

# The Secret Battle

Two American Officers Join the German "Council of Five" in Spain, Enter Germany by Submarine from San Sebastian to Kiel and Secure the Plans of the Last Drive on Paris, after the British and French Had Declared it Impossible to Obtain Them.

Von Hindenburg and the German High Command Cleverly Deceived by the Pretended Deserters—A Thrilling Adventure that Leads to the Defeat of the Boche and the Signing of the Armistice—The Story of the Two Mysterious Prisoners Sent from France to the Military Intelligence Staff in Washington in July Last.

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## PART I.

### FOREWORD

UNITED STATES ARMY CABLEGRAM

Brest, July 10, 1919.

Secretary of War, Washington:  
"Two German prisoners on transport sailing today consigned to Intelligence Staff, Washington."—BASH.

The above quotation is just a line from an army cablegram announcing the sailing of a transport and list of those on board. Many newspapers carried this dispatch and, on arrival of the ship, there was printed many speculative references to these mysterious prisoners and why they were sent to America.

Behind this incident lay one of the most thrilling stories of the entire war, which is here related to put an end to all speculation in references to these German officers—who were prisoners only for their own protection—and to give the American people some interesting information in reference to the part played by the secret service of their army in the final defeat of the Central Powers and in bringing about the quite generally unexpected termination of the world war by the signing of the armistice in November, 1918.

While Germany was defeated, there is no doubt but that her espionage service is still in full vigor. For fear that, even now, they may be plotting vengeance for the coup which contributed so much to their defeat, names are purposely omitted from this narrative.

In all military intelligence work, the only reward for those who conceive desperate plans of action in great emergencies and carry them out at imminent risk to themselves is the consciousness of tasks well done and of the many lives saved by their personal disregard of the dangers involved.

Here, then, is the true story of the two German prisoners and of the two American officers who fought the secret battle that enabled Marshal Foch to save Paris from capture and end the war.

(Continued from last Sunday)

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE GROUP OF FIVE.

The man who had first approached the major and who proved to be leader, said: "We are going to play fair with you and show you our hand. Seated around this table you see the so-called 'Group of Five.' We are the men who have kept Spain out of the war and who control the German secret service outside of Germany. Here we carry on our work, and if you will join us and obey orders, we will pay you so much money that when we have won the war you can settle where you will and live like a prince. It is up to you. If you join us and then play us false, we will find you and your life will be

the penalty we will exact for our betrayal. If you are afraid, stop now and you will not be molested; but if you come with us, you must come the whole way."

"I would like time to think it over," replied the major. "I will return to this room in one hour and give you my answer."

"Very well," said the leader. "We will await your return here."

This was just what the major desired. He believed that if he accepted their proposition as soon as they made it they might become suspicious; so he "played it safe" and left. When the hour had passed he once more made his way to their room.

"I have decided to cast my lot in with you," he said. "You know the Americans have offered a reward for my capture. I am willing to do any-

thing I can to get even with them."

His statement was met with nods of approval. The leader called for wine with which to welcome the new member.

With every eye in the room upon the major, the leader proposed a toast:

"To the health of the Kaiser and to the success of the German Arms."

Many opinions have been advanced as to just what this German had in mind when he proposed that toast to the major. The only feasible explanation is that it was one more test of his sincerity, for probably these Germans believed that no one would drink such a toast unless he was really what he claimed to be. They little knew what our army intelligence staff was made of, for there was not one of them who would not have willingly sacrificed his life to defeat Prussianism, and to drink a toast to the health of the Kaiser under such circumstances was but a mere incident in the game.

After the toast had been drunk, the chief administered the oath of allegiance to the German Fatherland and then they opened a vein in the major's arm that he might sign the oath with his own blood. He was then a full-fledged member of the system.

