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German Spies Plotting and Scheming in Great Britain

Amazing Revelations Show That Huns, Apparently "Down and Out," are Still Threatening the Mother Country—Have Ample Funds Which Enable Them to Carry on Their nefarious Work—Some of Them Move in High Society—Drastic Measures Must be Employed to Get Rid of Them.

London, May 1.—The vast majority of people in this country believe, now the actual fighting is over, the German spy peril, so far as it effects Britain is a dead letter.

Without posing as an alarmist, but simply as a narrator of cold, if unpalatable facts, let me state at the outset that nothing could be further from the truth.

At the present time, the immense sum of £250,000 is being subscribed every week for the propagation and perpetuation of German espionage in Britain.

According to Income

It is produced in the form of a toll or levy imposed upon every German, naturalized or otherwise—bear in mind that in London alone there are still 7037 men and 6777 women of enemy nationality—men and women camouflaged as British, Swiss, Belgian or American—according to their income.

And all these amounts, some huge some small are paid weekly into a central fund so that there shall never be a shortage of that cash which is needed for the continuance of spying in all walks of life in the interests of the Hun.

The baron has to pay his toll as well as the barber, the banker as well as the waiter. Even the poor painted women of the West End, who use their artificial powers of fascination to wheedle saleable secrets from their impressionable victims are taxed on the sums they receive from the German Government for their odious work.

Failure to pay regularly is met with dire penalties. The sum of £50,000 is required every week and only in the most exceptional circumstances is credit or postponement given even for a few marks. The Huns are a business-like race.

Under a False Charge

Within the last few months a case came to my notice where a naturalized German here, who was inclined to kick over the traces at the continuance of what he considered to be an iniquitous imposition, fell behind in his payments to the spy fund.

Pressure was brought to bear on him—at first gently and artistically. He remained obdurate. Then the screw was put on. Foolishly he held out. Less than a month afterwards the obstinate man was arrested for robbing a charming woman whose acquaintance he had casually made in the West End of London.

There was seemingly no doubt about his guilt. The money alleged to have been stolen was found in his possession when he was searched by the police officer.

But the man—on this particular occasion at any rate—was no more a thief than I am. The money had been "planted" on him by the woman, who was acting under secret instructions from "headquarters." At the present moment the man who refused to pay his levy to the spy fund is undergoing six months' imprisonment on a false charge.

More Dangerous Than Ever

Although I say it myself, there is no woman in Britain who knows more about the workings of the German spy system in this country than I do myself. For years I have made it the study of my life. From every corner of the globe I have received assistance from those, who, like myself writhe under the apathy of the authorities to kick Germans, and the friends of Germany, from our midst, and bar Britain's doors to them forever.

Masses of startling information have come into my possession. And from this information, and other extraordinary things I know of my own knowledge, I have no hesitation in declaring that never before has the German spy peril assumed a more dangerous aspect than it has at the present time, when, by amazing powers of organization and forethought, and the expenditure of millions of pounds—an expenditure which, as I have shown, is still proceeding, even if to a lesser degree than formerly—the Huns have insidiously lured us into a state of false security.

How is this vast sum of £50,000 a week being expended? Let me try and explain.

In the first place, Germany is not a dead dog; she is simply a sleeping dog. Although she may no longer

strike terror to the hearts of harmless residents by murdering women and babies with bombs dropped from the sky, wantonly destroying property belonging to dukes, earls, viscounts, baronets, bankers, small shopkeepers, sweeps, dustmen and others—making no distinction as to class or creed—the dangerous activity of her agents is by no means curbed in other directions.

The mission of her thousands of spies still remaining in this country is to report to Germany every weak spot of any description in Britain's armour. For this they are paid according to the value of their information received, just as was the case in war-time.

The War to Come

Much of the money being spent is being used to foster the dangerous doctrine of Bolshevism. More goes in fomenting social unrest. News of dissension and dissatisfaction in the Army, Navy, and Air Forces reaches the Fatherland and is magnified a thousandfold even before it is published in the London newspapers.

Quite six weeks before the recent London railway strike, which spread so much needless misery, illness, temporary poverty, and distress came about I was told that it was pending. I smiled sarcastically at the idea.

"You may laugh," said my informant, a little angered at my scepticism "but I know; I got my information from one of the cutest of German spies!"

That seemed to him the beginning and end of all things. As the world now knows, his advance information was correct. And from this startling statement I leave the intelligent reader to draw his own inference.

Very naturally people will ask, what earthly use Germany can have for spies in this country now that the war is over? It is a query I have had put to me again and again. I have answered it verbally as I now answer it publicly for the benefit of the hundreds of thousands who will read these lines.

The war with Germany is not yet over. True, the fighting the hideous shedding of blood, the sacrifice of countless thousands of loved lives, the risk of invasion, bombardment from the sea, and air raids, may be over. But in front of Britain still looms the great battle of commercial and industrial supremacy. And it is a battle which threatens to continue for a very long time unless we take stern measures to stop it.

Germany is preparing for it with the aid of the thousands of spies she has yet operating on these shores. The body of the octopus is still in the Fatherland, but its tentacles are here, getting a grip on our workshops, our workers, our cherished industries, our most remunerative trades, sending confidential reports to Germany so that when the crucial moment comes the Huns shall be able to undercut us, and by acquiring vast wealth be able to work further mischief in the years to come.

Do the British people realize the extent of the German spy peril? Do the Government fully appreciate what is going on? If the answer to the first question is in the negative the answer to the second is in the affirmative.

Yet even the most enthusiastic admirer of the Government cannot truthfully contend that Authority is taking the most effective steps to combat an evil which threatens not only our national prosperity but our national safety as well.

From the time immemorial the Huns have had friends in high places in Great Britain; they still have friends in high places.

Let not my readers run away with the false idea that it is impossible for a German to enter this country now. They did it when the war was at its height. And what they were cunning enough to do in those days, when the most stringent precautions were taken, they are, camouflaged as Americans, Belgians, Swiss, and so forth, cunning enough to do again. And they are doing it!

An Amazing Document

Once they get to Britain, the rest is plain sailing, for the secret organization here is so perfect that they are at once provided with money, introductions to the "right people," "pass-ports" into society, and, indeed, every facility for pursuing their campaign of espionage in the interests of their

Shock Left Her Weak and Nervous

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OVATION FOR BADEN POWELL

Halifax, May 8.—Speaking before the Commercial Club here today, Major General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who is visiting various Canadian cities and the United States in the interest of the Boy Scout movement, eulogized the 15th Battalion of Ontario with whom he had crossed in the steamship Baltic, and read some verses he had written dealing with one of the numerous exploits of that battalion.

Sir Robert received an ovation from the business men of Halifax. He is leaving this evening for Boston by way of St. John.

Next to actual pain, one of the worst feelings to get possession of mankind is expressed in the well known interrogative phrase, "What's the use?" Work is the surest cure for it. Loafing aggravates it.

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