

THE PLOT AGAINST THE FLEET--CHAPTER THREE OF THE EAGLE'S EYE

The True Story of the Imperial German Government's Spies and Intrigues in America

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service

Novelized by Courtney Ryley Cooper

U. S. Fleet, Reviewed by President, Saved by American Woman Who Toyed With German Spies

"What's happening on the dictograph?" Harrison Grant asked the question as he entered the room adjacent to the Hohenzollern Club and looked anxiously toward Dick Stewart, the operative, who sat with the receiver to his ear. Stewart shook his head.

"Same old thing. Arguments, conversation, jokes, drinks, toasts to the Kaiser. That's all I can catch. It's just the same as it's been ever since the night of the Naval Ball. You don't suppose that they could have gotten a tip that we're in here, do you?" Harrison Grant shook his head.

"Hardly," was his answer. "We would have known something about it. They'd rip that dictograph out so quickly they'd drag you through the hole after it. No—they're simply doing their talking in other places, that is all. The investigator looked at his watch.

"Nearly midnight," he yawned. "You'd better go home and get some sleep," the operative broke in. "Cavanaugh and I will keep watch—and let you know the minute anything happens. Don't you think that's a wise plan?"

Harrison Grant, with his ever present happy nature, smiled in spite of the fatigue that hung heavily upon him. "I think you must know how much sleep I haven't had," was his comment. "And to tell the truth—I haven't had any since the night of the Naval Ball."

He turned to the door, giving his men their final instructions for the night. And as he made his way homeward, the telephone lines were crackling between New York and Washington, with Ambassador Bernstorff at one end and Karl Boy-Ed, naval attaché, at the other. Nearby sat Captain Franz von Papen and Dr. Heinrich Albert, waiting for the result of the conversation. At last Boy-Ed turned from the telephone.

"Bernstorff's anxious about our plans for tomorrow," he announced. "I told him not to worry."

"Well, there isn't anything to worry about, is there?" Von Papen hunched forward in his chair. "Not if everything's all right at the shack," answered Boy-Ed. "That's up to von Lertz. I instructed him to examine the torpedo and to be sure that the men had everything in working shape. Then he was to report to us."

brain; she could not see mirrored there: A rambling shack on Staten Island near Fort Wadsworth. The figures of men as they hurried about the tool-strewn room, one of them working on an intricate wireless controller, the other polishing and fitting the last necessities of a great, shining torpedo, which rested in place to be swung to a manhole connecting with a tunnel below, which, in turn, ran to a wharf facing almost the Narrows of New York harbor.

No, Dixie could not see. All she could know was that something was on Heinrich von Lertz's mind, that he acted tonight like he had acted the night of the naval ball, and that she was sure that before morning she would have some clue—some means of knowing what was engaging his attention. And while they rode to the Ten Mile House, the sporting element and habitues of the lavender life, two members of the Criminology Club suddenly straightened and listened harder than ever at the dictograph connecting them with the Hohenzollern Club. Dick Stewart turned.

"It sounds like Boy-Ed and von Papen," he announced. "But they're not talking about anything in particular. They've settled down to a game of cards—and they're acting like they're waiting for some one. Maybe we'll get a tip on who it is."

For hours later, the tip had come. "Boy-Ed and von Papen are in there waiting for von Lertz," announced Stewart. "They've been in there ever since a little after midnight, playing cards and drinking. Then about an hour ago they began to get nervous. After that, they began to watch the clock and to talk about von Lertz. I don't think there was any necessity for waking you up. Then one of them said something about the fleet, and I got nervous."

"The fleet?" Grant asked. "That's all I could catch. Seems von Lertz is attending to something about the fleet—but neither one of them has mentioned what it is. Wait a minute!"

The operative leaned forward to the dictograph again. "They're sending a man to see why von Lertz hasn't reported."

Grant went quickly forward. He took the receiver from Stewart's hand and beckoned to Cavanaugh. "Take Stewart's place," he ordered. "Stewart, you cover the man. See where he goes. Report to me at the club."

"I'm not in the habit of being kissed," answered Dixie Mason, pointing. Von Lertz straightened. "Goo' little girl! he praised her. Goo' little girl! I am now more fascinated than ever! Good-night!"

"Good-night!" echoed Dixie Mason, glancing at the light of dawn without. Then, as Heinrich von Lertz strode forth, she turned quickly to one side. Hurriedly she opened a little memorandum book that she had extracted from the pocket of the German plotter while she had struggled with him to prevent the kiss that he had sought to implant on her lips. Quickly she scanned the pages, finally to start forward, an involuntary cry breaking from her lips. She glanced hastily down the street toward von Lertz's machine, then ran toward a taxi stand at the corner.

