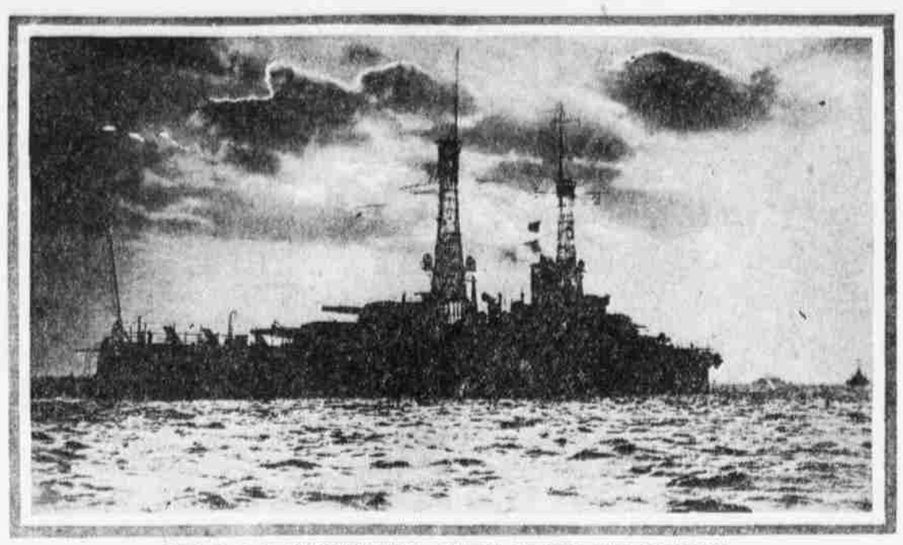
GERMAN SPIES' ATTEMPT TO CRIPPLE U. S. FLEET IN NEW YORK HARBOR UPSET BY "THE EAGLE'S EYE"

Failing in Their Plot to Blow Up the Hotel Ansonia, While 800 Navigating Officers Were Attending the Naval Ball, the Teuton Hirelings Under Von Bernstorff's Direction Pushed Alternative Plan

In a Little Shack at a Deserted Spot of Staten Island Mechanics Worked Day and Night to Complete a Wireless-Controlled Torpedo Destined to Sink the U. S. S. Pennsylvania

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN
Recently Retired Head of the United States Secret Service



THE U. S. S. PENNSYLVANIA, OBJECT OF THE HUN TORPEDO

EPISODE III—THE PLOT AGAINST THE ATLANTIC FLEET

In this, the third episode of "The Eagle's Eye," William J. Flynn makes public for the first time the details of the German attempt to sink Admiral Mayo's flagship, the U. S. S. Pennsylvania in the "Narrows" of New York harbor, thus bottling up the entire Atlantic Fleet. How nearly this breach of American neutrality succeeded is told by Courtney Ryley Cooper, in story form, on the facts given him by Mr. Flynn. The two preceding episodes exposed the machinations of Von Bernstorff in connection with the Lusitania sinking and the attempt to blow up the Hotel Ansonia while the 800 navigating officers of the Atlantic Fleet were attending the Naval Ball.

"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 wires 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. "I—"

"You'd better go home and get some sleep," the operative broke in. "Save enough 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 attache, 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.

A Message from Bernstorff

"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—"

"Wait just a minute——" It was the somewhat plotting, methodical Doctor Albert who had interrupted. "Let me understand this thing clearly: The torpedo is to be fired when the fleet is going through the Narrows. Is that right? Then what happens?"

"A great deal," laughed Karl Boy-Ed. "The principal thing of which is that the great Atlantic Fleet will be forced to remain in New York harbor and the United States of America will be taught just how foolish it would appear in a war with a real country like Germany."

Albert bobbed his head.

"I simply wanted to be sure that I understood. Personally, I shall watch the fleet sail with a great deal of interest."

"No doubt," Von Papen turned with a growling laugh. "I will watch it stop with more interest. Now Boy-Ed, where is Von Lertz to report?"

"At the Hohenzollern Club."

"Then we'd better be strolling over. It's after midnight now. Good night, Albert."

"Good night. Good luck—for Imperial Germany!"

Meanwhile, Dixie Mason was looking into the eyes of Heinrich von Lertz as they hesitated in front of the Midnight Frolic.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather take a trip out in the country somewhere—to the October Farm or something like that."

Heinrich von Lertz rubbed a chin in thought.

"I'll tell you a better place," was his announcement. "There's the Ten-Mile House. Quite racy, it's true, but very entertaining. What do you say?"

