



OFFICE OF
H. H. HUNNEWELL & SONS

P. O. BOX 5153

87 MILK STREET

BOSTON,.....191

Ralph Pulitzer, Esq.,
17 East 73rd. St.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Ralph

In sending you this copy of the
History and Anecdotes of the N.Y. O.N.I., I
must lay stress on the fact that these pages
are strictly confidential in nature, and for
your own personal use, and as a memento of
the office.

They are not in any way to be made public,
and should be treated as strictly private and
confidential. Under no circumstances should
your copy pass into other hands.

Yours very truly,

H. H. Hunnewell



Edwin S. 1917

The following History and Anecdotes
were compiled by members of the Staff
of the New York Branch Office of Naval
Intelligence, and are preserved in this
form for their own convenience.

From: Hollis H. Hunnewell, Voluntary Aide.
To : Lieutenant-Commander Spencer Eddy, Officer-in-Charge,
Branch Naval Intelligence Office, New York.
SUBJECT: INTERESTING CASES.

There is submitted herewith a short history and summary of several interesting cases which have occurred in the New York Branch of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

On request, Lieutenant-Commander Eddy has written the following facts concerning the New York Branch Office of Naval Intelligence, which he has divided into two sections:

- 1 - Before this country entered the war.
- 2 - After this country entered the war.

1 - BEFORE THIS COUNTRY ENTERED THE WAR:

In the early part of 1916, Captain McCauley, then attached to the Office of Naval Intelligence, Washington, asked me if I would be willing to do something to be of service to that office. I agreed to do everything that I could, and this led to my taking a small office at No. 2 Wall Street, - naturally at my own expense. About September of that year I asked Mr. A. Duer Irving, now Lieutenant U.S.N.R.F. attached to this Office, and Mr. John C. King to co-operate with me in this work, and Capt. McCauley authorized me to accept their services. During this time all requests for investigations for information came to me directly from Capt. McCauley, and our reports were sent to him personally.

About December of that year we were officially recognized as Voluntary Agents of the Office of Naval Intelligence and given numbers in that service. During this time we worked under the strictest form of camouflage, no one having any idea that we were connected in any way with the Government.

About the middle of December of that year, Capt. McCauley asked me if I could suggest and recommend the names of anyone else in New York who would be willing to assist in this work. Mr. Irving, Mr. King and I had a conference, and suggested the name of Mr. William C. Van Antwerp, now Lieutenant-Commander U.S.N.R.F., in charge of the San Francisco Branch Office.

Early in January, 1917, Mr. King and I went to Florida, leaving Mr. Van Antwerp and Mr. Irving in charge of the work in New York, assisted by Miss Frances Reid, as stenographer, who still is connected with this Office as Chief Yeoman in charge of the files.

On the 6th of February, 1917, when Ambassador Von Bernstorff was handed his papers, Capt. McCauley telephoned to Van Antwerp and

Irving, asking them to come to Washington at once. Upon their arrival they were asked if they would care to enroll in the United States Naval Reserve Force. They agreed, and were at once enrolled and given the temporary rank of Lieutenant (j.g.). At the same time, upon Captain McCauley's request, they recommended Mr. Albert R. Fish. He was telephoned for and came to Washington that night, and was also enrolled as Lieutenant (j.g.).

Captain McCauley telephoned to me at Florida, and upon my arrival in Washington I was also enrolled and given the rank of Lieutenant-Commander under date of March 6, 1917. At this time we did not know what our work would consist of, having volunteered for any duty to which we might be assigned.

During this period I had several conversations with Capt. McCauley as to the nature of our future work, and suggested that we could be of service in New York as Special Agents of the Office of Naval Intelligence. Captain McCauley approved of this, and what was to become the New York Branch Office started in my own office at No. 2 Wall Street. The personnel then consisted of myself as Lieutenant-Commander U.S.N.R.F., Lieutenants (j.g.) W. C. Van Antwerp, A. Duer Irving and Albert R. Fish, and Voluntary Aide John C. King. This history would not be complete if mention was not made of the fact that Mr. King was offered a commission at the same time as the rest of us, but for personal reasons was unable to accept same. In this form the organization ran on until April 6th, the date of the entrance of this country into the war.

2 - AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR:

Under date of April 6, 1917, I received my orders to active duty in charge of the Branch Office of Naval Intelligence at No. 2 Wall Street, New York City, and Lieutenants (j.g.) Van Antwerp, Irving and Fish were ordered to report to me for active service. At this time the personnel was increased by Lieutenant (j.g.) William L. Beers, U.S.N.R.F., who was also ordered to report to me for active duty. Up to that time Lieutenant Beers had been working independently of and was unknown to our organization. This made the personnel of the Office as follows:

Lieutenant-Commander Spencer Eddy, U.S.N.R.F.
Officer-in-Charge.
Lieutenant (j.g.) William C. Van Antwerp, U.S.N.R.F.
(Now Lieutenant-Commander in charge of)
(the San Francisco Branch Office.)
Lieutenant (j.g.) William L. Beers, U.S.N.R.F.
(Later Officer-in-Charge, Branch Office)
(Boston; now Lieutenant (s.g.) detailed)
(to ship routing, Headquarters, Third)
(Naval District.)
Lieutenant (j.g.) A. Duer Irving, U.S.N.R.F.,
(Now Lieutenant (s.g.) Assistant Officer)
(in Charge.)

Lieutenant (j.g.) Albert R. Fish, U.S.N.R.F.
(Who has resigned from the service as)
(of August, 1918, owing to ill health.)
and one stenographer, Miss Frances E. Reid.

From this time on, the growth of this Office continued at a remarkable rate, while the scope of our work broadened to such an extent that new departments were constantly organized. We were at first given investigating work of a confidential character desired by the Washington Office. Later on, we were charged with the investigation of the senders and receivers of cables from the Cable Censor. At the start we were not required to wear uniforms and were still running the Office "under cover", answering inquiries as to what we were doing by saying that "we were engaged in work connected with Naval contracts." As the work increased, it was found more and more necessary to disclose our actual connection with the work of Naval Intelligence, and in June, 1917, we were instructed to go into uniform.

Within a very short time the original office at No. 2 Wall Street became too small, and we removed to a much larger office in the same building. The personnel was also increased by two additional stenographers, Miss Fay and Miss Ashlin, and two Agents, Messrs. Arthur T. Rodger and L. W. Maul. To give an illustration of the growth of the Office, the following letter is quoted:

June 19th, 1917.

"From: Spencer Eddy, Lieut.-Commander USNRF.
To : Director of Naval Intelligence.

Subject: New York Office - New Typewriter.
Reference: Orders No.20554 - June 8th.

Two days ago I wrote a personal letter to Commander McCauley in which I requested that, if possible, a typewriter machine be forwarded to this Office for use here.

At present we are renting two machines, which are not particularly good and which cost \$3.00 a month each. It has occurred to me that a new typewriter would probably pay for itself before the end of the war."

When the Office closed there were about thirty-five typewriting machines in use.

The following joined the organization as Voluntary Aides in the order named: Messrs. Allen G. Wellman, DeWitt M. Lockman, Wm. Goadby Loew, Hollis H. Hunnewell, Lawrence Waterbury (later Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F., now Captain in the U.S.Army), Ashbel Green (now Lieutenant (j.g.) U.D.N.R.F.), LeRoy Frost, T. Morrison Carnegie (now Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.), E. Townsend Irvin (now Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.), Edward A. McCullough, Abel I. Smith,

W. Lee Gwynne, Ralph Pulitzer (now Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.), George D. Barnitz (now Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.), O. H. Gruner and Charles W. Hanford.

As the work increased, our quarters at No. 2 Wall Street were again found to be inadequate and the organization removed to No. 15 Wall Street, where about four thousand square feet of floor space was taken. This soon proved to be insufficient, and we expanded until we occupied the entire fifth floor at No. 15 Wall Street. But in the month of August, 1918, the work had so increased and our personnel had become so large that it was found necessary to obtain larger quarters. The entire twelfth floor, measuring more than ten thousand square feet of floor space, was taken in the Mills & Gibb Building, No. 288 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

At the present time the Office consists of 11 Officers, 99 enlisted men and women, 34 paid agents, and a number of Voluntary Aides.

