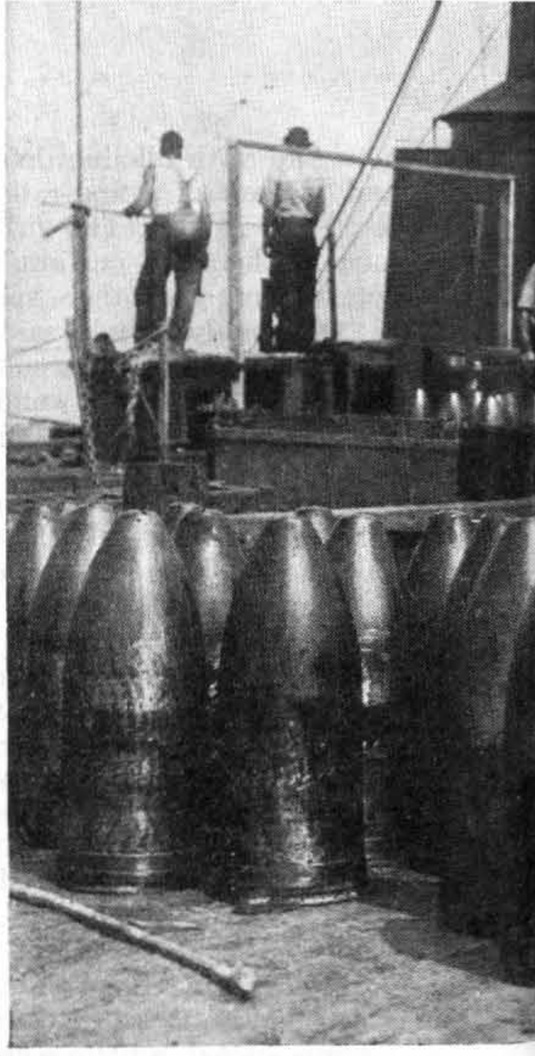
KEYSTONE VIEW



These live shells were salvaged by workers after most of the vast store of ammunitions at Black Tom had been destroyed in the blast.

"Huge geysers of flame showed where burning barges were loose from their moorings." Here is a load of munitions afire during the Black Tom disaster. Captain Voska believes German agents directed Russians in setting off the blast.

"CANADIAN INVASION" AND BLACK TOM

THE STORY OF ESPIONAGE AND COUNTERESPIONAGE IN AMERICA

By EMANUEL V. VOSKA With Will Irwin

OF ALL the reckless Franz von Papen's plots for undermining the Allies in America, doubtless the most fantastic was what German agents calmly called the "Canadian invasion." Yet, like many of his schemes, it looked good on paper.

Through following up intercepted orders from Berlin, our Czech counterespionage organization got wind of a plan to invade Canada, set for sometime early in 1916. By checking arms shipments, we found that Von Papen's German operatives had stored 20,000 rifles, with plenty of ammunition, in a warehouse near Detroit.

At the beginning of the World War, the Germans and Austrians had ordered all their male subjects of military age in the United States to register at the consulates. Experiments in trying to run the British blockade convinced Von Papen that he could never get these men overseas. The conclusion seemed obvious—use them on this side.

Around the Great Lakes, the Germans had a string of Bunds—organizations existing largely for beer festivals, picnics and incidental shooting matches. Von Papen began to distribute surplus rifles among the Bunds, and encouraged military training. The Czechs among the Austrian nationals had generally ignored the order to register. Now, some reported. They worked themselves into the Bunds and kept us informed. Von Papen intended to send his expedition across the Detroit River and establish a base on a Canadian farm which his agents had bought. Once his riflemen had dug in, they could buy the necessary heavy munitions in the United States. In view of our sales of arms to the Allies, the United States Government could not logically forbid this. Von Papen could not, of course, conquer Canada. But he could make a diversion. He calculated that eventually he could throw 165,000 men into action.

