

ATTACK ON AMERICA

BY GENERAL ARED WHITE
W. N. U. Release

INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN

THE STORY SO FAR: More than 200,000 foreign troops which had been secretly transported to Mexico suddenly invaded the United States. Intelligence Officer Benning had discovered their plans while a spy in Mexico City where he had gained the confidence of Fincke and Bravot, two enemy officers, but his

CHAPTER XIV

Benning left the hotel at nine o'clock and walked to the Empire State Building. During the night he had collected available information of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company. The firm had been operating in New York for ten years past. It was a small but regular dividend payer, was not listed on the stock exchange, and had conformed to all laws and requirements in regard to its operations and transactions. Simon Salvatore, a Chilean, had recently taken over as managing director.

On reaching the forty-fifth floor, Benning went direct to the company's offices and stepped inside. A fat roly-poly of a man with cat-like smirk stamped on his round face came up to Benning at once to search him with small round eyes that glinted suspicious appraisal through horn-rimmed glasses.

"I am Mr. Oldfer, office manager," he said in an ingratiating purr. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"I am a stockholder," Benning said, intent on completing his reconnaissance of the room in the shortest possible time. "I wish to inquire if it is true the company is disposing of two mines, the Palacio Quatras and the Silver Sabers?"

Oldfers upper teeth gnawed nervously at his lower lip at this blunt identification of the visitor as a Van Hassek agent.

"Maybe," Oldfer hesitated, "you want to see Senor Salvatore?"

"Nonsense!" Benning said with authority. "You say you are the office manager and I have just introduced myself fully. I'm in a great hurry, Oldfer."

Benning stepped decisively past the fellow and went to the open "B" cabinet at which a ruddy clerk of Slav features was working. While Oldfer pattered up with muttered protests, Benning thumbed through the Baltimore entries, Ramsey, Ringold, Rosser, Rouse, Rumbolt. He noted that after each listed stockholder there were symbols purporting to show number of stock shares held, dates of dividend payment, and other littered data.

His eye caught the pertinent detail that in the Baltimore file, as compared with other files through which he hurriedly skimmed, there were many more entries on each card. Baltimore, headquarters of the Army's Third Corps Area, and flanked by some of the Army's important arsenals and secret proving grounds, was a logical beehive of espionage activity.

"Very good, your Baltimore file shows the proper activity," Benning announced, turning abruptly away to face Oldfer. "Thank you for your courtesy."

"Senor Salvatore will be here very soon," Oldfer said. "It is necessary that you talk with Mr. Salvatore before you leave."

"Tell Salvatore," Benning said, scowling at his watch, "that I'll be back by eleven at latest. Just now I'm in a hurry."

"Oh, no, but you will wait," Oldfer whined. "Ja, you will wait, or Senor Salvatore would never forgive me." He turned to one of his clerks and cried, "Here, Backropp, you will keep the gentleman company until Mr. Salvatore arrives!"

A barrel-chested man whose squat legs, long angular face, and flail-like arms gave him the aspect of an orangutan, stepped forward with a nod. The others moved closer. Benning saw that only by force might he pass out the door of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company. Numbers were against him.

"All right, Oldfer," he yielded with annoyance. "I'll wait a reasonable time."

Backropp escorted Benning into the Salvatore private room behind the main office, where he indicated a seat in front of Salvatore's mahogany desk. Backropp sat down close by and folded his ponderous arms across his chest. Two others of Oldfer's men quit their work at the files to take position just outside the Salvatore door. Benning saw that he was as definitely a prisoner as if he had been bound and gagged.

Benning waited, impatiently consulting his watch from time to time. Barely fifteen minutes had passed before he heard someone enter the office from outside. He rose and walked to an open window, Backropp watching him narrowly. Casually he selected a cigarette from his case, lit it, took two quick puffs and cast it out the window.

"It's a long way down to the street from here, Backropp," he said, leaning out for a brief survey below.

Benning saw a yellowish phosgene smudge trail out behind his falling cigarette and turned back to Backropp.

"It's not so far down," Backropp muttered, "if you don't wait to take an elevator."