In order to appreciate the growth of the Office and the scope of its work since its inception in 1916, some idea of the number of departments and their work may be necessary. Therefore, following is a list of the different departments and a brief statement of each department's special activity:

- EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT -

This Office is in the charge of Lieutenant A. Duer Irving, assisted by Lieutenant (j.g.) E. Townsend Irvin. It handles all routine and executive matters pertaining to the Office.

- ESPIONAGE DEPARTMENT -

This is probably the largest single department in the organization and handles all matters pertaining to espionage, sedition and secret service matters. Under the leadership of former Lieutenant Lawrence Waterbury (now Captain U.S.A.), and Voluntary Aide Edward A. McCullough, this Department has rendered valuable work in apprehending alien enemies who violated the laws governing their behaviour; in taking into custody German agents; and in handling many secret and confidential investigations. After the departure of Captain Waterbury, Mr. Abel I. Smith, Voluntary Aide, shared the management of the Department with Mr. McCullough. Twenty-five Special Agents, especially selected for the work because of their past training and study, worked in this Department under the supervision of Chief Special Agent James A. Donoghue, for twenty-two years a member and official of the New York City Detective and Police Force.

The photograph of a chart is here inserted, to show how in a case involving many people the information could be recorded as it came in, so that it could be seen at a glance, - the various colored inks denoting different activities.

- CABLE DEPARTMENT -

This Department, which originally was under the direction of Lieutenant George S. Wheat, and later under the direction of John C. King, Voluntary Aide, received from the Cable Censor the thousands of suspicious cablegrams upon which the Censor had requested investigations. As each lot of cablegrams was received from the Censor, the Cable Department distributed them to the various departments handling the separate subjects, and kept track of the investigation of each particular cable until the report on it had been sent back to the Censor. Some idea of the magnitude of this work may be had from the fact that in July, 1918, six hundred and forty-three reports on investigations of individuals and firms, all prompted by cablegrams, were sent to the Cable Censor from this Office. This was about the average number per month.

- PLANT PROTECTION DEPARTMENT -

This Department from the time of its organization, shortly after the beginning of the war, became one of the most important and efficient departments of the New York Branch Office. Under the direction of Lieutenant (j.g.) Ashbel Green, a campaign was mapped out to investigate every plant doing Navy work in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and adjacent states. This covered a large territory and required a tremendous amount of work. The investigators in this Department not only investigated the methods by which plants were guarded, the character of the guards and their employers, but also the nationality, character and general antecedents of skilled employees of the various plants who might be in position to do harm to the material being manufactured there. Hundreds of plants were investigated and in scores of cases necessary reforms as to the method of guarding the plants were instituted as a result of our investigations, and many employees of German and Austrian birth were removed from positions where they might have done injury to Navy material.

- COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT -

This Department, under the direction of Mr. LeRoy Frost, who entered this Office shortly after the outbreak of the war, built up a system of supervision and investigation over all manner of commercial houses, including shipping concerns, exporters and general commercial houses, and became a very valuable aid to the Shipping Board, Enemy Alien Property Custodian, and the Department of Commerce of the United States. Thousands of firms were investigated by this Department, their loyalty and personnel closely examined, and their customers were closely watched to prevent trading with the enemy. In addition to securing the internment of many business men of German birth who violated our laws, this Department was responsible for thousands of dollars of property being taken over by the Alien Property Custodian. The great mass of data gathered by this Department will prove of immense value to this country in the days to come.

- BANKING DEPARTMENT -

One of the most comprehensive and valuable departments ever organized was this Department, which started under the direction of John C. King, who later took charge of the Cable Department and whose place in the Banking Department was assumed by W. Lee Gwynne, a Voluntary Aide. On the theory that the financial condition of an individual or firm would supply the most direct clue to an inquiry, the Banking Department at the outset of the war set about to make a direct connection with every financial institution of any account in this city. These connections were most successfully made, the banks co-operating handsomely. All inquiries as to the financial accounts of individuals and firms were promptly answered, even the most detailed and intimate information being given in certain cases. The aid rendered by this Department in thousands of investigations was invaluable.

- LATIN-AMERICAN DEPARTMENT -

This Department, presided over by Lieutenant (j.g.) T. M. Carnegie, soon became one of the most helpful departments of the organization. Lieutenant Carnegie and his men had to do with the investigation of all suspicious cables to and from Latin-American countries, including Mexico. The Department's investigations embraced the activities of the various Latin-American Juntas established in this city, and the running down of German propaganda which originated in Mexico and other Central and South American countries. It also kept close watch on the movements of known revolutionary leaders of the various Latin-American countries who came to this city, and investigated the trade relations of firms in this city who did an exclusively Latin-American business. The Department had particularly good sources of Mexican information and did excellent work. It has also been of use to the State Department, whose agents here have not hesitated to express their appreciation of the work done.

- I.W.W. DEPARTMENT -

For the purpose of corralling leaders of this seditious organization and to prevent the stirring up of discontent, particularly among marine workers, by Agents of the I.W.W., Lieutenant (j.g.) George D. Barnitz was placed in charge of a special department to deal with this situation. The activities of this department extended in all directions, including nightly mass meetings on the East Side, labor meetings in and around the various government plants, docks, etc., and the employees of known I.W.W. sentiments in the plants. Scores of agitators were unearthed by this Department, sowing their propaganda among government workers, and not a few were imprisoned as a result of the work of this Department.

- RUSSIAN AND CZECHO-SLOVAK DEPARTMENT -

The breaking up of Russia and the suspicions aroused against many men of Russian and Slovak birth, was responsible for the organization of this Department under the direction of competent men of Russian birth. All Russian matters pertaining to German propaganda and disloyalty were turned over to this Department, also Austrian matters. The Department established very good connections, through which it was enabled to secure much valuable information.

- LEGAL DEPARTMENT -

A number of prominent lawyers, as well as three who were enrolled, constituted the legal staff of the Office. Most of the lawyers were taken as Voluntary Aides and gave up much of their time to this Office. The legal staff passed on the evidence secured by our investigators in cases where imprisonment or internment was desired, and also presented the evidence, after it had been put into proper form, to the United States Attorneys or the local authorities, as the case might be.

- FILE DEPARTMENT - .

What is probably one of the most comprehensive indexes and files of suspected individuals and firms, including many thousands of detailed reports on such, is contained in the Filing Department, which is under the supervision of Miss Frances Reid, Chief Yeoman, who entered the Office as stenographer in 1916. The reports and file cards contain the most detailed information concerning hundreds of thousands of individuals and thousands of firms, and should prove to be of incalculable value to the government in the future. It also contains reports from the foreign secret service agencies in this city. The card catalogue system comprises a total of 350,000 cards, and has required the work of a large staff of men and women since the outbreak of the war.

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November 1, 1918.

BRANCH NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

288 Fourth Ave., New York.

OFFICERS.

Spencer Eddy,	Lieutenant-Commander U.S.N.R.F.
A. Duer Irving,	Lieutenant U.S.N.R.F.
E. Townsend Irvin,	Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.
Ralph Pulitzer,	Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.
George D. Barnitz,	Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.
Ashbel Green,	Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.
Thomas M. Carnegie,	Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.
J. S. Spiegelberg,	Lieutenant (j.g.) U.S.N.R.F.
T. L. Killough,	Ensign U.S.N.R.F.
E. M. Tissott,	Ensign U.S.N.R.F.
H. H. Smythe,	Pay Clerk U.S.N.R.F.

VOLUNTARY AIDES

288 Fourth Avenue.

Giving their entire time to the work of this Office.

John C. King,	Edward A. McCullough,
LeRoy Frost,	Abel I. Smith,
Hollis H. Hunnewell,	C. Wheaton Vaughan,
Walter Lee Gwynne,	Frank Forester,
Allen G. Wellman,	Chas. W. Hanford.

VOLUNTARY AIDES

Consulted in Special Cases.

