

REVELATIONS OF THE KAISER'S PERSONAL SPY

How the German Emperor, With a Secret Message Entrusted at the Dead of Night to the Man the London "Times" Called "the Most Dangerous Spy of the Century," Prevented, in 1911, the Outbreak of the Great European War Now Raging

By DR. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES

Who Dr. Graves Is.

Dr. Armgard Karl Graves, who makes these revelations of the great German spy system and of European diplomacy, was for nine years one of the Kaiser's personal spies and was called upon to perform missions of the most delicate nature. What some of these missions were and their international importance Dr. Graves makes plain in this series of articles. Documents and other papers in the possession of Dr. Graves and court records of his arrest and trial in England as a German spy substantiate the statements he makes.

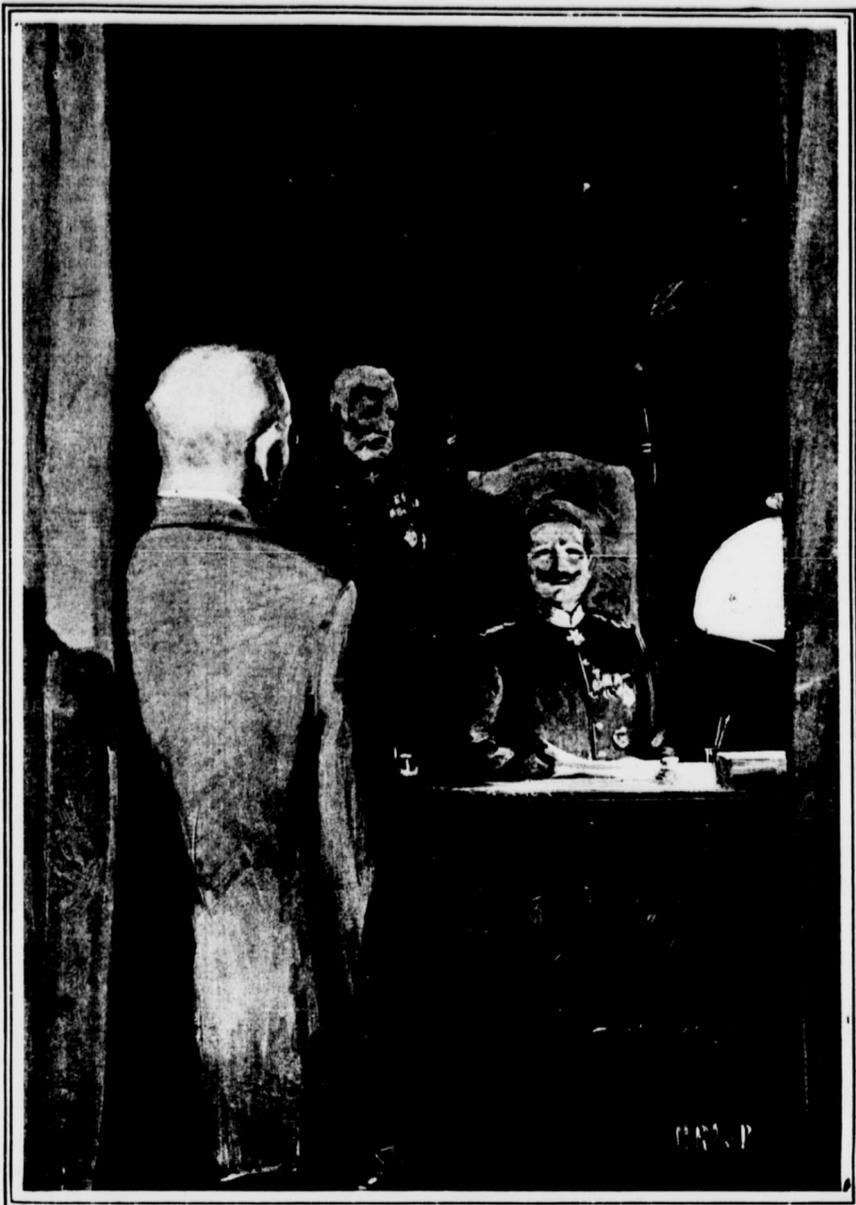
Dr. Graves is no longer in the secret service of the Kaiser. While on a mission to England in 1912 he was arrested in Glasgow, tried on a charge of espionage at Edinburgh in June, 1912, and sentenced to eighteen months in the Barlinney prison. He was released by the Government in September of the same year—and how that happened is not the least interesting of his revelations. It was in connection with his uncovering in England that the London "Times" referred to Dr. Graves as "the most dangerous spy of the century."

