Would You Spy for Your Country?

WORK that calls for the finest sort of heroism—how one lad died for German cause

THERE is another class of heroes in this war besides those in the actual fighting zone, of whom the public knows nothing unless an official announcement is made of the execution of some man or woman "convicted of espionage." Thousands of men and women, on both sides, are risking their lives every hour, every minute of the day, in the secret service. And they are doing it for their country. There is no reward for them in the shape of decorations or public commendation. Their stern duty is laid out before them. It is for them to fulfill it. That is all. They can hope for no reward except the satisfaction of doing their duty. At the best they live through the conflict. At the worst they are captured by the enemy and meet an ignominious death.

It takes as much courage to perform a duty like this as to lie in the trenches day after day and participate in charges against the enemy or defend the trench from the enemy's assault and to be at all times subject to a terrific artillery bombardment or the more dreaded assault with asphyxiating gases.

The man who meets his death in the trenches has at least the consolation of dying amid his comrades and friends—of dying a glorious death. But the spy has not this consolation. Every secret-service agent feels that his death is certain, and that when it comes it will not be a glorious one. For he will die alone, with none of his friends about him. His people back home will not know his fate. He will die alone in a foreign country, not as a hero, but as a spy.

And yet if the annals of the secret service bureaus of the various countries were made public, it would tell of wonderful deeds of daring, of strength, fearlessness and of physical and mental heroism.

With the arrival of the first German submarines in Constantinople, after the inauguration of the British Dardanelles campaign, there became known a story of the heroism of one of these secret-service agents. His name was not given, and the exact locality where he performed his final act of duty was not told, but an officer of the German U boat related the story to a personal friend.

We will call the secret-service agent Johann. He was a youngster, hardly twenty years old, and a university man, a student at Heidelberg. He always had been weak and delicate, and at the beginning of the war he was not allowed to go to the front. He belonged to a wealthy family, had traveled extensively through Europe, and was an accomplished linguist. He made application to the secret-service bureau and his application was accepted.

He was sent to England. There he passed as an American. He had an American passport and was connected with the English branch of an American concern. How did he do it?

The history of the German secret-service will never be written, and not more than a dozen living persons will ever know its extraordinary scope. The passport proposition and the connection with the London branch of the American concern were mere matters of detail with which Johann had nothing to do. It was after he was established in London that his real work began. He spoke perfect English, but he used an American accent and affected American clothes and mannerisms, for he knew both well enough to affect either successfully.

But at any rate he had worked in the French capital several months, still posing as an American who knew but a few words of French, although he was thoroughly familiar with the French language, when he was ordered to take certain orders to a little French fishing village and deliver them to the commander of a submarine boat which was due there about a certain date on its way to the Dardanelles.

The submarine commander had orders to wait off the coast for two nights for the messenger, and if no sign came to proceed on his way to the Dardanelles.

How the secret-service agent did it is not known, but early one morning he was found on the beach tied to a deck chair, and apparently half dead from exposure and exhaustion. Two aged fisherman found him and carried him into a hut.

When partially revived, he murmured a few words in English and then in broken French, from which his rescuers gathered that he had been in some accident at sea. Also that he was an American on his way from Naples to the United States.

As stated, the village was isolated. The nearest city was Marseilles, and it would take several days for news to travel between the two points, especially in war time.

Johann remained in bed the greater part of the day, tended by a fisherman and his aged wife. Toward dusk he insisted on arising and walking out on the edge of the cliff. He still appeared partially stunned, but he explained in his broken French that he though the fresh air would help to clear his mind.

"You are too weak to walk," exclaimed the old woman. "You must not exert yourself. Tomorrow, perhaps, yes, but not now."

And she gently took him by the arm to lead him back to the cottage.

"Sacre bleu!" suddenly exclaimed her husband and pointed out to sea.

A trail of sparks rose from the black surface of the water, and, ascending high into the air, burst into a white glare. Then darkness. More cries and exclamations were heard, for other fishermen had seen the rocket. Then silence, while everyone waited. In a few moments rose another trail of fire, and a brilliant green rocket exploded high in the air.

"Some of the boats of the fleet are nigh," cried a woman. "It is a part of the war. It has reached us here."

Hour after hour passed. The secret-service agent lay, tense and rigid, with his ear to a crack in the thin partition between his room and that of his hosts. After a while he heard them both snoring. Then very gently he rose, dressed himself, and opened a door, which let him out into the open at the rear of the house.

It was a rather dark night, but there were some stars shining, and, after standing in the night a few moments, his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Then he started toward the little harbor at the foot of the cliffs.

Skirting about the fleet, he reached a small skiff, with its oars in it, tied to a stake. Quickly the lad untied the rope, and, shoving the boat far out, sprang into it. He waited until the force of the shove had spent itself, then, cautiously, began rowing along the beach. He was not strong, however, and it was an effort. But he kept it up for a quarter of a mile. His eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness by now, and he narrowly watched the shore. At a certain point he rowed inshore and pulled his boat after him up on the sandy beach. Then he approached the cliff, and after a search found what he was looking for—a bundle containing a precious rocket. Farther on, in a fissure of a rock, hidden under a large stone, he found his packet of instructions. He had left both bundles hidden there early in the morning after he had been landed by a fishing smack from Spain.