Out in the office Oldfer was speaking in a tremulous voice.

"Ja, Senor Salvatore, he may be all right," Oldfer said anxiously. "He introduced himself, but I don't

warnings had gone unheeded. The President was killed when Washington was bombed. General Brill, commander of the U. S. army in Texas, was opposed by greatly superior forces led by Van Hassek. In spite of Brill's desperate resistance, Van Hassek's troops pushed relentlessly forward. Returning to Washington, Benning met Fincke who had come there to do espionage work for his government. Benning continued to pose as a friend, and proceeded to investigate a mysterious gold mining company operating in New York. He believed it was a "front" for a vast spy ring. Now continue with the story.

like the way he nosed about into our things, so I have him waiting for you." Salvatore strode into the room, an erect, saturnine man in morning coat, striped trousers, and lurid neckwear. Even in the shock of recognition, Benning's startled mind flashed to a whim of professional observation. This man's presence confirmed his every suspicion of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company. Salvatore was Gaujos, the masquerader with whom he had traded shots at San Antonio, the man who as Colonel Bravot had been his chief of section in Van Hassek espionage service at the Palacio Nacional.

Bravot sat down at his desk and fixed his gaze on his visitor. In his cold, blunt eyes there showed no recognition of the American agent whom he had glimpsed at San Antonio and failed to recognize in Mexico City.

"What explanation have you to offer of your visit here?" Bravot inquired.

"I'm here from Mexico City, Colonel Bravot," Benning answered with



"A ponderous hand closed over Benning's mouth."

calm assurance. "I have identified my. If and am prepared to do so again. The precise nature of my mission I am not permitted to disclose to you. Beyond that I've nothing to say."

Without taking his eyes from Benning, Bravot slowly opened a drawer of his desk and brought out an automatic pistol.

As he leveled the weapon across the desk Bravot's left hand went to a call button which sent a rasping summons into the outer office. Oldfer came in at once.

"We have had a close call, Oldfer," Bravot said. He passed his left hand across his forehead, now wet with perspiration. "This man is an Army Intelligence agent who shot at me once, and whom I stupidly overlooked in Mexico due to my preoccupation with other matters."

Benning heard the outer door open. Oldfer, terror leaping into his little eyes, jumped across the room and slammed Bravot's door. Benning sprang to his feet, but the ape-like arms of Backropp were about him in an instant with all the crushing force of motor-driven prongs. A ponderous hand closed over Benning's mouth and shut off articulation.

Benning felt himself lifted clear of the floor by a strength against which his own sinews were powerless. Backropp carried him across the room to the Bravot concrete vault that lay open behind heavy steel doors. The ape-man hurled him inside with a stunning violence and heaved the doors shut.

Benning picked himself up and shook his head to clear his wits from the shock of his fall. Only the habit of self-discipline saved him from panic as he found himself engulfed in this black, steel-encased void. He heard the vague click of bolts as the door was locked, then silence.

He felt about the interior of his prison and estimated its dimensions as some six feet wide by ten feet in depth.

He knew that rescue depended largely upon that phosgene cigarette he had tossed out the window as a signal to Intelligence operatives below. He argued that they had caught the signal; it must have been G-2 men who invaded the Andes office at the critical instant of his imprisonment.

His ears strained for sound, but there was only silence. He tried kicking at the foot-thick steel doors, but there was no response. It came

NEXT WEEK
Another Absorbing Installment

to him that in the heart of a great city, with its teeming millions, he was as completely sealed away as a dead man in a tomb.

Out in the offices of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company a blunt new crew had taken over, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Wallace, corps area intelligence officer. Three of Wallace's officers were checking through the company records, three others were standing guard over four glum prisoners.

This sharp transfer of authority had been accompanied by a brief, tragic violence. In a corner of the office, covered by a rug, lay the body of Backropp. A bullet from Wallace's pistol had been needed to end Backropp's resistance.

"All right, Oldfer," Wallace threatened the cowering fat man who sat in front of him. "I'll give you one more chance to remember the combination to that safe. If you do remember, I'll make it an internment camp, if you don't I'll have you hanged inside a week!"

