

Fighting Germany's Spies

II

THE INSIDE STORY OF WERNER HORN AND THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SHIP BOMBS

The Man in Lower 3—Von Papen Again in the Background—Soldier
or Criminal?—The Confession

BY

FRENCH STROTHER

Managing Editor of the *WORLD'S WORK*

THE real mystery in the case of Werner Horn is this: Who was the man in Lower 3? (If he had only known—!) Because, except for this one missing fact, the story of Werner Horn is as clear as day. It is the story of a brave man, too honest to lie with a straight face, who was used by the villainous Von Bernstorff and Von Papen only after they had lied without a quiver, on at least three vital points, to him. He meant to fight the enemy of his country as a soldier fights, and they cynically sent him on an errand which they meant should be an errand of miscellaneous crime, including murder. He was to go to a felon's death, for this one of the many devilish plots they were concocting against American lives, while they lived in luxury in Washington and lied with smiling faces to the representatives of the people whose hospitality they were betraying. There have been few more despicably outrageous, more cold-blooded, crimes than this—except that other one (also of their devising) in the ship bombs case—but that is another story, to be told later.

The story of Werner Horn begins in Guatemala. Horn was the manager of a coffee plantation at Moka. He had seen ten years of service in the German Army when, in 1909, he got a furlough from the authorities in Cologne permitting him to go to Central America for two years. This furlough writes him down as an "Oberleutnant on inactive service." That means, roughly, that he was a first lieutenant of the German Army, out of

uniform but subject to call ahead of all other classes of men liable for military duty. Then came the war.

Two hours after word of "The Day" reached Moka, Werner Horn was packed and on his way to Germany. From Belize he sailed to Galveston, where he spent two weeks looking in vain for passage. Then on to New York, where he tried for a month to sail. Finding that impossible, he went to Mexico City and there learned that another man in Guatemala had his job. He had just found another one, on an American coffee plantation at Salto de Aguas, in Chiapas, and was about to go there by launch from Frontera, when he got a card telling him to try again to get to Germany. By December 26th he was back in New Orleans, and a few days later he was lodging in the Arietta Hotel on Staten Island.

Now began a series of conferences with Von Papen. Horn was afire with honest zeal to serve the Fatherland, and Von Papen was unscrupulous as to how he did it. When he could not get passage for him back to Germany, Von Papen determined to use this blond giant (Horn is six feet two) for another purpose. He then unpacked his kit of lies.

A little after the midnight of Saturday, December 29, 1914, a big German in rough clothes and cloth cap, entered the Grand Central Station, carrying a cheap brown suitcase. A porter seized it from him with an expansive smile. The smile faded long before they reached Car 34 of the one o'clock New Haven train to Boston. "Boss, yoh sho'

ISSUED BY
BOSTON & MAINE R.R.

GOOD SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONTRACT BETWEEN PURCHASER AND ALL LINES OVER WHICH THIS TICKET READS FOR

ONE PASSAGE

TO
Vanceboro, Me.

VIA ROUTE DESIGNATED IN ATTACHED COUPONS BEARING FORM AND NUMBER SHOWN BELOW IN THIS CONTRACT.

LIMIT. IF THIS TICKET BEARS L PUNCH CANCELLATION PASSAGE MUST BE COMPLETED BEFORE MIDNIGHT OF DATE PUNCHED IN MARGIN

2D CLASS CLASS. THIS TICKET IS GOOD FOR FIRST CLASS PASSAGE UNLESS PUNCHED SECOND CLASS

STOP OVERS WILL BE SUBJECT TO TARIFF REGULATIONS.

BAGGAGE LIABILITY IS LIMITED TO PERSONAL BAGGAGE NOT TO EXCEED ONE HUNDRED (100) DOLLARS IN VALUE FOR A PASSENGER PRESENTING A FULL TICKET AND FIFTY (50) DOLLARS IN VALUE FOR A HALF TICKET, UNLESS A GREATER VALUE IS DECLARED AND STIPULATED BY THE OWNER AND EXCESS CHARGES THEREON PAID AT TIME OF CHECKING THE BAGGAGE.

ALTERATIONS OR PUNCHING MORE THAN ONE DATE IN MARGIN VOID THIS CONTRACT AND TRANSFER OF RESPONSIBILITY. IN SELLING TICKET FOR PASSAGE OVER OTHER LINES IN CHECKING BAGGAGE ON IT, THIS CONTRACT ACTS ONLY AS AGENT AND IS NOT RESPONSIBLE BEYOND ITS OWN LINE. NO AGENT OR EMPLOYEE HAS POWER TO MODIFY THIS CONTRACT IN ANY PARTICULAR.

Form 40

1246

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.
 Portland
 TO
 Vanceboro
 401

WORTHLESS UNLESS ATTACHED TO THIS TICKET

ISSUED BY **BOSTON & MAINE R.R.**

24 23 45 67 89 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

DAY 1

1246

VANCEBORO, Me.