"Follow that machine that just left here!" she ordered, as she hurried into the car. Then, taking out her Secret Service commission and passing it before the eyes of the chauffeur, she admonished: "The safety of the Atlantic fleet depends on us! Don't lose sight of that machine for an instant! Where it goes we're going, and the man who is in it must not know we're following!"

"Don't worry, lady," came the quiet answer of the chauffeur. "I'll keep him in sight." Dixie Mason leaned back in the machine again. Once more she brought forth the notebook. Again she looked at the line which had burned itself into her brain—a line that read: "Examine torpedo before fleet sails."

A half hour later Von Lertz's machine was on the ferry, crossing to Staten Island, while Von Lertz himself dozed in the tonneau, little knowing that just behind him, on the same ferry, was another machine containing a person very much awake, Dixie Mason, determined to learn just exactly where he was going and who he intended to see there.

So much for the ally who was working for the said Harrison Grant. And in the meantime the person upon whom he had really counted was having his difficulties. Far over on Staten Island the spy whom Dick Stewart had trailed from the Criminology Club had turned into a thick underbrush, circled, seen the man behind him, lain in wait, and then, with one powerful blow, felled him, hurrying on toward the shack and workers on the torpedo.

But that delay, while it had placed Dick Stewart in a position where he could no longer follow the spy from the Hohenzollern Club, had saved Dixie Mason from an embarrassing position. For that delay had been just long enough for Dixie Mason to see Heinrich von Lertz enter the shack, to watch him leave again, then to allow the little daredevil of the Secret Service to creep to the shack, ascend an old ladder which she found leaning against the building, and peep through the old trap in the roof. And there she saw:

"Where to now?" he asked. "A telephone—just as quick as you can make it!" Dixie answered. Her voice was faint from the pain of her sprained ankle. "How about a doctor for that foot?" The driver was staring at the expression of agony on the girl's features. "Never mind that. Where's a telephone?"

"In a roadhouse, down the line about three miles." "Get to it—hurry!" A moment more and the machine was scurrying along the lonely road toward the roadhouse, and toward the warning that Dixie sought to send the Secret Service. But as the machine roared its way along through the early morning, the spy from the Hohenzollern Club entered the shack on Staten Island, his eyes wide with excitement, his voice snapping as he sent the men scurrying faster than ever in their work.

"There's danger! I just knocked a Secret Service man over in the woods. They're after us! Bar that door and barricade it! We've got to get this torpedo into place before they catch our trail. Every minute means danger!" Slowly the torpedo swung at its fastenings. The spy from the Hohenzollern Club lifted the cover of the manhole. And as the spies in the employ of imperial Germany started to lower the torpedo into the sewer Dixie Mason clung grimly to the torch at the roadhouse, waiting for the answering voice from the other end of the wire. At last it came—the voice of Chief Flynn, who had just entered the office for the day. His voice was keen and bright as the warning from Dixie came over the wire. Hastily he assembled the facts as she told them. Then:

"A good night's work. Go home to bed. I'll handle everything." He lifted another phone and called the Criminology Club. "Busy," reported Central. For Dick Stewart was at that moment detailing the story of the assault upon him and the reasons he had failed in his quest. But Chief Flynn was already working on another angle of the protection of the Atlantic fleet.

A quick call to the harbor police. A moment later and with a scurrying rush the power launches of the New York police department, their machine guns ready for instant action, shot forth into the bay. Another call and the chief gained a clear view to the Criminology Club. A few crisp orders and Grant and his men were scurrying by motor to Staten Island to pick up Stewart on the way and rush to the shack that had housed the torpedo. But would they reach there in time? Grant would have given much to know.

Out in the bay, here, there, everywhere, the boats of the harbor police were scattering, up toward the great, monstrous forms of the battleships, where flags fluttered, the preparations were being made for the start of the President's review, searching under wharves, around lighters, hurrying to the protection

of the Mayflower, whence the President would review the fleet—searching the harbor in their search for suspicious characters, seeking everywhere for the torpedo that was planned to send a flagship to its doom, block the great Atlantic fleet in New York harbor and cripple the defense of the greatest nation in the world.

But so far the torpedo was safe from their search. In the dark confines of the sewer, it had been lowered and shunted to its mouth, where it lay concealed from view under the piling of an old dock. Back in the shack, Schmidt, the electrician, labored furiously on the last connection that would make the torpedo available for its deadly use—the wireless controller.