Thos. A. Edison,	Edward J. Mallen,
Wm. Goadby Loew,	William A. MacKay,
Dr. Fellowes Davis, Jr.	John Lovett,
DeWitt M. Lockman,	S. Mallet-Prevost,
P.A.S. Franklin,	A. R. Whitney,
Jos. W. Richardson,	John H. Holden,
Cornelius A. Sullivan,	Miller Reese Hutchinson,
Thomas Robins,	Charles H. Boynton,
Edward G. Reynolds,	Martin W. Littleton,
Arthur B. Reeve,	Cornelius J. Sullivan,

Chas. B. Logue,
B. B. Thayer,
S. W. Groome,
Percy H. Withey,
Frank J. Marshall,
Oliver Todd Smith,
W. H. Suydam,
Wm. H. Cline,
Edward F. Lindsay,
James B. Henney,
J. H. McCullough,
Reginald Vanderbilt,

Stephen C. Baldwin,
DeLancey Nicoll,
Herman Fleitman,
Loomis C. Johnson,
Robert M. Davies,
James W. Byrne,
Jacob Charles Klinck,
Andrew C. Snyder,
Albert R. Fish,
Henry Hamton,
Percy S. Greenlees,
H. W. Wack.

VOLUNTARY AIDES

Representatives Outside of New York City.

John Craig Powers,
Gardner B. Perry,
D. W. Sowers,

Rochester and vicinity.
Albany and vicinity.
Buffalo and vicinity.

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AGENTS

288 Fourth Avenue.

Bascomb, James
Chalmers, Nils
Chalupa, Emil
Donoghue, James
Friend, Geo. E.
Gardner, B.G.
Gott, C.L.
Hill, N.W.
Keegan, M.
Koukol, A.
Lablache, Luz. (abroad)
Levy, Bernard
McCahill, W.F.
McEwin, R.F.

Maul, L.W.
Miranda, A.J. Jr.
Olson, W.B.
Purcell, J.F.
Pruett, R.L.
Quigley, C.B.
Riascos, Alberto
Rodger, Arthur T.
Skelly, J.J.
Van der Kley, J. Geo.
Witherbee, A.L.
Wilson, Lionel
No. 101 (F.C.B.)

ENLISTED MEN

288 Fourth Ave., New York.

Andrews, A.W.	C.Yeo.	Haggerty, A.D.	Ap.Sea.
Amundsen, E.G.	C.Yeo.	Jackson, J.A.	C.Yeo.
Bantel, R.J.	C.Yeo.	Keegan, H.A.	C.Yeo.
Boomer, R.de F.	C.Yeo.	Kirk, W.B.	C.Yeo.
Brennan, J.F.	C.Yeo.	Lamb, R.G.	1c.Yeo.
Burke, J.S.	1c.Yeo.	McCoy, F.	2c.Yeo.
Butner, W.	3c.Yeo.	McDonald, R.C.	C.Yeo.
Burke, M.	1c.Yeo.	Maher, J.F.	C.Yeo.
Birckhead, C.	1c.Yeo.	McCormack, J.F.	1c.Stkpr.
Bond, MacGregor	C.Yeo.	Miller, F.W.	C.Yeo.
Brown, P.J.	1c.Yeo.	Mitchill, L.	2c.Yeo.
Carpenter, J.B.	2c.Yeo.	Moore, E.S.	C.Yeo.
Chipley, W.G.	2c.Sea.	Murray, L.A.	2c.Sea.
Coen, F.J.	C.Yeo.	Myers, H.A.	1c.Yeo.
Cohen, E.C.	C.M.A.	Osborne, J.W. Jr.	3c.Stkpr.
Collins, G.	1c.Yeo.	Rothstein, D.L.	C.Yeo.
Dibble, R.B.	C.Yeo.	Singleton, E.J.	C.Yeo.
Digan, T.J.	C.Yeo.	Smith, L.S.	1c.Sea.
Doyle, R.G.	C.Yeo.	Stanton, H.H.	1c.Sea.
Duffy, Fred W.		Schwarzbach, C.G.P.	1c.Yeo.
Duggan, R.W.	1c.Yeo.	Stein, J.G.	C.Yeo.
Gwin, J.V.	C.Yeo.	Steinlauf, Saul	C.Yeo.
Hall, J.W.	1c.Yeo.	Steers, C.R.C.	C.Yeo.
Hennessy, H.A.	C.Yeo.	Siegle, L.	Ap.Sea.
Herman, I.	C.Yeo.	Tener, Alex.	1c.Yeo.
Hirschberg, H.P.	C.Yeo.	Watkins, R.H.	C.Yeo.
Hoagland, C.P.	C.Yeo.	Wheelock, R.H.	M.M.2c.
Huston, J.R.	3c.Yeo.	Whinnery, T.J.	C.Yeo.
Healy, H.J.	1c.Sea.	Wodell, R.A.	C.Yeo.

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

Detailed to Postal Censorship Office,

No.641 Washington St.

G. H. W. Stone,	Ensign U.S.N.R.F.
Bieber, Isidore	2c.Yeo.
Black, David	C.Yeo.
Claywell, E.G.	C.Yeo.
Curley, J.J.	C.Yeo.
Kerrigan, C.E.	C.Yeo.
McCoy, E.J.	1c.Yeo.
McLoughlin, F.	2c.Stkpr.

ENLISTED WOMEN

288 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Ashlin, Eva L.	1c.Yeo.	MacDuffie, K.	3c.Yeo.
Bull, Adele H.	C.Yeo.	Mooers, E.G.	3c.Yeo.
Coen, A.J.E.	3c.Yeo.	Murphy, K.	Lds.for Yeo.
Casparian, E.A.	Lds.for Yeo.	North, P.A.	1c.Yeo.
Cortelyou, R.E.	3c.Yeo.	Patterson, E.V.	3c.Yeo.
Cumming, L.B.	C.Yeo.	Reid, F.E.	C.Yeo.
Eichel, Anita	1c.Yeo.	Sands, N.	1c.Yeo.
Fay, Laura	1c.Yeo.	Schaaf, L.	3c.Yeo.
Finn, M.R.	3c.Yeo.	Shipman, D.	C.Yeo.
Floyd, Emma C.	Lds.for Yeo.	Stoughton, S.B.	2c.Yeo.
Foster, J.	3c.Yeo.	Tilly, J.A.	C.Yeo.
French, K.	1c.Yeo.	Wagner, M.L.	2c.Yeo.
Glynn, Mary	3c.Yeo.	Waterman, M.	3c.Yeo.
Golden, A.M.	1c.Yeo.		

CIVILIAN OFFICE FORCE

288 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Cambridge, Ida E.	McInerney, John
Hunt, John C.	Quinn, Samuel
Webb, S. E.	

TELEPHONE OPERATORS

288 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Under Lt. Griffiths, Telephone & Telegraph Bureau,
Third Naval District.

Duryea, C.A.	2c.Yeo.	Hocks, L.	3c.Yeo.
Fischer, G.S.	2c.Yeo.	Lindholm, W.D.	3c.Yeo.



THE OATH.

Every one who enters the Office of Naval Intelligence is required to take a solemn Oath, part of which is that he will not divulge the fact that he is a member of the O.N.I. to any but his superior officers.

Immediately after the ceremony is over, an agent comes to him and gives him an investigation to make. Having been very much impressed with the Oath he has just taken, he naturally inquires: "How am I going to get the desired information if the party refuses to give it willingly?" To this question he gets the reply:

"Why, show your O.N.I. badge, you boob."

(CONSISTENCY, OH CONSISTENCY!)

CABLES.

The investigation of cables is a large part of the work of the Office.

Regulations vary, however, as to how it should be done. One day a notice on the Board will read:

"Any Agent who interviews the sender or the receiver of a cable will be summarily discharged."

A few days later another notice is posted, reading as follows:

"Any Agent who does not interview the sender or the receiver of a cable will be summarily discharged."

(YOU PAY YOUR MONEY, TAKE YOUR CHOICE)

A CABLE.