He lifted his wrist to his eyes and glanced at the time. "I'll give you exactly thirty seconds more to decide whether you live or hang."

Ten seconds had passed when the office door opened. Safe experts reported in to tackle the job of opening the vault. Oldfer was jolted into decision by knowledge that if the man in the vault emerged alive, the jig was up with him.

"I'll open it!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Ja, I'll open the safe, if you promise me I don't hang for it!"

Oldfer fairly raced to the steel doors and nervously fingered the combination. In his excitement three trials were necessary to complete the combination. Colonel Wallace seized the door and pulled it open. Benning was lying on the floor, his right hand clutching a small pocket notebook.

Wallace lifted the unconscious man to a sofa in the Salvatore room. A medical officer, who had been hurried in from Governor's Island, took pulse and temperature and applied stimulants. In a minute Benning opened his eyes and, on orienting his mind to the whirling gray world about him, attempted to sit up.

"The captain will be all right shortly," the doctor predicted. "It's just as well, however, you got him out of there without much more delay."

Half an hour later Benning insisted on getting to his feet. His legs were wobbly under him, the slow, steady throb of his pulse reverberated in aching temples. But he waved the medico aside and went into the office where Wallace and his men were working.

"Here, Benning, you'd better take it easy," the corps area G-2 chief admonished.

"I'm feeling better," Benning answered. "What's the score now, Colonel?"

Colonel Wallace was effervescent. "The Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company," he exclaimed, "is the most valuable mine in the world right now. No question about it, we're headed for the biggest spy roundup in history."

"Where's Bravot?" Benning wanted to know. "Bravot, alias Salvatore."

The glow of Wallace's face vanished into gloom. "Pretty bad luck, Benning," he said heavily. "He managed to slip out his private door as we entered. I had Lieutenant Crane guarding the hall. Salvatore killed him with a small automatic and was lucky enough to catch a cage down before we could get out there. By the way, Benning, when you feel up to it, Colonel Flagwill wishes you to call him at the War Department."

Benning checked through the haul of records. There was no need of cryptographers on the job. In a false bottom of Bravot's desk, Wallace had unearthed a code book which unlocked the symbols.

The first estimates showed seventeen thousand cards of stockholders. Many of these were innocent purchasers, Wallace thought from the first results of his check, but there was evidence of thousands of enemy agents, scattered in important posts and positions throughout the United States.

An hour later Benning went to the McAlpin. His legs still lacked strength and he took a cab for the short ride. Upstairs in his room he called Flagwill, who was on the line promptly.

"Glad you're all right, Benning, you had us worried!" Flagwill exclaimed. "A great piece of work, simply great! Report back as soon as you feel like traveling, Benning." Flagwill's voice trailed into gravity. "Things are looking pretty black right now—and we've got to find out what's ahead of us. General Hague suggested—well, if you think you've a chance at it—thought you might learn something—in Mexico. Of course, we'll let you decide."

"Very good, sir," Benning assented. "I'll report in Washington on the next available plane."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tailored Silk Suits, Dresses Reflect Beau Brummel Styles

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A FASHION that appeals to best-dressed women everywhere is the suit or costume tailored of either black or navy silk faille. There is a refinement and ladylikeness about these tailleurs that women love.

There is a patrician look about the suavely fitted, smartly detailed silk costumes in the illustration. You will be hearing much during the coming weeks about the Regency period fashions to which contemporary designers are turning for ideas or new inspiration. Our style creators are translating these costumes of the "dandies," who gloried in molded waistlines, peplum flared coatees, wide picturesque cuffs, fastidiously frilled waistcoats and wrist lingerie frills, into practical contemporary fashions, such as are here shown.

The black silk faille suit to the left in the picture reflects the Regency influences of the Beau Brummels of the past in its neat slender waistline, accented by a peplum silhouette, flared collar and cuffs and beruffled lingerie accents. The enormous felt hat is especially chic in that it typifies a smart, new millinery trend. These hats are particularly pretty in pastels, worn with either navy or black spring costumes.

