

ON SECRET SERVICE

True Stories of Experiences in the State, War, Treasury and Postoffice Departments by Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, Late Censor of Telegraphs and Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., Santiago de Cuba.

Written for the Deseret News.

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No. 13.—Outwitting the Russian Government.

PASSING rapidly over the intervening years and reserving some extremely thrilling experiences of Col. Cheney for future telling, we come to '96, '96 and '97, the period just antedating the Spanish-American war. Some of Cheney's cases had been for the state department and he stood very high in the estimation of the federal government. He was a man mature in years, rich in experience and as evenly balanced as a perfectly made machine. He was a close and intense student of current events and while he was an ardent partisan in politics he never intruded his beliefs to the detriment of his work. His detective service company was all powerful and a potent factor for good. Its ramifications were world wide and its workings were under the guidance of the master mind of Cheney. In 1897 he was 42 years old. Few gray hairs had made their appearance and he really looked like a man of 40. He was as forceful and as strong as he had been. Guthrie, Lerner and others had grown up in the business and in 1893 he incorporated his company and had two equal partners with him. As he expressed it when he presented them their stock, "You see, fellows, I haven't a kith or kin to leave anything to when I'm gone and I'd like to think of this company busting up so I've made you both equal partners with me. You've both been my standbys and—why, hang it, I'm near to tears." Which was true. So were the other men.

Cheney's vision of his younger days whereby he saw a home had faded away as years passed on. They were just dimly apparent. There were some 40 men at 50 are more roseate than those of 47.

Keeping in close touch with affairs national and otherwise Cheney knew that sooner or later the United States was going to invade Spain to leave the western hemisphere. The invitation would be declined and Spain would be driven out. As early as '93 Cheney had been active, going unknown to the public, preparations to do her part. Several delicate governmental missions were entrusted to Cheney. Trips to Cuba, Mexico and the members of the press, inspections of certain persons and firms. Cheney was aware that war was going on at all times and when war did come he knew he would be appointed chief of the secret service of the army.

The government awoke to the fact that it had been standing still for years for information as to what the other powers were doing was wanted. It began to send army and navy men to foreign countries to gather and collate matters military, but there was a number of things civilians could get as well as soldiers and sailors.

Cheney received a note from the secretary of state's private secretary in '96 asking him to come to Washington. Two days later Col. Cheney walked into the state department. The secretary of state knew him as the man who had been in the army and navy and he was not at all surprised to see him. He was standing.

"The president wants to see you at 10 o'clock today. Two o'clock, Col. Cheney replied."

"The sharp was unnecessary, Mr. Secretary. I served some time in the army and promptness has always been a point with me. Good morning."

"One moment, colonel, please." The first personage's tone softened a bit. He began to realize this calm grey-eyed man was above the ordinary.

"After the president has finished with you please come back. I will have your papers ready."

"You are assuming I will go, then?"

"Of course you'll go—because the president asks it—because you will be serving your country by so doing."

Score one for the secretary. He struck Cheney fairly and squarely. Patriotism was Cheney's long suit. Many a time he had drunk the toast, "My country, may she always be right; but right or wrong—my country." He smiled and said:

"Yes, Mr. Secretary, I reckon I'll go."

"Thank you, colonel."

At two o'clock Cheney appeared at the White House. Evidently he was expected because within a moment of the time his card was taken in a gentlemanly secretary came and said:

"This is Col. Cheney," Cheney nodded.

"The president will see you in a moment," Cheney was not oppressed by

the constrained aid of officialdom. A few moments later a tiny bell rang and the secretary led the way down the corridor to the inner sanctum of the White House. "Col. Cheney," said the calm brown-eyed, smooth-faced man advancing with outstretched hand, "Mr. President," replied Cheney, taking the proffered hand.

"Sit down, colonel," said the president. A cigar was lighted and the atmosphere soon lacked restraint. Cheney felt the greatness of the president. Sincerity, honesty and intensity of purpose were written all over his face. His manner was democratic yet dignified, and from his brown eyes gleamed his very soul. Cheney was not an emotional man and yet if the president had asked him to stand on his head on top of the Washington monument he would have attempted the feat.

They talked for nearly two hours. The president unfolded all his plans and ideas. Information was wanted of the army—of everything of interest other nations were doing.