WHERE THE CHARGE WAS EXPLODED

The suit case full of dynamite was placed beside a beam at the Canadian end of the bridge

EAST OF NEW LONDON WILL BEATING GENERAL NUMBER LIMITED TICKET

NEW YORK TO BOSTON

91816

181-536

In consideration of reduced fare, this ticket is good only for ONE CONTINUOUS PASSAGE within ONE DAY from date of sale stamped on back.

SL-ID OGC

THE PULLMAN COMPANY

STANDARD CAR TICKET

NEW YORK TO BOSTON

1.00 A.M. TRAIN

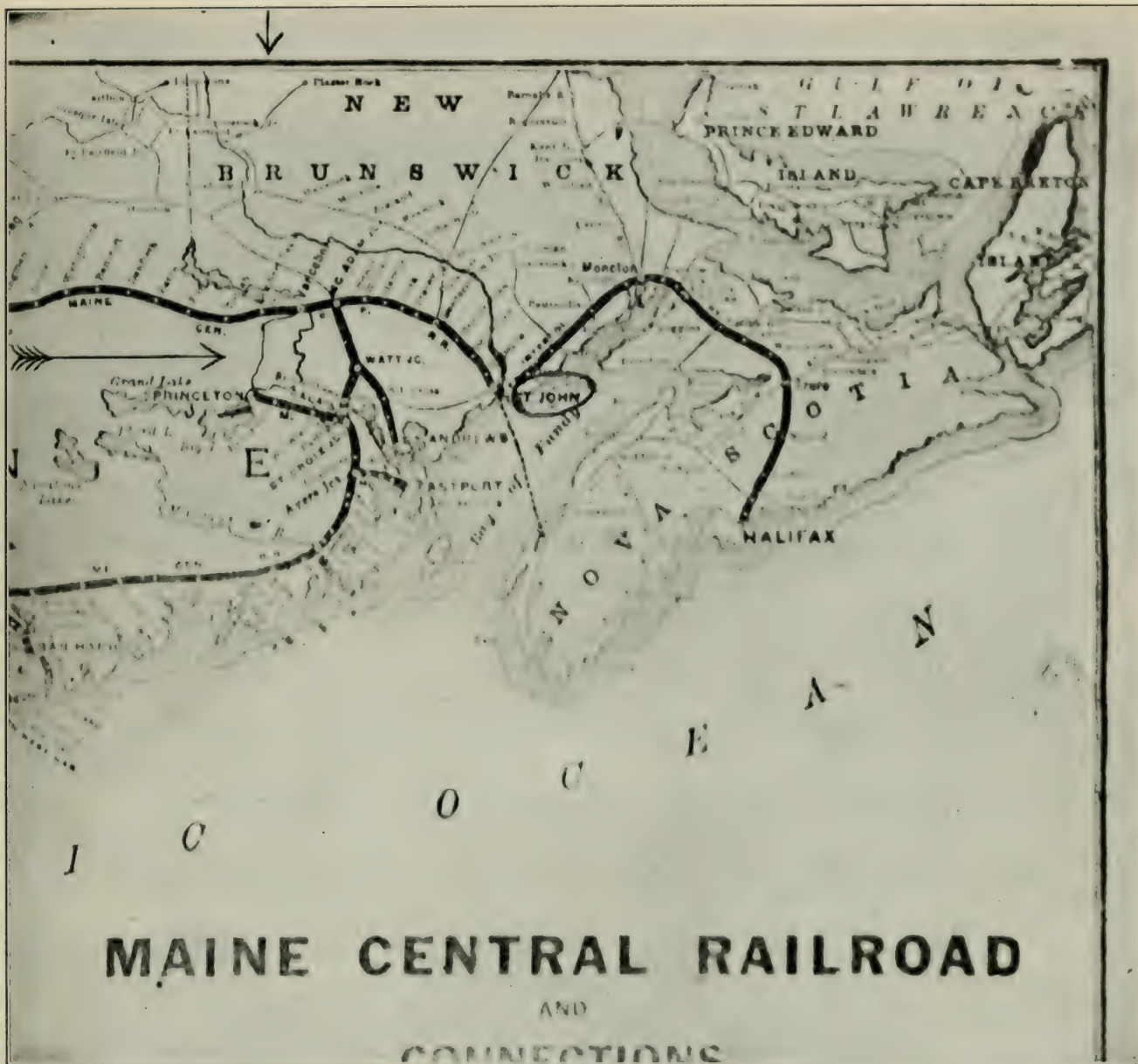
Upper Berth

CAR 34

5116

THE MAN IN UPPER 3

Werner Horn's railroad ticket from New York to Boston and his Pullman ticket for Upper 3 on the one o'clock New Haven train. The man in Lower 3 does not yet know that he slept peacefully above a suitcase filled with sixty sticks of dynamite. Who had Lower 3 on Car 34 on that train on the night of December 29-30, 1914? If he kept his ticket he has a valuable historic relic



