown. However, the colonel quietly and easily described to me the things which he wished me to attempt for the British government, and, at last, I agreed to make the trial. I could hardly believe in the sound of my own voice as I heard myself assenting. Ten days later, having taken the time to end my employment in Montreal, I began work under the colonel's direction.

My first instructions were simply that I should proceed to a hotel in Toronto, register under an assumed name, which the colonel supplied, and await "a person" who would call upon me with further instructions. The colonel gave me three hundred dollars in Canadian bills. Then he and his wife bade me good-by.

Never Saw Him Afterward.
I have never seen them since, but I have been given to understand that he was then and may be now the head of the British intelligence Bureau in America.



"MAUDE MULLER," The woman spy, in employ of the British government, whose thrilling adventures will appear in The Times.

"I don't mind," I answered. "I'm alone here." To detail how our acquaintance progressed would be merely tiresome. One thing, I absolutely stuck to as my best tool of the trade, and I wanted the densest ignorance, almost utter inexperience in everything worldly. I think I acted this role so successfully that John King shrewdly, as he was, deceived. He accepted me at what I seemed, and never uttered a word that might carry offense. He felt that I was making "very poor progress as a secret service agent."

Had Cut Her Finger.
In the afternoon, shortly before the hour when King was to be relieved from duty, I prepared to attempt what seemed a bold and ingenious ruse. I succeeded in a way which rather surprised me. I cut my own finger with my manicure scissors in the morning. I swathed this trifling wound in a long, narrow bandage. Then I rode in John King's car to my own floor, permitting the bandage to become fully unrolled just before I arrived at my landing.

"So, please, see if you can fasten this for me," I said to John King. "I'll go up with you." He looked at me rather curiously, and then stepped his car at the top floor and turned to fasten the bandage for me. As he was bending over my hand, he looked up, and our eyes met. I'm almost ashamed to tell it, but I must confess that I did my best to look interested and interesting. I was doing a little siren to the best of my purely amateur ability. John King was quick and deft about the bandage, but he was equally quick and deft about other things.

"What will you do when you have to leave it again?" he said. "I shall have to call on you, if you don't mind," I answered. "I'm alone here." To detail how our acquaintance progressed would be merely tiresome. One thing, I absolutely stuck to as my best tool of the trade, and I wanted the densest ignorance, almost utter inexperience in everything worldly. I think I acted this role so successfully that John King shrewdly, as he was, deceived. He accepted me at what I seemed, and never uttered a word that might carry offense. He felt that I was making "very poor progress as a secret service agent."

DEAD MUST BOW TO GARFIELD.
LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 27.—Under a ruling by the Standard Oil Company's Bryan, chapel funeral services, except where an "emergency" exists, are not necessary, and undertakers must obey the "Monday" rules made by National Administrator Garfield.

WAR MEASURES DELAYED BY PROHIBITION, HE SAYS.
Henry C. Maine, of Rochester, N. Y., has written to members of Congress, charging that war inefficiency has resulted from Congress giving too much attention to liquor legislation, and not enough to measures for preparedness. Mr. Maine declares that the Anti-Saloon League deliberately blocked war measures until prohibition bills had been disposed of. He charges the league with being "obstinate for the purposes of Bernstein."

must have hurried to reach this vicinity ahead of me. I fell back and crossed the street, stepping into a doorway just as the man with the missing button looked back to see who might be behind. He did not see me standing in the shadows of the doorway.

Didn't Notice Excitement.
It is astonishing that King didn't notice my excitement. And, as a counter-sensation I began to feel sorry for John King, for I knew now that he was a spy and that—somebody or another—I was going to expose him, and have him sent to prison. He was a clean cut, good-looking chap, too, always well groomed, though very quietly dressed. I couldn't think of any way to get out of the room. After dinner, King walked with me nearly to my hotel as usual, and then bade me a sentimental good-night.

In Opposite Direction.
He strolled leisurely out of the post-office and started away in the direction opposite to the one I was to follow. I went toward the place of my engagement, walking slowly in order to pass the extra time. I stopped in a little shop to purchase some small article of wear. When I came out, the man with the missing button was walking directly in front of me. That astonished me, for I had certainly seen him start off the other way. And, while he was now walking slowly, he

Getting a Clue.
I got credit for very extraordinary shrewdness in finding out how John King got his mail, but I was astonished to the discovery by the absent accident. I had an engagement to meet King at still another restaurant. He did not often go to the same place twice. I had begun really to suspect that he was not what he seemed, though at first I was quite convinced he was merely an honest, soft-hearted young working boy. We had drunk some wine the night before, and he had grown quite talkative. He evinced a knowledge of literature and of the works of some of the questionable philosophers which no man in his station would be likely to have. I was thinking of this as I started out to meet him. Being rather early for my appointment, I stopped in a stationer's shop and bought some picture postals. I had formed the habit of going to the postoffice to mail picture post cards, believing that I might possibly meet King there getting his mail. It was the barest thread of a hope. It was something that no experienced detective would have bothered doing, probably. It gave me my clue.

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CANADA AND U. S. COMBED BY ABLE WOMAN OPERATOR

coat with the missing button entered the postoffice, I was to let the fact be known by dropping my hand bag. I waited two days until he came. Then, when I gave the prearranged signal, I saw a man in postman's uniform follow John King's letter carrier into the postoffice. I was so excited and interested that I crossed over to watch the developments. I saw the man in the postman's uniform follow John King's letter carrier into the postoffice. I was so excited and interested that I crossed over to watch the developments. I saw the man in the postman's uniform follow John King's letter carrier into the postoffice. I was so excited and interested that I crossed over to watch the developments.

TEN MILLION TONS OF CONCRETE SHIPS IN YEAR POSSIBLE
Ten million tons of concrete ships may be built in a year, Roy H. Robbins, of Chicago, has told the Senate Commerce Committee.

Also Secret Service.
The postman and the old woman with the basket were our operatives. They merely completed in an ordinary way the work which you had begun. The credit is all yours, and I have pleasure in handing you the bonus which was promised you. Within a few days you will have your next assignment. It will take you to another city and you will be known there as "Maude Muller."

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