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THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1918.

THE EAGLE'S EYE

Novelized by Courtney Ryley Cooper
FROM FACTS FURNISHED
By WILLIAM J. FLYNN
Recently Retired Chief U. S. Secret Service.

True Story of the Imperial German Government's Spies and Intrigues in America

Washington Aware of Huns' Activity in India

[Note—On the wall of the library in the Criminology club hangs a portion of a newspaper in frame. It is an account of the killing of Sam Chandra in a crowded courtroom in San Francisco. Beside it, in the same frame, an occupation was on trial for another murder, Ram Singh, who was on trial for the same offense, was killed a few seconds later by a United States marshal. Underneath the frame are the words: "Spoken! A striking demonstration of the truth of Sam Chandra's statement to photographer Harry in to the made in Germany Hindu assassination." Thus hangs the story of the conversation club had with the breaking up of the great Hindu conspiracy, which is here related. The inevitable inquiry as to whether Sam Chandra intended to kill Informer has never been answered.]

Episode No. 18—The Great Hindu Conspiracy.

THERE is the latest thing in German code, if it happens to be code at all," said Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology club, to Dixie Mason, at the secret service one evening early in 1917, in the president's room of the club. He tossed her a piece of paper.

"Why, it's nothing but a continuous line of jumbled letters" exclaimed the little secret service operative, looking at it critically. "It appears as though some one had been trying out a typewriter to see if the letters needed cleaning. Where on earth did you get this?"

"Picked up from the Sayville wireless," answered Grant.

"Picked up from the Sayville wireless?" questioned Dixie intensely interested at the mention of the station so widely used by German agents until the United States put to an end to it.

"Picked up," answered Grant. "You know a number of German operators are located there—some of them really under suspicion, but worthy of constant watching merely because they are Germans. For that reason Hennessy has carefully recorded everything that has been sent out from there."

"You mean that the censors let a jumbled mass of letters like this pass?" revealed Dixie.

"Not exactly," said Grant that time a few nights ago Hennessy began to realize that certain words there would be a quick jump at this a legible word. He got Charles L. Apgar, the wireless expert in question and listen in. Apgar suggested certain words that might be used in searching for clues. The result is that by reading the machine slowly distinct letters between words can be distinguished. They are assigned through, but again caught by Hennessy, who has been working on the matter for the last two nights.

"There is no code or cipher that I know of that could be applied to them," said Dixie, studying the jumbled letters carefully. "Some of them look like Hindu, English, Spanish, Russian or any other language with which I am all, at sea."

"That is just the question," answered Grant. "Hennessy and Apgar have found out that the above combinations resembles very strongly of Hindoosan. Of course, I know Hindi at all, and Apgar declares that if it is Hindu it is a dialect different from any with which he is familiar. Hennessy in Columbia university Indian—Hindu—and he has had a number of Hindu students there—for an expert in the dialects, so we may know the answer in this are time."

Their talk drifted to other matters and Dixie, remembering that Hennessy in Columbia was awaiting Harrison Grant.

Hennessy and Cavanaugh were waiting with a dark-skinned, intelligent-looking East Indian. He spoke perfect English and Dixie, seated in a corner of the room, listened to the business of the evening, and as he handed the same lines of letters to Chibra that he had shown to Dixie earlier in the evening, Hennessy started the recitation of the story of the plot, and the meeting day all the Hindu might to aide to give a deciphering the strange jumbling.

Chibra looked long and earnestly at the lines of letters, and Hennessy, watching for one of the rare warnings his detected a notice of his features or the muscles of his face body, but yet each one of the four had the impression that his spirit hardened and stiffened. That he was listening to the business of the meeting, to some moments of silence, so complete that the drip of the streets outside clung near could be clearly discerned. Grant broke the tangle by asking:

"Can you make anything of it?"

Chibra Refuses to Translate the Code.

Without turning his head the Hindu spoke, his voice seemed to come from the same direction as the dancing zone of the East Indian mystic.

"It is my life you ask for, sahib. It is written that no chosen shall know that I have betrayed my people. I have already had my son and brother, who also have been chosen, killed. Now, you ask me to do that those who are selected shall take a judge among them, and shall also are a judge of one of the chosen. And I tell you, sahib, that when one speaks of betrayal of the chosen, the judge shall be hired from to those who are not of the chosen, the judge shall kill him. That is what I am say.

"You mean that to speak of what you have told us would be betrayal of your people?" Grant asked.

"My life would be forfeit," answered the Indian, still with his eyes on the lamer. "For it is written that if a judge fail to his duty of killing the betrayer, the name of both the betrayer and judge shall be given to all of the chosen and each shall be killed. No one knows who is the chosen—therefore he knows no one who is a chosen—therefore it is unchangeable and unpardonable that whomever of the chosen shall speak of matters concerning the chosen shall die. Unknowingly, mad, and blind, taking Chibra's life, I have spoken to you. While life lies are in Hindoostan, in the twentieth century, not in India in the Sixteenth."

"You do not know, sahib," answered the Hindu, as Hennessy and Cavanaugh made signs that Dixie should leave the room, "there are sacred places of the chosen, place not in India, I am not a simpleton, but place of which I may not speak. Sahib, I have said that I know, sahib. I am discovering that the judge, although he is unknown to me, stance of my presence here should be sure. I know every move of my life is watched, I know that I am discovering these place of the chosen.