Dixie Mason smiled most engagingly.

Road House Trip

"Why should I worry—as long as I am sheltered by the protecting arm of Heinrich von Lertz? Beshdes——" and she allowed a bit of unsophistication to creep into her voice. "I'm afraid my education in roadhouses has been too much neglected. It's—it's all right for me to go, isn't it?"

"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 snuffled 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 picture in the camera of Heinrich von Lertz's brain, she could not see mirrored there——

A rambling shack on Staten Island near Fort Wadsworth. The figures of men who hurried about the long, low, 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 rendezvous of fast society, 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."

Four hours later the tip had come.

Boy-Ed and Von Papen Nervous

"Boy-Ed and Von Papen are in there waiting for Von Lertz," announced Stewart as Grant, somewhat sleepy-eyed, hurried into the room, following a hasty summons. "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 didn'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 stared.

Dick Stewart nodded his head.

"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 dictaphone 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 head and beckoned to Cavanaugh.

"Take Stewart's place," he ordered. "Stewart, you cover that man. See where he goes. Report to me at the club."

A quick movement and Stewart was gone. Five minutes later Harrison Grant, lingering in the doorway of the building adjacent to the Hohenzollern Club, saw the dim figures of two men walking far down the street in the gray light of dawn. One of them was the man who had been sent forth by Von Papen and Boy-Ed. The other was Dick Stewart, member of the Criminology Club, beginning the chase that was to end—where? Harrison Grant wished that he could know!

Nor did Grant know that an ally was working in his behalf, an animated, smiling little ally who stood at the stairs leading to her apartment, saying goodby to Heinrich von Lertz. That person was laughing somewhat thickly—his glass had been filled many times during the night. Dixie Mason extended a hand, but the German plotter waved it aside.

Von Lertz in His Cups

"And you only shake hands with me?" he asked.

"Isn't that enough?"

"Not if you could know how madly I love you, how I adore you, how you fashinate——"

"Fascinate, you mean, don't you?"

"Yesh—yes—of course. What did I say?"

"Oh, nothing—oh, Mr. Von Lertz, please!"

For Von Lertz had striven to take her in his arms and was pressing his lips toward hers. As she half struggled with him the German smiled in apology and dropped his arms.

"I just wanted one teeny-weeny little kiss," he announced. "I thought—well, I just thought——"

"I'm not in the habit of being kissed," answered Dixie Mason, pouting. Von Lertz straightened.

"Goo' little girl!" he praised her. "Goo' little girl! I am now more fashinated than ever! Good night!"

"Good day," 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 madly down the street toward where Von Lertz's machine was fading in the distance, 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 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!"

"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 note book. 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 cushions, 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 Grant 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 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 devil 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—

Two Men Making a Torpedo

Two men were busily engaged upon the torpedo, which they were easing ready to lower through the manhole into the sewer. One of them was talking:

"Von Lertz looked like he'd been out all night——"

"Yes. That's the way he is most of the time. But that's the way with the ones higher up. They can go out and play, while we do the work. But when the Iron Crosses are distributed, they get them, not us."

A growl from the third.

"Shut up. You're better off here than you would be in the trenches. This is easy work for you. I get tired hearing you reservists kicking on a little easy campaign work over in this country when you might be handling the minnenwerfers over in Flanders. But let's stop this talking. The fleet will sail in a few hours now. We've got to have this torpedo ready to launch at the flagship."

"That sentence was enough. Dixie hurried from her position on the ladder, started down—then winced as she struck the ground. One foot had stuck in a chuck hole, twisting the ankle severely, and slowly and painfully she limped to her car, where it was concealed in the shadow of a great, dismantled boiler. The driver hurried forward to her aid, assisting her within. At the door of the taxi, Dixie half turning with the pain of her ankle, failed to notice that her reticule slipped from her wrist and fell to the ground. Nor did the driver. He leaped to his place at the wheel and turned expectantly.

"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!"

The Secret Service Detective

A moment more and the machine was speeding 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 to 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 telephone 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. Hurriedly, fearfully, she told the warning from Dixie came over the wire. Hastily he assembled the facts as she told him. 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 for the protection of the Atlantic fleet.

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 wire to the Criminology Club. A few crisp orders and Grant and his men were hurrying 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 fluttering, 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—honeycombing 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.

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 brightly decorated craft that shone and shimmered with the bright sunlight of morning. From far in the distance came the screaming of sirens and the hoarser-throated 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 and——

"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 guard the shack," he ordered 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 the 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 have 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.

