

REVELATIONS OF THE KAISER'S PERSONAL SPY

Continued from Fourteenth Page.

I had had the impression that, for the purpose of this mission, I was feeling in the hands of a man who would approach the Kaiser in a way that would be most effective. I had been told that the Kaiser was a man of few words, and that he was a man of great power. I had been told that the Kaiser was a man of great power, and that he was a man of few words. I had been told that the Kaiser was a man of great power, and that he was a man of few words.

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This did not startle me either. I had had an idea of that all along. It is why I played my cards so quietly, why I did not accomplish in England everything I had a chance to accomplish. I did not grin this time.

"Under those circumstances," I said, "I am open to negotiations. But I am rather deaf and my vision is very much obscured as long as I see bars in front of my window."

The Captain smiled.

"Well, doctor, I may see you again soon."

"Captain, I have not the slightest doubt that you will. But let it be understood, please, that it's a waste of time as long as I am behind bars."

"I have that to me," he said, and we shook hands.

I was taken back to my cell. But, as I expected, another a. k brought Capt. Robinson again. This time it was late in the evening, after all the prisoners were shut up tight. The Lieutenant-

I was alone and free. I could then and there have disappeared. Obviously the English Government trusted me fully.

My first move was to register at the Russell Square Hotel. Opening the envelope in my rooms I found it contained £10 and the following instructions: "Telephone at 10:30 tomorrow morning, this number Mayfair."

I telephoned the Mayfair number and was told to hold the wire. Then Capt. Robinson got on the telephone and told me to meet him at luncheon at 1 o'clock at the Imperial Hotel on Trafalgar Square. There another gentleman joined us—a Mr. Morgan, whom I easily judged and afterward knew to be of the English secret service. Presently Morgan told me that I was to drive with Capt. Robinson to Downing street that afternoon.

"One of our Ministers wishes to see you," he explained.

We drove to Downing street, Capt.

It had the effect of making him look at me in a most startled manner.

"How do you know that? On what grounds do you make that assertion?" His agitation was ill concealed.

"I have no specific proof," I replied (which I had), "but from information that has been gained, from plans that have been secured—plans like those of your dreadnoughts Queen Mary and Ajax—it is obvious that these things have been done with the cooperation of high officials of your country."

He pressed me for further details, but I withheld them. I could have told him a pretty story about the plans of the Queen Mary and Ajax. He fell to studying a rather voluminous report; then he began anew with his innuendoes. I guessed what was coming. Although his speech was more prolonged than I shall now present it, this is the gist of what he asked:

"Were you ever present at conferences attended by high officials? Were you, for instance, at the Schlangenberg meeting? Have you any data? Any documentary evidence of your having been there?"

I was not a bit startled. I had guessed it would be that. His very question showed that it was useless for me to deny that I had been at the Black Forest conference where Germany had tried her best to isolate

TALES OF WAR BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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Ford pushed the car forward, parting the crowd.

"I've no time for that!" he called. "We've got to warn every coast town in Norfolk. You take my tip and get London on the long distance!"

He was interrupted by the screech of a siren, and a demon car that splattered the road, that splattered them with pebbles, tore past and disappeared in the darkness. As it fled down the lane of their headlights they saw that in a khaki dung to its sides, were packed in its tonneau, were swaying from its running boards.

"We are next killed to appear," said Herbert, "about a quarter of a mile from here, at the signal tower of the Great Eastern Railroad, where we visit the night telegraph operator and give him the surprise party of his life."

The three men had mounted the steps of the signal tower so quietly that when the operator heard them they already surrounded him.

"There is a coast guard," he said, "stationed just the other side of Morston. And," he added, fervently, "let us hope he's lonely."

"They lost their way in the back roads, and when they again reached the coast an hour had passed. It was now quite dark. There were no stars, nor moon, but after they had left the car in a side lane and had stepped out upon the cliff they saw for miles along the coast great beacon fires burning fiercely."