It was Kaiser weather in Germany. Back from a five months trip to the Far East, Berlin seemed to me like heaven. I had finished a secret diplomatic mission for the Kaiser, and as a result my pocketbook was full. Days and days in the Orient make a man try to crowd into the first twenty-four hours at home all the enjoyments that Berlin offers. Accordingly, with money running through my fingers like sand, I planned a long ride in the Grandeur. I saw myself ordering the most expensive dishes on Kempinsky's menu. I would buy a good seat at the Metropole and to wind up I would look in at the Admiral's Palace. It being my first day back in Berlin, that programme appealed to me far more warmly than the European diplomatic tangle. I had been idling the early afternoon hours at the Cafe Bauer, Unter den Linden, but my programme for the rest of the day finally arranged. I set up paid my bill, and strolled home. My man must have been on the lookout for me, before I could use my key to the door. A word about this man. During the South African war I had rescued him from a death flopping at the hands of a Boer Depper. This humanitarian held the usual Boer view that a slambok beats the Bible as a civilizing medium. Klam was a South African negro, a Basuto. He was wonderfully loyal and devoted. I could rely on him for anything—even for his life. "Master!" he exclaimed in his heavy, jerky voice, "you are wanted on the telephone."

I gave orders for my boy to have me dressed by 10 o'clock. I decided to take a nap, for I knew that midnight interviews with the gentlemen at the Wilhelmstrasse often led to some mighty unexpected and protracted travelling. Before going to sleep, however, I went over the European situation. What was looming big? I hoped it was something big, for so long as a secret service agent is not blasé he likes to work when thrones or the boundaries of empires are involved. I reflected that March—it was in 1911—had been a decidedly strenuous month for more than one Cabinet in Europe. Germany and France were snapping and snarling. France was going around with her chest stuck out, her attitude decidedly belligerent. Of course this was due to the fat fingers of honest John Bull; indeed, England had more than ten fingers in this pie that was baking. I knew that the air was full of Morocco and war talk. I knew that there was a certain faction in Germany that was trying to push the Kaiser into war. This clique, composed of army and navy men, the Junker—the "Jingo" party and the big gun interests—backed by public opinion, were trying their utmost to argue war with France. What was the latest at the Wilhelmstrasse? On the stroke of 10:30 I was there.

I handed my number to the commissaire. This number is important. All German secret agents are known by numbers. Presently the commissaire returned and showed me into the chambers of Graf von Wedell, Privy Councillor to the German Emperor. Together with another man, who had also just arrived, I was told to wait in an antechamber. We bowed, and although we took pretty good stock of each other neither spoke. It is an unwritten law in the imperial secret service not to hold unnecessary conversation. After about half an hour's wait we were shown into the Count's private room. This rather astonished me, for the usual rule at the Wilhelmstrasse is to interview only one man at a time. Clearly something out of the ordinary was in the air. After the Count greeted us he inquired if we were known to each other. Receiving a negative reply he introduced us. My companion was a Herr von Senden, ex-officer of the Second Dragoon Guards. "You will both be taken at half past 11 to a certain room," said the Count. "You will advance to the middle, wheel to your right, face the portiere, and stand at attention. You will answer all questions, but make no comments or queries yourself. I need not enjoin you to the most absolute silence. You understand?" We bowed. Just then a gong boomed