After the induction of the major into the German army was completed he was told just what was expected of him. The leader said:

"Recently, at one of the base ports, the Americans captured a man whom they have tried and convicted of being a spy. This man is a member of the German nobility and volunteered for this work because his health was such that he was unable to stand the strain of trench life. He was supposed to represent the Swiss Red Cross, but, through some slip, he has been caught. The Kaiser orders us to use every effort to effect the escape of this man. That will be your first work. We want you to return to France and endeavor to help him to escape, or, if that is impossible, you are authorized to spend any amount of money to bribe his guards. We will render you every assistance possible from this side of the boundary."

"Where is this man confined?"

"We do not know for a certainty, but we think at the Fort Medoc prison."

"We also have been charged to secure blue prints of that wonderful new motor, the Liberty. While you are effecting the release of His Highness, see what you can do toward securing those plans. Here are funds for your work. Tonight I will come to your room and assist you in perfecting your disguise, for you are to pass yourself off as a Spaniard. We will supply you with a passport that will permit you to pass unquestioned anywhere in France."

"I understand, and I will do my best to accomplish the release of the prisoner." Saying which, the major bade the rest goodbye and started toward his own room. While passing down the hall he discovered that he was being shadowed. Realizing that if this shadow was successful he could never accomplish his own mission, the major determined upon a

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bold stroke and returned to the room.

Bursting in at the door, with a great show of indignation, he announced: "If you do not trust me now without having some one follow me, I will refuse to have anything whatever to do with your schemes, and before you can get your royal prisoner released, he will have faced a firing squad."

The leader hastily denied all knowledge of the man who had been following the major and with him went out into the hall.

The man had disappeared, and, so far as he knew, that was the only attempt to keep a watch on the "comings and goings" of the major while in Spain.

That night the German chief came to the major's room to assist him in his disguise. His skin was stained a dark hue to correspond to that of a Spaniard and his passports and final instructions were given him.

(Continued next Sunday).

## HISTORY OF NUMBER 40

40 years ago an old doctor was putting up a medicine for diseases of the blood, that cured the worst cases of specific blood poison, and time proved that the cures were permanent. After many years I secured the prescription (being a druggist), and took each ingredient separately and referred to my U. S. Dispensary and other authoritative books on medicine and found the medicinal properties set down as follows: "Employed in diseases of the glandular system, in blood poison, scrofula, eczema, constipation, stomach and liver troubles, chronic rheumatism, catarrh, in sores, ulcers, pimples, skin eruptions, mercurial and lead poisoning. Under its use, nodules, tumors and serofulous swellings that have withstood all other treatment disappear as if by magic." To commemorate my fortieth year as a druggist I named this medicine "Number 40 For the Blood." J. C. Monden-hall, Evansville, Ind. Sold by Perry's drug store.

## WIFE HAS VOICE IN DOG DISPUTE

Eugene Prescott Would Keep Canine Were It Not For Home Objections

Eugene T. Prescott, who admits that he would house a dog were it not for the strenuous objections of Mrs. Prescott (and we presume that she has considerable to say regarding the conduct of the household) is the latest person to contribute his opinion in settling the dog controversy which is now one of the all-absorbing topics of conversation in the city.

Mr. Prescott's letter follows: "If the dog question has not been 'chewed' too much, would like to give Colonel Hofer something to chew on.

"I have a great respect for the Colonel's opinions and have always been a great admirer of the public spirit he has manifested. It grieves me at this time to find it necessary to take exceptions to his views.

"While I am not a dog fancier nor the possessor of a dog yet, I am a friend of the dog and would be the proud possessor of one were it not for the strenuous opposition of Mrs. Prescott.

"Life without a liberal amount of sentiment is too cold to be endured. I believe in allowing sentiment to play an important part in our lives but I do not believe in allowing it to delude reason.

"The Colonel says, 'As friends of dogs we are fighting for humane and sanitary condition for all dumb animals.'

"There are some phases of this dog question that I am not particularly enthusiastic over but the Colonel in this statement has suggested to me a phase of the question that I find myself sufficiently enthusiastic over to cause me to oppose one of my best friends.