"Particularly, Col. Cheney," said the president in closing, "do I want information of Russia. That's a big country and there is a great feeling of unrest there. It is rumored the army is disloyal, the navy ready to rebel and the peasantry ready to rise in their wrath. And I fancy you will have the greatest difficulty in obtaining this information in Russia, because they are so strict with foreigners, especially Americans. But I think you can do it."

"Mr. President," said Cheney quietly but earnestly, "I'll find out what you want or die trying," and he meant every word of it.

"Look out for their 'Third section'! I've heard it's pretty active, colonel."

"All right, sir, I'll keep my eyes and ears open."

A short time later Col. Cheney again stood in the presence of the president of the state. The secretaries of war and navy were also there by appointment. It was after dark, and the clerks had left the old building when the conference broke up. Cheney had all his passports, financial papers and instructions. The instructions were verbal; his passport was made out in the name of James E. Brady, journalist. At certain places in Europe and Asia, United States ambassadors and consuls would have funds for him. He was to spare neither time nor expense—the government wanted information—especially from Russia. Cheney had a week in which to settle his affairs in this country. A day later he was in Chicago and confided only to Guthrie and Lerner and then he was going.

They were to run the business absolutely while he was gone; and three days later he disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

A swift steamer sailing from New York carried Cheney on his first trip abroad. Duty and pleasure were to be combined, but duty would come first. Six days later he landed in Southampton and was soon in London.

At this time the relations between England and the United States were very cordial and there was no need of concealment or disguise, and Cheney's seven days in the English metropolis were very pleasant. He was entertained at the St. George's and Service clubs, and made thoroughly at home in Scotland Yard. His fame as a detective had preceded him, and MacKenzie and others made his stay enjoyable. But when Cheney stayed from Dover to Calais his name became "Bradley" and again until he again set foot in the United States he retained that name de guerre—because it was war. France held not much startling military information; St. Cyr, the French military academy, was behind West Point. Germany was full of advanced military ideas, and very careful did Cheney inspect the German machine. His review of 50,000 troops, and the Kaiser was present. Cheney's report from Germany was full of meat. He stood on top of the Mont St. Jean on the field of Waterloo, and gazed down over the plain to a point where the emperor and Ney had a con-



PITTSBURG FURNISHES ANOTHER SENSATION.

Pittsburg, the incubator of sensations, offers a new one in the case of Mrs. Frances Walker, of that city, who has brought suit for desertion against Peter McCool, a wealthy oil operator to whom Mrs. Walker avers she was married in 1904. A puzzling twist is being given to the affair by the generally accepted belief that Mrs. Walker is the mysterious "woman in black" who, heavily veiled, failed to gain admission to the church in Beaver, Pa., while services were being held over the remains of Senator Matthew S. Quay in April, 1904.

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spulation on the afternoon of the memorable June day when the shake of a peasant's head caused the downfall of the empire. The left he saw the road over which came blundering the sunken road of chain was outlined: Bougemont and Nivelles were there, too, and Waterloo, the greatest field in history! Cheney was much impressed here and also at Brussels, where he walked through the hall in which "there was a sound of revelry by night."

Spain was visited, and Cheney noted the entire lack of military preparation. He went aboard warships with impunity. The Almirante Oquendo, the Cristobal Colon, and Maria Theresa were visited and inspected. Later these ships were reduced to scrap iron by Sampson's fleet at Santiago. Portugal was suffering from military dry rot. Italy was full of acrid and bitter controversy between the Vatican and state was apparently forgotten. Military everywhere—and for what? The answer is still waiting though the military confuses.