Sending the Torpedo

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 and 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. There were the 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 outward, 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, feinting, 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.

Doggedly 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 bend the plotter in his grasp.

Struggling With a Spy

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 post with a cry of anguish. But the fight was over.

"Think you've stopped us, eh?" The spy almost 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 rushing 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 valiantly 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!

Reversing the Current

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 swerve 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 swerve slightly—yes, there it had moved a full three feet from its course——

Now ten—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 semicircle in 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 bands were playing, the great Atlantic fleet, safely, triumphantly, 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 stiffened at the touch of the reticule in his pocket. Wonderingly he brought it forth and examined it.

"A woman's party chatelaine," 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 cardcase which lay within, then opened it feverishly. The wondering expression of his eyes changed to grimness. His lips resolved themselves into a straight line as 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 repeated the words:

"Dixie Mason; So—she was the one Dixie Mason—a spy!"

Next Saturday'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.

Too Much "Road House" Gives Woman Secret Service Agent Opportunity to Snatch Memorandum Book

While She Was Following One 'Tip,' Members of the Criminology Club Hear Von Bernstorff's Order to "Go Ahead"

GERMAN CENSORSHIP DOMINATED BY MILITARY AUTOCRACY MAKES NEWSPAPER TRAVESTY

Continued from Page One

whether the copy has been censored or not, and make sure personally that the proofreaders and typesetters have obeyed the censor's orders. For if an oversight occurs, it is no excuse that a printer has been careless or a proofreader absent minded—the censor "strafes" the paper, and its infuriated owner holds the editor alone responsible for the serious financial loss incurred by three or four days' suppression. The editor dares not rely on any of his subordinates and his last anxious words when he leaves the printing house and the paper goes to press are: "I hope to heaven everything is censored!"

Suppression the Chief Duty

Issuing a newspaper in Germany during the war has become a business of battling with the censor and evading his penalties. It is no longer an editor's chief worry to get news. The Government supplies him with that through Wolff's agency and the Press conference and the less news of his own getting he attempts to publish in his paper the better chance he stands of escaping suppression and the wrath of his employers.

It is difficult to make people in America realize the extraordinary conditions under which German newspapers have been appearing since the beginning of the war. And yet it is needful they should know, **for most of the news the world gets about Germany comes through the medium of the German press. This news, having passed the German censor, is necessarily warped.** Knowledge of the German censor's methods is needed in order to gauge its worth and probability. You must be able to tell in reading a German paper, or a dispatch copied from a German paper, what the censor is trying to hide, or what he wishes to make you believe, or, in many cases, what the German editor would have liked to have written if the censor had let him. If you can divine all this, you have hope of getting, certainly not all the truth, but at least something approaching the truth about what is going on in Germany.

German Censorship a Gag

I suppose the censorship is not a very popular institution among newspaper men anywhere, although every sensible person must see that military news of a secret nature has to be kept out of the newspapers if it is not to reach and help the enemy. Press censorship existed in England and France and in both countries it is an object of frequent attack in Parliament and in the newspapers themselves. I wonder what these people in Paris and London would say if they could spend a week in a Berlin newspaper office and experience the autocratic sway of the Prussian censor! There is the same difference between him and the censors in Paris and London as there is between a brutal Prussian "Feldwebel" and an an English or French drill sergeant. **The censorship in Germany represents the supreme triumph of militarism over public opinion and the complete suppression of every vestige of the freedom of the press;** in the Entente countries it is a restraint unwillingly and hesitatingly put on democratic liberties that endanger the successful conduct of the war. In England, and also in France since M. Clemenceau's advent to power, the censor's activity is strictly limited to the supervision and suppression of military news which must remain hidden from the enemy. But in Germany the censor not only does this, but is **an instrument used by the Government to exert political pressure to keep down opposition and strengthen the Kaiser's absolute power.** He is a policeman appointed to watch the press and arrest political malcontents. And you may be sure he does it as brutally and officiously as any Berlin "Schutzmann" who hears a word whispered against the Kaiser in the streets of the capital.

