

**AIR SERVICE BOYS OVER  
THE ENEMY'S  
LINES: OR, THE  
GERMAN SPY'S SECRET**

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Air Service Boys over the Enemy's Lines: Or, the German Spy's Secret by Charles Amory Beach

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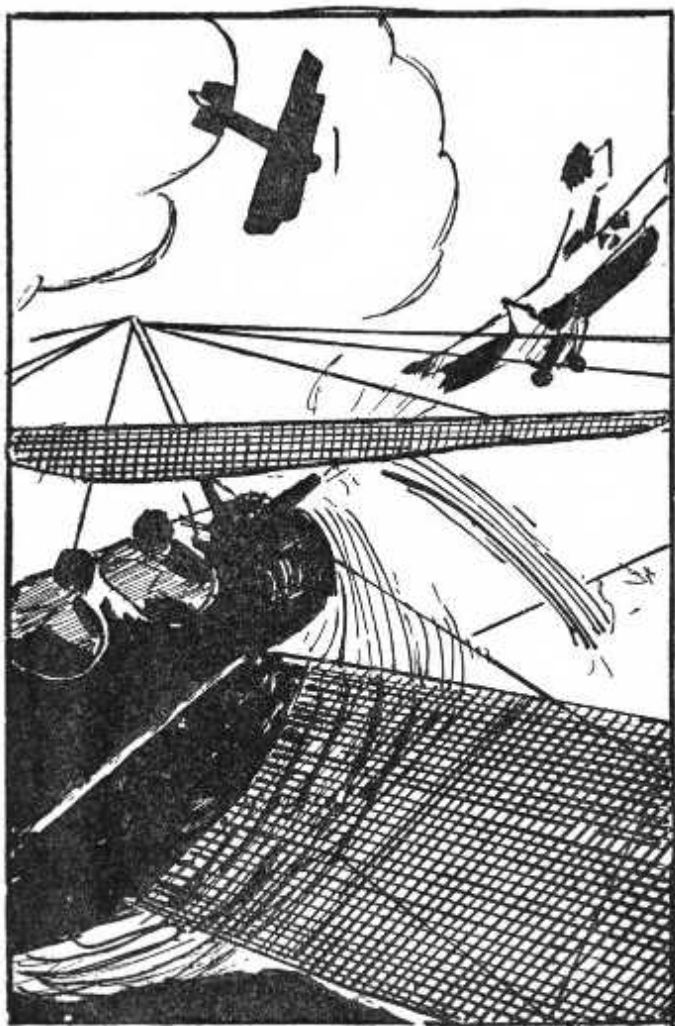
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**CHARLES AMORY BEACH**

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THE DUEL IN MID-AIR.

# Air Service Boys Over The Enemy's Lines

OR

The German Spy's Secret

BY

CHARLES AMORY BEACH

*Author of "Air Service Boys Flying for France"*

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AIR SERVICE BOYS OVER THE  
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# AIR SERVICE BOYS OVER THE ENEMY'S LINES

## CHAPTER I

### BACK OF THE TRENCHES

"Tom, what do you suppose that strange man who looked like a French peasant, yet wasn't one, could have been up to late yesterday afternoon?"

"You mean the fellow discovered near the hangars at the aviation camp, Jack?"

"Yes. He seemed to go out of sight like a wreath of smoke does. Why, if the ground had opened and swallowed him up, once the hue and cry was raised, he couldn't have vanished quicker. I wonder if what they say about him can be true?"

"That he was a German spy? Anything is possible in war times."

"I guess you're right there. German secret sympathizers, and spies in the bargain, seemed to bob up all over the United States before we crossed the ocean to do our fighting for France as aviators."

"They certainly were busy bees, Jack, blow-

ing up munition-works, trying to destroy big railroad bridges so as to cripple traffic with the Allies over here; burning grain elevators in which France and Great Britain had big supplies of wheat stored; and even putting bombs aboard ocean liners that were timed to explode days later, when the boat would be a thousand miles from land."

"Over in France here they make short work of spies, I've heard, Tom!"

"Yes, it's a drumhead court martial and trial. Then, if the man or woman is found guilty, the spy goes out with a firing squad to the most convenient stone wall. They never return, Jack."

"Whee! that sounds like war times, doesn't it? And to think the two of us are right on the firing line, in the midst of all the scrapping. But, Tom, tell me, why should a tricky German spy want to hang out around the aviation field? He could hardly expect to pick up any news there that would be worth taking across the lines to the headquarters of the Crown Prince before Verdun."

"Don't be too sure of that, Jack. Perhaps he might learn of some contemplated bombing expedition, like that one we went on not so long ago." And Tom Raymond smiled slightly.