The simplicity of the silk crepe dress to the right in the trio is a master stroke in costume design as interpreted this season by foremost designers. Note the new longer waistline. It is just this type of

dress that invites lingerie accents. With a gown or coat dress of this sort, you can change it entirely with new accessories. Note the white frills in the sleeves.

Black wool and silk faille adapt well to the lines of the dressmaker suit centered in the group. The jacket features the new dropped shoulder yoke, with bracelet length sleeves and unpressed pleated pleats. Unpressed front pleats introduce new skirt interest. The blouse is of white mousseline de soie.

Another type of silk costume suit that is a leading fashion is the redingote ensemble. The great advantage is that the redingote can be worn either with its companion dress of faille or crepe or with print frocks. Many of the new redingotes are strictly tailored in straight slim lines. Others depart from the straight and narrow path by introducing front pleats and sometimes back yokes to give freedom across the shoulders.

Very smart, too, are black or navy silk coats, elaborately braided down the fronts. Also, a striking new note are glittering jeweled buttons, fastening the jacket of simple black or navy silks. Many flower buttons in realistic colorings are used on the new silk tailleurs.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Print-Bow Trim



The ingenious use of print with plain is outstanding fashion news for spring. Especially attractive and chic is a new print silk bow technique used in jacket and bodice fastenings, as illustrated. The black, white and golden yellow silk print is striped horizontally for the dress, with the stripes applied in bands to the black wool jacket. Unpressed pleats give subtle fullness to the skirt. This model shows that the idea of print with plain is being used with refreshing originality.

Shades of Deep Purple

Seen in Spring Fashions

Purple and violet and kindred shades are color features being highlighted this spring. Many suits and cape costumes are tailored of purple or violet-toned tweeds this spring. Topped with a fetching little straw chapeau, trimmed in violet, with violet boutonniere to match, this ensemble sings fashion's spring song.

The new lavenders and purples go charmingly with navy. Lots of white frills on a navy suit, navy or violet felt hat with violet flower trim and you're ready for the sun! Lavender veils or light green ones are accessory "musts" with purple ensembles.

Bright Red Colors

Red is registering one of the biggest color triumphs of the season. Young girls "dote" on the new red coats and jackets, some of which fasten with military brass buttons.

Prints with red backgrounds are creating a sensation. Some are patterned with navy or black or beige and green motifs. You really must have a red print frock.

It's the fashion to match hat and handbag this season. Try carrying out the idea in red straw or fabric, and don't forget to add a red veil. You will like red accents with your navy suit or redingote ensemble, and red accessories will add an exotic touch to your new beige outfit.

Chinese Hats

A custom among Chinese maidens is to wear clusters of flowers at each side of the head. It is this pretty headpiece which has given inspiration for a new fashion that some predict will develop into an important vogue during the coming months. A noted American millinery designer has devised a band that curves to fit the head. This is covered with ribbon, and at each side flowers or ribbon bows are attached. You wear this fitted bandeau like little girls used to wear round combs. This is a real help to those who prefer to go hatless.

Historical Highlights

by Elma Scott Watson

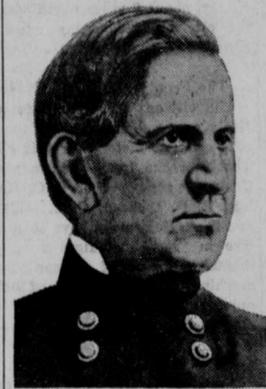
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Massacre in Modoc-Land

IN Crown Hill cemetery in Indianapolis, Ind., stands a massive monument which bears this simple inscription: "Edward Richard Sprigg Canby, Brigadier General and Brevet Major General, U. S. Army." This grassy wooded hillside in the Middle West is a far cry from a wild and desolate region out on the Pacific coast—the Lava Beds of southern Oregon. Yet there is a connection between these two widely separated places.