"While I am interested in having sanitary conditions for dogs yet, I am much more interested in having sanitary conditions for myself.

"While I am at present living in the country where dogs do not make conditions unsanitary for me, yet it is my expectation at some time in the future to return to my home in Salem and when I do I hope to find conditions sufficiently sanitary that they will at least not be repulsive.

"The Colonel will say, 'I do not see your point. Had he been at my place in Salem looking out of the window at my neighbor's war garden and observed the dogs as they passed and their attitude toward the garden, and later—sometime not so long afterwards—observe the proud owners of the war garden gathering lettuce—lettuce (fresh) from the garden—so much better than what comes all the way from the country—he would have no difficulty in seeing the point long before it was

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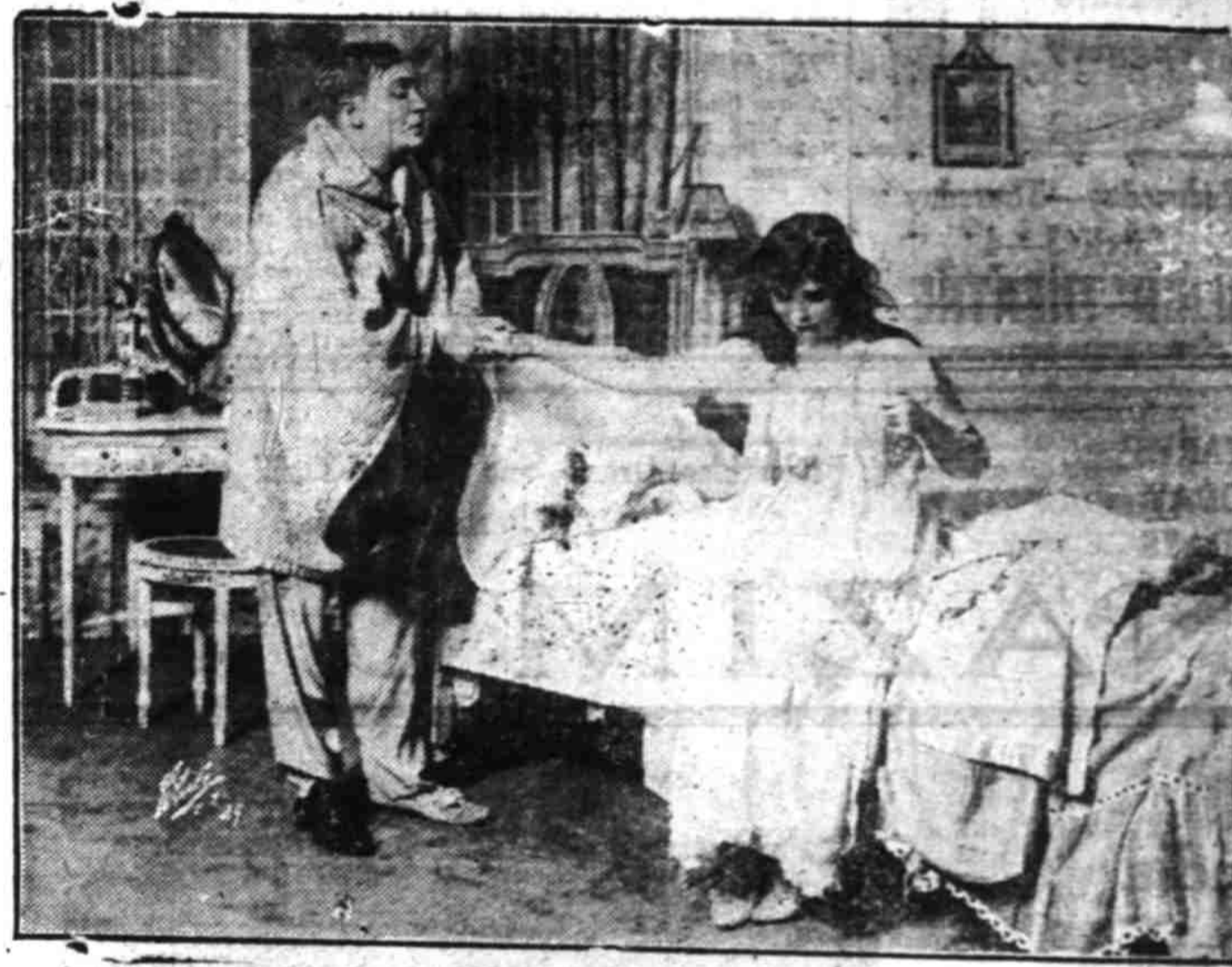
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shoved right up under his nose. "This is only one case in a hundred occurring in Salem. During the war garden fever my business took me through a residence district where many war gar-

