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

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

"What's happening on the dielograph!"

Harrison Grant asked the question as he entered the room adjacent to the Hobohem Club and looked anxiously toward Dick Stewart, the operator, who sat with the receiver to his ear. Stewart shook his head.

"Some 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 since the night of the Naval Ball. You don't suppose that they could have gotten a tip that we're in, do you?"

"Hardly, was his answer."

"We would have known something about it. They'd rip that dielograph out so quietly they'd lay through the hole after it. They've already done their talking in other places before."

The investigator looked at him warily.

"Nearly midnight," he grumbled.

"You'd better go home and get some sleep. The police have a big night coming.

"And let you know the minute anything happens. Don't you think that's a wise plan?"

"You think you know how much they've been talking about? You don't know where, who, or what they're talking about. You haven't had any sight of the night's work."

He turned to go, giving his arm a quick snap, and the door shut behind him. The telephone wires were connecting the Hobohem Club and the White House, with Ambassador Berckholtz on the other end."

"Hello, Secretary Berckholtz," said Stewart with a tone of distinct satisfaction.

"This is the President. Tell him that if the Naval Ball gets to be any busier I'll be there in a body."

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Dr. von Lortz, I think."