

GILLETT'S LYE



In due course, after the arranged forty days' tests from Wangeroog to the Spurn, the cable was accepted by the General Post Office, and over it much of the telegraphic traffic between England and Germany had, for the past five years, been conducted.

ON the declaration of war, however, telegraph engineers from York had arrived, excavated the cable out of the beach at the Spurn, and effectively cut the line, as all the lines connecting us with German stations had been severed. After that, the British postal authorities contented themselves that no further communication could possibly be established

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with the enemy, and the public were satisfied with a defiant isolation.

They were ignorant how, ten days after the cables had been cut, old Tom Small, his son and two other men, in trawling for fish not far from the shore, had one night suddenly grappled a long black snaky-looking line, and, after considerable difficulties, had followed it with their grapnels to a certain spot where, with the aid of their winch, they were able to haul it on board in the darkness.

Slimy and covered with weeds and barnacles, that strategic cable had been submerged and lay there, unsuspected, ready for "the Day," for, truth to tell, the Spurn Head-Wangeroog cable had possessed a double shore-end, one of which had been landed upon British soil, while the other had been flung overboard from the German cable-ship four miles from land, while old Tom Small and his son had been established on shore in readiness to perform their part in dredging it up and landing it when required.

So completely and carefully had Germany's plans been laid for war that Small, once an honest British fisherman, had unsuspectingly fallen into the hands of a certain money-lender in Hull, who had first pressed him, and had afterwards shown him an easy way out of his financial difficulties; that way being to secretly accept the gift of a small trawler, on condition that, any time his services were required by a strange gentleman who would come down from London and bring him instructions, he would faithfully carry them out.

In the middle of the month of August, 1914, the mysterious gentleman had arrived, showed him a marked chart of the sea beyond the five-fathoms line at the Sand Haile, and had given him certain instructions, which he had been forced to carry out.

Not without great difficulty had the second shore-end of the cable been brought ashore at night just opposite his cottage, and dug into the sand at low water, the end being afterwards carried into the little bedroom in the cottage, where, a few days before, several heavy boxes had arrived—boxes which old Tom afterwards saw contained a quantity of electric batteries and weird-looking apparatus.

It was then that Lewin Rodwell arrived for the first time, and, among other accomplishments, being a trained telegraph electrician, he had set the instruments up upon the unsuspecting-looking stand of the big old sewing-machine.

Small, who daily realized and regretted the crafty machinations of the enemy in entrapping him by means of the money-lender in Hull, was inclined to go to the police, confess, and expose the whole affair.

Rodwell, with his shrewd intuition, knew this, and in consequence treated father and son with very little consideration.

Even as he stood in the room that night fingering the secret instruments, which he had just revealed by lifting the cover, he turned to the weather-beaten old man and said, in a hard, sarcastic voice:

"You see the war is lasting longer than you expected, Small—isn't it? I suppose you've seen all that silly nonsense in the papers about Germany being already at the end of her tether?

Don't you believe it. In a year's time we shall have only just started."

"Yes, sir," replied the old fellow, in a thick voice. "But—well, sir, I—I tell you frankly, I'm growing a bit nervous. Mr. Judd, from the Chapel Point coast-guard, came 'ere twice last week and sat with me smokin', as if he were a-tryin' to pump me."

"Nervous, be hanged, Small. Don't be an idiot!" Rodwell replied, quickly. "What can anybody know, unless you yourself blab? And if you did—by Gad! your own people would shoot you as a traitor at the Tower of London—you and your boy, too! So remember that—and be very careful to keep a still tongue."

"But I never thought, when that Mr. Josephs, up in London, wrote to me sending me a receipt for the money I owed, that I was expected to do all this!" Small protested.

"No, if you had known you would never have done it!" laughed Rodwell. "But Germany is not like your gallant rule-of-thumb England. She leaves nothing to chance, and, knowing the cupidity of men, she takes full advantage of it—as in your case."

"But I can't bear the suspense, sir; I feel—I feel, Mr. Rodwell—that I'm suspected—that this house is under suspicion—that—"

"Utter bosh! It's all imagination, Small," Lewin Rodwell interrupted. "They've cut the cable at the Spurn, and that's sufficient. Nobody in England ever dreams that the German Admiralty prepared for this war five years ago, and therefore spliced a second end into the cable."

"Well, I tell you, sir, I heartily wish I'd never had anything to do with this affair," grumbled old Tom.

"AND if you hadn't you'd have been in Grimsby Workhouse instead of having six hundred and fifty-five pounds to your credit at the bank in Skegness. You see, I know the exact amount. And that amount you have secured by assisting the enemy. I know mine is a somewhat unpalatable remark—but that's the truth, a truth which you and your son Ted, as well as your two brothers, must hide—if you don't want to be tried by court-martial and shot as traitors, the whole lot of you."

The old fisherman started at those words, and held his breath.

"We won't say any more, Tom, on that delicate question," Rodwell went on, speaking in a hard, intense voice. "Just keep a dead silence, all of you, and you'll have nothing to fear or regret. If you don't, the punishment will fall upon you; I shall take good care to make myself secure—depend upon that!"

"But can't we leave this cottage? Can't we get away?" implored the old fellow, who had innocently fallen into the dastardly web so cleverly spun by the enemy.

"No; you can't. You've accepted German money for five years, and Germany now requires your services," was Rodwell's stern, brutal rejoinder. "Any attempt on your part to back out of your bargain will result in betraying you to your own people. That's plain speaking! You and your son should think it over carefully together. You know the truth now. When Germany is at war she doesn't fight in kid gloves—like your idiotic pigs of English!"

Knox Sparkling Lemon Jelly Dessert



Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in 2 cups boiling water. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice. Strain into molds first dipped in cold water and chill. Add dates, nuts, berries, oranges, bananas, fresh fruit—or canned fruit.

If fruit is added to the jelly it may be served as a salad on crisp lettuce leaves, accompanying with mayonnaise or any salad dressing.

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