Austria offered a fair field for investigation. The Austrian army was great on show and parade, but as a practical military machine it wasn't much. The navy of Austria was nil, although Cheney was much impressed with the gondola fleet on the Grand canal in Venice. "Great for pleasure," said Cheney, smiling to himself as he leaned on the railing of the Grand hotel and watched the pleasure land boats glide by. After Austria came Russia—Russia, the most despotic autocratic government in all the world; Russia, the home of anarchy, the breeding ground of nihilism; Russia, where human life wasn't worth a cracker; Russia the home of the knout and all the horrors of dungeons in the dark and dark places; Russia with its Siberia to the eastward where thousands of poor, down-trodden human beings were annually starved and beaten to death because they dared, if only in thought, to oppose the shrunken bit of intellectuality called the czar. "Little Father," Cheney knew his work would not be of easy accomplishment in Russia; he knew all about the celebrated "Third section," of secret police. They had their agents everywhere in the world—even the United States held many of them. Every foreigner entering Russia is under surveillance from the time he enters until he leaves (and numbers of them do not leave). Cheney knew this. He knew all his cunning would be required to outwit this dreaded Third section, but he felt equal to it. He knew if he was detected and his military information his life would pay the forfeit. Mails, telegraphs, railroads, all means of transportation were under governmental control. Before leaving Venice, Cheney destroyed every scrap of writing he had save his passport and a small letter of credit. He would observe and find out all he could in Russia, but the making of notes and transcribing his report would be done in neutral territory later on. He was just a plain American citizen on a trip. Journalism was a chance profession to be used as a pleasure more than a livelihood. He was rich (that was true), and fully conscious of his danger. Col. Jack Cheney took the Imperial express, a de luxe train, and shortly afterward he was at the border. The train stopped, the cars were opened and inspected by a horde of customs officers. Across a fence was Russia; now he was in Austria. Presently a distinctly gilded looking individual, resplendent in a green and gold uniform and hung with medals and decorations announced:

"Pardon, ladies and gentlemen; but owing to some unavoidable circumstances which cannot be controlled, you are compelled to detain you a short while. We regret it, but it is unavoidable."

Cheney looked the man over carefully, and then carefully lit a cigar. No cigar, he thought, but the man, but gazing out the window he saw several men in plain clothes looking over passports, baggage and individuals. There was evident some one was being looked for.

"Third section," murmured Cheney to himself as he smoked and read. An inspector came in and said:

"Without raising his eyes from his book he handed the inspector the little leather case containing his passport. It was carefully read and handed back with a yuck. 'Thank you,' Cheney could feel he, too, was being looked over, but never turned a hair. Two hours were consumed—and as Cheney was about to leave, two men had been turned back and a few moments more and they were in Russia. That night Cheney stopped in Warsaw, but nothing untoward happened. Cheney was allowed to leave. Poland contained no military secrets of note. True, some day the Poles would rise and regain their liberty, but that day was far distant.

Moscow was Cheney's next stop, and here the trouble began. He had hardly been in the Anglo-Russian hotel 10 minutes before there was a knock on the door of his room.

"Come in," he said.

In came M. Dobrowsky, as shown by the card. Dobrowsky looked like a Parisian fashion plate.

"You're a colonel, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cheney. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," said M. Dobrowsky, sitting on the edge of a chair, holding his silk hat over his knees. "Mr. Bradley," he continued, in perfect English, "Gen. Trepoft, whose office I represent, has asked me to interview you."

"Is Gen. Trepoft an editor?" smilingly asked Cheney. He knew he wasn't.

"No, sir, no, Mr. Bradley. Gen. Trepoft is military governor here in Moscow. Cheney knew he was a prefect of police as well.

"Oh," said Cheney, with the same inscrutable smile on his face, "and what does Gen. Trepoft want of me?"

"Merely wants to know, Mr. Bradley, what you are doing here. That's all."

"At present," Mr. Dobrowsky said, "I am doing nothing at all. I only arrived yesterday."

"But how long are you going to stay?"

"That's a question, sir. I don't know."

"Yes, thank you," said M. Dobrowsky, bowing himself out. Carefully Cheney looked out of the window. He saw his visitor leave, and he was watching a man standing across the street. He made an almost imperceptible sign.

"Watched," muttered Cheney. "Well, let's see who wins out."

A little while later he took a walk, going up to look at the Kremlin. A mirror cleverly arranged in the end of his walking stick revealed the fact that he was followed by a man.

"They must think I'm damned important," he mused.

When he returned to the hotel he found his suit case had been inspected. Everything had been replaced, but his trained eye noted at once one or two slight discrepancies.

"So that's their game," he thought. "He's asleep, undisturbed, that night and next morning he again took a stroll and drive around the city. Multitudes of sentinels forbade his finding out anything about ports, troops or military matters. He reached his hotel about 12 o'clock and found his friend Dobrowsky awaiting him. Three of Dobrowsky's men had shadowed him all morning.

"Again, Monsieur Bradley, I greet you."

"So I see," said Cheney dryly. "Howdy?"