But the Bundsmen, while they enjoyed drilling and toasting the Kaiser, knew that this was only a John Brown's raid on a large scale—an enterprise in which the best they could expect was imprisonment. They were unenthusiastic. Before Von Papen could whip up enthusiasm, our exposure of his other activities made his recall inevitable. The "invasion of Canada" died for lack of leadership. The rifles found their way eventually into the hands of those dealers who used to supply revolutions and filibustering expeditions.

The Germans worked off most of the surplus munitions, which they had ordered in the United States and which the British blockade prevented them from shipping, on Mexico and the Hindu patriots of New York who were taking advantage of the war to foment rebellion. The Germans, of course, were very active in assisting the Hindus, in the hope of creating real trouble in India. They sent

"CANADIAN INVASION" AND BLACK TOM

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Viennese, "but one can't be too careful. May I ask you to prove that you are a loyal Austrian?"

Doctor Bremer rummaged in his desk until he turned up papers showing that he was an Austrian army reserve officer. They also showed that he was born in Northern Bohemia. Tvrdý affected to regard this as suspicious. The doctor explained that he was of undiluted Germanic blood. Tvrdý appeared satisfied. They edged toward the business in hand.

It concerned a woman patient whom the doctor had been treating. She was the secretary of a Russian general. Tvrdý recognized his name at once—a man important in forwarding munitions for Russia. The woman had visited Bremer for some time before they began talking about the war. The doctor made no bones of his pro-Austrian sympathies. Little by little, she let out the truth about her own. A Russian subject, she was a Baltic German by birth. She thought the war was folly; that Russia should overthrow the present government and sign a separate peace. She confided important Russian plans for the shipment of munitions.

Finally, the doctor told her of his regret that he could do nothing for his country.

"You can!" she said. "Put me in touch with your consulate. I can tell them everything that goes on in my office."

Asserting that the consulate had to be very careful, Tvrdý pried further into the lives of the general and his secretary. He found that their relations were somewhat unbusinesslike. She belonged, in fact, to that troupe of women whom some members of the Russian missions had brought with them when they landed at Pacific ports. Also, Tvrdý learned that the general was loyal to Russia; he figured simply as a dupe.

Tvrdý announced that he was convinced. Only one thing remained to do—establish contact between the general's secretary and the Austrian consulate. So Doctor Bremer sat down and wrote her a letter. Would she make an appointment at his house to meet a person most important to their plans? As they parted, Bremer gave Tvrdý the letter, asking him to mail it on his way home.

"And," said Tvrdý, "here it is!"

"But I thought I saw you mail it!" I said.

"So does the doctor," replied Tvrdý. "I knew he'd be watching me. What I mailed was an old envelope from the same pocket."

It was a sweet operation, if ever I saw one. But I couldn't enjoy it. I had spoiled it all by that panicky phone call. By now, of course, Doctor Bremer had gone to the house of my Italian friend and learned that the call was a fake. He was a shrewd man—he had watched to see if Tvrdý mailed the letter. He would investigate this "Mr. Schurmann." I had to summon all my fortitude before I could confess my mistake to Tvrdý. The joy went out of his face.

Before I went to bed I phoned Zeno, putting him on his guard. I got little sleep that night. In the morning I sent out a call to all our operatives assigned to the Russians and ordered them to find out everything they could about the general's secretary.

After that, I could only wait. I didn't have to wait long. In the middle of the morning, Zeno called me up from the soundproof booth at the consulate which he risked using in emergencies. "Doctor Bremer is here!" he exclaimed. "The boss hasn't arrived yet. Bremer has blood in his eye. What's my play?"

"Sit tight," I directed. "If anyone questions you, deny everything. If

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THE FROLICSOME HEIFER

By HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

ONE night I was lying beneath an old willow
At the edge of a meadow to watch the moon rise,
When an old brindle heifer loomed out of the shadow
To set me to laughing in merry surprise.

I peered through the strands of the light-hanging willow
To see her cavorting about like a loon,
As if she were driven by some inner passion
To be like the cow in the old nursery tune.

Hey, diddle, diddle! Oh, where were the fiddle,
The cat and the dog and the dish and the spoon?
For here was a brindled and frolicsome heifer
With forces all gathered to hurdle the moon.