WERNER HORN'S PLAN OF ESCAPE

The penciled line left from Vanceboro and down to Princeton was Horn's own mark upon the map of the route by which he hoped to escape after he had blown up the International Bridge. He did not know the country and hence did not calculate upon the wilderness he was planning to traverse, unguided, in the dead of a New England winter. The penciled ring around St. John, N. B., gives the cue to his purpose in blowing up the bridge—St. John was a port from which the war supplies from America to Great Britain could be shipped for use against the Germans



THE VANCEBORO BRIDGE

Over which Horn walked at midnight in an 80-mile gale with the thermometer at 30 below zero, over ties covered with ice, being twice nearly run down by trains, to set the charge of dynamite which he hoped would destroy it. The cross marks the spot where the explosion was set off



VANCEBORO, MAINE

With the bridge in the middle background which Horn attempted to destroy. He hid the suitcase containing the dynamite in a woodpile near one of the sidings the first night he arrived in Vanceboro, but had to postpone using it to three nights later

Boston's Great Passenger Terminal

The South Station

This station handles a greater number of passengers than any other railroad station in America.

A Few Statistics

Average number of passengers in and out each day	115,000
Total number of passenger trains	1,000,000
Number of passenger trains	
Number of engine m	

WERNER HORN'S NOTATIONS OF HIS ROUTE

Written on the inside of a New Haven Railroad timetable, giving his destination as Vanceboro, Me., and the connection he was to make at Boston to get there

has got a load o' lead in theah," was his puffing comment as he got his tip. The German grinned, and a few minutes later swung the suitcase carelessly against the steam-pipes under Lower 3, and clambered to the upper. A suitcase full of dynamite—and the man in Lower 3 slept on.

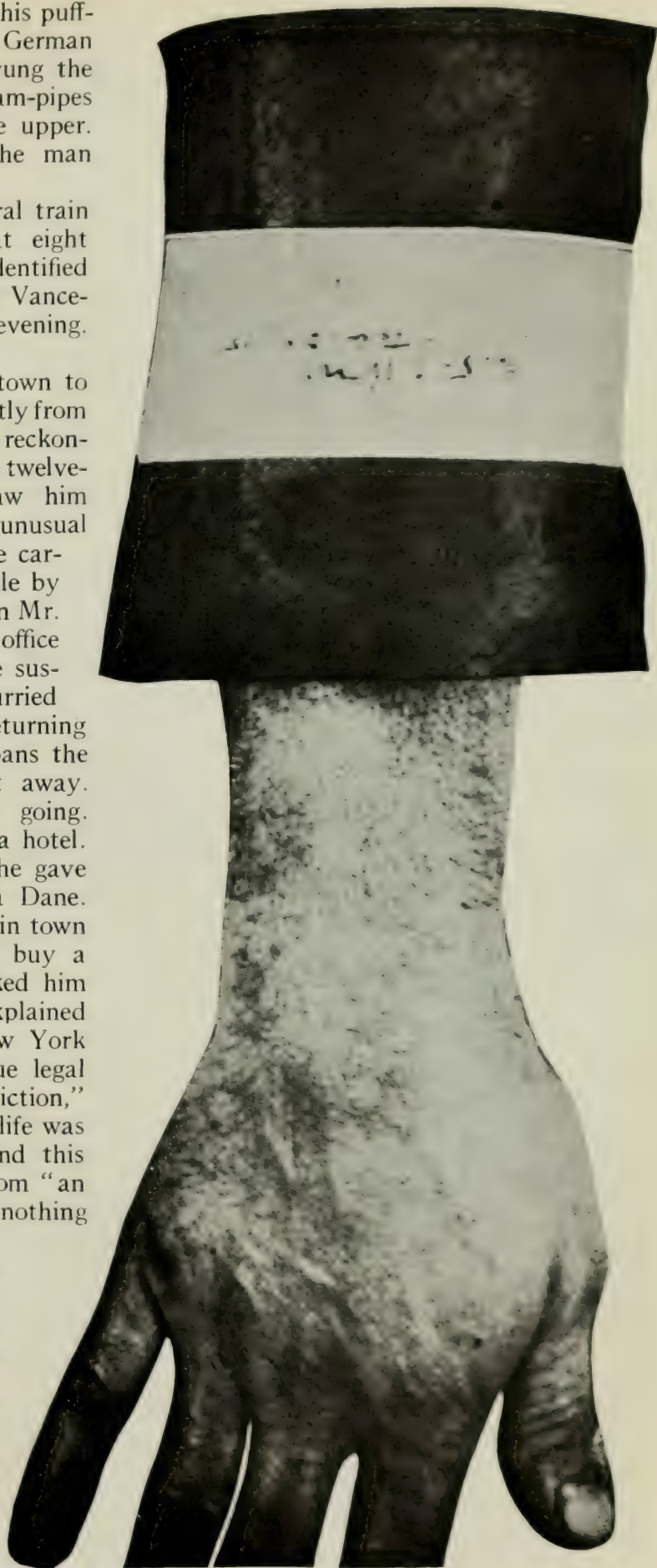
Several people on the Maine Central train that left North Station, Boston, at eight o'clock the next morning, afterward identified the big blond German who left it at Vanceboro, Maine, at six forty-five that evening. None of them recalled his baggage.