The whitewashed cabin of the coast guard was perched on the edge of the cliff. Behind it the downs ran back to meet the road. The door of the cabin was open, and from it a shaft of light cut across a tiny side door and showed the white fence and the walk of shells.

"We must pass in single file in front of that light," whispered Ford, "and then, after we are sure that he has seen us, we must run like the devil!"

"I'm on in that last scene!" growled Herbert.

"Only," repeated Ford with emphasis, "we must be sure he has seen us."

Not twenty feet from them came a bursting roar, a flash, many roars, many flashes, many bullets.

"He's seen us!" yelled Birrell.

After the light from his open door had shown him one German soldier fully armed, the coast guard had seen nothing further. But judging from the shrieks of terror and the sounds of falling bodies that followed his first shot he was convinced he was hemmed in by an army, and proceeded to sell his life dearly.

Clip after clip of cartridges he emptied into the night, now to the front, now to the rear, now out to sea, now at his own shadow in the lamplight. To the people a quarter of a mile away at Morston it sounded like a battle.

After running half a mile Ford, bruised and breathless, fell at full length on the grass beside the car. Near it, tearing from the car, he saw the figure of a German soldier, he found Birrell. He also was puffing painfully.

A scarecrow of a figure appeared suddenly in the rays of the headlights. It was Herbert, scratched, bleeding, dripping with water, and clad simply in a shirt and trousers. He dragged out his kit bag and fell into his golf clothes.

"Anybody who wants a perfectly good German uniform," he cried, "can have mine. I left it in the first row of breakers. It didn't fit me, anyway."

The other two uniforms were hidden in the seat of the car. The rifles and helmets, to lend color to the invasion, were dropped in the open road, and five minutes later three gentlemen in inconspicuous Harris tweeds and with golf clubs protruding from the short road to Cromer.

What they saw brought swift terror to their guilty souls and the car to an abrupt halt. Before them was a regiment of regulars advancing in column of fours at the "double." An officer sprang to the front of the car and seated himself beside Ford.

"I'll have to commandeer this," he said. "Run back to Cromer. Don't crush my men, but so like the devil!"

"We heard firing here," explained the officer, "at the coast guard station. The guard drove them back to the sea. He counted over a dozen. They made pretty poor practice, for he isn't wounded, but his gravel walk looks as though some one had drawn a harrow over it. I wonder," exclaimed the officer suddenly, "if you are the three gentlemen who first gave the alarm to Col. Barclay and then went on to warn the other coast towns. Because if you are he wants your names."

Ford could not answer. His guilty conscience shamed him into silence. With his siren shrieking and his horn tooting he was forcing the car through lanes of armed men. They packed each side of the road. They were banded behind the hedges. Their camp fires blazed from every hilltop.

On the top of the hill at Overstrand the head waiter of the East Cliff Hotel and the bearded German stood in the garden back of the house with the forbidding walls.

"We are betrayed, General," whispered the head waiter.

"We were betrayed, Baron," replied the bearded one.

"But you were in time to warn the flotilla."

With a sigh the older man nodded.

"The last message I received over the wireless," he said, "before I destroyed it read, 'Your message understood. We are returning. Our movements will be explained as manoeuvres.' And," added the General, "the English, having driven us back, will be willing to officially accept that explanation. As manoeuvres this night will go down into history. Return to the hotel," he commanded, "and in two months you can rejoin your regiment."

On the morning of the invasion the New York Republic published a map of Great Britain that covered three columns and a booklet of Ford that was spread over five. Beneath it was printed: "Lester Ford, our London correspondent, captured by the Germans; he escapes and is the first to warn the English people."

On the same morning in an editorial in the Times of London appeared this paragraph:

"The Germans were first seen by the Hon. Arthur Herbert, the eldest son of Lord Cinaris; Patrick Headford Birrell—both of Balliol College, Oxford; and Lester Ford, the correspondent of the New York Republic. These gentlemen escaped from the landing party that tried to make them prisoners and at great risk proceeded in their motor car over roads infested by the Germans to all coast towns of Norfolk, warning the authorities. Should the War office fail to recognize their services the people of Great Britain will prove that they are not ungrateful."