She pawed at the air till her forelegs went over,
And under her body the moon shimmered pale;
And just as she cleared it, I swear that I saw her
Disdainfully give it a flick with her tail.

Oh, was I asleep and could I be dreaming?
Or was I adrift on the trail of a tune
Where a cat with a fiddle played hey, diddle, diddle,
And a frolicsome heifer jumped over the moon?

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you think you won't be tailed, come here in the noon hour."

He came, pale and shaken. As soon as he hung up the phone, the curtain had risen on a melodrama in the Austrian consulate. Consul General von Nuber entered. Doctor Bremer grabbed him at the door. They retired to Von Nuber's private office, where everyone heard them roaring. Then the consul general came charging through the office, asking if anyone had seen a letter laid on his desk the morning before or knew a man named Schurmann? Everyone answered with a blank denial except Zeno, who admitted that he had seen Doctor Bremer write the letter and had put it on the desk; beyond that he knew nothing. Doctor Bremer, sputtering, departed.

Von Nuber called the whole force into his inner sanctum and lined them up against the wall. He seated himself, took a revolver from a drawer and slammed it down on his desk.

"There is a traitor among you!" he roared. (Accepting his definition of the term, there were four.) "A letter—a vitally important letter—is missing! It has probably fallen into the hands of the enemy! Someone in this office must have taken it! If I knew who it was, I would shoot him!"

All appeared frightened. He asked them severally if they had seen suspicious actions on the part of a fellow employee. No one offered a suggestion. He dismissed them. A few minutes later, Zeno heard him calling up a private detective agency.

"What shall I do next?" Zeno asked me.

"Go back, carry on as though nothing had happened, and keep away from here for a few days. Meantime, I'm going to try to turn suspicion to someone else."

I got out the list of personnel for the Austrian consulate. Zeno and I ran it over. Both of us stopped at a name.

"That's our man!" I said.

He was a South Slav, but no friend of our cause. In fact, he had been informing Vienna of the lukewarm or treasonable among South Slavs. He usually followed up by a recommendation that their property in Austria be confiscated. He was a persistent gambler and an enthusiastic ladies' man. Nobody could understand how he paid for his dissipations, for his salary was small. His pull, however, ran into the highest Austrian circles, and I knew that Von Nuber would never take the risk of punishing him.

Tricking a Traitor

Happily, Captain Gaunt was out of town. That, I felt, would give me an opportunity to mend my break before I had to confess it to him. Taking the only precaution possible against that detective agency which Von Nuber had summoned, I telephoned to Tvrdý, directing him to shave off his mustache, to get out of town, and to leave his forwarding address with me alone.

I proceeded with the frame-up. I used a character whom we called "the double-crosser." He was a tool of Paul Koenig, who was up to his neck in German sabotage, and Franz von Rintelen, "the master spy." But he played with both sides, solely for money. He received a salary from the Germans, and I gave him a hundred dollars now and then for documents which he filched from his employers. He was my only paid agent at the time—all the rest were working without hire for a cause.

The week before, "the double-crosser" had offered to sell me certain important documents for $1000. I decided that, even if genuine, they were not worth so much money. Now I sent for this man. We met outside of my office. "I've told Captain Guy Gaunt about this haul of yours," I said, "and he's interested. He'll probably meet your price." He snapped at the bait.

As soon as Gaunt returned to New York, I went to see him, confessed my break, unfolded my plot, and made an appointment for "the double-crosser" at his office.

When the visitor entered, the captain was seated at his desk. Before him lay a few papers, only one of which meant anything. It read, "Received $500 for services rendered," and finished off with the forged signature of the *caballero* at the Austrian consulate. One of our agents, an expert penman, had traced the signature the night before. Gaunt had placed it among the other papers, so that only that bold, distinctive signature showed.