Information was wanted on a certain cable sent to a man named _____, addressed to a club in this city.

No man of that name was a member of the club, nor was there anyone of that name put up at the club.

After a fruitless search covering some weeks, it was decided to deliver the cable to the club and watch the person who claimed it. After a while our patience was rewarded, and we found that it was a cable sent by Lord Northcliffe to the Officer in New York in charge of the British Ammunition Department.

(TIME WELL SPENT)

A SUSPICIOUS CABLE.

A cable addressed to "Nish" at a given address, saying that "Fish evades Kettle", certainly sounded suspiciously like a code of some kind, and caused fear and trembling in the Office.

At the address given was a man named Nash, who, on being questioned as to whether or not he knew a man named Nish, replied that he did not, but suggested the possibility of the cable being meant for himself.

He was answered: "Oh, no, it could not be for you. It is in code."

To this, he replied: "Please have the cable read."

When he heard it, he remarked, "That is my cable, and means that a man named Fish, who is in my employ, evades a competitor named Kettle. It has reference to some private business of my own."

(VERY SIMPLE TO READ CABLES WHEN YOU KNOW THE CODE)

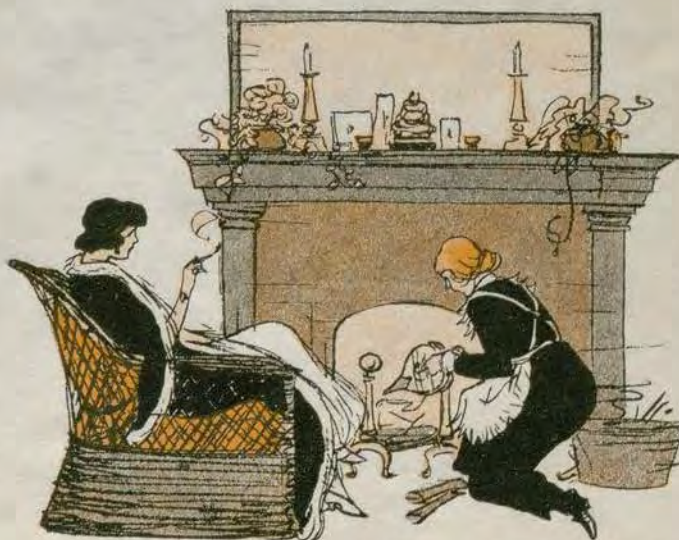
THE ILL-FATED DICTOGRAPH.

In the younger days of the New York Branch O.N.I., advice was received from Washington that a certain Russian woman, - supposed to be directly related to the late lamented Czar, - was coming to New York, and that neither expense nor trouble was to be spared in discovering everything that she said or did. It was understood that the Russian woman was intimately associated with the wife of a high executive.

First, an apartment was secured and offered to the Subject at a ridiculously cheap rental, which was accepted. Our Operatives, of course, had taken the precaution of occupying the adjoining apartment and installing a complete dictograph connection. The living-room was regarded as the most important of the rooms, and our skilled "dic" operatives considered carefully the question of the best place to conceal the machine. An ornamental fireplace, never used since the building was erected, was agreed upon; the dictograph was hidden there; and developments were awaited.

Arriving on a cold day in December, the Russian woman found her new apartment altogether too chilly, and instructed her maid to build a fire. What else, indeed, was an open fireplace for? So wood burned on that hearth for the first time in its history, and the cherished "dic" met an untimely end.

(ALL UP IN SMOKE)



MAGRELL WRIGHT BURTON

AN INVESTIGATION FROM WASHINGTON.

The Washington Branch of the O.N.I. once sent us a most beautifully and elaborately drawn plan of an apartment situated in the Italian district. This drawing showed the situation as to the streets, a detailed plan of the apartment, positions of the fire-escapes, and the location of a place where pigeons were kept. We naturally thought that we were on the track of an important carrier-pigeon station.

Our investigation, however, disclosed the fact that these pigeons were kept in accordance with an old Italian custom, - namely, for the purpose of making a pigeon-blood soup for a woman who was about to be confined.

(BETTER THAN GRAPEFRUIT, ANYWAY)

INQUIRY FROM WASHINGTON.

Once upon a time, Washington asked for an investigation of a certain person, suggesting that the information could be gotten from Mr. Snoodlegrass, stating who he was and giving his address.

After finally locating Mr. Snoodlegrass, we obtained all his information and sent it on to Washington. We then received the following reply:

"Please tell us who Mr. Snoodlegrass is."

(GREAT WORK)

HURRY CALL FROM WASHINGTON



As usual, our Office received a call from Washington to investigate a matter with the greatest haste, and, also as usual, no light as to the source of the information or any other details whatsoever were given.

On this occasion we were requested to investigate No. 29 East 30th Street, opposite the Martha Washington Hotel. (It might only in justice be stated that in this case the address was correctly given). We were told that Germans were starting to install telephones and wire in this house; that carpenters were working there; that a telephone girl had been engaged; and that the place was closed all day and open only from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M., the windows were covered so that they could not be seen through by day or night, and that the work, especially the wiring, was being done very hastily. These operations could be watched from the sixth and seventh floors of the Martha Washington Hotel.

To our trained Intelligence Corps it was evident that this was the German Spy Headquarters, and one of our Agents was dispatched in great haste to secure a room at the Martha Washington for a woman Operative, so that proceedings could be closely watched all night. Our Agent, being a thorough and competent man, decided he would try to find out to whom the house belonged. After careful and intelligent research, he came back with the information that the house belonged to the New York Telephone Company and that a new office was being installed there.

(THUS AGAIN WAS OUR COUNTRY SAVED FROM IMMINENT DANGER)

A CASE OF CODE.

It was another "Come quick!" case. Cause enough - a German spy had been seen signalling from the roof of a tall building as one of the big transports, loaded with troops, was going down the Bay.

Investigation disclosed the fact that the culprit was vice-president of a chemical concern and that he was lunching at a nearby restaurant.

When our Agents arrived, gasping for breath, a distinguished man, with snow-white hair, was pointed out as the Subject. On being questioned, he made no attempt to deny the signalling, but stood up and gave an exhibition of gesticulations. When asked what it all meant, he replied, "POP".

Our mystified Agents demanded further explanation. The Subject then stated that the ship was the "LEVIATHAN" and carried two of his sons in her crew. He had taken a course, together with one of the boys, in the Morse Code, and the late demonstration was merely his way of saying "Bon Voyage".

(VERY SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW HOW)

AN OPERATIVE'S REPORT.

After an investigation regarding a certain German, the following report was brought in by one of our Operatives:

"The Subject came to this country in 1890. He was born in Germany in 1878, prior to which he lived in England."

(SOME PROPAGANDA)

AN OPERATIVE'S COMPLAINT.

On some days thirty or forty Operatives will be sent out on cases of various kinds and descriptions.

In the afternoon, when they return to report, each will say, "Well, I found him," or "I could not find him," or words to that effect; and they seem very much hurt because the Agent to whom this interesting bit of news has been given, says:

"Will you kindly tell me who you mean by him?"

(SUCH A LACK OF MEMORY)

THE DICTOGRAPH

During the investigation of a certain Subject of the gentler sex, it was decided to place a dictograph in her apartment. The receiving end was to be in the rooms occupied by one of our Agents, who happened to be directly under her. For a long time her conversations were overheard, and we understand that the Operatives were not bored during their night vigils.

It came to pass, however, that the Subject had a friend, a very attractive young woman, and in the course of events our Agent, attracted no doubt by his interest in the investigation and spurred on perhaps by the friend's good looks, managed to obtain an introduction to the two ladies. Meeting them on the street one day, he was invited to come to tea, which invitation he gladly accepted. On the way to the apartment the Subject excused herself, telling our Agent and the good-looking friend to go ahead and have their tea, that she would be there in about an hour. This suited our Agent more than words can say. Together the couple entered the apartment. At first they discoursed on trivial subjects. The young lady, however, became rather enamoured of our gay handsome Agent and began making advances to him, which our Agent eagerly met half-way. Everything was going along to complete mutual satisfaction, when our Agent suddenly remembered the two Operatives in his apartment below, who, of course, were listening.