But trust the people in a country town to catalogue a stranger. Horn went directly from the train about his errand; which was reckoning without the Misses Hunter and the twelve-year-old Armstrong boy. They saw him toiling through the snow, marked the unusual weight of his suitcase from the way he carried it, saw him hide it in the woodpile by the siding—and then they talked. Soon Mr. Hunter hurried to the immigration office and told an inspector there about the suspicious stranger. The inspector hurried down the railroad track and met Horn returning from the international bridge that spans the St. Croix River a few hundred feet away. He asked where the stranger was going. Horn's reply was to ask the way to a hotel. When his name was next demanded he gave it as Olaf Hoorn, and said he was a Dane. The inspector then asked what he was in town for, and Horn said he was going to buy a farm. And finally, the inspector asked him where he came from. When Horn explained in detail that he had come from New York via Boston the inspector, with a true legal mind, decided that he "had no jurisdiction," and let it go at that. His concern in life was with "immigrants" from Canada—and this man had proved that he had come from "an interior point." Hence he could do nothing officially, for the moment.

But the Misses Hunter's sharp eyes saw the stranger, after this interview, recover the suitcase from the woodpile before going on to Tague's

THE GERMAN COLORS WHICH HORN WORE ON THE BRIDGE

Von Papen convinced him that by wearing the German colors (black, white, and red) on each arm when he destroyed the bridge he became an officer of the German army waging war on Canada, and was no longer a civilian engaged in a personal crime



*Leberhoff Wolant im
anfermigeoff. Kiehlend.* Köln, den 10. Dezember
1909
Bezirkskommando
16 DEZ. 1909
II Köln.

an
Das Königlich-Preussische
Kommando II
Köln

Bezirkskommando II
Köln
No. 3763 I
Gruppe 100000000

16. 12. 1909

*Sehr geehrte
und dem Herrn vorgelegte
dem Gefährlichen dem
bekanntem Material unter
Angelegenheit des Verbleibs im
Angelegenheit des Verbleibs im
Angelegenheit des Verbleibs im*

Andree

1. Infanterie-Brigade
J-Nr.

16. 12. 1909

Bezirkskommando
19 DEZ. 1909
II Köln

Horn
Oberleutnant des Land-
wirtsch. Pioniers. Aufgebots-

HORN'S APPLICATION FOR A FURLOUGH, AND (BELOW) THE FURLOUGH GRANTED TO HIM

Issued by the military authorities of Cologne, on the Rhine near the Dutch border, permitting him to leave Germany for two years. The furlough was later extended, as Horn was gone nearly five years before the war broke out

Erlassung

*Dem Oberleutnant des Landwirtsch. Pioniers Horn
ist es gestattet, seine Dienstverpflichtung
auf zwei Jahre zu suspendieren. Beginn am 1. 12. 1909
bis zum 31. 11. 1911. Die Dienstverpflichtung
wird nach Ablauf dieses Zeitraums wieder
aufgehoben.*

Köln, den 12. Dezember 1909
Bezirkskommando I
[Signature]
Oberleutnant des Landwirtsch. Pioniers

Vanceboro Exchange Hotel for the night. The host at the hotel was not on duty when Horn registered, and never saw his baggage, but his mother who happened to have occasion to enter Horn's room in his absence on the following Monday, noticed the suitcase, tried to lift it, and wondered how any one could carry it. Horn was a marked man from the moment he arrived in town.

Evidently he sensed the suspicions he aroused, for he made no effort to proceed about his business that night, or the next. But shortly before eight o'clock on Monday night Horn gave up his room and said he was going to Boston on the eight o'clock train. He took his suitcase and disappeared. Instead of going to the station, he hid out in the woods until the last train for the night should go by. At eleven he was encountered in the railroad cut above the bridge by an employee of the Maine Central Railroad, who got such unsatisfactory answers to his questions that he talked the matter over with a fellow workman in the roundhouse, though without results. So Werner Horn marched out alone upon the bridge—alone except for his cigar and his suitcase, the spirit of the Fatherland upon him and the lying words of Von Papen in his ears.