An Austrian Dilemma

Gaunt looked over the papers which "the double-crosser" offered him, made a show of bargaining, and agreed at last to pay the price. He went to his safe in the next room and took a little time in counting the money—my money, by the way, not his. The visitor had departed with his loot before Gaunt ventured to look at his desk. Success—the receipt was missing!

Two days later, "the double-crosser" appeared at the Austrian consulate and saw Von Nuber. He left the office looking happy and gratified. Naturally, he must have felt that money grew on trees in those days. Zeno learned all about it afterward. "The double-crosser" told a story about picking the pocket of a British agent and finding this receipt among the loot. Von Nuber bought it. As soon as "the double-crosser" had departed, he called our victim into his private office and confronted him with the document. Loudly and sincerely, the man denied all knowledge of it. Herr von Nuber pondered on this for a day or two. If the fellow had really sold out to the British, he would be more dangerous outside of the Austrian setup than inside. There was his pull to consider. To fire him, Von Nuber must confess that there was a leak in his office. Finally the consul general had a bright idea. He transferred the man to a consulate in an interior city, where he would be out of the way of temptation from the British and, in any case, would have smaller opportunity to betray the empire. Zeno and our three other agents in the consulate enjoyed Von Nuber's entire confidence to the end.

Exposing the secretary to the Russian general was another thing which I tried to do before Gaunt returned. The logical man to see was Professor Syromjatnikov, chief of Russian Intelligence in the United States. I had been keeping myself as far away from the Russian officials as I could. However, I took it for granted that the professor would act in a matter so important as this. I showed him Doctor Bremer's letters to the Austrian consul general and to the Russian general's secretary, together with a report on what Doctor Bremer had told Tvrdý. The professor looked them over calmly, and asked me to leave them with him. I suggested that I had photographed copies of the letters; that I would prefer to keep the originals. No, said the professor, his government would not

consider photographs as valid proof. So I left the originals with him.

"My government will act in due time," replied Syromjatnikov.

Irritated, I went to see Colonel Buckoy, an assistant to the military attaché and the only Russian I ever took into full confidence. I urged him to do something about this woman at once. Buckoy could do nothing. The general was his military superior. Besides, it was a personal matter, delicate. There it stood. The general's secretary, as soon as this crisis was over, would find some other way of shipping information to the Germans. At last, I consulted Gaunt. When I told him that I had given those letters to Professor Syromjatnikov he behaved as though I had hit an aching tooth with an electric drill.

"Do you know what he'll do?" Gaunt exclaimed. "He'll send them to Petrograd. That will take a month. It will be months before Petrograd does anything, if ever. Meanwhile every pro-German in Petrograd will know all about it. Why didn't you go the whole way and send the letters to the Kaiser?"

They say that the British never make scenes. Well, a Briton and a Bohemian-American made a horrible scene. I, too, lost my temper—angry at myself as much as at him.

As I stamped out of the room, I said, "I'll get that woman out of the country if I have to kidnap her!"

By now, my agents among the Russians had reported on the general's secretary. They presented proofs that he had brought her to this country for immoral purposes. I had a friend at Ellis Island—an inspector, an Italian by birth, a warm sympathizer with the Allies. Before the war, I had helped him out of several jams. I gave him my evidence against this woman. Quietly, he arrested her. As I calculated, she was as eager as I to dodge publicity. She realized that the game was up, and accepted voluntary deportation. I never heard that she was punished in any way after she reached Russia. Probably not. As things were going in the Czar's empire just then, it is more likely that they gave her a banquet.

Captain Gaunt and I shook hands and made it up.

The Birth of the Bolsheviki

At this time, all representatives of the Allies in the United States were worrying about the Russians. Men of German blood from the Baltic provinces sprinkled the Russian missions to this country, and in the pinch of war they sympathized with Germany. Some of the lesser lights among them frequented the Spanish Club in New York, where Irish revolutionists met German plotters. From our agents there and from other sources, we learned that we must deal with a new element—the revolutionists. We called them Nihilists then, but the radicals among the Russian officials represented that element which the world was to know within the next two years as Bolsheviki. Their policy squared with the one which Lenin and Trotsky put into effect in November, 1917—seize the government and make peace with Germany, so that the new Russia might perfect the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The ambassador at Washington, while loyal to the Allies, had an almost morbid desire to save the face of Russia. Aware of traitors in his ranks, though it is doubtful if he realized the extent of the treason, he knew that the dismissal of an important general might precipitate a scandal. He hesitated to take drastic action.