On making their report, the Operatives downstairs said that they had heard the conversation very well up to a certain point, when, curiously enough, they could only hear a female voice and could not catch any male answer.

(VERY CURIOUS, INDEED)



READING A REPORT.

Some one will break into the Office, rush to an Agent, and, in great excitement, say:

"Read this report. It's most interesting."

Just as the Agent is about to read the report, to obtain some faint idea of the subject, the other will say:

"Oh, never mind the first part. It's the eighth line from the bottom that's interesting."

(WHY NOT PUT THE EIGHTH LINE FIRST?)

GETTING HIS ORDERS.

One of the Operatives was told by a certain Agent to do something in such-and- such a way, to which the Operative answered:

"Why, I was told to do it entirely different by another Agent; in fact I get contradictory orders from every one. Which S-- O- - B---- of an Agent shall I obey, anyway?"

"I am the one to be obeyed," replied the Agent in a fierce voice.

(ACKNOWLEDGING THE COMPLIMENT)

CONFERENCE BETWEEN D. OF J. AND O.N.I.

SCENE: Office of Department of Justice.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: Chief of Department of Justice;
Officer-in-Charge, Branch Naval
Intelligence Office, New York.

After a conversation on various subjects, especially regarding how best to co-operate the two Departments, the following conversation takes place:

O.N.I.: "Well, we have a case now which overshadows anything we have yet done, and is the biggest thing that has been put into our hands."

D.of J.: "Well, strange as it may seem, we, too, have just such a case, which promises to be the biggest one we ever had and will make our Department famous."

O.N.I.: "Well, good luck to you."

D.of J.: "Hope you will be successful."

O.N.I.: "Tousi lou."

D.of J.: "Pip Pip."

CASE: Informant, "The Admiral".

SUBJECT: Explosives.

RESULT: Agent of the D.of J. arrests Agent of the O.N.I.

(GREAT CO-OPERATION, EH, WHAT?)



"THE ADMIRAL"

One day the quietude and dignity of the Latin-American Department of the O.N.I. was rudely awakened by the sudden entrance of a wind-storm whom we have named "The Admiral". He was introduced by our much-loved John.

"The Admiral", who was about twenty years old, immediately knocked us all off our feet by his statements (made with no rest or interruption) of what a wonderful detective he was; born to the life, in fact. He insisted on being enrolled that afternoon, sent to Germany as a spy in a few days, and given a chance to finish the war in a couple of weeks or so.

After being thoroughly gassed, one of us feebly said: "Please, Mr. Wonderful Man, go out and do something and bring us in the result." But we admonished him on no account to tell or see anyone else, as we wished all the glory for ourselves.

In a few days he returned, pushing the elevator up ahead of him. Rushing into our staid Latin-American Office, he loudly cried: "Quick, give me a German Officer!"

We told him that we would search the place but doubted whether we had just what he wanted on hand at the moment. At this he seemed greatly dejected. On being questioned as to what he was going to do with the German Officer, he replied: "Look, see what I have here - a paper signed by two Germans." It read that they would do anything, but omitted to say what and for whom. (This seemed to "The Admiral" a wonderful piece of evidence.) To these two men he had promised to introduce that afternoon a German Officer.

In answer to an inquiry as to what the purpose of the introduction was, he replied: "These two men have secreted enough explosives to blow up the whole of New York."

At this stage of the game, the Latin-American Department became very gas-shy, and whenever "The Admiral" called was always out.

Later on, however, "The Admiral" blew into Section A., and then, - but that is another story.

Suffice it to say that when the great arrest engineered by him was to take place, he went to Atlantic City so as not to be connected with it in any way and thus impair his usefulness in the future.

After a brief absence he returned, and, again entering the Latin-American sanctum, triumphantly asked, "Well, are my men at Oglethorpe?"

One of the Agents, instead of jumping up and greeting him as heretofore, looked up at him in a disgusted way and said, "You damn fool, those were Department of Justice men."

(EXIT KNOW-IT-ALL)

THE O.N.I. AND THE D.OF J. CASE.

Through information given by our friend "The Admiral", we learned that there were two Germans who had an enormous amount of explosives stored somewhere, to be used in any way most useful to their cause.

Our Agent K., posing as an ex-German Officer, was to become friendly with these Germans and rope them. He thereupon met them through our friend "The Admiral", and they soon became friends. The plan was for our Agent to gain their confidence and persuade them to go to Philadelphia, where their explosives were stored, and take them with him to Mexico to blow up the Tampico Oil Works. Our Agent, of course, posed as having been to Mexico and being familiar with conditions there.

To formulate these plans, our Agent and the two Germans used to drive out into the country in different machines by separate routes, and in the middle of the night they would meet in some secluded spot to talk over the details of their undertaking. Both parties were always heavily armed. These meetings kept up for several nights, until our Agent was gradually succumbing to want of sleep. He was anxious, however, to catch as many of the enemy in his net as possible, so he insisted on having four men go with him, it being his intention to have have the plotters arrested upon arrival in Philadelphia.

On the night of the final conference, the two Germans suddenly exclaimed: "Well, this has gone far enough, Mr. So-and-So; you are under arrest!" and they flashed their D.of J. badges into the astonished eyes of our Agent.

Adding to the dramatic situation, he followed them quietly to the Police Station, where he answered all the questions that are customarily asked. When they came to the question, "What is your business?" he answered, "I am an Agent of the O.N.I." and, in turn, showed his credentials to the astonished D.of J. men.

The situation was certainly an astounding and unusual one.

Some time after, the Head of the Department of Justice told the above story to his friends at a dinner, and finished by saying, "So it cost the D.of J. just one hundred and forty dollars to entertain the O.N.I."

And it might be added that it cost the O.N.I. one hundred and sixty to entertain the D.of J.

(USEFULNESS OF CO-OPERATION)

SALE OF DOCUMENTS.

During the course of an investigation, we devised a most wonderful plan to catch one of the men higher up in the sale of some important documents.

The stage setting was as follows:

Mrs. V., a woman under investigation, with Agent A., a woman of our Office, getting into her confidence.

Dr. S., also under investigation, with Agent B. of the D. of J. getting into his confidence.

Some fake French papers supposed to have been stolen from a French Officer by Agent A.

Agent A., getting into the confidence of Mrs. V., tells her about these fake papers and says she ought to get some benefit out of them. Mrs. V., falling for this bait, suggests selling the papers to some German sympathizers, and becomes much excited at the enormous commission she would receive. Among the several people whom she mentions as possible purchasers is a Dr. S., who, she says, could at all events tell them the proper person to approach.

The plan was working out beautifully and seemed beyond the possibility of failure. Mrs. V. was to go with Agent A., who had the papers, to meet Dr. S. and the monied man he had picked out to buy the documents. These were to be waiting in an automobile on a certain corner. Then they were all to drive into the lonely country and there transact the sale.

Unfortunately, however, Dr. S. telephoned Mrs. V. at the last minute that he thought it wiser for him not to appear, so they arranged for a given password to identify the man in the machine. After thinking this over, Mrs. V. became frightened, and she, too, thought it would be better for her not to go, whereupon she told Agent A. to go alone with the papers and sell them.

This turn of affairs caused the following ridiculous situation, - namely, that of one Agent of the Government selling some fake papers, supposedly stolen, to another Agent of the Government, with no one present or in any way implicated.

(THUS THIS BEAUTIFULLY CONCEIVED)
(PLAN DISAPPEARED INTO THE CLOUDS)

ARRESTING AN AGENT.

On a certain beautiful bright day in July, it was our painful duty to take into custody a German who was supposed to have been very closely related to the Old Kaiser. We were told this man was a desperate character and might give us trouble, and, being very large and powerful, we looked upon this as quite an adventure, - almost like being in the front-line trenches. We, therefore, reinforced our party of three, consisting of a diminutive U.S. Marshal, an Agent of the O.N.I., and one from the D.of J., with one of our strongest and bravest Operatives.