He had need of the fire of patriotism to warm his blood and to steel his courageous spirit. It was a black, winter night. The mercury was at thirty degrees below zero, the wind was blowing at eighty miles an hour, the ice was thick upon the cross-ties beneath his stumbling feet. The fine snow, like grains of flying sand, cut his skin in the gale.

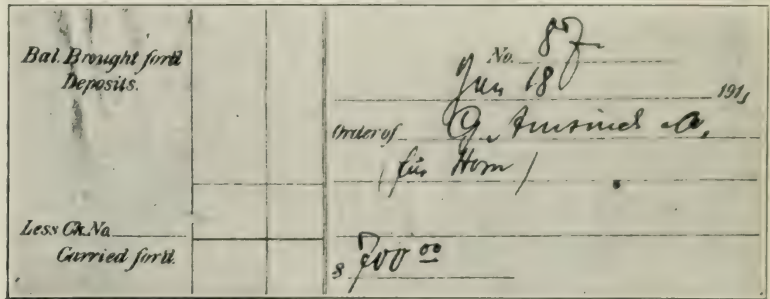
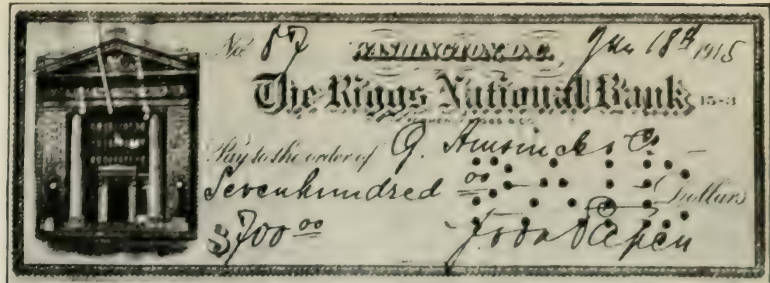
But Werner Horn was a patriot and a brave man. Von Papen had told him that over these rails flowed a tide of death to Germans—not only guns and shells, but dum-dum bullets that added agony to death. He must do his bit to save his fellow soldiers; must help to stop the tide. Destroy this bridge, and for a time at least the cargoes would be kept

from St. John and Halifax. It was a short bridge, but a strategic one, and the most accessible. So Horn stumbled on. He must get beyond the middle. Von Papen had not urged it, but Werner Horn had balked about this business from the first—not through lack of courage (he would go as a soldier upon the enemy's territory and there fire his single shot at any risk against their millions), but he would not commit a crime for anybody, not even for the Kaiser; nor would he trespass on the soil of hospitable America. Hence on each sleeve he wore the colors of his country: three bands, of red and white and black. Von Papen had beguiled him into thinking these transformed him from a civilian to a soldier. Twice as he struggled through the darkness, he slipped and fell, barely saving himself from death on the ice below. Each time he clung doggedly to his suitcase full of dynamite.

Suddenly a whistle shrieked behind him, and in a moment the glaring eyes of an express train's locomotive shone upon him. Horn clutched with one hand at a steel rod of the bridge and swung out over black nothingness, holding the suitcase safe behind him with the other. The train thundered by, and left him painfully to recover his uncertain footing on the bridge. The second of Von Papen's lies had been disproven.

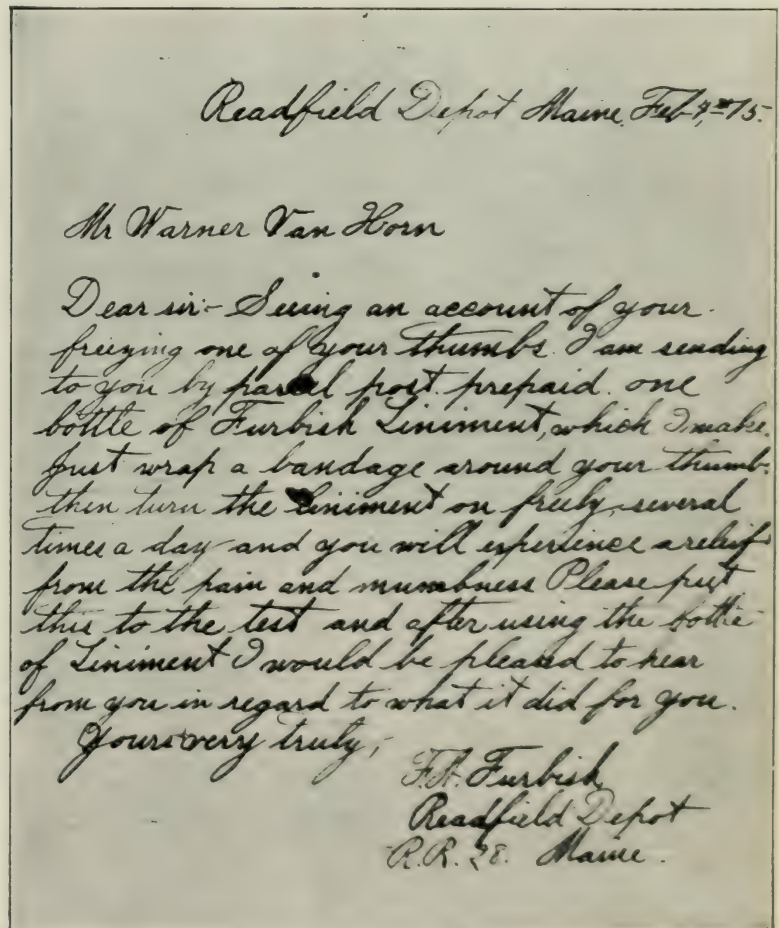
He had promised Horn that the last train for the night would have been gone at this hour, for Horn had said he would do nothing that would put human lives in peril. But Horn thought only that Von Papen had misunderstood the schedules.