Hurriedly he made the finishing touches, while down at the mouth of the sewer, the plotters watched the gathering boats across the way, the waving flags, and bright-hued decorations that shone and shimmered with the bright sunlight of morning. From far in the distance came the screaming of sirens and the hoarse, throaty sound of hundreds of tugboats, ferries and river craft. The review had started. Aboard the Mayflower, the President of the United States was to see the pride of the navy as it steamed forth to the open sea.

"If Schmidt only gets here with that controller," seethed the spy from the Hohenzollern Club as he watched the fleet in the distance through his binoculars, "if he only gets here!" "How long will it take to attach it?" Another plotter was staring toward the distance. "Ten seconds. We've got plenty of time in that way—if he only gets here with it!"

A sound from the tunnel. It was Schmidt, lugging the controller forward. The spy from the Hohenzollern Club turned with a quick order. "You get back there and aboard the shack," he ordered of the third plotter. "We'll attend to things down here."

The German retreated into the sewer. Schmidt began the placing of the wireless controller in its position. The spy from the Hohenzollern Club looked again through his binoculars. "We'll launch the torpedo just as the flagship rounds the point there. Understand?" "Perfectly!" Schmidt was testing his connections. They looked at each other then—and laughed. America was at their mercy, they thought! For they did not know that as they gloated over the coming fate of the flagship, Harrison Grant and his men were forcing their way through the doorway of the shack above them!

But only emptiness greeted the members of the Criminology Club as the door crashed open. Harrison Grant glanced about him quickly. "They're gone—they're already in the sewer!" he exclaimed despondently. "We've got just one chance to head off that torpedo when it starts! You men hurry to Buffan's Landing and get the reserve launch there. I'll investigate here."

"All right," then Stewart turned. "Here's something I picked up just outside. Should have given it to you before—but my brain's working a little slow since that blow on the head." He passed a reticule to Harrison Grant, who stuffed it in his pocket. The men departed. Grant looked

hastily about the shack; then veered to a corner at a sound from below. Some one was coming back. There—the sewer manhole moved a little. Then a bit more—then it raised while the figure of a man started upward and through it. Grant crept forward. A quick leap, he seized the plotter by the throat, choking him and at the same time dragging him back on the floor. A moment more and he had bound him, dragged him to a corner and almost thrown him there, then started down the manhole. But as he groped, blinking, through the darkness, Schmidt as the spy from the Hohenzollern Club sighted the prow of the flagship as it rounded the point below them, swung the torpedo into position and shunted it, seething into the water.

A few steps forward and Grant saw what had been done. Where two men, both with their backs to him, one guiding the torpedo with the wireless controller, the other leaning forward, pointing out its course as it made its way, slowly at first, then faster, toward the thundering flagship. Everywhere was noise, the screaming of whistles, the booming of guns as the battleships fired their salutes before the Mayflower. Harrison Grant crept forward unnoticed.

Ten feet—then six—then three, while the spies stared onward, unaware of the approach of the detective. Harrison Grant gathered his full strength. A tremendous kick and he had sent one of the plotters sprawling into the water. A great lunge and he was at the throat of the spy from the Hohenzollern Club, struggling to drag him from his hold at the wireless controller.

A struggle that seemed destined to fail. With almost superhuman strength the spy fought him off, still clinging to the key of the controller, fainting, dodging, squirming in the grasp of the master detective, biting, kicking, butting—but still holding to that key that was sending the torpedo faster and faster through the water, driving it on and on toward the flagship of the great Atlantic fleet, threatening it with destruction—and the bottling of the entire fleet in the waters of New York harbor.

Doggishly they fought. Again and again Grant's hands closed about the throat of the spy, only to be thrown off. Then slowly, steadily, Grant began to send the plotter in his grasp. "Closer, closer—Harrison Grant bent his head toward the wrist of the hand that held the key of the wireless controller. Then, a quick motion and his teeth closed upon the flesh, biting into the sinews and muscles, causing the spy to leap from his pose with a cry of anguish. But the fight was not over.

"Think you've stopped us, eh?" The spy shouted the words. "Well, you haven't. That torpedo's got speed enough now—it'll reach that ship all right. It'll!" But Grant had swung him about now and was forcing him to the edge of the sewer platform. Closer—closer—the end was inevitable. But would it avail anything? A glance out into the Narrows and Grant saw that the torpedo was heading straight on its course now, while far in the rear the reserve launch containing his men was striving vainly to summon the speed to overtake it. On and on it was going—a moment more and it would crash into the side of that massive, thunderous battleship, a moment more—

All the strength that Harrison Grant possessed sped into the sinews of his arm and back. With a great wrench he freed the grasp of the spy upon him. Then, with a tremendous lunge, he literally raised the form of the struggling man and threw him high over his shoulders and into the tremendous currents below!