A week later three young men sat at dinner on the terrace of the Savoy.

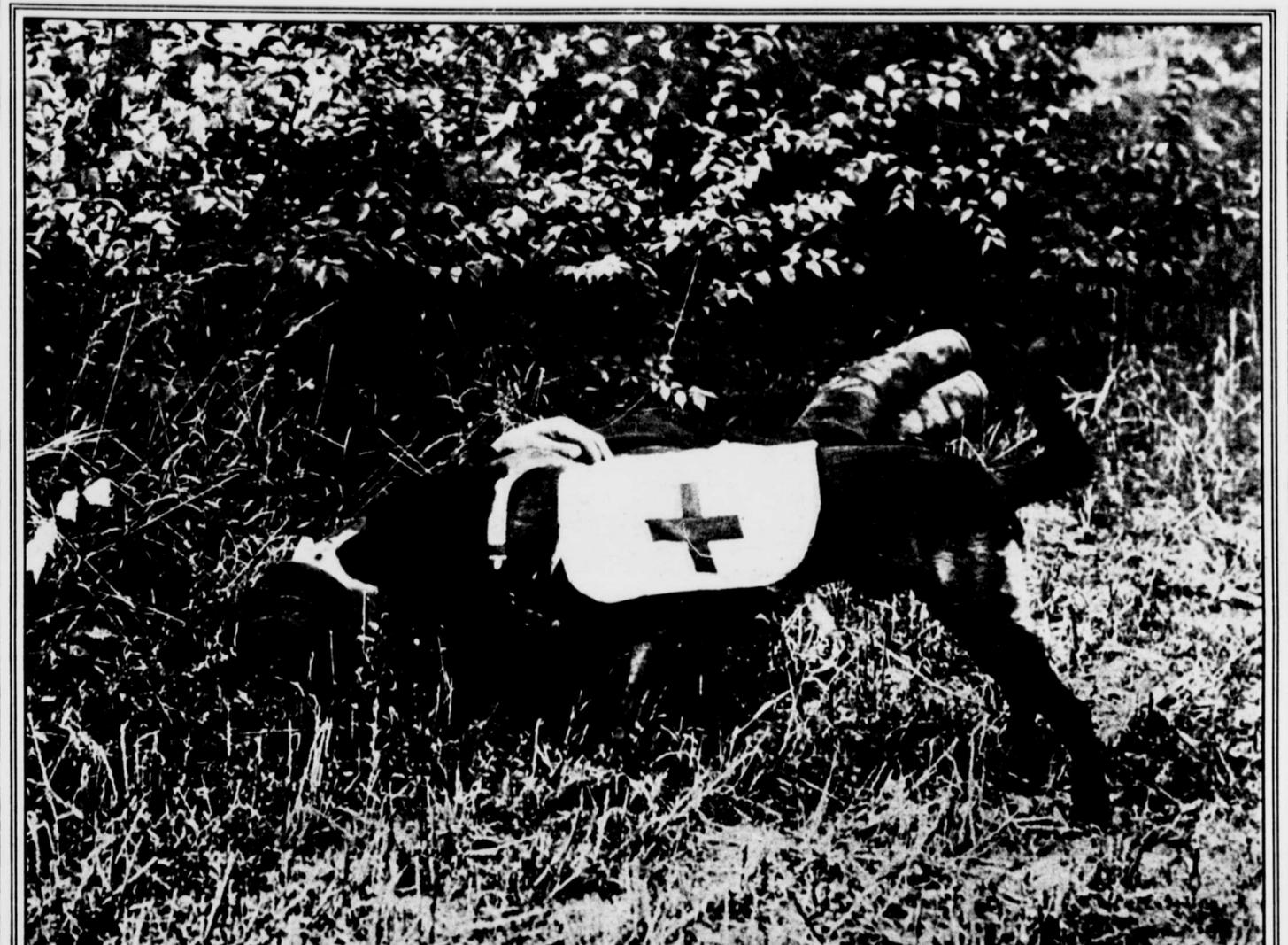
"Shall we or shall we not," asked Herbert, "tell my uncle that we three and we three alone were the invaders?"

