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session of hard, indisputable facts, how could they act? The British public had hailed Lewin Rodwell as a fine specimen of the truly patriotic Englishman, little dreaming him to be a wolf in sheep's-clothing. To all and every charitable appeal he subscribed readily, and to his small, snug house in Bruton Street came many of the highest in the land. Alas! that we always judge a man by his coat, his cook, his smiles and his glib speeches. Put a dress-suit upon the biggest scoundrel who ever stood in the dock at the Old Bailey—from Smith, who murdered his brides in baths downwards—and he would pass as what the world calls "a gentleman."

One evening in December—the ninth, to be exact—there had been a big dinner-party at Sir Boyle's, in Berkeley Square, and afterwards Trustram had accompanied Rodwell home to Bruton Street in a taxi for a smoke.

AS the pair—the spider and the fly—sat together before the fire in the small, cosy room at the back of the house which the financier used as his own den, their conversation turned upon a forthcoming meeting at the Mansion House, which it was intended to hold in order to further arouse the Home Office to a true sense of the danger of allowing alien enemies to be at liberty.

"I intend to speak quite openly and plainly upon the subject," declared Rodwell, leaning back in his chair and blowing a cloud of cigar-smoke from his lips. "The time has now passed for polite speeches. If we are to win this war we must no longer coddle the enemy with Donnington Hall methods. The authorities know full well that there are hundreds of spies among us to-day, and yet they deliberately close their eyes to them. To me their motto seems, 'Don't aggravate the Germans. They are such dear good people.' The whole comedy would be intensely humorous—a rollicking farce—if it were not so terribly pathetic. Therefore, at the meeting, I intend to warn the Government that if some strong measure is not adopted, and at once, the people themselves will rise and take matters into their own hands. There'll be rioting soon, if something is not done—that's my firm conviction," and in his dark eyes was a keen, earnest look, as he waved his white hand emphatically. Truly, Lewin Rodwell was a clever actor, and the line he had taken was, surely, sufficiently bold to remove from him any suspicion of German birth, or of double dealing.

"Yes, I quite agree," declared Trustram, enthusiastically. "We know well enough at the Admiralty that the most confidential information leaks out to the enemy almost daily, and—"

"And what can you expect, my dear fellow, when we have so many Germans and naturalized Germans here in our midst?" cried Rodwell, interrupting. "Intern the whole lot—that's my idea."

"With that I entirely agree," exclaimed Trustram, of course believing fully in his friend's whole-hearted sincerity. "There are far too many Germans in high places, and while they occupy them we shall never be able to combat their craftiness—never!"

Lewin Rodwell fixed his cold, keen

eyes upon the speaker, and smiled inwardly with satisfaction.

"My poor friend Dr. Jerrold held exactly similar views," Trustram went on. "Dear old Jerrold! He was ever active in hunting out spies. He assisted our Secret Service in a variety of ways and, by dint of diligent and patient inquiry, discovered many strange things."

"Did he ever really discover any spies?" asked Rodwell, in a rather languid voice.

"Yes, several. I happen to know one case—that of a man who collected certain information. The documents were found on him, together with a pocket-book which contained a number of names and addresses of German secret agents in England."

Rodwell instantly became interested.

"Did he? What became of the book? That surely ought to be most valuable to the authorities—eh?"

"It has been, I believe. But, of course, all inquiries of that nature are done by the War Office, so I only know the facts from Jerrold himself. He devoted all the time he could snatch from his profession to the study of spies, and to actual spy-hunting."

"And with good results—eh? Poor fellow! He was very alert. His was a sad end. Suicide. I wonder why?" asked Rodwell.

"Who knows?" remarked the other, shrugging his shoulders. "We all of us have our skeletons in our cupboards. Possibly his might have been rather uglier than others!"

Rodwell remained thoughtful. Mention of that pocket-book, of which Jerrold had obtained possession, caused him to ponder. That it was in the hands of the Intelligence Department was the reverse of comforting. He had known of the arrest of Otto Hartwig, alias Hart, who had, for many years before the war, carried on business in Kensington, but this was the first he had learnt that anything had been found upon the prisoner.

HE endeavoured to gain some further details from Trustram, but the latter had but little knowledge.

"All I know," he said, "is that the case occupied poor Jerrold fully a month of patient inquiry and watchful vigilance. At last his efforts were rewarded, for he was enabled to follow the man down to Portsmouth, and actually watch him making inquiries there—gathering facts which he intended to transmit to the enemy."

"How?" asked Rodwell, quickly.

"Ah! that's exactly what we don't know. That there exists a rapid mode of transmitting secret intelligence across the North Sea is certain," replied the Admiralty official. "We've had illustrations of it, time after time. Between ourselves, facts which I thought were only known to myself—facts regarding the transport of troops across the Channel—have actually been known in Berlin in a few hours after I have made the necessary arrangements."

"Are you quite certain of that?" Rodwell asked, with sudden interest.

"Absolutely. It has been reported back to us by our friends in Germany."

"Then we do have friends in Ger-