Military Men in Safe Posts

There are three chief censors in Berlin whose tyranny the newspapers are forced to endure. First, and most important of all, there is the censor at the Berlin "Oberkommando," which is at the same time the headquarters of General von Kessel, the military governor of Berlin and the Brandenburg district. He occupies a palatial residence in the Victoria Strasse, near the Tiergarten, and a continual stream of messengers on bicycles from the various papers is passing at all hours of the day and night through the entrance, in front of which an armed sentry struts up and down. To the Oberkommando censors must be submitted all articles and news of a military nature, or concerning internal political problems and occurrences, and also economic conditions. The censors are all officers, many of them **young lieutenants, without exception decorated with the Iron cross, but very well satisfied to find themselves safely settled at Berlin, far away from the dangers and discomforts of the trenches.** Needless to say, these young heroes treat the newspaper editors like recruits—like German recruits. All foreign news and articles dealing with diplomatic questions are sent by the papers to the Foreign Office, in the Wilhelm Strasse, to be censored.

The chief censors at the Foreign Office are titled diplomats. Many of the innumerable German consuls, whom the war deprived of their positions in foreign countries, have likewise found a place of refuge here and act as subordinate censors. While the military censors at the Oberkommando remain haughtily invisible and the members of the press only rarely obtain the privilege of negotiating with them personally, the Berlin editors often go to the Foreign Office and try to get suppressed copy passed by personal persuasion. You generally see two or three journalists in the waiting room at the Foreign Office, duly impressed by their refined, aristocratic surroundings, the liveried attendants, looking like old family retainers, that glide noiselessly about the marble-floored corridors, and the general air of dreamy mystery characteristic of this historic center of German diplomatic intrigue. The aristocrats in the Wilhelm Strasse are usually more affable and reasonable than the youthful martial heroes at the Oberkommando, but that is only because they have better manners—they secretly despise the press quite as much.

Von Tirpitz Press Bureau

All the naval news goes to the Navy Department, where Admiral von Tirpitz had already organized a press bureau for propaganda purposes some years before the war. The censors are naval officers, and their censorship is exceptionally strict, even from a German viewpoint. **Scarcely any news about events at sea gets into the German papers** except that officially issued by the naval authorities themselves, who are exceedingly nervous and make a great mystery of all their proceedings. Finally, there are still minor censors at the Colonial Office, who censor the news from what were once upon a time the German colonies, and at various other Government offices.

This multiplicity of censors adds to the worries of the care-worn German newspaper editor, for it rests with him to decide to which censor each particular article or item of news must be submitted. It also leads to curious and not unamusing differences of opinion between the various censors. All through the war, as everybody knows, the Foreign Office has been at variance with the military and naval authorities. **These differences were most apparent during the long-drawn-out crisis between Germany and the United States.** A peremptory order was issued at this time to the effect that **all articles concerning America must, under all circumstances, be first submitted to the censor.** But the order did not say which censor. Now **the military and naval parties wanted instant war with America,** while the Foreign Office wished, for a time at least, to prevent it. Consequently, the Pan-German press writers, who could not refrain from expressing their hate of America and President Wilson in violent language, knowing that the soft-spoken diplomats and consuls at the Foreign Office would suppress their abuse, sent their inflammatory articles to the lieutenants at the Oberkommando and the commanders at the Navy Department, who gleefully passed them. The haters of America merely scattered a few arguments of a military nature through their editorials, and thus made them subject to military censorship.

The Foreign Office protested against this trick and threatened to refuse to censor news of any kind in future if the articles about America were not submitted to it. But the military and naval censors nevertheless continued to pass articles hostile to America without altering a word, taking evident pleasure in thus thwarting the diplomats in the Wilhelm Strasse, for whose "weakness" and "cowardice" they entertained a most hearty contempt. **This battle between the censors accounts for the fact that insulting attacks against America never ceased in the German press,** not even at times when Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg seemed most anxious to preserve friendly relations between the two countries. The Imperial Chancellor was powerless against the young lieutenants of the Berlin Oberkommando. Surely, there can be no better illustration of **the omnipotence of Prussian militarism.**

The German censor's methods are, as I have said, infinitely more rigorous than those in vogue in the Entente countries. Here in Switzerland I not only study the German press carefully every day, but I also make a point of glancing through most of the French and English papers, and I am constantly finding in them articles and dispatches that the German censor would have instantly suppressed and that it would have been high treason for a German paper to publish. Virtually everything the Berlin papers print is censored. **Articles written by members of the Reichstag on political or economic subjects are cut and altered by the Oberkommando officers as ruthlessly as an editor cuts the copy of his youngest cub reporter.** Even local and police news is regarded by the Prussian censor as bearing on the war and must be submitted to him first for approval.