"Gen. Trepoft would feel honored if you will call on him this afternoon at three."

Cheney was about to tell Dobrowsky if Gen. Trepoft wanted to see him he could find his way to his hotel, but Dobrowsky's judgment indicated it would not be well to antagonize the general.

"The honor is mine, Mr. Dobrowsky. Say to the general I'll be there."

"Thank you, sir," said Dobrowsky, and he was ushered into the presence of Trepoft. Trepoft,

Order a sack of Husler's Flour

from the Grocer and be sure it is

HUSLER'S FLOUR!

If you would get the best results

from your baking efforts.

whose name afterwards became a synonym of everything that was cruel. Trepoft, who afterwards met death at an assassin's hand. He was a distinguished looking gentleman, be-whiskered, be-uniformed and be-medaled. His cordiality was extreme and his English perfect.

"Monsieur Bradley, I am honored. 'The honor is mine, general,' said Cheney, taking the proffered hand and sitting down to the table."

"I am informed you are a journalist, Monsieur Bradley?"

"Yes, general."

"And the nature of your visit to Russia at this time is to collect and collate articles?"

"Yes, general."

"Cheney wanted the general to do the talking."

"What kind of facts and information do you want, Mr. Bradley? Perhaps I can help you get them."

"You are most kind, general; but I won't bother you."

"You are going to write of physical Russia or political Russia?"

"Maybe both, general."

"What periodicals and papers do you write for, Mr. Bradley?"

"Cheney smiled. 'Well, you see, Gen. Trepoft, in America I am what is known as a 'framp-journalist.' I have no regular paper to write an article for, but I can do it."

"Isn't that a precarious living, Mr. Bradley?"

"The general's question was impertinent and personal, but Cheney smiled. 'Well, you see, I'm not poor, general; I have an independent competency of my own. Munro & Co., No. 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris, will send me today for \$10,000. I'm not poor, general.'"

"Assuredly not. How long do you intend staying in Moscow?"

"Two or three days. It's an interesting place, the Kremlin particularly so."

"And then—"

"Well, general, I hardly know. St. Petersburg, to be sure. Maybe Odessa and Sevastopol."

The interview ended and three days later Cheney left for St. Petersburg. He was under surveillance and knew that the general's yield him any information whatsoever. St. Petersburg must do better or the Russian visit would be nil. There was military activity, lots of it. Cheney could feel it with his teeth. What was it? He called on the American ambassador, was made welcome, and then tried for his information. Wherever he turned he was watched, but what was he to do? Through the instrumentality of one of the under secretaries of the American embassy Cheney was given the courtesy of the Imperial club. "Here," thought Cheney, "I will be alone."

Not so, however, because wherever he turned outside he was watched. And even in the club some of the servants were members of the "Third Section."

One evening Cheney was sitting in the club smoking his customary cigar, and mentally cursing the Russian. He was looking at the clock when he heard a knock on his door. He opened it and a man in a military uniform stood before him. He was a Russian, surely.

"M. Bradley, you look lonely," but Cheney took the proffered hand and in the shake received a Masonic grip. Masonry in Russia is without the pale of the government, and Cheney was not sure but what the grip was given by thought. Cheney, "I will be alone."

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YIELDING TO SCIENCE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND DIABETES CAN NOW BE CURED.

From Kansas City Journal.

Diseases heretofore believed incurable are yielding one by one to modern science. The control of Bright's Disease and Diabetes are probably the most important recent accomplishments. The diseases were considered fatal. Frequent developments in San Francisco are evident that not alone relief but permanent cure of both these dread complaints can now be effected.

The new formula was first put to a test in this city by a prominent hotel man who had exhausted local medical skill in a long battle with a severe case of Diabetes. He got such results that he spread the news among his friends about town, and it would astonish the public to know the number, character and prominence of the patients now recovering in Kansas City.

To ascertain if permanent relief had been effected by the new treatment, most all of the local cases that have been treated are of comparatively recent date, the following were sent to California, where the new diuretic has been in use for the past year or two:

Kansas City, Jan. 15, 1906. R. A. Crothers, Proprietor Bulletin.

San Francisco, Cal.

Several prominent citizens of Kansas City report wonderful recoveries from Bright's Disease and Diabetes by use of Fulton's Compound. Kindly advise us if successful and permanent relief has been accomplished in your city.