somewhere below us. And with a last word from the Count—"Be ready!"—he left us. Reappearing almost immediately he beckoned us to follow him. We noticed that he seemed even more grave than usual. Down a flight of stairs, along a great corridor we made our way, no one speaking a word. At the end of the corridor we saw two sentries; then a big solid oak door, guarded by an attendant in the livery of the royal household. At a sign from the Count we halted; he nodded. The door was opened by an officer of the First Bodyguard, and, remembering our instructions, we entered and came to attention in the middle of a large room, facing an adjoining chamber, the portieres of which were divided. The room in which we stood was brilliantly lighted, but the other was dark, save for a green glow that came from a shaded reading lamp on a big writing desk. Senden looked at the desk and gave a sort of gasp. I quite understood his emotion. For seated behind that heavy, old fashioned desk was Wilhelm II., Emperor of Germany. We stood at rigid attention, absolutely silent for full five minutes. The dimly lit, solitary figure at the desk made no sign, but went on writing. I am not a timid or a nervous man; the sort of work I was doing seasons one pretty thoroughly. But this began to get on my nerves—drawn up in front of the Emperor and waiting. The more I looked at that silent, lonely figure, War Lord of Europe, the more I began to feel a great longing for the African veldt a thousand miles north of Port Natal preferably. Suddenly the Emperor made a move, and there came a sharp, rather high pitched voice saying, "Wedell, I will see the doctor."



There were just the three of us, Count Wedell, standing at the corner of the desk on the right; the Kaiser and myself.



Like myself, when the Emperor gave me that message, the Captain of the Panther was dumfounded.

Presently his Majesty looked up, and in that same rather shrill voice asked: "How long are you in the service?" "Three years, sire," I replied. "You know Morocco?" Morocco! So that was it! France and Germany quarrelling over the bone; at the point of war over it! "Yes, sire," I replied. "How long were you in Morocco?" "About twelve months, sire." On this he seemed to hesitate. Frankly, I was nervous, so instead of thinking about Morocco I noticed that the Kaiser wore the dress uniform of a Colonel of the First Grenadier Guards with the star of the order Pour le Merite dangling from his coat button. As if making up his mind: "You know Kaid Maelcan?" "Yes, sire." "How did you get to know him?" "It happened to be of medical assistance to Sir Harry Kaid Maelcan, who was at that time commander in chief and man of affairs to the Sultan of Morocco." My answer seemed to please the Emperor, for his eyes gleamed. "Any likelihood of his remembering your services?" I hesitated, then said: "I cannot vouch for another man's memory, sire; besides, I do not care to put the Kaid to the test." The Emperor looked at me queerly, but, evidently satisfied with my answer, he turned to Count Wedell, saying: "He will do. Have the despatches ready." At once the Count hurried noiselessly into an adjoining room. The Kaiser, making one of his characteristic sudden movements, flung himself back into the chair, and, looking straight at me, said: "Besides the official despatches you will memorize these commands for the Captain of the warship Panther." He handed me a note, which I did not immediately look at because he continued: "Outside of Count Wedell, no one is to know anything of your mission. No one is to know that you are carrying a verbal message from me to the Captain of the warship Panther. Understand?" "Yes, sire." The Emperor as abruptly drew himself forward, and, propping up his head with his hands, fell into a deep study, gazing fixedly at nothing. He seemed in that moment to be considerably older. His face, even for the tan, had that grayish look of a man who is carrying some tremendous responsibility. It came to me swiftly—the popular clamor for war, the Panther!—the Panther was lying off Spain ready to steam across the Mediterranean to Morocco! And I was to hear secret orders from the Emperor to the Panther's Captain. Then I opened the note that the Emperor had given me and began to memorize its contents. Amusement must have shown in my face. A blow with a feather would have knocked me down. No wonder Wilhelm II. was staring blankly, no wonder this message had to be delivered verbally. Hurriedly I began to memorize it. Presently I saw Count Wedell come in, and he and the Kaiser began to talk in whispers. Then the Kaiser looked up and said: "Have you memorized it?" "Yes, sire." Taking the note from me, he at once struck a match and held it under the paper until it was reduced to ashes. Then, making a curt gesture of dismissal,