dens were developed and I want to say that what I saw convinces me that we should have laws that will reduce the dogs to just those that are absolutely necessary for peace, happiness and comfort.

"Regarding a muzzle—well—the Colonel will figure out how to make one practical to eliminate danger. I will waive any objections I have to dogs and I believe Mrs. Prescott would allow me to own a dog."



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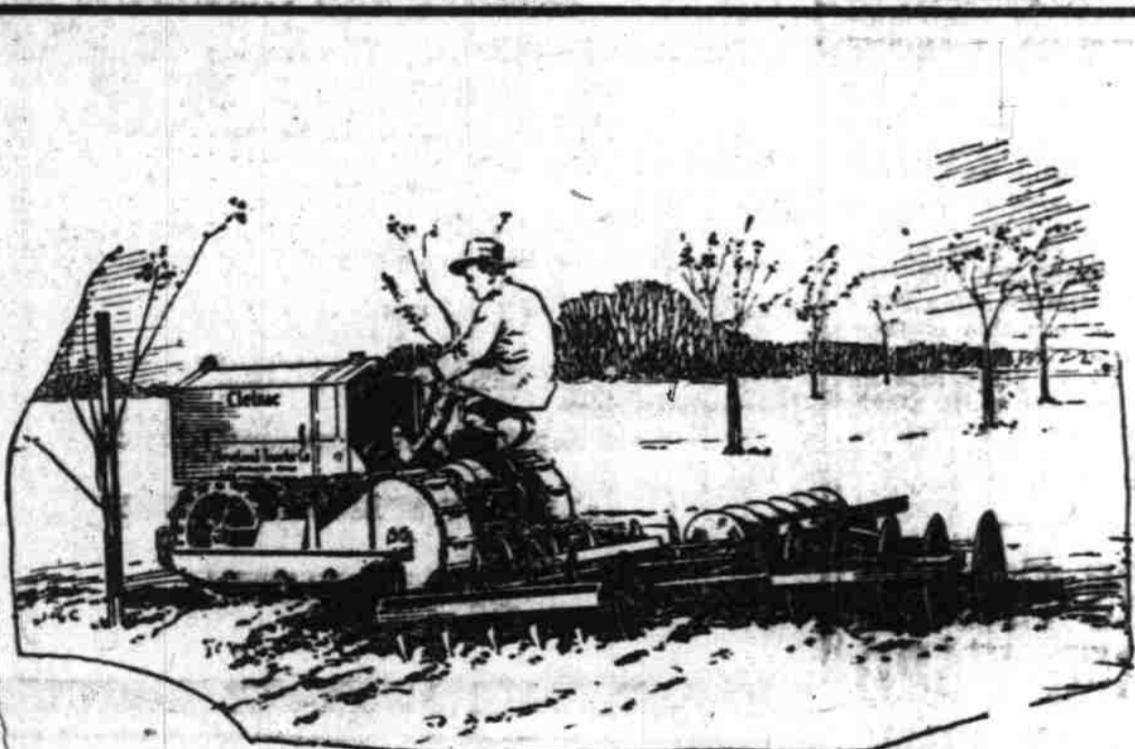
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