A few moments after he had got this shock, another whistle screamed at him from the Canadian shore, and again he made his quick, precarious escape by hanging out above the river by one hand and foot. He now decided that all schedules had been put awry, and that he must change



VON PAPAN'S HAND AGAIN

The check signed by the military attaché of the German Embassy at Washington, corroborating other proofs that the Kaiser's Government in the case of Werner Horn, as in so many others, had guided the violations of American neutrality and had plotted to take American lives



THE MEDICINE MAN

The letter tells its own story. The ignorance it reveals of the real meaning of the Horn episode suggests a reason for the rapidity with which German plots spread over the whole country in 1915 and the slowness with which Americans realized that they had a personal life and death stake in this war

Ex. 1 - J. P. 621.
Feb. 29, 1915

Washles, Maine,

Feb., 7, 1915.

I, Werner Horn, after having been advised that my extradition to Canada has been asked by the Government of Great Britain and that anything I may say will or may be used against me in an extradition proceeding by the United States or in a prosecution by the United States if it shall be found that I have violated any of the laws of that country and that I may decline to talk at all or to answer any particular questions do voluntarily, will say and without any promise other than that my case will be dealt with by the United States fairly, impartially and in accordance with the law, make the following statement.

I am thirty-seven years of age, a citizen of Germany and at the outbreak of the war was the manager of a coffee plantation in Guatemala, that I am an Over-lieutenant in the German reserve army, in

^{inactive reserve}
A having had ten years active service in the hours after receiving the call to my way. I went from Guatemala remained there fourteen days, there four weeks trying to get found that this was impossible, route 15 days to San Antonio, Texas card from the coffee plantation position, that I secured a position that about four hours before got that all German officers should on the same launch on which I he the German coast in Vera Cruz, Vera Cruz to New Orleans, was or in New Orleans December 20, 1914 train, reported to the German Co asked Captain von Papen if it was that it was possible, that the Mexico Street, Boston Island, to Washington, D.C.

I have had the flags I wore for about two years. I got them when in Guatemala. I got the suit case in a store that sells men's clothes - on the first floor. I bought the suit I am wearing for the trip on Staten Island across from the hotel and I bought the soap at the same place. I had the soap which I bought at Wamsutter, the day I got to New Orleans from Guatemala. I paid about \$12 for the suit.

I identify my signature as a German officer that the foregoing statements are true except as to "Tommy" that I did not buy the melon by name but received it in New Orleans and took it with me in the suit. I cannot say from whom I received it.

Werner Horn

Witnesses

So Woodman
Edmund B. Baker

WERNER HORN'S CONFESSION

until it was altered to remove the fantastic tale about a confederate in Canada. By looking closely the erasure of the period after the word "true" can be seen, made to permit this correction to be added

WERNER HORN'S CONFESSION

In which he unintentionally revealed the guilty purposes of Von Papen to violate American neutrality and commit a crime against human life, and which Horn refused to sign upon his "honor as a German officer"

his plans to be sure of not endangering human beings. To accomplish this, he cut off and threw away most of the fifty-minute fuse that he had brought along, and left only enough to burn three minutes. No train would come sooner than this, and then the explosion would warn everybody of the danger.

In doing this, Horn deliberately cut himself off from hope of escaping capture. He had planned such an escape—an ingenious plan, too, except that it was traced on a railroad timetable map of the Maine woods in winter by a strange German fresh from the tropics. He had meant to walk back one station westward, then cut across the open country to the end of a branch line railroad, and then ride back to Boston on another line than that on which he came east to Vanceboro. It was a clever scheme, except that it missed all the essentials, such as the thirty miles of trackless woods, the snow feet-deep upon the level, the darkness of winter nights, and the deadly cold. Still, Horn childishly believed it feasible, and he did a brave and honorable thing to throw it overboard rather than to cause the death of innocent people.