He planted the rocket in the sand and touched it off. Instantly there was a flash of fire and a trail of sparks as the rocket soared upward and burst into a white light.

Johann, with his precious packet in the bosom of his shirt, sprang into the boat just as an answering signal, a white rocket, soared upwards from the surface of the water, nearly a half mile away.

The tide had gone out and was almost on the turn, but there was a heavy swell and it was hard work rowing. But scarcely had the lad gotten a hundred yards from the shore when there was a flash of light from the cliffs near the village. It crept out over the water and close to the shore, sweeping and reaching out over the expanse of sea. Far out it caught a narrow black hull and held it a moment. Then it swept closer to shore and in a few moments was focused on the tiny boat beating its way out to sea. Shots were fired from the shore, but the lad, in the midst of the glare, bent far over his oars, straining every effort of his feeble body to fulfill his task.

Somewhere, farther along the coast, the signals of the early evening had been observed, and a coast patrol had been sent to investigate.

From the top of the cliff came the sputter of a machine gun, and off to one side the lad, rowing desperately, saw the bullets drop.

The submarine was coming closer inshore and, turning his head, he saw several men with rifles on the tiny deck of the monster. From the cliffs there was another sputter and suddenly a sharp pain struck him in the right breast and he felt the hot flow of blood. But it appeared to give him more strength, and with apparently no effort he drove his boat through the water. There were answering shots from the submarine. They were firing at the searchlight on the cliff and at the spurts of flame.

But the dark red spot on the front of the lad's shirt was growing larger. And there were holes in the bottom of the boat, through which the water was spurting in thin jets. Another bullet struck him in the right arm. He gasped, then continued his rowing.

A hail from behind him and he suddenly stopped rowing. He had reached the submarine. A rope was thrown to him and the skiff pulled up close to the undersea craft. Kindly hands helped him aboard while the machine gun continued its sputtering and a hail of bullets struck the water near by. The whole thing had scarcely taken five minutes.

The agent was quickly taken below and he handed his packet to the commander.

The boat was slowly submerged and disappeared beneath the dark waters.

"My work is done," gasped the lad, trying to choke back the blood that welled up from his lungs.

"We did not dare rise to the surface until the next night," continued the officer, in relating the story. "And then we buried him in the sea, where thousands of other heroes have found their resting place in the last few months."

JOEL'S LEGACY

By MARY ANGELL PURVIS.

Joel Cawlett's first thought on receiving notice that he had fallen heir to a hundred thousand dollars was to conceal the fact from his neighbors. It stunned the little man, in fact. He had, indeed, known of the rich California uncle; his mother had told him, as if she spoke of a myth; but by the time Joel was twenty, and left alone in the world, he had forgotten all about him.

Happily the news came through a San Francisco lawyer, and nobody in Fouracres knew. So Joel kept right on with his little dairy farm, and the neighbors attributed its gradual enlargement to the profits of the business.

He felt himself altogether unworthy of the wealth that was his. He did not know what to do with it. He put it gulitily in a bank in another city, and left it to accumulate, except for the thousand or two he used in buying pedigreed cows.

"I never thought Joel had such a head on his shoulders," the neighbors began to say. "If he looked more of a man he might have something of a pick among the girls."

But the girls had always laughed at little Joel, and, not knowing of his wealth, continued to make him the good-natured butt of their pleasantries.

All except the Stevens girls. Dolly Stevens had always been kind to Joel when he came in shyly, rarely, of an evening, for a chat, and sat with his hat in his hands on the extreme edge of the chair. Perhaps that was because Maudie, her little sister, was a cripple. She had a twisted foot, and operations cost more than was to be thought of. Besides, Jim Stevens had always believed she would "grow out of it," and when he died the debts to be paid made the thought absurd.

Maudie, aged twelve, looked to Joel like a beautiful bird trapped by the foot. She hobbled painfully from room to room, but however bad her pain, she always had a smile for Joel.

The first persons he went to see after his good fortune were the Stevens. At first he almost wanted to tell them, but his courage failed him when he sat on the edge of the chair, and they only thought that Joel was shyer and more silent even than

Stared in Amazement.

usual. Besides, it would have been hideous to say anything when Maudie was suffering even more than usual. Little Joel went away, and he was nearly home when the great idea came to him.

Maudie's foot must be cured. But how could he go to her and ask to pay for the operation? How could he tell them, and, if he did, he knew they would refuse. The Stevens were very proud. So little Joel set his brains to work.

"What do you think has happened, Joel!" cried both the girls in a breath, when, a week later, he visited the house in an agony of shyness. "A godmother, of whom I had never known, has left us five thousand dollars! An old lady in Boston! She had quarreled with mother at the christening of Maudie, but she had watched over us like a good fairy, and she knew Maudie's lameness, and—and one condition is that she has to be operated on at the Boston hospital."