Unfortunately, we missed the giant at his home and had to arrest him in a public restaurant. Imagine our consternation when we found Agent B. of the D.of J. sitting with him. There was naturally nothing to do but arrest the Agent as well. He, however, did not come as quietly as our real quest, but loudly proclaimed he was a Dutchman and would not stand for it, protesting all the way in his machine, which, contrary to his wishes, he was forced to drive to the Federal Building.

A crowd began to collect, including two irate waiters, who, strangely enough, wished to be paid for two cocktails. Of course, the Government Officials paid no attention to such trivial matters.

Our strong-armed Operative, seeing the trouble the Agent was making and never suspecting he was a D.of J. man, thought this was the man we were to arrest and went along with him, incidentally roughing him up a bit. Agent B. afterwards reported that he was black and blue all over, and it turned out that he narrowly escaped being severely beaten about the head by the irate strong man. This situation, entirely contrary to the pre-arranged plan, left one Agent of the O.N.I. alone with the diminutive U.S. Marshal in charge of the Hun giant.

The perilous journey, however, was made without any incident, except that, as the Tombs was passed, its architectural peculiarities were commented on.

(A CONSUMMATE PIECE OF ACTING)

OUR DON JUAN



Once it was our duty to arrest a woman who had passed the prime of youth and beauty, was most hysterical, and quite crazy. Her pet economy was to save on soap. We picked out our pink-faced Don Juan, Special Agent, knowing that he was the proper person to carry out such a delicate undertaking.

Our choice certainly proved a fortunate one. The old lady was safely brought to the Federal Building for examination. She was kept waiting for some time in the anteroom, but our Agent gallantly held her hand and fought off with kind words and glances the rapidly approaching hysterics.

After the examination, in which she called at the top of her lungs on God, the Devil, and several (as she called them) "German Swine", to testify for her, she had to be escorted to jail by our Agent.

On his return from this perilous trip, he proudly announced at the Office that the lady had kissed him on the cheek. But, instead of receiving the plaudits and congratulations of his colleagues which he fully expected, he was immediately ordered to a Turkish bath to be disinfected. Even that did not prevent him from appearing with a swollen face for the next week.

(IF YOU CANNOT BE GOOD, BE CAREFUL)

A LITTLE MIX-UP.

After the conclusion of a certain case, the evidence was again gone over and some outside matters connected with it were discussed.

In this case a Dr. S. had arranged for a meeting between a Greek Officer and a Dutchman, at which a new invention for a gun was to be sold by the Officer to the Dutchman, with Germany for its ultimate destination.

The Greek Officer was interviewed by an Agent of the D. of J. and the following conversation took place between the Agent and the Uptown Office:

"I have seen the Greek Officer, but the most important person to get hold of, which we must do, is the Dutchman."

At first it was not plain to the recipient of the message who was meant, but when it was finally explained, the answer came back:

"Well, if you really think you must find the Dutchman, all you will have to do is to ask for Mr. Sleuth Hound, an Agent of the D. of J.:

The answer to this, faintly heard, was:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

(IN THIS BUSINESS, APPEARANCES ARE OFTIMES DECEIVING)

OUR BUSINESS AGENT.

At various long intervals it was necessary for a certain one of our Agents to go over with one of Our Operatives the latter's accounts. Our Agent, bearing the name of one of our greatest financiers, gave the Paymaster the impression that the accounts would certainly be wonderfully kept.

The following conversation between the two was once overheard:

AGENT: "Well, have you got your accounts today?"

OP: "No. I had no time to make them out."

AGENT: "Well, we must make them out now."

OP: "All right."

AGENT: "How much money do I owe you?"

OP: "I don't know, but I want fifty dollars."

AGENT: "How much money have I given you?"

OP: "I don't know. Don't you know how much money you have given me?"

AGENT: "Well, I gave you some money a week ago Tuesday, some Monday, and Agent H. some on Saturday; but how much it all was, I don't know."

OP: "I don't remember, but I need fifty dollars."

AGENT: "Well, here is fifty; and please have your account ready tomorrow, so the Paymaster can make out in the last account I handed in whether he owes me seven hundred dollars or I owe him two hundred."

(IT HELPS TO BEAR A FINANCIER'S NAME)

THE BITER BIT.

On a rather cold day, one of our Agents was sent to interview some one in a town not far away.

Being asked on his return what he had accomplished, he replied that he had come back minus any information and also minus a coat and bag that had been stolen from him on the train.

(SOME DETECTIVE)

THE BOARDING OF AN INCOMING STEAMER

A certain Voluntary Aide, accompanied by one of our Operatives and a yeoman, was detailed to go aboard an incoming steamer to examine one of the passengers.

So one morning they sailed up the Bay in a small motor-boat and met the steamer coming in by the Narrows. When they signalled their desire to come aboard, the vessel stopped and allowed the small craft to come alongside. A rope (which almost sank the little boat) and a rope-ladder were lowered from somewhere in the sky. The Voluntary Aide immediately sprang for the ladder and went up about five rungs, when he happened to glance up and saw what looked to him like a speck in the clouds. This turned out to be a man leaning over the side of the vessel, which seemed to be as high as the Woolworth Building. Our Aide was so frightened that he lost all desire to climb the rest of the thirty or forty rungs, and hastily decided to get aboard the launch again.

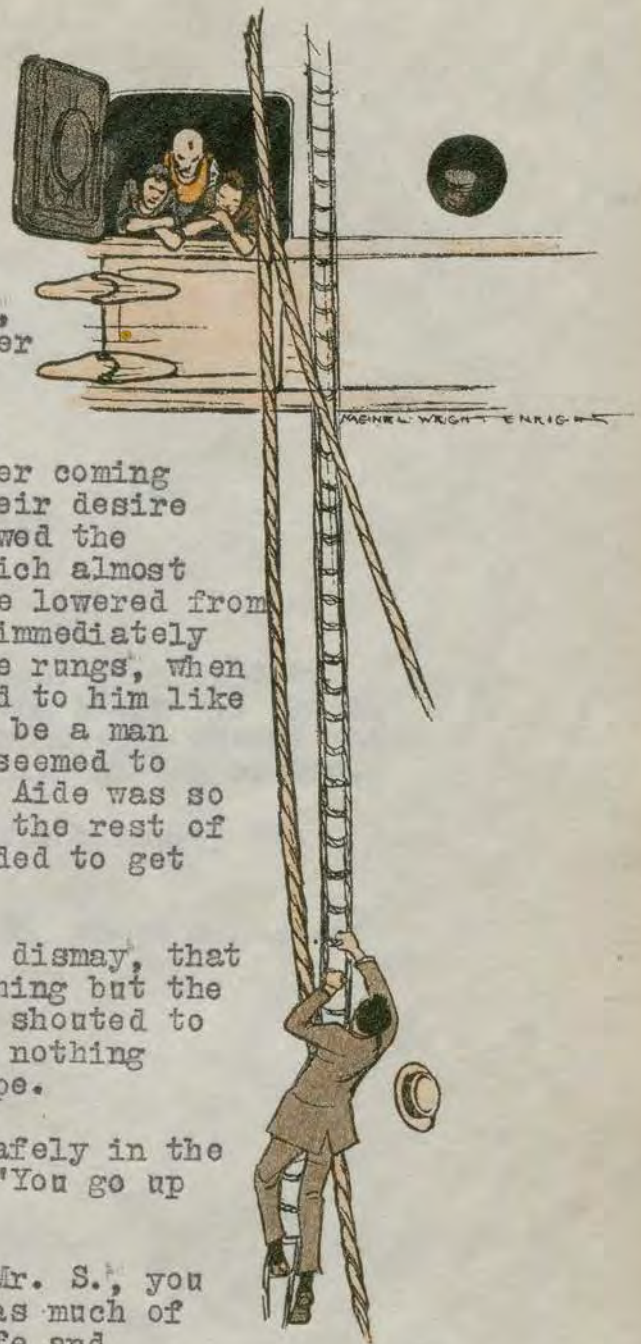
On looking down, he found, to his dismay, that the boat had drifted away and there was nothing but the cold forbidding water below him. Some one shouted to him to hang on tight, - useless request, as nothing living could have broken his hold on the rope.