A great leap. Harrison Grant was at the key of the wireless controller. Quickly he reversed it, sending the current crackling out over the Narrows. But would the effect come in time? Would the electric current reverse the course of that torpedo soon enough to save the great battleship before it from destruction? Gasping and panting, Harrison Grant watched for the result, his soul agonized, his heart pounding with aching severity. A second—and the torpedo had not moved from its course. Another—Harrison Grant bent forward happily. Out there in the choppy waters of the Narrows he believed he had seen the torpedo reverse slightly—yes, there it had moved a full three feet from its course—

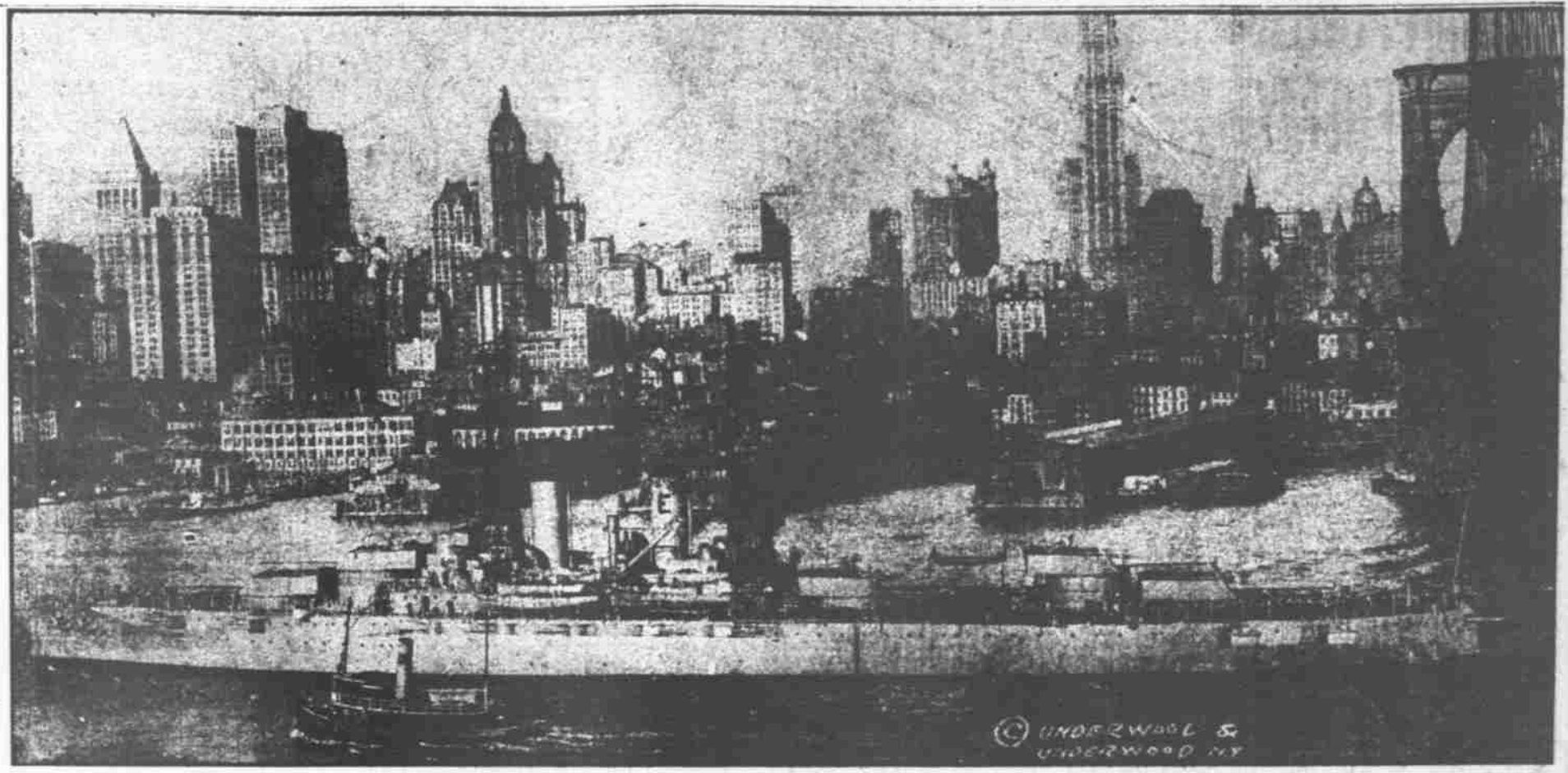
Now, then, look! The men on the reserve launch were waving their arms and clambering to the top of the launch as it sped along. The torpedo had moved more in its course—now it seemed to be turning—it was turning! A great, glad cry broke from the lips of Harrison Grant. The torpedo was making a full semi-circle on the water now. On the roof of the reserve launch a Criminology Club detective was preparing to dive into the water for the desperate purpose of kicking the wireless antennae from the explosive monster and making it useless, while on beyond, there where the guns were booming, where the flags were flying, and the hands were playing, the great Atlantic fleet, safely, tri-