The girls thought little Joel even less enthusiastic than usual.

"You never know," he said dismally. "It may be just a fraud."

"But we've got the money in the bank!" exclaimed both girls together.

A week later Joel went through a causeless agony of fear until he was called up from the Boston hospital, a hundred miles away, and informed that the operation had been a complete success. And a month later Maudie was home, her foot in plaster, but the pain gone and hope in her eyes.

And two months after that she was romping with the dog on the lawn, as straight and active as any of them. Joel crept back to his prize cows.

It was astonishing how many bequests were left to Fouracres people during the next two years. It got so that the newspapers began to notice it. There was old, half-paralyzed Mr. Cooper, who had been afraid of the poorhouse himself, and his aged wife. They were left $5,000 too, by a distant relative in New York, of whose existence they had been ignorant. And Mrs. Patrick, the widow, who had such a task trying to make both ends meet, and was afraid she would have to marry Old Man Green. She was left $4,000 by a cousin in Alabama, of whom she used to speak vaguely and not affectionately. She at once rejected Old Man Green. And he, to mollify his disappointment, as it were, received a legacy from a nephew in Ireland, who had died intestate, worth $2,000, and said he was glad now that he could afford to get a housekeeper, instead of having to think of getting married.

Then gifts began to flow in to the Cripples' Home, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Job Nimble Home for Incurables. In short, after five years Joel had only $50,000 of his capital left.

And Maudie was growing up and going to college. And Dolly had married the finest man in the world, a lawyer, who often came over to Joel's to sit and chat of an evening, and ask disconcerting questions. Joel began to be afraid that folks would find out the truth. But presently the questions ceased, and the lawyer became still more kind and friendly.

How wonderful it was, at thirty, to have done so much good to others, instead of having spent one's money on oneself. Joel began to forget the heartache that he felt whenever he saw Maudie back from college, always with the same kind word for Joel. He had really had more out of life than he deserved, even though he was still the butt of the young folks.

But when Maudie came back for good and went to live with Dolly and her husband, and their little boy, Joel knew that nature was stronger than he was. He was shyer than ever when he called, and at last he gave up calling altogether. Only the lawyer, and perhaps Maudie, understood. But what could they do? If Joel had seen himself as others began to see him now, when sorrow had dignified him, and self-forgetfulness had stamped itself on his insignificant face. . . . But Joel only knew that he was desperately unhappy, and that he must go away. He advertised his farm.

Then it was that the lawyer betrayed the secret he had wormed out of the little man.

For one morning a strange deputation approached Joel's house. He came to the door and stared in amazement at the neighbors—all Fouracres, that had come to do honor, no more to the village butt, in pleasantry, but to the most popular man in town. Joel found himself hoisted, struggling, upon the neighbors' shoulders and carried to the council hall. And there, to his amazement, the mayor himself, and all the council were assembled. Someone was making a speech, too. Joel caught vaguely the words, "Our next mayor." Then, somehow, he had broken from the cheering throng and found himself outside, alone.

No. Somebody—Maudie—was at his side, looking into his face with tear-dimmed, radiant eyes. And she was asking him if it was true he was going away, if he would not stay.

At that moment Joel caught at his destiny. For he saw only the little trapped bird, not the college woman, and he took her by the hand.

"I will stay if you tell me to," he said.

"Stay, then," whispered Maudie shyly.

RIGHT WAY TO RIDE A HORSE

Individual Who, Seemingly, Has Been There Gives Some Valuable Instruction on the Subject.

The horse is a domestic animal of the species abesquinaspiclinebiloquibatisque; which from the original Greek means an animal with four legs a tail and a head; this differentiates him from other animals. Before you can ride a horse you must get on; many people have tried riding first, but instead of riding the animal the animal has ridden them. Most saddles have a one-rung ladder attached. Whether this is a means of mounting or an easy method of dislocating your leg, there is some dispute. The old-fashioned stepladder is good enough for the author, but the last time when we had reached the top my horse had left before schedule time. Now the next point is, how to start the animal; most are self-starters and stopping is the all-important thing. An easy and simple method for starting is by the use of an icepick; hold it aloft and with a downward stroke make contact with the horse. This causes the pedes equorum to vibrate, this either sets you off on your journey or off of the horse. Now, if possible, always go with the horse, never argue. Going ahead or behind the horse is no joke. A method of stopping which rarely fails is the following: Pick out a convenient precipice, guide your animal, if it is possible, toward the precipice, and you now come to an abrupt stop at the foot of the precipice. A shovel is an elegant way of arising. We have known people who have never ridden again after once stopping.—Princeton Tiger.

No Ambition.

"My hair is troubled with an acute form of loss of ambition."

"In what way?"

"It pays no attention to the fact that there is always room at the top."

Helps Locate the Game.

"Pa, do hunters have guides?"

"Generally, my son."

"Well, what guide does a fortune hunter have?"

"Bradstreet."