Finally he succeeded in landing safely in the boat, and, turning to the Operative, said: "You go up and interview the man."

To this, the Operative replied, "Mr. S., you know, strange as it may seem, I think just as much of my life as you do of yours, and I have a wife and children to support." The buck was then passed to the yeoman, who thought it was his duty to stand by and protect our Voluntary Aide, and, furthermore, he declined to go up the side for a million dollars.

Thus, after this valiant effort of the Navy Department and the holding up of the steamer, they cast loose and followed ignominiously in the wake of the steamer, which was boarded when safely docked.

(SOME SAILORS)



A REALLY SUBMERGED SUBMARINE.

One of our Operatives read a statement by a Captain who had been kept prisoner on board a submarine after his vessel had been torpedoed, to the effect that, after getting aboard the submarine, they submerged thirty fathoms and lay on the bottom.

The Operative turned to a Naval Officer nearby and said, "Lieutenant, how much is a fathom?"

To this, the Lieutenant replied: "Oh, about a quarter of a mile."

(SOME NAVIGATOR)

CO-OPERATIVE RIVALRY; A SCOOP.

A woman Operative was once installed in a business office on lower Broadway, with instructions to unravel a certain plot surrounded in dark mystery. It developed that there was nothing to this supposed plot. It also developed that the new employee got into the good graces of an ex-Colonel, an entirely loyal member of the firm. The old gentlemen elected to make her his confidential secretary (being too shortsighted to observe that her shorthand was not according to Pitman). He also brought her chewing-gum every morning, and, on one occasion, a pair of beautiful black silk stockings. But this is getting away from the story.

One day the confidential secretary took dictation for a very important letter, exposing certain German-Mexican plots that had come to the knowledge of the Colonel. She was much elated over her scoop for the O.N.I., when she received instructions from the Colonel to deliver the document personally and without delay to the Officer-in-Charge at the Office of Military Intelligence.

Thus, an Operative of the O.N.I., carefully concealing her identity, performed a mission for the M. I.

(YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE IN FOR)

BRIBERY IN THE O.N.I.

A certain Suspect, known as W., was made exceedingly nervous by the knowledge that his movements were watched. As this man was thought to be the very head and front of a German machination, practically the entire force of "tails" had been put on him, and he was under constant surveillance. Now, by one of those strange tricks of circumstance, peculiarly known to the O.N.I., Mr. and Mrs. Van D., the good friends and comforters of W., were in reality Secret Agents of the O.N.I. To them the Suspect confided all his troubles.

At a certain point in the case, the "tail" was taken off. W., much relieved, said that this was accomplished by his lawyer, who had miraculous influence in all Government matters. His lawyer had been to see the Commander at the O.N.I. This was true, for the lawyer had been summoned to appear there, and had taken a solemn Oath not to divulge what he had said or done at the Office.

"Of course," said W., "this cost me some money, although that is a secret. My lawyer has just presented me with his statement for one hundred and thirty dollars which he disbursed in gratification fees. But it is worth it, as I am now rid of those detectives."

This piece of confidence was naturally a great eye-opener to the two Agents. They figured that one hundred dollars must have gone to the Commander and the rest in tips to the Operatives. But, to their extreme disappointment, they got no share of the spoils.

(MURDER WILL OUT)

"DEARIE"

One of our Agents was called upon to investigate a story told by a woman who lived in one of the worst districts of the West 40th Street section.

On arriving at the house, he entered with fear and trembling. It was too dirty and dingy for description. After he had walked up three flights of narrow rickety stairs, lighted by smoking oil lamps, he knocked on several doors and was finally answered by a dirty old white woman in a wrapper.

After a little conversation regarding the object of the visit, the old woman introduced to our Agent her husband, a huge nigger, black as could be, whom she soon summarily dismissed in order to continue the conversation. At its conclusion the old woman shook hands with her visitor in farewell and ingratiatingly said, "Now, dearie, please let me know the outcome of this," at the same time making an attempt to kiss our Agent, who, however, fled hastily.

(This Agent has been taken for a nigger)
(before, but was never in so much danger)



THE PUNGENT BOMB CASE.

Information brought in concerning Miss X. was nothing if not emphatic. She was the occupant of an apartment from which the odor of chemicals was continually issuing. Her entire occupation, in fact, was said to be the manufacture of bombs and other instruments of destruction. She never left her rooms, but was often visited in the dead of night by men of decidedly German appearance.

The apartment in question was a high-class one, and the agents of the building were of thoroughly loyal repute.

Special Agents were put on the case. They sniffed the air and mustered up their reserve of bomb-proof courage. Always cautious, as befits this branch of the Service, they first investigated a tenant of another apartment in which the air-shaft was on a line with that of the suspected quarters. After finding that he was safe to approach, they learned from direct testimony that this man and his wife had also detected the chemical odors and had certain fears that the manufacture of most powerful bombs was the cause.

At this stage, our men called upon the agent of the building. He was not at first disposed to let them into the apartment without a search-warrant, but quite suddenly changed his attitude when informed that he was perhaps harboring the most dangerous of German spies. A search took place, but without getting results. Any trace of infernal machines seemed to have been concealed with diabolical ingenuity.

At length, after repeated discussions of the case, our two Sherlocks decided to take gambling chances and interview the lady herself. The final discovery brought immense relief to these Agents, - when the Woman of Mystery turned out to be a patriotic American, absorbed in experiments for Hoover on the subject of Food Conservation.

(OFF THE SCENT)

THE GENTLEMEN BURGLARS.

The attempt to prove the identity of nobility sometimes brings in its wake humor and often danger to the investigator. We refer to the case of a Russian couple living in a modest rooming-house on the West Side. The woman was the person in whom Government Officials were most interested, for it was alleged that she was the eldest daughter of the former Czar.

Under the guise of being two wealthy young men from New Haven come to settle their grandfather's estate, our two delegated Agents took possession of a 2 x 4 room on the top floor of the same house. Their luggage consisted of a large black bag containing two complete dictograph outfits with the necessary amount of tools, - than which nothing could be more suitable as a burglar's layout.

The main object, of course, was to gain access to the rooms of the "royal" pair. To accomplish this, our Agents told the landlady that they were commissioned to look for two nice rooms in New York for a New Haven physician who wished to install a New York office. This tale went over so well that the landlady was soon showing them the advantages of the rooms below, which would shortly be vacated by the Russians, - the latter, meantime, not being in. The young landed gentlemen inspected the rooms for their medical friend, at the same time quietly lifting enough photographs and other evidence to satisfy their immediate purposes.

Still they kept the little attic room in order to watch the movements of their Subjects. They did not sleep there, but, being careful sleuths, they wished to arouse no suspicion. Every day they solemnly performed the duty of going to their quarters, kicking the pillows around the floor and turning everything topsy-turvy. And they left long lists of imaginary financial figures lying about.

When the day of departure finally came, the landlady let them go with sorrowful reluctance, for she confessed a liking for her two distinguished young tenants. However, she said there was something about them she was at a loss to understand.

"I knew you never slept a night in my house," she said; "I knew that you came every day to kick the bedclothes and pillows all around; I knew that you left no wearing apparel. In fact, I knew so much that on the third day I called up Police Headquarters and asked that a detective be detailed here. Their advice was not to disturb you, as you might be dangerous characters. Then, after giving the matter much thought, I decided that two such nice-looking young gentlemen could not be burglars, so I would take a chance."

The handsome faces of our two Agents paled. What would have been in store for them had a burglary been committed on that block during that period?

(HEAVEN WILL PROTECT THE INNOCENT)



THE TABLES TURNED

It was once the unique experience of one of our Operatives to be "put over the jumps", as the saying goes, in the course of investigating a Subject.

Information had come to one of the Voluntary Aides that Mr. P., in the employ of a large German-Hebrew banking house, was able to give information as to the dates and times of sailings of certain transports. Our Aide thereupon went to the Head of Section A. advising him that this should be considered one of the most important cases that had come into the Office and that expert Operatives should cover P.'s movements from the time that Subject rose in the morning until he went to bed at night.