I found a liberal Russian, no friend of the Czar but heart and soul for the Allies, who was willing to work for me. Steffanov, editor of the Russkoia Slovo at New York, volunteered. He cultivated the Nihilists and played his game so well they were soon calling him "comrade." They confirmed all that I have related above. Meantime, I gained another important ally. Madame de Bogory, who this year died, an exile in Paris, was the daughter of a Russian general then in service at the front. Her social position and her charm gave her entree to the higher Russian circles. Appalled by what she found there, she confided in me. She first put me on my guard against Boris Stürmer, then a rising favorite at the imperial court. "He's not only a fool but he's in German pay," she said. Then came the news that the Czar had made Stürmer premier. I still have a copy of the report I sent to Masaryk that month. I quote passages:

> The entire situation here is complicated by the work of some of the Russian revolutionary elements who . . . are feverishly planning a revolution. This is all being done with the consent of the present Russian government, headed now by a German. . . . German influence over Russia has reached heights in the past ten weeks never attained before. That is why Russia is refusing the terms by which we might gain Rumania. This information comes from one of our men, a member of the Russian revolutionary committee, who, however, is entirely reliable. The Russian government is capable of starting a revolution which would enable it to sign a separate peace because of the internal situation. This "made-to-order" revolution would, of course, greatly harm the real revolutionary movement. I would not write all this to you did I not know that some of the best Russian workers have been recalled and that the Russian Purchasing Committee may be recalled. . . .

Masaryk had the full confidence of Allied chieftains. He took this information to them and wrote his reply.

> *Dear Friend:* Many thanks for your news. In regard to the Russian revolution, I think your man has misinformed you. As far as I can discover here in Paris, the situation is different. The Russian government does not want a revolution. Stürmer is not a German, etc. Rumania has been gained for us, even though Russia refuses concessions in Bessarabia. That, at least, is how the situation has been explained to me.
>
> I cabled for a courier. Please take upon yourself to see that I have occasional couriers, people with American passports. Concerning the rest, Doctor Beneš has written to you. Your,
>
> MASARYK.

This reply is no reflection on Masaryk's judgment. It only illustrates the blindness of the Allies to the disintegration of the Russian Empire.

Mislabeled Death

Even before I wrote to Masaryk, we learned of a new method of sabotaging munitions for Russia. Characteristically, the information came not from any of the Russian intelligence officers, but from our agents in the factories.

Here I must set down a few facts about military equipment. Generally, any modern army has one single caliber for all its rifles; the same rule applies to most field artillery. The standard bore of British field guns was 3.3 inches, that of the French seventy-five millimeters, that of the German seventy-seven millimeters—and so on.

But the Russians went into the war with weapons which had two or three different calibers in every category. Now, we heard, whole divisions of the Russian army were collapsing before attacks because they found their reserve ammunition falsely labeled. For example, the stenciled legend on the outside of boxes would announce that the contents were .30 caliber cartridges, which fitted the rifles carried by that division, while the cartridges actually were of .256 caliber. And all the boxes so mislabeled originated in the United States.

The American manufacturers were not at fault. When a lot of ammunition was finished, Russian inspectors passed it. The factory packed it for shipment, and delivered it to the Russians, after which the factory took no further interest. At some time between the shipment's delivery to them and its departure from one of our seaports, the Russians marked the boxes with the

