

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

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and twisted wires, each of which Rodwell traced without hesitation.

In a few seconds his white, well-manicured and expert hand was upon the key again, as the Smalls returned to their living-room, and he swiftly tapped out the message in German:

"I am Rodwell. Are you Stendel? Put me through Cuxhaven direct to Berlin: Number Seventy: very urgent."

"Yes," came the reply. "I am Stendel. Your signals are good. Wait, and I will put you through direct to Berlin."

The "sounder" clicked loudly, and the clockwork of the tape released, causing the narrow paper ribbon to unwind.

"S. S." answered Rodwell, the German war-code letters for "All right. Received your message and understand it."

Then he took from his pocket his gold cigarette-case, which bore his initials in diamonds on the side, and selecting a cigarette, lit it and smoked while waiting for the necessary connections and relays to be made which would enable him to transmit his message direct to the general headquarters of the German Secret Service in the Koenigergratzerstrasse, in Berlin.

In patience he waited for a full ten minutes in that close little room, watching the receiving instrument before him. The angry roar of the wintry sea could be heard without, the great breakers rolling in upon the beach, while every now and then the salt spindrift would cut sharply across the little window, which rattled in the gusty wind.

Click—click—click. Then a pause, and repeated three times. Then a pause, and the call "M. X. Q. Q.—J. A. J. 70."

By the prefix, Rodwell knew that he was "through," and actually in communication with the headquarters of the German espionage throughout the world; that marvellously alert department from which no secret of state, or of hostile army or navy was safe; the department formed and controlled by the great Steinhauer, who had so many times boasted to him, and perhaps with truth, that at the Koenigergratzerstrasse they knew more of England than even the English themselves knew.

THE British public will never be able to realize one hundredth part of what Germany has done by her spy-system, or of the great diplomatic and military successes which she has achieved by it. Yet we know enough to realize that for years no country and no walk of life—from the highest to the lowest—has been free from the ubiquitous, unscrupulous and unsuspected secret agents of whom Lewin Rodwell was a type.

In Germany's long and patient preparation for the world-war, nothing in the way of espionage was too large, or too small for attention. The activity of her secret agents in Berlin had surely been an object-lesson to the world. Her spies swarmed in all cities, and in every village; her agents ranked among the leaders of social and commercial life, and among the sweepings and outcasts of great communities. The wealthiest of commer-

cial men did not shrink from acting as her secret agents. She was not above employing beside them the very dregs of the community. No such system had ever been seen in the world. Yet the benefits which our enemies were deriving from it, now that we were at war, were incalculable.

By every subtle and underhand means in her power, Germany had prepared for her supreme effort to conquer us, and, as a result of this it was that Lewin Rodwell that night sat at the telegraph-key of the Berlin spy-bureau actually established on British soil.

He waited until the call had been repeated three times with the secret code-number of the Koenigergratzerstrasse, namely: "Number 70 Berlin."

Then, putting out his cigarette, he drew his chair forward until his elbows rested upon the table, and spreading out the closely-written document before him, tapped out a signal in code.

The letters were "F. B. S. M."

TO this kind of pass-word, which was frequently altered from time to time, he received a reply: "G. L. G. S." and then he added his own number, "0740."

The signals exchanged were quite strong, and he drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction.

Then, settling down to his dastardly work, he began to tap out rapidly the following in German:

"On Imperial War Service. Most Urgent. From 0740 to Berlin 70. Transmitted Personally."

"Source of information G. 27, British Admiralty. Lieutenant Ralph Beeton, Grenadier Guards, British secret agent, is at present staying at Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin, as James B. James, an

American citizen, of Fernville, Kansas, and is transmitting reports. Captain Henry Fordyce, British Navy, is at Park Hotel, Dusseldorf, as Francis Dexter, iron merchant of New Orleans, and has sent reports regarding Erhardt's ordnance factory. Both should be arrested at once. Lieutenant George Evans, reported at Amsterdam on the 5th, has gone to Emden, and will probably be found at the Krone Hotel."

Then he paused. That message had, he knew, sealed the fate of three brave Englishmen who had dared to enter the camp of our enemies. They would be arrested within an hour or so, and most certainly shot as spies. His face broadened into an evil grin of satisfaction as the truth crossed his mind.

He waited for an acknowledgment that his report had been received. Then, having listened to the answering click—clickety—click, he sent a second message as follows:

"British Naval Dispositions: Urgent to Q. S. R."

"Source of information H. 238. Tonight, off the Outer Skerries, Shetlands, are battleships King Charles (flag), Mole, Wey, Welland, Teign, Yare, Queen Boadicea, Emperor of India, King Henry VIII; with first-class cruisers Hogue, Stamford, Petworth, Lichfield, Dorchester; second-class cruisers Rockingham, Guildford, Driffield, Verulam, Donnington, Pirbright, Tremayne and Blackpool; destroyers Viking, Serpent, Chameleon, Adder, Batswing, Sturdy and Havoc, with eight submarines, the aircraft-ship Flyer, and repair-ship Vulcan. Another strong division left Girdle Ness at 4 p.m. coming south. The division in Moray Firth remains the same. Trusty, Dragon, Norfolk and Shadower left Portsmouth this evening going east. British Naval war-code to be altered at midnight to 106-13."

The figures he spelt out very care-

fully, repeating them three times, so that there could be no mistake. Again he paused until, from Berlin, they were repeated for confirmation.

Afterwards he proceeded as follows:

"Ruritania leaves Liverpool for New York at noon to-morrow, carrying bullion. Also liners Smyrna, Jacob Elderson, City of Rotterdam and Great Missenden leave same port for Atlantic ports to-morrow. Submarines may be advised by wireless."

ONCE more he paused until he received the signal of acknowledgment, with the query whether the name of one of the ships mentioned was Elderson or Elderton. But Lewin Rodwell, with keen interest in his fell work of betraying British liners into the hands of the German pirate submarines, quickly tapped out the correct spelling, repeating it, so that there should be no further mistake.

After yet another pause, the man seated in the fisherman's stuffy little bedroom grasped the telegraph-key and made the signals—"J. O. H. J."—which, in the German war-code, meant: "Take careful note and report to proper quarter instantly."

"All right," came the answering signal, also in code. "Prepared to receive J. O. H. J."

Then, after a few seconds, Rodwell glanced again at the closely-written sheet spread before him, and began to tap out the following secret message in German to the very heart of the Imperial war-machine:

"Official information just gained from a fresh and most reliable source—confirmed by H. 238, M. 605, and also B. 1928—shows that British Admiralty have conceived a clever plan for entrapping the German Grand Fleet. Roughly, the scheme is to make attack with inferior force upon Heligoland early on Wednesday morning, the 16th, together with corresponding attack upon German division in the

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