umphantly, was sailing through the Narrows out to the freedom of the open sea! Harrison Grant watched happily for a moment, then turned to make his way back through the tunnel and to the interrogation of the captured spy. It was then that he noticed that his brow was covered with a cold perspiration, that his collar was wilted—in spite of the almost cold day—that he was shaking and trembling from the excitement of the chase. He reached for his handkerchief, then hesitated at the touch of the reticule in his pocket. Wonderingly he brought it forth and examined it.

"A woman's party chataigne," he mused. "Some spy that's mixed up in this thing, I guess. Dropped it coming from the shack. I wonder if there's anything in it to give a clue to her identity." He pulled open the bag. He stared a moment at the initials of the card case which lay within; then opened it feverishly. The wondering expression of his eyes changed to grimness. His lips resolved themselves into a straight line. Slowly they repeated the name on the card: "Miss Dixie Mason!"

The battleships in the distance seemed to fade. The sound of the sirens, the booming guns, all drifted into nothingness. Dully, monotonously, the lips of Harrison Grant framed the words: "Dixie Mason! So she was the one! Dixie Mason—a spy!" (Copyright, 1918, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Next Sunday's episode—No. 4—will be the coming of Franz von Rintelen to America, with \$50,000,000, to spend on death and destruction. How one of his plots to burn and destroy thousands of head of livestock, to injure the allies, and to prevent shipments across the Atlantic was frustrated.



New York harbor where the agents of imperial Germany planned to bottle up the great Atlantic fleet while it was being reviewed by the President in the yacht Mayflower. The scheme was to sink the flagship with a torpedo operated by wirelessly. The daring of an American woman spy and Service agents foiled the plot.

A Message From Bernstorff

"Bernstorff's anxious about our plans for tomorrow," he announced. "I told him not to worry."

Boy-Ed and Von Papen Nervous

von Papen are in there waiting for von Lertz," announced Stewart. "They've been in there ever since a little after midnight, playing cards and drinking. Then about an hour ago they began to get nervous. After that, they began to watch the clock and to talk about von Lertz. I don't think there was any necessity for waking you up. Then one of them said something about the fleet, and I got nervous."

Two Men Making a Torpedo

Two men busily engaged upon the torpedo, which they were making ready to lower into the sewer. One of them was talking: "Von Lertz looked like he'd been out all night."

All in Flynn's Hands

A quick call to the harbor police. A moment later and with a scurrying rush the power launches of the New York police department, their machine guns ready for instant action, shot forth into the bay. Another call and the chief gained a clear view to the Criminology Club. A few crisp orders and Grant and his men were scurrying by motor to Staten Island to pick up Stewart on the way and rush to the shack that had housed the torpedo. But would they reach there in time? Grant would have given much to know.

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The Safety Of The Fleet

"The safety of the Atlantic fleet depends on us! Don't lose sight of that machine for an instant! Where it goes we're going, and the man who is in it must not know we're following!"

Watching From A Sewer

Hurriedly he made the finishing touches, while down at the mouth of the sewer, the plotters watched the gathering boats across the way, the waving flags, and bright-hued decorations that shone and shimmered with the bright sunlight of morning.

Service Detected

Slowly the torpedo swung at its fastenings. The spy from the Hohenzollern Club lifted the cover of the manhole. And as the spies in the employ of imperial Germany started to lower the torpedo into the sewer Dixie Mason clung grimly to the torch at the roadhouse, waiting for the answering voice from the other end of the wire.

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Von Lertz In His Cups

"Oh, of course," Heinrich von Lertz drew himself up pompously. "I'll look after you."

A moment later Dixie settled back in a corner of Heinrich von Lertz's machine and smiled in the darkness. She was to have her chance after all—the chance to learn what had been on Heinrich von Lertz's mind all evening, why he had been so preoccupied, so nervous, so agitated. Dixie could not see the pictures in the camera of Heinrich von Lertz's

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