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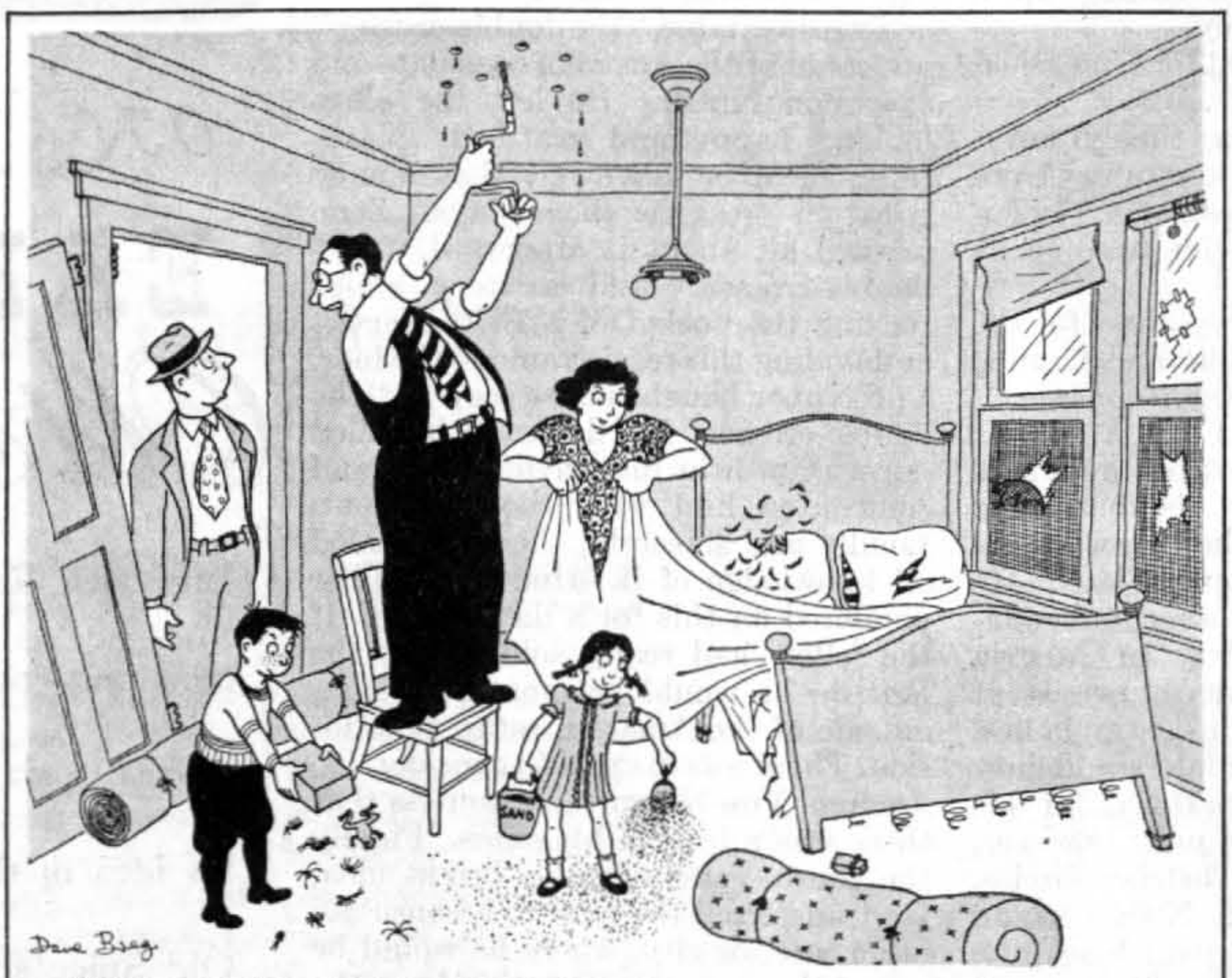

"We're saving the expense of going to a summer resort this season!"

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caliber of the ammunition enclosed. Whether such marking was accurate or disastrously inaccurate depended on the Russian official in charge.

I gave full proof to Buckoy. He passed it on to the ambassador. Nothing seemed to happen. Falsely marked consignments continued to go to Russia. In the original packages, this stuff passed on to the front, where division commanders found that they had no ammunition to fit their guns.