In 1872 a little band of Modoc Indians, led by Chief Kei-in-to-poses, commonly known as Captain Jack, left the reservation because the Klamath Indians there refused to let them live in peace. They returned to their ancestral homes on the Lost River and when the military was called upon to drive them back, they fled to the Lava Beds, where they inflicted heavy losses upon the soldiers in several engagements.

For several months this "war" dragged along until the government, having failed to whip the Modocs, decided to try another method of conquering them. A peace commis-



GEN. E. R. S. CANBY

sion, composed of General Canby, commander of the Department of the Pacific, Rev. Eleazer Thomas, a Methodist minister, and two former Indian agents, A. B. Meacham and L. S. Dyar, was sent to settle the difficulties. After several unsatisfactory conferences, another meeting was arranged for April 11, 1873, to be held in the Modoc stronghold near Tule lake.

The commissioners, accompanied by Frank Riddle, a frontiersman, and his Modoc wife, Tobey Riddle (Wi-ne-ma, the "Woman Chief"), as interpreters, were to meet Captain Jack and his warriors, unarmed and under a flag of truce. Meacham and a plot had been hatched among the Modocs to murder the peace commissioners. At first, Captain Jack refused to have anything to do with the scheme. But when his warriors put a woman's hat and shawl on him and taunted him for being a coward, he finally consented.

No sooner was the plot laid than it was betrayed to Tobey Riddle by one of her Modoc friends and she immediately warned Canby against keeping his rendezvous with the Indians.

His reply was that of a soldier: "It is my duty to go." He did not believe the Modocs would carry out their purpose with so many soldiers near at hand. The other commissioners were not so sure and one of them proposed that they go to the meeting armed. This Canby also refused to do.

So they set out for the Indian stronghold. The insolent behavior of the warriors soon convinced the commissioners that Tobey Riddle's warning had been a true one. The climax came when one of the Modocs demanded that all the soldiers be removed from the country and Canby refused to grant the demand.

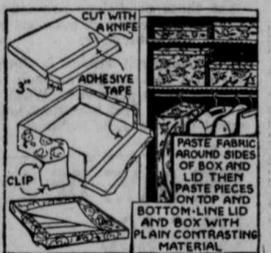
A moment later the Indians drew concealed weapons and opened fire. Canby, Thomas and Meacham were shot down. Dyar and Riddle fled for their lives with the bullets whistling around them. Tobey Riddle was clubbed to the ground but Captain Jack intervened to save her life. When a warrior started to scalp Meacham, who was still alive, she cried out "Soldiers coming!" Her quick wit saved Meacham's life, for the murderers immediately fled. The tragedy of the Lava Beds was over.

Later Captain Jack and his warriors were captured when some of the very Indians, who had called him a coward and forced him to consent to the attack on the commissioners, turned traitor and revealed his hiding place in the Lava Beds to the soldiers. He and three others named Schonchin John, Black Jim and Boston Charley were placed on trial for the murder of Canby and Thomas. On October 3, 1873, they were hanged at Fort Klamath and 140 others were sent to Oklahoma as prisoners of war.

NEW IDEAS For Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THE pink and green chintz covered boxes on these closet shelves are lined with plain green cambric and they are hinged so that the front may be opened without taking off the lid. Any box of good stiff cardboard may be hinged and covered in this way. Library paste may be used or wall paper paste mixed with a little water as possible to make it spread smoothly with a paint



brush. Adhesive tape or other strong gummed fabric tape will be needed to hinge the boxes.

Cut the box lid straight across with a sharp knife three inches from the front edge. Cut out the front of the box and hinge the pieces in place. Now, cut and paste the covering pieces, as directed in the sketch. Apply the paste on both the back of the fabric and the box and smooth the material in place with a dry, clean cloth. Cover sides first with fabric straight around and about 1/2 inch over edges; then cover top and bottom; then the inner sides with the plain fabric 1/4 inch below the edges and 1/2 inch over the top and bottom; then cover the top and bottom inside.

NOTE: Complete directions for making a zipper garment bag similar to the one illustrated will be found in Book 6. You may also want to make a matching door pocket. Complete directions for cutting and making are in Book 4. If you do not have these useful booklets, send order to:

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