No Criticism of Military

If the censor finds anything reflecting discredit on an officer or even a noncommissioned officer in the police news, he at once strikes it out. To maintain the prestige of militarism is his greatest care. **Suicides, which are frightfully frequent through Germany since the war, he studies with especial attention,** and if they are caused, as they usually are, by the death of relatives or friends at the front, or by the effects of slow starvation, **he forbids the papers to report them. Even the daily list of persons** whom the Kaiser has decorated with the iron cross is censored.

Editor's Luckless Error

I remember a case where a Berlin paper was suppressed for several days for not having complied with this order. The editor in question ran his eye casually over the list of new iron cross knights, and, judging it to be quite harmless, sent it to the typesetting office uncensored. In this list was mentioned the decoration of a German Red Cross nurse, and it was further stated that **she had received the Iron cross from the Kaiser for heroic conduct at the front, where she had seized a fallen soldier's rifle and shot down several foes who had entered the German trenches.** When the paper appeared there was tremendous excitement and consternation at the Oberkommando. And, indeed, in this particular instance there seemed some cause for it, for the Germans, after seeking to excuse their atrocities by accusing the Belgian and French women of having committed acts of guerilla warfare against the German soldiers, now stood **convicted by their own admission of not only tolerating, but rewarding German women—and Red Cross nurses at that!**—for taking part in the fighting at the front. The paper was at once confiscated and the unfortunate editor almost lost his position.

Alsace-Lorraine is completely cut off from the German public by the censor. The Government has several reasons for this. In the first place, the mere fact that a part of Alsace has been reconquered by the French and held by them against all German attacks wounds the pride of the general staff more deeply perhaps than any other reverse the German arms have suffered since the battle of the Marne.

The military authorities are extremely sensitive about this French occupation of Alsace, which is calculated to harm their prestige with Germany, and they used to mention this part of their battlefront as little as possible even in their official war bulletins. All the news the Berlin papers get from private sources about the fighting in Alsace they are forced to send all the way to Strassburg, to be censored there by the commanding general, who invariably prohibits its publication, even if it is favorable to the Germans. The Government **does not wish the German people to be reminded that the French are still in Alsace.** On the other hand, it wishes the Germans to believe that the Alsatians are loyal and enthusiastic subjects of the Kaiser and dread nothing so much as to be separated from dear old Germany. Therefore, the censor forbids the newspapers to tell their readers anything about the arrest and imprisonment of Alsatians for expressing sentiments hostile to the German Government or about the confiscation of Alsatian property and other draconian measures taken by the Prussian governors to terrorize the unhappy inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine, who have remained true to the political faith of their forefathers. The martyrdom of these conquered French provinces is hidden from the world by the Prussian censor.

Even correspondents for the Entente press in Switzerland are sometimes inclined to believe that the reports the German papers publish about the debates in the Reichstag are not censored. They are mistaken. In France and England the newspapers are free to publish stenographic accounts of parliamentary debates without interference by the censor. Not so in Germany. Orders are given out in the Reichstag itself by the Wolff Bureau to the shorthand reporters instructing them to strike out certain passages from some member's speech or to suppress violent incidents that may have occurred during the debate. **When Liebknecht was still a free man and could interrupt the Chancellor at will with his strident, accusatory voice, the Reichstag censor was kept particularly busy.**

One evening all the Berlin papers were "held up" in the press for half an hour by order of the Oberkommando because Liebknecht had made sensational revelations in the Reichstag showing that **the Government had grossly exaggerated the results of the last war loan.** His treasonable statements had to be cut out of that day's parliamentary report at the last moment. Only after the war will the world know all the details of Liebknecht's plucky opposition against the Kaiser's Government.

Kaiser Veiled in Secrecy

A thick veil of mystery is thrown by the German censor over the Kaiser's movements. When this pathological monarch, who has certainly acted like a fugitive in his own country ever since the outbreak of the war, arrives in his capital the Wolff Bureau, voicing the Oberkommando's commands, issues to the Berlin papers a statement like this:

"The newspapers are hereby cautioned not to mention the presence of his Majesty the Emperor in Berlin. Severe measures will be taken against any paper that disobeys this order."

And they don't disobey, you may be sure, for where the Kaiser is concerned the Prussian censor, never a very pleasant person to deal with, waxes absolutely inexorable. **The inhabitans of Berlin are never allowed to know when their beloved ruler is dwelling in their midst.** The imperial standard flies from his city palace when he is far away, staying with some agrarian magnate in Silesia or Posen, and when he is really within it is hauled down and the flagstaff remains bare. It is an undoubted fact that **the Kaiser, in spite of his "victories" and his belief that he enjoys special Divine protection, is haunted by constant fears of assassination,** and all these elaborate precautions are taken in order to guard him against his devoted subjects. During all my stay in Berlin I never met a single German who had set eyes on the Kaiser since the beginning of the war, with the exception of high-placed officials and officers.