Then, in the summer of 1916, we uncovered a new trick, still more disturbing. Cases labeled and listed as ammunition, but really containing scrap iron, old lead, or anything else heavy and useless, were being sent to Russia. This was not only sabotage but graft on a large scale. The men back of this were undoubtedly Russians collaborating with Germans. They made the Russian government pay for this junk as ammunition, and pocketed the money. By the middle of July, thousands of cases of this stuff, together with enormous quantities of genuine ammunition, had piled up in warehouses, barges and freight cars at the Black Tom terminal of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. (Black Tom originally was a seawashed and uninhabitable island near the New Jersey shore of lower New York harbor. It had become a peninsula, because the railroad had run a causeway from the mainland.)

This extraordinary accumulation of explosives worried me. It seemed like an invitation to the German dynamiters. I saw Buckoy and spoke my mind. Buckoy promised to do what he could. Again nothing happened.

Already our man Tuzar, by arrangement with the Allied Intelligence, was placing inspectors from our organization in munitions factories. I ordered him to put a dozen men on guard along the approaches to the Black Tom peninsula. I carried the matter of the junk being shipped as munitions to the British. Capt. Guy Gaunt had one of the quickest minds I have ever encountered. Decision was usually a matter of a split second. But this time, he hesitated. "It's awkward," he said. "We might mix things up frightfully by stepping in. The fellow back of this must be a high Russian official. We're supposed to be friendly with all of them. Some are important to other things we're doing. So far as we British are concerned, it's better to keep clear until we know exactly who's responsible."

The Russian Sphinx

Once again, against my better judgment, I reported to Professor Syromjatnikov.

On the morning of July 29, 1916, I met him in his hotel room. I told him what I knew about those shipments of fake munitions. I spoke calmly and dryly. He betrayed no surprise. I had an intuition that my story was no news to him. He asked only one question, "How did you learn all this?"

"As you learn such things from your own people," I replied.

After a pause, he said, "I was interested in the pamphlet, Independent Bohemia, which you sent me. Who wrote it?"

"Professor Masaryk."

"It is well written. I thought it was Masaryk's. He should come here. He is needed here."

Plainly, he was trying to change the subject.

"What do you intend to do, professor, in case you find that my information is correct?" I asked bluntly.

"I don't know. Nevertheless, I am your debtor, your very real debtor. May I ask one more favor of you? Do not mention the matter to anyone else. It might interfere with my work." Then he fell into one of his sphinxlike silences. At length he said, "My organization is weak and hampered. Petrograd will not give me the funds for a larger force. So there you are. I don't know—I don't know." For the first time showing a trace of human emotion, he gave a hopeless wave of his hand.

As he bowed me out, I had the feeling of a man who has been trying to bite into a billiard ball. *Well*, I thought, *he is a Russian. Nitchevo.*

That afternoon, I had tea with Captain Gaunt. When I gave him the substance of this interview, he said, "I wonder, Victor, if we didn't make a mistake when we confided in Syromjatnikov?"

The Black Tom Inferno

I went to bed worried. And I woke in the small hours of the morning in terror. My stout brick house was shivering, my bed was swaying, the windows were rattling. I jumped up, fully awake, and ran to a window facing south. The distant skyscrapers rose black against a sky that seemed all aflame. My mind jumped to the explanation. The worst had happened! Someone had blown up Black Tom.

The phone rang. The jerky, excited voice of one of my guards on the Jersey shore reported, "Everything is blown up—everything! Black Tom is just one big flame! All our boys are safe! Send a relief crew as soon as you can; we'll stay here until they come!"

I wondered vaguely how he knew, so soon after the explosion, that our men were still safe. I found afterward that there had been two explosions, half an hour apart. The second was by far the more violent, and I had slept through the first.

I rushed over to Gaunt's hotel. We had the same reaction. My interview with Syromjatnikov, this explosion at Black Tom—it seemed more than coincidence. Then I took the subway to South Ferry. The point of Manhattan Island, usually deserted at that hour, boiled with activity. Police reserves were pushing back crowds to make way for fire engines. My feet crunched on glass—the explosions seemed to have smashed every window around. Southward, huge geysers of flame showed where burning barges were loose from their moorings. Now and then, a dull explosion would precede the appearance of a gigantic moon in the southern sky. A sickening odor of burning chemicals filled the air.