He fixed the dynamite against a girder of the bridge above the Canadian bank of the river, adjusted the explosive cap, and touched his cigar to the end of the three-minute fuse. Then he stumbled back across the gale-swept, icy bridge, made no effort to escape, and walked back into the hotel in Vanceboro, with both hands frozen, as well as his ears, his feet, and his nose. A moment after he entered the hotel, the dynamite exploded with a report that broke the windows in half the houses in the town and twisted rods and girders on the bridge sufficiently to make it unsafe but not enough to ruin it.

Everybody in Vanceboro was aroused. Host Tague, of the Exchange Hotel, leaped from his bed and looked out of the window. Seeing nothing, he struck a light and looked at his watch, which said 1:10, and then he hurried into the hall, headed for the cellar, to see if his boiler had exploded. In the hall he faced the bathroom. There stood Werner Horn, who mildly said "Good morning" to his astonished host. Tague returned the greeting and went back to get his clothes on. He had surmised the truth, and Horn's connection with it. When he came back out into the hall, Horn was still in the bathroom, and said: "I freeze my hands." Small wonder,

after five hours in that bitter gale. Tague opened the bathroom window and gave him some snow to rub on his frozen fingers, and then hurried to the bridge to see the damage. He found enough to make him press on to the station on the Canadian side, and then come back to Vanceboro, so that trains would be held from attempting to cross it.

When he got back to his hotel, Horn asked to have again the room he had given up that evening. Tague had let it to another guest, but gave Horn a room on the third floor. There the German turned in and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, human nature as artless as Werner Horn's was at work in Vanceboro. The chief officer of law thereabouts was "John Doe," a deputy sheriff, chief fish and game warden, and licensed detective for the state of Maine. His later testimony doubtless would have had a sympathetic reader in the *Man in Lower 3* (if only he had known): "I was asleep at my home, which is about three or four hundred feet from the bridge; heard a noise, about 1:10 A.M., which I thought was an earthquake, a collision of engines, or a boiler explosion in the heating plant. The noise disturbed me so that I could not get to sleep. (And the *Man in Lower 3* slept on!) I got up in the morning at about half past five; met a man who said they had blown up the bridge."

But while Mr. Doe was about his disturbed slumbers, the superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad was making a Sheridan's Ride through the night by special train from Mattawamkeag, fifty miles away. He, at least, was on the job—he had brought along a claim agent of the road, to take care of damage suits. When they reached the Vanceboro station, they sent for Mr. Doe, and when he arrived at seven o'clock, Canada also was represented by two constables in uniform. This being a case for Law and not for Commerce, Mr. Doe took charge. He told the others that the first thing to do was to cover all the stations by telegraph and arrest all suspicious parties. Then he led his posse to the hotel.

There Mr. Tague told them about the German peacefully asleep upstairs. He led them to the upper floor and pointed out the room, but went no farther, as he thought there might be shooting. His sister, being of the same mind, sought the cellar. Doe knocked upon the door.

"What do you want?" called Werner Horn.

"Open the door," commanded Doe.

The door swung open, and the big German sat back on his bed. Then he saw the Canadian uniforms and jumped for his coat. Doe shoved him back, and one of the constables got the coat, and the revolver in it. When Doe told Horn he was an American officer, Horn stopped resisting and said:

"That's all right, then. I thought you were all Canadians. I wouldn't harm any one from here."

Doe handcuffed Horn to his own arm and took him to the Immigration Station to make an inquiry. Here Horn told a straightforward story, but with one embellishment that caused more excitement than all the rest, and that ultimately revealed his own character in its clearest light. This story was that he had not brought the dynamite in his suitcase, but that, by prearrangement, he had carried the empty suitcase to the bridge and there met an Irishman from Canada, to whom he gave the password "Tommy," and that this Irishman had given him the explosive and then disappeared.

"Tommy" immediately became a sensation who overshadowed Horn himself. Canadian officers scoured the Canadian shore for days, looking for this dangerous renegade, and Americans were as zealous on our side of the river.

But Horn himself was in a dangerous position. Lynching bees were discussed on both sides of the river, and probably only prompt action by the local authorities prevented one. Both to hold Horn for more serious prosecution and to get him out of peril, he was charged in the local police court with malicious mischief in breaking the window glass in one of the houses in Vanceboro; he pleaded guilty and was at once removed to Machias, the county seat, to serve thirty days in jail. Five days after the explosion, the Department of Justice had Horn's signed confession, taken in person by the Chief of the Bureau of Investigation.

It was in the giving of this confession that Werner Horn revealed himself most fully as a patriot and a gentleman, and, all unconsciously, revealed that the cynical Von Papen was a liar, a cold-blooded criminal, and, for the second time in the first months of the war, the secret hand behind the violations of American neutrality instigated through him and Bernstorff at the behest of the Imperial German Government.