Public Ignorant of Censorship

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the German press censorship is that **the public in Germany is almost entirely ignorant of the fact that such an institution exists at all.** To my mind, this is the greatest triumph the Prussian censor has achieved. He has succeeded in preventing the news of his own existence from spreading among the people. In France, and also in Austria, newspapers are censored after the pages have been composed, and blank spaces are left in the paper where the censor's blue pencil has been at work on the proofs. At various times during the war the Vienna papers have appeared with their entire front pages one glaring white blank. But these blank spaces reveal the censor's activities to the reader; moreover, they excite his curiosity and lead him to speculate on what this dangerous article or dispatch may have been which the censor has suppressed. The Kaiser's government does not encourage day-dreams of this sort. Consequently, the German newspapers are censored before composition, and are strictly forbidden to leave even the smallest blank space in their columns. The result is that in spite of occasional debates in the Reichstag the vast majority of people in Germany are quite ignorant of the fact that the papers they read are censored from the first line to the last, or at least they have no definite idea of the absolute power and severity of the censor. A State Attorney with whom I talked in Berlin on this subject was absolutely dumfounded to hear that all the news in the papers was censored and declared he had always assumed the censor's powers were limited to preventing the publication of secret military intelligence.

Rebellion Dangerous

From time to time some German newspapers attempt to rebel against the censor's tyranny. The Pan-German press shows far greater courage in this respect than the Socialist papers. The Pan-German journalists know they can rely on influential friends in Government and army circles to back them against the censor, whereas **the Socialist writers are outlaws with no one to protect them.** An acquaintance of mine, an assistant editor on the staff of the Rheinische Westfaelische Zeitung, the Krupp-owned paper published at Essen, was **dragged from his bed one night in the early days of the war by two policemen, and taken off to prison for having published news of a secret nature.** He spent several days in a prison cell, but was soon liberated through the great influence of his paper with the Government. Even the largest Liberal organs, like the Berliner Tageblatt and the Frankfurter Zeitung, have, on the contrary, very little influence in Government circles.

Soon after the war broke out Captain Persius, the naval critic of the Berliner Tageblatt, wrote some rather pessimistic articles about the German navy and the slight chances of victory it would have in an encounter with the British fleet. **He was arrested and kept in prison more than a month, only being released after having promised to be more optimistic in future.**

The censor's blue pencil successfully keeps the truth about the war from reaching the readers of German newspapers, but to the newspaper man himself its vicious slashes sometimes reveal carefully hidden state secrets. By the alterations a censor makes in an article or a dispatch, the sentences he crosses out or the words he adds here and there the editor can guess many things he is supposed not to know.

Mackensen Under Suspicion

The most extraordinary case of this kind that came to my knowledge while I was in Germany concerned Field Marshal von Mackensen. At the outbreak of the war Mackensen, who had always been a great favorite with the Kaiser, was in command of the German army opposed the Ruslans in Eastern Prussia. He suffered reverse after reverse and the Russians advanced steadily into Germany. Soon rumors began to circulate in Berlin that Mackensen was a traitor; that his wife was English and that he had been bribed by the Entente to betray Germany. Of course the Berlin papers paid no attention to these improbable stories. One paper which had been publishing a series of biographical articles in praise of the various German army commanders, also unhesitatingly sent a story telling about Mackensen's brilliant military career to the censor at the Oberkommando. To the utter bewilderment of the entire office, it came back stamped in familiar and forbidding red: "Not passed for publication!" All the other military biographies had been passed by the censor without question.

There was but one conclusion to be drawn from the censor's sensational veto, namely, that Mackensen was really a traitor and that the rumors about his wife were true. As a matter of fact, they were false, but the Secretary for War, General von Falkenhayn, had himself believed them and instructed the military censor accordingly to **keep Mackensen's name out of the papers!** Mackensen and Falkenhayn were rivals in the Kaiser's good graces, which probably accounts for the War Minister's willing credulity. Long after this many Germans firmly believed that Field Marshal von Mackensen had betrayed the German cause in East Prussia, and it was only after his Rumanian campaign that he once more became a popular leader in Germany.

German Long-Range Gun Hit

Paris, May 4.—A successful shot has hit a long German gun that has been bombarding Paris, it was officially announced today.