Kaiser's Spies Beaten At Their Own Game

Remarkable Organization Built Up by Uncle Sam Since World War Began

A. BRUCE BIELASKI

THREE years ago it began to dawn upon American officials that the German espionage organization in this country, which for five revolutions so far made have stretched the fashion—was under way. To meet it they had only the agencies which were barely adequate for peace; there was hardly a man in the bed over assigned to the foreign government experts for the purpose of combating the

The story of how Uncle Sam got her feet and by part, transformed in international affairs, "little sleuth" and predatory nations of their chief game. The even smaller force of the treasury secret service was almost fully occupied with the regular duties of guarding the currency and the president's life. It, too, has since been amazing expansion, but upon the department of justice agents fell the chief burden.

They were called upon to muster out, the experience and the ruthlessness of the best of German spies, who were backed by a seasoned secret service organization and unlimited funds.

Their chief, the man who had developed the department of justice's secret service into a fine foundation for an openly, keenly paced, even running backbone, and who had trained and tried it when the need came, is Alexander Bruce Bielaski ("Bruce Bie" Bielaski they called him in his high school days). He entered the department a dozen years ago, when the development of a bureau of investigation to handle secret work for which no other provision had been made was under way.

The bureau was commissioned to wrestle with recklessness of peonage, violations of the national banking laws, with antitrust and white slave cases, "white slave" cases; it was to investigate those who impersonate an officer of the government, to pursue those who flee the country and seek to evade the long arm of the federal law.

There were already several detective agencies in the government, each created for a specific purpose, and each jealous of its separate sphere. Into these, there was the secret service in the treasury department. There was the post office department's prevent smuggling, land agents to protect the public domain, post office inspectors to make difficult the misuse of the mails. But the special agents of the department of justice had a field many times as broad as that covered by any one of the detective agents. One phase of its work alone—the enforcement of the neutrality laws—was enough to become a bureau in itself, when the war started.

The department of justice refused to follow precedent in its creation of a detective agency. It built a staff of operatives that was a new thing in the field of detective work. In doing so it made brains its first requisite of selection of men and sold that execution was a developer of brains.

The youngsters of this service have succeeded where veteran police have failed. Last year the detective undertaken in an entirely new problem, with the department of justice agents as the only reliable guide. It needs brains and initiative.

A young agent of the bureau of investigation, formerly a salesman for a shoemaker, was sent into the Alleghenies on his first rope and cleared up a nest of counterfeiters that had baffled local authorities and United States marshals for years. Another young agent, who had been a reporter on the docks of New Orleans and found out the methods employed by the smuggling Italians who were bringing thousands of immigrants into this country, next was hundreds of thousands in duties every year. Still another succeeded in breaking up anarchistic associations in El Paso.

The foundation for the work of these special agents may be measured by an account of the correspondence in the case of one of them, who was sent to Cuba in April, 1914, and the part played in the Mexican situation by the activities of this man would be hard to believe unless the records were recorded. Stanton attracted the attention of a house detective in a New York hotel. He was put to play of a draft for $1,000,000 signed by President Huerta of Mexico. Stanton, who watched the operations of the bank.

That individual bought travelers and amounts of money in the course of the day. He was the possessor of the draft bought by Huerta. If that he did not send this to Mexico, as there was an international agreement against such a ship, however cleared for Mexico, Europe and the United States. It was to be sent to Cuba and caused the refusal of the Havana government to honor the draft. Stanton was put on the trail of a fear that it was to be sent to Germany. They are the ship again traverse the Mediterranean and send out its cargo of munitions. The special agents noted, however that the Mexican had disappeared and suspected that he was going to his own pocket than to the Mexican treasury.

The ammunition was reshipped from Hamburg to Cuba. Stanton followed it there, and when the United States sent a warship to Havana with information furnished by its special agents, Huerta and senor Del Valle were arrested.

TIME WHEN LIFE IS SWEET

Few Joys That May Be Compared to the Joy of the Vagabond on the Tramp.

In these any joy in life like the joy of the road? Sun and wind and rain and winding country of earth and sky, the days that trip off like a gypsy tune and the nights that bring the sound of running brooks and rest? Sometimes the vagabond in Mongolia wakes in the night to the sound of the rain, and, with the

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SAYS THERE IS NO BAD LUCK

Writer Declares That Suspicion Claims the Person Who Predicts His Own Misfortunes.

There is no such thing as "bad luck." The belief in it is a gross superstition. It is claimed it is a science, but it is not. It is jaded. My observation, writes James Hay, Jr., in McClure's Magazine, has been that the man who wins at poker consistently is merely the best player. If you have a presentiment that you

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HIS NEIGHBOR

By AGNES G. BROWN.

Dear Grace:

I am keeping my promise by writing, as soon as the new abode has been installed. It looks as though I might do good work here, in my glass roof room near the sky. The only place available for evening around this old-time mansion now given over to boarding purposes. The pictures progresses favorably and I am intent upon it, as you know. Rose seems pleased with the results of instructing friends to hunt me out. I have already been obliged to refuse various evening invitations received in my "foster Greenhorn's" interest.

I suppose you are, as usual, busy with your committees. Do not worry about my welfare, as I shall keep you informed.

Your affectionate brother,

JACK.

Dear Grace:

The morning sun comes in at right angles through my glass roof, the painting grows apace, and meals served from a newly arranged table are perfect. In my enjoyable isolation I might be in a deep forest instead of in the young women across the hall, from whom I have had to request a little more quiet. Between the two of us we could reach her, 4th, these proud, self-satisfied, self-centered young women. What will they not do for love and—money? Though I cannot refrain from my first actual experience with the kind, I have decided to "keep off the floors," says that when my neighbor's door opens I shall be found deeply and comfortably at work, or else out for a walk with her child. During the day she takes her baby to a convenient institution in a flower shop, 42 avenue, but she stops right there and leaves it, as it cracks the child's supper. It was this that caused me to request a change of location in the two-story and the consequent climbing of the stairs. Rose is a dear, but she is not to be compared to