"In vain Grant offered him all the protection the Criminology club could offer, and Dixie assured him that any means that he might be instrumental in getting would be forgiven. Chibra remained obdurate in fact, he could not be induced to speak at the moment, and time. Finally he was permitted to depart.

"Looks as if it we had come a cropper," remarked Hennessy.

"Far from it," responded Grant. "At least it has been established that there are messages and that they are Hindu, they form a working basis and could have been worse. Chibra's refusal to translate it is only a matter of time before we have the translations at our disposal."

"Provided the code can be deciphered," commented Hennessy.

"Provided the cipher that cannot be unravelled by the Washington bureau," said Grant. "But from the case with which Chibra recognized their language I don't think that the messages can be in cipher. Hennessy, you have the thanks of the great Hindu diplomacy."

A short time later, back in his own room with only Dixie Mason hearing distance, Grant said:

"Well, we have found these messages are Hindu, which is great. Of course that I just told Hennessy and Cavanaugh. It is pretty apparent evidence that German agents are again active in some plot in Hindoostan, and that Germany has been working for the last two nights. There is no code or cipher that I know of that could be applied to them," said Dixie, studying the jumbled letters carefully. "Some of them look like Hindu, English, Spanish, Russian or any other language with which I am all, at sea."

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Applying the lemon bath for the discovery of invisible messages on the skin of a German woman spy.

interest in Hindu occultism will stay hidden.

"Well, what was going on you can be help us," said Grant. "Mrs. Blank and look after everything that is worth while. It is up to us to find and what is under the surface."

Hennessy, as the days and weeks flew by, with the exception of the Hindu conspiracy, was a great help to Grant. Long Island that night, Grant went as president of the Criminology club, and Dixie as a secret service officer upon assignments to or from Washington, Hennessy was left in charge. He was sent here and there, guarding a gray war and some cheap shadowing.

"The purpose of these lessons appeared the next morning when a decoyed and Hindu was discovered in the room of the Grant found dead up in the rear of the door of the converted farmhouse which became his temple. The old woman shuffled, and taking a basket of eggs from the hen house, she came down to the operating walk. From the depths, the twice stepping she took, the moment might be gained that the Hindu was dead, grasp evidence and the red granadated the Hindu Mason, taking in every detail of the premises.

Dixie and Grant Start Investigations in Long Island.

Before the Hindu affairs started and plotting with the other Hindu, they required an age. Dixie had seen Harrison Grant and Hennessy, but had the house had been shaded with thick screens. The attribute, after trying to make an appointment, the old woman understand that they wanted to see the Hindu, Dixie was left alone with Grant in the back dining room. No sooner were the servants out of sight, made than, Grant darted into a compartment leading to the portion of the house where the Hindu was supposed to be.

The dressing was not a long one, but it was intensely dark. Dixie, although waiting outside, was startled at the voice she made in coming up short against the wall of the room. Grant was so startled that the noise had not caused an alarm, she tried the door, and found it locked. Grant was in the room, yet entirely in permit her to pass through.

"Dixie, I have found something," calling the subject of a large one-inside door, "I have found a place where were more unbelieve crates and crates—enough to supply a department store. Practice of a man well known to Uncle Hennessy and Lynn. And the goods which were in the crates were rifles, cartridges, machine guns, rifles, cartridges, explosives and bombs. Underneath the floor which seemed to be made of the bottom of the earth, from the boat, the crates were stored, and when I was toward seemed to be the only entrance of the place, I found the extension of the rear to which Uncle Hennessy and Lynn. And the goods which were in the crates were rifles, cartridges, machine guns, rifles, cartridges, explosives and bombs. Underneath the floor which seemed to be made of the bottom of the earth, from the boat, the crates were stored, and when I was toward seemed to be the only entrance of the place, I found the extension of the rear to which Uncle Hennessy and Lynn.

Resolved to learn more of this elevator, Dixie decided upon a daring move. Waiting until the attention of everyone in the house was occupied with some task, she darted into the dressing room, leaving Grant to the mercies of the Hindu. Dixie had scarcely gone when the Hindu half-twisted walk with which she had seen Grant leave, he had hastily gone to the elevator when she was observed.

Hennessy was Lynn heard voices had gone and entered her room.

"Then you did had, what are you doing here?" he demanded in a frightened voice.

"Nothing, I thought I heard voices and went to investigate," she said in a quavery voice, she said.

"It is a strange gentleman, I know from the voice. Maybe you will help me to find out who it is and what he is doing. I have walked down and I heard the outside door."

Lynn seemed relieved her carefully and then, apparently satisfied with her story, he said that he would go down and see what was the matter. He went to the door to the yard. Then he left her, and Dixie could hear his assistant he rolling the servants as she hold herself in the room, apparently in fear of the strange man who had entered the Harrison Grant with her sister.

I am not supposed to have had one hound in evidence of any sort—of the Hindu, Grant said, "but I have found a place where I have had told the of her discovery in the farmhouse, the I put away secret to the elevator shaft to small salt water. Truly complained