

## A SECRET GERMAN ARMY.

My attention had often been called to persistent rumours regarding Germany's secret army. Whispers had reached me from quite reliable sources of over a million Teuton soldiers, well-officered and disciplined; of frequent discoveries of hidden stores and arms; of sinister preparations for *Der Tag*—not, this time, an *Ersatz* affair, but the real thing; and, recalling the unheeded warnings that presaged the late War, I had tried, during my stay in Berlin, to ascertain the truth. Day succeeded day, but I saw nothing evidential. Then, last week, on the very eve of our return, it came upon me with sickening suddenness.

I have seen, not millions, I admit, but numerous specimens of Prussian infantry, of fierce-visaged Uhlans, trench-mortars, howitzers, *Minnenwerfer*, anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and shells of varying calibre, *all meticulously concealed from the prying eyes of the British!*

My journey home was a nightmare. The gravity of the situation obsessed me. Even my wife, who is not easily perturbed, showed ever-increasing symptoms of uneasiness. John, my son, alone appeared calm. Would that I could have shared his happy nonchalance!

Yet at his age (five years) perhaps I too might have embraced the opportunity to collect cheap German soldiers. Even so I cannot fancy that *my* mother would have stooped to defraud the Customs of her country as, according to pre-arranged plan, *his* did, and successfully, *by burying them at the bottom of MY suit-case.*