Accordingly, such an Operative was assigned to the case. As P. was a commuter, residing in a small rural community in Westchester County, our conscientious Operative proceeded hence at an early morning hour. With perfect self-assurance, he went to the house directly across the street from P.'s and inquired at great length of a woman neighbor as to the German's habits: "What does he look like?" - "When does he leave the house?" - "What is his business?" etc. Having obtained this valuable information, he stationed himself at a secret observing-base behind a large tree facing the Subject's house.

At this point, the woman who had been so exhaustively interrogated promptly telephoned to her neighbor: "A suspiciously acting man is hiding behind a tree and watching your house, undoubtedly with evil intentions toward you." P. lost no time in calling up three strong-armed friends (he, himself, remaining indoors). So, while still patiently watching, our defenceless Operative found himself surprised from the rear and rushed across the street to the home of the Subject, to be interviewed by that gentleman in a stern and most thorough-going manner.

(A COMPLETE FIASCO)

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

The following telephone conversation was overheard at our end of the line:

"Hello!"

"Is this Mr. So-and-So?"

"I have a letter of yours before me."

"Well, I want to know what you can tell me about it."

"Well, it's signed by you. For goodness' sake, don't you know what you write about?"

Later on, it came to light that the gentleman at the other end of the wire was the Head of the O.N.I. in Washington.

(IT'S ALWAYS WELL TO KNOW WHOM YOU ARE TALKING TO)

ANOTHER TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

One of our Agents had occasion to call some one on the long distance telephone on a rather important confidential matter.

When he got his party, he started to tell the story, and the answer came back:

"I can't hear anything you say."

To this, he replied:

"That's all right. I don't want anyone to hear, so I am whispering."

(ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL)



A CHINESE AGENT

A certain Chinaman was telephoned and asked whether he would make an appointment to meet our Agent, Mr. Lee Gwynne, to which he answered that he would be only too happy to be interviewed by Mr. Ah Lee Gwynne, a compatriot of his.

(WHAT'S IN A NAME, ANYWAY?)

SOME TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

(An Operative's telephone conversation with an Agent)

OP: "Hello!"

AGENT: "Hello!"

OP: "I saw that German last night."

AGENT: "What German?"

OP: "You know, the one that lives in that house."

(VERY CLEAR)

INFORMATION GIVEN US OF SUSPECTS.

"There is a suspicious man who lives in an apartment house on 65th Street. He has lots of money."

(COMPLETE EVIDENCE)

RE. THE JEWS.

One morning, our good and faithful friend, John, was asked by one of the Voluntary Aides:

"John, why doesn't Tammany Hall do something about the Jews in New York and handle them better?"

"Gracious me," exclaimed John, "if Christ could not handle the Jews, what can you expect of poor Charlie Murphy?"

(WHAT COULD YOU DO?)

"GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE"

One morning, John, our first groom of the bedchambers, commenting on things in general, said:

"Well, I suppose if I could only kill a couple of ---
---- Germans, St. Peter would meet me when I arrive at the gates of Heaven and say, "Welcome, John, come right in. Here are the keys of Heaven, - go as far as you like."

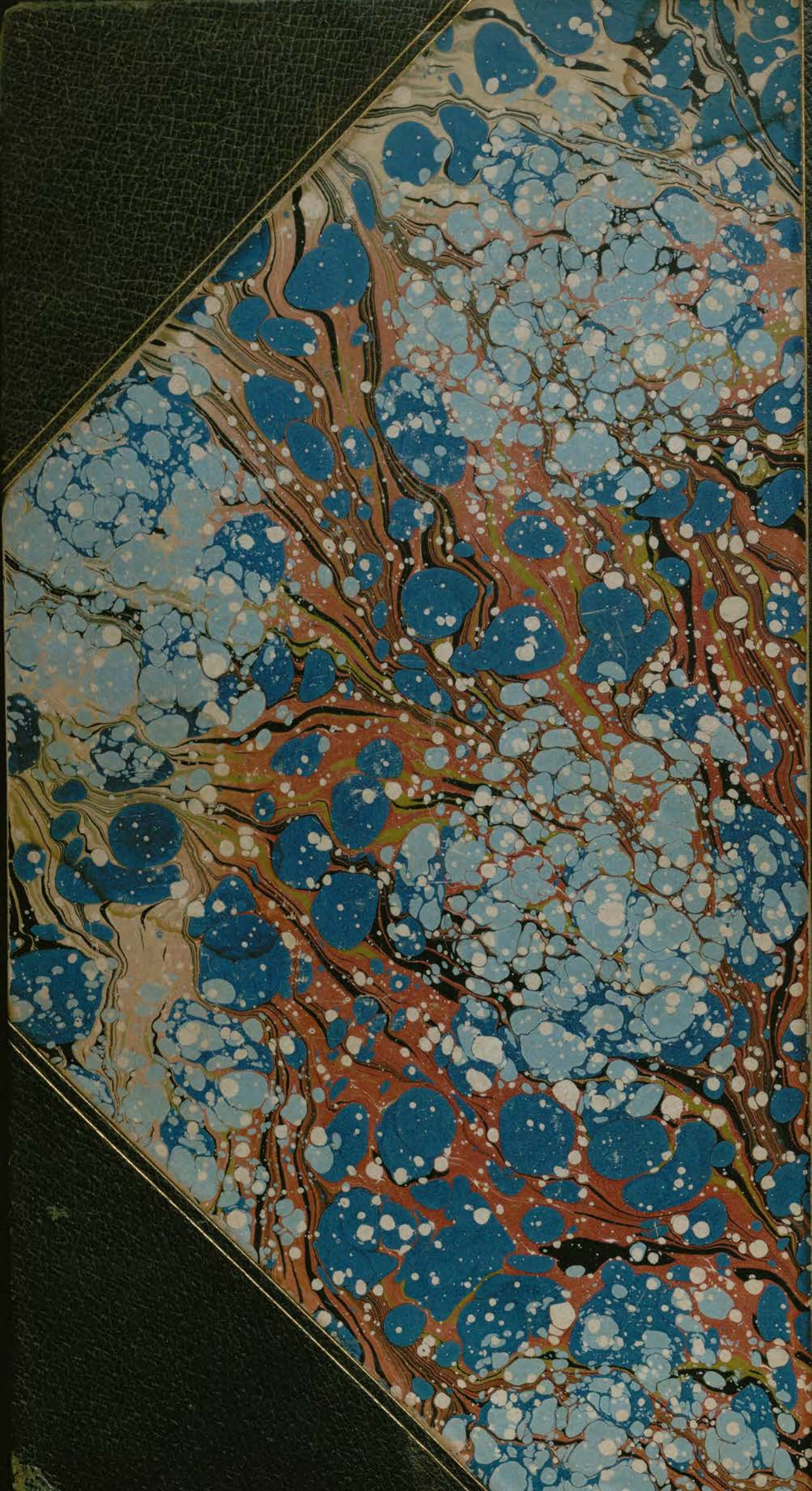
(TAKING SOME RISK)

THE GERMANS IN ARGENTINA.

The following remarks are taken from a letter which was sent from the Argentine to New York:

Writer states: "The Germans here are making 'soap-box' speeches and putting up posters fighting the 'Black List', and the young Argentines of the rich families, the ones who burned the German Club, are putting up posters against the Germans. ---- They tell a funny story about the burning of the German Club, which was a magnificent building, with many works of art, etc. The story is this: When old Luxberg was found out and U.S. got his cables speaking of the Argentines as veneered Indians and telling them to sink Argentine ships and leave no trace, this young crowd set fire to the Club and broke windows, etc., and burned the German stores. ---- The Government called out the police and firemen to stop the burning of the Club, etc., but there is a law or something that during the singing of the national anthem all must stand at attention, so when the police started to butt in, they started up the anthem, and the whole force stood at attention and let the damn German Club burn."

(A CONVENIENT LAW)



NEW
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