"That's hardly correct," said Ford, "as we now know there were 299,000 invaders. We were only the three who got ashore."

"I vote we don't tell him," said Birrell. "Let him think with everybody else that the Germans blundered; that an advance party landed too soon and gave the shore away. If we talk to him, we'll get credit for a successful hoax. If we keep quiet everybody will continue to think we saved England. I'm content to let it go at that."

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The Soldier's Ally—Belgian Red Cross Dog Locating the Wounded



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Governor himself took me into the Governor's office. No other warden or prison officials observed us.

"Well, doctor," was the way Robinson greeted me, "I have something definite to propose to you. You can be of use to us. You have still sixteen months of your sentence to serve. Are you willing to give those sixteen months of your time to us—terms to us agreed upon later? I am prepared to supply you with proofs that you were deliberately put away, betrayed by your employers, the German Government."

He did so to my complete satisfaction. As I guessed, I had come to learn so much of Germany's affairs that I was dangerous. To betray me in such a way that I would not suspect and squeal was a clever way to close my mouth for seven years in jail or until vital plans had matured.

"How would you suggest that we go about it?" he asked.

"To be of the slightest degree of use to you nobody must know of my release," I added. "Here is my suggestion: I must leave the execution of it to you. The impression I conveyed around Edinburgh was that my health is rather indifferent. So it is also believed here in prison. On those grounds I should be an easy matter for you to have me ostensibly transferred to another prison; instead of which have me taken wherever you wish to. I see no necessity that outside the Lieutenant-Governor, the Governor and yourself any one need know of it."

"Yes, yes," said Robinson. "That coincides with my own ideas and plans." Presently he departed and I went back again to my cell.

At half past the next morning I was aroused by the Lieutenant-Governor. He was alone. There were no warders in sight. In the Governor's office I found all my clothes and effects ready and laid out for me. These I addressed and left with the Lieutenant-Governor. We took a taxicab for the Caledonian station in Glasgow. Few people were abroad in Glasgow at that time of day, and there was no danger of recognition.

The trip to London was uneventful. At Euston station we were met by Capt. Robinson. We went into a private waiting room where Capt. Robinson signed a paper for the Lieutenant-Governor. It was what amounted to a receipt for the prison's delivery of me into his hands. Then the Lieutenant-Governor left us, then Robinson left, after handing over an envelope containing cash and instructions.

Robinson and I, and stopped before the historic Government building. After we had signed the book that all visitors to Downing street must sign I was ushered into an anteroom and Robinson took his leave.

I make this statement, for what followed is of tremendous importance.

After a twenty minute wait, which impressed me as being different from the slam in slam out methods of the Wilhelmstrasse, I was shown up a flight of stairs. The attendant knocked on the door, opened it and announced, "The gentleman."

I was facing Sir Edward Grey.

He was seated behind a big green covered mahogany desk. I noticed that the room seemed like a private library; books, memoranda, letters and despatch cases littered not only the desk but the tables and chairs. The eye was struck by a huge piece of furniture, a tall leather covered easy chair. I present these details for obvious reasons.

Sir Edward, looking small in the big armchair, was seated with his legs crossed. He was reading some documents and, without a sign of recognition, he kept me standing there, it must have been ten minutes. I noticed that he glanced at me now and then above the top of the paper.

Apparently he told me to have a seat. When I said that I preferred to stand, he nodded, and pulling open a drawer, took from it a folder that, as subsequent events verified, I suspected to be a report on me.

After twirling his fingers he said: "I presume you are familiar with Germany's naval activity?"

"Up to a certain point, sir."

"What point?" he asked quickly.

"I am familiar only with the intelligence department of the Admiralty," I replied.

"Their system?" he asked. "Is it so extensive and efficient as we have been led to believe?"

