

Spy Catching in England

English patriotism is running spy mad—the papers are full of it. If your name is not Casey or Smith, or if you don't drop your "h," you are under suspicion. Explanations don't help; your passport may even be forged—you are simply it. And when you have a name like mine you may imagine the consequences. This is fact: I could not buy my ticket in New York without telling the steamship company, which was British, the story of my life; and before landing in Liverpool all of us with outlandish names were called below to show passports and explain our business. It might also be a coincidence that my first letter "opened by mistake," and a cable from home handed me with the seal broken. So my trunks are not locked and my credentials and letters of introduction are spread all over, so that anyone whose business it is to look can find out without the use of skeleton keys—when I am at dinner.

Some Reasons for Spy Madness.

Hysteria, nerves, you say? No—spies! Many of them have been caught red-handed and dispatched to the Great Beyond without either obituary or coroner's inquest, and all within the district of this base. Not a line appears in the papers, no one knows or speaks.

Every country except the United States has a highly organized spy system, and Germany has one of the best. Spies are everywhere in every walk of life. Millions of marks are expended and the communications are such that discovery is almost an impossibility. Messages of importance go from mouth to mouth. Every word of the great officials is ferreted out; every scrap of paper that can be stolen is made us of, and the silent butler who so faultlessly serves the dinner may be but a spy reporting all, and he again watched by another spy.

The story of the spying around the great naval bases in England in the last five years would fill a book and would sound like an unbelievable tale. Year after year hundreds are caught, but other hundreds spring up. A German servant, for eight years serving in a family at this base, was suspected her rooms and her boxes were searched. Her trunks contained bombs. Directions how to place them under a certain bridge and to set them off upon a telegraphed signal were attached.

In the home of a certain German lady another mile or so from where this is written were many pianos. She was intensely musical but played only one of them. Putting two and two together, she was found out and raided. Her superfluous pianos were filled with revolvers, bombs and ammunition—the storing place until "the day" was at hand. Where the lady is now my informant does not say, nor are the whereabouts known of the waiter at a certain island within the defensive area of this port who had ten pounds placed monthly to his bank account for "service rendered." The bicyclist who the other day brushed by and failed to answer the hails of the boy scouts was collared by a Highlander and on his person was a young arsenal of three Browning pistols and two bombs plus a fuse. Also he no longer has an address; but the chap who in the dark shot down the sentries at the reservoir escaped and is still "top dog" as they say here—and at large.

England is Guarded by Boy Scouts

Over the forts the arcs of the search-lights cut the heavens searching for the gray Zeppelins of the Germans, and against the greenish glare are the outlines of the guns. Through my glasses I could see the men operating the lights.

On the road to the city with the dockyard beyond the scout master divided his section of boy scouts and sang out the orders for the night. In silence the boys went to their stations. The orders were to halt everything. And no motor nor carriage nor any pedestrians could pass unless hailed. The hail is "good night," and unless

answered at once and in the King's clearest English the boy scout blows his whistle and the signal is taken up by the others down the road until it reaches the sentry who shoots first and asks questions afterwards. A detachment of scouts are searching the railroad track, the main line to London. As the train thunders by the boys hug the ground; with their staffs they examine each culvert, penetrate each shadow, and crawl underneath the bridges.

From early in the evening to dawn the silent, serious lads are on duty; cheerily they trot about, some of them barely eleven, and when exhausted they tuck in in the scout master's motor. Here are the sons of cooks, butchers, naval officers; and the scout master himself a figure of international prominence in the naval world. No effort is too big, no night too long, for it takes many hands to watch the roads, the approaches to the power house and the water reservoirs of the largest naval base in the Kingdom. Soldiers are wanted elsewhere, so others must help to see that no stick of dynamite cuts the water supply. And when the men are worn out from their nights' vigils in addition to their own daily duties, the women turn to and do their trick in the watch, as allies to the territorials guarding the main points; the babies are left with the nurses.—Henry Reuterdaahl in Collier's Weekly.

FLOGGING IN THE GERMAN NAVY

In the month of August, the German Magdeburg ran ashore in the Baltic and fell into the hands of the Russians. When her new owners searched her a singular discovery was made. It is thus described in a despatch from Petrograd, dated Sept. 2, appearing in the London Morning Post:

"Considerable sensation has been created here by discoveries made on board the German cruiser Magdeburg, that was blown up after going ashore at the entrance of the Finnish Gulf. Among the articles lying about the decks on the after-part, where boats were lowered for the majority of the crew to escape on the accompanying destroyers, were several specimens of the old 'cat-of-nine-tails.' When the Russian authorities went through the ship they found one of these instruments in every officer's cabin, and all bore signs of long, and, in some cases, of hard usage.

"These curious attributes of naval rank are all alike in having a handle eight inches long, with a loop for the wrist. From the other end depend nine leather thongs of formidable appearance, nearly as thick as the little finger, and twelve inches long. In each case the officer's name was inscribed on the handle. These 'cats' were handed round for press inspection last night at the naval general staff headquarters. These left lying on deck had apparently played their habitual part in speeding up the German 'Jackies' during the nervous operation of lowering the boats to escape from the cruiser lying comfortably aground. It is considered here that the little instruments tell a most interesting and significant story of the procedure on board the ships of the royal German navy, and provide yet another illustration of the systematic savagery of that Germanism dating from 1870, which has replaced the good old culture of an earlier and better Germany.

"The public are also to have an opportunity of inspecting these latest-discovered instruments of Prussian culture."

A PEACEFUL HEART'S DESIRE

I'm tired of seeing Mars preempt the centre of the stage.
I'm tired of seeing war news spread across the whole front page.
I'm wearying of armies, forts and mines and fighting crews.
I want to see the old familiar headlines in the news.
Instead of "German Shell Fire Sets a Belgian Town Aflame,"
I'd read of "Kansas Victimized by Wire Tapping Game."
I see that "Thousand Belgians Put a German Corps to Flight."
But want to know that "Tankhurst Vows She Will Not Eat a Bite."

I learn today that "French and German Birdman Clash in Air."
But miss the "Actress, Jilted, Sues a Pittsburgh Millionaire."
What boots it that "Italians Threaten Now to Join the Fray."
If I can't read that "Scientist Makes Hens Lay Twice a Day!"

And though it's true that "Russia Captured Eighty German Spies,"
I long to learn that "T. R. Stamps Barnes' Statements Willful Lies."
I'm wearying of armies, forts and mines and fighting crews.
I want to see the old familiar headlines in the news.
—C. E. E. in New York Sun.