

Again, in this statement we were also gravely assured that the action taken by the authorities in arresting about thirty known spies who had long been watched, was "believed to have broken up the spy organization in this country".

Could anything be more calculated to irritate a discerning public?

A few months later Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, rose in the House of Commons and informed us that "every enemy alien is known, and is under constant police supervision". Such a statement did not improve the growing feeling of insecurity, and even if it was intended to place the enemy off his guard, it was but a clumsy ruse, for there were at that moment thousands of the enemy in our midst allowed to roam at pleasure and plot against us—persons who were unregistered and unknown. So far, indeed, from that statement being the truth, Sir R. Cooper, M.P., stood up in the House and boldly declared that there were aliens in every department of our public services, and that these persons were daily transmitting reports of our movements to Germany. Not a soul rose to contradict him. Why? Because the secrets of our Budget had been known and published in Frankfurt before they were known in the House of Commons! And again, a later and more glaring instance of the leakage of information to our enemies was when the news of Lord Kitchen-er's tragic death was published in Berlin half an hour after it had reached London. Who was the traitor?

Further, the Home Secretary's recent figures were certainly not very reassuring, for he admitted that no fewer than 7,233 enemy aliens had been granted certificates exempting them from internment. One wonders why? He also told us that there were 9,355 male enemy aliens loose in London alone, while 471 male enemy aliens were still allowed to live in "prohibited areas!" One cannot help wondering what these dear good Ger-

mans and Austrians had done to be granted such a privilege, and how many Englishmen to-day are living in prohibited areas in Germany.

Naturally such admission caused considerable anger, for it revealed the fact that the Intelligence Department was not receiving due support from the Home Office. Fighting a crafty and unscrupulous foe, as we are, we should surely not give them a single loophole.

Happily few loopholes to-day exist, yet these few must be closed. We have a strangle-hold upon German spies, and we must retain it. In most districts in England the army of secret agents has been dispersed and broken, and the desperadoes are either repatriated, or are among the 26,000 civilian enemy aliens we hold to-day behind stout barbed wire. The courts of internment have long ago discovered themselves to be a mere farce, for the Hun secret agent, a graduate of one of the spy-schools in Leipzig, Friedenau, or elsewhere—is far too wily and his purse for too potent. Happily we have learned a serious lesson. Germany intended to spring some big surprises upon us, and one of those big surprises was the sudden rising of an army of military desperadoes who were to act at a given signal, destroy our communications, our waterworks, our power-stations, our shipping, and commit serious outrages in our arsenals and munition works. But by the secret knowledge acquired before the war, acquired only by patient inquiry, continual watchfulness, and often by undertaking long journeys into the enemy's camp, the authorities held information which enabled them to strangle the serpent which the Kaiser had placed with such cunning within our gates—within the country whose hospitality he accepted—and over whose suspicion he bleated so pathetically in that famous interview in 1908.

Germany herself admits that we have upset her plans and discovered her plots, for she has now expressed