I crowded onto a ferryboat for New Jersey. By enthusiastic shoving, I managed to land ahead of the others. For a fare amounting to a bribe, I got a taxicab. We made slow progress—all New Jersey seemed to be rushing toward Black Tom. When I posted my guards, I had selected a little all-night beer joint as a rendezvous. I found that although the explosion had smashed all its windows and blown its door off its hinges, the bartender was still doing business. Macháček, commander of our patrol on Black Tom, was waiting there for me. He gave me a quick account. Only one detail of his story has any special interest after all these years. "The first explosion," he said, "was on a barge tied up to the pier. A few minutes before the barge went up, I saw a rowboat approaching it. I

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UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A souvenir hunter at Black Tom, the morning after.

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could make out the figures of two men aboard. After that, everything blazed, bright as day. I saw no boat come away."

I observed for myself, in the crowd milling about the fire lines, a German agent whom I knew well, because he worked for both sides.

Black Tom became the focus of long litigation between the German government and American claimants. Ever since the explosion, detectives and attorneys have ranged the world, gathering and weighing every shred of evidence. We know a few incontrovertible facts. July twenty-ninth was a Saturday. At five o'clock, the whole working force at Black Tom knocked off for the week end. The only humans left at the terminal were watchmen and half a dozen private detectives. At a little before one o'clock in the morning a sudden fire broke out in a freight car. Near it were dozens of cars filled with shells and raw explosives. Sensibly and prudently, the watchmen gave an alarm and ran. At eight minutes past one, the barge, tied to a wharf more than a hundred yards from the fire, blew up—the first and lesser blast. It was half an hour later before the fire in the freight car reached the other cars on the tracks, bringing the second explosion. One man, watching from Bedloe's Island, testified that he saw a fire on the barge before it exploded.

Possibly, this was another double job. By now, the German agents were not working in one tight organization, but in groups. Jealousy and the secretiveness of men engaged in a trade which endangered their necks kept them from confiding in one another. Probably, the cause of the fire in the freight car was one of those time cigar bombs which the Germans had used to burn ships at sea. But the men in the boat? Macháček saw them approach the barge; he did not see them come away. It is possible that the directors of the plot worked a diabolical trick on their own dynamiters. This affair was so dangerous that they wished to take no chances with an operative who might be caught and confess. The man who ordered the job may have handed the perpetrators an apparatus which he described as a time bomb, but which, actually, would go off when it was set.

As I went home that night, I kept repeating to myself, "It was the Russians—it was the Russians!" Even after all these years of reflection, I cannot get that thought out of my head. Not that I call the grafters and traitors among the Russians the actual perpetrators. They didn't have to act themselves. They had contact with expert German agents. A word in the proper quarter, the offer of big money—and it was as good as done. Syromjatnikov's strange despair on the morning before the disaster—his hopeless "I don't know—I don't know!"—may have indicated that he expected this to happen, but could not prevent it.

Other evidence backs up these suspicions. On January 11, 1917, the munitions works of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company at Kingsland, New Jersey, which was filling a munitions order for Russia, blew up, with damage of $17,000,000. A long time later, detectives for the Mixed Claims Commission identified the workman who had probably set it off. An Austrian Galician, he was posing as a Russian. Investigation proved further that an employee of the Russian consulate got this man his job. And just before the explosion, the consul general had discharged his employee for "intimate acquaintance with Germans and pro-German activities"—including close association with Franz von Rintelen!

I called a meeting of our Russian friends—Buckoy, the people in private life who had tipped us off to the fake munitions, the loyal editors of Russian-language newspapers. Some of them told me that they shared my suspicions. Madame de Bogory spoke out in meeting, "German money interests some of our representatives far more than does the life of our nation."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series by Captain Voska. The sixth will appear next week.