When the government agent saw Horn in jail at Machias, and warned him that what he said would be used against him in proceedings for his extradition into Canada, or prosecution here, Horn told the same straightforward story, with the same embellishment about "Tommy." "I met a white man," so Horn said, "whom I had never seen before, but who was about 35 or 40 years of age—clean shaven—'Tommy'—I was told to say 'Tommy' when I met him—I cannot say anything that would involve the consulate or the embassy—Germany is at war—I received, however, an order which was from one who had a right to give it, a verbal order only—received it two or three days before leaving New York for Vanceboro."

Later he said: "I cannot speak of the rank of the man who gave the orders—I cannot even say that he was an officer. No one was present when the orders were given me in New York City. I cannot tell more because it was a matter for the Fatherland. I would rather go to Canada [where he knew they wanted to lynch him] than to tell more about my orders—this would be impossible—at least until after the war is over."

Horn admitted he had met Von Papen several times at the German Club in New York City, but no art could compel him to admit that he had got his orders from him. But, as the agent noticed, his manner gave his words the lie; and whenever he tried to tell anything that was inaccurate he did so with great difficulty and embarrassment. But finding him determined, at whatever risk, to withhold this information, and determined, too, to stick to the absurd story about "Tommy," the agent wrote out by typewriter a statement of the facts as he had given them for Horn to sign.

Horn read the statement over and said that he would sign it. Then the agent took out his pen, added a few items of new information, and wrote these words:

"I certify on my honor as a German officer that the foregoing statements are true," and handed Horn the pen to sign it. Horn read the last sentence and seemed nonplussed. He turned back through the pages of the statement, blushed, scratched his head, and finally grinned up at the agent with the one word:

"Tommy."

The agent grinned in turn:

"You mean it's all right except for Tommy?"

"Yes."

Horn would not sign a lie and pledge his honor it was truth. A close scrutiny of the cut on page 660 will show where the period after the word "true" has been erased, so that the sentence could go on to say, before he signed it, "except as to 'Tommy'—that I did not buy the nitro-glycerine but received it in New York and took it with me in the suitcase. I cannot say from whom I received it. Werner Horn."

If Werner Horn had been less honest, less humane, the black wickedness of his Imperial masters would have been less clearly visible. He was the one who was punctilious to respect American neutrality—while they flouted it. He was the one who risked his own life rather than imperil others—while they sat snug in Washington devising means to place on the rudders of American ships the bombs that would add another horrid chapter to their crimes. A mere criminal at Vanceboro might have been accused of exceeding their criminal instructions—Werner Horn refused to carry out the instructions they had given.

One cannot forbear to publish here a humorous incident in this case, in no way related to its immediate currents, but so characteristic of the American attitude in general at that time. Here was a drama of international politics, fertilizing the germs of war—the seeds of our own entrance into the conflict, with its present expenditures of billions in treasure

and its prospective expenditure of human blood and tears. Into this epic picture walks a Yankee trader with a bottle of liniment for frost bite in his hand, and asks for a "testimonial." The illustration and its caption, on page 659, tell the story. It is significant, because it was a faithful miniature of America at large in February, 1915—asleep to the perils of its "isolation," but wide awake to the main chance in war-begotten trade. Well could Von Papen and Von Bernstorff, well could the Kaiser in Berlin, afford to smile a little longer, and marvel again at a people still "so stupid."

But the American Government was on still other German plotters' trails. They were not asleep, nor stupid. Even while they went through the long, legal processes in which German intrigue tried in vain to save Werner Horn from delivery to Canadian justice, (and Horn was supplied with good counsel and every facility for making his defence) among the Yankee traders there was alert activity as well as dormant patriotism. How the Department of Justice, through these merchants, lawyers, doctors, men of the "main chance," soon had a network of special agents in every city, town, and hamlet in the country, is told in the following article, which is the story of the ship bombs, another of the infernal imaginings of the evil geniuses at Berlin, one of the most heartless of the cruelties of Von Bernstorff and Von Papen, and one of the cleverest pieces of American Government detective work born of the war.

III

ROBERT FAY AND THE SHIP BOMBS

A Plot That Proved to Have Been Made in Germany and Financed by the German Government—The Infernal Machine Which Fay Invented, and the Story of the Weak Link That Broke to His Undoing—One of the Most Atrocious of the German Schemes—Von Papen's Hand Again

ROBERT FAY landed in New York on April 23, 1915. He landed in jail just six months and one day later—on October 24th. In those six months he slowly perfected one of the most infernal devices that ever emerged from the mind of man. He painfully had it manufactured piece by piece. With true German thoroughness he covered his trail at every point—excepting one. And

five days after he had aroused suspicion at that point, he and his entire group of fellow conspirators were in jail. The agents of American justice who put him there had unravelled his whole ingenious scheme and had evidence enough to have sent him to the penitentiary for life if laws since passed had then been in effect.

Only the mind that conceived the sinking of the *Lusitania* could have improved upon the