"That cannot be exaggerated."

At this Sir Edward began to throw out innuendoes to which I replied in like vein. The interview was not progressing. Finally he came out with what was in his mind.

"Do you know if any officials or naval officers are selling or negotiating to sell information to foreign intelligence departments?"

Although he had not said English officers or officials, I knew what he meant, but I made up my mind not to tell everything I knew.

"There are such," I replied.

France by winning over England. Possibly Churchill, recalling my meeting him during the Boer war, had dropped a word about this coincidence to him.

Naturally, I told him I possessed no such data. Still, I did not like the trend of his talk. I began to suspect that this British Minister was doing one of two things. Either he did not know everything about the Black Forest meetings—not at all improbable with the conditions existing in England's Cabinet at that time—or else he wanted to learn if I knew the tenor of that conference. In either case it was one of those occasions where I deemed it wise to keep my own counsel.

After many searching questions upon the French system and her army and navy, he began to try to lead me to make comparisons between their strength and England's, these being based upon my personal observations. This, and the whole trend of his thought, led me to suspect that Sir Edward Grey was in no way sure in his own mind of or favorable to the proposed German-English alliance. With men like him personal antipathy plays a powerful part in such matters.

He then began to try to make me divulge the contents of any personal despatches I had carried for the German Emperor.

"Do you know," he asked abruptly, "if the German Emperor ever communicates with Viscount Haldane?"

"Yes, sir."

He leaned forward eagerly.

"How and under what circumstances?"

"Why, I thought it common knowledge that they often correspond. They are good friends."

"Not that, I mean direct communications between them concerning affairs of state."

I denied any knowledge of this, although I knew it to be so.

He began his fishing around again and his hints found me very stupid.

My unsatisfactory answers seemed to displease Sir Edward Grey, for with true British discourtesy he abruptly broke working at something on his desk and without even saying good day let a commissaire bow me out.

A few days later I received definite instructions from Capt. Robinson. I was to go on my first mission in the interests of the British secret service, and subsequently another mission brought me to New York, where I resigned from service permanently.

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In harsh, guttural tones Ford addressed him.

"You are a prisoner," he said. "We take over this office in the name of the German Emperor. Get out!"

With eyes still bulging the boy lifted himself into a sitting posture.

"My pay—my month's pay!" he stammered. "Can't I take it?"

The expression on the face of the conqueror relaxed.

"Take it and get out," Ford commanded.

With eyes still fixed in fascinated terror upon the invader, the boy pulled open the drawer of the table before him and fumbled with the papers inside.

"Quick!" cried Ford.

The boy was very quick. His hand leaped from the drawer like a snake, and Ford found himself looking into a revolver of the largest calibre issued by a civilized people.

Birrell fell upon the boy's shoulders. Herbert twisted the gun from his fingers and hurled it through the window, and almost as quickly hurled himself down the steps of the tower.

Ford remained only long enough to shout, "Don't touch that instrument! If you attempt to send a message through we will shoot. We go to cut the wires!"

For a minute the boy in the tower sat rigid, his ears strained, his heart beating in sharp, suffocating stabs. Then with his left arm raised to guard his face, he sank to his knees and leaned forward across the table, inviting as he believed his death, he opened the circuit and through the night flashed out a warning to his people.

When they had taken their places in the car Herbert touched Ford on the shoulder.

"Your last remark," he said, "was that what we wanted was a live one."

"Don't mention it!" said Ford. "He jammed that sun half way down my throat. I can taste it still. Where do we go from here?"

"According to the route we mapped out this afternoon," said Herbert, "we are now scheduled to give exhibitions at the coast towns of Salthouse and Weybourne, but—"

"Not with me!" exclaimed Birrell fiercely. "Those towns have been tipped off by now by aroused Blakeney and the Boy Scouts would club us to death. I vote we take the back road to Morston and drop in on a lonely coast guard. If a coast guard sees us the authorities will have to believe him and they'll call the navy."

Herbert consulted his map.

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