Wedell gave me a signal to retire and we backed toward the door. I was in possession of a secret known only to the Emperor himself—a secret which at that moment the Cabinets of France and England and the financiers of the world would have given hundreds of thousands of dollars to possess. Out into the hall we backed, always being careful not to commit the discourtesy of turning our faces away from the Emperor. And the last I saw of him was that lonely figure seated at his desk, the green light playing over him, around and beyond him darkness, and his face illuminated against that background, grayish, old. There he was, at his desk at midnight, in an underground chamber of the Foreign Office, the Emperor of Germany, working in solitude while most of his subjects slept, tirelessly mapping out a policy the trend of which he dared discuss with no man save Wedell and possibly his eldest son. Bowing, we were out in the hall; the big oak door closed. Wedell led the way to his private chamber. He produced a package of sealed papers and, handing it to me, said: "Doctor, this is a most important affair. There is most serious trouble brewing somewhere. We have our suspicions as to what Power is behind all this and we are going to find out. You are well enough acquainted with the situation to require no further instruction. You know how here at home they are also trying to force the Emperor into a war. "You will leave this package at the embassy in Paris. It must be there in the Rue de Lille by to-morrow noon. To do so you will have to catch the Orient Express at half past 3 this morning. "At the Paris legation you will receive another package which you will take on to Madrid. After delivering this you have carte blanche to make your way to the Panther, which you will find off Barcelona. Also you will visit Gibraltar and inform yourself of the strength and state of preparation of the British naval squadron there." He paused. "This time you will not apply at the cashier's desk. Your expenses are borne out of the Emperor's private schatulle. In a few hours time I will have French and Spanish money ready for you and send it to your lodgings. "You thoroughly understand your instructions? Of course you have not forgotten the message that you memorized before the Emperor?" "I assured him I had not, and after a cordial handshake I bowed myself out and hurried back to my quarters. Here I found that my boy had my travelling bag ready with his usual thoroughness. One does not take much baggage on these trips. Pajamas, slippers, a smoking cap and a toothbrush have seen me three-quarters around the globe, and I never carried a six shooter in my life. In all my experience I have seen few secret agents who do carry one. The only protective article I ever carried was a little silk bag containing a mixture of cayenne pepper, snuff and certain chemicals. It is very effective to throw into the faces of those who attack you. Soon there came a messenger from Wedell with the promised funds, 1,000 francs and 2,000 pesos. It lacked half an hour to 3:30, so I made my way to the Friedrichstrasse railroad station on foot. Experience had taught me that the Orient Express was generally overcrowded and that unless one reached the station early and used a good deal of palm oil it was impossible to secure a decent seat.

A judicious cilling of palms enabled me to get a very pleasant window seat in a middle compartment. After making myself at home I took a tour through the train. It is my invariable custom to take a look at my fellow travellers, and in this case it was most imperative. My arrival and what I accomplished in Paris are commonplace. Arriving in the Gare du Nord I took a taxi to the German Embassy in the Rue de Lille, where an under-secretary signed for my despatches and handed me two letters addressed to the embassy of Madrid. I immediately posted his receipt to the Wilhelmstrasse, something German secret agents are always obliged to do—mail the Foreign Office summaries for documents as soon as they are delivered. Without further adventure I reached Madrid. As the train was four hours late I did not present myself at the embassy. I was met by a commissaire at the station, delivered him the papers, received his signature, posted it to the Wilhelmstrasse, and made connections for Barcelona. Somewhere off that city in the open sea the Panther was waiting. With the utmost difficulty I chartered a tug, and in the twilight set off to find the Panther. It was coming night when we finally saw her dark, trim hull lying against the horizon. She was well named the Panther, for in this case a false spring by her meant war. As we steamed up alongside a sentry hailed us from the deck. I shouted that I had come to see the captain, but he told us to stand off. Finally, after persistently hailing the warship, the officer of the watch came to the rail and held parley with me. "I have imperial orders to see the captain," I shouted. Apparently this satisfied him, for he let me come on board. Without further delay I was shown into the Captain's room. Very important the captain. Picture him, a man in the forties, straight backed, rather jolly, and with one of those German naval beards. The slightest mistake by the Captain of the Panther would have flung England and France into war with Germany. He stood for a moment regarding me. "Well, what is this? What is your Wilhelmstrasse number?" he finally said. "Seventeen," I told him. That appeared to satisfy the Captain. I knew that the Wilhelmstrasse had wired him that "Number Seventeen" was coming. Still he was careful. "Where were your first instructions received?" "From Wedell." "Subsequently?" "I felt him looking at me sharply." "Confirmed by the Emperor?" I replied, "and I deliver you herewith the following message. You are requested to use the private service code as soon as I have delivered this message to you and repeat it at once direct to Count Wedell." The Captain got up and, moving noiselessly to the door, opened it swiftly. There was no one about. "All right," he said, "let me have it." I repeated what I had memorized, what the Emperor had given me in the secret chamber and immediately afterward destroyed all visible traces of it. "On no account, it does not matter what official commands you have received or may receive, are you to use open force when the Panther goes to Agadir. No matter what stress is

brought to bear upon you by arising conditions, no matter what affront may be done your code of naval honor, you are under no circumstances to use any force against France or England." Like myself, when the Emperor gave me that message, the Captain of the Panther was dumfounded. It was a direct contradiction of the official orders he had received from the Foreign Office to go to Morocco and make a demonstration against the French and the English interests. These previous orders had been to create war, this verbal message was to stop war! Could the German "Jingos," the big gun manufacturers, the steel people, the army and navy men, the powerful feudal faction have heard me deliver that message to the Captain of the Panther they would have followed with rage. The whole empire wanted war, but the tired, starbuck-faced man in the little underground chamber at the Wilhelmstrasse, not "absolutely absolute," as he is popularly supposed to be, deemed it wise not to fly in the face of public opinion at the time and countermand the official orders to the Panther. So he had done so in the dark, verbally, by me, knowing that so he served the best interests of his empire. The rest is contemporary history. You remember how the Panther steamed to Morocco, how she forced her way into the harbor of Agadir and created an international sensation by remaining there about two weeks. You remember how one French and one English warship came almost simultaneously, and how the big officers and everybody (leading to open fire, the terrible war that broke out recently) just missed being precipitated then. You may not know that the British and French Admirals sent a secret ultimatum to the Captain of the Panther! Unless he left Agadir he would be forced to leave. That meant war. Now had the Captain of the Panther not received the private message from the Emperor he would have been forced by his naval code to resist this ultimatum by force. Had he gone there acting under the original official orders war would have blazed across Europe in 1911 instead of 1914. The slightest slip would have caused it—the report of a rifle. But the Panther steamed away. And this was the cleverest part of the Emperor's scheme; he knew that France and England were allies; he did not know, though, just how sincere this alliance was. By sending the Panther into Agadir he learned that the entente cordiale really meant something, that England and France were allies, that they were prepared to resist Germany shoulder to shoulder in war. It took a master stroke to bring the situation up to the point of war—for it was dangerous business, with all Germany roaring for war—and then avert war when Germany and France were on the verge of it. But with his verbal message the Emperor shrewdly accomplished it. The results were before him. By creating the situation he knew that he had powerful nations opposed to him—Good! What he would do now would be to take one of those nations and, if possible, secretly ally himself with it, leaving the other out in the cold. Then began the intrigues which resulted in the isolation of France, as the Kaiser was led to believe—a belief which recent events have proved to be mistaken—an amazing situation that I shall reveal fully in my next article. (Copyright, 1914, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

On the enemy's side, Germany has 115 destroyers and 30 submarines, and Austria 15 and 10 respectively. (in the Baltic). As will be seen, practically all the naval and military forces of attention to the Russians gathering on her eastern frontiers.